



Mrs. Gordon  
K. Ordner

89  
91  
94  
101

letter  
execution

2

DA  
877.1  
T55  
V.1

## PREFACE.

---

THE exhaustless interest and endless suggestiveness of Ancient and Modern London have induced the author to collect in these volumes some of its more curious characteristics. His object has been more especially to present to the reader, who enjoys the Past without underrating the Present, a collection of STRANGE STORIES, SCENES, ADVENTURES, and VICISSITUDES associated with London.

Romance, we know, has been accused of corrupting the truth of history; but the romantic character which the following Narratives possess, has not been gained by a sacrifice of truth, since our Romance consists of marvellous incidents, verifying the saying that "Truth is stranger than Fiction." As in Nature, so in Art—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view :"

but the "modern instances" in these volumes are as remarkable in character as the notable things of centuries ago. Whether we regard London as a walled town, as a labyrinth of courts and alleys, or as a majestic city, with 2600 miles of streets, and 360,000 inhabited houses,

we shall find, alike in every period, a succession of scenes calculated to excite curiosity and awaken wonder.

This work ranges from the building of the first Bridge at London to the present century. In the earlier narratives we have avoided the acquaintance of the old chronicle, as unsuited for popular reading. Here are HISTORIC SKETCHES of many of the leading events with which the History of London is chequered. In REMARKABLE DUELS, in the modern sense of the term, and in the sketches of NOTORIOUS HIGHWAYMEN, we get some glimpses of the wild life of the Metropolis in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and in the section of ROGUERIES, CRIMES, and PUNISHMENTS, are pictured many dark deeds, while LOVE and MARRIAGE present us with lights and shadows of human life always interesting.

*I beg to Mr Cordner  
By William Hoar Esq  
Gresham Eng.*

## CONTENTS.

### *HISTORIC SKETCHES.*

	PAGE
STORY OF THE FERRYMAN'S DAUGHTER, ST MARY OVERS, AND THE FIRST LONDON BRIDGE, . . .	I
THE BALLAD OF "LONDON BRIDGE IS BROKEN DOWN," .	6
NOTED RESIDENTS ON OLD LONDON BRIDGE, . . .	9
SMITHFIELD AND ITS TOURNAMENTS, . . .	13
PLANTAGENET PIGS, . . . . .	14
"WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT," . . . . .	16
CROSBY PLACE, SHAKSPEARE, AND RICHARD III., . .	22
SORROWS OF SANCTUARY, . . . . .	26
THE HUNGERFORDS AT CHARING CROSS, . . . .	28
JANE SHORE: HER TRUE HISTORY, . . . . .	34
STORY OF A KING'S HEAD, . . . . .	37
QUEEN ELIZABETH BY TORCHLIGHT, . . . . .	39
ROMANCE OF THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER, . . . . .	41
TRAITORS' GATE, IN THE TOWER, . . . . .	47
THE BLOODY TOWER, . . . . .	49
TWO PRISONERS IN THE BELL TOWER, . . . . .	51
WHAT BECAME OF THE HEADS OF BISHOP FISHER AND SIR THOMAS MORE, . . . . .	54
EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY, . . . . .	56

	PAGE
WHERE WAS ANNE BOLEYN BURIED? . . . . .	59
SIR WALTER RALEIGH WRITING HIS "HISTORY OF THE WORLD," . . . . .	60
SIR WALTER RALEIGH ATTEMPTS SUICIDE IN THE TOWER,	63
THE EXECUTION OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH, . . . . .	67
THE POISONING OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY, . . . . .	69
A FAREWELL FEAST IN THE TOWER, . . . . .	72
THE GUNPOWDER PLOT DETECTED, . . . . .	73
TWO TIPLING KINGS, . . . . .	84
FUNERAL OF JAMES I., . . . . .	86
HISTORICAL COINCIDENCES, . . . . .	89
QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA DOING PENANCE AT TYBURN,	91
"OLD PARR," . . . . .	94
GEORGE AND BLUE BOAR INN.—THE INTERCEPTED LETTER,	98
LORD SANQUHAR'S REVENGE: A STORY OF WHITEFRIARS,	99
MARTYRDOM OF KING CHARLES I., . . . . .	101
THE STORY OF DON PANTALEON SA, . . . . .	104
SIR RICHARD WILLIS'S PLOT AGAINST CHARLES II., . . . . .	108
MANSION OF A CITY MERCHANT PRINCE, . . . . .	110
TREASURE-SEEKING IN THE TOWER, . . . . .	112
COLONEL BLOOD STEALS THE CROWN FROM THE TOWER,	113
THE STORY OF NAN CLARGES, DUCHESS OF ALBEMARLE, .	120
SIR EDMUND BERRY GODFREY: HIS MYSTERIOUS DEATH,	124
COLONEL BLOOD'S ATTACK UPON THE DUKE OF ORMOND IN ST JAMES'S STREET, . . . . .	130
THE HEROIC LADY FANSHAWE, . . . . .	132
CROMWELL'S SKULL, . . . . .	135
A STORY OF MIDDLE TEMPLE GATE, . . . . .	137
THE STORY OF NELL GWYNNE, . . . . .	139
FRANCIS BACON IN GRAY'S INN, . . . . .	147
LORD CRAVEN AND THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA, . . . . .	149
ADDISON'S "CAMPAIGN," . . . . .	154
LADIES EXCLUDED FROM THE HOUSE OF LORDS, . . . . .	158

	PAGE
JEMMY DAWSON, . . . . .	160
SECRET VISITS OF THE YOUNG PRETENDER TO LONDON, .	163
THE RIOTS OF 1780, . . . . .	170
ALDERMAN BECKFORD AND HIS MONUMENTAL SPEECH, .	175
ROYALTY DEDUCED FROM A TUB-WOMAN, . . . . .	180
UNFORTUNATE BARONETS, . . . . .	181
THE VICTORY OF CULLODEN, . . . . .	183
SUICIDE OF LORD CLIVE, . . . . .	184
FUNERAL OF NELSON, . . . . .	187
LORD CASTLEREAGH'S BLUNDERS, . . . . .	190
ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA, . . . . .	191
THE ROYAL EXCHANGE MOTTO, . . . . .	193
LONDON RESIDENCE OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH IN 1847-8, . . . . .	194
THE CHARTISTS IN 1848, . . . . .	196
APSLEY HOUSE, . . . . .	198

*REMARKABLE DUELS.*

TRIAL BY BATTLE, . . . . .	200
THE FIELD OF FORTY FOOTSTEPS, . . . . .	202
THE FAMOUS CHESHIRE WILL CASE, . . . . .	205
DUEL BETWEEN THE DUKE OF HAMILTON AND LORD MOHUN, . . . . .	208
DUEL BETWEEN LORD BYRON AND MR CHAWORTH, . .	219
DUEL BETWEEN THE DUKE OF YORK AND COLONEL LENOX, . . . . .	225
"FIGHTING FITZGERALD," . . . . .	228
PRIMROSE HILL, . . . . .	230
LORD CAMELFORD, THE DUELLIST, . . . . .	231
A LITERARY DUEL, . . . . .	236
A TERRIBLE DUEL, . . . . .	239

*NOTORIOUS HIGHWAYMEN.*

	PAGE
HEROES OF THE ROAD, . . . . .	241
CLAUDE DUVAL, . . . . .	244
JEMMY WHITNEY, THE HANDSOME HIGHWAYMAN, . . . . .	245
DICK TURPIN, . . . . .	247
M'LEAN, THE FASHIONABLE HIGHWAYMAN, . . . . .	249
METROPOLITAN HIGHWAYMEN, . . . . .	253

*ROGUERIES, CRIMES, AND PUNISHMENTS.*

ANCIENT CIVIL PUNISHMENTS, . . . . .	270
CAGE AND STOCKS AT LONDON BRIDGE, . . . . .	272
FLOGGING AT BRIDEWELL, . . . . .	273
WITCHCRAFT PENANCE ON LONDON BRIDGE, . . . . .	275
STRIKING IN THE KING'S COURT, . . . . .	278
TORTURE—THE RACK, . . . . .	281
PRESSING TO DEATH, . . . . .	283
DISCOVERY OF A MURDER, . . . . .	286
ORIGIN OF THE COVENTRY ACT, . . . . .	287
RISE OF JUDGE JEFFREYS, . . . . .	288
STORIES OF THE STAR-CHAMBER, . . . . .	290
PERSONS OF NOTE IMPRISONED IN THE FLEET, . . . . .	293
THE RISING OF SIR THOMAS WYAT, . . . . .	300
THE STORY OF GEORGE BARNWELL, . . . . .	303
LADY HENRIETTA BERKELEY, . . . . .	313
ASSASSINATION OF MR THYNNE IN PALL MALL, . . . . .	316
MURDER OF MOUNTFORT, THE PLAYER, . . . . .	322
TWO EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDES AT LONDON BRIDGE, . . . . .	326
EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE FROM DEATH, . . . . .	328
HUMAN HEADS ON TEMPLE BAR, . . . . .	331
ADVENTURE WITH A FORGER, . . . . .	336
ECCENTRIC BENEVOLENCE, . . . . .	339

	PAGE
THE EXECUTION OF LORD FERRERS, . . . . .	340
BALTIMORE HOUSE, . . . . .	345
THE MINTERS OF SOUTHWARK, . . . . .	349
STEALING A DEAD BODY, . . . . .	352
THE EXECUTION OF DR DODD, . . . . .	355
THE STORY OF HACKMAN AND MISS REAY, . . . . .	362
ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE GEORGE III., . . . .	372
TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF GOVERNOR WALL, . . . .	376
CASE OF ELIZA FENNING, THE SUSPECTED POISONER, .	382
WAINWRIGHT, THE POISONER, . . . . .	385
RATCLIFFE HIGHWAY MURDERS, . . . . .	389
THE CATO STREET CONSPIRACY, . . . . .	391
VAUX, THE SWINDLER AND PICKPOCKET, . . . . .	394
A MURDERER TAKEN BY MEANS OF THE ELECTRIC TELE- GRAPH, . . . . .	398
STORIES OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND, . . . . .	403

*LOVE AND MARRIAGE.*

STORIES OF FLEET MARRIAGES, . . . . .	406
STORY OF RICHARD LOVELACE, . . . . .	413
WYCHERLY AND HIS COUNTESS, . . . . .	415
STORY OF BEAU FIELDING, . . . . .	418
BEAU WILSON, . . . . .	420
THE UNFORTUNATE ROXANA, . . . . .	423
MRS CENTLIVRE AND HER THREE HUSBANDS, . . . .	425
STOLEN MARRIAGES AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE, . . . . .	426
"THE HANDSOME ENGLISHMAN," . . . . .	427
A MAYFAIR MARRIAGE, . . . . .	433
GEORGE III. AND "THE FAIR QUAKERESS," . . . .	435
GEORGE III. AND LADY SARAH LENOX, . . . . .	436
LOVE AND MADNESS, . . . . .	440
EMMA, LADY HAMILTON, . . . . .	441

	PAGE
BREACHES OF PROMISE, . . . . .	444
MARRIAGE OF MRS FITZHERBERT AND THE PRINCE OF WALES, . . . . .	446
FLIGHT OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE FROM WARWICK HOUSE, . . . . .	449
GEORGE IV. AND HIS QUEEN, . . . . .	456

### *SUPERNATURAL STORIES.*

A VISION IN THE TOWER, . . . . .	459
THE LEGEND OF KILBURN, . . . . .	460
OMENS TO CHARLES I. AND JAMES II. . . . .	462
PREMONITION AND VISION TO DR DONNE, . . . . .	465
APPARITION IN THE TOWER, . . . . .	468
LILLY, THE ASTROLOGER, . . . . .	469
TOUCHING FOR THE EVIL, . . . . .	475
DAVID RAMSAY AND THE DIVINING-ROD, . . . . .	477
LADY DAVIES, THE PROPHETESS, . . . . .	478
DR LAMB, THE CONJURER, . . . . .	479
MURDER AND AN APPARITION, . . . . .	481
A VISION OF LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY, . . . . .	482
A VISION ON LONDON BRIDGE, . . . . .	485
A MYSTERIOUS LADY, . . . . .	488
STORY OF THE COCK LANE GHOST, . . . . .	489

# ROMANCE OF LONDON.



## Historic Sketches.



*Story of the Ferryman's Daughter, St Mary Overs, and the First London Bridge.*

IN the British Museum is a singularly curious, although probably fabulous, tract of 30 pages, entitled "The True History of the Life and Sudden Death of old John Overs, the rich Ferryman of London, showing how he lost his life by his own covetousness. And of his daughter Mary, who caused the Church of St Mary Overs in Southwark to be built; and of the building of London Bridge." The History opens as follows:—"Before there was any Bridge at all built over the Thames, there was only a Ferry, to which divers Boats belonged, to transport all Passengers betwixt Southwark and Churchyard Alley, that being the high-road way betwixt Middlesex and Sussex and London. The Ferry was rented of the City, by one John Overs, which he enjoyed for many years together, to his great profit; for it is to be imagined, that no small benefit could arise

from the ferrying over footmen, horsemen, all manner of cattle, all market folks that came with provisions to the City, strangers, and others."

Overs, however, though he kept several servants and apprentices, was of so covetous a soul, that, notwithstanding he possessed an estate equal to that of the best Alderman in London, acquired by unceasing labour, frugality, and usury, yet his habit and dwelling were both strangely expressive of the most miserable poverty. He had an only daughter, "of a beautiful aspect," says the tract, "and a pious disposition ; whom he had care to see well and liberally educated, though at the cheapest rate ; and yet so, that when she grew ripe and mature for marriage, he would suffer no man of what condition or quality soever, by his goodwill, to have any sight of her, much less access to her." A young gallant, however, who seems to have thought more of being the Ferryman's heir than his son-in-law, took the opportunity, while he was engaged at the Ferry, to be admitted into her company. "The first interview," says the story, "pleased well ; the second better ; the third concluded the match between them."

"In all this long interim, the poor silly rich old Ferryman, not dreaming of any such passages, but thinking all things to be as secure by land as he knew they were by water," continued his former wretched and penurious course of life. To save the expense of one day's food in his family, he formed a scheme to feign himself dead for twenty-four hours, in the vain expectation that his servants would, out of propriety, fast until after his funeral. Having procured his daughter to consent to this plot, even against her better nature, he was put into a sheet, and stretched out in his chamber,

having one taper burning at his head, and another at his feet, according to the custom of the time. When, however, his servants were informed of his decease, instead of lamenting they were overjoyed, and, having danced round the body, they broke open his larder, and fell to banqueting. The Ferryman bore all this as long, and as much like a dead man, as he was able; "but when he could endure it no longer," says the tract, "stirring and struggling in his sheet, like a ghost with a candle in each hand, he purposed to rise up, and rate 'em for their sauciness and boldness; when one of them, thinking that the Devil was about to rise in his likeness, being in a great amaze, caught hold of the butt-end of a broken oar, which was in the chamber, and being a sturdy knave, thinking to kill the Devil at the first blow, actually struck out his brains." It is added that the servant was acquitted, and the Ferryman made accessory and cause of his own death.

The estate of Overs then fell to his daughter, and her lover hearing of it, hastened up from the country; but, in riding post, his horse stumbled, and he broke his neck on the highway. The young heiress was almost distracted at these events, and was recalled to her faculties only by having to provide for her father's interment; for he was not permitted to have a Christian burial, being considered as an excommunicated man, on account of his extortions, usury, and truly miserable life. The Friars of Bermondsey Abbey were, however, prevailed upon, by money, their Abbot being then away, to give a little earth to the remains of the wretched Ferryman. But, upon the Abbot's return, observing a grave which had been recently covered in, and learning who lay there, he was not only angry with his Monks for having

done such an injury to the Church for the sake of gain, but he also had the body taken up again, laid on the back of his own ass, and turning the animal out of the Abbey gates, desired of God that he might carry him to some place where he best deserved to be buried. The ass proceeded with a gentle and solemn pace through Kent Street, and along the highway, to the small pond once called St Thomas a Waterings, then the common place of execution, and shook off the Ferryman's body directly under the gibbet, where it was put into the ground without any kind of ceremony.

Mary Overs, extremely distressed by such a battalion of sorrows, and desirous to be free from the importunities of the numerous suitors for her hand and fortune, resolved to retire into a cloister, which she shortly afterwards did, having first provided for the building of that church which commemorates her name.

There is extant a monumental effigy preserved in the Church, which is commonly reported to be that of Audery, the Ferryman, father of the foundress of St Mary Overies. As a supplement to the story contained in the tract, it is related that the pious maiden, out of her filial love, had the effigy sculptured in memory of her father ; since it was thought to represent the cadaverous features of the old waterman : it represents a skeleton in a shroud ; but the workmanship is of the 15th century, and Audery certainly died long before the time of William I. Captain Grose has engraved this effigy in his *Antiquities*, and describes it as "a skeleton-like figure, of which the usual story is told, that the person thereby represented attempted to fast forty days in imitation of Christ," adding that he died in the attempt, having first reduced himself to that appearance.

Stow attributes the building of the first Wooden Bridge over the Thames at London to the pious brothers of St Mary's Monastery, on the Bank side; and this on the authority of Linsted, the last Prior of St Mary Overies, who, on surrendering his Convent at the Dissolution, had a pension assigned him of £100 per annum, which he enjoyed until 1553. From the Supplement to Dugdale's *Monasticon*, Stow states that "a Ferry being kept in the place where the Bridge is built, the Ferryman and his wife deceasing, left the said Ferry to their only daughter, a maiden named Mary; which, with the goods left her by her parents, as also with the profits rising of the said Ferry, built a house of Sisters in the place where now standeth the east part of St Mary Overies Church, above the choir, where she was buried. Unto which house she gave the oversight and profits of the Ferry. But, afterwards, the said house of Sisters being converted into a College of Priests, the Priests built the bridge of timber, as all the other great bridges of this land were, and, from time to time, kept the same in good reparations. Till, at length, considering the great charges of repairing the same, there was, by aid of the Citizens of London, and others, a Bridge built with arches of Stone," &c. This version has been much opposed by antiquaries, who are not inclined to attribute the building of the first Wooden Bridge to the Monks of Southwark.\*

\* See *Chronicles of London Bridge*, by an Antiquary, pp. 40-44.

## *The Ballad of "London Bridge is Broken Down."*

THIS very popular nurse's song, which is a metrical illustration of the connection of the River Lee and London Bridge, has a scattered history, which it is difficult to trace. One of the most elegant copies of the ballad is to be found in Ritson's rare and curious *Gammer Gurton's Garland; or, The Nursery Parnassus*, and is as follows:—

London Bridge is broken down,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;  
London Bridge is broken down,  
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again ?  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;  
How shall we build it up again ?  
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;  
Silver and gold will be stolen away,  
With a gay lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;  
Build it up with iron and steel,  
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;  
Iron and steel will bend and bow,  
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;  
Build it up with wood and clay,  
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;  
Wood and clay will wash away,  
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;  
Huzza ! 'twill last for ages long,  
With a gay lady.

Another copy of this ballad contains the following stanzas, wanting in Ritson's, and coming in immediately after the third verse, "Silver and gold will be stolen away ;" though the propositions for building this Bridge with iron and steel, and wood and stone, have, in this copy also, already been made and objected to.

Then we must set a man to watch,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lea ;  
Then we must set a man to watch,  
With a gay La-dee.

Suppose the man should fall asleep,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lea ;  
Suppose the man should fall asleep,  
With a gay La-dee.

Then we must put a pipe in his mouth,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lea ;  
Then we must put a pipe in his mouth,  
With a gay La-dee.

Suppose the pipe should fall and break,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lea ;  
Suppose the pipe should fall and break,  
With a gay La-dee.

Then we must set a dog to watch,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lea ;  
Then we must set a dog to watch,  
With a gay La-dee.

Suppose the dog should run away,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lea ;  
Suppose the dog should run away,  
With a gay La-dee.

Then we must chain him to a post,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lea ;  
Then we must chain him to a post,  
With a gay La-dee.

In these verses it will be observed how singularly and happily the burthen of the song often falls in with the subject of the new line ; though, probably, the whole ballad has been formed by making fresh additions, in a long series of years, and is, perhaps, almost interminable when received in all its different versions. The stanzas last quoted are the introductory lines of an old ballad, which the copyist, more than seventy years previously, had heard plaintively warbled by a lady who was born in the reign of Charles II., and who lived till nearly that of George II. Another copyist observes that the ballad concerning London Bridge formed, in his remembrance, part of a Christmas carol, and commenced thus :—

Dame, get up and bake your pies,  
On Christmas-day in the morning :

“The requisition,” he continues, “goes on to the Dame to prepare for the feast, and her answer is—

London Bridge is broken down,  
On Christmas-day in the morning.

These lines are from a Newcastle carol : the inference has always been that, until the Bridge was rebuilt, some stop would be put to Dame Christmas's operations ; but why the falling of a part of London Bridge should form part of a Christmas carol at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is a connection, doubtless, long since gathered into the wallet which Time carries at his back, wherein he puts alms for oblivion, though we may remark that the history and features of the old Bridge of that famous town had a

very close resemblance to that of London. The author of the *Chronicles of London Bridge* refers the composition of the ballad to some very ancient date, when, London Bridge lying in ruins, the office of Bridge Master was vacant; and his power over the river Lee—for it is, doubtless, that river which is celebrated in the chorus to this song—was for a while at an end. The ancient Music to the Song is preserved: it has been adapted to the feet as well as the tongue: about sixty years ago, one moonlight night, in a street in Bristol, was heard a dance and chorus of boys and girls, to which the words of this Ballad gave measure. The breaking-down of the Bridge was announced as the dancers moved round in a circle, hand-in-hand; the question, ‘How shall we build it up again?’ was chanted by the leader, whilst the rest stood still.”

### *Noted Residents on Old London Bridge.*

SEVERAL traditional mistakes have been perpetuated, as to persons supposed to have dwelt upon London Bridge. Thus, the author of *Wine and Walnuts* tells us that John Bunyan resided for some time upon the Bridge, though we fail to discover any such circumstance in either of the lives of that good man now extant; but he certainly preached for some time at a chapel in Southwark. Perhaps, however, the first assertion may be explained by a passage in the Preface to “The Labours of that eminent Servant of Christ, Mr John Bunyan,” London, 1692, folio, where it is stated that in 1688 he published six books, being the time of James II.’s liberty of conscience, and was seized with a sweating distemper, which, after his some weeks’ going about, proved his

death at his very loving friend's, Mr Strudwick's, a grocer—at the sign of the Star—"at Holborn Bridge, London, on August 31st."

It is also recorded on the same page of *Wine and Walnuts*, that Master Abel, the great importer of wines, was another of the marvels of old London Bridge; he set up a sign, "Thank God, I am *Abel*," quoth the wag, and had in front of his house the sign of a bell. It is possible there may be some traditionary authority for this story; but in the very rare tracts relating to Alderman Abel, preserved in the British Museum, there is nothing concerning his residence on London Bridge.

The same chapter contains some authentic notices of Artists who really did live upon the venerable edifice. Of these, one of the most eminent was Hans Holbein, the great painter of the court of Henry VIII.; though we can hardly suppose that he inhabited the Nonesuch House, yet his actual residence is certified by Lord Orford, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, as follows: "The father of the Lord Treasurer Oxford, passing over London Bridge, was caught in a shower, and stepping into a goldsmith's shop for shelter, he found there a picture of Holbein,—who had lived in that house,—and his family. He offered the goldsmith £100 for it, who consented to let him have it, but desired first to show it to some persons. Immediately after happened the great Fire of London, and the picture was destroyed."

Another famous artist of London Bridge was Peter Monamy, so excellent a painter of marine subjects as to be considered but little inferior to Vandevelde himself. Lord Orford says of him, that "he received his

first rudiments of drawing from a sign and house painter on London Bridge:" and that "the shallow waves that rolled under his window, taught young Monamy what his master could not teach him, and fitted him to paint the turbulence of the ocean."

Edwards, in his *Continuation of Walpole's Anecdotes*, tells us that Dominic Serres, the marine painter, who died in 1793, once kept shop on London Bridge. To these may be added Jack Laguerre, the engraver, a great humourist, wit, singer, player, caricaturist, mimic, and a good scene-painter, son of that Louis who painted staircases and saloons, where, as Pope says, "sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre." His residence was on the first floor of the dwelling of a waggish book-seller and author-of-all-work, named Crispin Tucker, the owner of half-a-shop, on the east side, under the southern gate of the Bridge. The artist's *studio* was chiefly in the bow-window in a back room, which projected over the Thames, and trembled at every half-ebb tide. Here also Hogarth resided in his early life, when he engraved for old John Bowles, at the Black Horse, in Cornhill. His *studio* resembled, we are told in *Wine and Walnuts*, "one of the alchemist's laboratories from the pencil of the elder Teniers. It was a complete, smoke-stained confusionary, with a German stove, crucibles, pipkins, and nests of drawers with rings of twine to pull them out; here a box of asphaltum, there glass-stoppered bottles, varnishes, dabbers, gravers, etching-tools, walls of wax, obsolete copper-plates, many engraved on both sides, and poetry scribbled over the walls; a pallet hung up as an heir-loom, the colours dry upon it, hard as stone; all the multifarious *arcanalia* of engraving, and, lastly, a Printing Press!" And in

*Wine and Walnuts* is an amusing account of Dean Swift's and Pope's visits and conversations with the noted Crispin Tucker.

Not only the ordinary buildings in the Bridge Street, which were formerly occupied as shops and warehouses, but even the Chapel of St Thomas, which, in later years, was called Chapel House, and the Nonesuch House,\* were used for similar purposes before they were taken down. Dr Ducarel relates that the house over the chapel belonged to Mr Baldwin, haberdasher, who was born there; and when, at seventy-one, he was ordered to go to Chislehurst for a change of air, he could not sleep in the country, for want of the "noise," the roaring and rushing of the tide beneath the Bridge, "he had always been used to hear." We gather from the *Morning Advertiser* for April 26, 1798, that Alderman Gill and Wright had been in partnership upwards of fifty years; and that their shop stood on the centre of London Bridge, and their warehouse for paper was directly under it, which was a chapel for divine service, in one of the old arches; long within legal memory, the service was performed here every Sabbath and Saint's-day. Although the floor was always at high-water mark, from ten to twelve feet under the surface; yet such was the excellency of the materials, and the masonry, that not the least damp, or leak, ever happened, and the paper was kept as safe and dry as it would have been in a garret.

Again, in Seymour's *Survey of London and West-*

\* This remarkable house was constructed in Holland, entirely of wood, and, being brought over in pieces, was erected on London Bridge with wooden pegs only, not a single nail being used in the whole fabric. It stood near the northern entrance to the Bridge.

*minster*, 1734, it is stated that, at that time, one side of the Nonesuch House was inhabited by Mr Bray, a stationer, and the other by Mr Wed, a drysalter.

### *Smithfield and its Tournaments.*

MANY remarkable Tournaments are recorded as having taken place at Smithfield, especially during the reign of Edward III. Here that warlike monarch frequently entertained with feats of arms his illustrious captives, the kings of France and Scotland; and here, in 1374, towards the close of his long reign—when the charms of Alice Pierce had infatuated the doting monarch—he sought to gratify his beautiful mistress by rendering her the “observed of all observers,” at one of the most magnificent tournaments of which we have any record. Gazing with rapture on her transcendant beauty, he conferred on her the title of “Lady of the Sun;” and taking her by the hand, in all the blaze of jewels and loveliness, led her from the royal apartments in the Tower to a triumphal chariot, in which he took place by her side. The procession which followed consisted of the rank and beauty of the land, each lady being mounted on a beautiful palfrey, and having her bridle held by a knight on horseback.

A still more magnificent tournament—for invitations had been sent to the flower of chivalry at all the courts of Europe—was held at Smithfield in the succeeding reign of Richard II. The opening festivities are graphically painted by Froissart, who was not improbably a witness of the gorgeous scene he describes. “At three o’clock on the Sunday after Michaelmas-day, the ceremony began. Sixty horses in rich trappings, each

mounted by an esquire of honour, were seen advancing in a stately pace from the Tower of London ; sixty ladies of rank, dressed in the richest elegance of the day, followed on their palfreys, one after another, each leading by a silver chain a knight completely armed for tilting. Minstrels and trumpets accompanied them to Smithfield amidst the shouting population ; there the queen and her fair train received them. The ladies dismounted, and withdrew to their allotted seats ; while the knights mounted their steeds, laced their helmets, and prepared for the encounter. They tilted each other till dark. They all then adjourned to a sumptuous banquet, and dancing consumed the night, till fatigue compelled every one to seek repose. The next day the warlike sport commenced ; many were unhorsed ; many lost their helmets ; but they all persevered with eager courage and emulation, till night again summoned them to their supper, dancing, and concluding rest. The festivities were again repeated on the third day." The court subsequently removed to Windsor, where King Richard renewed his splendid hostilities, and at their conclusion dismissed his foreign guests with many valuable presents. This picturesque scene is from the pen of Captain Jesse.

### *Plantagenet Pigs.*

WE gather from *The Guildhall White Book*, lately translated and published by the suggestion of the Master of the Rolls, the following curious regulations as to the City Pigs in the fifteenth century :—

Pork seems to have been (1412) more extensively consumed than any other kind of butchers'-meat, judging from the frequent mention of swine, and the laws about

them, living and dead. "Lean swine" are named as frequentors of Smithfield Market, apparently as a means of improving their condition. In Edward Longshanks's days, persons living in the City were allowed to keep swine "within their houses," with as free a range as that porcine pet of the Irish schoolmaster. But these Plantagenet pigs were not to occupy sties that encroached on the streets. At a later day, the permission to keep them even within one's house would seem to have been limited, as we have seen, to master-bakers; and it seems to have been at all times a standing rule, that swine were not to be allowed to roam about the streets, fosses, lanes, or suburbs of the City. If an erring specimen was found, grunting along his solitary way, defiant of statutes and ordinances in such cases made and provided, then might such vagrant porker, whether straying in the mere naughtiness of his heart, or compelled by hunger, be lawfully slain by whatsoever citizen lighted on him in his vagabondage,—said citizen being also at liberty to retain what had been pig but was now pork, the carcase whole and entire; unless, indeed, the pig's sometime owner bought it of him at a stipulated sum. Not even this license for any citizen to kill any stray pig was considered effectual enough to answer the legislative purpose. The vagrant propensity that emptied so many a sty of its denizen became a nuisance; for we read that early in the reign of Edward I. four men were "chosen and sworn to take and kill all swine found wandering within the walls of the City, to whomsoever they might belong." We find, however, that the Renter of St Anthony's Hospital (the patron Saint of swine) was "a privileged person" in this respect, though his honesty was impeachable, since he had to make oath that he

would not "avow any swine found at large in the City," nor "hang any bells around their necks, but only around those pigs which have been given them in pure alms."

### *"Whittington and his Cat."*

THE nursery tale of the poor boy, who rose to be a wealthy merchant and Lord Mayor of London, chiefly through a large sum of money obtained for him by the sale of a cat, is a proven fiction; and we have to seek some other explanation of this special wonder. Mr Keightley has well observed there were tales of a similar nature current both before and at Whittington's date, in several other countries — in South America, in Denmark, in Tuscany, in Venice, and in Persia. During the Middle Ages, and, doubtless, at other periods, there were current a multitude of tales and stories belonging to no individual, but perfectly fabulous, but which the popular mind was continually fixing upon persons who had rendered themselves remarkable, as a manner of expressing the popular appreciation of their character, or explanation of the means by which they gained it. Hence the same story is told of different persons, at different periods, and in different countries. Such was the origin of the story of Whittington and his Cat. Its incidents were not possible in Whittington's time, but they are exactly in accordance with the sentiments and state of things in the reign of Elizabeth, when, as far as the Whittington story is concerned, it seems to have originated.

Still some curious facts are adduced in support of the legend. Mr Deputy Lott, F.S.A., in a paper read by

him to the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, says:—

"At Mercers' Hall, is a portrait on canvas of a man about sixty years of age, in a fine livery gown and black cap of the time of Henry VIII., such as Yeomen of the Guard now wear. The figure reaches about half the length of the arms from the shoulders; on the left hand of the figure is a black and white cat, whose right ear reaches up to the band or broad turning-down of the skirt of the figure; on the left hand upper corner of the canvas is painted 'R. Whittington, 1536.' The size of the canvas of this portrait has for some reason been altered, and the inscription has evidently been painted since the alteration; yet it is hardly to be supposed it was then invented, and if not, it carries the vulgar opinion of some connection between Whittington and a cat as far back as 1536. From the portrait being on *canvas*, it must have been painted at a much later period than the date it bears.

"But there is an engraved portrait by Reginald Elstrack, who flourished in 1590, in which Whittington's hand rests on a cat: this print was executed towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth, when we know the story existed, and was probably then invented. Elstrack first engraved Whittington with his hand on a scull, evidently not knowing or despising the legend; but persons would not buy this print until the cat was substituted for the scull: the cat had then become popular. Neither Grafton nor Holinshed says anything of the legendary history of Sir Richard Whittington: but it must have been current in the reign of Elizabeth; for in the first scene of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1613), the citizen says to the prologue, 'Why

could you not be contented, as well as others, with the legend of Whittington?' The word 'legend' in this place would seem to indicate the story of the cat. Cats, as we know, fetched a high price in America when it was first colonised by the Spaniards. Two cats, we are told, were taken out as a speculation to Cuyaba, where there was a plague of rats, and they were sold for a pound of gold. Their first kittens fetched each thirty pieces of eight, the next generation not more than twenty, and the price gradually fell as the colony became stocked with these. The elder Almagro is said to have given 600 pieces of eight to the person who presented him with the first cat which was brought from South America."

It is strange what a propensity the vulgar have for applying some other cause than industry, frugality, and skill, seconded by good fortune (the usual and general road, I believe, to wealth), to the acquisition of riches. I hardly ever knew, says Mr Lott, in my own country, an instance of the attainment to opulence by a man who, as the phrase goes, had risen from nothing, that there was not some extraordinary mode of accounting for it circulated among the vulgar.

In *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, by W. Chappell, F.S.A., is the following:—"The earliest notice of 'Turn again, Whittington,' as a tune—if a mere change of bells may come under that denomination—is in Shirley's *Constant Maid*, Act II. Scene 2, 1640, where the niece says:—

"'Faith, how many churches do you mean to build  
Before you die? Six bells in every steeple,  
And let them all go to the City tune,  
'Turn again, Whittington,'—who they say

Grew rich, and let his land out for nine lives  
'Cause all came in by a cat.'"

A ballad was entered at Stationers' Hall a few months later, then a drama on the same subject.

The imputed "low birth" of Whittington is more distinctly disproved: he is shown to have descended from the Whittingtons, who were owners of land in Gloucestershire, as early as the reign of Edward I.; their estate being at Pauntley, where, in the church, are emblazoned the arms of Whittington, impaling Warren, "thus closely identifying our hero, whose wife was Alice Fitzwarren, with the Pauntley family beyond dispute." It is equally certain that Richard Whittington was the son of Sir Richard Whittington. That he rose early to wealth and civic honours, and was four times Lord Mayor of London, is proved by the municipal records. He rebuilt a church, founded a college, and was altogether a munificent citizen. In his third mayoralty, 1419, he entertained Henry of Agincourt, and his bride, Catherine of France. Never before did a merchant display such magnificence as was then exhibited in the Guildhall, whether the account of precious stones to reflect the light of the chandeliers, choicest fish, exquisite birds, delicate meats, choirs of beautiful females, wine-conduits, rare confections, and precious metals, be at all constrained, is problematical. "Surely," cried the amazed king, "never had a prince such a subject. Even the fires are filled with perfumes."—"If your highness," said Sir Richard, "inhibit me not, I will make these fires still more grateful." As he ceased speaking, and the king nodding, acquiesced, he drew forth a packet of bonds, and, advancing to the fire, resumed, "Thus do I acquit your highness of a debt of £60,000."

In 1389, Whittington superintended the festivities of a masked tournament in Smithfield, lately the scene of a rebel tumult. "Those who came in the king's party," says Fabian, "had their armour and apparel garnished with white harts, that had crowns of gold about their necks. Twenty-four thus appareled led the horses of the same number of ladies by chains of gold. The jousts continued four days, in the presence of the king, the queen, and the whole court, his Majesty himself giving proofs of his skill and dexterity. During the whole time open house was kept, at the king's expense, at the Bishop of London's palace, for the entertainment of all persons of distinction."

To return to the Cat: there is still another explanation. Richard Gough, the antiquary, believes that the *cat*, if not a rebus for some ship by which Whittington made his fortune, was the companion of his arm-chair, like Montaigne's.

The subject is treated with excellent humour by Foote, in his comedy of the *Nabob*, where he makes Sir Matthew Mite satirically thus address the Society of Antiquaries:—

"The point I mean to clear up is an error crept into the life of that illustrious magistrate, the great Whittington, and his no less eminent cat: and in this disquisition four material points are in question:—1st. Did Whittington ever exist? 2d. Was Whittington Lord Mayor of London? 3d. Was he really possessed of a cat? 4th. Was that cat the source of his wealth? That Whittington lived, no doubt can be made; that he was Lord Mayor of London is equally true; but as to his cat, that, gentlemen, is the Gordian Knot to untie. And here, gentlemen, be it permitted me to define what a

cat is. A cat is a domestic, whiskered, four-footed animal, whose employment is catching of mice ; but let puss have been ever so subtle, let puss have been ever so successful, to what could puss's captures amount ? No tanner can curry the skin of a mouse, no family make a meal of the meat ; consequently, no cat could give Whittington his wealth. From whence, then, does this error proceed ? Be that my care to point out. The commerce this worthy merchant carried on was chiefly confined to our coasts : for this purpose he constructed a vessel, which, for its agility and lightness, he aptly christened a cat. Nay, to this our day, gentlemen, all our coals from Newcastle are imported in nothing but cats. From thence, it appears, that it was not the whiskered, four-footed, mouse-killing cat, that was the source of the magistrate's wealth ; but the coasting, sailing, coal-carrying cat : that, gentlemen, was Whittington's cat."

There is a strange mixture of banter with fact in the above passage. Now, when Whittington was yet a boy, the burning of coal was considered such a public nuisance that it was prohibited by Act of Parliament under pain of death ; but, singular enough, by the time he had been thrice Lord Mayor of London, 1418, the importation of coal formed a considerable branch of the commerce of the Thames ; and although a person was once executed for a breach of this law, it is supposed that a dispensation was made in Whittington's favour ; for from the first opening of the coal trade in England, and for ages after, it had a reputation for making fortunes only exceeded by that of the mines of Golconda and Peru. *The catta*, or collier, is, to this day, called a *cat*.

The spot at Highgate Hill, whereon the legend states Whittington stopped when he heard the sound of Bow Bells, which he imagined prophesied his becoming Lord Mayor, is believed to have been originally the site of a wayside cross, belonging to the formerly adjacent lazaret-house, or hospital, and Chapel of St Anthony; this memorial was removed, and Whittington is stated to have placed there an obelisk, surmounted by a cross, which remained until 1795, when was erected another stone, which has since been twice renewed. The hospital cross would thus appear to have suggested the Whittington monument, which popular belief has, from time to time, renewed.

The greatest similitude of the Cat story is found in the Eastern fable. Sir William Gore Ouseley relates, on the authority of a Persian MS., that, in the tenth century, one Keis, the son of a poor widow in Siraf, embarked for India, with his sole property, a cat. There he fortunately arrived at a time when the palace was so infested by mice, or rats, that they carried off the king's food, and persons were employed to drive them from the royal banquet. Keis produced his cat, the noxious animals soon disappeared: and magnificent rewards were bestowed on the adventurer of Siraf, who returned to that city.\*

### *Crosby Place, Shakspeare, and Richard III.*

THIS interesting domestic mansion, in Bishopsgate Street, presents a specimen of architecture which is as

\* The Rev. Mr Lysons, in his ingenious volume upon this inquiry, favours the legendary origin.

good as any perpendicular work remaining of the kind ; it was commenced building by Sir John Crosbie, about 1470 ; and scarcely was it completed before its munificent founder died. Stow describes the mansion as "built of stone and timber, very large and beautiful, and the highest at that time in London." Eight years subsequent to Crosbie's death, 1483, we find in possession no less a person than Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III. He was, probably, a tenant under Sir John Crosbie's executors. Arriving in London on the 4th of May 1483, Fabian tells us, the Duke caused the king to be removed to the Tower, and the Duke lodged himself in Crosby Place. We learn also from Holinshed that "by little and little all folke withdrew from the Tower, and drew unto Crosbie's in Bishopsgate Street, where the Protector kept his household. The Protector had the resort ; the king in manner desolate." Here, according to tradition, the crown was offered to him by the mayor and citizens on the 25th of June 1483. On the 27th he was proclaimed ; and on the following day he left Crosby Place for his palace of Westminster.

From the circumstance of Richard's residence here (says the Rev. T. Hugo), this mansion derives one of its special attractions. Not simply, however, from the fact itself, but from the notice which it has on this account received from one, who has only to make a place the scene of his matchless impersonations in order to confer on it an immortality of interest. In this manner, one greater than Richard Plantagenet has done that for Crosby Place, which the mere fact that it was the home of a king would not of itself impart. Thrice in the play of Richard III., our own Shakspeare has referred to it

by name. First, in Act I. Scene 2, we have the Duke, reconciled at length to the Lady Anne, thus addressing her :—

. . . If thy poor devoted servant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

*Anne.* What is it?

*Glo.* That it may please you leave these sad designs  
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby Place ;  
Where—after I have solemnly interred,  
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—  
I will with all expedient duty see you.

The reunion was here (we will not censure the slight anachronism on the poet's part), and it led to Gloucester's marriage with the lady whose vituperation of him had been so unmeasured.

In another scene, 3, Act I., where he commissions his assassins to murder Clarence, he adds—

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.

And again, in Act III. Scene I., with Buckingham and Catesby, where Gloucester sends the letter to sound Hastings with reference to his designs upon the crown, he says at parting—

Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep ?

*Catesby.* You shall, my lord.

*Glo.* At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both.

. . . . .  
Come, let us sup betimes ; that afterwards

We may digest our complots in some form

Here the supper was eaten, and the complots were digested. Crosby Place, Shakspeare, and Richard, are thus identified. It has been said that “ the reason why

this building received the attention which it has from Shakspeare, was from some association existing in his own mind." Doubtless; but the writer considers that "it is not too much to suppose that he had been admitted in the humble guise of a player to entertain the guests having assembled in the banqueting hall," and had thus seen and admired its beauties. This Mr Hugo is disposed to regard as a most gratuitous fancy. We are indebted to Mr Hunter, in his interesting illustrations of the life, studies, and writings of Shakspeare, for the knowledge of the fact that, by an assessment of the date of October 1, 1598, the 40th of Elizabeth, Shakspeare is proved to have been *an inhabitant of the parish of St Helen's*, in which Crosby Place is situated. He is assessed in the sum of £5, 13s. 4d., not an inconsiderable sum in those days. Distinguished by the special favour of Queen Elizabeth and her successor, the personal friend of such men as Southampton, Pembroke, and Montgomery, the "star of poets" was often, it is hoped, a welcome visitor at Crosby Place, and looked up at those graceful timbers, and that elegant oriel, from an honoured seat at the high table. The lady who tenanted the house during some of the best known years of Shakspeare's life was the Dowager Countess of Pembroke, Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother, immortalised by rare Ben Jonson: and it is not too much to say that "gentle" Will found himself here not unfrequently, and ever as a caressed and honoured guest.—*Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society.*

*Sorrows of Sanctuary.*

THE histories of the privileged precincts in the metropolis, known as sanctuaries, have many touching episodes. Thus, Miss Halsted, in her historical memoir on Richard III., relates, that "To sanctuary Richard of Gloucester removed the Lady Anne, when, says the chronicler of Croyland, he 'discovered the maiden in the attire of a kitchen-girl in London,' in which degrading garb Clarence had concealed her; and Gloucester 'caused her to be placed in the Sanctuary of St Martin,' while he openly and honourably sought from the king his assent to their marriage. The Lady Anne had been the playmate of Gloucester's childhood, and the object of his youthful affections. Before either had passed the age of minority, she had drunk deeply of the cup of adversity; from being the affianced bride of the heir-apparent to the throne, and receiving homage at the French court as Princess of Wales, she was degraded to assume the disguise of a kitchen girl in London, reduced to utter poverty by the attainder of herself and parents. Such was the condition of Warwick's proud but destitute child, the ill-fated co-heiress of the Nevilles, the Beauchamps, the Despencers, and in whose veins flowed the blood of the highest and noblest in the land. The Croyland historian exonerates Richard from the unfounded charge of seeking the affection of 'young Edward's bride' before the tears of 'widowhood' had ceased to flow; and equally so of his outraging a custom most religiously and strictly observed in the fifteenth century, which rendered it an offence against the Church and society at large for 'a widow' to espouse

a second time before the first year of mourning had expired."

The Sanctuary of Westminster, the precinct under the protection of the abbot and monks of Westminster, adjoined Westminster Abbey, on the west and north sides. In this sanctuary, Edward V. was "born in sorrow, and baptized like a poor man's child." In 1483, her cause being lost, and the Duke of Gloucester having seized the young Edward, the queen "gate herself in all the hast possible, with her yoonger son and her daughters, out of the palace of Westminster, in which she then lay, into the sanctuarie, lodg'ing herself and her company there in the abbot's place." When the Archbishop came from York Place to deliver the Great Seal to her, he arrived before day. "About her he found much heavinesse, rumble, hast, and businesse, carriage and conveiance of her stufte into sanctuarie, chests, coffers, packers, fardels, trussed all on men's backes, no man unoccupied, some lading, some going, some discharging, some comming for more, some breaking downe the wals to bring in the next way. The Queen herselfe sate alone on the rushes all desolate and dismaied, whom the Archbishop comforted in the best manner he could, shewing her that he trusted the matter was nothing so sore as she tooke it for, and that he was put in good hope and out of feare by the message sent him from the Lord Chamberlaine." "Ah! wo worth him," quoth she, "for he is one of them that laboureth to destroy me and my blood." The Archbishop returned "yet in the dawning of the day, by which time he might in his chamber-window see all the Thames full of boates of the Duke of Gloucester's servants, watching that no man should go to sanctuary, nor none pass unsearched." Soon after,

the Cardinal and the Lords of the Council came from the treacherous Protector, desiring her to surrender up her child. "She verilie thought she could not keepe him there, nowe besett in such places aboute. At the last, shee tooke the yoong Duke by the hand, and said unto the Lordes, 'Heere I diliver him, and his brother in him, to keepe, into your handes, of whome I shall aske them both afore God and the worlde.' . . . There-withall shee said unto the child, 'Farewell! mine owne sweete sonne, God sende you good keeping; let mee kisse you yet once ere you goe, for God knoweth when wee shall kisse together againe.' And therewith shee kissed him, and blessed him, turned her backe and wept, and went her waie, leaving the child weeping as faste."

### *The Hungerfords at Charing Cross.*

THE histories of the noble houses which anciently skirted the northern bank of the Thames, between London Bridge and Westminster, present many dark deeds, vicissitudes of fortune, and terrible enormities of crime. One of these mansions was centuries ago a portion of the possessions of the Hungerfords of Wiltshire; and, although the face of the property was materially changed two centuries ago, the Hungerford name lingered in the market, bridge, and street, until 1864.

Nearly three centuries and a half ago, one of this family, Dame Agnes Hungerford, was attainted of murder, her goods were forfeited to the king's grace, and the lady suffered execution at Tybourn, on the 20th of February 1523, and was buried in the church

of the Grey Friars, of which we have the following record in their chronicle: "And this yere in feverelle the xxth day was the lady *Alys* Hungrford was lede from the Tower unto Holborne, and there put into a carte at the churchyard with one of her servanttes, and so caryed unto Tyborne, and there both hongyd, and she burryed at the Gray freeres, in the nether end of the myddes of the church on the North syde."

A great mystery hangs about the records of this heinous crime. Stow states that the lady died for murdering her husband, which is by no means clear. No other Alice Lady Hungerford, identifiable with the culprit, could be discovered but the second of the three wives of Sir Walter, who was summoned to Parliament as Lord Hungerford of Heytesbury, in 1536; and, considering that the extreme cruelty of that person to all his wives is recorded in a letter written by the third and last of them, and that his career was at last terminated with the utmost disgrace in 1540, when he was beheaded (suffering at the same time as the fallen minister, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex), it was deemed not improbable that the unfortunate lady might have been condemned for some desperate attempt upon the life of so bad a husband which had not actually effected its object, or even that her life and character had been sacrificed to a false and murderous accusation.

In this state the mystery remained until the discovery of the inventory of the goods of the lady attainted; when, although the particulars of the tragedy remain still undeveloped, we find that the culprit must have been a different person from the lady already noticed; and the murdered man, if her husband, of course not the Lord Walter.

It is ascertained by the document before us, that the Lady Hungerford who was hung at Tybourn on the 23d of February 1523, was really a widow, and that she was certainly attainted of felony and murder; moreover, that her name was Agnes, not Alice, as stated in the Grey Friars' chronicle. This inventory further shows that the parties were no other than the heads of the Hungerford family; and it is made evident that the lady was the widow of Sir Edward Hungerford, the father of Walter, Lord Hungerford, already mentioned; and we are led to infer that it was Sir Edward himself who had been poisoned or otherwise murdered by her agency. It is a remarkable feature of the inventory, that many items of it are described in the first person, and consequently from the lady's own dictation; and towards the end is a list of "the rayment of my husband's, which is in the keeping of my son-in-lawe." By this expression is to be understood step-son, and that the person so designated was Sir Walter Hungerford, Sir Edward's son and heir. From this conclusion it follows that the lady was not Sir Walter's mother, who appears in the pedigree as Jane, daughter of John Lord Zouche of Haryngworth, but a second wife, whose name has not been recorded by the genealogists of the family.

To this circumstance must be attributed much of the difficulty that has hitherto enveloped this investigation. The lady's origin and maiden name are still unknown. The inventory describes her as "*Agnes, Lady Hungerford, wydowe;*" and there is evidence to show that she was the second wife of Sir Edward Hungerford, of Heytesbury, who, in his will, after bequeathing small legacies to churches and friends, gives the residue of his goods to "Agnes Hungerforde my wife."

But though the inventory assists materially in clearing up three points in this transaction, viz.—1. the lady's Christian name ; 2. whose wife she had been ; and, 3. that her crime was "felony and murder;" the rest of the story remains as much as ever wrapped in mystery. It is not yet certain who was the person murdered ; and of the motives, place, time, and all other particulars, we are wholly ignorant. Stow, the chronicler, who repeats what he found in the Grey Friars' chronicle, certainly adds to that account the words, "for murdering her husband." But, as Stow was not born until two years after Lady Hungerford's execution, and did not compile his own chronicle until forty years after it, and as we know not whether he was only speaking from hearsay, or on authority, the fact that it *was* the husband still remains to be proved.

Excepting on the supposition that the Lady Agnes was a perfect monster among women, it is almost inconceivable that she should have murdered a husband who, only a few weeks, or days, before his death, in the presence of eleven gentlemen and clergymen known to them both, signed a document by which he made to her (besides the jointure from lands) a free and absolute gift of all his personal property, including the accumulated valuables of an ancient family ; and this, to the entire exclusion of his only son and heir ! When the character of that son and heir, notoriously cruel to his own wives, and subsequently sent to the scaffold for an ignominious offence, is considered ; and when it is further recollected that he was not the son, but only the step-son of this lady, certain suspicions arise which more than ever excite one's curiosity to raise still higher the curtain that hides the tragedy.

The inventory includes a long and curious catalogue of the lady's own dress and personal ornaments ; with a list of some obligations or bonds for money ; some items of household stuff remaining *at her husband's house at Charing Cross* ; and lastly the raiment of her husband, which was in the keeping of her son-in-law. These curious details are abridged from a Paper in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxxviii., by J. G. Nichols, F.S.A., and the Rev. J. Jackson, F.S.A.

There is another singular story of the Hungerford family, which may have originated from two of its members having met with ignominious deaths. The legend is of the device of a toad being introduced into the armorial bearings of the Hungerfords, in memory of the degradation of some member of the family. This tale, the Rev. Mr Jackson pronounces in every way nonsensical. "Argent, three toads sable," is certainly one of their old quarterings ; as may be seen upon one of the monuments in the chapel at Farleigh Castle, near Bath. "But," says Mr Jackson, "it was borne by the Hungerfords for a very different reason. Robert, the second lord, who died A.D. 1459, had married the wealthy heiress of the Cornish family of *Botreaux* ; and this was one of the shields used by *her* family, being, in fact, nothing more than an allusion, not uncommon in heraldry, to the name. This was spelled variously, *Botreaux* or *Boterelles* ; and the device was probably assumed from the similarity of the name of the old French word *Botterol*, a toad (see Cotgrave), or the old Latin word *Botterella*. The marriage with the Bottreaux heiress, and the assumption of her arms, having taken place *many years before* any member of the Hungerford family was attainted or executed (as some of

them afterwards were), the popular story falls to the ground."

We now come to a wilder trait of the Hungerford family, in an eccentric memorial of one of its members. Sir Edward Hungerford, who was created a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles II., is known as "the spendthrift:" he is said to have given 500 guineas for a wig to figure in at some ball; to keep up his foolish game, he sold, at one time, twenty-eight manors; and he pulled down part of his large town-house, Charing Cross, and converted the other portion into tenements and a market, in the year 1650. It is curious to find dedicated to "the virtuous and most ingenious" Edward Hungerford, &c., a son of the spendthrift Sir Edward, a small volume entitled "*Humane Prudence; or, The Art by which a man may Advance himself and his Fortune;*" this book aiming to do for the son what his father, the dissipator of the Hungerford estates, most grossly neglected—to set an example of prudence to his son. The glory of the Hungerfords was not forgotten in the market-house; for, in a niche on the north side, was placed a bust of one of the family in a large wig—Sir Edward, in the 500-guinea wig! Beneath was a pompous Latin inscription, with the date of its erection, 1682.

We remember the bewigged bust, which disappeared with the old market-house; but the evil genius still hovered over the site of Hungerford House, and in more than name, in the failure of New Hungerford Market, was prolonged the misfortune so long associated with the Hungerford family.

*Jane Shore, her true History.*

NEITHER of our historians gives the name of this noted woman's parents. Sir Thomas More says : "What her father's name was, or where she was born, is certainly not known ;" but both More and Stow state she was born in London. She was married "somewhat too soon" to William Shore, goldsmith and banker, of Lombard Street,—her age 16 or 17 years. She lived with Shore seven years, and about 1470 she became concubine to King Edward IV., "the most beautiful man of his time." In his resplendent court she delighted all by her beauty, pleasant behaviour, and proper wit ; for she could read well and write, which few of the brightest ladies then could.

Edward died in 1482 ; and, within two months, Jane was accused by Gloucester, the usurper, of sorcery and witchcraft : he caused her to be deprived of the whole of her property, about 3000 marks, equal now to about £20,000. She was then committed to the Tower, but was released for want of proof of sorcery. She was next committed, by the Sheriffs, to Ludgate prison, charged with having been the concubine of Hastings, for which she walked in penance. Gloucester then consigned her to the severity of the Church. She was carried to the Bishop's palace, clothed in a white sheet, with a taper in her hand, and from thence conducted to St Paul's Cathedral and the cross, before which she made a confession of her only fault. "Every other virtue bloomed in this ill-fated fair with the fullest vigour. She could not resist the solicitations of a youthful monarch, the handsomest man of his time. On his death she was

reduced to necessity, scorned by the world, and cast off by her husband, with whom she was paired in her childish years, and forced to fling herself into the arms of Hastings."

"In her penance she went," says Holinshed, "in countenance and pace demure, so womanlie, that albeit she were out of all araie, save her kertle onlie, yet went she so faire and lovelie, namelie, while the wondering of the people cast a comlic rud in her cheeks (of which she before had most misse), that hir great shame wan hir much praise among those that were more amorous of hir bodie, than curious of hir soule. And manie good folks that hated hir living (and glad were to see sin corrected), yet pitied they more hir penance, than rejoiced therein, when they considered that the Protector procured it more of a corrupt intent than any virtuous affection."

Rowe, in his play, has thrown this part of her story into this poetical dress:—

Submissive, sad, and lonely was her look ;  
A burning taper in her hand she bore ;  
And on her shoulders, carelessly confused,  
With loose neglect her lovely tresses hung ;  
Upon her cheek a faintish flush was spread ;  
Feeble she seemed, and sorely smit with pain ;  
While, barefoot as she trod the flinty pavement,  
Her footsteps all along were marked with blood.  
Yet silent still she passed, and unrepining ;  
Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,  
Except when, in some bitter pang of sorrow,  
To heaven she seemed, in fervent zeal, to raise,  
And beg that mercy man denied her here.

After her penance, she was again committed to Ludgate, where she was kept close prisoner. The king's solicitor would have married her but for Richard's

interference. After his death, at Bosworth, Jane was liberated from Ludgate. There is a tradition that she strewed flowers at the funeral of Henry VII. Calamitous was the rest of her life ; and she died in 1533 or 1534, when more than fourscore years old ; and no stone tells where her remains are deposited. For almost half a century, Jane Shore was a living monitress to avoid illicit love, however fascinating ; and the biographer, poet, and historian made her such for nearly three centuries after death ; in ancient chronicle and ballad, in historical record, in chap-book, and upon our stage, the grave moral has lasted to our time. Sir Thomas More says that Jane begged her bread ; and the dramatist has adopted this error. A black-letter ballad, in the Pepys collection, makes Jane die of hunger after doing penance, and a man to be hanged for relieving her ; both which are fictions, and led to the popular error of Jane's being starved in a ditch, and thus giving the name to Shoreditch :—

I could not get one bit of bread,  
Whereby my hunger might be fed ;  
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,  
Or stinking ditches in the field.  
Thus, weary of my life at lengthe,  
I yielded up my vital strength  
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,  
Where carrion dogs did much frequent :  
The which now, since my dying daye,  
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye.

But this ballad is not older than the middle of the 17th century ; and no mention is made of Jane so dying in a ballad by Th. Churchyard, dated 1587. Dr Percy erroneously refers *Shoreditch* to “its being a common sewer, vulgarly *shore*, or drain.” It is also called

*Scrditch*; which is the most correct, according to the above explanation. Stow declares this ancient manor, parish, and street of London to have been called Soersditch more than 400 years before his time; and Weever states it to have been named from Sir John de Soerdich, lord of the manor *temp.* Edward III., and who was with that king in his wars with France. Two miles north-east of Uxbridge is Ickenham Hall, the seat of the Soerdich family, who have been owners of the manor from the time of Edward III.

### *Story of a King's Head.*

STOW relates the following strange discovery of the disposal of the head of James IV. of Scotland, in the chronicler's description of the Church of St Michael, Wood Street:—

“There is,” he says, “but without any outward monument, the head of James IV., King of Scots, of that name, slain at Flodden Field, and buried here by this occasion. After the battle, the body of the said king being found, was closed in lead, and conveyed from thence to London, and so to the monastery of Sheen, in Surrey, where it remained for a time, in what order I am not certain. But since the dissolution of that house in the reign of Edward VI., Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, being lodged and keeping house there, I have been shewed the same body so lapped in lead close to the head and body, was thrown into a waste room amongst the old timber, lead, and other rubble. Since the which time, workmen there (for their foolish pleasure) hewed off his head. And Launcelot Young, master-glazier to Queen Elizabeth, feeling a sweet savour to come from

thence, and seeing the same dried from moisture, and yet the form remaining with the hair of the head and beard red, brought it to London to his house in Wood Street, where (for a time) he kept it for the sweetness; but in the end caused the sexton of that church to bury it amongst other bones taken out of the charnel," &c.

The above statement is contradicted by the Scottish historians; but Weever is positive that Sheen was the place of James's burial. There is also another story of a body with a chain round the waist, said to have been found in the moat of Home Castle, and by the tradition identified with that of James IV. of Scotland; but this has been disproved by Sir Walter Scott.

A correspondent of the *Athenæum*, 1852, writes: "The curious French Gazette records that the king was killed within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey; and Lord Dacre, in his letter to the Lords of the Council (orig. Cal. B. ii. 115), writes that *he* found the body of James, and, after informing Surrey by writing, brought it to Berwick; whilst a tablet, which was fixed to the tomb of this very Earl of Surrey, afterwards second Duke of Norfolk, in Thetford Abbey, and recounted the principal occurrences in his eventful life (see Weever and a MS. copy of the time of Eliz. Jul. c. vii.), stated, 'And this done [the battle], the said Earl went to Berwick to establish all things well and in good order, *and sent for the dead body of the King of Scots to Berwick*; and when the ordnance of the King of Scots was brought out of the field and put in good suretie, and all other things in good order, then the said Earl took his journey towards York, and there abode during the King's pleasure, and *carried with him the dead body of the aforesaid King of Scots*, and lay there until such time as the King's high-

ness came from beyond the sea after his winning of Turwin and Torney. And then his highness sent for him to meet him at Richmond, and so he did, *and delivered unto his highness the dead body of the King of Scots, which dead body was delivered into the Charter-house there, and there to abyde during the King's pleasure.*' The person of the King of Scotland must have been as well known to Lord Dacre from his recent conferences with him, as to the Earl of Surrey from his residence at the Court of Scotland on the occasion of his conducting the Princess, afterwards Queen Margaret, thither; and the monastery of Sheen (Shene) alluded to by Stow, having been occupied by monks of the Carthusian order, will be easily recognised as the Charter-house of Richmond, spoken of in the epitaph of the Duke of Norfolk."

### *Queen Elizabeth by Torchlight.*

BISHOP GOODMAN, in his *Memoirs of the Court of King James I.* (the manuscript of which is preserved in the Bodleian Library), has left this curious account of Queen Elizabeth's popularity, as well as a portraiture of the Virgin Queen:—

"In the year 1588, I did then live at the upper end of the Strand, near St Clement's Church, when suddenly there came a report unto us (it was in December, much about five of the clock at night, very dark), that the Queen was gone to council, and if you will see the Queen, you must come quickly. Then we all ran; when the court gates were set open, and no man did hinder us from coming in. Then we came where there was a far greater company than was usual at Lenten Sermons; and when

we had stayed there an hour, and that the yard was full, there being a number of torches, the Queen came out in great state. Then we cried, 'God save your Majesty! God save your Majesty!' Then the Queen turned unto us, and said, 'God bless you all, my good people!' Then we cried again, 'God save your Majesty! God save your Majesty!' Then the Queen said again unto us, 'You may well have a greater prince, but you shall never have a more loving prince!' and so, looking one upon another for a while, the Queen departed. This wrought such an impression upon us, for shows and pageants are ever best seen by torchlight, that all the way long we did nothing but talk what an admirable Queen she was, and how we would adventure our lives to do her service. Now this was in a year when she had most enemies, and how easily might they then have gotten into the crowd and multitude to have done her a mischief!

"Take her then in her yearly journeys at her coming to London, where you must understand that she did desire to be seen and to be magnified; but in her old age she had not only wrinkles, but she had a goggle throat, a great gullet hanging out, as her grandfather Henry VII. is ever painted withal. [Walpole, in his *Royal and Noble Authors*, has given the impression of one of Elizabeth's coins, which was struck apparently a few years before her death. It represents her very old and ugly.] And truly, there was then a report that the ladies had gotten false looking-glasses, that the Queen might not see her own wrinkles; for, having been exceeding beautiful and fair in her youth, such beauties are very aptest for wrinkles in old age.

"So then the Queen's constant custom was, a little before her coronation-day, to come from Richmond to

London, and dine with the Lord Admiral (the Earl of Effingham) at Chelsea; and to set out from Chelsea at dark night, where the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen were to meet her, and here, all the way long, from Chelsea to Whitehall, was full of people to see her, and truly any man might very easily have come to her coach. Now, if she thought that she had been in danger, how is it credible that she should so adventure herself? King James, who was as harmless a King as any was in our age, and consequently had as few enemies, yet wore quilted doublets, stiletto-proof: the Queen had many enemies; all her wars depended upon her life. She had likewise very fearful examples: the first Duke of Guise was shot; Henry III., the French King, was stabbed; the Duke of Orange was pistoled—and these might make the Queen take heed."

Charles Howard, Earl of Effingham, above named, was a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth. He was the only person who had influence sufficient to persuade the Queen to go to bed in her last sickness; she having an apprehension of some prediction, as it was thought, that she should die in it.

### *Romance of the Beauchamp Tower.*

IT has been fancifully said that "walls have ears." The walls of the "prison-lodgings" in the Tower of London, however, bear more direct testimony of their former occupants; for here the thoughts, sorrows, and sufferings of many a noble soul and crushed spirit are literally cut in stone. The Beauchamp or Cobham Tower, a curious specimen of the military architecture of the 12th and 13th centuries, is the most interesting

portion of our ancient prison fortress ; and in its recent repair, the records of many noteworthy persons confined within its walls have been carefully preserved.

The Tower originally derived its name from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was imprisoned here in 1397. It consists of three apartments, one above the other, besides a few small passages and cells. The lower room is partly below the ground, and must have been a dismal place of imprisonment. A circular staircase leads to the other apartments, in which have been confined so many eminent individuals. Many of these have here endeavoured to shorten the tedious hours by records on the stone walls of their names and sentiments ; and hard must be the heart which could look unmoved at many of the inscriptions.

These memorials have been cleansed by an ingenious chemical process from dirt and paint. During this operation many new names have been brought to light which have been for long hidden from plaster, &c. Amongst these is a sculptured rebus—a *bell* inscribed TA. and Thomas above, the memorial of Dr Abel, chaplain to Queen Catherine of Arragon. Thomas Abel was a man of learning, a great master of instrumental music, and well skilled in modern languages. These qualifications introduced him at Court, and he became domestic chaplain to Queen Catherine of Arragon, wife of Henry VIII., and served her Majesty in the above-mentioned capacity. When the validity of the marriage of the Queen and Henry VIII. became a question, the affection which Dr Abel bore towards his mistress led him into the controversy to which it gave rise, and he opposed the divorce both by words and writings. By giving in to the delusion of the "Holy Maid of

Kent" he incurred a misprision, and was afterwards condemned and executed in Smithfield, together with others, for denying the King's supremacy, and affirming his marriage with Queen Catherine to be good.

Another sculpture—a kneeling figure—portrays Robert Bainbridge, who was imprisoned for writing a letter offensive to Queen Elizabeth; James Gilmor, 1569; Thomas Talbot, 1462. This is the oldest inscription which has been found in the prison: this gentleman here was in 1464, and had kept Henry VI. prisoner at Waddington Hall, in Lancashire.

In the State Prison room is IANE. IANE cut in letters of the Elizabethan style, which attract more attention from visitors than memorials of more elaborate design and execution. These letters are supposed to have been cut by Lord Guildford Dudley, as a solace, when he was confined in a separate prison from his unhappy wife. This is the only memorial preserved of Lady Jane Grey in the Tower.

One of the most elaborate devices is that of John Dvdle, Earl of Warwick, tried and condemned in 1553 for endeavouring to deprive Mary of the crown; but being reprieved, he died in his prison-room, where he had wrought upon the wall his family's cognisance, the lion, and bear, and ragged staff, underneath which is his name; the whole surrounded by oak-sprigs, roses, geraniums, and honeysuckles, emblematic of the Christian names of his four brothers, as appears from this unfinished inscription:—

Yow that these beasts do wel behold and se,  
May deme with ease wherefore here made they be  
Withe borders eke wherein (there mȃy be found)  
4 brothers' names, who list to serche the grovnd.

The names of the brothers were Ambrose, Robert, Guildford, and Henry : thus, A, acorn ; R, rose ; G, geranium ; and H, honeysuckle : others think the rose indicates Ambrose, and the oak Robert (*robur*). In another part is carved an oak-tree bearing acorns, signed R. D. ; the work of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

Here are several devices of the Peverils, on a crucifix bearing a heart, wheatsheaves, a portrait, initials, &c. A reference to Sir Walter Scott's novels of the *Fortunes of Nigel* and *Peveril of the Peak*, shows that their distinguished author had made himself acquainted with the various portions of the Tower. The lower right-hand inscription is one of several bearing the name of Peveril. The wheatsheaves are the armorial bearings of the Peverils of Derbyshire. It is by no means unlikely that, on the sight of these stones, Sir Walter Scott formed the plan of his novel. The room, above the entrance of the Bloody Tower, in which the young Princes are said to have been murdered by Richard III., agrees with the account of the place of meeting between Georgina Harriet, his god-daughter, and Nigel. There is here a secret closet near the roof, of no seeming use, except to conceal an observer from the prisoners, which may have afforded the idea of the "lug" in which James I. ensconced himself.

These inscriptions tell their own sad stories :

"O . Lord . whic . art . of . heavn . King . Graunt .  
gras . and . lve . everlastig . to . Miagh . thy . servant .  
in . prison . alon . with \* \* \* \* Tomas Miagh." Again:

Thomas Miagh, whiche lieth here alon,  
That fayne wold from hens be gon,  
By tortyre straunge mi troth was  
tryed, yet of my libertie denied. 1581, Thomas Myagh.

He was a prisoner for treason, tortured with Skevington's irons and the rack. Next is the inscription of Thomas Clarke :—

"Hit is the poynt of a wyse man to try and then trvste, for hapy is he whome fyndeth one that is ivst. T. C." Again: "T. C. I leve in hope and I gave credit to mi frinde in time did stande me moste in hande, so woulde I never do againe, excepte I hade him sver in bande, and to al men wiche I so vnles, ye svssteine the leke lose as I do. Vnhappie is that mane whose actes doth procvre the miseri of this hovs in prison to indvre. 1576, Thomas Clarke."

"Thomas Willyngar, goldsmithe. My hart is yours tel dethe." By the side is a figure of a bleeding "hart," and another of "dethe;" and "T. W." and "P. A."

Thomas Rose,

Within this Tower strong

Kept close

By those to whom he did no wrong. May 8th, 1666.

The figure of man, praying, underneath "Ro. Bainbridge" (1587-8).

"Thomas Bawdewin, 1585, Jvly. As vertve maketh life, so sin cawseth death."

"J. C. 1538." "Learne to feare God." "Reprens . le . sage . et . il . te . armera.—Take wisdom, and he shall arm you."

The memorial of Thomas Salmon, 1622, now let into the wall of the middle room, was formerly in the upper prison-lodging: it records a long captivity, and consists of a shield surrounded by a circle; above the circle the name "T. Salmon;" a crest formed of three salmons, and the date 1622; underneath the circle the motto *Nec*

*temere, nec timore*—"Neither rashly nor with fear." Also a star containing the abbreviation of Christ, in Greek, surrounded by the sentence, *Sic vive vt vivas*—"So live that thou mayest live." In the opposite corner are the words, *Et morire ne morieris*—"And die that thou mayest die not." Surrounding a representation of Death's head, above the device, is the enumeration of Salmon's confinement: "Close prisoner 8 moneths, 32 wekes, 224 dayes, 5376 houres."

On the ground floor are "Walter Parlew," dated "1569" and "1570"; an anchor, and "Extrema Christus." Near these is "Robart Dudley." This nobleman was the third son of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, who was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1553, for high treason. At his death, his sons were still left in confinement, and Robert was, in 1554, arraigned at Guildhall, on the plea of high treason, and condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. He lay under this sentence till the following year, when he and his brothers, Ambrose and Henry, were liberated by command of Queen Mary, and afterwards rose into high favour at the courts of Mary and Elizabeth.\*

On the ground-floor also is:—

The man whom this house can not mend,  
Hath evill becom, and worse will end.

"Round this (Beauchamp) chamber (says Mr Hepworth Dixon), a secret passage has been discovered in the masonry, in which spies were, no doubt, set to listen, and report the conversation or soliloquies of prisoners, when they, poor souls, believed themselves alone." The

\* See *Inscriptions and Devices in the Beauchamp Tower*, by W. R. Dick. 1853.

men who lived in the Tower have named this passage the Whispering Gallery.

The Beauchamp Tower was used as a prison for male offenders only. Some years since, a door of ancient oak, knotted with iron, was seen below the plaster: this door opened to a sort of terrace leading to the Bell Tower, containing the alarm-bell of the garrison: here were confined Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and subsequently the Princess Elizabeth, and other illustrious captives; in this roof-promenade they took the air. The walls bear some memorials, among which is "*Respice finem*, W. D."

One of Sir Walter Raleigh's prison-lodgings is thought to have been the second and third stories of the Beauchamp Tower; here he devoted much time to chemistry and pharmaceutical preparations. "He has converted," says Sir William Wade, Lieutenant of the Tower, "a little hen-house in the garden into a still-house, and here he doth spend his time all the day in distillations; . . . he doth show himself upon the wall in his garden to the view of the people;" here Raleigh prepared his "Rare Cordial," which, with other ingredients added by Sir Kenelm Digby and Sir A. Fraser, is the *Confectio Aromatica* of the present London Pharmacopœia.

### *Traitors' Gate, in the Tower.*

ONE of the most picturesque relics of this ancient prison-house is the Traitors' Gate—the water entrance to the Tower—and through which so many captives passed never to return. Here the Princess Elizabeth sat on the steps in the midst of rain and storm, declaring that she was no traitor. Scores of pages of history and events

affording materials for both the poet and the painter come into the memory at the mention of the name of this gloomy portal.

Mr Ferrey, the architect, remarks: "Few persons can be aware of the solemn grandeur which this water-gate must have presented in bygone times, when its architectural features were unmutilated. Gateways and barbicans to castles are usually bold and striking in their design; but a water-gate of this kind, in its perfect state, must have been quite unique." The internal features, however, now can scarcely be discerned. The general plan of the structure consists of an oblong block, each corner having an attached round turret of large dimensions. The south archway, which formed the water approach from the Thames, guarded by a portcullis, is now effectually closed by a wharf occupying the entire length of the Tower. "The water," he continues, "originally flowed through the base of the gate-house, and extended probably beyond the north side of it to the Traitors' Steps, as they were called. Here the superincumbent mass of the gateway is supported by an archway of extraordinary boldness, such as is not to be found in any other gateway, and is a piece of masterly construction. A staircase in the north-west turret conducts to the galleries, or wall passages, formed on a level with the tops of the archway. A stranger, on looking at the Traitors' Gate as it is now encumbered, could possibly form an idea of its ancient dignity. The whole of the upper part is crammed with offices, and disfigured in every possible manner; and the gloom of the Traitors Gate is now broken up by the blatant noise of steam-machinery for hoisting and packing war-weapons." The vibration of the machinery has already so shaken the

south-eastern turret, that it is now shored up in order to prevent its falling.

Mr Ferrey adds, that the enormous size of the north archway must have been for the admission of several barges or vessels to pass within the present boundary of the gateway walls, when the outer portcullis was closed ; whilst that the Thames once penetrated further to the north. By this entrance

Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More.

### *The Bloody Tower.*

ADJOINING the Wakefield, or Record Tower, is the structure with the above terrific name. Here, in a dark windowless room, in which one of the portcullises was worked, George, Duke of Clarence, is said to have been drowned in malmsey ; in the adjoining chamber, the two princes are said to have been “smothered ;” whence the name of Bloody Tower. This has been much disputed ; but in a tract *temp.* James I., we read that the above “turret our elders termed the *Bloody Tower* ; for the bloodshed, as they say, of those infant princes of Edward IV., whom Richard III., of cursed memory (I shudder to mention it), savagely killed, two together at one time.” In the latter chamber was imprisoned Colonel Hutchinson, whose wife, daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower, where she was born, relates the above traditions. This portion was formerly called the *Garden Tower* ; it was built *temp.* Edward III., and is the only ancient place of security as a state prison in the Tower. It is entered through a small door in the inner ballium ; it consists of a day-room and a bed-room, and the leads on which the prisoner was

sometimes allowed to breathe the air. The last person who occupied these apartments was Arthur Thistlewood, the Cato Street conspirator. Westward are the *Lieutenant's Lodgings* (the Lieutenant's residence), chiefly timber-built, *temp.* Henry VIII. ; in 1610 was added a chamber having a prospect to all the three gates of the Tower, and enabling the lieutenant to call and look to the warders. In the Council Chamber the Commissioners examined Guy Fawkes and his accomplices, as commemorated in a Latin and Hebrew inscription upon a parti-coloured marble monument ; and elsewhere in the building there was discovered, about 1845, "an inscription carved on an old mantelpiece relating to the Countess of Lenox, grandmother of James I., 'commytede prysner to thys Logynge for the Marige of her Sonne my Lord Henry Darnle and the Queen of Scotlande.'" Here a bust of James I. was set up, in 1608, by Sir William Wade, then Lieutenant ; the walls are painted with representations of men inflicting and suffering torture ; and the room is reputed to be haunted ! The last person confined in the lodgings here was Sir Francis Burdett, committed April 6, 1810, for writing in Cobbett's *Weekly Register*.

The *Bloody Tower gateway*, built *temp.* Edward III. (opposite *Traitors' Gate*), is the main entrance to the Inner Ward : it has massive gates and portcullis, complete, at the southern end ; but those at the north end have been removed. We read in Weale's *London*, p. 160, that "the gates are genuine, and the portcullis is said to be the only one remaining in England fit for use. The archway forms a noble specimen of the Doric order of Gothic. For a prison-entrance, we know of no more perfect model."

It is worthy of remark that only the grim features of the Tower which tell of the dark deeds done within its walls have been preserved ; for, of the Royal Palace, the abode of our Sovereigns to the time of Charles II., no view exists. The site is now occupied by wharves and machinery.

### *Two Prisoners in the Bell Tower.*

THE Rev. Thomas Hugo, F.S.A., in his admirable paper, read to the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, upon the Bell Tower of the Tower of London, thus picturesquely introduces two of the illustrious tenants of this historical prison-house—this gloomy dungeon, and the scarcely less gloomy chamber immediately above it. Of course, the identification of particular prisoners with particular spots is legendary, and we can very rarely adduce precise and historical proof of the correctness of such attribution. Where, however, tradition has constantly gone in one direction, and where, age after age, the same legend has obtained, it seems to savour of perverse incredulity to hesitate to accept what is not plainly and flagrantly opposed to likelihood. Assuming as a fact what tradition asserts,—that these walls once looked upon two faces, among, doubtless, many others, whose owners possess considerable attractions for the minds of Englishmen. The first of the two was the venerable Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who fell under the headsman's axe for denying the spiritual supremacy of Henry VIII.

The Bishop of Rochester was one of the foremost men of his age, and was for many years confessor to the king's grandmother, the Countess of Richmond ;

and it is supposed that her munificence towards our two universities—by founding St John's and Christ's Colleges at Cambridge, and the professorships of divinity in both Oxford and Cambridge—was mainly owing to his pious advice and direction. He sided, as was likely, against the king in the matter of Queen Katharine, whose cause he warmly advocated, and, as also was likely, drew down upon himself the displeasure of his unscrupulous sovereign. At length when called before the Lambeth council, and commanded to acknowledge the king's supremacy, he resolutely refused to do so, and was forthwith committed to the Tower.

He had now reached his eightieth year, and the cold damp dungeon into which he was thrust was not calculated to prolong his days. Perhaps his enemies desired that death should naturally remove him, and remove from them also the odium which could not fail to attach to all who should be instrumental in his more direct and manifest destruction. His constitution, however, was proof against his position, and for many months he bore his privations as became a good soldier in a cause on which his heart and soul were set. Out of his painful dungeon he wrote to Mr Secretary Cromwell in these words :—" Furthermore, I beseech you to be good master to me in my necessity, for I have neither suit nor yet other clothes that are necessary for me to wear, but that be ragged and rent shamefully. My diet also, God knoweth how slender it is at many times ; and now in mine age my stomach may not away with but a few kinds of meat, which, if I want, I decay forthwith, and fall into coughs and diseases of my body, and cannot keep myself in health. And as our Lord knoweth, I

have nothing left unto me to provide any better, but as my brother of his own purse layeth out for me to his great hindrance. Therefore, good Master Secretary, I beseech you to have some pity upon me, and let me have such things as are necessary for me in mine age, and especially for my health. . . . Then shall you bind me for ever to be your poor beadsman unto Almighty God, who ever have you in His protection and custody."

This was written in the depth of a bitter winter, for the aged writer concludes:—"This, I beseech you, to grant me of your charity. And thus our Lord send you a merry Christmas, and a comfortable, to your heart's desire.—At the Tower, the 22nd day of December." The Bishop left this abode of persecution for his bloody death on Tower Hill.

The scene again changes, and this time a very different prisoner enters the portals of the Bell Tower. It is now the fair and blooming face of a young and noble lady, afterwards the Queen of this great country, then known by the name of the Princess Elizabeth. Her sister, ever sullen and suspicious, had removed her, to the danger of her life, from her home at Ashridge, in Hertfordshire, and after necessary delay at Redborne, St Alban's, South Mimms, and Highgate, she at length, some days after the beginning of her journey, arrived at Whitehall. Within a fortnight she was lodged in her prison in the Tower. Doubtless you know the story; but her entrance into the fortress deserves a moment's mention. The barge was directed to enter by Traitors' Gate, much to the annoyance of the fair prisoner. It rained hard (an old chronicler says), and a certain unnamed lord offered her his cloak; but she "put her hand back with a good dash," and then, as she set her foot on the dreaded

stairs, she cried out aloud—"Here landeth as good a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs: and before Thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friends but Thee." A few minutes afterwards found her a fast prisoner, and, as tradition tells, in the very turret to which we have been drawing your attention.

*What became of the Heads of Bishop  
Fisher and Sir Thomas More.*

FISHER, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, were two of the most eminent persons who were executed for not acknowledging King Henry VIII. as supreme head of the Church of England. Bishop Fisher was executed on St Alban's Day, the 22nd of June 1535, about ten in the morning; and his head was to have been erected upon Traitors' Gate, London Bridge, the same night; but that it was delayed, to be exhibited to Queen Anne Boleyn. We gather these particulars from a curious duodecimo, written by Hall, but attributed to Dr Thomas Baily, 1665, who further relates:—"The next day after his burying, the head, being parboyled, was pricked upon a pole, and set on high upon London Bridge, among the rest of the holy Carthusians' heads that suffered death lately before him. And here I cannot omit to declare unto you the miraculous sight of this head, which, after it had stood up the space of fourteen dayes upon the bridge, could not be perceived to wast nor consume: neither for the weather, which was then very hot, neither for the parboyling in hot water, but grew daily fresher and fresher, so that in his lifetime

he never looked so well ; for his cheeks being beautified with a comely red, the face looked as though it had beholden the people passing by, and would have spoken to them ; which many took for a miracle that Almighty God was pleased to shew above the course of nature in thus preserving the fresh and lively colour in his face, surpassing the colour he had being alive, whereby was noted to the world the innocence and holiness of this blessed father that thus innocently was content to lose his head in defence of his Mother the Holy Catholique Church of Christ. Wherefore the people coming daily to see this strange sight, the passage over the bridge was so stopped with their going and coming, that almost neither cart nor horse could passe ; and therefore at the end of fourteen daies the executioner was commanded to throw down the head, in the night-time, into the River of Thames ; and in the place thereof was set the head of the most blessed and constant martyr Sir Thomas More, his companion and fellow in all his troubles, who suffered his passion," on Tuesday "the 6th of July next following, about nine o'clock in the morning."

The bodies of Fisher and More were buried in the chapel of St Peter in the Tower ; the head of More, says his great-grandson, in his life of him, printed in 1726, "Was putt upon London Bridge, where as trayters' heads are sett vpon poles ; and hauing remained some moneths there, being to be cast into the Thames, because roome should be made for diuerse others, who in plentiful sorte suffered martyrdome for the same supremacie ; shortly after it was bought by his daughter Margaret, least,—as she stoutly affirmed before the councell, being called before them for the same matter,—it should be foode for fishes ; which she buried where she thought

fittest." The Chancellor's pious daughter is said to have preserved this relic in a leaden case, and to have ordered its interment with her own body, in the Roper vault, under a chapel adjoining St Dunstan's, Canterbury, where the head, it is stated, was seen in the year 1715, and again subsequently.

Aubrey, however, states that the body of More was buried in St Luke's Church, Chelsea; "after he was beheaded, his trunk was interred in Chelsey Church, near the middle of the south wall, where was some slight monument erected, which being worn by time, about 1644, Sir [John?] Lawrence, of Chelsey (no kinne to him), at his own proper costs and charges, erected to his memorie a handsome inscription of marble."—(*Aubrey's Lives*). The monument was again restored, in 1833, by subscription. It was originally erected, in 1532, by More himself, and the epitaph (in Latin) was written by him. Over the tombs are the crest of Sir Thomas More; namely, a Moor's head, and the arms of himself and his two wives.

### *Execution of Lady Jane Grey.*

THE Tower is a remarkable monument of the great, yet not to its advantage; "for the images of the children of Edward IV., of Anne Boleyn, and Jane Grey, and of the many innocent victims murdered in times of despotism and tyranny, pass like dark phantoms before the mind."

The place of execution within the Tower, on the Green, was reserved for putting to death privately; and the precise spot whereon the scaffold was erected is nearly opposite the door of the Chapel of St Peter, and

is marked by a large oval of dark flints. Hereon many of the wisest, the noblest, the best, and the fairest heads of English men and English women of times long passed away, fell from such a block and beneath the stroke of such an axe, as may now be seen in the armouries. One of the most touching of these sad scenes was the heroic end of the accomplished and illustrious Lady Jane Grey. The preparations for her execution are thus detailed in "The Chronicle of Queen Jane:"—

"By this tyme was ther a scaffolde made upon the grene over agaynst the White Tower, for the saide lady Jane to die upon. Who with hir husband was appoynted to have been put to death the fryday before, but was staied tyll then, for what cause is not knowen, unlesse yt were because hir father was not then come into the Tower. The saide ladye being nothing at all abashed, neither with feare of her own deathe, which then approached, neither with the sight of the ded carcase of hir husbande, when he was brought in to the chappell, came fourthe, the levetenant leding hir, in the same gown wherin she was arrayned, hir countenance nothing abashed, neither hir eyes enything moysted with teares, although her ij gentylwomen, mistress Elizabeth Tylney and mistress Eleyne, wonderfully wept, with her boke in her hand, whereon she praied all the way till she cam to the saide scaffolde, wheron when she was mounted, &c."

Here the diarist breaks off. The following account of her Last Moments is from the pamphlet entitled "The Ende of the Lady Jane Dudley."

"First, when she mounted upon the scaffolde, she sayd to the people standing thereabout: 'Good people, I am come hether to die, and by a lawe I am condemned

to the same. The facte, in dede, against the quenes highnesse was unlawfull, and the consenting thereunto by me: but touching the procurement and desyre therof by me or on my halfe, I doo wash my handes therof in innocencie, before God, and the face of you, good Christian people, this day,' and therewith she wrong her handes, in which she had hir booke. Then she sayd, 'I pray you all, good Christian people, to beare me witness that I dye a true Christian woman, and that I looke to be saved by none other meane but only by the mercy of God in the merites of the blood of His only Sonne Jesus Christ: and I confesse, when I dyd know the word of God I neglected the same, loved my selfe and the world, and therefore this plague or punyshment is happely and worthely happened unto me for my sins; and yet I thank God of His goodnesse that He hath thus geven me a tyme and respet to repent.

" 'And now, good people, while I am alyve, I pray you to assyst me with your prayers.' And then, knelyng downe, she turned to Fecknam, saying, 'Shall I say this psalme?' And he said 'Yea.' Then she said the psalme of *Miserere mei Deus* in English, in most devout manner, to the end. Then she stode up, and gave her maiden mistris Tilney her gloves and handkercher, and her book to maister Bruges, the lyvetenantes brother; forthwith she untyed her gown. The hangman went to her to help her of therewith; then she desyred him to let her alone, turning towardes her two gentlewomen, who helped her off therewith, and also with her frose paast and neckercher, geving to her a fayre handkercher to knytte about her eyes. Then the hangman kneeled downe, and asked her forgèvenesse, whome she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the

strawe : which doing, she sawe the block. Then she sayd, 'I pray you dispatch me quickly.' Then she kneeled down, saying, 'Wil you take it of before I lay me downe?' and the hangman answered her, 'No, Madame.' She tyed the kercher about her eyes ; then feeling for the blocke, saide, 'What shall I do? Where is it?' One of the standers-by guyding her therunto, she layde her heade down upon the block, and stretched forth her body and said: 'Lorde, into Thy hands I commende my spirite!' And so she ended."

### *Where was Anne Boleyn Buried?*

THERE is a tradition at Salle, in Norfolk, that the remains of Anne Boleyn were removed from the Tower, and interred at midnight, with the rites of Christian burial, in Salle Church; and that a plain, black stone, without any inscription, is supposed to indicate the place where she was buried. In Blomefield's *Norfolk*, no allusion is made to any such tradition, in the accounts of the Boleyn family, and their monuments. Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his *History of King Henry VIII.*, does not state how or where she was buried. Holinshed, Stow, and Speed say, that her body, with her head, was buried in the choir of the chapel in the Tower; and Sandford, that she was buried in the chapel of St Peter, in the Tower. Burnet, who is followed by Henry, Hume, and Lingard, says that her body was thrown into a common chest of elm-tree that was made to put arrows in, and was buried in the chapel within the Tower, before twelve o'clock. Sharon Turner quotes the following passage from Crispin's account of Anne Boleyn's execution, written fourteen days after her death,

viz.: "Her ladies immediately took up her head and the body. They seemed to be without souls, they were so languid and extremely weak; but fearing that their mistress might be handled unworthily by inhuman men, they forced themselves to do this duty; and though almost dead, at last carried off her dead body wrapt in a white covering." A letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, October 1815, states: "The headless trunk of the departed Queen was said to be deposited in an arrow-chest, and buried in the Tower Chapel, before the High Altar. Where that stood, the most sagacious antiquary, after a lapse of less than 300 years, cannot now determine; nor is the circumstance, though related by eminent writers, clearly ascertained. In a cellar, the body of a person of short stature, without a head, not many years since was found, and supposed to be the reliques of poor Anne; but soon after reinterred in the same place, and covered up."

The stone in Salle Church was sometime since raised, but no remains were to be found underneath it. Miss Strickland states that a similar tradition is assigned to a blackstone in the church at Thornden-on-the-Hill: but Morant, in his *History of Essex*, does not notice it.

### *Sir Walter Raleigh Writing his "History of the World."*

RALEIGH was first imprisoned in the Tower in 1592 (eight weeks), for winning the heart of Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour, "not only a moral sin, but in those days a heinous political offence." Raleigh's next imprisonment was in 1603: after

being first confined in his own house, he was conveyed to the Tower, next sent to Winchester Gaol, returned from thence to the Tower, imprisoned for between two and three months in the Fleet, and again removed to the Tower, where he remained until his release, thirteen years afterwards, to undertake his new Expedition to Guiana. Mr Payne Collier possesses a copy of that rare tract, *A Good Speed to Virginia*, 4to, 1609, with the autograph on the title-page, "W. Raleigh, Turr. Lond.," showing that at the time this tract was published Raleigh recorded himself as a prisoner in the Tower of London. During part of the time, Lady Raleigh resided with her husband; and here, in 1605, was born Carew, their second son. After she had been forbidden to lodge with her husband in the Tower, Lady Raleigh lived on Tower Hill.

At his prison-lodging in the Beauchamp Tower, Sir Walter wrote his political discourses, and commenced his famous *History of the World*, which he published in 1614. Raleigh wrote his *History* avowedly for his patron, Prince Henry of Wales, the heir-apparent to the throne; upon whose death Sir Walter is stated to have burnt the continuation of the work, which he had written. Another account in the *Journal de Paris*, 1787, relates that one day, while writing the second volume, Raleigh, being at the window of his apartment, and thinking gravely of the duty of the historian, and the respect due to truth, suddenly his attention was attracted by a great noise and tumult in the court under his eye. He saw a man strike another, whom, from his costume, he supposed to be an officer, and who, drawing his sword, passed it through the body of the person who struck him; but the wounded man did not fall till he

had knocked down his adversary with a stick. The guard coming up at this moment, seized the officer, and led him away; while at the same time the body of the man who was killed by the sword-thrust was borne by some persons, who had great difficulty in penetrating the crowd which surrounded them:

Next day Raleigh received a visit from an intimate friend, to whom he related the scene which he had witnessed the preceding day, when his friend said that there was scarcely a word of truth in any of the circumstances he had narrated; that the supposed officer was no officer at all, but a domestic of a foreign ambassador; that it was he who gave the first blow; that he did not draw his sword, but that the other had seized it and passed it through the body of the domestic before any one had time to prevent him; that at this moment a spectator among the crowd knocked down the murderer with a stick; and that some strangers bore away the body of the dead!

"Allow me to tell you," replied Raleigh to his friend, "that I may be mistaken about the station of the murderer; but all the other circumstances are of the greatest exactitude, because I saw every incident with my own eyes, and they all happened under my window in that very place opposite us; where you may see one of the flag-stones higher than the rest."—"My dear Raleigh," replied his friend, "it was on that very stone that I was sitting when the whole occurred, and I received this little scratch that you see on my cheek in wrenching the sword out of the hands of the murderer; and, upon my honour, you have deceived yourself on all points."

Sir Walter, when alone, took the manuscript of the

second volume of his *History*, and, reflecting upon what had passed, said, "How many falsehoods must there be in this work! If I cannot assure myself of an event which happened under my own eyes, how can I venture to describe those which occurred thousands of years before I was born, or those even which have passed at a distance since my birth? Truth! truth! this is the sacrifice that I owe thee." Upon which he threw his manuscript, the work of years, into the fire, and watched it tranquilly consumed to the last leaf.\*

### *Sir Walter Raleigh Attempts Suicide in the Tower.*

JAMES I. had not long been seated on the throne before two or three plots against him were discovered. Among these was one named the Spanish or Lord Cobham's treason, to which he wickedly declared he had been instigated by Raleigh; and, although Cobham, shortly afterwards, fully and solemnly retracted all that he had said against Sir Walter, he was committed to the Tower, on a charge of high treason, in July 1602. While there he made an attempt at suicide by stabbing himself, aiming at the heart, but he only succeeded in inflicting a deep wound in the left breast. We have Cecil's written word for this; it was long disputed. The following letter which Raleigh wrote to his wife before he committed the act, is from a contemporary copy, transcribed from Serjeant Yelverton's Collection in All-Souls' College, Oxford.

\* Abridged from *Curiosities of History*, 1857.

*“ Sir Walter Raleigh to his Wife, after he had hurt himself in the Tower.*

“Receive from thy unfortunate husband these his last lines, these the last words that ever thou wilt receive from him. That I can live to think never to see thee and my child more, I cannot. I have desired God and disputed with my reason, but nature and compassion hath the victory. That I can live to think how you are both left a spoil to my enemies, and that my name shall be a dishonour to my child, I cannot, I cannot endure the memory thereof: unfortunate woman, unfortunate child, comfort yourselves, trust God, and be contented with your poor estate. I would have bettered it if I had enjoyed a few years. Thou art a young woman, and forbear not to marry again: it is now nothing to me; thou art no more mine, nor I thine. To witness that thou didst love me once, take care that thou marry not to please sense, but to avoid poverty, and to preserve thy child. That thou didst also love me living, witness it to others; to my poor daughter, to whom I have given nothing; for his sake, who will be cruel to himself to preserve thee. Be charitable to her, and teach thy son to love her for his father's sake. For myself, I am left of all men that have done good to many. All my good terms forgotten, all my errors revived and expounded to all extremity of ill; all my services, hazards, and expenses for my country, plantings, discoveries, flights, councils, and whatsoever else, malice hath now covered over. I am now made an enemy and traitor by the word of an unworthy man; he hath proclaimed me to be a partaker of his vain imaginations,

notwithstanding the whole course of my life hath approved the contrary, as my death shall approve it. Woe, woe, woe be unto him by whose falsehood we are lost ! he hath separated us asunder ; he hath slain my honour, my fortune ; he hath robbed thee of thy husband, thy child of his father, and me of you both. O God ! Thou dost know my wrongs ; know then, thou my wife and child : know then, Thou my Lord and King, that I ever thought them too honest to betray, and too good to conspire against. But my wife, forgive thou all as I do ; live humble, for thou hast but a time also. God forgive my Lord Harry (Cobham), for he was my heavy enemy. And for my Lord Cecil, I thought he never would forsake me in extremity ; I would not have done it him, God knows. But do not thou know it, for he must be master of thy child, and may have compassion of him. Be not dismayed that I died in despair of God's mercies ; strive not to dispute it, but assure thyself that God hath not left me, and Satan tempted me. Hope and despair live not together. I know it is forbidden to destroy ourselves, but I trust it is forbidden in this sort, that we destroy not ourselves despairing of God's mercy.

“The mercy of God is immeasurable, the cogitations of men comprehend it not. In the Lord I have ever trusted, and I know that my Redeemer liveth : far is it from me to be tempted with Satan : I am only tempted with sorrow, whose sharp teeth devour my heart. O God, Thou art goodness itself, Thou canst not be but good to me ! O God, Thou art mercy itself, Thou canst not be but merciful to me !

“For my state is conveyed to feoffees, to your cousin Brett and others ; I have but a bare estate for a short life

My plate is at gage in Lombard Street ; my debts are many. To Peter Vanlore, some £600. To Antrobus as much, but Cumpson is to pay £300 of it. To Michel Hext (Hickes), £100. To George Carew, £100. To Nicholas Sanders, £100. To John Fitzjames, £100. To Mr Waddom, £100. To a poor man, one Hawker, for horses, £70. To a poor man called Hunt, £20. Take first care of these, for God's sake. To a brewer, at Weymouth, and a baker for my Lord Cecill's ship and mine, I think some £80 ; John Renolds knoweth it. And let that poor man have his true part of my return from Virginia ; and let the poor men's wages be paid with the goods, for the Lord's sake. Oh, what will my poor servants think at their return, when they hear I am accused to be Spanish, who sent them, to my great charge, to plant and discover upon his territory ! Oh, intolerable infamy ! O God ! I cannot resist these thoughts ; I cannot live to think how I am derided, to think of the expectation of my enemies, the scorns I shall receive, the cruel words of lawyers, the infamous taunts and despites, to be made a wonder and a spectacle ! O death ! hasten thee unto me, that thou mayest destroy the memory of these, and lay me up in dark forgetfulness. O death ! destroy my memory, which is my tormenter ; my thoughts and my life cannot dwell in one body. But do thou forget me, poor wife, that thou mayest live to bring up thy poor child. I recommend unto you my poor brother, A. Gilbert. The lease of Sanding is his, and none of mine : let him have it, for God's cause ; he knows what is due to me upon it. And be good to Kemis, for he is a perfect honest man, and hath much wrong for my sake. For the rest, I commend me to them, and them to God.

And the Lord knows my sorrow to part from thee and my poor child ; but part I must by enemies and injuries, part with shame and triumph of my detractors ; and therefore be contented with this work of God, and forget me in all things but thine own honour, and the love of mine. I bless my poor child, and let him know his father was no traitor. Be bold of my innocence, for God, to whom I offer my life and soul, knows it. And whosoever thou choose again after me, let him be but thy politique husband ; but let my son be thy beloved, for he is part of me, and I live in him, and the difference is but in the number, and not in the kind. And the Lord for ever keep thee and them, and give thee comfort in both worlds."

This document, the genuineness of which is accredited, at once determines the much-vexed question, whether or not Sir Walter Raleigh did attempt to stab himself in the Tower.

### *The Execution of Sir Walter Raleigh.*

RALEIGH was executed on the 29th of October (old style) 1618, in Old Palace Yard, at eight in the morning of Lord Mayor's Day, "so that the pageants and fine shewes might draw away the people from beholding the tragedie of one of the gallantest worthies that ever England bred." Early in the morning his keeper brought a cup of sack to him, and inquired how he was pleased with it. "As well as he who drank of St Giles's bowl as he rode to Tyburn," answered the knight, and said it was good drink, if a man might but tarry by it. "Prithee, never fear, Ceeston," cried he to his old friend Sir Hugh, who was repulsed from

the scaffold by the sheriff, "I shall have a place!" A man bald from extreme age pressed forward "to see him," he said, "and pray God for him." Raleigh took a richly-embroidered cap from his own head, and placing it on that of the old man, said, "Take this, good friend, to remember me, for you have more need on it than I." "Farewell, my lords," was his cheerful parting to a courtly group who affectionately took their leave of him, "I have a long journey before me, and I must e'en say good by." "Now I am going to God," said that heroic spirit, as he trod the scaffold, and, gently touching the axe, added, "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases." The very headsman shrank from beheading one so illustrious and brave, until the unquailing soldier addressed him, "What dost thou fear? Strike, man!" In another moment the mighty soul had fled from its mangled tenement.

Cayley adds: The head, after being shown on either side of the scaffold, was put into a leather bag, over which Sir Walter's gown was thrown, and the whole conveyed away in a mourning-coach by Lady Raleigh. It was preserved by her in a case during the twenty-nine years which she survived her husband, and afterwards with no less piety by their affectionate son Carew, with whom it is supposed to have been buried at West Horsley, in Surrey. The body was interred in the chancel near the altar of St Margaret's, Westminster.

In the Pepys Collection at Cambridge is a ballad with the following title: "Sir Walter Rauleigh his Lamentation, who was beheaded in the Old Pallace of Westminster the 29th of October 1618. To the tune of Welladay."

*The Poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury.*

ONE of the most monstrous episodes of the corrupt reign of James I. was the terrible means by which Sir Thomas Overbury, who had strenuously exerted his influence to prevent the marriage of the Earl of Somerset with Lady Essex, was, first by the contrivance of the unprincipled woman whom he had already made his enemy, thrown into the Tower; and soon after taken off by poison administered to him by her means, and with the privity of her husband. She owed much of the depravity of her disposition to the pernicious lessons of Mrs Turner, who lived as a dependent and companion to Lady Essex in the house of the Earl of Suffolk. This abandoned woman afterwards became the wife of a physician, at whose death, owing to their extravagant and riotous living, she was left in very straitened circumstances, and only the more ready to become the agent of wicked purposes. Sir Thomas Overbury "made his brags" that he had won for Somerset the love of his lady by his letters and industry: "To speak plainly," says Bacon, "Overbury had little that was solid for religion or moral virtue, but was wholly possest with ambition and vain-glory: he was naught and corrupt; a man of unbounded and impudent spirit." Mrs Turner, through her poverty, was only too glad to become again the confidante and adviser of Lady Essex, to whom Rochester had betrayed Overbury, who had enlarged to him on the depraved character of his proposed wife. Thereupon, the Countess vowed the destruction of Overbury. First, she offered £1000 to Sir John Wood to murder the object of her resentment in a duel. Then she concocted with

Rochester a scheme by which, by a representation to King James, Overbury, on the ground of having shown contempt for the royal authority, was committed to the Tower, where he was detained a close prisoner under the guardianship of a new lieutenant, wholly in the interest of his enemies, who had procured the removal of the former lieutenant of the fortress.

Sir Thomas Overbury was found dead in the Tower, from an infectious disease, as was alleged ; and he was hastily and secretly buried, according to the register of the Chapel in the Tower, Sept. 15, 1613. He was strongly suspected to have been poisoned ; but the matter was passed over without investigation, and the crime was not fully discovered until two years after its commission. A new minion now appeared at Court, and the fickle King resolved to get rid of his former favourite. On a warrant from Lord Chief Justice Coke, Somerset and his wife were arrested for having occasioned the death of Sir Thomas Overbury ; and along with them persons of inferior rank who had acted as their accomplices. These were Mrs Turner ; Elwes, the Lieutenant of the Tower ; Weston, the warder, who had been entrusted with the immediate custody of Overbury ; and Franklin, the apothecary. It appeared on the trial that Mrs Turner and the Countess of Somerset had had frequent consultations with Simon Forman, a noted dealer in love-philtres, then in high fashion : he was also a conjuror, and died on the day he had prognosticated, which was before the Overbury proceedings had been instituted. It did not appear that Forman had any active concern in the murder ; but it was proved that Mrs Turner procured the poison from Franklin, the apothecary, and handing it to the warder,

Weston, the latter, under her instructions, and with the complicity of the Lieutenant, administered it. In that rare book, *Truth brought to Light by Time*, we read that Overbury was poisoned with aquafortis, white arsenic, mercury, powder of diamonds, lapis cortilus, great spiders, and cantharides,—whatever was, or was believed to be, most deadly, “to be sure to hit his complexion.” The poisoning was perpetrated with fiendish perseverance. It appeared in evidence that arsenic was always mixed with his salt. Once he desired pig for dinner, and Mrs Turner put into it lapis cortilus; at another time he had two partridges sent him from the Court, and water and onions being the sauce, Mrs Turner put in cantharides instead of pepper; so that whatever Overbury took was poisoned.

The guilt of all the parties was completely established, and they were executed at Tyburn. Mrs Turner was hanged on the 15th of November 1615, and excited immense interest. She was a woman of great beauty, and had much affected the fashion of the day. Her sentence was to be “hang’d at Tiburn in her yellow Tiffiny Ruff and Cuff, she being the first inventor and wearer of that horrid garb.” The Ruff and Cuff were got up with *yellow starch*, and in passing her sentence, Lord Chief Justice Coke told her that she had been guilty of the seven deadly sins, and declared that as she was the inventor of the yellow starched ruffs and cuffs, so he hoped that she would be the last by whom they would be worn. He accordingly ordered that she should be hanged in the gear she had made so fashionable. The execution attracted an immense crowd to Tyburn, and many persons of quality, ladies as well as gentlemen, in their coaches. Mrs Turner had dressed herself

specially for her execution : her face was highly rouged, and she wore a cobweb-lawn ruff, yellow starched : an account printed next day, states that " Her hands were bound with a black silk ribbon, as she desired, and a black veil, which she wore upon her head, being pulled over her face by the executioners ; the cart was driven away, and she left hanging, in whom there was no motion at all perceived." She made a very penitent end. As if to insure the condemnation of yellow starch, the hangman had his hands and cuffs of yellow, " which," says Sir S. D'Ewes, " made many after that day, of either sex, to forbear the use of that coloured starch, till it at last grew generally to be detested and disused."

The two principal criminals, the wretched Somerset and his wife, had their better merited punishment commuted into confiscation of their property, and an imprisonment of some years in the Tower.

### *A Farewell Feast in the Tower.*

BISHOP GARDINER was a prisoner in the Tower, while Sir John Markham was lieutenant of the fortress ; at which period, the long examinations published in the first edition of Foxe's *Actes and Monuments*, disclose a remarkable picture of what occurred when a prisoner of high rank received his discharge. At Midsummer, in 1551, the bishop was daily expecting that this would be his happy lot, and he, therefore, commanded his servant, John Davy, to write the rewards, duties, and gifts due to Master Lieutenant, and the Knight-Marshal, and the King's servants, such as he intended to bestow on his departing. He also caused him to send for a piece of

satin, to be divided among the Lady Markham and others, as he should think meet: which satin was bought, and this deponent (John Davy) had the most part thereof in keeping. Also the said bishop, about the same time, made his farewell feast (as they then called it) in the Council-chamber in the Tower, containing two or three dinners, whereat he had the Lieutenant and the Knight-Marshal and their wives, with divers others, as Sir Arthur Darcy and the lady his wife, Sir Martin Bowes, Sir John Godsolve, with divers others, such as it pleased the Lieutenant and Knight-Marshal to bring.

Sir John Markham the Lieutenant, and Sir Ralph Hopton the Knight-Marshal, when examined on the same occasion, both asserted that the bishop called it his farewell supper; but when asked whether there was "any custom of any such farewell supper to be made of the prisoners when leaving the Tower?" they answered that they could not depose.

Before the above period, Sir John Gage was Constable of the Tower, but, as a Roman Catholic, much distrusted; wherefore the government of the fortress rested chiefly with the Lieutenant. But it appears that the same distrust extended towards Sir John Markham.

### *The Gunpowder Plot Detected.*

THE materials for elucidating the causes, circumstances, and consequences of the Powder Plot have been sifted over and over again; notwithstanding the abundance of documents in the State Paper Office, they are not so complete as they were once known to be; and "it is remarkable that precisely those papers which contribute

the most important evidence against Garnet and the other Jesuits are missing.”—(*Mr Fardine's Narrative*.) The Plot-room, in which the plot was hatched, is shown to this day in Catesby Hall, near Daventry; the dark lantern which Guido Fawkes carried when apprehended, is shown in the Ashmolean collection at Oxford; and the famous monitory letter to Lord Mounteagle is preserved in our Parliament Offices: but the tangled thread of the foul transaction remains to be unravelled—to show how “seven gentlemen of name and blood,” as Fawkes called the conspirators, attempted to proceed to the extremity of “murdering a kingdom in its chief representatives.”

The plot originated in the discontents of the Roman Catholics under James I., and ended with the detection, examination, and execution of the principal conspirators.

The first meeting of five of them—Catesby, Wright, Winter, Fawkes, and Percy, took place at a house in the fields beyond St Clement's Lane, where, having severally taken an oath of secrecy and fidelity, the design was discussed and approved; after which they all adjourned to an upper room in the same house, where they heard mass and received the sacrament from Father Gerard, a Jesuit missionary, in confirmation of their vow. Next was purchased a house, with a garden attached to it, next door to the Parliament House, by Percy, a relative of the Duke of Northumberland, under the pretence of using it as his official residence, he being a gentleman pensioner. The keys of this house were confided to Fawkes, who was not known in town, and who was to act as Percy's servant. From the cellar of this house a mine was to be made through the wall of the Parliament House, and a quantity of combustibles

was then to be deposited beneath the House of Lords. To facilitate operations, another house was taken at Lambeth, where the necessary timber and combustibles were collected in small quantities, and removed by night to the house at Westminster. A man named Keyes, who had been recently received into the conspiracy, was placed in charge at Lambeth; and he, with John Wright's brother, Christopher, were enlisted to assist in the construction of the mine.

On the 11th December 1604, the "seven gentlemen" entered the house late at night, having provided themselves with tools, and a quantity of hard-boiled eggs, baked meats, and patties, to avoid exciting suspicion by going abroad frequently for provisions. All day long they worked at the mine, carrying the earth and rubbish into a little building in the garden, spreading it about and covering it carefully over with turf. In this manner, these determined men worked away at a wall three yards in thickness, without intermission, until Christmas eve; Fawkes wore a porter's frock over his clothes, by way of disguise. At the same time they consulted respecting ulterior measures; planned the seizure of the Duke of York, afterwards Charles I., and of the Princess Elizabeth; they also arranged for the general rendezvous in Warwickshire, where, soon after, they enlisted various other confederates.

Parliament was now unexpectedly prorogued on the 7th February; the execution of the plot was thus postponed for a year. The conspirators resumed their labours in February, when they had half-pierced through the stone wall by great perseverance and exertion. Father Greenway remarks, that it seemed incredible how men of their quality could undergo such

severe toil, and especially how Catesby and Percy, who were unusually tall men, could endure the intense fatigue of working day and night in a stooping posture. Their operations were not carried on without occasional alarms, notwithstanding their precautions. "They were one day surprised by the tolling of a bell, which seemed to proceed from the middle of the wall under the Parliament House. All suspended their labour and listened with alarm and uneasiness to the mysterious sound. Fawkes was sent for from his station above. The tolling still continued, and was distinctly heard by him as well as the others. Much wondering at this prodigy, they sprinkled the wall with holy water. when the sound immediately ceased. Upon this they resumed their labour, and after a short time the tolling commenced again, and again was silenced by the application of holy water. This process was repeated frequently for several days, till at length the unearthly sound was heard no more."—(*Fardine*.)

Shortly after this alarm, one morning, while working upon the wall, they heard a rustling noise in a cellar nearly above their heads. At first, they thought they were discovered: but Fawkes, being despatched to reconnoitre, it turned out that the occupier of the cellar was selling off his coals in order to remove, and that the noise proceeded from this cause. Fawkes carefully surveyed the place, which proved to be a large vault immediately under the House of Lords, and very convenient for their purpose. The difficulty of carrying the mine through the wall had lately very much increased. Besides the danger of discovery from the heavy blows in working the stone foundations, as the work extended towards the river, the water began to flow in upon them,

and not only impeded their progress, but showed that the mine would be an improper depository for the powder and combustibles. The cellar had now become vacant, and it was hired in Percy's name, under the pretext that he wanted it for the reception of his own coals and wood. The mine was abandoned, and about twenty barrels of powder were forthwith carried by night across the river from Lambeth, and placed in the cellar in hampers; large stones and the iron bars and other tools used by them in mining were thrown into the barrels among the powder, the object of which Fawkes afterwards declared to be "to make the breach the greater," and the whole was covered over with faggots and billets of wood. In order to complete the deception, they also placed a considerable quantity of lumber and empty bottles in the cellar.

The preparations were complete about the beginning of May 1605. They then carefully closed the vault, having first placed certain marks about the door inside, by which they might, at any time, ascertain if it had been entered in their absence; and, as Parliament was not to meet till the 3rd October, they agreed to separate for some months, lest suspicion might arise from their being seen together in London.

In the meantime, fresh and wealthy accessions were made to the ranks of the conspirators; and Sir Everard Digby, Ambrose Rookwood, Francis Tresham, and the Littletons, three Roman Catholic gentlemen of station, were drawn into the plot. To meet any power which might be brought against them after the blow was struck, Catesby had raised a body of horsemen, under the pretence that they were for the service in the Spanish force in Flanders.

The great day (November 5) at length approached, and the confederates held frequent consultations at a lone house near Enfield Chase, and another alike solitary on the Marches near Erith. Here their plan of operations was completed. A list of all the Peers and Commons whom it was thought desirable to save was made out, and it was resolved that each of these should on the very morning receive an urgent message to withdraw himself from Westminster. To Guy Fawkes, as a man of tried courage and self-possession, was allotted the perilous office of firing the mine. This he was to perform by means of a slow match which would allow him time to escape to a vessel provided in the river for the purpose of conveying him to Flanders.

It has been commonly supposed that the plot was discovered through Tresham's misgivings and desire towards his friends: he was especially anxious to warn Lord Mounteagle, who had married Tresham's sister. Catesby hesitated, whereupon Tresham suggested further delay on the ground that he could not, unless time was allowed him, furnish the money he had engaged to provide. This proposal confirmed the suspicions which Catesby entertained of Tresham's fidelity, but he thought it prudent to dissemble.

On Saturday, the 26th of October, ten days before the intended meeting of Parliament, Lord Mounteagle ordered a supper to be prepared, not at his residence in town, but at a house belonging to him at Hoxton. While at table in the evening a letter was delivered to him by one of his pages, who said he received it from a tall man whose features he did not recognise. Mounteagle opened the letter, and seeing that it had neither signature nor date, requested a gentleman in his service,

named Ward, to read it aloud. This letter is too well known to need reprinting here. On the following day the very gentleman who had read the letter at Mount-eagle's table called on Thomas Winter and related the occurrence of the preceding evening; adding that his Lordship had laid the mysterious missive before the Secretary of State; and ending by conjuring him, if he were a party to the plot which the letter hinted at, to fly at once.

Winter affected to treat the affair as a hoax; but, as soon as possible, he communicated the intelligence to his colleague. Catesby instantly suspected that Tresham was the writer. Three days later, in consequence of an urgent message, Tresham ventured to meet Catesby and Winter in Enfield Chase. On being taxed with treachery, he repelled the charge, and maintained his innocence with so many oaths, that, although they had resolved to despatch him, they hesitated to take his life on bare suspicion. Fawkes was then sent to examine the cellar. He found all safe. Upon his return they told him of the intelligence they had got, and excused themselves for sending him on so dangerous an errand. Fawkes, with characteristic coolness, declared he should have gone with equal readiness if he had known of the letter; in proof of which he undertook to revisit the cellar once every day till the 5th of November.

On the 3rd of November the conspirators were apprised by Ward that the letter had been shown to the King. A council was held: some proposed to fly; others refused to credit the story; and, finally, they resolved to await the return of Percy. Percy exerted all his powers to reassure his associates, and, after much discussion, Fawkes agreed to keep guard within the cellar,

Percy and Winter to 'superintend the operations in London, and Catesby and John Wright departed for the general rendezvous at Dunchurch. We now reach the catastrophe. On Monday afternoon, Nov. 4, the Lord Chamberlain, whose province it was to ascertain that the needful preparations were made for the opening of the Session, visited the Parliament House, and, in company with Lord Mounteagle, entered the vault. He asked who occupied the cellar ; and then, fixing his eye on Fawkes, who pretended to be Percy's servant, he observed there was a large quantity of fuel for a private house. He then retired to report his observations to the King, who, upon hearing that the man was "a very tall and desperate fellow," gave orders that the cellar should be carefully searched. Fawkes in the meantime had hurried to acquaint Percy, and then, such was his determination, returned alone to the cellar.

About two in the morning (it was now the 5th of November), Fawkes opened the door of the vault and came out, booted and dressed as for a long journey. At that instant, before he could stir further, he was seized and pinioned by a party of soldiers, under the direction of Sir Thomas Knevit. Three matches were found in his pocket, and a dark lantern behind the door. He at once avowed his purpose, and declared that if he had been within when they took him he would have blown all up together. The search then began ; and, on the removal of the fuel, two hogsheads and thirty-two barrels of gunpowder were discovered.

It was nearly four o'clock before the King and Council had assembled, when Fawkes was carried to Whitehall, and there, in the Royal bedchamber, under-

went examination.\* Though bound and helpless, he never for an instant quailed. He answered every question put to him with perfect coolness and decision. His name, he said, was John Johnson, his condition that of a servant to Mr Percy. He declined to say if he had accomplices, but declared his object was, when the Parliament met that day, to have destroyed all there assembled. Being asked by the King how he could plot the death of his children and so many innocent souls, he answered, "Dangerous diseases require desperate remedies." A Scottish nobleman asked him for what end he had collected so much powder. "One of my ends," said he, "was to blow Scotchmen back to their native place." After several hours spent in questioning him he was conveyed to the Tower. His subsequent fate, and that of his accomplices, need not be detailed here.

The vault, popularly called "Guy Fawkes's Cellar," was a crypt-like apartment beneath the old House of Lords, the ancient Parliament-chamber at Westminster, believed to have been rebuilt by King Henry II. on the ancient foundations of Edward the Confessor's reign. This building was taken down about the year 1823, when it was ascertained that the vault had been the ancient kitchen of the Old Palace; and near the south end the original buttery-hatch was discovered, together with an adjoining pantry or cupboard. The house through which the conspirators obtained access to the vault was in the south-east corner of Old Palace Yard.

Subsequent to this complete detection of the plot,

\* This scene has been admirably painted by Mr John Gilbert, and engraved in the *Illustrated London News*; and detailed as above.

it was the custom to search and carefully examine the several vaults and passages under the Houses of Parliament, previous to the Sovereign opening the Session. This precautionary inspection was performed by certain officers of Parliament, headed by the Usher of the Black Rod, who went through the vaults, and examined the various nooks and recesses. The search took place on the morning of the day of the royal ceremonial.

In Spelman's time, the Judges went to church in state on this day. Bishop Sanderson, in one of his sermons, says: "God grant that we nor ours ever live to see November the Fifth forgotten, or the solemnity of it silenced." The solemnity long out-lived the bishop; but nearly two hundred years later (in 1858), the services were removed from the Book of Common Prayer.

It has been commonly supposed that the plot was discovered through Francis Tresham's misgivings and desire to warn his friends. Mr Jardine has investigated the various speculations respecting the authorship of the letter to Lord Mounteagle, and the curious doubts as to whether this letter was not a device to conceal the prior revelation of the plot by Tresham in a different manner. The circumstances under which the letter was received, Tresham's intimations to the confederates that the plot was known, his anxiety that his friends should fly, his pressing offers of money to Catesby, and it is added by Roman Catholic writers, though this Mr Jardine discredits, Tresham's own death in prison, are supposed to point to the conclusion that the plot was disclosed by some machinery of which the Government were unwilling to risk the exposure.

At all events, the discovery of the meaning of the

ambiguous expressions in the letter to Lord Mounteagle was not due to the discernment of the King ; for Lord Salisbury, in a narrative of the detection of the plot, to be found in the State Paper Office, declares that this interpretation of the letter had occurred to himself and the Lord Chamberlain, and had been communicated by them to several Lords of the Council before the subject had been mentioned to the King. To the suggestions of the same discerning personages it was also owing that the plot, though discovered, was allowed for a week to run its course, and that no search was undertaken at the cellar till the 4th of November, the day before the meeting of Parliament. Then Guy Fawkes was seized, and the plot, after a flight and feeble insurrection, came to a close.

John Varley, the painter, well known to have been attached to astrology, used to relate a tradition, that the Gunpowder Plot was discovered by Dr John Dee, with his Magic Mirror ; and he urged the difficulty, if not impossibility, of interpreting Lord Mounteagle's letter without some other clue or information than hitherto gained. Now, in a Common Prayer Book, printed by Baskett, in 1737, is an engraving of the following scene. In the centre is a circular mirror, on a stand in which is the reflection of the Houses of Parliament by night, and a person entering carrying a dark lantern. Next, on the left side are two men in the costume of James's time, looking into the mirror : one, evidently the King ; the other, from his secular habit, not the Doctor (Dee), but probably Sir Kenelm Digby. On the right side, at the top, is the eye of Providence darting a ray on the mirror ; and below are some legs and hoofs, as if evil spirits were flying out of the pic-

ture. The plate is inserted before the service for the 5th of November, and would seem to represent the method by which, under Providence (as is evidenced by the eye), the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot was, at that time, seriously believed to have been effected. The tradition must have been generally and seriously believed, or it never could have found its way into a Prayer Book printed by the King's Printer.—(A. A., *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. No. 201.)

It is true that the fame of Dee's Magic Mirror Divination was at its zenith about the time of the Gunpowder Plot, and this may have led to the mirror being adopted as a popular emblem of discovery ; or it may be a piece of artistic design rather than evidence of its actual employment in the discovery.

### *Two Tippling Kings.*

IN 1608, when Christian IV. of Denmark, brother of the Queen of James I., came into England to visit him, both the kings got drunk together, to celebrate the meeting. Sir John Harrington, the wit, has left a most amusing account of this Court revel and carousal. He tells us that "the sports began each day in such manner and such sorte, as well nigh persuaded me of Mahomet's paradise. We had women, and indeed wine too, of such plenty, as would have astonished each beholder. Our feasts were magnificent, and the two royal guests did most lovingly embrace each other at table. I think the Dane had strangely wrought on our good English nobles ; for those whom I could never get to taste good liquor, now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are

seen to roll about in intoxication. In good sooth, the Parliament did kindly to provide his Majestie so seasonably with money, for there have been no lack of good livinge, shews, sights, and banquetings from morn to eve.

“One day a great feast was held, and after dinner the representation of Solomon, his temple, and the coming of the Queen of Sheba was made, or (as I may better say) was meant to have been made, before their Majesties, by device of the Earl of Salisbury and others. But, alas! as all earthly things do fail to poor mortals in enjoyment, so did prove our presentment thereof. The lady who did play the Queen’s part did carry most precious gifts to both their Majesties; but forgetting the steppes arising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish Majesty’s lap, and fell at his feet, though I think it was rather in his face. Much was the hurry and confusion; cloths and napkins were at hand to make all clean. His Majestie then got up, and would dance with the Queen of Sheba; but he fell down and humbled himself before her, and was carried to an inner chamber, and laid on a bed of state, which was not a little defiled with the presents of the Queen, which had been bestowed on his garments; such as wine, cream, jelly, beverage, cakes, spices, and other good matters. The entertainment and show went forward, and most of the presenters went backward or fell down; wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear, in rich dress, Hope, Faith, and Charity. Hope did essay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours so feeble that she withdrew, and hoped the King would excuse her brevity. Faith was then all alone, for I am certain she was not

joined to good works, and left the court in a staggering condition. Charity came to the King's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed; in some sorte she made obeysance, and brought giftes, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which heaven had not already given his Majesty. She then returned to Hope and Faith, who were both sick . . . in the lower hall. Next came Victory, in bright armour, and presented a rich sword to the king, who did not accept it, but put it by with his hand; and by a strange medley of versification, did endeavour to make suit to the King. But Victory did not triumph long; for, after much lamentable utterance, she was led away like a silly captive, and laid to sleep in the outer steps of the ante-chamber. Now did Peace make entry, and strive to get foremoste to the King; but I grieve to tell how great wrath she did discover unto those of her attendants; and much contrary to her semblance, made rudely war with her olive branch, and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming."\*

### *Funeral of James I.*

THIS was a most magnificent and costly pageant. In the *Calendar of State Papers*, edited by Mr Bruce, and still more, of course, in the documents of which it is the abstract, will be found what a petitioning there was on the part of sundry very interested, if not afflicted, personages, to be admitted "poor mourners" in the procession from Denmark (Somerset) House to West-

\* *Nugæ Antiquæ*, ed. 1804, vol. 1., quoted in a note to Peyton's "*Catalogue of the Stuarts*," in the *Secret History of the Court of James I.*, vol ii.

minster. These "poor mourners" got their sable cloaks for their attendance and officious affliction. While these persons obtained cloaks, parishes were supplied with black cloth, and did not like to be overlooked in the distribution. Thus, we meet with the minister and churchwardens of All Hallows, Barking, petitioning the Commissioners of the royal funeral "that some part of the cloth for mourning for the late King, distributed among the poor of the divers parishes in London, may be given to their parish, which is one of the poorest within the walls of the city."

It is further singular to discover in Mr Bruce's volume that it was not the poor alone who thought to draw profit from the King's funeral. His Majesty's gunners are there spoken of as praying that "as they had allowance of reds at the coronation of their deceased master, they may now, at his funeral, have allowance of blacks!" And observe how the report of this artillery petition struck on the tympanum of "Henry Russell, sworn drummer extraordinary!" requiring "that he may have black cloth, as the rest of his fellows shall have." After the drummer come "the Keepers of His Majesty's cormorants," who "pray that they may have mourning *weeds*," not for the birds, but for themselves. They had at least as good right to it as the household of the Duke of Buckingham, who might have put decent black on his own lacqueys at his own cost. But the people had to pay for all. Mr Bruce registers a letter from John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, the contents of which inform us that "the great funeral took place on the 7th of May 1625, and was the greatest ever known in England. Blacks were given to 9000 persons. Inigo Jones did his part in

fashioning the hearse. The King was chief mourner. The Lord Keeper's sermon was two hours,"—which must have been an intolerable bore, for Williams was no orator, and his sermon was a contrast between the Solomon of old and the Solomon who had just died, not of course to the disparagement of the defunct James; and, finally, we have the sum total of expenses, including fifty pounds fee to Surgeon Walker for embalming the body, set down as "Charge about £50,000!" In July, the nation felt the extravagance committed in conveying James to the God's Acre at Westminster, in May. In recording Sir John Coke's report of a message of Charles to the Commons, Mr Bruce refers to a portion where the House was told that "the ordinary revenue is clogged with debts and exhausted with the late King's funeral and other expenses of necessity and honour." Thus ended that smart and fatal attack of ague, from all apprehension of which, the courtiers at Theobald's sought to entice the shaking monarch by singing the old distich:—

Ague in the spring  
Is physic for a King.

As for the exhaustion of the treasury, Charles did not think much of it when his own coronation was in question. He did not, however, forget the two hours' funeral sermon on the Solomons, by Williams, and the testy Welshman was accordingly not only forbidden to preach another discourse at the crowning, but compelled to appoint thereto the little man he most intensely hated—Laud.—From the *Athenæum* review of Mr Bruce's work.

## *Historical Coincidences.*

BY a signal providence (says Wheatly), the bloody rebels chose that day for murdering their King, on which the history of Our Saviour's sufferings (Matt. xxvii.) was appointed to be read as a Lesson. The blessed martyr had forgot that it came in the ordinary course; and therefore, when Bishop Juxon (who read the morning office immediately before his martyrdom) named this chapter, the good Prince asked him if he had singled it out as fit for the occasion; and when he was informed it was the Lesson for the Day, could not without a sensible complacency and joy admire how suitably it concurred with his circumstances.

Macaulay, in his *History of England*, speaking of the Seven Prelates committed to the Tower by James II., says: "On the evening of Black-Friday, as it was called, on which they were committed, they reached their prison just at the hour of divine service. They instantly hastened to the chapel. It chanced that in the second lesson are these words: 'In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments.' All zealous churchmen were delighted with this coincidence, and remembered how much comfort a similar coincidence had given nearly 40 years before, to Charles I., at the time of his death."

A strange story of the ill-fated bust of Charles I. carved by Bernini, is thus told: Vandyke having drawn the King in three different faces,—a profile, three-quarters, and a full face,—the picture was sent to Rome for Bernini to make a bust from it. He was unaccount-

ably dilatory in the work ; and upon this being complained of, he said that he had set about it several times, but there was something so unfortunate in the features of the face that he was shocked every time that he examined it, and forced to leave off the work ; and, if there was any stress to be laid on physiognomy, he was sure the person whom the picture represented was destined to a violent end. The bust was at last finished, and sent to England. As soon as the ship that brought it arrived in the river, the King, who was very impatient to see the bust, ordered it to be carried immediately to Chelsea. It was conveyed thither, and placed upon a table in the garden, whither the King went with a train of nobility to inspect the bust. As they were viewing it, a hawk flew over their heads with a partridge in his claws which he had wounded to death. Some of the partridge's blood fell upon the neck of the bust, where it remained without being wiped off. This bust was placed over the door of the King's closet at Whitehall, and continued there till the palace was destroyed by fire. — (*Pamphlet on the Character of Charles I.*, by Zachary Grey, LL.D.)

Howell, in a letter to Sir Edward Spencer, Feb. 20, 1647-8, refers to the proximate execution of Charles I. as follows : " Surely the witch of Endor is no fable ; the burning Joan of Arc, at Rouen, and the Marchioness d'Anere, of late years, in Paris, are no fables : the execution of Nostradamus for a kind of witch, some fourscore years since, who, among other things, foretold that *the Senate of London will kill their King.*"

*Queen Henrietta Maria doing Penance  
at Tyburn.*

IN the Crowle Pennant, in the British Museum, is a German print of considerable rarity, representing Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., doing penance beneath the triangular gallows at Tyburn. At a short distance is the confessor's carriage, drawn by six horses; the Queen is kneeling in prayer beneath the gibbet; in the coach is seated "the Luciferian Confessour," and a page, bearing a lighted torch, stands to the left of the carriage door. The authenticity of this print has been impeached: but we have a distinct record of the strange scene which the engraver has here illustrated.

It will be recollected that by the marriage articles of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, the latter was permitted to have a large establishment of Roman Catholic priests, from which it was inferred that the marriage was assented to on the part of the Papal Hierarchy, with the secret intention of rendering it the stepping-stone to the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in this country. The glaring imprudence with which the Queen's household endeavoured to effect their purpose, and the very indirect subjugation in which they enthralled their royal mistress, however, occasioned their absolute dismissal from the kingdom, by Charles himself, within little more than a twelvemonth after their arrival here.

Henrietta Maria is described in letters of her time as a beautiful woman, in stature reaching to the King's shoulders: she was "nimble and quiet, black-eyed,

brown haired, and in a word a brave lady." Very soon after her arrival in England, her enthrallment by the priesthood was witnessed by the King: being at dinner, and being carved pheasant and venison by His Majesty, the Queen ate heartily of both, notwithstanding her confessor, who stood by her, had forewarned her that it was the eve of St John the Baptist, and was to be fasted.

Henrietta's clergy were the most superstitious, turbulent, and Jesuitical priests that could be found in all France. Among their "insolencies towards the Queene," it is recorded that Her Majesty was once sentenced by her confessor to make a pilgrimage to Tyburn, and there to do homage to the saintship of some recently-arrived Roman Catholics. "No longer agoe than upon St James, his day last, those hypocritical dogges made the pore Queene to walk afoot (some sidd barefoot) from her house at St James's, to the gallows at Tyborne, thereby to honour the saint of the day, in visiting that holy place, where so many martyrs (forsooth!) had shed their blood in defence of the Catholic cause. Had they not also been made to dabble in the dirt in a fowl morning, fro' Somersett House to St James's, her Luciferian Confessour riding allong by her in his coach! Yea, they made her to go barefoot, to spin, to eat her meat out of tryne (treen or wooden) dishes, to wait at table, and serve her servants, with many other ridiculous and absurd penances. It is hoped, after they are gone, the Queene will, by degrees, finde the sweetness of liberty in being exempt from those beggarly rudiments of Popish penance."—(Ellis's *Original Letters*, First Series, vol. iii. pp. 241-3. *Harl. MSS.* 383.)

It appears that the French were first turned out of St James's and sent to Somerset House: a letter states that they were immediately ordered "to depart thence (St James's) to Somerset House, although the women howled and lamented as if they had been going to execution, but all in vaine, for the Yeoman of the Guard, by that Lord's (Conway) appointment, thrust them and all their country folkes out of the Queen's lodging, and locked the dores after them. It is said, also, the Queen, when she understood the design, grewe very impatient, and brake the glass windows with her fiste: but since, I hear, her rage is appeased, and the King and shee, since they went together to Nonsuche, have been very jocund together."

Then, we have an amusing account of the peculations committed by these "French freebooters" on the Queen's "apparrell and linen," when they left her little more than one gown to her back. In about a month, the King, probably from some fresh machination of the discarded train, thus issued his commands to the Duke of Buckingham:—

"Steenie,—I have received your letter by Dic Greame. This is my Answer: I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the Towne. If you can, by fair means (but stike not longe in disputing), otherways force them away, dryving them away lyke so maine wyld beastes untill ye have shipped them, and so the Devill go with them. Lett me heare no answer but of the performance of my command. So I rest,

"Your faithful, constant, loving friend,

"Charles R.

"OAKING, the 7th of August 1626."

Yet, the crew would not go without an order from

the King, which reply being sent post, next morning His Majesty despatched to London the Captain of the Guard, with yeomen and messengers, heralds and trumpeters, first to proclaim the King's pleasure at Somerset House Gate ; which, if not speedily obeyed, the yeomen were to turn all the French out of Somerset House by head and shoulders, and shut the gate after them ; but they went the next tide.

### *“ Old Parr.”*

THOMAS PARR, familiarly known as “ Old Parr,” according to the inscription upon his tomb in Westminster Abbey, was born in Salop, in 1483, but the day of his birth is not given ; it is added : “ He lived in the reign of ten princes, Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., aged 152 years ; and was buried here Nov. 15, 1635.” In 1635, about a month before Parr's death, Taylor, the Water-poet, published a pamphlet, entitled : “ The Olde, Olde, very Olde Man ; or, The Age and Long Life of Thomas Parr, the Sonne of John Parr of Winnington, in the Parish of Alderbury, in the County of Shropshire, who was born in the reign of King Edward IV., and is now living in the Strand, being aged 152 years and odd months. His manner of Life and Conversation in so long a Pilgrimage ; his Marriages, and his bringing up to London about the end of September last, 1635.” According to Taylor, in the lifetime of his first wife, Parr having been detected in an amour with “ faire Catherine Milton,” at the age of 105 :

'Twas thought meet,  
He should be purg'd, by standing in a sheet ;  
Which aged (he) one hundred and five years  
In Alderbury parish church did weare.

The Earl of Arundel, being in Shropshire visiting his manors, heard of this "olde man," and was pleased to see him ; his lordship ordered a litter and two horses for his easy conveyance, and that a daughter-in-law should attend him ; he was likewise accompanied by a kind of Merry-Andrew, known as John the Foole. These were all brought by easy journies to London. At Coventry, as he passed, folks were very curious, coming in such crowds that Parr was well nigh stifled. The Earl had Parr brought to Arundel House, to be shown to Charles I. He was at first lodged at No. 405 Strand, the Queen's Head public-house (rebuilt in the present reign). This information Mr J. T. Smith received, in 1814, from a person, then aged 90, to whom the house was pointed out by his grandfather, then 88.

Parr became domesticated in the Earl of Arundel's house, but his mode of living was changed ; he fed high, drank wine, and died Nov. 14, 1635, at the age of 152 years 9 months. His body, by the King's command, was dissected by Harvey, who attributed Parr's death to peripneumony, brought on by the impurity of the London atmosphere, and sudden change in diet.

Taylor thus describes Parr in the last stage of his existence :—

His limbs their strength have left,  
His teeth all gone (but one), his sight bereft,  
His sinews shrunk, his blood most chill and cold,  
Small solace, imperfections manifold :  
Yet still his spirits possesse his mortal trunk,  
Nor are his senses in his ruines shrunk ;

But that his hearing's quicke, his stomach good,  
 Hee'll feed well, sleep well, well digest his food.  
 Hee will speak heartily, laugh and be merry ;  
 Drink ale, and now and then a cup of sherry ;  
 Loves company, and understanding talke,  
 And (on both sides held up) will sometimes walke.  
 And, though old age his face with wrinkles fill,  
 Hee hath been handsome, and is comely still ;  
 Well fac'd ; and though his beard not oft corrected,  
 Yet neat it grows, not like a beard neglected.  
 From head to heel, his body hath all over  
 A quick-set, thick-set, natural hairy cover.

Taylor gives some account of Parr's domestic life :—

A tedious time a batchelour he tarried,  
 Full eightie years of age before he married.  
 With this wife he liv'd years thrice ten and two,  
 And then she died (as all good wives will doe).  
 Shee dead, he ten years did a widower stay,  
 Then once more ventur'd in the wedlock way,  
 And in affection to his first wife, Jane,  
 He tooke another of that name againe.

Of Parr's issue, the Water-poet writes in plain prose :  
 " He hath had two children by his first wife, a son and  
 a daughter. When he was over a hundred years old,  
 was sworn to him an illegitimate child, for which his  
 incontinence, he did penance by standing in a sheet,  
 in the parish church of Alberbury." Granger tells the  
 story differently. He writes thus :—At 120 he married  
 Catherine Milton, his second wife, by whom he had  
 a child : even after that he was employed in threshing  
 and other husbandry work. And when about 152 years  
 of age, he was brought to London, by Thomas, Earl of  
 Arundel, and carried to court. The King, Charles I.,  
 said to him, " You have lived longer than other men,  
 what have you done more than other men ? " He replied,  
 " I did penance when I was a hundred years old."

Taylor's pamphlet, entitled "The Olde, Olde, very Olde Man," was published while the patriarch was residing in London; and the statements in which work have rarely been controverted.

We are assured that Parr laboured hard the greater part of his long life, and that his food was in general very simple and even coarse:—

Good wholesome labour was his exercise,  
Down with the lamb, he with the lark would rise,  
The cock his night-clock, and till day was done,  
His watch and chief sun-dial was the sun.  
He thought green cheese most wholesome with an onion,  
He ate coarse meslin-bread, drank 'milk or  
Buttermilk,' or for a treat, 'cyder or perry.'  
His physic was 'nice treacle' or 'Mithridate.  
He entertained no gout, no ache he felt,  
The air was good and temperate where he dwelt,  
While mavisses and sweet-tongued nightingales  
Did chant him roundelays and madrigals,  
Thus, living within bounds of Nature's laws,  
Of his long lasting life may be some cause.

Of Parr's bodily appearance the poet assures us—

From head to heel the body hath all over,  
A quick-set, thick-set, nat'rall hairy cover.

Although we have the above evidence of Parr's extreme age, it is not documentary; and the birth dates back to a period before parish registers were instituted by Cromwell. Still, the fact of Henry Jenkins's age is not so well authenticated as Parr's.

It may not be generally known that his grandson, Robert Parr, born at Kinver, 1633, died 1757, having lived to the age of 124.

There is a portrait of Parr, stated to be by Rubens: and among the pictures in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, we remember to have seen a portrait of Parr

two-thirds length, reasonably presumed to have been painted from the life, being in the manner of the period: it has not been engraved.

In 1814, old Parr's cottage at Alderbury was standing: it had undergone very little alteration since the period when Parr himself occupied it.

### *George and Blue Boar Inn.—The Intercepted Letter.*

THE long-known George and Blue Boar Inn, Holborn, which was taken down in 1864, for the site of the Inns of Court Hotel, is associated with a great event in our national history. Here was intercepted the letter of Charles I., by which Ireton discovered it to be the King's intention to destroy him and Cromwell, which discovery brought about Charles's execution. In the Earl of Orrery's *Letters* we read: "While Cromwell was meditating how he could best 'come in' with Charles, one of his spies—of the King's bedchamber—informed him that his final doom was decreed, and that what it was might be found out by intercepting a letter sent from the King to the Queen, wherein he declared what he would do. The letter, he said, was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle upon his head that night to the Blue Boar Inn, in Holborn; for there he was to take horse and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle; but some persons at Dover did. Cromwell and Ireton, disguised as troopers, taking with them a trusty fellow, went to the Inn in Holborn; and this man watched at the wicket, and the troopers continued drinking beer till about ten o'clock, when the

sentinel at the gate gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in. Up they got, and, as the man was leading out his horse saddled, they, with drawn swords, declared they were to search all who went in and out there; but, as he looked like an honest man, they would only search his saddle. Upon this they ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the stall where they had been drinking, and left the horseman with the sentinel; then, ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, they found the letter, and gave back the saddle to the man, who, not knowing what he had done, went away to Dover. They then opened the letter, in which the King told the Queen that he thought he should close with the Scots. Cromwell and Ireton then took horse and went to Windsor; and, finding they were not likely to have any tolerable terms with the King, they immediately from that time forward *resolved his ruin.*—*The Earl of Orrery's State Letters.*

### *Lord Sanquhar's Revenge: a Story of Whitefriars.*

THE ancient precinct of Whitefriars appears to have been noted as the abode of fencing-masters, professors of languages, music, and other accomplishments. Here, in the reign of James I., Turner, the fencing-master, kept his school, at which Lord Sanquhar, a Scotch nobleman, one day, when playing with Turner at foils, in his excitement to put down a master of the art, was pressed by him so hard, that his Lordship received a thrust which put out one of his eyes. "This mischief," says the narrator, "was much regretted by Turner; and

the Baron, being conscious to himself that he meant his adversary no good, took the accident with as much patience as men that lose one eye by their own default use to do for the preservation of the other." "Some time after," continues this writer, "being in the court of the great Henry of France, and the King (courteous to strangers), entertaining discourse with him, asked him 'How he lost his eye?' he (cloathing his answer in a better shrowd than a plain fencer's) told him, 'It was done with a sword.' The King replies, 'Doth the man live?' and that question gave an end to the discourse. The Baron, however, bore the feeling of revenge in his breast some years after, till he came into England, when he resolved to take vengeance upon the unfortunate fencing-master. For this purpose he hired two of his countrymen, Gray and Carliel; but Gray's mind misgave him, and Carliel got another accomplice named Irweng. These two, about seven o'clock on a fine evening in May, repaired to the Friars, and there saw Turner drinking with a friend at a tavern door: they saluted one another, and Turner and his friend asked Carliel and Irweng to drink, but they turning about cocked a pistol, came back immediately, and Carliel, drawing it from under his coat, discharged it upon Turner, and gave him a mortal wound near the left pap; so that Turner, after having said these words, 'Lord, have mercy upon me! I am killed,' immediately fell down. Carliel and Irweng fled: Carliel to the town; Irweng towards the river, but mistaking his way, and entering into a court where they sold wood, which was no thoroughfare, he was taken. Carliel likewise fled, and so did also the Baron of Sanquhar. The ordinary officers of justice did their utmost,

but could not take them ; for, in fact, as appeared afterwards, Carliel fled into Scotland, and Gray towards the sea, thinking to go to Sweden, and Sanquhar hid himself in England."

James having made the English jealous by the favour he had shown to the Scotch, thought himself bound to issue a promise of reward for the arrest of Sanquhar and the assassins. It was successful ; and all three were hung—Carliel and Irweng in Fleet Street, at the Whitefriars Gate, where the entrance to Bouverie Street now is ; and Sanquhar in front of Westminster Hall.

Scarcely a trace of old Whitefriars remains ; but some buildings named "Hanging Sword Alley" remind one of the schools of defence, and Sanquhar's revenge.

### *Martyrdom of King Charles I.*

SUCH is the designation of this anniversary of English history—one of the darkest, the deepest, and most impressive of any age or time—January 30th, 1649.

Charles was taken on the first morning of his trial, January 20th, 1649, in a sedan-chair, from Whitehall to Cotton House, where he returned to sleep each day during the progress of the trial in Westminster Hall. After this, the King returned to Whitehall ; but on the night before his execution he slept at St James's. On January 30th he was "most barbarously murdered at his own door, about two o'clock in the afternoon." (*Histor. Guide*, 3rd imp. 1688.) Lord Leicester and Dugdale state that Charles was beheaded at Whitehall Gate. The scaffold was erected in front of the Banqueting-house, in the street now Whitehall. Sir Thomas Herbert states that the King was led out by "a passage

“broken through the wall,” on to the scaffold; but Ludlow asserts that it was out of a window, according to Vertue, of a small building north of the Banqueting-house, whence the King stepped upon the scaffold. A picture of the sad scene, painted by Weesop, in the manner of Vandyke, shows the platform, extending only in length before two of the windows, to the commencement of the third casement. Weesop visited England from Holland in 1641, and quitted England in 1649, saying “he would never reside in a country where they cut off their King’s head, and were not ashamed of the action.”

The immediate act of the execution has thus been forcibly described :—“Men could discover in the King no indecent haste or flurry of spirits—no trembling of limbs—no disorder of speech—no start of horror. The blow was struck. An universal groan, as it were—a supernatural voice, the like never before heard, broke forth from the dense and countless multitude. All near the scaffold pressed forward to gratify their opposite feelings by some memorial of his blood—the blood of a tyrant or a martyr! The troops immediately dispersed on all sides the mournful or the agitated people.”

After the execution, the body was embalmed under the orders of Sir Thomas Herbert and Bishop Juxon, and removed to St James’s. Thence the remains were conveyed to Windsor, where they were silently interred, without the burial service, on the 7th of February, in a vault about the middle of the choir of St George’s Chapel. One hundred and sixty-five years after the interment,—in 1813,—the remains of King Charles were found accidentally, in breaking away

part of the vault of Henry VIII. On the leaden coffin being opened, the body appeared covered with cerecloth; the countenance of the King was apparently perfect as when he lived; the severed head had been carefully adjusted to the shoulders; the resemblance of the features to the Vandyke portraits was perfect, as well as the oval shape of the head, pointed beard, &c.; the fissure made by the axe was clearly discovered, and the flesh, though darkened, was tolerably perfect; the back of the head and the place where it rested in the coffin was stained with what, on being tested, was supposed to be blood. The coffin is merely inscribed "King Charles, 1648;" the whole funeral charges were but £229, 5s.

Sir Robert Halford was one of the most staunch Royalists in Leicestershire, and frequently assisted the King with money in his difficulties; and it is a remarkable circumstance that a descendant of his family, the late Sir Henry Halford, should be the only person, besides the Prince Regent, who viewed the body of the decapitated King, upon its discovery at Windsor. Sir Henry cut off a lock of the King's hair, and made Sir Walter Scott a present of a part, which he had set in virgin gold; with the word "Remember" surrounding it in highly-relieved black letters.

On the morning of the execution, Charles gave to his faithful attendants these interesting memorials: to Sir Thomas Herbert the silver alarm watch, usually placed at the royal bedside; to Bishop Juxon, a Gold Medal mint-mark, a rose, probably for a £5 or £6 piece, which had been submitted to the King by Rawlins, the engraver, for approval—the likeness of the sovereign is very good; also the George (the jewel

of the Order of the Garter) worn by Charles but a few moments previous to his decapitation.

These relics have been preserved, together with the Pocket-handkerchief used by Charles at the time of his execution : it is of fine white cambric, and marked with the crown, and initials, "C. R.;" also, the Shirt and Drawers worn by the King; and the Holland sheet which was thrown over his remains.

### *The Story of Don Pantaleon Sa.*

ON the south side of the Strand, there was built under the auspices of King James I., out of the rubbish of the old stables of Durham House, a "New Exchange," planned somewhat on the model of the Royal Exchange in the City, with cellars beneath, a walk above; and over that rows of shops, which were principally occupied by sempstresses and milliners, who dealt in small articles of dress, fans, gloves, cosmetics, and perfumery. Here, at the sign of the Three Spanish Gipsies, sat Ann Clarges, who sold wash-balls, powder, gloves, &c., and taught girls plain work; she became sempstress to Colonel Monk, contrived to captivate him, was married to him, it is believed while her first husband was living; she died Duchess of Albemarle. At the Revolution, in 1688, there sat in the New Exchange another sempstress, whose fortunes were the reverse of the rise of Ann Clarges. This less favoured lady was Frances Jennings, the reduced Duchess of Tyrconnel, wife to Richard Talbot, lord-deputy of Ireland under James II.: she supported herself for a few days (till she was known, and otherwise provided for) by the little trade of this place. To avoid detection she invariably wore a white mask, and a white

dress, and was, therefore, known as the White Widow. This anecdote (of questionable veracity) was ingeniously dramatised by Mr Douglas Jerrold, for Covent Garden Theatre, in 1840, as "The White Milliner."

Gay has not forgotten to tell us—

The sempstress speeds to 'Change with red-tipt nose.

Thither flocked the gay gallants to gossip with the fair stallkeepers, and ogle the company. Pepys was a frequent visitor here. In the winter of 1653, there came to England an ambassador from the King of Portugal, with a very splendid equipage; and in his retinue his brother, Don Pantaleon Sa, a Knight of Malta, and "a gentleman of a haughty and imperious nature." One day in November, Don Pantaleon was walking with two friends, in the Exchange, when a quarrel arose between them and a young English gentlemen, named Gerard, who accused the Portuguese of speaking in French disparagingly of England; one of the Portuguese gave Mr Gerard the lie; they then began to jostle, swords were drawn, and all three fell upon Gerard, and one of them stabbed him with his dagger in the shoulder. A few unarmed Englishmen interfered, separated the combatants, and got the Portuguese out of the Exchange, one of them with a cut upon his cheek.

Next evening Don Pantaleon, to take his revenge, with fifty followers; two Knights of Malta, led on by a Portuguese Captain in buff; all having generally double arms, swords and pistols, and coats of mail; two or three coaches brought ammunition, hand-grenades, and bottles, and little barrels of powder and bullets; and boats were provided ready at the water-side. They had resolved to fall upon every Englishman they should find in or about the Exchange. They entered all with drawn

swords ; the people fled for shelter into the shops ; there were few Englishmen present, but of these four were severely wounded by the Portuguese. A Mr Greenaway, of Lincoln's Inn, was walking with his sister and a lady whom he was to have married : these he placed for safety in a shop ; he then went to see what was the matter, when the Portuguese, mistaking Greenaway for Gerard, gave the word, and he was killed by a pistol shot through the head. The crowd now grew enraged, and Don Pantaleon and the Portuguese retreated to the house of embassy, caused the gates to be shut, and put all the servants in arms to defend it. Meanwhile, the Horse Guard on duty had apprehended some of the Portuguese ; and Cromwell sent Colonel Whaley in command, who pursued others to the Ambassador's house with his horse, and there demanded that the rest should be given up. The Ambassador insisted upon his privilege, and that by the law of nations his house was a sanctuary for all his countrymen ; but finding the officer resolute, and that he was not strong enough for the encounter, desired time to send to the Lord General Cromwell, which was granted, and he complained of the injury, and desired an audience. Cromwell sent a messenger in reply, to state that a gentleman had been murdered, and several other persons wounded, and that if the criminals were not given up, the soldiers would be withdrawn, and "the people would pull down the house, and execute justice themselves." Under this threat, Don Pantaleon, three Portuguese, and an English boy, the Don's servant, were given up ; they were confined in the guard-house for the night, and next day sent prisoners to Newgate, whence in about three weeks the Don made his escape, but was retaken.

By the intercession of the Portuguese merchants, the trial was delayed till the 6th of July in the following year, when the prisoners were arraigned for the crime of murder. Don Pantaleon, at first, refused to plead, as he held a commission to act as Ambassador, in the event of his brother's death, or absence from England. He was then threatened with the press, when he pleaded not guilty. A jury of English and foreigners brought in a verdict of guilty, and the five prisoners were sentenced to be hanged. Every effort was made to save Don Pantaleon's life; but Cromwell's only reply was: "Blood has been shed, and justice must be satisfied." The only mercy shown was a respite of two days, and a reprieve from the disgraceful death of hanging; the Ambassador having requested that he might be permitted to kill his brother with his own sword, rather than he should be hanged.

A remarkable coincidence concluded this strange story. While Don Pantaleon lay in Newgate, awaiting his trial, Gerard, with whom the quarrel in the New Exchange had arisen, got entangled in a plot to assassinate Cromwell, was tried and condemned to be hanged, which, as in the Don's case, was changed to beheading. Both suffered on the same day, on Tower Hill. Don Pantaleon, attended by a number of his brother's suite, was conveyed in a mourning-coach with six horses, from Newgate to Tower Hill, to the same scaffold whereon Gerard had just suffered. The Don, after his devotions, gave his confessor his beads and crucifix, laid his head on the block, and it was chopped off at two blows. On the same day, the English boy-servant was hanged at Tyburn. The three Portuguese were pardoned. Pennant says that Gerard died with

intrepid dignity ; Don Pantaleon with all the pusillanimity of an assassin. Cromwell's stern and haughty justice, and perfect retribution exacted on this occasion, have been much extolled : it tended to render his Government still more respected abroad ; and settled a knotty point as to "the inviolability of ambassadors."

### *Sir Richard Willis's Plot against Charles II.*

AT Lincoln's Inn, in the south angle of the great court, leading out of Chancery Lane, formerly called the Gate-house Court, but now Old Buildings, and on the left hand of the ground floor of No. 24, Oliver Cromwell's Secretary, Thurloe, had chambers from 1645 to 1659. Thither one night came Cromwell for the purpose of discussing secret and important business. They had conversed together for some time, when Cromwell suddenly perceived a clerk asleep at his desk. This happened to be Mr Morland, afterwards Sir Samuel Morland, the famous mechanic, and not unknown as a statesman. Cromwell, it is affirmed, drew his dagger, and would have despatched him on the spot, had not Thurloe, with some difficulty, prevented him. He assured him that his intended victim was certainly sound asleep, since, to his own knowledge, he had been sitting up the two previous nights. But Morland only *feigned sleep*, and overheard the conversation, which was a plot for throwing the young King Charles II., then resident at Bruges, and the Dukes of York and Gloucester, into the hands of the Protector ; Sir Richard Willis having planned that, on a stated day, they should pass over to a certain port in Sussex,

where they would be received on landing by a body of 500 men, to be augmented on the following morning by 2000 horse. Had the royal exiles fallen into the snare, it seems that all three would have been shot immediately on reaching the shore ; but Morland disclosed the designs to the royal party, and thus frustrated the diabolical scheme.

The suites of chambers of which we have been speaking were chiefly erected about the time of King James I. ; and notwithstanding that square-headed doorways have superseded the arches, and sashed windows have taken the places of the original lattices and mullions, the buildings retain much of their original character.\* Curious it is to reflect, as we pass through "the great legal thoroughfare" of Chancery Lane, that in Thurloe's chambers, by a slight stratagem, was saved, some two centuries since, the Royal cause of England. Cromwell must often have been in these chambers at Lincoln's Inn ; and here, by the merest accident, was discovered in the reign of William III. a collection of papers concealed in the false ceiling of a garret, in the same house, by a clergyman who had borrowed the rooms during the long vacation, of his friend, Mr Tomlinson, the owner of them. This clergyman soon after disposed of the papers to Lord Chancellor Somers, who caused them to be bound up in 67 volumes in folio. These form the principal part of the Collections afterwards published by Dr Birch, known by the name of the Thurloe State Papers.

The above anecdote is told by Birch, in his *Life of Thurloe*, but rests upon evidence which has been questioned. There is a tradition, too, that Cromwell

\* *Lincoln's Inn and its Library*, by Spilsbury.

had chambers in or near the Gate-house, but his name is not in the registers of the Society; his son Richard was admitted as student in the 23rd year of Charles II.

### *Mansion of a City Merchant Prince.*

THE fine old mansion or palace of Sir Robert Clayton (of the time of Charles II.), on the east side of Old Jewry, was taken down in the year 1863. The street has a host of memories: indeed, for its length, it is one of the most historical thoroughfares in the city of London. Sir Robert Clayton (who has lately been often named as the munificent benefactor to St Thomas's Hospital) built the above stately mansion in the Old Jewry, for keeping his shrievalty, in the year 1671. It was nobly placed upon a stone balustraded terrace, in a courtyard, and was of fine red brick, richly ornamented. John Evelyn, who was a guest at a great feast here, describes, in his *Diary*, Sept. 26, 1672, the mansion as "built indeede for a greate magistrate at excessive cost. The cedar dining-room is painted with the history of the Gyants' War, incomparably done by Mr Streeter; but the figures are too near the eye." Mr Bray, the editor of the *Diary*, added, in 1818, "these paintings have long since been removed to the seat of the Clayton family, at Marden Park, near Godstone, in Surrey;" in the possession of the present Baronet. In 1679-80 Charles II. and the Duke of York supped at the mansion in the Old Jewry, with Sir Robert Clayton, then Lord Mayor. The balconies of the houses in the streets were illuminated with flambeaux; and the King and the Duke had a passage made for them by the Trained Bands upon the

guard from Cheapside. Sir Robert represented the metropolis nearly thirty years in Parliament, and was Father of the City at his decease. His son was created a Baronet in 1731-2. Sir James Thornhill painted the staircase of the old Jewry mansion with the story of Hercules and Omphale, besides a copy of the Rape of Dejanira, after Guido.

The house was a magnificent example of a City merchant's residence, and had several tenants before it was occupied by Samuel Sharp, the celebrated surgeon. In 1806, it was opened as the temporary home of the London Institution, with its library of 10,000 volumes. Here, in the rooms he occupied as librarian of the Institution, died Professor Porson, on the night of Sunday, Sept. 25, 1808, with a deep groan, exactly as the clock struck twelve. Dr Adam Clarke has left a most interesting account of his visits to Porson here. The Institution removed from the house in 1810, and it was next occupied as the Museum of the London Missionary Society, and subsequently divided into offices. The Lord Mayor's Court was latterly held here. Although it had been built scarcely two centuries, this mansion was a very handsome specimen of the palace of a merchant prince, with ceilings and walls glowing with gold, and colour, and classic story; and, with its spacious banqueting-room, carrying us back to the sumptuous civic life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when our rich citizens lived in splendour upon the sites whereon they had accumulated their well-earned wealth.

*Treasure-Seeking in the Tower.*

PEPYS, in various entries in his *Diary*, describes this very strange secret :—"October 30, 1662. To my Lord Sandwich, who was in his chamber all alone, and did inform me, that our old acquaintance, Mr Wade, hath discovered to him £7000 hid in the Tower, of which he was to have two for the discovery, my Lord two, and the King the other three, when it was found; and that the King's warrant to search, runs for me and one Mr Lee. So we went, and the guard at the Tower-gate making me leave my sword, I was forced to stay so long at the alehouse close by, till my boy run home for my cloak. Then walked to Minchen Lane, and got from Sir H. Bennet the King's warrant, for the paying of £2000 to my Lord, and other two of the discoverers. (This does not agree with the first statement as to sharing the money.) After dinner we broke the matter to the Lord Mayor, who did not, and durst not, appear the least averse to it. So Lee and I and Mr Wade were joined by Evett, the guide, W. Griffin, and a porter with pickaxes. Coming to the Tower, our guide demands a candle, and down into the cellars he goes. He went into several little cellars and then out of doors to view, but none did answer so well to the marks as one arched vault, where, after much talk, to digging we went, till almost eight o'clock at night, but could find nothing; yet the guides were not discouraged. Locking the door, we left for the night, and up to the Deputy-Governor, and he do undertake to keep the key, that none shall go down without his privity. November 1st. To the Tower to make one triall more, where we staid several hours,

and dug a great deal under the arches, but we missed of all, and so went away the second time like fools. To the Dolphin Tavern. Met Wade and Evett, who do say that they had it from Barkestead's own mouth. He did much to convince me that there is good ground for what he goes about. November 4th. Mr Lee and I to the Tower to make our third attempt upon the cellar. A woman, Barkestead's confidante, was privately brought, who do positively say that this is the place where the said money was hid, and where he and she did put up the £7000 in butter-firkins. We, full of hope, did resolve to dig all over the cellar, which, by seven o'clock at night, we performed. At noon we sent for a dinner, dined merrily on the head of a barrel, and to work again. But, at last, having dug the cellar quite through, removing the barrels from one side to the other, we were forced to pay our porters, and give over our expectations, though, I do believe, there must be money hid somewhere." Under December 17th, we read:—"This morning come Lee, Wade, and Evett, intending to have gone upon our new design upon the Tower, but, it raining, and the work being to be done in the open garden, we put it off to Friday next." Such is the last we hear of this odd affair.

*Colonel Blood Steals the Crown from the  
Tower.*

SCARCELY had the public amazement subsided at Colonel Blood's outrage upon the Duke of Ormond,\* when, with the view of repairing his fallen fortunes, he plotted to steal the crown, the sceptre, and the rest of the regalia from the Tower, and share them between himself and

\* See pp. 130-132.

his accomplices. The regalia were, at this time, in the care of an aged man, named Talbot Edwards, who was exhibitor of the jewels, &c., and with whom Blood first made acquaintance, disguised "in a long cloak, cassock, and canonical girdle," with a woman whom he represented as his wife, who accompanied him to see the crown and jewels. The lady feigned to be taken ill, upon which they were conducted into the exhibitor's lodgings, where Mr Edwards gave her a cordial, and treated her otherwise with kindness. They thanked him, and parted; and, in a few days, the pretended parson again called with a present of gloves for Mrs Edwards, in acknowledgment of her civility. The parties then became intimate, and Blood proposed a match between Edwards's daughter and a supposed nephew of the Colonel, whom he represented as possessed of £200 or £300 a year in land. It was arranged, at Blood's suggestion, that he should bring his nephew, to be introduced to the lady, at seven o'clock on the morning of the ninth of May 1671; and he further asked leave to bring with him two friends to see the regalia, at the above early hour, as they must leave town in the forenoon.

Strype, the antiquary, who received his account from the younger Edwards, tells us that, "at the appointed time the old man rose ready to receive his guest, and the daughter dressed herself gaily to receive her gallant, when, behold, parson Blood, with three men, came to the jewel-house, all armed with rapier blades in their canes, and each with a dagger and a pair of pistols. Two of his companions entered with him, and a third stayed at the door, to watch. Blood told Edwards that they would not go upstairs until his wife came, and desired him to show his friends the crown, to pass the

time. This was agreed to; but no sooner had they entered the room where the crown was kept, and the door, as usual, been shut,\* than 'they threw a cloth over the old man's head, and clapt a gag into his mouth.' Thus secured, they told him, that 'their resolution was to have the crown, globe, and sceptre; and if he would quietly submit to it, they would spare his life, otherwise, he was to expect no mercy.' Notwithstanding this threat, Edwards made all the noise he could, to be heard above; 'they then knocked him down with a wooden mallet, which they had brought with them to beat together and flatten the crown—and told him that if yet he would be quiet, they would spare his life, but if not, upon his next attempt to discover them, they would kill him, and they pointed three daggers at his breast,'—and the official account states, stabbed him in the belly. Edwards, however, persisted in making a noise, when they struck him on the head, and he became insensible, but, recovering, lay quiet. The three villains now went deliberately to work: one of them, Parrot, put the globe (orb) into his breeches; Blood concealed the crown under his cloak; and another was proceeding to file the sceptre assunder, in order that it might be put into a bag, 'because too long to carry.'"

Thus, they would have succeeded, but for the opportune arrival of young Mr Edwards, from Flanders, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Captain Beckman, who proceeded upstairs to the apartments occupied by the Edwardses. Blood and his accomplices, thus inter-

\* In the room in the Martin tower, where the regalia were kept, before the erection of the new Jewel Office, the crown, &c., were shown behind strong iron bars, which, it was stated, were put up in consequence of Blood's robbery; on one occasion, a female spectator passed her hands through the bars, and nearly tore the crown to pieces.

rupted, instantly decamped with the crown and orb, leaving the sceptre, which they had not time to file. Edwards, now freed from the gag, shouted "Treason!" "Murder!" and his daughter rushing out into the court, gave the alarm, and cried out that the crown was stolen. Edwards and Captain Beckman pursued the thieves, who reached the drawbridge; here the warder attempted to stop them, when Blood discharged a pistol at him; he fell down, and they succeeded in clearing the gates, reached the wharf, and were making for St Katherine's-gate, where horses were ready for them, when they were overtaken by Captain Beckman. Blood discharged his second pistol at the Captain's head, but he escaped by stooping, and seized Blood, who struggled fiercely; but on the crown being wrested from him, in a tone of disappointment he exclaimed, "It was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful, for it was for a crown!" A few of the jewels fell from the crown in the struggle, but they were recovered and replaced. Blood, with Parrot (who had the orb and the most valuable jewel of the sceptre—the baleas ruby—in his pocket), were secured, and lodged in the White Tower, and three others of the party were subsequently captured. Parrot was a dyer in Thames Street. One of the gang was apprehended as he was escaping on horseback.

Young Edwards now hastened to Sir Gilbert Talbot, master of the jewel-house, and described the transaction, which Sir Gilbert instantly communicated to the King, who commanded him to return forthwith to the Tower, and when he had taken the examination of Blood, and the others, to report it to him. Sir Gilbert, accordingly, returned; but the King, in the meantime,

was persuaded by some about him to hear the examination himself; and the prisoners, in consequence, were immediately sent to Whitehall; a circumstance which is thought to have saved them from the gallows. Blood behaved with great effrontery; being interrogated on his recent outrage on the Duke of Ormond, he acknowledged, without hesitation, that he was one of the party; but on being asked who were his associates, he replied that "he would never betray a friend's life, nor deny a guilt in defence of his own." Lest the concealments of his associates should detract from the romance of his life, he also voluntarily confessed to the King that he, Blood, on one occasion, concealed himself among the reeds above Battersea, in order to shoot his Majesty while bathing in the Thames, over against Chelsea, where he often went to swim;—that he had taken aim for that purpose, but "his heart was checked by an awe of Majesty;" and he did not only himself relent, but also diverted his associates from the design. This story was, probably, false; but it had its designed effect on the King, strengthened by Blood's declaration that there were hundreds of his friends disaffected to the King and his ministers; whereas, by sparing the lives of the few, he might oblige the hearts of many, "who, as they had been seen to do daring mischief, would be as bold, if received into pardon and favour, to perform eminent services for the crown."

Thus did the audacious and wary villain partly overawe and partly captivate the good nature of the King, who not only pardoned Blood, but gave him a grant in land of £500 a year in Ireland, and even treated him with great consideration, "as the Indians reverence devils, that they may not hurt them." Blood is said

also to have frequented the same apartments in Whitehall as the Duke of Ormond, who had some time before barely escaped assassination.

Charles received a cutting rebuke for his conduct from the Duke of Ormond, who had still the right of prosecuting Blood for the attempt on his life. When the King resolved to take the Colonel into his favour, he sent Lord Arlington to inform the Duke that it was his pleasure that he should not prosecute Blood, for reasons which he was to give him; Arlington was interrupted by Ormond, who said, with formal politeness, that "his Majesty's command was the only reason that could be given; and therefore he might spare the rest." Edwards and his son, who had been the means of saving the regalia, were treated with neglect; the only rewards they received being grants on the Exchequer, of £200 to the old man, and £100 to his son; which they were obliged to sell for half their value, through difficulty in obtaining payment.

Strype adds, "What could have been King Charles's real motive for extending mercy to Blood must for ever be a mystery to the world:" unless it was to employ his audacity "to overawe any man who had not integrity enough to resist the measures of a most profligate Court."

Colonel Blood, not long after his Tower exploit, was met in good society by Evelyn, who, however, remarked his "villainous, unmerciful look; a false countenance, but very well spoken, and dangerously insinuating." Evelyn has, however, committed a strange error with respect to Blood; for he inserts in his *Diary*, under May 10, 1671 (the very day after the Colonel's Tower exploit), that he, Evelyn, "dined at Mr Treasurer's

in company with M. de Grammont, and several French noblemen, and one Blood, that impudent, bold fellow, who had not long before attempted to steal the imperial crown itself out of the Tower," &c. Evelyn must be in error. "He could not," remarks Mr Cunningham, "have dined the next day at Sir Thomas Clifford's." Blood latterly lived in Westminster, traditionally, in a house at the corner of Peter and Tufton Streets. He subsequently libelled his former patron, the Duke of Buckingham, who obtained in the Court of King's Bench a verdict of £10,000 damages. Blood was thrown into prison, but found bail. But the effect was too much for him, and after fourteen days' sickness he fell into a lethargy, and expired August 24, 1680.

Blood was quietly interred in New Chapel Yard, Broadway, Westminster, two days after. "But," says Cunningham, "dying and being buried were considered by the common people in the light of a new trick on the part of their old friend the Colonel. So the coroner was sent for, the body taken up, and a jury summoned. There was some difficulty at first in identifying the body. At length the thumb of the left hand, which in Blood's lifetime was known to be twice its proper size, set the matter everlastingly at rest; the jury separated, and the notorious Colonel was restored to his grave in the New Chapel Yard.

In the Luttrell collection of Broad sides in the British Museum, is one styled "An Elegie on Colonel Blood, notorious for stealing the crown," in which we read:—

Thanks, ye kind fates, for your last favour shown,—  
For stealing Blood, who lately stole the crown.

The conclusion is:—

At last our famous hero, Colonel Blood,—  
Seeing his projects all will do no good,  
And that success was still to him denied,—  
Fell sick with grief, broke his great heart, and died.

The Literary Fund Society possess, in their house on the Adelphi Terrace, the two daggers employed by Blood and Parrot at the Tower; they are beautifully chased and inlaid; the handles are of a dark-red wood, and the sheaths of embossed leather. Blood's dagger (the larger one) is engraved with a griffin-like figure, and is dated 1620; Parrot's is engraved plainly on both sides with the fleur-de-lis.

Both weapons are described as above, and engraved in the *Illustrated London News*.

### *The Story of Nan Clarges, Duchess of Albemarle.*

THE most singular portion of General Monk's private history is his marriage, the validity of which was contested upon the trial of an action at law between the representatives of Monk and Clarges, when some curious particulars came out respecting the family of the Duchess.

"It appeared that she was the daughter of John Clarges, a farrier in the Savoy, and farrier to Colonel Monk, in 1632. She was married in the Church of St Lawrence Pountney, to Thomas Ratford, son of Thomas Ratford, late a farrier servant to the Prince Charles, and resident in the Mews. She had a daughter, who was born in 1634, and died in 1638. Her husband and she 'lived at the Three Spanish Gypsies, in the New Exchange, and sold wash-balls, powder, gloves,

and such things, and she taught girls plain work.\* About 1647, she, being a sempstress to Colonel Monk, used to carry him linen.' In 1648, her father and mother died. In 1649, she and her husband 'fell out and parted.' But no certificate from any parish register appears, reciting his burial. In 1652, she was married in the Church of St George, Southwark, to 'General George Monk;' and in the following year was delivered of a son, Christopher (afterwards the second and last Duke of Albemarle), who was suckled by Honour Mills, who sold apples, herbs, oysters, &c. One of the plaintiff's witnesses swore, 'that a little before the sickness, Thomas Ratford demanded and received of him the sum of twenty shillings; that his wife saw Ratford again after the sickness, and a second time after the Duke and Duchess of Albemarle were dead.' A woman swore, 'she saw him on the day his wife (then called Duchess of Albemarle) was put into her coffin, which was after the death of the Duke, her second husband, who died the 3d of January, 1669-70.

"A third witness swore, that 'he saw Ratford about July 1660.' In opposition to this evidence, it was alleged, that 'all along, during the lives of Duke George and Duke Christopher, this matter was never questioned,' that the latter was universally received as only son of the former, and that 'this matter had been thrice before tried at the bar of the King's Bench, and the defendant had three verdicts.' A witness swore that he owed Ratford five or six pounds, which he had never demanded. And a man, who had married a cousin to the Duke of Albemarle, *had been told by his wife*, that Ratford died *five or six years* before the Duke married. Lord Chief

\* See p. 104, *ante*.

Justice Holt told the jury, 'If you are certain that Duke Christopher was born while Thomas Ratford was living, you must find for the plaintiff. If you believe he was born after Ratford was dead, or that nothing appears what became of him after Duke George married his wife, you must find for the defendant.' A verdict was given for the defendant, who was only son to Sir Thomas Clarges, knight, brother to the illustrious Duchess."

It does not appear on which of these accounts the jury found a verdict for the defendant—whether because Ratford was dead, or because nothing had been heard of him; so that the Duchess, after all, might have been no Duchess. However, she carried it with as high a hand as if she had never been anything else, and Monk had been a blacksmith. Pepys gives some spiteful notices of her; describing her as "ever a plain and homely dowdy," and "a very ill-looking woman," and going still further:—

4th (Nov. 1666). Pepys says that Mr Cooling tells him, "the Duke of Albemarle is grown a drunken sot, and drinks with nobody but Troutbecke, whom nobody else will keep company with. Of whom he told me this story: that once the Duke of Albemarle in his drink taking notice, as of a wonder, that Nan Hide should ever come to be Duchess of York: 'Nay,' says Troutbecke, 'ne'er wonder at that, for if you will give me another bottle of wine, I will tell you as great, if not greater, miracle.' And what was that, but that our dirty Besse (meaning his Duchess) should come to be Duchess of Albemarle."

"4th (April, 1667). I find the Duke of Albemarle at dinner with sorry company, some of his officers of

the army ; dirty dishes and a nasty wife at table, and bad meat, of which I made but an ill dinner. Colonel Howard asking how the Prince (Rupert) did (in the last fight) ; the Duke of Albemarle answering, ' Pretty well ; ' the other replied, ' but not so well as to go to sea again. '—' How ! ' says the Duchess, ' what should he go for, if he were well, for there are no ships for him to command ? And so you have brought your hogs to a fair market, ' said she."

The Duchess of Albemarle is supposed to have had a considerable hand in the Restoration. She was a great loyalist, and Monk was afraid of her ; so that it is likely enough she influenced his gross understanding, when it did not exactly know what to be at. Aubrey says, that her mother was one of the " five women barbers, " thus sung of in a ballad of the time :

Did you ever hear the like,  
Or ever hear the fame,  
Of five women barbers,  
That lived in Drury Lane ?

After all, her father, John Clarges, must have been a man of substance in his trade. According to Aubrey's *Lives* (written about 1680), Clarges had his forge upon the site of No. 317, on the north side of the Strand. " The shop is still of that trade, " says Aubrey ; " the corner shop, the first turning, on y<sup>e</sup> right hand, as you come out the Strand into Drury Lane : the house is now built of brick. " The house alluded to is believed to be that at the right-hand corner of Drury Court, now a butcher's. An adjoining house, in the court, is now a whitesmith's, with a forge, &c. Upon Monk's being raised to the Dukedom, and her becoming Duchess of Albemarle, her father, the farrier, raised a Maypole in

the Strand, nearly opposite his forge, to commemorate his daughter's good fortune. She died a few days after the Duke, and is interred by his side in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey. The Duke was succeeded by his son, Christopher, who married Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, granddaughter of the Duke of Newcastle, and died childless. The Duchess's brother, Thomas Clarges, was a physician of note ; was created a baronet in 1674, and was ancestor to the baronets ; whence is named Clarges Street, Piccadilly.

*Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey—His  
Mysterious Death.*

ONE of the darkest blots upon our Annals is the so-called Popish Plot in 1678, first broached by the infamous Titus Oates and Dr Tongue, and accusing the Roman Catholics of an atrocious conspiracy to assassinate the King, massacre all Protestants, and establish a Popish dynasty in the Duke of York. So little attention was at first given by Charles and his Council to Oates's discoveries, that nearly six weeks were suffered to elapse before any serious or strict examination was made into the truth or falsehood of the Plot. At length, Oates and his accomplice, Tongue, resolved in some way to make the matter public ; and, as a preparatory step, Oates drew up a narrative of particulars, to the truth of which he solemnly deposed before Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, who was an eminent Justice of the Peace. "This," says Burnet, "seemed to be done in distrust of the Privy Council, as if they might stifle his evidence ; which to prevent he put into safe hands. Upon that Godfrey was chid for his presuming to meddle in so

tender a matter," and, as appeared from subsequent events, a plan was immediately laid to murder him; and this, within a few weeks, was but too fatally executed.

In the meantime, the Council, which had now taken up the business with warmth, ordered various arrests of Jesuits and Papists to be made. Coleman, Secretary to the Duke of York, was first committed to the charge of a messenger; and whilst in his custody, it was generally believed that he had a long private conversation with Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, who, "it is certain," says Burnet, "grew apprehensive and reserved; for, meeting me in the street, after some discourse on the present state of affairs, he said, he believed he himself should be knocked on the head;" and Godfrey's suspicion of his own danger was confirmed by evidence before the House of Commons. Coleman, though criminated by Oates's statements, was a personal friend of Godfrey, and warned by him in consequence of the danger to which he was exposed.

About a fortnight afterwards, on Saturday, October 12, Godfrey was missing from his house in Green's Lane, in the Strand, near Hungerford Market, where he was a wood-merchant, his wood-wharf being at the end of what is now Northumberland Street. Nor could the most sedulous search obtain any other tidings of Godfrey for some days, but that he was seen near St Clement's Church, in the Strand, on the day above mentioned; he left home at nine in the morning. Shortly after this, he was seen in Marylebone, and at noon of the same day had an interview on business with one of the churchwardens of St Martin's-in-the-Fields. From this time Godfrey was never seen again alive; nor was

any message received by his servants at home. Sunday came, and no tidings of him ; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday followed with the like result. At six o'clock on the evening of the last-mentioned day, the 17th, as two men were crossing a field on the south side of Primrose Hill, they observed a sword-belt, stick, and a pair of gloves, lying on the side of the hedge : they paid no attention to them at the time, and walked on to Chalk Farm, then called at the White House, where they mentioned to the master what they had seen, and he accompanied them to the spot where the articles lay ; one of the men, stooping down, looked into the adjoining ditch, and there saw the body of a man lying on his face. It was Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey : "his sword was thrust through him, but no blood was on his clothes, or about him ; his shoes were clean ; his money was in his pocket, but nothing was about his neck [although when he went from home, he had a large laced band on], and a mark was all round it, an inch broad, which showed he had been strangled. His breast was likewise all over marked with bruises, and his neck was broken : and it was visible he was first strangled, then carried to that place, where his sword was run through his dead body." He was conveyed to the White House, and information sent to the authorities.

A jury was impannelled, to inquire into the cause of death ; the evidence of two surgeons showed that Godfrey's death must have been occasioned by strangulation, and his body then pierced with the sword, which had been left sticking in the wound. The ditch was dry, and there were no marks of blood in it, and his shoes were perfectly clean, as if, after being assassinated, he had been carried and deposited in the place where he

was found. A large sum of money and a diamond ring were found in his pockets, but his pocket-book, in which, as a magistrate, he used to take notes of examinations, was missing. Spots of white wax, an article which he never used himself, and which was only employed by persons of distinction, and by priests, were scattered over his clothes; and from this circumstance persons were led to conclude that the Roman Catholics were the authors of his death.

This full confirmation of the suspicions of the public—that Sir Edmund Berry was murdered had been the general discourse long before any proof appeared—was regarded as a direct testimony of the existence of the Popish Plot; warrants were signed for twenty-six persons who had been implicated by Oates, and who surrendered themselves, and were committed to the Tower.

Still, many persons were fully persuaded that the Popish Plot had no real existence. The King is supposed to have disbelieved it, but never once exercised his prerogative of mercy; it is said he dared not; his throne, perhaps his life, was at stake; and in the popular ferment, upon evidence incredible, or rather impossible to be true, innocent men were condemned to death, and executed. “Who can read,” says Mr Fox, “the account of that savage murmur of applause, which broke out upon one of the villains at the bar swearing positively to Stafford’s having proposed the murder of the King? And how is this horror deepened when we reflect, that in that odious cry were probably mingled the voices of men to whose memory every lover of the English constitution is bound to pay the tribute of gratitude and respect.”

From White House, the corpse of Godfrey was con-

veyed home, and embalmed, and, after lying in state for two days at Bridewell Hospital, was carried from thence, with great solemnity, to St Martin's Church, to be interred. The pall was supported by eight knights, all Justices of the Peace; and in the procession were all the City Aldermen, together with seventy-two clergymen, in full canonicals, who walked in couples before the body, and a great multitude followed after. The clergyman, who preached a sermon on the occasion, was supported on each side by a brother divine. The body was interred in the churchyard; and a tablet to the memory of Sir Edmund Berry was erected in the east cloister of Westminster Abbey.

As yet, however, the perpetrators of this murder had not been discovered; though a reward of £500 and the King's protection had been offered to any person making the disclosure; but, within a few days afterwards, one William Bedloe, who had once been servant to Lord Bellasis, and afterwards an ensign in the Low Countries, was brought to London from Bristol, where he had been arrested by his own desire, on affirming that he was acquainted with some circumstances relating to Godfrey's death. He stated that he had seen the murdered body in Somerset House (then the Queen's residence), and had been offered a large sum of money to assist in removing it. "It was remembered that at that time the Queen was for some days in so close a confinement that no person was admitted. Prince Rupert came there to wait on her, but was denied access. This raised a strong suspicion of her; but the King would not suffer that matter to go any further." (*Burnet.*) Coleman, who was soon afterwards convicted of High Treason, when he lay in Newgate, confessed that he had spoken of the

Duke of York's designs to Godfrey; "upon which the Duke gave orders to kill him."

Soon after, Miles Prance, a goldsmith, who had sometime wrought in the Queen's Chapel, was taken up on suspicion of having been concerned in the death of Godfrey; and on his subsequent confession and testimony, confirmed by Bedloe and others, Green, Hill, and Berry, all in subordinate situations at Somerset House, were convicted of the murder, which they had effected in conjunction with two Irish Jesuits, who had absconded. It appeared that the unfortunate Magistrate had been inveigled into Somerset House, at the water gate, under the pretence of his assistance being wanted to allay a quarrel; and that he was immediately strangled with a twisted handkerchief, after which Green, "with all his force, wrung his neck almost round." On the fourth night after, the assassins conveyed his body to the place where it was afterwards discovered, near Primrose Hill, and there one of the Jesuits ran his sword through the corpse, in the manner it was found. Green, Berry, and Hill were executed; each of them affirming his innocence to the very last.

This horrible event is commemorated in a contemporary medal of Sir Edmund Berry, representing him, on the obverse, walking with a broken neck and a sword in his body; and, on the reverse, St Denis bearing his head in his hand, with this inscription:—

Godfrey walks up-hill after he was dead,  
Denis walks down-hill carrying his head.

There is, also, a medal, with the head of Godfrey being strangled; and the body being carried on horse-back, with Primrose Hill in the distance: also a large

medallion, with the Pope and the Devil; the strangulation by two Jesuits; Godfrey borne in a sedan; and the body, with the sword through it.

*Col. Blood's Attack upon the Great Duke of Ormond, in St James's Street.*

THE adventures of the notorious Colonel Thomas Blood, form one of the most curious and entertaining chapters in the strange history of the period in which he lived. This extraordinary man appears to have been of respectable family, and was at one time in the commission of the peace. In 1663, the Act of Settlement in Ireland, and the consequent proceedings, having seriously affected his fortunes, he from that time nourished an inveterate animosity to the Duke of Ormond, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, whom he considered as the originator of the measures from which he suffered. To revenge himself upon the Duke, he entered into a conspiracy with a number of other malcontents for exciting a general insurrection, and, as a preliminary step, for the surprisal of the Castle of Dublin. The plot was discovered, and some of the conspirators apprehended about twelve hours before the appointed time for its execution. Blood, however, escaped, and lived to make a more desperate attempt upon his old enemy, the great Duke, in the public streets of London. His object in this daring undertaking has been variously interpreted. By some it is conceived to have been the extortion of advantages by the detention of the Duke; by others he is supposed to have been actuated by a deep feeling of revenge, which he

determined to gratify by hanging the Duke at Tyburn ! Whatever his purpose, it is plain, from Carte's account of this incredible outrage, that he was within an ace of accomplishing it:—

“The Prince of Orange came this year (1670) into England, and being invited, on December 6, to an entertainment in the city of London, his Grace attended him thither. As he was returning homewards on a dark night, and going up St James's Street, at the end of which, facing the Palace, stood Clarendon House, where he then lived, he was attacked by Blood and five of his accomplices. The Duke always used to go attended with six footmen. . . . These six footmen used to walk three on each side of the street, over against the coach ; but, by some contrivance or other, they were all stopped, and out of the way when the Duke was taken out of his coach by Blood and his son, and mounted on horseback behind one of the horsemen in his company. The coachman drove on to Clarendon House, and told the porter that the Duke had been seized by two men who had carried him down Piccadilly. The porter immediately ran that way, and Mr James Clarke, chancing to be at that time in the court of the house, followed with all possible haste, having first alarmed the family, and ordered the servants to come after him as fast as they could. Blood, it seems, either to gratify the humour of his patron, who had set him upon this work, or to glut his own revenge by putting his Grace to the same ignominious death which his accomplices in the treasonable design upon Dublin Castle had suffered, had taken a strong fancy into his head to hang the Duke at Tyburn.

“Nothing could have saved his Grace's life but that

extravagant imagination and passion of the villain, who, leaving the Duke, mounted and buckled, to one of his comrades, rode on before, and (as is said) actually tied a rope to the gallows, and then rode back to see what was become of his accomplices, whom he met riding off in a great hurry. The horseman to whom the Duke was tied was a person of great strength; but, being embarrassed by his Grace's struggling, could not advance as fast as he desired. He was, however, got a good way beyond Berkeley (now Devonshire) House, towards Knightsbridge, when the Duke, having got his foot under the man's, unhorsed him, and they both fell down together in the mud, where they were struggling when the porter and Mr Clarke came up. . . . The King, when he heard of this intended assassination of the Duke of Ormond, expressed a great resentment on that occasion, and issued out a proclamation for the discovery and apprehension of the miscreants concerned in the attempt."

### *The Heroic Lady Fanshawe.*

IN Portugal Row, the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, sometime lived, in the reign of Charles II., Sir Richard Fanshawe, an accomplished person, a scholar, and "in whose quaint translation of the Camoens," says Leigh Hunt, "there is occasionally more genuine poetry than in the less unequal version of Mickle." He was recalled from an embassy in Spain for having signed a treaty without authority; but his wife suspected him to have been sacrificed to make way for Lord Sandwich, as his successor. Lady Fanshawe was a very frank and cordial woman, and wrote an interesting memoir of her husband,

who died on the intended day of his return to England, of a violent fever, not improbably caused by this awkward close of his mission. Lady Fanshawe was also a courageous woman. During a former voyage with her husband to Spain, the vessel was attacked by a Turkish galley, well manned; and she writes, "We believed we should be all carried away slaves, for this man had so laden his ship with goods from Spain, that his guns were useless, though the ship carried sixty guns; he called for brandy, and after he had well drunken, and all his men, which were near two hundred, he called for arms, and cleared the deck as well as he could, resolving to fight rather than lose his ship, which was worth thirty thousand pounds; this was sad for us passengers, but my husband bid us be sure to keep in the cabin, and not appear—the women—which would make the Turks think we were a man-of-war, but if they saw women they would take us for merchants and board us. He went upon the deck, and took a gun and bandoliers, and sword, and, with the rest of the ship's company, stood upon deck, expecting the arrival of the Turkish man-of-war. This beast, the captain, had locked me up in the cabin; I knocked and called long to no purpose, until at length the cabin-boy came and opened the door; I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his blue thrum cap he wore, and his tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown, and putting them on, and flinging away my night-clothes, I crept up softly, and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear, as, I confess, from discretion; but it was the effect of that passion which I could never master." However, after some parley, the Turk's man-of-war tacked about, and

the other continued its course. But, when Sir Richard Fanshawe saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon his wife, he blessed himself, and snatched her up in his arms, saying, "Good God, that love can make this change!" and though he seemingly chid her, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage.

On Lady Fanshawe's return to England, she took a house in Holborn Row (the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields), where she must have looked upon the houses opposite with many a pang of grief. She returned in a sea of troubles, which she bore with submission to the Divine will. "I had not," she writes, "God is my witness, above twenty-five doubloons by me at my husband's death, to bring home a family of threescore servants, but was forced to sell one thousand pounds' worth of our own plate, and to spend the Queen's present of two thousand doubloons in my journey to England, not owing nor leaving one shilling debt in Spain, I thank God; nor did my husband leave any debt at home, which every ambassador cannot say. Neither did these circumstances following prevail to mend my condition; much less found I that compassion I expected upon the view of myself, that had lost at once my husband, and fortune in him; with my son, but twelve months old, in my arms; four daughters, the eldest but thirteen years of age; with the body of my dear husband daily in my sight for near six months together, and a distressed family, all to be by me in honour and honesty provided for; and, to add to my afflictions, neither persons sent to conduct me, nor pass, nor ship, nor money to carry me one thousand miles, but some few letters of compliment from the chief ministers, bidding 'God help me!' as they do to beggars, and they

might have added, 'they had nothing for me,' with great truth. But God did hear, and see, and help me, and brought my soul out of trouble; and, by His blessed providence, I and you live, move, and have our being, and I humbly pray God that blessed providence may ever relieve our wants. Amen."

### *Cromwell's Skull.*

THERE is said to be a skull, maintained, by statements of considerable weight, to be the veritable skull of the Protector, carefully kept in the hands of some person in London—in great secrecy, it is added, from the apprehension that a threat intimated in the reign of George III., that, if made public, it would be seized by the Government, as the only party to which it would properly belong. The execution of such a threat, it need scarcely be added, is not now probable, whatever may have been former apprehensions.

The identity of the skull of Cromwell may, however, be much disputed; Mr W. A. Wilkinson, of Beckenham, Kent, is said to possess the skull, with arguments on which the genuineness of the relic is proved.

In the *Morning Chronicle*, March 18th, 1799, we read—"The Real Embalmed Head of the powerful and renowned Usurper, Oliver Cromwell; with the Original Dies for the Medals struck in honour of his Victory at Dunbar, &c., are now exhibited at No. 5, in Mead Court, Old Bond Street (where the Rattlesnake was shown last year): a genuine Narrative relating to the Acquisition, Concealment, and Preservation of these Articles, to be had at the place of Exhibition."

The following is found in the *Additional MS.* in

the British Museum, and is dated April 21, 1813; "The head of Oliver Cromwell (and, it is believed, the genuine one) has been brought forth in the City, and is exhibited as a favour to such curious persons as the proprietor chooses to oblige. An offer was made this morning to bring it to Soho Square, to show it to Sir Joseph Banks, but he desired to be excused from seeing the remains of the old Villainous Republican, the mention of whose very name makes his blood boil with indignation. The same offer was made to Sir Joseph forty years ago, which he then also refused. The history of this head is as follows:—Cromwell was buried in Westminster Abbey, with all the state of solemn ceremony belonging to Royalty; at the Restoration, however, his body, and those of some of his associates, were dug up, suspended on Tyburn gallows for a whole day, and then buried under them; the head of the Arch Rebel, however, was reserved, and a spike having been driven through it, it was fixed at the top of Westminster Hall, where it remained till the great tempest at the beginning of the 18th century (1703), which blew it down, and it disappeared, having probably been picked up by some passenger. The head in question has been the property of the family to which it belongs for many years back, and is considered by the proprietor as a relic of great value; it has several times been transferred by legacy to different branches of the family, and has, lately, it is said, been inherited by a young lady.

"The proofs of its authenticity are as follows:—It has evidently been embalmed, and it is not probable that any other head in this island has, after being embalmed, been spiked and stuck up, as that of a

traitor. The iron spike that passed through it is worn in the part above the crown of the head almost as thin as a bodkin, by having been subjected to the variations of the weather; but the part within the skull which is protected by its situation, is not much corroded; the woodwork, part of which remains, is so much worm-eaten, that it cannot be touched without crumbling; the countenance has been compared by Mr Flaxman, the statuary, with a plaster cast of Oliver's face taken after his death, of which there are several in London, and he declares the features are perfectly similar."

Mark Noble (whose authority is questionable) tells us that all the three heads (Cromwell's, Ireton's, and Bradshaw's) were fixed upon Westminster Hall; and he adds that Cromwell's and Bradshaw's were still there in 1684, when Sir Thomas Armstrong's head was placed between them.

### *A Story of Middle Temple Gate.*

THE original gate-house of the Middle Temple (rebuilt by Wren, as we now see it, in 1684) has a somewhat strange history.

Collins, in his *Peerage*, relates that in the reign of Henry VII., when Cardinal Wolsey was only a school-master at Lymington, in Somersetshire, Sir Amias Paulett, for some misdemeanour committed by him, clapped him in the stocks; which the Cardinal, when he grew into favour with Henry VIII., so far resented, that he sought all manner of ways to give him trouble, and obliged him to dance attendance at London for some years, and by all manner of obsequiousness, to curry favour with him. During the time of his attend-

ance, being commanded by the Cardinal not to depart London without license, he took up his lodgings at the great gate of the Temple towards Fleet Street. Caven-  
dish states that Sir Amias, while prisoner here, "had re-edified the [gate-house] very sumptuously, garnishing the same on the outside thereof, with Cardinals' hats and arms, and divers other devices, in so glorious a sort, that he thought thereby to have appeased his old unkind displeasure." By others it is said to have been Sir Amias's resentment. However, Wolsey was too politic to regard the matter in either of the above lights; for, in a commonplace book of Sir Roger Wilbraham, who was Master of the Requests in the time of Queen Elizabeth, we read that the Cardinal, passing through Fleet Street *in pontificalibus*, and spying his own arms, asked who set them up. The answer was, Sir Anthony Pagett. [This must be Sir Amias's act.] Wolsey smiled, saying, "He is now well reclaimed; for where before he saw him in disgrace, now he honoured him."

Aubrey states that Wolsey laid a fine upon Sir Amias to *build* the gate; and that in 1680, the arms of Paulett were then in glass there. "The Cardinall's armes were, as the storie sayes, on the outside in stone, but time has long since defaced that, only you may still discern the place; it was carv'd in a very mouldering stone." (*See Choice Notes from Notes and Queries.*)

We may here note an interesting fact, gracefully related by Leigh Hunt, in *The Town*. "It is curious to observe the links between ancient names and their modern representatives, and the extraordinary contrast sometimes exhibited between the two. The 'Judge,' who by Henry's orders went to turn Wolsey out of his house, without any other form of law—a proceeding

which excited even the fallen slave to a remonstrance—was named Shelley, and was one of the ancestors of the *Poet*! the most independent-minded and generous of men."

### *The Story of Nell Gwynne.*

THE "pretty witty Nell" was born on Feb. 6, 1650, in the Coal Yard, Drury Lane, the last turning on the east side, as you walk towards St Giles's. The horoscope of her nativity, the work perhaps of Lilly, is to be seen among Ashmole's papers, in the Museum at Oxford. It shows what stars were supposed to be in the ascendant at the time. Her father, it is said, was Captain Thomas Gwynne, of an ancient family in Wales. Other accounts state that her father was a fruiterer in Covent Garden. Her mother, who lived to see her daughter the favourite of the King, was accidentally drowned in a pond near the Neat Houses at Chelsea. Her early calling was to be sent dressed as an orange-girl, to sell fruit and attract attention at the theatres, as we gather from a poem of the time, attributed to Lord Rochester:—

But first the basket her fair arm did suit,  
Laden with pippins and Hesperian fruit;  
This first step raised, to the wondering pit she sold  
The lovely fruit smiling with streaks of gold.

Nell was now an orange-girl, holding her basket of fruit covered with vine-leaves in the pit of the King's Theatre, and taking her stand with her fellow fruit-women in the front row of the pit, with her back to the stage; and the cry of "Oranges! will you have any oranges?"

She was ten years old at the Restoration of Charles II.,

in 1660. The theatres were reopened ; women came on the stage, and the King and Queen, the Dukes of York and Buckingham, the chief courtiers, and the maids of honour, were among the constant frequenters of the public playhouses. The King's Theatre stood in Drury Lane, on the site of the present building : it was first opened April 8, 1663, when Nell was a girl of thirteen. Our earliest introduction to her we owe to Pepys, the diarist, who sat next to her at the King's House, when she was sixteen, and was fascinated with her foot, described as the least of any woman's in England. But she was first lifted from humble life by a young merchant who had taken a fancy to her smart wit, fine shape, and the smallness of her feet ; she remembered him in after life, and to her interest he owed his appointment in the Guards. Nell soon became an actress, noted for her beauty and her merry laugh ; her first part was Lady Wealthy, in the comedy of *The English Monsieur*, a "mighty pretty play," in which the women did very well ; "but, above all, little Nelly." She succeeded so as to represent prominent parts in stock plays : one of her successes was Celia, in the *Humorous Lieutenant* of Beaumont and Fletcher ; after this performance, at which Pepys was present, he says, Mrs Knep "brought to us Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Celia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well. I kissed her, and so did my wife, and a mighty pretty soul she is : " he sums up with "specially kissing of Nell." But her greatest part was the "comical" Florimel, in Dryden's *Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen*, to Hart's Celadon ; the incidents and allusions carrying a personal application to the mistress and gallant. Nelly was now living in the fashionable part of Drury

Lane, the Strand end, near the lodgings of Lacy, the actor, at the top of Maypole Alley, and over against the gate of Craven House; at the bottom of the alley was the far-famed Strand Maypole, upon the site of which is the Church of St Mary-le-Strand; the alley is now Drury Court. Pepys describes pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings' door in her smock-sleeves and bodice, looking at "merry milkmaids with garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddle before them."

Nelly next lived with Lord Buckhurst, keeping "merry house" at Epsom :—

All hearts fall a-leaping wherever she comes,  
And beat night and day like my Lord Craven's drums.

Nell was soon left by Buckhurst. Hart, her great admirer, hated her; and she grew very poor, and resumed her old parts at Drury Lane. On the 19th October 1667, the Earl of Orrery's *Black Prince* was produced at the King's House, Nelly playing Alizia, or Alice Piers, the mistress of Edward III.; the King was present, and was so charmed with her beauty and wit, that it was soon reported that "the King had sent for Nelly;" and it proved true. She was often at Whitehall, but still attended to her theatrical engagements; but Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*, in which Nelly had a part, was postponed for a season, through her being near giving birth to the future Duke of St Albans, and being therefore unable to appear. When the play was produced, with Nelly as Almahide, in her broad-brimmed hat and waist-belt, Charles became more than ever enamoured :

There Hart's and Rowley's souls she did ensnare,  
And made a king a rival to a player.

At the birth of Charles Beauclerk, Nelly was living in apartments in Lincoln's Inn Fields, soon after which she removed to a house at the east end of the north side of Pall Mall; and next year to a house on the south side, with a garden towards St James's Park, which was at first conveyed to her by the King on lease, but subsequently *free* to Nell and her representatives for ever; the site is now occupied by No. 79. Nelly was now called "Madame Gwin," and the King's amours being freely talked of in Parliament, led to Sir John Coventry being waylaid, and his nose cut to the bone, that he might remember the offence he had given to his sovereign.

Evelyn records a walk made on the 2nd of March 1671, in which he attended Charles through St James's Park, where he both saw and heard "a familiar discourse between the King and Mrs Nelly, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, the King standing on the green walk under it." The garden was attached to her house in Pall Mall; and the ground on which Nelly stood was a mount or raised terrace, of which a portion may still be seen under the Park-wall of Marlborough House. Of this scene Mr Ward has painted a picture of surprising truthfulness and beauty.\* Among Madame Gwynne's Papers (Bills sent to Nelly for payment), there is a charge for this very mount. There is no reason to suspect Nelly unfaithful to the King, or that Charles did not appreciate her fidelity: the people rejoiced at their sovereign's loose life, and Nelly became the idol of the town, and

\* Engraved as the frontispiece to Mr Peter Cunningham's piquant *Story of Nell Gwynne*, from which this paper is, in the main, abridged.

known as "the Protestant Mistress." Her Popish rival, the Duchess of Portsmouth, was very hard upon Nell when she said, "Anybody may know she has been an orange-wench by her swearing."

Nell Gwynne was delivered, 25th December 1671, of a second child by the King, who was called James in compliment to the Duke of York: the boy thrived, and became, as his brother still continued, a favourite with his father. On December 27, 1676, the King created his eldest son Baron of Headington and Earl of Burford. The mother's house at Windsor was named Burford House, and the King had its staircases painted by Verrio; and this was the rendezvous of all who wished to stand well at the Castle.

Nell did not forget her aged mother, who resided at one time with her in Pall Mall; for in an apothecary's bill, accidentally discovered among the Exchequer papers, are charges for cordial jelups with pearls for "Master Charles," and a cordial for "old Mrs Gwynne." Other bills (1674-6) include charges for a French coach, and for a great cipher from the chariot painter; for a bedstead, with silver ornaments; for side boxes at the Duke's Theatre, to which she never went alone, but often with as many as four persons, Nell paying for all; for great looking-glasses; for cleansing and burnishing the warming-pan; for the hire of sedan-chairs; for dress, furniture, and table expenses; for white satin petticoats and white and red satin night-gowns; for kilderkins of strong ale, ordinary ale, and "a barrel of eights;" for alms to poor men and women; for oats and beans, and "chaney" oranges at threepence each; "for a fine landskip fan;" for scarlet satin shoes covered with

silver lace, and a pair of satin shoes laced over with gold for "Master Charles."

The idea of founding a Royal Hospital at Chelsea for aged and disabled soldiers, is said to have originated with Nelly; the first stone was laid by the King in 1682. Nelly's benevolence and sympathy with the suffering strengthen the evidence of the tradition as to the foundation; and some sixty years ago her portrait served as the sign of a public-house adjoining the Hospital; the tradition is still rife in Chelsea. Dedications of books, at this period, to "Madame Eleanor Gwynne," though adulatory, bespeak her popularity. In 1680, died her second and youngest son, James; and in 1684, the boy Earl of Burford was created Duke of St Albans, and appointed to the then lucrative offices of Registrar of the High Court of Chancery and Master Falconer of England. The latter office is still enjoyed by the present Duke of St Albans. The former office, the Registrarship, was lost to the Duke of St Albans through the stern justice of Lord Thurlow; for the patent having expired during his Chancellorship, his Lordship refused to renew it. The only letter of Nelly's composition known to exist, relates to this period of her life. It is written on a sheet of very thin gilt-edged paper, in a neat Italian hand, not her own, from Burford House, "for Madam Jennings over against the Tub Tavern in Jermyn Street, London."

Charles II. ended his dissolute life, sensible of his sins, and seeking forgiveness from his Maker. His dying request, made to his brother and successor, concluded with "Let not poor Nelly starve." While her grief was still fresh, the "gold stuff" grew scarcer

than ever; and if not actually arrested for debt in the spring of 1685, she was certainly outlawed for the non-payment of certain bills, for which some of her tradesmen, since the death of the King, had become very clamorous. Her resources were now slender enough. But, the new King had not forgotten the dying request of his only brother, "Let not poor Nelly starve;" and the secret service expenses of King James show a payment to Richard Graham, Esq., of £729, 2s. 3*d.*, "to be by him paid over to the several tradesmen, creditors of Mrs Ellen Gwynne, in satisfaction of their debts for which the said Ellen stood outlawed." In the same year, the King relieved Nelly by two additional payments of £500 each; and two years after, made a settlement of property upon her, and "after her death, upon the Duke of St Alban's and his issue male, with the reversion in the Crown."

Nelly now fell sick. Her friend, Dr Tenison, Vicar of St Martin's, in which parish Pall Mall is situated, attended her. She made her will, and signed it E. G. only: she could not sign her name. She died of apoplexy in November 1687, in her 38th year, but the exact day is unknown; she is said to have died piously and penitently. Her father is said to have died in a prison at Oxford; and she left £20 yearly for the releasing of poor debtors out of prison, every Christmas-day.\*

On the night of the 17th November 1687, Nelly was buried, according to her own request, in the church of St Martin's-in-the-Fields. The expenses of

\* In a Report on the Poultry Compter, in 1811, it is mentioned that the prisoners received sixty-five penny loaves every eight weeks, the gift of Eleanor Gwynne.

her funeral, £375, were advanced from the next quarter's allowance of £1500 a-year which King James had settled upon her. Dr Tenison, too, complied with her request, and preached her funeral sermon.

King James continued the mother's pension to her son, and gave him the colonelcy of a regiment of horse: he distinguished himself at the siege of Belgrade, became in after-life a Knight of the Garter, and died father of eight sons, by his wife, the high-born and wealthy heiress, Lady Diana de Vere, a beauty in the Kneller collection at Hampton Court. The title still exists—and has been in our time conspicuously before the public from the vast wealth of the late Harriet, Duchess of St Alban's, widow of Coutts, the banker, but originally known, and favourably too, upon the comic boards. "Not unlike, in many respects, were Eleanor Gwynne and Harriet Mellon. The fathers of both were in the army, and both never knew what it was to have a father. Both rose by the stage—both had wealthy admirers—and both were charitable and generous" (*Cunningham.*)

There are many portraits of Nell Gwynne, yet very few genuine: the only picture in the Royal collection is a too grave and thoughtful picture at Hampton Court. The Duke of Buccleuch has a miniature head by Cooper, of which it is said the Exchequer papers record the price paid to the painter. The most curious engraved portrait of her is that after Gascar, engraved abroad—it is thought by Masson—in which she wears a laced chemise, lying on a bed of roses, from which her two children, as Cupids, are withdrawing the curtains—King Charles II. in the distance: she wears as well the famous Rupert necklace of pearls. The Burney

impression of this print, in the British Museum, cost £39, 18s. Among the relics of Nelly are a warming-pan, with the motto, "Fear God, and serve the King;" and a looking-glass, of elegant form, and carved figure frame, said to have belonged to her.

Douglas Jerrold wrote a well-constructed comedy of *Nell Gwynne, or the Prologue*, attempting to show "some glimpses of the *silver lining* of a character, to whose influence over an unprincipled voluptuary we owe a national asylum for veteran soldiers, and whose brightness shines with the most amiable lustre in many actions of her life, and in the last disposal of her worldly effects."

### *Francis Bacon in Gray's Inn.*

BACON'S attachment to gardens and to rural affairs, one almost fancies is shown even in the speech which he made before the nobility, when, first taking his seat in the High Court of Chancery, he hoped "that the brambles that grow about justice might be rooted out;" adding that "fresh justice was the sweetest." At Gorhambury you see the old fish-ponds which were Bacon's favourite haunt; though the summer-house which he built in the orchard (answering to the diæta or summer-room of the younger Pliny, at his beloved Laurentium) has long disappeared, and the mansion itself has shared the same fate. His Essay, "Of Gardens," written in 1625, gives us "particulars for the climate of London," where he loved to practise the tasteful art. Gray's Inn gardens were laid out under his direction, as attested in the following entries:—

"In the 40 Eliz., at a pension of the bench, 'the

summe of £7, 15s. 4d. laid out for planting elm trees' in these gardens, was allowed to Mr Bacon (afterwards Lord Verulam and Lord Chancellor). On the 14th November, in the following year, there was an order made for a supply of more young elms; and it was ordered 'that a new rayle and quickset hedges' should be set upon the upper long walk, at the discretion of Mr Bacon and Mr Wilbraham; the cost of which, as appeared by Bacon's account, allowed 20th April, 42 Eliz., was £60, 6s. 8d. Mr Bacon erected a summer-house on a small mount on the terrace, in which, if we may be allowed to conjecture, it is probable he frequently mused upon the subjects of those great works which have rendered his name immortal."—*Pearce's Inns of Court.*

To this day here is a *Catalpa* tree, raised from one planted by Bacon, slips of which are much coveted. The walks were in high fashion in Charles II.'s time; we read of Pepys and his wife, after church, walking "to Gray's Inn, to observe fashions of the ladies, because of my wife's making some clothes."

Bacon is traditionally said to have lived in the large house facing Gray's Inn garden-gates, where Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, frequently sent him home-brewed beer from his house in Holborn. Basil Montagu, however, fixes Bacon's abode on the site of No. 1 Gray's Inn Square, first floor; the house was burnt February 17th, 1679, with sixty other chambers (*Historian's Guide*, 3rd edit. 1688), which demolishes Lord Campbell's speculative statement, that Bacon's chambers "remain in the same state as when he occupied them, and are still visited by those who worship his memory." (*Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, vol. ii. p. 274.) Mr Mon-

tagu, who died in 1852, possessed a glass and silver-handled fork, with a shifting silver spoon-bowl, which once belonged to Lord Bacon, whose crest, a boar, modelled in gold, surmounts the fork-handle.

### *Lord Craven and the Queen of Bohemia.*

WILLIAM LORD CRAVEN, the hero of Creutznach, by his romantic attachment to Elizabeth, the titular Queen of Bohemia, has inseparably associated their names in history. According to the old Yorkshire tradition, Craven's father, Lord Mayor in 1611, was born of such poor parents that they sent him, when a boy, by a common carrier to London, where he became a mercer in Leadenhall Street, and grew rich. His son, the soldier of fortune, distinguished himself under Gustavus Adolphus; and at the storming of Creutznach in 1632, his determined bravery led to the fortress being taken after two hours' conflict, in which all the English officers were wounded. Craven then attached himself to the King and Queen of Bohemia. She was the daughter of James I., and, with the reluctant consent of her parents (particularly of her mother, who used to twit her with the title of Goody Palsgrave), was married to Frederick, the Elector Palatine, for whom the Protestant interest in Germany erected Bohemia into a kingdom, in the vain hope, with the assistance of his father-in-law, of competing with the Catholic Emperor. Frederick lost everything, and his widow became a dependent on the bounty of Craven, who had fought in her husband's cause, and helped to bring up her children. It is through her that the family of Brunswick succeeded to the throne of this kingdom, as the next Protestant heirs of James I.

James's daughter, being a woman of lively manners, a queen, and a Protestant leader, excited great interest in her time, and received more than the usual portion of flattery from the romantic. Donne wrote an epithalamium on her marriage, beginning—

Here lies a she sun, and a he moon there.

Sir Henry Wotton had permission to call her his "royal mistress," which he was as proud of as if he had been a knight of old. And when she lost her Bohemian kingdom, it was said that she retained a better one, for that she was still the "Queen of Hearts." Sir Henry wrote upon her his elegant verses beginning—

You meaner beauties of the night,

in which he calls her

Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.

Her courage and presence of mind were so conspicuous, and her figure and manners so attractive, though not to be called a consummate beauty, that in her royal husband's time, "half the army were in love with her."

In 1664, Charles II. conferred upon her heroic admirer the titles of Viscount Craven and Earl Craven; and on the death of Monk, gave him the Colonelcy of the Coldstream regiment of Foot-guards. His Lordship resided in Drury House, which he rebuilt: it was then called Craven House. Earl Craven is said to have been privately married to the widowed Queen of Bohemia (he was her junior by twelve years); "and thus," remarks Dr Whitaker, "the son of a Wharfedale peasant matched with a sister of Charles I."

In Craven House, the romantic Queen would appear from some accounts to have resided; but the truth

is, she lived in the adjoining house, probably built for her by Lord Craven, and called, for many years afterwards, Bohemia House, and finally converted into a public-house, which bore her head for its sign. There is said to have been a subterranean communication between the two houses, the sites of which, and grounds, are now occupied by Craven Buildings and the Olympic Theatre.

The Queen quitted Bohemia House for Leicester House, "afterwards Norfolk House, in the Strand," where she died in February 1661-2. Whether Lord Craven attended her at this period does not appear; but she left him her books, pictures, and papers. Sometimes he accompanied her to the play: he built the fine house of Hampstead Marshall, on the banks of the river Kennet, in Berkshire, as a sort of asylum for his injured Princess: it cost, although not finished, £60,000, and was destroyed by fire in 1718.

Lord Craven long resided in Craven House; he was famed for his bustling activity: whenever there was a fire in London, Lord Craven was sure to be seen riding about to give orders to the soldiers, who were at such disasters called out to preserve order; and his horse is said to have "smelt a fire as soon as it happened." Pepys describes Craven as riding up and down, "like a madman," giving orders to the soldiery; and Lord Dorset sings of "Lord Craven's drums" beating day and night. When there was a talk in his old age of giving his regiment to somebody else, Craven said, that "if they took away his regiment they had as good take away his life, since he had nothing else to divert himself with." The next king, however, William III., gave it to General Talmash; yet the old lord is said to have gone

on, busy to the last. He died in 1697, aged nearly 89 years. He was intimate with Evelyn, Ray, and other naturalists, and delighted in gardening. "The garden of Craven House ran in the direction of the present Drury Lane; so that where there is now a bustle of a very different sort, we may fancy the old soldier busying himself with his flower-beds, and John Evelyn discoursing upon the blessings of peace and privacy."\*

Craven and Monk, Duke of Albemarle, heroically stayed in town during the dreadful pestilence; and, at the hazard of their lives, preserved order. For their noble services, two or three great silver flagons were made, as gifts of the King. Craven continued to reside at Craven House, Drury Lane, throughout the whole time of the Plague in 1665-6. He first hired and then purchased a field on which pest-houses (said to be thirty-six in number) were built by him for persons afflicted with that disease, and in which a common burial-ground was made for thousands who died of it. In 1687, the Earl gave this field and its houses in trust for the poor of St Clement's Danes, St Martin's-in-the-Fields, St James's, Westminster, and St Paul's, Covent Garden, to be used only in case of the plague re-appearing; and the place came to be known as the Earl of Craven's Pest-field, the Pest-field, the Pest-house-field, or Craven-field. In 1734, the surrounding district having become covered with houses and streets, a private Act, 7th George II. c. 11, discharged this pest-house-field from its charitable trusts, transferring them without alteration to other land and messuages at and near Byard's Watering Place (Bayswater), Paddington, now called Craven Hill.

A singular memorial of this heroic man existed to

\* See *The Town*. By Leigh Hunt, edit. 1858.

our time. Craven Buildings were erected in 1723, upon part of the grounds attached to Craven House. On the wall at the bottom of the buildings was formerly a fresco painting of the gallant Earl, who was represented in armour, mounted on a white charger, and with a truncheon in his hand, and the letters W. C. This portrait was twice or thrice repainted in oil; the last time by Edwards, A.R.A., author of *A Treatise on Perspective*: the picture has been some years obliterated.\* The Craven Head Tavern was one of the offices of Craven House; and the adjoining stabling belonged to the mansion.

Craven Buildings have had some remarkable tenants: Hayman, the painter, contemporary with Hogarth, lived here. The famous actress, Mrs Bracegirdle, had likewise a house here, which was afterwards inhabited by the equally celebrated Mrs Pritchard. In the back parlour of No. 17, Dr Arne composed the music of *Comus*. Elliston had a house during his lesseeship of the Olympic Theatre, and communicating with it; and the same house was temporarily occupied by Madame Vestris and Mr William Farren, as Olympic lessees.

It was in Drury Lane that Pepys, 7th June 1665, saw two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "Lord have mercy upon us" writ there, and the first of the kind he ever saw.

It will be recollected, from the several accounts of the Plague in London, that a cross was affixed by the authorities to the door of the house where there was infection. In the Guildhall Library, not long since, among

\* In Pennant's *London*, edit. 1813, we read: "The portrait which was preserved by the late Earl, with laudable attention, is now covered with plaster."

some broadsides, was found one of these "Plague Crosses." It was the ordinary size of a broadside, and bore a cross extending to the edges of the paper, on which were printed the words, "Lord have mercy upon us." In the four quarters formed by the limbs of the cross, were printed directions for managing the patient, regulations for visits, medicines, food, and water. This "Cross" is not now to be found.

### *Addison's "Campaign."*

THIS celebrated poem originated as follows. The Lord Treasurer, Godolphin, though not a reading man, was mortified, and not without reason, by the exceeding badness of the poems which appeared in honour of the Battle of Blenheim. One of these poems has been rescued from oblivion by the exquisite absurdity of three lines :—

Think of two thousand gentlemen at least,  
And each man mounted on his capering beast ;  
Into the Danube they were pushed by shoals.

Where to procure better verses the Treasurer did not know. He understood how to negotiate a loan, or remit a subsidy : he was also well versed in the history of running horses and fighting cocks ; but his acquaintance amongst the poets was very small. He consulted Halifax ; but Halifax affected to decline the office of adviser. "I do know," he said, "a gentleman who would celebrate the battle in a manner worthy of the subject ; but I will not name him." Godolphin, who was expert at the soft answer which turneth away wrath, gently replied that the services of a man such as Halifax had described should be liberally rewarded.

Halifax then mentioned Addison, but, mindful of the dignity as well as of the pecuniary interest of his friend, insisted that the Minister should apply in the most courteous manner to Addison himself, and this Godolphin promised to do.

Addison then occupied a garret up three pair of stairs, over a small shop in the Haymarket. In this humble lodging he was surprised, on the morning following the conversation between Godolphin and Halifax, by a visit from no less a person than the Right Honourable Henry Boyle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Lord Carleton. This high-born Minister had been sent by the Lord Treasurer as ambassador to the needy poet. Addison readily undertook the proposed task—a task which, to so good a Whig, was probably a pleasure. When the poem was little more than half finished he showed it to Godolphin, who was delighted with it, and particularly with the famous similitude of the Angel. Addison was instantly appointed to a Commissionership worth about two hundred pounds a year, and was assured that this appointment was only an earnest of greater favours.

The *Campaign* came forth, and was as much admired by the public as by the Minister. Its chief merit is that which was noticed by Johnson—the manly and rational rejection of fiction. Lord Macaulay, from whose admirable paper on Addison these details are condensed, there refers to the battles with which Homer was familiar, of men who sprung from the gods—communed with the gods face to face—of men, one of whom could, with ease, hurl rocks, which two sturdy hinds of a later period would be unable to lift. He,

therefore, naturally represented their martial exploits as resembling in kind, but far surpassing in magnitude, those of the stoutest and most expert combatants of his own age. These are termed by Macaulay, "magnificent exaggerations of the real hero;" and with his usual fondness for parallel, so successful in this great master of the art of writing, Macaulay remarks: "In all rude societies, similar notions are found. There are, at this day, countries where the Lifeguardsman Shaw would be considered as a much greater warrior than the Duke of Wellington. Bonaparte loved to describe the astonishment with which the Mamelukes looked at his diminutive figure. Mourad Bey, distinguished above all his fellows by his bodily strength, and by the skill with which he managed his horse and sabre, could not believe that a man who was scarcely five feet high, and rode like a butcher, could be the greatest soldier in Europe."

The detestable fashion of exaggeration was copied in modern times, and continued to prevail down to the age of Addison. Several versifiers had described William turning thousands to flight by his single prowess, and dyeing the Boyne with Irish blood. Nay, so estimable a writer as John Philips, the author of the *Splendid Shilling*, represented Marlborough as having won the battle of Blenheim merely by strength of muscle and skill in fence.

Addison, with excellent sense and taste, departed from this ridiculous fashion. He reserved his praise for the qualities which made Marlborough truly great—energy, sagacity, military science. But, above all, the poet extolled the firmness of that mind which, in the midst of confusion, uproar, and slaughter, examined

and disposed everything with the serene wisdom of a higher intelligence.

Here it was that he introduced the famous comparison of Marlborough to an Angel guiding the whirlwind. Macaulay then points to one circumstance which appears to have escaped all the critics. The extraordinary effect which his simile produced when it first appeared, and which to the following generation seemed inexplicable, is doubtless to be chiefly attributed to a line which most readers now regard as a feeble parenthesis :—

Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd.

"Addison spoke not of a storm, but of *the storm*. The great tempest of 1703—the only tempest which, in our latitude, has equalled the rage of a tropical hurricane—had left a dreadful recollection in the minds of all men. No other tempest was ever in this country the occasion of a parliamentary address, or of a public fast. Whole fleets had been cast away. Large mansions had been blown down. One prelate had been buried beneath the ruins of his palace. London and Bristol had presented the appearance of cities just sacked. Hundreds of families were still in mourning. The prostrate trunks of large trees, and the ruins of houses, still attested, in all the southern counties, the fury of the blast. The popularity which the simile of the Angel enjoyed among Addison's contemporaries has always seemed to us to be a remarkable instance of the advantage which, in rhetoric and poetry, the particular has over the general."

The house in which Addison lodged has not been identified in the Haymarket of our time. We have a minute record of Pope having visited the house with the

feeling of homage to genius. The Bard of Twickenham is stated to have asked Walter Harte to ascend three pair of stairs, and enter a small top room above a small shop in the Haymarket ; when they were within the room, Pope said to Harte, " In this garret Addison wrote his *Campaign*."

Thackeray has cleverly illustrated this bright turn in Addison's fortunes. He quotes from the *Campaign* Marlborough's equanimity, and the wonderful simile :—

So when an angel, by Divine command,  
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land  
(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd),  
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast ;  
And pleas'd the Almighty's orders to perform,  
Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

"Addison left off at a good moment," adds Thackeray. "That simile was pronounced to be the greatest ever produced in poetry. That angel, that good angel, flew off with Mr Addison, and landed him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals—vice Mr Locke, providentially promoted. In the following year, Mr Addison went to Hanover with Lord Halifax, and the year after was made Under-Secretary of State. O angel visits! you come 'few and far between' to literary gentlemen's lodgings! Your wings seldom quiver at second-floor windows now!"

### *Ladies Excluded from the House of Lords.*

IT was in the year 1738 that it was resolved to exclude ladies from the galleries of the two Houses of Parliament. The execution of the resolution led to a strange

scene, which is thus cleverly described in a letter of this date, by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu :—

“At the last warm debate in the House of Lords, it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors ; consequently, the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination a tribe of dames resolved to show on this occasion that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were—Lady Huntingdon, the Duchess of Queensbury, the Duchess of Amaster, Lady Westmoreland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton and her daughter, Mrs Scott, Mrs Pendarves, and Lady Saunderson. I am thus particular in their names, because I look upon them to be the boldest assertors, and most resigned sufferers for liberty I ever read of. They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, when Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, as head of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them upstairs privately. After some modest refusals, he swore by G— he would not let them in. Her Grace, with a noble warmth, answered by G— they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, he then resolved to starve them out ; an order was made that the door should not be opened till they had raised the siege. These Amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers ; they stood there till five in the afternoon, without either sustenance or evacuation, every now and then playing volleys of thumps,

kicks, and raps against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two Duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagem in war) commanded a dead silence for half-an-hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons also being very impatient to enter), gave order for the opening of the door; upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in such cases), but by noisy laughs and contempts; which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord Hervey spoke so miserably."

### *Femmy Dawson.*

KENNINGTON COMMON was, in the last century, the place of execution for the county of Surrey; at the present day it presents nothing to remind us of its criminal history. It is no longer the place of the gibbet, or has its green turf trodden down by crowds flocking to pugilistic contests, or the orations of political brawlers; but it is now a healthful place of recreation, with its lawn, its shrubs, and flowers. With the great Chartist gathering in 1848 upon this spot, the political fame of Kennington Common may be said to have ceased.

Still, one of its last century events lingers in the simple tenderness and pathos of one of the songs of Shen-

stone, which narrates in its homely verse the mournful tale of Captain James Dawson, one of the eight officers of the Manchester regiment of volunteers in the service of the young Chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered on Kennington Common, in 1746.

Shenstone, "whose mind was not very comprehensive, nor his curiosity active," was content to take the event of his song from a narrative first published in the *Parrot* of August 2, 1746, as follows:—Mr James Dawson was one of those unfortunate gentlemen who suffered on Kennington Common for high treason; and had he either been acquitted or received the Royal mercy after condemnation, the day of his enlargement was to have been the day of his marriage. The following are the particulars of his execution, and the fate of the unfortunate young lady to whom he was sincerely attached:—

"On her being informed that Mr Dawson was to be executed, not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution; she accordingly followed the sledge in a hackney coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and a female friend. Having arrived at the place of execution, she got near enough to see the fire kindled that was to consume him, and all the other dreadful preparations, without betraying any of those emotions her friends apprehended. But when all was over, and she found he was no more, she threw her head back in the coach, and ejaculating, 'My dear, I follow thee! Lord Jesus, receive our souls together!' fell on the neck of her companion, and expired the very moment she had done speaking. Most excessive grief, which the force of her resolution had kept smothered within her breast, is

thought to have put a stop to the vital motion, and suffocated at once all the animal spirits." In the *Whitchall Evening Post* of August 7, 1746, the above narrative is copied, and the remark added, that "upon inquiry, every circumstance was literally true." The catastrophe is thus reproduced in Shenstone's song :—

But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be dragged  
To yonder ignominious tree,  
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend  
To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning coach was called,  
The sledge moved slowly on before ;  
Though borne in her triumphal car,  
She had not loved her favourite more.

She followed him, prepared to view  
The terrible behests of law ;  
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes  
With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,  
Which she had fondly loved so long ;  
And stifled was that tuneful breath,  
Which in her praise had sweetly sung ;

And severed was that beauteous neck,  
Round which her arms had fondly closed ;  
And mangled was that beauteous breast,  
On which her love-sick head reposed ;

And ravished was that constant heart,  
She did to every heart prefer ;  
For though it would its King forget,  
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames  
She bore this constant heart to see ;  
And when 'twas mouldered into dust,  
Now, now, she cried, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can show  
The pure and lasting love I bore :  
Accept, O Heaven ! of woes like ours,  
And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,  
The lover's mournful hearse retired ;  
The maid drew back her languid head,  
And, sighing forth his name, expired.

### *Secret Visits of the Young Pretender to London.*

AT Christmas 1864, the appearance in the *Times* journal of a letter from the Queen's Librarian at Windsor Castle relating to the Stuart papers acquired by George IV., when Prince Regent, and deposited in the Royal Library by William IV., led to a revival of the historic doubt as to the Secret Visits of Prince Charles Edward (the young Pretender) to London ; and produced the following very interesting evidences, contributed by a painstaking correspondent to the above-named journal.

It seems to be pretty generally taken for granted that Prince Charles Edward paid but one single visit to London ; whereas four different occasions have been recorded in which he is said to have risked his liberty, if not his life, by making secret journeys to the British metropolis. The first of these presumed adventures is thus set forth by Forsyth, the accomplished traveller in Italy :—

“ England was just respiring from the late Rebellion, when in 1748, on the faith of a single gentleman, he (the Prince) set off for London in a hideous disguise, under the name of Smith. On arriving there, he was introduced at midnight into a room full of conspirators whom he had never seen. ‘ Here,’ said his conductor, ‘ is the per-

son you want,' and left him locked up in this mysterious assembly. These were men who imagined themselves equal at that time to treat with him for the throne of England. 'Dispose of me, gentlemen, as you please,' said Charles. 'My life is in your power, and I therefore can stipulate for nothing. Yet give me, I entreat you, one solemn promise, that, if your design should succeed, the present family shall be sent safely and honourably home.' For a few days the young adventurer was flattered with the glorious prospect, until difficulties arose on the part of the French Ambassador, whose Court had cooled in the Stuart cause. Charles remained on the rack of suspense for a week in London, where different persons recognised him in the streets, but (such was ever his only good fortune) none betrayed him. He then returned to Paris to encounter cruel indignation, and was there arrested and expelled the kingdom."—*Forsyth's Remarks on Italy*, p. 436, 4th ed.

Lord Stanhope, in his *History of England* (vol. iii. p. 253, note, 2d ed.), takes it for granted that Forsyth has mistaken the year 1748 for 1750; but, presuming that Forsyth, whose "scrupulous accuracy" Lord Stanhope himself admits, is correct in his *data* that the visit was made previously to the Prince's arrest and imprisonment by the French Court, in that case it must unquestionably have taken place before the year 1750. The coincidence is rather a curious one that the nickname of "Smith" was the same which the Prince's great-grandfather, Charles I., adopted on the occasion of his clandestine and romantic visit to Spain in 1623. (*Howell's Letters*, p. 132, 10th ed.)

That Prince Charles visited London in the year 1750 is unquestionable; indeed, the following extract from

*Dr King's Anecdotes of his own Time* (p. 196 and p. 199, note, 2d ed.), are of themselves sufficient to remove any doubt on the subject :—

“September 1750, I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her (in Essex Street, Strand), she led me into her dressing-room and presented me to the Prince. If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends who were in exile had formed a scheme which was impracticable; but although it had been as feasible as they had represented to him, yet no preparation had been made, nor was anything ready to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place from whence he came.

“He came one evening to my lodgings, and drank tea with me. My servant, after he was gone, said to me that he thought my new visitor was very like Prince Charles. ‘Why,’ said I, ‘have you ever seen Prince Charles?’ ‘No, sir,’ replied the fellow, ‘but this gentleman, whoever he may be, exactly resembles the busts of Prince Charles.’ The truth is, these busts were taken in plaster of Paris from his face.”

This is the particular visit, the duration of which has been a matter of discussion between the Queen’s Librarian and Lord Stanhope, and which the Prince has twice recorded in his memoranda, once in the Old and again in the New Style :—

“O.S. Ye 5th Sept. 1750 arrived ; ye 11th parted to Dover.”

“N.S. At London ye 16th ; parted from London ye 22d.”

Thus, not reckoning the broken days of arrival and departure, it will be seen that Dr King’s statement (*Anecdotes*, p. 197) that the Prince’s stay in London lasted for “five days only,” is perfectly correct.

The two notes compared and found inconsistent as to dates by Lord Stanhope may be reconciled by remembering the eleven days’ difference between old and new style in the middle of the last century. In No. 1 the Pretender says he “parted from London the 22d and arrived at Paris the 24th ;” the dates, new style, are the same as those he gives in No. 2 as “O.S., the 11th parted to Dover . . . the 13th at Paris,” the old style being eleven days earlier.

The next assumed visit of Charles Edward to London took place, according to Hume, in 1753 ; or, according to Philip Thicknesse, in his *Memoirs*, “about the year 1754.” The following extract of a letter from Hume to Sir John Pringle, dated February 10, 1773, contains the principal particulars respecting this visit, such as they were related to the historian by one of the most devoted of the partisans of the House of Stuart, Earl Marischal :—

“That the present Pretender was in London in the year 1753 I know with the greatest certainty, because I had it from Lord Marischal, who said it consisted with his certain knowledge. Two or three days after his Lordship gave me this information he told me that the evening before he had learned several curious particulars from a lady who I imagine to be Lady Primrose, though my lord refused to name her. The Pretender came to her house in the evening without giving her any pre-

paratory information, and entered the room where she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name. She thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him, but she had presence enough of mind to call him by the name he had assumed, to ask him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay there. After he and all the company went away, the servants remarked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the Prince's picture, which hung on the chimney-piece in the very room in which he entered. My lord added (I think from the authority of the same lady) that he used so little precaution that he went abroad openly in daylight in his own dress, only laying aside his blue riband and star; walked once through St James's, and took a turn in the Mall. About five years ago I told this story to Lord Holdernes, who was Secretary of State in the year 1753; and I added I supposed this piece of intelligence had escaped his Lordship. 'By no means,' said he, 'and who, do you think, first told it me? It was the King himself (George II.), who subjoined, "and what do you think, my lord, I should do with him?"' Lord Holdernes owned that he was puzzled how to reply; for if he declared his real sentiments they might savour of indifference to the Royal Family. The King perceived his embarrassment, and extricated him from it by adding, 'My lord, I shall just do nothing at all, and when he is tired of England he will go abroad again.' I think this story, for the honour of the late King, ought to be more generally known." (*Nichols's Literary Anecdotes of the 18th Century*, vol. ix. p. 401.)

The fact of this remarkable conversation having taken

place between the King and his Minister has been repudiated by Lord Stanhope (*Hist. of Engl.*, vol. iv. p. 13), on the supposition that the date to which it is assignable is during the Prince's visit to London in September 1750; and accordingly, as his Lordship discovers that during all that month George II. was absent in his Hanoverian dominions, he naturally arrives at the conclusion that the conversation could never have taken place. Not only, however, does Hume, in his letter to Sir John Pringle, three times over mention the year as having been 1753, but Lord Holderness, who vouches for the truth of it, was not appointed Secretary of State till 1751. By some much more curious conception Sir Walter Scott, who has told the world so much that is interesting respecting Charles Edward, has not only committed the anachronism of making George III., instead of George II., the hero of the foregoing anecdote, but instances it as proof of the "goodness of heart and soundness of policy" of the former monarch. (*Red-gauntlet*, note to chapter xi.) The following is the passage in *Thicknesse's Memoirs* (p. 340), previously referred to as tending to corroborate the assumption that the Prince paid a secret visit to London in or about the year 1753:—

"That this unfortunate man was in London about the year 1754 is positively asserted. He came hither contrary to the opinions of all his friends abroad, but he was determined, he said, to see the capital of that kingdom over which he thought himself born to reign. After being a few hours at a lady's house in Essex Street, in the Strand, he was met by one who knew his person in Hyde Park, and who made an attempt to kneel to him. This circumstance so alarmed the lady at whose house

he resided, that a boat was procured the same night, and he returned instantly to France."

The details of the Prince's visit to Essex Street, as related by Hume, are curiously substantiated by a memorandum of the Right Hon. Charles Williams Wynn, to whom they were "often repeated" by his grandmother, who received them direct from Lady Primrose herself. It appears from Mr Wynn's account that, in whatever year the visit to which he refers may have occurred, the Prince on that occasion was introduced to Lady Primrose and her guests by the name of "Browne." (*Diaries of a Lady of Quality*, p. 290.)

The fourth and last of the assumed secret visits of Charles Edward to London dates in 1761, this being the occasion on which he is popularly supposed to have been a spectator of the coronation of George III. The following is Hume's account of the latter incident, as related to him by the Earl Marischal, on whose sole authority its credibility seems to rest:—

"What will surprise you more, Lord Marischal, a few days after the coronation of the present King, told me he believed the Pretender was at that time in London, or at least had been so very lately, and had come over to see the show of the coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact. 'Why,' says he, 'a gentleman told me so that saw him there, and that he even spoke to him and whispered in his ear these words, 'Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here.' 'It was curiosity that led me,' said the other; 'but I assure you,' added he, 'that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence is the man I envy the least.' You see this story is so nearly traced from the fountain-

head as to wear a great face of probability. Query—What if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?" (*Nichols's Lit. Anecdotes*, v. ix. p. 401.)

With regard to the Prince's renunciation of the Roman Catholic religion, there are two passages in his *Memoranda* (*Times*, December 27, 1864) which are valuable as showing that that event took place in 1750. With regard to the abstract fact of the Prince's conversion to Protestantism, it has already been substantiated by a letter, preserved among Bishop Forbes's MSS., from the Prince to his friends in Scotland, dated August 12, 1762 :—"Assure my friends in Britain that I am in perfect health. . . . They may be assured that I shall live and die in the religion of the Church of England, which I have embraced." (*Chambers's History of the Rebellion of 1745*, p. 422, 6th ed.) According to Hume, it was in the church of St Mary-le-Strand, or, as it was then styled, "the New Church in the Strand," that Charles Edward formally renounced the Roman Catholic faith.

It may be mentioned that the Lady Primrose who has been more than once referred to was the same lady whose house in Essex Street, in 1747, afforded a home to the celebrated Flora Macdonald after her release from the mild durance in which she had been detained by the Government. Lady Primrose, whose maiden name was Drelincourt, was the daughter of the Dean of Armagh, and widow of Hugh, third Viscount Primrose.

### *The Riots of 1780.*

THESE disgraceful tumults originated in the meeting held by the Protestant Association in Coachmakers' Hall, whereat, on May 29, 1780, the following resolu-

tion was proposed and carried :—" That the whole body of the Protestant Association do attend in St George's Fields on Friday next, at 10 of the clock in the morning, to accompany Lord George Gordon to the House of Commons on the delivery of the Protestant Petition [for the repeal of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill]." His Lordship, who was present, observed, "If less than 20,000 of his fellow-citizens attended him on that day, he would not present their petition." On the day appointed (Friday, the 2d of June), the Association assembled in St George's Fields. There was a vast concourse, and their numbers increasing, they marched over London Bridge in separate divisions ; and through the City to Westminster—50,000, at least, in number. Lord George Gordon and his followers wore blue ribands in their hats ; and each division was preceded by its respective banner, bearing the words " No Popery." At Charing Cross they were joined by additional numbers, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. All the avenues to both Houses of Parliament were entirely filled. About eight, the Lords adjourned, and were suffered to go home ; though the rioters declared that if the other House did not repeal the Bill, there would at night be terrible mischief. Lord George Gordon was running backwards and forwards, from the windows of the Speaker's Chamber, denouncing all that spoke against him to the mob in the lobby. Still, the members were besieged, and were locked up for four hours ; and there was a moment when they thought they must have opened the doors, and fought their way out sword in hand. Lord North was very firm, and at last they got the guards and cleared the pass.

Blue banners had been waved from the tops of houses

at Whitehall as signals to the people, while the coaches passed, whom they should applaud or abuse. Sir George Savile's and Charles Turner's coaches were demolished. At half-past ten, a new scene opened ; the mob forced the Sardinian Minister's Chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and gutted it : he saved nothing but two chalices, lost the silver lamps, &c., and the benches, being tossed in the street, were food for a bonfire, with the blazing brands of which they set fire to the inside of the chapel, nor, till the Guards arrived, would suffer the engines to play. The Roman Catholic Chapel in Warwick Street, Golden Square, shared the same fate ; and, "as the owner was a Prince of Smugglers, as well as Bavarian Minister, great quantities of rum, tea, and contraband goods were found in his house."

On Monday the mob gutted Sir George Savile's house in Leicester Fields, burnt all the furniture and pictures, but the building was saved ; though the rioters tore up the iron railings, which they carried off as weapons. Next day, they pulled down Sir John Fielding's house in Bow Street, and burnt his goods in the street. They then went to Newgate, to demand their companions who had been seized, demolishing a chapel. The Keeper could not release them but by the Sheriff's permission, which he sent to ask. At his return he found all the prisoners released, and Newgate in a blaze. The mob had broken the gates with crows and other instruments, and climbed up the outside of the cell which joined the two great wings of the building, where the felons were confined. They broke the roof, tore away the rafters, descended and released the prisoners. Crabbe, the poet, then a young man in London, has described the scene in his journal :—"I stood and saw," he says, "about twelve

women and eight men ascend from their confinement to the open air, and conducted through the streets in their chains. Three of these were to be hanged on Friday. You have no conception of the phrenzy of the multitude. Newgate was at this time open to all; anyone might get in; and, what was never the case before, anyone might get out."

From Newgate the mob went to Bloomsbury Square, pulled down the house of the great Lord Mansfield, and burnt his library: but what his Lordship most regretted to have lost was a speech that he had made on the question of the privilege of Parliament; he said that it contained all the eloquence and all the law he was master of; that it was fairly written out, and that he had no other copy.

On Wednesday, the rioters broke open the Fleet, the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea, and Wood Street Compter, and Clerkenwell Bridewell, and released all the prisoners. At night they set fire to the King's Bench. The Warden of the Fleet had been directed by the Lord Mayor not to resist the mob, which might have been easily dispersed by a few soldiers. The conflagration must here have been terrible—three sides of Fleet Market in flames, besides portions of Fetter Lane and Shoe Lane. This was called the "fatal day." Mr Langdale, a wealthy Catholic distiller in Holborn, the day before had tried to appease the mob by money and liquor, but now they staved in the casks, and set his premises on fire; and many of the rioters were killed by drinking the spirits. Barnard's Inn, adjoining Langdale's distillery, was also fired. Seven distinct conflagrations were to be seen at once. The mob extorted money from several persons and houses, on threats of

burning them as Catholics; and the Duke of Gloucester, who went disguised in a hackney-coach to Fleet Market, was stopped and plundered. This day a mob of 5000 set off for (to sack and burn) Caen Wood (Lord Mansfield's), but were met on the road by a militia regiment and driven back.

"On Wednesday," says Dr Samuel Johnson, "I walked with Dr Scott (Lord Stowell) to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins, with the fire yet glowing. As I went by, the Protestants were plundering the Session-house at the Old Bailey. There were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at leisure, in full security, without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed, in full day." The Bank was attempted the same night; but the height of the panic had passed, and Wilkes headed the party that drove them away. The fires, however, were still kept up, and it was not till the 9th that the city was free from outrage. Eleven thousand troops had been assembled in and near London, and camps held in St James's and Hyde Parks. The King, during the nights of the riots, sat up with several general officers at the Queen's riding-house, whence messengers were constantly despatched to report the movements of the mob; and a large number of troops were in the Queen's Gardens and around Buckingham House, where the King frequently visited the Queen and the royal children. When he was told that the mob was attempting to get into St James's and the Bank, he forbade the soldiers to fire, but ordered that they should keep off the rioters with their bayonets.

On the 9th, Lord George Gordon, whose perfect sanity has since been questioned, was arrested by messengers at his own house in Wimpole Street; he was

examined by the Council, and thence committed a prisoner to the Tower, and for ten days was not allowed to see his friends. He was tried for treason in the Court of King's Bench, but, principally through the powerful eloquence of Erskine, was acquitted. In 1788, having been twice convicted of libel, he was compelled to seek safety in flight; but being arrested in Holland, and sent back to England, he was committed to Newgate, where he died Nov. 1, 1793: he is buried in the cemetery of St James's Chapel, Hampstead Road, without a stone to distinguish the place of his interment.

Many persons lost their lives in affrays with soldiers, and in the havoc and general confusion of the tumults; but it is remarkable that although fifty-eight of the rioters were condemned to death by the Commission appointed to try them, only twenty-five of them actually suffered. The places of execution were selected near to the spot where the criminal's offences had been committed—a person was hanged at the Old Bailey “for demolishing the house of Mr Akerman, Keeper of Newgate.” Seven were hanged in St George's Fields; and on this site of the focus of the Gordon Riots, sixty years later, in 1840, was founded the largest Roman Catholic church erected in this country since the Reformation, a remarkable instance of the improved tolerant spirit of the times.

### *Alderman Beckford and his Monumental Speech.*

THIS celebrated partisan, demagogue some call him, was alderman of Billingsgate Ward, and occupied a prominent position in city politics, especially in the first

ten years of the reign of George III. This notoriety was much aided by his connection with Earl Chatham, who unquestionably used the alderman as a sort of political tool. Beckford was of an ancient Gloucestershire family : among the principal adherents of Richard III. at Bosworth, was Sir William Beckford. After the conquest of Jamaica, in 1656, the Beckford family rose to high station and increased in wealth ; and the father of the Alderman, Peter Beckford, was Speaker of the House of Assembly of Jamaica. To his heir, Peter, succeeded William, of Fonthill, in Wiltshire. Here he resided in an old mansion, which was burnt down in the year 1755 ; the loss was estimated at £30,000. When this calamity happened, the Alderman was in London : on being informed of the event, he took out his pocket-book, and began to write. When asked what he was doing, "Only calculating," he replied, "the expense of rebuilding it. I have an odd fifty thousand in a drawer, and I will build it up again. It will not be above a thousand pounds a-piece difference to my charity children." Fonthill House was accordingly rebuilt with fine stone. It was a lofty mansion, with a centre of four storeys, and wings connected by colonnades ; it was sumptuously furnished. In 1770, upon the death of the Alderman, his only son, the author of *Vathek*, succeeded to the property. Here he entertained Lord Nelson, and Sir William and Lady Hamilton, with great magnificence, in 1800 ; but a few years after, the mansion was taken down, when the materials alone were sold for £10,000.

To return to the Alderman's history. As early as 1754 he had obtained some notoriety. Walpole writes : "Beckford and Delaval, two celebrated partisans, met lately at Shaftesbury ; the latter said—

‘Art thou the man whom men famed Beckford call?’

T’other replied—

‘Art thou the much more famous Delaval?’”

Beckford sat in Parliament for the City, and was twice Lord Mayor; he died of rheumatic fever during his second mayoralty, June 21, 1770. In the previous month he carried a strong Remonstrance to the King, garnished with my Lord Mayor’s own ingredients. “The Court, however,” says Walpole, “was put in some confusion by my Lord Mayor, who, contrary to all form and precedent, tacked a volunteer speech to the Remonstrance. It was wondrous loyal and respectful, but, being an innovation, much discomposed the ceremony. It is always usual to furnish a copy of what is to be said to the King, that he may be prepared with his answer. In this case he was reduced to tuck up his train, jump from the throne, and take sanctuary in his closet, or answer extempore, which is not part of the royal trade, or sit silent and have nothing to reply.” The City, to mark their sense of Beckford’s spirit, erected in the Guildhall a monumental statue of the Lord Mayor in the act of addressing the King; and, as an inscription, is cut his own speech to King George III., spoken, or said to have been spoken, in great excitement.

The circumstances are, however, much disputed. To explain these, we must premise that for some time previously “remonstrances,” not always expressed in very courteous terms, had been addressed by the Corporation to the King (George III.) on the subject of various alleged grievances. At these, the latter, jealous of the slightest infringement on his prerogative, took excessive umbrage, and replied to them accordingly. The inter-

ference of the Government with an election for Middlesex was the occasion for renewed offence; and the citizens, as usual, gave vent to their feelings in a "petition and remonstrance." It was the King's angry reply to this address which is said to have drawn from Beckford the famous speech which is now engraven on his monument. It has been stoutly disputed whether Beckford actually did address George III. in the words written down in history for him, and which also appear on his monument in Guildhall. These words, besides being recorded in marble, appear also in the minutes of the Common Council of the day on which they are stated to have been uttered; still, there has long been a tradition in the neighbourhood of Guildhall, that Horne Tooke, who wrote them for Beckford, tampered with the minute-books in the Town-clerk's office, and inserted what was *intended* to have been spoken by Beckford, had his Majesty given him the opportunity. Mr Peter Cunningham first embodied that doubt in a communication to the *Times*; and, since then, in his new edition of *Horace Walpole's Letters*, he has strengthened the statement by some contemporary authorities bearing on the subject. His note, in vol. v. p. 238, is as follows:—"The speech here alluded to is the one which the Alderman addressed to his Majesty, on the 23d of May, with reference to the King's reply, that 'he should have been wanting to the public, as well as to himself, if he had not expressed his dissatisfaction at the late address.' At the end of the Alderman's speech, in his copy of the City Addresses, Mr Isaac Reed has inserted the following note:—'It is a curious fact, but a true one, that Beckford did not utter one syllable of this speech. It was penned by Horne Tooke, and by his art put on the

records of the City, and on Beckford's statue; as he told me, Mr Braithwaite, Mr Sayers, &c., at the Athenian Club.—*Isaac Reed.* There can be little doubt that the worthy commentator and his friends were imposed upon." In the *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 460, a letter from Sheriff Townsend to the Earl expressly states, that, with the exception of the words "and necessary" being left out before the word "revolution," the Lord Mayor's speech, in the *Public Advertiser* of the preceding day, is verbatim the one delivered to the King. (*Wright.*) Gifford says (*Ben Jonson*, vi. 481) that Beckford never uttered before the King one syllable of the speech upon his monument—and Gifford's statement is fully confirmed both by Isaac Reed (as above), and by Maltby, the friend of Rogers and Horne Tooke. Beckford made a "Remonstrance Speech" to the King; but the speech on Beckford's monument is the after-speech written for Beckford by Horne Tooke.—See Mitford's *Gray and Mason Correspondence*, pp. 438, 439.—*Cunningham.*

Beckford's mansion in Soho Square, at the corner of Greek Street, was, in 1863, sold for £6400 to the House of Charity. It had long been the office of the old Commissioners of Sewers, and was subsequently occupied by the Board of Works. The interior has some well-designed chimney-pieces, architraves, door and window dressings, which are bold and characteristic specimens of the time. To keep alive his influence with the City, Lord Chatham maintained a correspondence with Beckford; and Walpole states that the day before the Alderman died, Chatham "forced himself into the house, and got away all the letters he had written to that demagogue." About two months before the Alderman's

death, in the days of "Wilkes and Liberty," Walpole notes :—"The Lord Mayor had enjoined tranquillity—as Mayor. As Beckford, his own house, in Soho Square, was embroidered (illuminated) with 'Liberty' in white letters three feet high."

Beckford's only son, and heir to his enormous fortune, Lord Chatham's godchild, was, at the period of his father's death, a boy ten years of age. Three years later, Lord Chatham thus describes him to his own son William :—"Little Beckford is just as much compounded of the elements of air and fire as he was. A due proportion of terrestrial solidity will, I trust, come and make him perfect." "He was afterwards," says Lord Mahon, "well known in a sphere totally different from his father's—the author of *Vathek*—the fastidious man of taste—the fantastic decorator of Ramalhao and Fonthill." It may be doubted whether the right proportion of "terrestrial solidity" ever came. He died in 1844, in his eighty-fourth year, and is enshrined in a pink granite sarcophagus.

### *Royalty Deduced from a Tub-Woman.*

IN 1768, there appeared in the newspapers the following paragraph :—"During the troubles of the reign of Charles I., a country girl came to London in search of a place; but not succeeding, she applied to be allowed to carry out beer from a brewhouse. These women were then called *tub-women*. The brewer, observing her to be a very good-looking girl, took her from this low situation into his house, and afterwards married her; and while she was yet a young woman, he died, and left her a large fortune. She was recommended, on

giving up the brewery, to Mr Hyde, a most able lawyer, to settle her husband's affairs ; he, in process of time, married the widow, and was made Earl of Clarendon. Of this marriage there was a daughter, who was afterwards wife to James II., and mother of Mary and Anne, queens of England." This statement was answered by a letter in the *London Chronicle*, December 20, 1768, proving that "Lord Clarendon married Frances, the daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, knight and baronet, one of the Masters of Request to King Charles I., by whom he had four sons—viz., Henry, afterwards Earl of Clarendon ; Lawrence, afterwards Earl of Rochester ; Edward, who died unmarried ; and James, drowned on board the *Gloucester* frigate : also two daughters—Anne, married to the Duke of York ; and Frances, married to Thomas Keightley, of Hertingfordbury, in the county of Herts, Esq." This story appears to have been a piece of political scandal. The mother of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, is said to have conducted with great ability the affairs of her husband's brewhouse at Huntingdon. This some republican spirit appears to have thought an indignity ; so, by way of retaliation, he determined on sinking the origin of the inheritors of the Crown to the lowest possible grade—that of a *tub-woman* !

The same story has been told of the wife of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, great-grandmother of the two queens ; and, for anything we know yet of *her* family, it may be quite true.

### *Unfortunate Baronets.*

THE story of the Gargraves—for two centuries or more a family of the highest position in Yorkshire—is a

melancholy chapter in the romance of real life. Its chiefs earned distinction in peace and war ; one died in France, Master of the Ordnance to King Henry V. ; another, a soldier too, fell with Salisbury at the siege of Orleans ; and a third filled the Speaker's chair of the House of Commons. What an awful contrast to this fair picture does the sequel offer ! Thomas Gargrave, the Speaker's eldest son, was hung at York for murder ; and his half-brother, Sir Richard, having wasted a splendid estate, was reduced to abject want. At Doncaster, his excesses are still the subject of traditional story, and his love of gaming is commemorated in an old painting, long preserved in the mansion at Badsworth, in which he is represented playing at the old game of "shot," the right hand against the left, for the stake of a cup of ale. The close of Sir Richard's story is as lamentable as its course. An utter bankrupt in means and reputation, he is stated to have been reduced to travel with the pack-horses to London, and was at last found dead in an old hostelry !

A similarly melancholy narrative applies to another great Yorkshire house. Sir William Reresby, baronet, son and heir to the celebrated author, succeeded, at the death of his father, in 1689, to the beautiful estate of Thryberg, in Yorkshire, where his ancestors had been seated uninterruptedly from the time of the Conquest, and he lived to see himself denuded of every acre of his broad lands. Le Neve, in the MSS. preserved in the Herald's College, states that he became a tapster in the King's Bench Prison, and was tried and imprisoned for cheating in 1711. He died in great obscurity. Gaming was among Sir William's follies—particularly cock-fighting. The tradition at Thryberg is (for his name is

not quite forgotten), that the fine estate of Dennaby was staked and lost on a single main.

Sir William Reresby was not the only baronet who disgraced his order at that period. In 1722, Sir Charles Burton was tried at the Old Bailey for stealing a seal; pleaded poverty, but was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation, which sentence was afterwards commuted for a milder punishment.

### *The Victory of Culloden.*

GREAT were the faint-heartedness which seized almost all the loyal part of the country, and the folly and confusion which reigned, when Prince Charles was making his way to Edinburgh, and on from Edinburgh to the South. Jupiter Carlyle was with Smollett in the British Coffee-house, a great place of resort for Scotchmen, when the news of the victory of Culloden, which put an end to so much disgrace, came to London. Smollett then lived in Mayfair, and Carlyle had to take supper in New Bond Street, and they went very cautiously through the streets of uproarious London to their destinations. The mobs were riotous, the squibs were flying, and the two canny Scots retired into a narrow entry to pocket their wigs lest they should be burnt, and to draw their swords lest they should be attacked. Smollett went further, and cautioned Carlyle not to open his mouth lest he should betray his country, and excite the insolence of the mob against the Scotch marauders; "for John Bull," said he, "is as haughty and valiant to-night as he was as abject and cowardly on the Black Wednesday when the Highlanders were at Derby." After the trembling pair got to the top of the Hay-

market, through an incessant fire of squibs, they took to the narrow lanes, and met nobody but a few boys at a pitiful bonfire, to which they contributed sixpence in grateful memory of the singeing which their wigs had escaped from an infuriated mob.

Cumberland Gate, Hyde Park, and Great Cumberland Street, were named after the hero of Culloden. In the latter street is a public-house, with a full-length portrait of the Duke of Cumberland for its sign. Horace Walpole has an excellent reflection upon this sort of celebrity. "I was yesterday," he writes, in 1747, "out of town, and the very signs as I passed through the villages led me to some quaint reflections on the mortality of fame and popularity. I observed how the Duke of Cumberland's head had succeeded almost universally to Admiral Vernon's, as his head had left few traces of the Duke of Ormond's. I pondered these things in my heart, and said unto myself, 'Surely, all glory is but a sign!'"

### *Suicide of Lord Clive.*

As the reflective lover of the metropolis walks upon the west side of Berkeley Square, he may be reminded that in the house, No. 45, the great Lord Clive put an end to himself—with a razor, some say with a penknife—on the 22d of November 1774, having just completed his forty-ninth year.

Walpole relates the catastrophe, with a difference. Writing from Arlington Street, November 23, he says: "The nation had another great loss last night—Lord Clive went off suddenly. He had been sent for to town by some of his Indian friends—and died. . . . Lord H. has just been here, and told me *the manner* of Lord

Clive's death. Whatever had happened, it had flung him into convulsions, to which he was very subject. Dr Fothergill gave him, as he had done on like occasions, a dose of laudanum; but the pain in his bowels was so violent, that he asked for a second dose. Dr Fothergill said, 'if he took another, he would be dead in an hour.' The moment Fothergill was gone, he swallowed another, for another, it seems, stood by him, and he is dead." In his next letter, Nov. 24, Walpole writes: "A great event happened two days ago,—a political and moral event,—the sudden death of that second Kouli Khan, Lord Clive. There was, certainly, illness in the case; the world thinks more than illness. His constitution was exceedingly broken and disordered, and grown subject to violent pains and convulsions. He came unexpectedly to town last Monday, and they say, ill. On Tuesday, his physician gave him a dose of laudanum, which had not the desired effect. Of the rest, there are two stories: one, that the physician repeated the dose; the other, that he doubled it himself, contrary to advice. In short, he has terminated a life at fifty of so much glory, reproach, art, wealth, and ostentation! He had just named ten members for the new Parliament."

Thus fell the founder of the British Empire in India. Some lineaments of the character of the man (says Lord Macaulay) were very early discerned in the child. Letters written by him in his seventh year indicate his strong will and fiery passions, sustained by a constitutional intrepidity which sometimes seemed hardly compatible with soundness of mind. "Fighting," says one of his uncles, "to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper such a fierceness and imperiousness, that he flies to it on every trifling occasion."

At the period of his death, Clive appeared secure in the enjoyment of his fortune and his honours. "He was surrounded," says Macaulay, "by attached friends and relations ; and he had not yet passed the season of vigorous bodily and mental exertion. But clouds had long been gathering over his mind, and now settled on it in thick darkness. From early youth he had been subject to fits of that strange melancholy 'which rejoiceth exceedingly, and is glad when it can find the grave.' While still a writer at Madras, he had twice attempted to destroy himself. Business and prosperity had produced a salutary effect on his spirits. In India, while he was occupied with great affairs, in England, while wealth and rank had still the charm of novelty, he had borne up against it. He had now nothing to do, and nothing to wish for. His active spirit in an inactive situation drooped and withered like a plant in an uncongenial air. The malignity with which his enemies had pursued him, the indignity with which he had been treated by the committee, the censure, lenient as it was, which the House of Commons had pronounced, the knowledge that he was regarded by a large portion of his countrymen as a cruel and perfidious tyrant, all concurred to irritate and depress him. In the meantime, his temper was tried by acute physical suffering. During his long residence in tropical climates, he had contracted several painful distempers. In order to obtain ease, he called in the help of opium ; and he was gradually enslaved by this treacherous ally. To the last, however, his genius occasionally flashed through the gloom. It was said that he would sometimes, after sitting silent and torpid for hours, rouse himself to the discussion of some great question, would display full

vigour in all the talents of the soldier and the statesman, and then would sink back into his melancholy repose.

In his death, "the awful close of so much prosperity and glory, the vulgar saw only a confirmation of all their prejudices; and some men of real piety and genius so far forgot the maxims both of religion and of philosophy, as confidently to ascribe the mournful event to the just vengeance of God, and to the horrors of an evil conscience. It is with very different feelings that we contemplate the spectacle of a great mind ruined by the weariness of satiety, by the pangs of wounded honour, by fatal diseases, and more fatal remedies."

He made magnificent presents—even to Royalty. Walpole tells us, in 1767, "Lord Clive is arrived, has brought a million for himself, two diamond drops, worth £12,000, for the Queen; a scimitar, dagger, and other matters, covered with brilliants, for the King, and worth £20,000 more. These *baubles* are presents from the deposed and imprisoned Mogul, whose poverty can still afford to give him such bribes. Lord Clive refused some overplus, and gave it to some widows of officers: it amounted to £90,000."

### *Funeral of Nelson.*

THE *Victory*, with the remains of our greatest naval hero, arrived at Sheerness, Sunday, December 25, 1805. On the following morning, the body was placed on board the *Chatham* yacht, proceeding on her way to Greenwich. The coffin, covered with an ensign, was placed on deck. Tuesday, she arrived at Greenwich;

the body, still being in the coffin made of the wreck of *L'Orient*, was then enveloped in the colours of the *Victory*, bound round by a piece of rope, and carried by sailors, part of the crew of the *Victory*, to the Painted Hall, where preparations were made for the lying-in-state on January 5, 6, and 7, 1806.

On January 8, the first day's procession by water took place, and the remains were removed from Greenwich to Whitehall, and from thence to the Admiralty, with great pomp and solemnity. The procession of barges was nearly a mile long, and minute guns were fired during its progress.\* The banner of emblems was borne by Captain Hardy, Lord Nelson's captain. The body was deposited that night in the captain's room at the Admiralty, and attended by the Rev. John Scott: it is the room to the left, as you enter the hall.

On Thursday, January 9, the procession from the Admiralty to St Paul's moved forward about eleven o'clock in the morning; the first part consisting of cavalry regiments, regimental bands with muffled drums, Greenwich pensioners, seamen from the *Victory*, about 200 mourning coaches, 400 carriages of public officers, nobility, &c., including those of the Royal Family, the Prince of Wales, Duke of Clarence, &c., taking part in the procession. The body, upon a funeral car, was drawn by six led horses. The military force numbered nearly 8000 men. At Temple Bar, the City officers took their place in the procession. Upon arriving at the Cathedral, they entered by the west gate and the great

\* The Author of the present volume, then 4 years 5 months old, has a distinct recollection of seeing this water procession, for which he was held up by a nurse, at the back window of a house, two doors from the south foot of London Bridge, which commanded a view of the river.

west door (fronting Ludgate Street), ranging themselves according to their ranks. The seats were placed under the dome, in each archway, in front of the piers, and in the gallery over the choir. The seats beneath the dome took the shape of the dome, and held 3056 persons : from the dome to the great west door, behind an iron railing, persons were allowed to stand. The body was placed on a bier, erected on a raised platform, opposite the eagle lectern. At the conclusion of the service in the choir, a procession was formed to the grave, with banners, &c. The interment being over, Garter proclaimed the style ; and the comptroller, treasurer, and steward of the deceased, breaking their staves, gave the pieces to Garter, who threw them into the grave. The procession, arranged by the officers of arms, then returned.

For a few days the public were admitted by a shilling fee, and allowed to enter the enclosed spot, directly over the body, looking down about ten feet, and were gratified with a sight of the coffin in the crypt, placed upon a platform covered with black cloth. Upon this spot was subsequently erected an altar-tomb, upon which was placed the coffin, within a black marble sarcophagus, originally made by order of Cardinal Wolsey, but left unused in the tomb-house adjoining St George's Chapel, Windsor. It is surrounded with a viscount's coronet upon a cushion ; on the pedestal is inscribed "Nelson." The remains and the tomb have been removed a short distance ; and upon the spot has been placed the granite sarcophagus containing the remains of the great Duke of Wellington.

Nelson's flag was to have been placed within his coffin, but just as it was about to be lowered for that

purpose, the sailors who assisted at the ceremony, with one accord, rent it in pieces, that each might preserve a fragment while he lived. The leaden coffin in which the remains had been brought home, was, in like manner, cut in pieces, which were distributed as "relics of *Saint Nelson*"—as the gunner of the *Victory* called them.

### *Lord Castlereagh's Blunders.*

CASTLEREAGH was the most inelegant rhetorician in the House of Commons. He possessed unquestionably very considerable power of mind. An excellent judge, himself one of the most skilful of living debaters, and who sat with Castlereagh in the House of Commons, has said that he often pursued his object in debate with striking discernment and sagacity. But, in doing this, he blundered through every conceivable confusion of metaphor. He would often hesitate, often seem confused, often express himself by some strange Irishism that became the ridicule of his opponents; but he seldom lost the thread of his argument, or delivered a speech that was logically inconsequential.

It was a strange instance of the feebleness of rhetoric against the strength of rotten burghs, that the Government of the country was so long represented, in the most polished assembly of Europe, by a man who could not speak in debate with the signs of education which almost any gentleman would evince in his conversation. When Lord Castlereagh said, in the House of Commons, that "he would then embark into the feature on which the proposition before him mainly hinged," there is no wonder that Tom Moore asked what were the features of a gate? When he commenced a reply to an inquiry—

if he really said as was reported—touching a resolution of the Allies at Vienna, with the words, “I and the other Sovereigns of Europe,” the House must have laughed at the awkward slip which let fall the conviction, no doubt justly ‘resting on his mind, that he had been on an equality at Vienna with every crowned head. It was the custom and delight of Sir James Mackintosh to record every inelegant phrase as it dropped from Castlereagh’s mouth, in a little book which was ever in his pocket as he went down to the House. This little book, an hour or two later, was reproduced at many a Whig dinner-table. “What do you think Castlereagh has been saying just now?” Mackintosh would ask, almost before shaking hands with his host and hostess, as he drew the little book out of his pocket; and all conversation was suspended to hear the best joke of the evening. We know not what Sir James Macintosh’s literary executors did with that little book; but if they destroyed it, they have certainly incurred the penalties of a high breach of trust.

### *Accession of Queen Victoria.*

IN the *Diaries of a Lady of Quality*, we find the following very interesting entry:—

“June 1837.—On Monday we were listening all day for the tolling of the bells, watching whether the guests were going to the Waterloo dinner at Apsley House. On Tuesday, at 2½ A.M., the scene closed, and in a very short time the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham, the Chamberlain, set out to announce the event to their young Sovereign. They reached Kensington Palace at about five; they knocked, they rang,

they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gates ; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform H.R.H. that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the *Princess* was in such a sweet sleep she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come to the *Queen* on business of state, and even her sleep must give way to that.' It did : and to prove that *she* did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders—her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified.

“The first act of the reign was of course the summoning the Council, and most of the summonses were not received till after the early hour fixed for its meeting. The Queen was, upon the opening of the doors, found sitting at the head of the table. She received first the homage of the Duke of Cumberland, who, I suppose, was not King of Hanover when he knelt to her ; the Duke of Sussex rose to perform the same ceremony, but the Queen, with admirable grace, stood up, and, preventing him from kneeling, kissed him on the forehead. The crowd was so great, the arrangements were so ill-made, that my brothers told me the scene of swearing allegiance to their young Sovereign was more like that of the bidding at an auction than anything else.” [Sir David Wilkie has painted the scene—but with a difference.]

*The Royal Exchange Motto.*

VARIOUS statements have been made regarding the origin and cause of placing the motto on the pediment of the Royal Exchange, London,—“The earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof,”—the general impression being that it was suggested by the late Prince Consort. Mr Tite, M.P., architect of the Exchange, thus explains the matter:—“As the work (the building of the Exchange) proceeded, his Royal Highness took much interest in the modelling and carving of the various groups, and condescended very frequently to visit the studio of the sculptor in Wilton Place. The reader may recollect that the figure of Commerce stands on an elevated block or pedestal in the centre of the group, and it became a subject of earnest consideration with Mr Westmacott and myself in what way the plainness of this block could be relieved; for although in the original model, on a small scale, this defect did not strike the eye, yet in the execution it was very apparent. Wreaths, fasces, festoons, were all tried, but the effect was unsatisfactory; and in this state of affairs Mr Westmacott submitted the difficulty to his Royal Highness. After a little delay, Prince Albert suggested that the pedestal in question would be a very appropriate situation for a religious inscription, which would relieve the plainness of the surface, in an artistic point of view, and at the same time have the higher merit of exhibiting the devotional feelings of the people and their recognition of a superior Power; and he particularly wished that such inscription should be in English, so as to be intelligible to all. This happy thought put an end to

all difficulty ; and as Dr Milman, the learned Dean of St Paul's, had kindly advised me in reference to the Latin inscriptions on the frieze and in the Merchants' Area, Mr Westmacott consulted him on this subject also ; and he suggested the words of the Psalmist, which were at once adopted."

*London Residence of the Emperor of the  
French in 1847-8.*

ON the north side of King Street, leading from St James's Square, are three or four newly-built houses of handsome Italian style, which form an agreeable contrast with the plain dingy-looking edifices adjoining. The house most to the west of this short row is destined to be for future time one of the places of mark in the metropolis ; for here, for some time, resided, in comparatively humble circumstances, the remarkable man who, for twenty years, held the power of benefiting not merely France, but the whole of Europe. It is curious to contrast the position of Louis Napoleon at that time with the lofty position he afterwards attained, treated as he was with marked coldness by the English aristocracy, and abused and ridiculed by the chief of the press ; there were, however, the Count d'Orsay and others who knew him well—who had faith in the man, and dared to say that all he required was opportunity. It was when a resident in this house that the Prince was sworn in as one of the 150,000 special constables who came forward in 1848 to prevent the dreaded onslaught of the Chartist rioters.

On the outbreak of the last French revolution, Louis Napoleon left London for Paris, and addressed a letter

to the Provisional Government of France to the following effect :—

“ At the very moment of the victory of the people, I went to the Hotel de Ville. The duty of every good citizen is to assemble around the Provisional Government of the Republic. I consider it the first duty to be discharged, and shall be happy if my patriotism may be usefully employed.—Receive, &c.,

“ NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

“ PARIS, *Feb. 26.*”

On the 28th of February he sent a second letter to the Provisional Government, as follows :—

“ GENTLEMEN,—The people of France having destroyed by their heroism the vestiges of foreign invasion, I hasten from the land of exile to place myself under the banner of the Republic just proclaimed.

“ Without any other ambition than that of serving my country, I announce my arrival to the members of the Provisional Government, and assure them of my devotedness to the cause they represent, as well as my sympathy for their persons.

“ NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.”

The *Times* of that date observed :—“ Prince Louis Napoleon has, we believe, actually embarked for France, and landed at Boulogne, the scene of his former foolish attempt. He declares, however, that he goes to France merely as a citizen, to tender his services to his country.”

The correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Paris, says :—“ All royal arms, or other emblems of royalty, are taken down or defaced ; still there are people who

take it into their heads that the Count de Paris or the Duke de Bordeaux have a chance! · Prince Louis Napoleon's name begins to be mentioned, and I have heard one cry of 'Vive l'Empereur!'"

The progress of Louis Napoleon towards the attainment of supreme power is so well known as to need no particular allusion here. Amid the splendours of the Imperial Court—amid that excess of power which the once contemned and ridiculed exile long wielded, his former lodgings in King Street, and the many associations connected with them, were, we dare say, not entirely forgotten. It is well known that when he returned to this country as an Emperor, to be greeted with an ovation at every step of his progress, while the Imperial *cortège* was passing through St James's Street, Louis Napoleon particularly directed the attention of the Empress to the house he resided in as a *proscrit*.\*

### *The Chartists in 1848.*

THE 10th of April 1848 is a noted day in our political calendar, from its presenting a remarkable instance of nipping in the bud apparent danger to the peace of the country, by means at once constitutional and reassuring public safety. It was on this day that the Chartists, as they were called, from developing their proposed alterations in the representative system, through the "People's Charter," made in the metropolis a great demonstration of their numbers: thus hinting at the physical force which they possessed, but probably without any serious design against the public peace. On this day the Chartists met, about 25,000 in number, on Kennington

\* From the *Illustrated Times*.

Common, whence it had been intended to march in procession to the House of Commons with the Charter petition; but the authorities having intimated that the procession would be prevented by force if attempted, it was abandoned. Nevertheless, the assembling of the *quasi*-politicians from the north, by marching through the streets to the place of meeting, had an imposing effect. Great preparations were made to guard against any mischief: the shops were shut in the principal thoroughfares; bodies of horse and foot police, assisted by masses of special constables, were posted at the approaches to the Thames bridges; a large force of the regular troops was stationed out of sight in convenient spots; two regiments of the line were kept ready at Millbank Penitentiary; 1200 infantry at Deptford, and 30 pieces of heavy field-ordnance were ready at the Tower, to be transported by hired steamers to any required point. The meeting was held, but was brought to "a ridiculous issue, by the unity and resolution of the metropolis, backed by the judicious measures of the Government, and the masterly military precautions of the Duke of Wellington."

"On our famous 10th of April, his peculiar genius was exerted to the unspeakable advantage of peace and order. So effective were his preparations that the most serious insurrection could have been successfully encountered, and yet every source of provocation and alarm was removed by the dispositions adopted. No military display was anywhere to be seen. The troops and the cannon were all at their posts, but neither shako nor bayonet was visible; and for all that met the eye, it might have been concluded that the peace of the metropolis was still entrusted to the keeping of its

own citizens. As an instance, however, of his forecast against the worst, on this memorable occasion, it may be observed that orders were given to the commissioned officers of artillery to take the discharge of their pieces on themselves. The Duke knew that a cannon-shot too much or too little might change the aspect of the day; and he provided, by these remarkable instructions, both for imperturbable forbearance as long as forbearance was best, and for unshrinking action when the moment for action came."—*Memoir; Times*, Sept. 15-16, 1852.

The Chartists' Petition was presented to the House of Commons on the above day, signed, it was stated, by 5,706,000 persons:

### *Apsley House.*

THIS noble mansion, at Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly—"No. 1, London," as the foreigner called it—is erected partly upon a piece of ground given by George II. to an old soldier named Allen, whom the King recognised as having served in the battle of Dettingen. Upon this spot Allen built a tenement in place of the apple-stall, which, by sufferance, had been kept thereon by his wife; and before the erection of Apsley House, in 1784, this piece of ground was sold, for a considerable sum, by Allen's descendants, to Apsley, Lord Bathurst. The maternal apple-stall is shown in a print, dated 1766.

More celebrated, however, is the mansion as the town-house of Arthur, Duke of Wellington; and for the priceless testimonials which it contains to the true greatness of that illustrious man. Yet, during the unhealthy excitement, when the Reform Bill agitators clung to the wheels of the Lord Mayor's stage-coach, as it rolled

into the courtyard of St James's, Apsley House was attacked by lawless brawlers, who threw stones at the very gallery in which was celebrated every year the victory which saved England and Europe! It was to protect his mansion, after the windows had been broken by the mob, that the Duke had affixed the bullet-proof iron Venetian blinds, which were not removed during his Grace's lifetime. "They shall remain where they are," was his remark, "as a monument of the gullibility of a mob, and the worthlessness of that sort of popularity for which they who give it can assign no good reason. I don't blame the men that broke my windows. They only did what they were instigated to do by others who ought to have known better. But if any one be disposed to grow giddy with popular applause, I think a glance towards these iron shutters will soon sober him."

Lastly, on fine afternoons, the sun casts the shadow of the Duke's equestrian statue full upon Apsley House, and the sombre image may be seen, gliding spirit-like over the front.

## Remarkable Duels.

---

### *Trial by Battle.*

IN the year 1818 an appeal was made to the Court of King's Bench to award this ancient mode of trial in a case of murder. The body of one Mary Ashford was found drowned, with marks of dreadful ill-treatment upon it, and Abraham Thornton was committed to take his trial for the murder. The grand jury found a true bill, but, after a long and patient trial, the petty jury returned a verdict of "not guilty." The country were much divided on the subject; and the evidence was very contradictory on the trial, especially as to time and distance. Mr Justice Holroyd, who tried the case, was satisfied with the verdict. The poor murdered girl's relations preferred an appeal, which involved a solemn tender of trial by battle. It would be useless to dwell on the arguments used by the counsel on either side: the court divided in favour of the prisoner's claim to *trial by wager of battle*, and the challenge was formally given by throwing down a glove upon the floor of the court; but the combat did not take place, and the prisoner escaped from the punishment which, even on his own admission of guilt, he had so fully incurred. A wretched outcast, shunned and dreaded by all who knew him, a few months after his liberation, Thornton attempted to proceed to America: the sailors of the vessel in which he was about to take his passage refused to proceed to

sea with such a character on board ; but, disguising himself, he succeeded in a subsequent attempt to procure a passage, and thus relieved this country of his presence. In consequence of the above revival of this barbarous practice, a bill was brought in by the then Attorney-General, and was passed into a law, by which *Wager of Battle*, and all similar proceedings, were abolished altogether.

Mr Hewitt, in his able work on *Ancient Arms and Armour*, says : “ In the thirteenth century we first obtain a pictorial representation of the legal duel or wager of battle—rude, it is true, but curiously confirming the testimony that has come down to us of the arms and apparel of the champions,”—on one of the miscellaneous rolls in the Tower, of the time of Henry III. The combatants are Walter Blowberne and Haman le Stare, the latter being the vanquished champion, and figuring a second time undergoing the punishment incident to his defeat—that is, hanging. Both are armed with the quadrangular-bowed shield and a baton headed with a double beak ; and are bareheaded, with cropped hair, in conformity with an ordinance of the camp-fight. An example agreeing with this description, with the exception of the square shield appearing to be flat instead of bowed, occurs on a tile-pavement found, in 1856, within the precincts of Chertsey Abbey, Surrey.

The legal antiquaries were disappointed of the rare spectacle of a judicial duel, by the voluntary abandonment of the prosecution. A writer of the time observed : —“ Should the duel take place, it will be indeed a singular sight to behold the present venerable and learned judges of the Court of King’s Bench, clothed in their full costume, sitting all day long in the open air in Tothill Fields, as the umpires of a match at single-stick. Nor will a less surprising spectacle be furnished by the

learned persons who are to appear as the counsel of the combatants, and who, as soon as the ring is formed, will have to accompany their clients within the lists, and to stand, like so many seconds and bottle-holders, beside a pair of bare-legged, bare-armed, and bare-headed cudgellists." The subject, ludicrous as it seemed, was one of considerable seriousness and importance. The reflection that in the nineteenth century a human life might be sacrificed to a practice which might have been conceived too absurd, impious, and cruel, to have outlived the dark ages, could not be entertained without pain. In the following year, however, this barbarous absurdity was nullified by an Act (59 Geo. III. c. 46) abolishing all criminal appeals and trial by battle in all cases, both civil and criminal, and thus purifying the law of England from a blot which time and civilisation had strangely failed to wear away.

Dr Luke Booker, of Dudley, wrote a kind of moral drama on this occasion, which he entitled *The Mysterious Murder*.

### *The Field of Forty Footsteps.*

IN the rear of Montague House, Bloomsbury, until the present generation, the ground lay waste, and being on the edge of the great town, presented a ready arena for its idle and lawless dangerous classes. It appears to have been originally called Long Fields, and afterwards Southampton Fields. They were the resort of depraved persons, chiefly for fighting pitched battles, especially on the Sabbath-day; such was the state of the place up to 1800.

Montague House and Gardens occupied seven acres. In the latter were encamped, in 1780, the troops stationed to quell the Gordon riots; and a print of the

period shows the ground in the rear of the mansion laid out in grass-terraces, flower-borders, lawns, and gravel-walks, where the gay world resorted on a summer's evening. The back being open to the fields extending to Lisson Grove and Paddington; north, to Primrose Hill, Chalk Farm, Hampstead, and Highgate; and east, to Battle Bridge, Islington, St Pancras, &c.: the north side of Queen Square was left open, that it might not impede the prospect. Dr Stukeley, many years rector of St George's Church, in his MS. diary, 1749, describes the then rural character of Queen Square and its neighbourhood. On the side of Montague Gardens, next Bedford Square, was a fine grove of lime-trees; and the gardens of Bedford House, which occupied the north side of the present Bloomsbury Square, reached those of Montague House. We can, therefore, understand how, a century and a half since, coachmen were regaled with the perfume of the flower-beds of the gardens belonging to the houses in Great Russell Street, which then enjoyed "wholesome and pleasant air." Russell Square was not built until 1804, although Baltimore House was erected in 1763; and it appears to have been the only erection since Strype's Survey to this period, with the exception of a chimney-sweeper's cottage, still further north, and part of which is still to be seen in Rhodes's Mews, Little Guildford Street. In 1800, Bedford House was demolished entirely; which, with its offices and gardens, had been the site where the noble family of the Southamptons, and the illustrious Russells, had resided during more than 200 years, almost isolated. (*Dr Rimbault.*)

The Long Fields would seem to have been early associated with superstitious notions; for Aubrey tells us, that on St John Baptist's Day, 1694, he saw, at mid-

night, twenty-three young women in the parterre behind Montague House, looking for a coal, under the root of a plantain, to put under their heads that night, "and they should dream who would be their husbands."

But there is stronger evidence of this superstition in association. A legendary story of the period of the Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion relates a mortal conflict here between two brothers, on account of a lady, who sat by; the combatants fought so ferociously as to destroy each other; after which, their footsteps, imprinted on the ground in the vengeful struggle, were said to remain, with the indentations produced by their advancing and receding; nor would any grass or vegetation ever grow over these *forty footsteps*. Miss Porter and her sister upon this fiction, founded their ingenious romance, *Coming Out, or the Field of Forty Footsteps*; but they entirely depart from the local tradition. At the Tottenham Street Theatre was produced, many years since, an effective melodrama, founded upon the same incident, entitled the *Field of Forty Footsteps*.

Southey records this strange story in his *Common-place Book* (Second Series, p. 21). After quoting a letter from a friend, recommending him to "take a view of those wonderful marks of the Lord's hatred to *duelling*, called *The Brothers' Steps*," and describing the locality, Southey thus narrates his own visit to the spot:—

"We sought for near half an hour in vain. We could find no steps at all within a quarter of a mile, no, nor half a mile of Montague House. We were almost out of hope, when an honest man, who was at work, directed us to the next ground, adjoining to a pond. There we found what we sought, about three-quarters of a mile north of Montague House, and 500 yards east of Tottenham Court Road. The steps are of the size of a large human foot, about three inches deep, and lie nearly from north-east to south-west. We counted only seventy-six; but we were not exact in counting. The place where one or both the brothers are supposed to have

fallen is still bare of grass. The labourer also showed us the bank where (the tradition is) the wretched woman sat to see the combat."

Southey adds his full confidence in the tradition of the indestructibility of the steps, even after ploughing up, and of the conclusions to be drawn from the circumstance.—*Notes and Queries*, No. 12.

Joseph Moser, in one of his *Commonplace Books*, gives this account of the *footsteps*, just previous to their being built over :—

"June 16, 1800. Went into the fields at the back of Montague House, and there saw, for the last time, *the forty footsteps*; the building materials are there, ready to cover them from the sight of man. I counted more than *forty*, but they might be the footprints of the workmen."

We agree with Dr Rimbault that this evidence establishes the period of the final demolition of the footsteps, and also confirms the legend that forty was the original number.

In the third edition of *A Book for a Rainy Day*, we find this note upon the above mysterious spot :—

"Of these steps there are many traditionary stories : the one generally believed is, that two brothers were in love with a lady, who would not declare a preference for either, but coolly sat down upon a bank to witness the termination of a duel, which proved fatal to both. The bank, it is said, on which she sat, and the footmarks of the brothers when passing the ground, *never produced grass again*. The fact is, that these steps were so often trodden that it was impossible for the grass to grow. I have frequently passed over them ; they were in a field on the site of St Martin's Chapel, or very nearly so, and *not on the spot as communicated to Miss Porter*, who has written an entertaining novel on the subject."

## *The Famous Cheshire Will Case.*

THE Will of Dame Lady Anne Fytton, widow, introduces us to two families—the Fittons of Gawsworth, and the Gerards, their cousins. The son and heir of

Lady Anne was Sir Edward Fytton, whose sister Penelope married Sir Charles Gerard. Fytton and Gerard! what a coil the men who bore these names made some years after Lady Anne was entombed at Gawsorth! Will upon will, lawsuit upon lawsuit—how fierce and foul the struggle, which began in one century with forgery, and concluded in the next with murder in Hyde Park.

They who now pass through Gerrard Street and Macclesfield Street, Soho, pass over ground where the son and heir of Sir Charles Gerard, first baron of that name, and subsequently Earl of Macclesfield, kept a gay house, surrounded by trim gardens, and a sulky French wife, whom Charles II. forbade continuing her attendance on the Queen, because the lady let her tongue wag rudely against the Castlemaine whom Gerard himself received at his mansion. That lord, who gave up his commission of the Guards for a douceur of £12,000 from the King, who wanted the dignity for Monmouth, was a fine dresser, a false friend, a tale-bearer against Clarendon, and altogether not a man to be esteemed. His uncle, Sir Edward Fytton of Gawsorth, had died childless, entailing (it was said) his estates on a kinsman, William Fytton, who was succeeded in the possession by his son Alexander. To oust the latter, nineteen years after the death of Sir Edward, and thirty after the entail had been confirmed, as alleged, by a deed-poll, Gerard produced a will which would be looked for in vain in the Ecclesiastical Court at Chester. It purported to be that of Gerard's uncle, Sir Edward, duly made in the nephew's favour. Hot, fierce, anxious, was the litigation that followed. Fytton pleaded the deed-poll, but Gerard brought forward one

Abraham Granger, who made oath that he had forged the name of Sir Edward to that deed under menace of mortal violence. Thereupon the judgment of the Chancellor was given in favour of Gerard, and the deed declared to be a forgery. Fytton, as soon as he heard the judgment pronounced, "rose up," says Roger North, "and went straight down to a shop in the Hall, took up his Lordship's picture, paid his shilling, and, rolling up his purchase, went off, desiring only an opportunity in a better manner to resent such an ancient piece of justice."

Then ensued the strangest part of this will story. Abraham Granger, impelled by remorse or liberal payment, or desire to escape a great penalty by acknowledging the smaller offence, appeared in court, and confessed that he had perjured himself when he swore that he had forged the name of Sir Edward. The confession, however, was unsupported, and Fytton, who was considered the responsible person, was condemned to fine, imprisonment, and pillory. But he was not a man to be kept from greatness by having suffered such degradation. Turning Romanist, he was patronised by James the Second, who made him Chancellor of Ireland and Baron Gawsworth, and who found in him a willing and unscrupulous instrument in James's Irish Parliament, and active in passing Acts of Forfeiture of Protestant property and Attainder of Protestant personages.

The family quarrel, as we have said, ended in blood. Gerard died in 1693, Earl of Macclesfield. He was succeeded by his two sons, Charles, who died childless, in 1701, and Fytton Gerald, Earl of Macclesfield, who died, without heirs, in 1702. Ten years later occurred, in Hyde Park, that savage duel between Lord Mohun, and

the Duke of Hamilton, in which both adversaries were slain. Political animosities, which ran very high at this period, gave a peculiar acrimonious character to the transaction ; but the main cause was—these two men, Mohun and Hamilton, were husbands of co-heiresses, who were disputing possession of the old Cheshire estates of the Fyttons ; and they brought to a sanguinary end the old Cheshire will case,\* as will be seen in our next narration.

### *Duel between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun.*

ON the 15th of November 1712, this most sanguinary duel was fought near Prince's Lodge, in Hyde Park. The spot was known as "the Ring," parts of which can be distinctly traced on the east of the Ranger's grounds. This memorable struggle is minutely detailed in *Transactions during the Reign of Queen Anne*, published at Edinburgh in 1790, by Charles Hamilton, a member of the illustrious house of Hamilton, who was led to take a peculiar interest in the subject.

It appears that upon the return of Lord Bolingbroke from Paris, Queen Anne was pleased to nominate the Duke of Hamilton her Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to France. Previously to his departure upon this embassy, his Grace laboured to bring to issue a Chancery suit, which for some time had lain depending between Lord Mohun and him, whose respective consorts were nieces of the late Earl of Macclesfield. By appointment the two lords met on the morning of

\* Abridged from the *Athenæum*.

the 13th November, at the chambers of Olebar, a Master in Chancery. Upon hearing the evidence of Mr Whitworth, formerly steward of the Macclesfield family, an old man, whose memory was much impaired by age, the Duke of Hamilton said, "There is no truth or justice in him." Lord Mohun replied, "I know Mr Whitworth; he is an honest man, and has as much truth as your Grace." This grating retort was not noticed by the Duke. Having concluded their business, the parties separated without any heed or apparent animosity.\* Lord Mohun that night supped at the Queen's Arms Tavern, in Pall Mall, in the company of General Macartney and Colonel Churchill, both violent men, and declared partisans of the Duke of Marlborough. From the tavern Lord Mohun retired to his own house, in Marlborough Street. Early next morning, he paid a hurried visit to General Macartney and Colonel Churchill, who both occupied lodgings in the same house. Attended by these two gentlemen, his Lordship afterwards proceeded to Marlborough House, where it is but too plain that the offending party was prevailed upon to send a challenge to the party offended.

Next day General Macartney with Lord Mohun went to the Rose Tavern: the Duke and his Lordship retired into a private room, and ordered a bottle of claret, a part of which they drank. The Duke joined some company who expected him; and the General returned to my Lord Mohun, with whom he went away.

Lord Mohun that evening again supped at the Queen's

\* The above and all the following circumstances are extracted with fidelity from different examinations taken before the Privy Council after the Duke's cruel catastrophe, and from the trial of General Macartney in the Court of King's Bench.

Arms in Pall Mall, with the Duke of Richmond, Sir Robert Rich, Colonel Churchill, and a stranger. About twelve at night, General Macartney came in, took Lord Mohun to the Bagnio, in Long Acre, ordered a room with two beds: here the General and his Lordship slept; having desired to be called at six o'clock in the morning.

Uncommon pains were taken to keep up Lord Mohun's spirits, who seems to have had very little inclination for the duel. Yet he was not a novice at fighting, for his Lordship had been engaged in other broils. Swift says he had twice been tried for murder. The Duke so little apprehended foul play being designed against him, that at seven o'clock on the next morning, 15th November, as he was dressing himself to repair to the place appointed, he recollected that he stood in need of a second. He despatched a footman to Colonel Hamilton, in Charing Cross, with a request that he would dress himself with expedition, as he would speedily be with him. The Duke stepped into his chariot, ordered the coachman to drive to the Colonel's lodgings, went in, and hurried him away. They drove on to Hyde Park, where the coachman stopped. The Duke ordered him to drive on to Kensington. Colonel Hamilton subsequently deposed before the Privy Council: "Coming to the lodge, we saw a hackney-coach at a distance, on which his Grace said, 'There is somebody he must speak with;' but driving up to it, and seeing nobody, he asked the coachman, 'Where are the gentlemen you brought?' He answered, 'A little before.' The Duke and I got out in the bottom, and walked over the Pond's Head, when we saw Lord Mohun and General Macartney before us. After this we all jumped over the ditch into the nursery, and the

Duke, turning to Macartney, told him, ‘Sir, you are the cause of this, let the event be what it will.’ Macartney answered, ‘My lord, I had a commission for it.’ Then Lord Mohun said, ‘These gentlemen shall have nothing to do here;’ at which Macartney replied, ‘We will have our share.’ Then said the Duke, ‘There is my friend; he will take his share in my dance.’ We all immediately drew. Macartney made a full pass at me, which passing down with great force, I wounded myself in the instep; however, I took the opportunity to close with and disarm Macartney; which being done, I turned my head, and seeing my Lord Mohun fall with the Duke upon him, I flung down both the swords, and ran to the Duke’s assistance. As I was raising up my Lord Duke, I saw Macartney make a push at his Grace. I immediately looked whether he had wounded him, but perceiving no blood, I took up my sword, expecting that Macartney would attack me again,—but he walked off. Just as he was going, came up the keepers and others, to the number of nine or ten, among the rest the Duke’s steward, who had brought with him a surgeon, who, on opening his Grace’s breast, soon discovered a wound on the left side, which entered between the left shoulder and pap, and went slantingly down through the midriff into his belly.

“The surgeons, who afterwards opened the body, at the same time confirmed this circumstance. Let any person at all acquainted with the fencing attitudes determine whether such a wound could have been given by the opposed adversary in the act of fighting, or whether, while lying transfixed, extended on his back, he could have thrust his sword into his opponent’s bosom in the manner above described, particularly when it is

considered that the Duke had only accidentally slipped down upon the wet grass.\*

“John Reynolds, of Price’s Lodge, further deposed that he was within thirty or forty yards from the lords when they fell; that my Lord Mohun fell into the ditch upon his back, and the Duke of Hamilton leaning over him. That the two seconds ran into them, and immediately himself, who demanded the seconds’ swords, which they gave him; but that he was forced to wrest the Duke’s sword out of his hand. That he assisted in lifting up the Duke, who was lying on his face, and in supporting him while he walked about thirty yards, when he said he could walk no farther.”

There is another version of this sanguinary affair in a letter from Macartney, who had fled to the Continent, written to a friend of his in town. This represents Lord Mohun striving to prevent the duel, for which purpose, on his behalf, Macartney waited upon the Duke to accommodate the matter; for which purpose also his Grace had sent messengers in quest of Macartney. It was then proposed that the parties should meet that night at the Rose Tavern, in Covent Garden. Macartney and Lord Mohun went together, and there found the Duke of Hamilton alone, and (says Macartney) “his whole dress was changed from a long wig and velvet clothes I had left him in to a riding wig and stuff coat, without either star or ribbon, only a St Andrew’s cross, and an old white cloak.” “You see, sir,” said my Lord Duke, smiling, “that I am come *en cavalier*.” “I

\* Lest it should be surmised that he might have held his sword in the left hand, it should here be mentioned that in running Lord Mohun through the body his Grace had received a wound in the right arm, which evinces that the right hand was his sword hand.

see it, indeed, my Lord," said I; "but I hope it is on some other gallant occasion, no way relating to our last discourse." His Grace replied, "No, faith, 'tis for the business you know of, for *le mis prest-à-tout*." "My Lord," said I, "I am come here by your Grace's commands, not without hopes that, discoursing with your Grace and your friend, things might be better understood, and perhaps settled to both your satisfactions." "My friend is here," said my Lord Duke; and, going to the door, called very loudly, "Jack, come in." Immediately enters Colonel Hamilton in a red coat with gold buttons; and the Duke, presenting him to me, said, "Sir, here is the gentleman who is to entertain you." Then, turning to Colonel Hamilton, says, "Do you hear, Jack? Lord Mohun and I have an affair to decide which no one is to know of but yourself and Mr Macartney." "With all my heart," says Colonel Hamilton; "Mr Macartney and I know one another very well." There being wine upon the table, I drank to him Duke Hamilton's health; he pledged it, and his Grace drank to me; on which I filled another glass and said, "My Lord, let me drink to a happy conclusion of this affair." "With all my heart," said the Duke.

No time of meeting was then arranged, and Macartney left the Duke and Colonel Hamilton together. Macartney declared that till Hamilton came into the room, he had not lost hopes of an accommodation; but the Duke presenting to Macartney, for an antagonist, a gentleman who had a long prejudice to him, for being made major over his head in the Scots Greys, besides a later difference which happened in Scotland, this unhappy rencontre made him incapable of further proposals.

Macartney thus relates the struggle:—"Immediately both lords drew, and I can give little account of their action, being at the same instant engaged with Colonel Hamilton, with whom, after some parrying, I closed in; and getting his sword from him with my left hand, he caught hold of mine with his right hand just below the hilt. 'Sir,' said I, 'struggle not, for I have your sword.' 'Sir,' said he, 'I have a grip of yours;' 'Quit it, then,' said I, 'and don't force me to run you through the back, but let's haste to save them.' I saw the lords then struggle and fall together, their ground being much changed in the action. While I was yet uttering the words I mentioned last to Colonel Hamilton, the keeper came up and found us two in this posture, standing upon our legs close struggling, his sword in my left hand, free over his right shoulder, and my sword in my right hand, he pulling at the blade with both his. One of the keepers took our two swords, and I think another ran at the same instant to the lords, crying out, 'What a deal of mischief is done here! Would to God we had come sooner! You gentlemen are such strange creatures!' As we stepped to the lords, as I think not above four yards from us, Lord Mohun was not altogether on his back, but in a manner between lying and sitting, bending forward to Duke Hamilton, of whose sword he laid a hold with his left hand. Duke Hamilton was on his knees leaning to his left almost across Lord Mohun, and holding Lord Mohun's sword also fast with his left hand, both striving, but neither able, to disengage himself from t'other. One of the keepers, with Colonel Hamilton, first lifted the Duke, while with another I endeavoured the same service to my Lord Mohun, who immediately said to me, 'I be-

lieve I am killed, for I have several wounds in my belly.' 'Good God forbid,' said I, and turning him off his wounded side and belly, strove in vain to give him relief. I saw the Duke, supported by the Colonel and another, walk some yards, but staggering, which I imputed to a great gash I saw in his leg, which I thought had cut the sinews. I continued my care about my Lord Mohun till hopes were passed, and then sent his body home in the same coach that brought us." Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, Nov. 15, 1712, says:—"The Duke was helped into the Cake House by the Ring in Hyde Park, and died on the grass before he could reach the house."

This duel assumed a high political colour. The Duke was regarded as the head of the Jacobite party, and Lord Mohun a zealous Whig. The Duke's appointment as ambassador alarmed the Whigs, on the supposition that this nobleman favoured the Pretender. Macartney disappeared, and escaped in disguise to the Continent. Colonel Hamilton declared upon oath, before the Privy Council, that when the principals engaged, he and Macartney followed their example; *that Macartney was immediately disarmed*; but the Colonel, seeing the Duke *fall upon his* antagonist, threw away the swords, and ran to lift him up; that while he was employed in raising the Duke, Macartney, having taken up one of the swords, stabbed his Grace over Hamilton's shoulder, and retired immediately. A proclamation was issued, promising a reward of £500 to those who should apprehend or discover Macartney; and the Duchess of Hamilton offered £300 for the same purpose. The Tories exclaimed against this event as a party duel. They treated Macartney as a cowardly assassin; and



Lord Mohun and he fell out of late,  
Fal, &c.  
About some trifles of the State ;  
Fal, &c.  
So high the words between them rose,  
As very soon it turned to blows :  
How it will end there 's nobody knows.  
Fal, &c.

Lord Mohun, who never man could face,  
Fal, &c.  
Unless in some dark and private place,  
Fal, &c.

(Twice.)

He sent a challenge unto his Grace.  
Fal, &c.

Betimes in the morning his Grace arose,  
Fal, &c.  
And straight to Colonel Hamilton goes ;  
Fal, &c.  
Your company, sir, I must importune,  
Betimes in the morning, and very soon,  
To meet Général M'Cartney and Lord Mohun.  
Fal, &c.

The Colonel replies, I am your slave,  
Fal, &c.  
To follow your Grace unto the grave.  
Fal, &c.  
Then they took coach without delay,  
And to Hyde Park by break of day—  
Oh ! there began the bloody fray.  
Fal, &c.

No sooner out of coach they light,  
Fal, &c.  
But Mohun and M'Cartney came in sight—  
Fal, &c.

(Twice.)

Oh ! then began the bloody fight.  
Fal, &c.

Then bespoke the brave Lord Mohun,  
Fal, &c.

I think your Grace is here full soon ;  
Fal, &c.

I wish your Grace would put it bye,  
Since blood for blood for vengeance cry,  
And loath I am this day to die.  
Fal, &c.

Then bespoke the Duke his Grace,  
Fal, &c.

Saying, Go find out a proper place ;  
Fal, &c.

My Lord, to me the challenge you sent—  
To see it out is my intent,  
Till my last drop of blood be spent.  
Fal, &c.

Then these heroes' swords were drawn,  
Fal, &c.

And so lustily they both fell on ;  
Fal, &c.

Duke Hamilton thrust with all his might  
Unto Lord Mohun thro' his body quite,  
And sent him to eternal night.  
Fal, &c.

By this time his Grace had got a wound,  
Fal, &c.

Then on the grass, as he sat down,  
Fal, &c.

Base M'Cartney, as we find,  
Cowardly, as he was inclined,  
Stabb'd his Grace the Duke behind,  
Fal, &c.

This done, the traitor ran away,  
Fal, &c.

And was not heard of for many a day ;  
Fal, &c.

IN Christian land, let's hear no more  
Of duelling and human gore,  
The story's told—I say no more—  
But fal lal de ral de re, O.

### *Duel between Lord Byron and Mr Chaworth.*

EVERY reader of the "Life of Lord Byron" will recollect that the granduncle of the illustrious poet, in the year 1765, took his trial in the House of Peers, for killing in a duel, or rather scuffle, his relation and neighbour, Mr Chaworth, "who was run through the body, and died next day."

Lord Byron and Mr Chaworth were neighbours in the country, and they were accustomed to meet, with other gentlemen of Nottinghamshire, at the Star and Garter Tavern, in Pall Mall, once a month, what was called the Nottinghamshire Club.

The meeting at which arose the unfortunate dispute that produced the duel, was on the 26th of January 1765, at which were present Mr John Hewet, who sat as chairman; the Hon. Thos. Willoughby; Frederick Montagu, John Sherwin, Francis Molineux, Esqrs., and Lord Byron; William Chaworth, George Donston, and Charles Mellish, junior, Esq.; and Sir Robert Burdett; who were all the company present. The usual hour was soon after four, and the rule of the club was to have the bill and a bottle brought in at seven. Till this hour all was jollity and good humour; but Mr Hewet, happening to start some conversation about the best method of preserving game, setting the laws for that purpose out of the question, Mr Chaworth and Lord Byron were of different opinions; Mr Chaworth insisting on severity

against poachers and unqualified persons ; and Lord Byron declaring that the way to have most game was to take no care of it at all. Mr Chaworth, in confirmation of what he had said, insisted that Sir Charles Sedley and himself had more game on five acres than Lord Byron had on all his manors. Lord Byron, in reply, proposed a bet of one hundred guineas, but this was not laid. Mr Chaworth then said, that were it not for Sir Charles Sedley's care, and his own, Lord Byron would not have a hare on his estate ; and his Lordship asking, with a smile, what Sir Charles Sedley's manors were, was answered by Mr Chaworth,—Nuttall and Bulwell. Lord Byron did not dispute Nuttall, but added, Bulwell was his ; on which Mr Chaworth, with some heat, replied, "If you want information as to Sir Charles Sedley's manors, he lives at Mr Cooper's, in Dean Street, and, I doubt not, will be ready to give you satisfaction ; and, as to myself, your Lordship knows where to find me, in Berkeley Row."

The subject was now dropped ; and little was said, when Mr Chaworth called to settle the reckoning, in doing which the master of the tavern observed him to be flurried. In a few minutes, Mr Chaworth, having paid the bill, went out, and was followed by Mr Donston, whom Mr C—— asked if he thought he had been short in what he had said ; to which Mr D—— replied, "No ; he had gone rather too far upon so trifling an occasion, but did not believe that Lord Byron or the company would think any more of it." Mr Donston then returned to the club-room. Lord Byron now came out, and found Mr Chaworth still on the stairs : it is doubtful whether Lord B—— called upon Mr C——, or Mr C—— called upon Lord B—— ; but both went down to the

first landing-place—having dined upon the second floor, and both called a waiter to show an empty room, which the waiter did, having first opened the door, and placed a small tallow-candle, which he had in his hand, on the table ; he then retired, when the gentlemen entered, and shut the door after them.

In a few minutes, the affair was decided ; the bell was rung, but by whom is uncertain : the waiter went up, and, perceiving what had happened, ran down stairs frightened, told his master of the catastrophe, when he ran up to the room, and found the two antagonists standing close together : Mr Chaworth had his sword in his left hand, and Lord Byron his sword in his right ; Lord B——'s left hand was round Mr Chaworth, and Mr C——'s right hand was round Lord B——'s neck, and over his shoulder. Mr C—— desired Mr Fynmore, the landlord, to take his sword, and Lord B—— delivered up his sword at the same moment : a surgeon was sent for, and came immediately. In the meantime, six of the company entered the room ; when Mr Chaworth said that "he could not live many hours ; that he forgave Lord Byron, and hoped the world would ; that the affair had passed in the dark, only a small tallow-candle burning in the room ; that Lord Byron asked him, if he addressed the observation on the game to Sir Charles Sedley, or to him ?—to which he replied, ' If you have anything to say, we had better shut the door,' that while he was doing this, Lord Byron bid him draw, and in turning he saw his Lordship's sword half drawn, on which he whipped out his own sword, and made the first pass ; that the sword being through my Lord's waistcoat, he thought that he had killed him ; and, asking whether he was not mortally wounded, Lord Byron,

while he was speaking, shortened his sword, and stabbed him in the belly." When Mr Hawkins, the surgeon, arrived, he found Mr Chaworth sitting by the fire, with the lower part of his waistcoat open, his shirt bloody, and his hand upon his belly. He inquired if he was in immediate danger, and being answered in the affirmative, he desired his uncle, Mr Levinz, might be sent for. In the meantime, he stated to Mr Hawkins, that Lord Byron and he (Mr C——) entered the room together; that his Lordship said something of the dispute, on which he, Mr C——, fastened the door, and turning round, perceived his Lordship with his sword either drawn, or nearly so; on which he instantly drew his own, and made a thrust at him, which he thought had wounded or killed him; that then perceiving his Lordship shorten his sword to return the thrust, he thought to have parried it with his left hand, at which he looked twice, imagining that he had cut it in the attempt; that he felt the sword enter his body, and go deep through his back; that he struggled, and being the stronger man, disarmed his Lordship, and expressed his apprehension that he had mortally wounded him; that Lord Byron replied by saying something to the like effect; adding that he hoped now he would allow him to be as brave a man as any in the kingdom. Mr Hawkins adds that, pained and distressed as Mr Chaworth then was, and under the immediate danger of death, he repeated what he had heard he had declared to his friends before,—that he had rather be in his present situation, than live under the misfortune of having killed another person.

After a little while, Mr Chaworth seemed to grow stronger, and was removed to his own house: additional medical advice arrived, but no relief could be

given him : he continued sensible till his death. Mr Levinz, his uncle, now arrived with an attorney, to whom Mr Chaworth gave very sensible and distinct instructions for making his will. While this was being done, Mr Chaworth described to his uncle the catastrophe, as he had related it to Mr Hawkins,—lamenting his own folly in fighting in the dark, an expression that conveyed no imputation on Lord Byron ; and implied no more than that by fighting with a dim light, he had given up the advantage of his own superiority in swordsmanship, and had been led into the mistake that he was in the breast of his Lordship, when he was but entangled in his waistcoat ; for under that mistake he certainly was when Lord Byron shortened his sword, and ran him through the body : he added to Mr Levinz, that he died as a man of honour, and expressed satisfaction that he was in his present situation, rather than in that of having the life of any man to answer for. The will was now executed, and the attorney, Mr Partington, committed to writing the last words Mr Chaworth was heard to say. This writing was handed to Mr Levinz, and gave rise to a report that a paper was written by the deceased, and sealed up, not to be opened till the time that Lord Byron should be tried ; but no paper was written by Mr Chaworth, and that written by Mr Partington was as follows :—“ Sunday morning, the 27th of January, about three of the clock, Mr Chaworth said that my Lord’s sword was half-drawn ; and that he, knowing the man, immediately, or as quick as he could, whipped out his sword, and had the first thrust ; that then my Lord wounded him, and he disarmed my Lord, who then said, ‘ By G—d, I have as much courage as any man in England.’ ”

Lord Byron was committed to the Tower, and was tried before the House of Peers, in Westminster Hall, on the 16th and 17th of April 1765. The prisoner was brought to the bar by the deputy-governor of the Tower, having the axe carried before him by the gentleman gaoler, who stood with it on the left hand of the prisoner, with the edge turned from him. Lord Byron's defence was reduced by him into writing, and read by the clerk. The Peers present, including the High Steward, declared Lord Byron, on their honour, to be not guilty of murder, but of manslaughter; with the exception of four Peers, who found him not guilty generally. On this verdict being given, Lord Byron was called upon to say why judgment of manslaughter should not be pronounced upon him. His Lordship immediately claimed the benefit of the first Edward VI., cap. 12, a statute by which, whenever a Peer was convicted of any felony for which a commoner might have Benefit of Clergy, such Peer, on praying the benefit of that Act, was always to be discharged without burning in the hand, or any penal consequence whatever. The claim of Lord Byron being accordingly allowed, he was forthwith discharged on payment of his fees. This singular privilege was supposed to be abrogated by the 7 & 8 Geo. IV., cap. 28, s. 6, which abolished Benefit of Clergy; but some doubt arising on the subject, it was positively put an end to by the 4 & 5 Vict., cap. 22. (*Celebrated Trials connected with the Aristocracy.* By Mr Serjeant Burke.)

Mr Chaworth was the descendant of one of the oldest houses in England, a branch of which obtained an Irish Peerage. His grandniece, the eventual heiress of the family, was Mary Chaworth, the object of the early

unrequited love of Lord Byron, the poet. Singularly enough, there was the same degree of relationship between that nobleman and the Lord Byron who killed Mr Chaworth, as existed between the latter unfortunate gentleman and Miss Chaworth.

Lord Byron survived the above trial thirty-three years, and, dying in 1798, leaving no surviving issue, the title devolved on his grandnephew, the poet, who, in a letter, thus refers to the fatal rencontre:—"As to the Lord Byron who killed Mr Chaworth in a duel, so far from retiring from the world, he made the tour of Europe, and was appointed master of the stag-hounds after that event; and did not give up society until his son had offended him by marrying in a manner contrary to his duty. So far from feeling any remorse for having killed Mr Chaworth, who was a 'spadassin,' and celebrated for his quarrelsome disposition, he always kept the sword which he used on that occasion in his bedchamber, and there it still was when he died."

### *Duel between the Duke of York and Colonel Lenox.*

IN the year 1789, the Duke of York said, or was reported to have said, that Colonel Lenox (afterwards Duke of Richmond), of the Coldstream Guards, had submitted to language at D'Aubigny's Club, to which no gentleman ought to submit; and on the Colonel's requesting to be informed to what language his Royal Highness alluded, the Duke replied by ordering the Colonel to his post. After parade, the conversation was renewed in the orderly-room. The Duke declined

to give his authority for the alleged words at D'Aubigny's, but expressed his readiness to answer for what he had said, observing that he wished to derive no protection from his rank : when not on duty he wore a brown coat, and hoped that Colonel Lenox would consider him merely an officer of the regiment, to which the Colonel replied that he could not consider his Royal Highness as any other than the son of his King. Colonel Lenox then addressed a circular to the members of the Club, and failing to receive the required information, again applied to his Royal Highness to withdraw the offensive words, or afford the means of verifying them.

On a renewed refusal of explanation, a hostile message was delivered, and the parties met at Wimbledon Common ; his Royal Highness attended by Lord Rawdon, and Colonel Lenox by the Earl of Winchilsea. The ground was measured at twelve paces : Lenox fired first, and the ball grazed his Royal Highness's side-curl ; the Duke of York did not fire. Lord Rawdon then interfered, and said that he thought enough had been done. Lenox observed that his Royal Highness had not fired. Lord Rawdon said it was not the Duke's intention to fire ; his Royal Highness had come out, upon Colonel Lenox's desire, to give him satisfaction, and had no animosity against him. Lenox pressed that the Duke should fire, which was declined, with a repetition of the reason. Lord Winchilsea then expressed his hope that the Duke of York would have no objection to say, he considered Colonel Lenox a man of honour and courage. The Duke replied that he should only say that he had come out to give Colonel Lenox satisfaction, and did not mean to fire at him—if Colonel

Lenox was not satisfied, he might fire again. Lenox said, he could not possibly fire again at the Duke, as his Royal Highness did not mean to fire at him. On this, both parties left the ground. The affair led to a prolonged discussion among the officers of the Coldstream Guards, who at length passed a resolution that Colonel Lenox had behaved with courage, but not (under very trying circumstances) with judgment.

The Prince of Wales (George IV.), however, took up the matter with a high hand, as an insult to his family. The 4th of June being the King's birthday, a State ball was given at St James's Palace, which came to an abrupt conclusion, as thus described in a magazine of the period:—"There was but one dance, occasioned, it is said, by the following circumstance:—Colonel Lenox, who had not danced a minuet, stood up with Lady Catherine Barnard. The Prince of Wales did not see this until he and his partner, the Princess Royal, came to Colonel Lenox's place in the dance, when, struck with the incongruity, he took the Princess's hand, just as she was about to be turned by Colonel Lenox, and led her to the bottom of the dance. The Duke of York and the Princess Augusta came next, and they turned the Colonel without the least particularity or exception. The Duke of Clarence, with the Princess Elizabeth, came next, and his Royal Highness followed the example of the Prince of Wales. The dance proceeded, however, and Lenox and his partner danced down. When they came to the Prince and Princess, his Royal Highness took his sister, and led her to her chair by the Queen. Her Majesty, addressing herself to the Prince of Wales, said, 'You seem heated, sir, and tired!' 'I am heated and tired, madam,' said the Prince,

‘not with the dance, but with dancing in such company.’ ‘Then, sir,’ said the Queen, ‘it will be better for me to withdraw, and put an end to the ball!’ ‘It certainly will be so,’ replied the Prince, ‘for I never will countenance insults given to my family, however they may be treated by others.’ Accordingly, at the end of the dance, Her Majesty and the princesses withdrew, and the ball concluded.”

A person named Swift wrote a pamphlet on the affair, taking the Duke’s side of the question. This occasioned another duel, in which Swift was shot in the body by Colonel Lenox. The wound, however, was not mortal, for there is another pamphlet extant, written by Swift on his own duel.

Colonel Lenox immediately after exchanged into the 35th Regiment, then quartered at Edinburgh, where he became very popular; it was suspected from his quarrel with the Duke being attributed to a lurking feeling of Jacobitism—Lenox being a left-handed descendant of the Stewart race.

### *“Fighting Fitzgerald.”*

THE records of Tyburn, or of Newgate, do not yield a parallel to the worthlessness of the individual who, in the last century, was infamously known as “Fighting Fitzgerald.” By birth and fortune a gentleman, by profession a soldier, he possessed not a single attribute of either character: in manners offensively low and vulgar; in language vituperative; in habits a gamester and a brawler; the most noted duellist on record, yet a coward at heart was this ferocious impostor.

In the course of his wicked life, he fought upwards

of twenty duels, killing or wounding eighteen of his antagonists, and except a severe wound in the head, received in his first rencontre, never meeting with a scratch. At one period of his career, he came in collision with Captain Scawen, of the Guards. From that gentleman having stigmatised his conduct, Fitzgerald determined to bully him into an apology, and meeting the Captain at the Cocoa-tree Tavern, he demanded, in his usual swaggering manner, whether Captain Scawen had ever dared to take liberties with his name and character. "Liberties, sir!" was the response, "no *liberties* can be taken with that which is already infamous." A meeting was the consequence, the parties passing over to the Continent for the purpose, and they fought on the Austrian territory, near Tournay. Fitzgerald fired first, and his ball passed close under the Captain's chin. Scawen then prepared to fire, but Fitzgerald anticipated the intention, by firing his *second* pistol at his opponent, but declaring to have done so by *accident*!—a cold-blooded attempt at murder. Captain Scawen then refused to fire, and the duel was put an end to by the Captain apologising.

In Fitzgerald's final duel with Major Cunningham, that officer insisted upon fighting with swords, when the secret of long impunity and success was detected. The Major having passed Fitzgerald's guard, and by a powerful thrust, struck against the other's breast, the weapon snapped, striking against a *steel surface*, when Cunningham taxed his opponent with wearing armour, and he was driven off the field. After this defeat, Fitzgerald retired to his Irish property: he lived a life of violence and outrage, and closed his career of crime with the murder of two neighbouring gentlemen, for which

he was tried, convicted, and executed. Twice the rope broke in the attempt to hang him; and twice he fell to the ground, supplicating for five minutes' longer life. Such was the end of "Fighting Fitzgerald."

### *Primrose Hill.*

PRIMROSE HILL has also been the scene of several sanguinary duels, one of which took place on April 6, 1803, between Lieut.-Col. Montgomery and Captain Macnamara, in consequence of a quarrel between them in Hyde Park. They met the same evening: Capt. M.'s ball entered the right side of Col. M.'s chest, and passed through the heart. He instantly fell without uttering a word, but rolled over two or three times, as if in great agony, and groaned; being carried into Chalk Farm tavern, he expired in about five minutes. Col. Montgomery's ball went through Capt. Macnamara, entering on the right side, just above the hip: it passed through the left side, carrying part of the coat and waistcoat in with it, and taking part of his leather breeches and the hip-button away with it on the other side. Capt. Macnamara was tried for manslaughter at the Old Bailey; he received an excellent character from Lords Hood, Nelson, Hotham, and Minto, and a great number of highly respectable gentlemen: the jury pronounced a verdict of Not Guilty.

Primrose Hill has been also called Green-Berry-Hill, from the names of the three persons who were executed for the assassination of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, and who were said to have brought him hither after he had been murdered at Somerset House.

*Lord Camelford, the Duellist.*

THE turbulent career of this eccentric peer, bruiser, and duellist, presents several strange and amusing incidents. He was the great-grandson of the famous Governor Pitt, who acquired most of his ample fortune in India by the purchase of the "Pitt diamond," which was sold in Europe, with great profit, to the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France.

Lord Camelford was born in 1775; and in spirit and temper, when a boy, was violent and unmanageable. He was bred to the Royal Navy, and accompanied Captain Vancouver in the ship *Discovery*, where, through his refractoriness and disobedience of orders, he was treated with necessary severity of discipline. On his return home, he challenged his captain, and meeting him in Bond Street, was only prevented from striking him by the interference of his brother. In the public life of the metropolis, his pugnacity most strangely displayed itself. On the night of April 2, 1799, during a riot at Drury Lane Theatre, Lord Camelford savagely assaulted and wounded a gentleman, for which assault a jury of the Court of King's Bench returned a verdict against him of £500. Soon after this affair he headed an attack upon four watchmen in Cavendish Square, when, after an hour's conflict, his Lordship and the other assailants were captured, and, guarded by twenty armed watchmen, were conveyed to the watch-house. In another freak of this kind, on the night of a general illumination for Peace in 1801, Lord Camelford would not suffer lights to be placed in the windows of his apartments, at a grocer's in New Bond Street. The

mob assailed the house with a shower of stones at the windows, when his Lordship sallied out, and with a stout cudgel kept up a long conflict, until he was overpowered by numbers, and retreated in a deplorable condition. His name had now become a terror. Entering, one evening, the Prince of Wales's Coffee-House in Conduit Street, he sat down to read the newspapers. Soon after came in a conceited fop, who seated himself opposite his Lordship, and desired the waiter to bring a pint of Madeira, and a couple of wax candles, and put them into the next box. He then drew to himself Lord Camelford's candle, and began to read. His Lordship glanced at him indignantly, and then continued reading. The waiter announced the fop's commands completed, when he lounged round into the box, and began to read. Lord Camelford then, mimicking the tone of the coxcomb, called for a pair of snuffers, deliberately walked to his box, snuffed out both candles, and his Lordship deliberately returned to his seat. The coxcomb, boiling with rage, roared out, "Waiter! who is this fellow that dares thus to insult a gentleman? Who is he? What is he? What do they call him?" "*Lord Camelford*, sir," replied the waiter. "Who? Lord Camelford!" returned the fop, in a tone of voice scarcely audible, terror-struck at his own impertinence—"Lord Camelford! What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down the money, and stole away without daring to taste his Madeira.

James and Horace Smith relate that they happened to be at the Royal Circus when "God save the King" was called for, accompanied by a cry of "Stand up!" and "Hats off!" An inebriated naval lieutenant, perceiving a gentleman in an adjoining box slow to obey

the call, struck off his hat with his stick, exclaiming, "Take off your hat, sir!" The other thus assaulted proved to be, unluckily for the lieutenant, Lord Camelford. A set-to in the lobby was the consequence, where his Lordship quickly proved victorious. "The devil is not so black as he is painted," said Mr James Smith to his brother; "let us call upon Lord Camelford, and tell him that we were witnesses of his being assaulted." The visit was paid on the ensuing morning, at Lord Camelford's lodgings, No. 148 New Bond Street. Over the fireplace of the drawing-room were ornaments strongly expressive of the pugnacity of the peer. A long thick bludgeon lay horizontally supported on two brass hooks. Above this was placed one of lesser dimensions, until a pyramid of weapons gradually arose, tapering to a horsewhip :—

Thus, all below was strength, and all above was grace.

Lord Camelford received his visitors with great civility, and thanked them warmly for the call; adding that their evidence would be material, it being his intention to indict the lieutenant for an assault. "All I can say in return is this," exclaimed the peer, with great cordiality, "if ever I see you engaged in a row, upon my soul I'll stand by you." Messrs Smith expressed themselves thankful for so potent an ally.

Lord Camelford's irritable disposition, which had involved him in numberless quarrels and disputes, at length paved the way to his fatal catastrophe—about a fortnight after the scene at the Royal Circus. He had, for some time, been acquainted with a Mrs Simmons, who had formerly lived under the protection of Captain Best, a friend of his Lordship. An officious person had

represented to him that Best had said to this woman something scandalous of Lord Camelford. This so incensed his Lordship, that on March 6th, 1804, meeting with Best at the Prince of Wales's Coffee-House, he went up to him and said, loud enough to be heard by all who were present, "I find, sir, that you have spoken of me in the most unwarrantable terms." Captain Best replied that he was quite unconscious of having deserved such a charge. Lord Camelford replied, that he was not ignorant of what he had said to Mrs Simmons, and declared him to be "a scoundrel, a liar, and a ruffian." A challenge followed, and the meeting was fixed for the next morning. During the evening, the captain transmitted to Lord Camelford the strongest assurances that the information he had received was unfounded, and that, as he had acted under a false impression, he should be satisfied if he would retract the expressions he had made use of; but this his Lordship refused to do. Captain Best then left the coffee-house. A note was soon afterwards delivered to his Lordship, which the people of the house suspected to contain a challenge. Information was lodged at Marlborough Street, but no steps were taken by the police to prevent the meeting, until near two o'clock the following morning, when officers were stationed at Lord Camelford's door: it was then too late.

Lord Camelford had already left his lodgings, to sleep at a tavern, so as to avoid the officers. Agreeably to an appointment made by their seconds, his Lordship and the captain met early in the morning, at a coffee-house in Oxford Street, where Mr Best made another effort to prevail on Lord Camelford to retract the expressions he had used. To all remonstrance he

replied, "Best, this is child's play—the thing must go on."

Accordingly, his Lordship and Captain Best, on horseback, took the road to Kensington, followed by a post-chaise, in which were the two seconds. On their arrival at the Horse and Groom, the parties dismounted, and proceeded by the path to the fields behind Holland House. The seconds measured the ground, and took their stations at the distance of thirty paces—twenty-nine yards. Lord Camelford fired first, but without effect. An interval of several seconds followed, and, from the manner and attitude of Captain Best, the persons who viewed the transaction at a distance, imagined that he was asking whether his Lordship was satisfied. Best then fired, and his Lordship fell at full length. The seconds, together with the captain, immediately ran to his assistance, when he is said to have seized the latter by the hand, and to have exclaimed, "Best, I am a dead man; you have killed me, but I freely forgive you." The report of the pistols had alarmed some men who were at work near the spot, when Captain Best and his second thought it prudent to provide for their own safety. One of Lord Holland's gardeners now approached, and called to his fellow-labourers to stop them. On his arrival, Lord Camelford's second, who had been supporting him as well as he was able, ran for a surgeon, and Mr Thompson, of Kensington, soon after came to his assistance. His Lordship then asked the man "why he had called out to stop the gentlemen, and declared that he did not wish them to be stopped; that he himself was the aggressor, that he forgave the gentleman who had shot him, and hoped God would forgive him too." Meanwhile, a chair was procured, and his

Lordship was carried to Little Holland House, where, after three days' suffering, he expired.

We have seen that Lord Camelford, in his heart, acquitted Captain Best; he acknowledged also, in confidence to his second, that he himself was in the wrong; that Best was a man of honour; that he could not prevail on himself to retract words he had once used. The reason of the obstinacy with which he rejected all advances towards a reconciliation was that his Lordship entertained an idea that his antagonist was the best shot in England; and to have made an apology would have exposed his Lordship's courage to suspicion.

On the morning after his decease, an inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of wilful murder returned against "Some person or persons unknown;" on which a bill of indictment was preferred against Captain Best and his friend, which was ignored by the grand jury.

### *A Literary Duel.*

IT was at the period when *Fraser's Magazine* was in the zenith of its popularity, that its publisher got involved in two unpleasant results—a horse-whipping and a duel. The Hon. Mr Grantley Berkeley's narrative states that a lady conceived the idea of asking for his assistance, though she knew him only by repute, in a delicate difficulty, in which none of her own friends were able to assist her; and we learn that he did take up her quarrel, upon excellent grounds, and with very immediate and considerable effect. The culprit in the case was the well-known Dr Maginn, who, having the lady in his power, from his then influence as a literary critic, was pressing upon her, as the price of averting his hostility,

a dishonourable compliance with desires which were at once base and mercenary. Mr Berkeley boasts that he succeeded in taking Dr Maginn's intended prey out of his paws, though he was afterwards warned by Lady Blessington, who was subsequently made cognisant of the circumstances, that Maginn would watch for an opportunity of having his revenge. The opportunity which came was the publication, some time afterwards, of a novel by Mr Grantley Berkeley, which Dr Maginn took the opportunity of criticising in *Fraser's Magazine*, not, however, with a fair criticism, but with a malignant insinuation against Lady Euston (Dowager-Duchess of Grafton, and the cousin of the author), to whom he had very naturally dedicated the work. It would have been reasonable that any man, at whose lady relative a scandalous insult was thus pointed, should feel a little tingling of the blood in consequence ; and accordingly Mr Grantley Berkeley, accompanied by his brother Craven, and armed with a stout horsewhip, waited on Mr Fraser, the publisher of the magazine, to demand the name and address of the author of the article in question. The author was Dr Maginn, but, as Mr Fraser declined to name him, Mr Berkeley assumed that he might hold Mr Fraser himself responsible, and thereupon he hauled him out by the collar, and administered a most severe chastisement. For the moment the assault was treated as a police case, but it was soon converted into the subject of a civil action ; and in the meantime Dr Maginn, though with no exceeding alacrity, threw himself in the way of Mr Berkeley, and arrangements were made for a hostile meeting.

In the duel which thereupon took place, neither combatant fought with his own pistols; though both of them

fought with Mr Grantley Berkeley's choice gunpowder, to his own extreme disgust. They fired three shots at each other, Mr Berkeley aiming at his antagonist's legs, but only succeeding in hitting the heel of his boot and the hinge of his own brother Henry's pistol-case, on which it rested. We remember hearing at the time that the latter, who had followed his brother on horseback to the field, and was looking on from behind the nearest hedge, was by no means gratified by this damage to his property, and that *his* disgust at this incident was almost the only sentiment he expressed upon this occasion. At all events, no further damage was done in the encounter, except what appears to have been the dispersion of some cotton wadding, under Dr Maginn's shirt-front, by the third and last shot from Mr Grantley Berkeley's pistol. Mr Fraser was Dr Maginn's second, and Major Fancourt was that of Mr Berkeley. Subsequent to this a counter-action for libel was brought by Mr Berkeley against Mr Fraser in the Exchequer, but the litigation on both sides was compromised by the simple payment of Mr Fraser's doctor's bill. Mr Henry Berkeley subsequently had a correspondence with Dr Maginn on another occasion, when he again assailed the honour of the Berkeley family, in which, metaphorically, the wadding flew out of the doctor a second time, while the public result of the whole, according to the opinion of the author and principal in the business, and, indeed, in that also of some other more reasonable people, was to the effect that "it put a wholesome restraint upon the herd of libellers who, in the *Age* and *Satirist* newspapers, and *Fraser's Magazine*, had for years been recklessly trading upon scandals affecting families of distinction."—*Times' Review*.

*A Terrible Duel.*

IN the reign of James I., when duelling rose to a fearful height, the following conflict occurred between the Duke of B. and Lord B., concerning a certain beautiful Countess of E. The Duke challenged the Lord, and, contrary to usage, gave him the choice of weapons, the challenger's privilege. They met the next morning—a cold, rainy, miserable morning; time, five o'clock; place, the first tree behind the lodge in Hyde Park. They stripped off their fine scarlet coats trimmed with gold and silver lace—the Duke excessively indignant that they should examine his vest, so as to be certain there was no unlawful protection underneath, but the Lord, more accustomed to the formalities, submitting to the search coolly enough—and then they took their pistols, before taking to their swords, according to the fashion of the times. At the first fire the Duke missed, but Lord B. hit his Grace near the thumb; at the second fire, the Duke hit the Lord. They then drew their swords and rushed on each other. After the first or second thrust Lord B. entangled his foot in a tuft of grass, and fell; but, supporting himself with his sword hand, he sprung back, and thus avoided a thrust made at his heart. The seconds then interfered, and attempted to bring about a reconciliation; but the Duke—who seems to have been the most fiery throughout—angrily ordered them back, threatening to stab the first who again interfered. After much good play and fine parrying, they came to a “close lock, which nothing but the key of the body could open.” Thus they stood, unable to strike a blow, each afraid to give the other

the smallest advantage, yet each struggling to free himself from his entanglement. At last, by one wrench stronger than the others, they tore themselves away; and at the same time both their swords sprang out of their hands—Lord B.'s six or seven yards in the air. This accident, however, did not retard them long; they seized their weapons again and fought on. The Lord was then wounded in the sword arm; but, bearing back, and before the Duke had quite recovered from his lunge, he ran him through the body. The blow left the Lord unguarded; and, with the sword through him, the Duke cut and thrust at his antagonist, who had only his naked hand wherewith to guard himself. After his hand had been fearfully mangled with putting aside his enemy's sword, the Lord was in his turn run through—one rib below the heart. Again the seconds interfered; again without success; when the Lord, faint from loss of blood, fell backward, and, in falling, drew his sword out of the Duke's wound. "Recovering himself a little before he was quite down, he faltered forward, and falling with his thigh across his sword, snapped it in the midst." The Duke then took his own sword, broke it, and, sinking on the dead body of his antagonist, sighed deeply, turned once, and died: the cold, drizzling rain falling chill on the stiffening bodies and the dank grass.\*

\* Abridged from Chambers's "Book of Days."

# Notorious Highwaymen.

---

## *Heroes of the Road.*

IN that curious record, Narcissus Luttrell's *Diary*, we find some fearful pictures of the crimes of the people, and the work of the public executioner—the institution which, since the days of Hubert de Burgh, had made Tyburn memorable ground. There was no official in the kingdom so actively employed in Luttrell's day as the finisher of the law. Every month the Old Bailey judges turned over to him a crowd of wretches, who were not necessarily of the lowest classes, to be hung, burnt in the hand, branded on the cheek, or to be whipped. Occasionally, the judges gave this busy functionary a woman to burn alive, for clipping the King's coin,—a crime in which parsons, baronets, bankers, barristers, and beggars dabbled, in spite of the inevitable penalty of hanging for male clippers, and of burning alive for females. A gang of gentlemen clippers, dissatisfied with the condition of the law, as it regarded them and their offences, passed over to Flanders and commenced clipping the Spanish King's coin. Whereupon they were caught, and the chief of them were, according to our diarist, "boyld to death," or, as he elsewhere describes it, "scalded alive."

Awful as were the executioner and his work, the criminal delighted to exhibit his contempt for him.

"A highwayman (1690), lately condemned at the Sessions, was going to be tied up by the hangman according to custom, but he knock't down the hangman in the face of the court, and made very indecent reflections on the court." Nay, at the very gallows, we witnessed this incident :—"The

same day six persons were executed at Tyburn ; some of them behaved themselves very impudently, calling for sack, and drank King James's health, and affronted the ordinary at the gallows, and refused his assistance ; and bid the people return to their obedience, and send for King James back." While thieves and murderers at the gallows thus had their own way, except in one trifle—that of hanging—the streets were at the mercy of those not yet captured. "Most part of this winter (1690-1) have been so many burglaries committed in this town and the adjacent parts of it, and robberies of persons in the evening, as they walk't the streets, of their hats, periwigs, cloaks, swords, &c., &c., as was never known in the memory of any man living."

If an honest man called a hackney-coach to ride home, he was anything but secure from being strangled ! These vehicles were hired as being convenient for assassinations. Clinch, the physician, was made away with in one of them ; and when the Government resolved to put the hackney-coach system under the regulation of commissioners, the coachmen and their wives raised a riot. The first found their bloody privileges annihilated, and the ladies were horrified at the prospective loss of booty.

It was especially the murderers who were the jolliest at Tyburn. We read of one Paynes, who "had killed five or six persons in a short time" (1694), and he "kickt the ordinary out of the cart at Tyburn, and pulled off his shoes, saying hee'd contradict the old proverb, and nct dye in them." Kicked the ordinary out of the cart ! We should feel indescribable regret at this insult on the reverend gentleman, were it not for the circumstance that he probably deserved it. The Newgate ordinary in those days was not much, if at all, better than his flock. It was no uncommon thing for a score of highwaymen together to be in Newgate, and they oftener drank than prayed with the ordinary, who preferred punch, as Fielding says, in his *Jonathan Wild*, the rather that there is nothing said against that liquor in Scripture ! Nothing escaped the hands of the highway-

men,—they even stole “the King’s pistols during his stay at Petworth, in Sussex” (1692). If any class was more active than the thieves, it was that of the French privateers,—one vessel of which roving species “came up the river (1693), intending to have seized the yacht that carried the money down to pay the fleet, but was taken, and she is now before Whitehall.”

It was a narrow escape! But no privateer, no ordinary or extraordinary highwayman, equalled in the pursuit of his peculiar industry the busy individual who (April 27, 1692) “was this day convicted at Session-house, for sacrilege, rape, burglary, murder, and robbing on the highway; all committed in twelve hours’ time.” The father of iniquity himself could hardly have surpassed this worthy son, whose dexterity and rapid style of performance appear to have saved his neck, for Mr Luttrell does not record his execution. Not that very severe punishments were not often inflicted,—as in an entry for “Tuesday, 4th July” (1693), which tells us that “one Cockburne, a nonjuring person, is *banished Scotland for ever.*”

These details may appear insignificant, but they are not so, in so far as they intimate much of the quality and contents of Luttrell’s *Brief Relation*, scarcely a page of which is without its crimes and criminals. They reflect, too, with truthful gloominess the aspect of the times, and we will not leave them without adverting to a very celebrated personage, whose name is sometimes taken to be a myth, though his office is acknowledged to be a terrible reality. Under the head of January 1685–6, we find it recorded that “Jack Ketch, the hangman, for affronting the Sheriffs of London, was committed to Bridewell, and is turned out of his place, and

one Rose, a butcher, put in." This was ruin for John, and as good as an estate for the butcher. But some men provoke fortune to desert them, and Rose was one of such men. In the May of the year above named, we read that "five men of those condemned at the Sessions were executed at Tyburn: one of them was one Pascha Rose, the new hangman, so that now Ketch is restored to his place."\*

Under the reign of Queen Anne, too, we read that a certain scoundrel named Harris, though one of the Queen's guard, was also a noted highwayman, at the head of a gang, and after much practice was brought very near Tyburn; "but," says Luttrell, "'tis said William Penn, who obtained the Queen's pardon for Harris, condemned for robbing on the highway, has also got a commission for him to be lieutenant of the militia in Pennsylvania, to which plantation he is to be transported." Nor was Harris's vocation ungentlemanly, since gentlemen took to it, and were caught at it, as we find by an entry in Luttrell's diary to the effect that, "Saturday, Sir Charles Burtern, barrt., was committed for robbery on the highway, near St Alban's."

### *Claude Duval*

WAS a famous highwayman of the 17th century, who made Holloway, between Islington and Highgate, frequently the scene of his predatory exploits. In Lower Holloway he was long kept in memory by *Duval's Lane*, which, strangely enough, was previously called Devil's Lane, and more anciently Tolentone Lane.

Macaulay, in his *History of England*, tells us that

\* From a paper in the *Athenæum* on Luttrell's work.

Claude Duval "took to the road, became captain of a formidable gang," and that it is related "how, at the head of his troop, he stopped a lady's coach, in which there was a booty of four hundred pounds ; how he took only one hundred, and suffered the fair owner to ransom the rest by dancing a coranto with him on the heath." Mr Frith has made this celebrated exploit the subject of one of his wonderful pictures, which has been engraved.

Duval's career was cut short : he was arrested at the Hole-in-the-Wall, in Chandos Street, Covent Garden, and was executed at Tyburn, January 21, 1669, in the twenty-seventh year of his age ; and, after *lying in state* at the Tangier Tavern, St Giles's, was buried in the middle aisle of St Paul's Church, Covent Garden ; his funeral was attended with flambeaux, and a numerous train of mourners, "to the great grief of the women." Within memory, Duval's Lane was so infested with highwaymen, that few persons would venture to peep into it, even in mid-day ; in 1831 it was lighted with gas.

*Femmy Whitney, the Handsome Highwayman.*

THIS hero of his day (1692), while jauntily airing himself in Bishopsgate Street, was attacked by the police officials, one of whom he traversed with "a bagonet," during a fight which the intrepid scoundrel sustained for an hour against the officers and a mob. Subsequently, most of his gang were captured,—and among them were a livery stable-keeper, a goldsmith,

and a man-milliner! The last must have been an ambitious fellow, for "taking to the road" was looked upon as rather a dignified pursuit; and no less a person than "Captain Blood, the son of him that stole the crown," was said at this very period to be keeping up his gentility by stopping his Majesty's mails. Whitney, popular as he was, had nothing of the Macheath in him. He was no sooner in irons than he "offers to discover his accomplices, and those that give notice where and when money is conveyed on the road in coaches and waggons, if he may have his pardon." He is compelled, however, to stand to his indictments; and though he is found guilty only on three out of five, as the penalty is death, the difference to him is not material. He is confidently said to have "broke" Newgate, but with "forty pounds weight of iron on his legs." "He had his taylor," says Mr Luttrell, "make him a rich embroidered suit, with perug and hat, worth £100; but the keeper refused to let him wear them, because they would disguise him from being known." After conviction, he again offered to "peach," and plots having been favourable to villains in times past, "'tis said he has been examined on a design to kill the king." Then we hear of him addressing letters to the heads of Government; and the rascal enters so circumstantially into a conspiracy to slay the King in Windsor Forest, that a reprieve reaches him, to enable him to reveal everything. He is even carried in a sedan to Whitehall! The wary fellow, however, stipulates that he should have a free pardon before he "makes his discovery." The high contracting parties cannot agree, and Whitney is made to oscillate between the gaol and the gibbet. He is carried to Tyburn, and brought back with the rope round his handsome neck.

He will, nevertheless, tell nothing but under previous full pardon. A warrant is then issued to hang him "at the Maypole in the Strand." This, however, is not done ; but, finally, the Government being convinced that he has nothing to reveal, give him up to justice ; and Mr Luttrell compliments him by noticing him under his Bagshot brevet-captaincy ; and tells us that "Yesterday (Wednesday, 1st of February 1693), being the 1st instant, captn James Whitney, highwayman, was executed at Porter's Block, near Cow Crosse, in Smithfield ; he seemed to dye very penitent ; was an hour and a halfe in the cart before turn'd off."—From the *Athenæum* paper on Luttrell's *Diary*.

### *Dick Turpin.*

THE great feat of Turpin's life was his ride from London to York in twelve hours, mounted on his bonny Black Bess, as told in the story-books, and made by Mr Harrison Ainsworth the startling episode of his popular novel of *Rockwood*. This is all very ingenious ; but it is doubted whether Turpin ever performed the journey at all. Lord Macaulay had no faith in the story. He was dining one day at the Marquis of Lansdowne's ; the subject of Turpin's ride was started, and the old story of the marvellous feat, as generally told, was alluded to, when Macaulay astonished the company by assuring them that the entire tale from beginning to end was false ; that it was founded on a tradition of at least three hundred years old ; that, like the same anecdote fathered on different men in succeeding generations, it was only told of Turpin because he succeeded the original hero in the public taste ; and that, if any of the company chose

to go with him to his library, he would prove to them the truth of what he had stated in "black and white,"—a favourite phrase with Lord Macaulay.\*

Turpin was long the terror of the North Road. Upon a verdant plot of ground, opposite the Green Man, Finchley, on the road to Barnet, was a large oak, which had weathered some centuries, and was known as "Turpin's Oak," from the notorious Dick having often taken up his station behind this tree when he was intent upon a freebooting excursion. Its closeness to the high road rendered it a very desirable reconnoitring spot for Turpin, as well as for highwaymen generally, who a century and a quarter ago were continually robbing the mails, as well as commercial travellers (bagmen) proceeding to and fro between London and the north of England. From time to time were taken out of the bark of this oak pistol-balls which had been discharged at the trunk to deter highwaymen, should any have been at hand, from attacking the parties travelling. Mr Nuthall, the solicitor, was upon one occasion stopped in his carriage by two highwaymen, who came from behind this oak, as he was proceeding to his country-house at Monken-Hadley; when Mr N., being armed with pistols, wounded one of the thieves so severely, that he died of the effects.

Many years after the above encounter, as Mr Nuthall was returning from Bath to the metropolis, he was attacked by a highwayman on Hounslow Heath; who, on his demands not being complied with, fired into the carriage. Mr Nuthall returned the fire, and, it was thought, wounded the man, as he rode off precipitately. On arriving at the inn, Mr N. wrote a description of the

\* J. C. Hotten, in *Notes and Queries*, 2d S. ix.

fellow to Sir John Fielding, but had scarcely finished the letter when he expired.

Turpin was a gay gallant ; Mrs Fountain, a celebrated beauty of her day, and nearly related to Dean Fountain, was once saluted by Turpin in Marylebone Gardens. "Be not alarmed, madame," said the highwayman ; "you can now boast of having been kissed by Turpin ;" and the hero of the road walked off unmolested. Turpin was hanged at York in 1739.

*M'Lean, the Fashionable Highwayman,*

FIGURED in the first half of the last century, and is portrayed by Horace Walpole with exquisite humour. He was robbed by M'Lean in the winter of 1749, of which Walpole gives this account :—"One night in the beginning of November 1749, as I was returning from Holland House by moonlight, about ten o'clock, I was attacked by two highwaymen in Hyde Park, and the pistol of one of them going off accidentally, razed the skin under my eye, left some marks of shot on my face, and stunned me. The ball went through the top of the chariot, and if I had sat an inch nearer to the left side, must have gone through my head." (*Short Notes.*) One of these highwaymen was M'Lean. He also robbed Lord Eglinton, Sir Thomas Robinson of Vienna, Mrs Talbot, &c. He took an odd booty from the Scotch Earl, a blunderbuss.

M'Lean's history is very particular ; for he confesses everything, and is so little of a hero that he cries and begs, and, Walpole believes, if Lord Eglinton had been in any luck, might have been robbed of his own blunderbuss. His father was an Irish Dean ; his brother was

a Calvinist minister in great esteem at the Hague. M'Lean himself was a grocer in Welbeck Street, but losing a wife that he loved extremely, and by whom he had one little girl, he quitted his business with two hundred pounds in his pocket, which he soon spent, and then took to the road with only one companion, Plunket, a journeyman apothecary.

M'Lean was taken in the autumn of 1750, by selling a laced waistcoat to a pawnbroker in Monmouth Street, who happened to carry it to the very man who had just sold the lace. M'Lean impeached his companion, Plunket, but he was not taken. The former had a lodging in St James's Street, over against White's, and another at Chelsea; Plunket one in Jermyn Street; and their faces were as well known about St James's as any gentleman who lived in that quarter, and who perhaps went on the road too.

M'Lean had a quarrel at Putney Bowling-green, two months before he was taken, with an officer whom he had challenged for disputing his rank; but the captain declined, till M'Lean should produce a certificate of his nobility, which he had just received. Walpole says:—"If he had escaped a month longer, he might have heard of Mr Chute's genealogic expertness, and come hither to the College of Arms for a certificate. There were a wardrobe of clothes, three-and-twenty purses, and the celebrated blunderbuss, found at his lodgings, besides a famous kept mistress. As I conclude he will suffer, I wish him no ill. I don't care to have his idea, and am almost single in not having been to see him. Lord Mountford, at the head of half White's, went the first day; his aunt was crying over him. As soon as they were withdrawn, she said to him, knowing they were of

White's: 'My dear, what did the Lords say to you? Have you ever been concerned with any one of them?'—Was it not admirable? what a favourable idea people must have of White's!—and what if White's should not deserve a much better? But the chief personages who have been to comfort and weep over the fallen hero are Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe; I call them Polly and Lucy, and ask them if he did not sing—

'Thus I stand like the Turk with his doxies around.'

To this Mr Cunningham adds:—Gray has made M'Lean immortal in his *Long Story*:—

A sudden fit of ague shook him;  
He stood as mute as poor M'Lean.

See also Soame Jenyns in his poem of *The Modern Fine Lady*, written this year:—

She weeps if but a handsome thief is hung.

To which he appends this note:—"Some of the brightest eyes were at this time in tears for one M'Lean, condemned for robbery on the highway."

Walpole, in his next letter, dated Sept. 1, writes:—"My friend M'Lean is still the fashion; have not I reason to call him my friend? He says, if the pistol had shot me, he had another for himself. Can I do less than say I will be hanged if he is?" Next, on Sept. 20:—"M'Lean is condemned, and will hang. I am honourably mentioned in a Grub Street ballad for not having contributed to his sentence. There are as many prints and pamphlets about him as about the earthquake."

M'Lean was hung at Tyburn; shortly after Walpole writes, Oct. 18:—"Robbing is the only thing that goes on

with any vivacity, though my friend M'Lean is hanged. The first Sunday after his condemnation, three thousand people went to see him ; he fainted away twice with the heat of his cell. You can't conceive the ridiculous rage there is of going to Newgate ; and the prints that are produced of the malefactors, and the memoirs of their lives and deaths, set forth with as much parade as—as—Marshall Turenne's—we have no generals worth making a parallel."

Mr John Taylor, long connected with the *Sun* newspaper, describes M'Lean as a tall, showy, good-looking man, and a frequent visitor at Button's coffee-house, on the west side of Russell Street, Covent Garden.\*

A Mr Donaldson told Taylor that, observing M'Lean paid particular attention to the barmaid of the coffee-house, the daughter of the landlord, gave a hint to the father of M'Lean's dubious character. The father cautioned his daughter against the highwayman's addresses, and imprudently told her by whose advice he put her on her guard ; she as imprudently told M'Lean. The next time Donaldson visited the coffee-room, and was sitting in one of the boxes, M'Lean entered, and in a loud tone said, " Mr Donaldson, I wish to *spake* to you in a private room." Mr D. being unarmed, and naturally afraid of being alone with such a man, said, in answer, that as nothing could pass between them that he did not wish the whole world to know, he begged leave to decline the invitation. " Very well," said M'Lean, as he left the room, " we shall meet again." A day or two after, as Mr Donaldson was walking near Richmond, in the evening, he saw M'Lean on horse-

\* Button's subsequently became a private house, and Mrs Inchbald lodged there.

back ; but, fortunately, at that moment a gentleman's carriage appeared in view, when M'Lean immediately turned his horse towards the carriage, and Donaldson hurried into the protection of Richmond as fast as he could. But for the appearance of the carriage, which presented better prey, it is probable that M'Lean would have shot Mr Donaldson immediately.

### *Metropolitan Highwaymen.*

THE highwayman was, in thieves' slang, called the Toby-man, who, issuing forth from the purlieus of Chick Lane, or Hatton Wall, in the guise of a well-mounted cavalier, armed with pistols and *couteau de chasse*, gallantly spurring his flashy bit of blood up Holborn Hill, on his route to Hounslow, with his half-cast military style and *degagé* air, would give the town, and especially the female portion of it, assurance of an accomplished and amiable cut-throat ; and who, for a time, took the air in this ostensible way with as much impunity as nonchalance. He knew his term, and could reckon when he would be wanted, for there were watching him those who understood the crime-market better than to put him up before he was worth his price. Blood-money\* was the tenure of his prolonged career : he had his day, and made the most of it ; and if, through a vista of dashing exploits, not ungraced by the smiles of the fair, perhaps including some passages of gallantry and tenderness at Ranelagh, and other resorts of fashion, he

\* The division of the reward allowed for the capture of a noted criminal was frequently arranged at a "Blood-feast." In Hogarth's "Industry and Idleness," one of the scenes is a place significantly distinguished as "The Blood Bowl House," Chick Lane.

caught ever and anon uncomfortable glimpses of the gibbet, still he got inured to the anticipation, and he had in reserve the final glory of "dying game." And, when his time was up, it still was something to be escorted to Newgate with as much state as a nobleman committed for high treason ; and at his trial to recognise from the dock many a member of the Clubs, and fair frequenters of the assemblies, with whom he had gambled or gallanted during the time which he carried it with a high hand, in spite of something stronger than a slight suspicion. At length, ripe and sentenced, covered with profession and honours, his last ride up Holborn resembled, indeed, a triumph rather than aught disgraceful, or of a penitential character. The knight of *roads*, apparelled in his best and gayest, and wearing with jaunty gallantry the favours and farewell tokens of more than one languishing and love-sick fair, would defy, in appearance at least, the heavy tolling of St Sepulchre's bell, and the lugubrious address of the sexton as he passed the churchyard. Proceeding with undaunted air, the hero of a general holiday, he would quaff St Giles's bowl by the way, and, arriving at Tyburn-tree, and having made his speech and final bow, he would kick off his shoes, and submit to be turned off with the grace of a courtier. Thus died the hero of the High Toby, destined to be celebrated by St Giles's minstrelsy, and to furnish the theme of many a stirring relation, when weary turnkeys and thief-takers would sip their purl round the fire at night, in Newgate lobby, and talk of the good old times.

One of the most notorious heroes of the road was John Rann, "Sixteen-string Jack," who was executed at Tyburn, November 30, 1774, for robbing the Rev

Dr Bell, chaplain to the Princess Amelia, in Gannessbury Lane. Rann was a smart fellow, and a great favourite with a certain description of ladies; he had been coachman to the Earl of Sandwich, when his Lordship resided in the south-east corner house of Bedford Row. It was pretty generally reported that the *sixteen strings* worn by this freebooter at his knees were in allusion to the number of times he had been tried and acquitted. However, he was caught at last; and J. T. Smith records his being led, when a boy, by his father's playfellow, Joseph Nollekens, to the end of John Street, to see the notorious terror of the King's highway, Rann, on his way to execution. The malefactor's coat was a bright pea-green; he had an immense nosegay, which he had received from the hand of one of the frail sisterhood, whose practice it was in those days to present flowers to their favourites from the steps of St Sepulchre's Church, as the last token of what they called their attachment to the condemned, whose worldly accounts were generally brought to a close at Tyburn, in consequence of their associating with abandoned characters. Such is Mr Smith's account of the procession of the hero to Tyburn; and Nollekens assured Smith, had his father-in-law, Mr Justice Welsch, been high-constable, they could have walked all the way to Tyburn by the side of the cart.

Mr Grantley Berkeley recounts the circumstances under which Lord Berkeley shot a highwayman who stopped him in 1774-5, and the recital of which he heard from Lord Berkeley himself, this being very different from the description in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and that published in the memoirs of Mr Berkeley's aunt, the Margravine of Anspach. Mr Berkeley hints further,

that no less a person than the Lord Bishop of Twysden of Raphoe was given to these marauding enjoyments some twenty years previously to the attack on his father, and that he was the Bishop who was shot through the body on Hounslow Heath, and for whom the inquiry was gently made in the *Gentleman's Magazine*: "Was this the Bishop who was taken ill on Hounslow Heath and carried back to his friend's house, where he died of an inflammation of the bowels?" This episcopal highwayman was the father of the celebrated Lady Jersey, notorious for her friendship with the Prince of Wales.\*

Mr Grantley Berkeley, in his *Life and Recollections*, tells a story of one Hawkes, commonly called "The Flying Highwayman," who, in the disguise of a Quaker, at an inn, observed the movements of an unsuspecting traveller, and the places on his person where he disposed his valuables, &c.; and who actually, while this person's back was turned, removed the priming from his pistols, and then at their next rencontre plundered him conveniently and pleasantly of everything. It appears that the highwayman himself was captured shortly afterwards at a country inn by two adroit Bow Street runners, who were themselves disguised as clod-hoppers, and the manner in which they surprised him makes a very telling story in Mr Berkeley's interesting work. There is a very curious supplement to the above interesting narrative, in the statement that the eccentric Lord Coleraine paid a visit to "The Flying Highwayman" when in Newgate, and offered him a handsome price for his horse. The high-minded Hawkes responded warmly, "Sir, I am as much obliged to you for your proposal as for your visit. But," he added, in a tone and with a manner which

\* *Times' Review*.

implied his increasing confidence, "the mare won't suit you, perhaps, if you want her for the *road*. It is not every man that can get her up to a carriage!" Lord Coleraine was so pleased with this little trait of professional sympathy, that he advanced him £50 to effect his escape, but in this the highwayman failed; so he honourably returned the money as of no use, and submitted to his fate.

A century ago, hanging was a punishment of daily occurrence, and appears to have been looked upon as one of the most natural occurrences in the world; yet highway robbery increased frightfully. Whole columns in small print appear in the newspapers in the month of March, signed by Fielding as head of the police (the brother of the novelist), and containing a long list of robberies in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, with descriptions of the perpetrators, and offers of reward for their apprehension; while Blackheath and its neighbourhood had become so dangerous that the inhabitants of Greenwich and the adjoining parishes found it necessary to enter into an association, and to contribute to a fund out of which they offered so much a head, on a graduated scale, for mounted highwaymen, footpads, house-breakers, &c., taken alive or dead.

Sir John Fielding, the magistrate just named, in his *Description of London and Westminster*, in 1775, says:—"Robberies on the highway in the neighbourhood of London are not very uncommon; these are usually committed early in the morning, or in the dusk of the evening; and, as the times are known, the danger may be for the most part avoided. But the highwaymen here are civil, compared to those of other countries, do not often use you with ill manners, have been frequently

known to return papers and curiosities with much politeness, and never commit murder unless they are hotly pursued, and find it difficult to escape.

“There are harboured in London a considerable gang of rogues, who for ingenuity and dexterity exceed all in the world of their fraternity. These are the pickpockets of the place, who have made their occupation a science, of which they are exquisite professors. They look upon themselves as a sort of incorporated body, and seem to have a regular correspondence among themselves. For, as many of these are always under confinement in the public prison, there is scarce anything of extraordinary value lost, but what may, upon proper application to them, be effectually recovered in a short time. The way to avoid injury from this industrious fraternity is to avoid crowds, to leave your watch at home, and to carry no more money in your pocket than will barely serve for the purpose of the day.”

Travelling on the New Road after nightfall seems formerly to have been attended with some risk, as will appear from such notices as the following, appended to the Sadlers' Wells advertisements and bills of the performances:—“A horse-patrole will be sent in the New Road at night, for the protection of the nobility and gentry who go from the squares and that end of the town: the road also towards the City will be properly guarded.” “June, 1783.—Patroles, horse and foot, are stationed from Sadlers' Wells Gate, along the New Road, to Tottenham Court Turnpike, &c., between the hours of eight and eleven.”

In 1746, robberies were so frequent, and the thieves so desperate, that the proprietor of Marylebone Gardens was obliged to have a guard of soldiers to protect the

company to and from London, half a mile distance. In 1794, when Mr Lowe was lessee of Marylebone Gardens, he offered a reward of ten guineas for the apprehension of any highwayman found on the road to the Gardens.

Even in the town itself, highwaymen pursued their game. Mr Cunningham tells us that "the iron bars of the two ends of Lansdowne Passage (a near cut from Curzon Street to Hay Hill) were put up late in the last century, in consequence of a mounted highwayman, who had committed a robbery in Piccadilly, having escaped from his pursuers through this narrow passage by riding his horse up the steps. This anecdote was told by the late Thomas Grenville to Sir Frankland Lewis. It occurred while George Grenville was minister, the robber passing his residence in Bolton Street, full gallop." (*Handbook of London*, 2d ed. p. 281.)

Horace Walpole relates that, late in September 1750, as he was sitting in his own dining-room, on a Sunday night, in Arlington Street, the clock had not struck eleven, when he heard a loud cry of "Stop thief!" A highwayman had attacked a post-chaise in Piccadilly, within fifty yards of Walpole's house: the fellow was pursued, rode over the watchman, almost killed him, and escaped.

In 1786—a period when robberies in capitals appear to have been a sort of fashion—on January 7, half an hour after eight, *the mail from France was robbed in Pall Mall*—yes, in the great thoroughfare of London, and within call of the guard at the palace. The chaise had stopped, the harness was cut, and the portmanteau was taken out of the chaise itself. About Strawberry Hill highway robberies were very frequent; the parson and his wife and servant were stopped by footpads,

just by Walpole's gate, and were not so fortunate as the lady who, in going to a party at a neighbour's, was robbed of her purse—of *bad money*, which she always carried in anticipation of being plundered; Walpole, her companion in the chaise, lost his purse of nine guineas.

Near a century earlier a strange robbery was committed in Pall Mall. Dr Sydenham, the celebrated physician, lived in this street from 1658 until 1689, when he died. Mr Fox told Mr Rogers that Sydenham was sitting in his window, looking on the Mall, with a pipe in his mouth, and a silver tankard before him, when a fellow made a snatch at the tankard, and ran off with it. Nor was he overtaken, said Fox, before he got among the bushes in Bond Street, and there they lost him.

The Great Western Road into London, crossing the stream at Knightsbridge, was often nearly impassable from its depth of mud. Wyat's men, in his rebellion of 1554, having crossed the Thames at Kingston, entered London by this approach, and were called "draggletails," from the wretched plight they were in. The badness of the road delayed their march so much that it materially helped their discomfiture. It was no better in 1736, when Lord Hervey, writing from Kensington, complained that "the road between this place and London is grown so infamously bad, that we live here in the same solitude as we should do if cast on a rock in the middle of the ocean; and all the Londoners tell us there is between them and us a great impassable gulf of mud." Added to this was the danger from highwaymen and footpads. "Even so late as 1799," writes Mr Davis, "it was necessary to order a party of light horse to patrol every night from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington; and it is within the

memory of many when pedestrians walked to and from Kensington in bands sufficient to ensure mutual protection, starting at known intervals, of which a bell gave due warning."\* But since 1830 all has changed. However, it is not ten years since the hawthorn hedges finally disappeared at the Gore, and the blackbird and starling were heard. Snipe and woodcocks are said to have been shot at Knightsbridge within the memory of man. And we find Mrs Anne Pitt, sister of Lord Chatham, abandoning her house at Knightsbridge, through its being desolate, lonely, and unsafe.

In the Kensington register of burials there is an entry telling of their terrible condition:—"29th November 1687. Thomas Ridge, of Portsmouth, who was killed by thieves, almost at Knightsbridge." And Lady Cowper, in her diary, October 1715, writes:—"I was at Kensington, where I intended to stay as long as the camp was in Hyde Park, *the roads being so secure by it*, that we might come from London at *any time in the night without danger*, which I did very often." Sixteen years before this (1699), Evelyn, in his diary, complains of robberies here even while coaches and travellers were passing.

That the innkeepers connived at this state of things we have evidence in the memoirs of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who, having quarrelled with the Earl of Rochester, the wit, they agreed to fight on horseback, a way in England a little unusual, but Rochester chose it. "Accordingly," says the Duke, "I and my second lay by the night before at Knightsbridge privately, to avoid the being secured at London upon any suspicion; which yet we found ourselves more in danger of there, because we had all the appearance of highwaymen, that had a

\* *Memorials of Knightsbridge.*

mind to be skulking in an old inn for one night; but this, I suppose, the people of the house *were used to*, and so *took no notice of us, but liked us the better.*" And, in the *Rehearsal*, we have this allusion to the innkeepers' habits and characters:—" *Smith*: But pray, Mr Bayes, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an army thus concealed in *Knightsbridge*?—*Bayes*: In *Knights-Bridge* stay.—*Johnson*: No, not if *the innkeepers be his friends.*"

The audacity of the footpads on this road is attested by the *Gentleman's Magazine*, April 1740, recording that "the Bristol mail from London was robbed a little beyond Knightsbridge by *a man on foot*, who took the Bath and Bristol bags, and, *mounting the post-boy's horse*, rode off towards London." On the 1st of July 1774, William Hawke was executed for a highway robbery here; and two men were executed on the 30th of the ensuing November for a similar offence. In the same year, December 27, Mr Jackson, of the Court of Requests at Westminster, was attacked at Kensington Gore by four footpads: he shot one dead, and the others decamped. Even so late as 1799, it was necessary to order a party of light horse to patrol every night from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington.

"The Half-way House," an inn midway between Knightsbridge and Kensington, had long been a place of ill-repute; in the autumn of 1846 it was taken down, at an expense of £3500, besides the purchase of the fee: near the site is the Prince of Wales's Gate, Hyde Park. We find this place referred to in the trial of a highwayman, who was sentenced to death for a robbery in 1752. The principal witness deposed:—"The chaise to the Devizes having been robbed two or three times, as I was

informed, I was desired to go in it, to see if I could take the thief, which I did, on the 3d of June, about half-an-hour after one in the morning. I got into the post-chaise; the post-boy told me the place where he had been stopped was near the Half-way House, between Knightsbridge and Kensington. As we came near the house, the prisoner came to us on foot, and said, 'Driver, stop!' He held a pistol-tinderbox to the chaise, and said, 'Your money, directly; you must not stay—this minute, your money.' I took out a pistol from my coat-pocket, and from my breeches-pocket a five-shilling piece and a dollar. I held the pistol concealed in one hand, and the money in the other. I held the money pretty hard; he said, 'Put it in my hat.' I let him take the five-shilling piece out of my hand; as soon as he had taken it, I snapped my pistol at him; it did not go off; he staggered back, and held up his hands, and said, 'O Lord! O Lord!' I jumped out of the chaise; he ran away; and I after him, about 600 or 700 yards, and there took him. I hit him a blow in the back; he begged for mercy on his knees; I took his neckcloth off, and tied his hands with it, and brought him back to the chaise; then I told the gentlemen in the chaise that was the errand I came upon; and wished them a good journey, and brought the prisoner to London.—*Question by the Prisoner*: Ask him how he lives.—*Norton*: I keep a shop in Wych Street, and sometimes I take a thief." The post-boy stated on the trial that he had told Norton, if they did not meet the highwayman between Knightsbridge and Kensington, they should not meet him at all—a proof of the frequency of these occurrences in that neighbourhood.

Mr Walker, the police magistrate, writing some thirty

years ago (1835), gives this picture of the security of persons in the metropolis; although the general impression is the reverse. "Considering the enormous, and in many parts demoralised, population of London, it is quite marvellous there should be so little personal insecurity. I have been in the habit for many years of going about all parts of town and the environs at all hours, without any precaution, and I never experienced on any occasion the slightest molestation; and I scarcely ever met in society any one whose actual experience was different.\* It was not so formerly, as the following instances will serve to show. At Kensington, within the memory of man, on Sunday evenings a bell used to be rung at intervals to muster the people returning to town. As soon as a band was assembled, sufficiently numerous to insure mutual protection, it set off; and so on till all had passed. George IV. and the late Duke of York, when very young, were stopped one night in a hackney-coach, and robbed, on Hay Hill, Berkeley Square. The Prince and a party, among whom were old Colonel Lowther and General Hulse, had been to a house of ill-repute in Berkeley Street. They were returning on Hay Hill, when they were stopped, and their money was demanded, by a man who presented a pistol at them. Among them all they could only muster half-a-crown. To cross Hounslow Heath, or Finchley Common, now both enclosed, after sunset, was a service of great danger. Those who ventured were always well armed, and some few had even ball-proof carriages.

\* Sir Richard Phillips, in one of the editions of the *Picture of London*, gives similar experience; but, a few years before his death, Sir Richard was robbed of his gold watch as he stood in New Palace Yard gazing at the King in procession to open Parliament.

There is a house still standing, I believe, on Finchley Common, which, in those days, was the known place of rendezvous for highwaymen. Happily, these things are now matters of history.

“I will add one more instance of change. A retired hackney-coachman, giving an account of his life to a friend of mine, stated that his principal gains had been derived from cruising at late hours, in particular quarters of the town, to pick up drunken gentlemen. If they were able to tell their address, he conveyed them straight home; if not, he carried them to certain taverns, where the custom was to secure their property and put them to bed. In the morning he called to take them home, and was generally handsomely rewarded. He said there were other coachmen who pursued the same course, and they all considered it their policy to be strictly honest. The bell at Kensington and the coachmen’s cruises may be referred back a little more than seventy years, and afford indisputable and consoling proofs of improvement in security, wealth, and temperance. I like to look on the bright side of things.”

The romance of thievery has in a great measure departed, though much of the reality is left in another shape. The clumsy practice of criminal robbery has dwindled, and has chiefly fallen into the hands of boys, trained to their nefarious course by the fence, who takes the lion’s share of the spoil. This character has been portrayed to the life by the author of *Oliver Twist*, in the admirable impersonation of Fagin, whose den is localised in Field Lane, which extended from the foot of Holborn Hill, northward, parallel with the Fleet Ditch : it was thus vividly painted in 1837 :—

"Near to the spot on which Snow Hill and Holborn meet, there opens, upon the right hand as you come out of the City, a narrow and dismal alley leading to Saffron Hill. In its filthy shops are exposed for sale huge bunches of pocket-handkerchiefs of all sizes and patterns—for here reside the traders who purchase them from pickpockets. Hundreds of these handkerchiefs hang dangling from pegs outside the windows, or flaunting from the door-posts; and the shelves within are piled with them. Confined as the limits of Field Lane are, it has its barber, its coffee-shop, its beer-shop, and its fried fish warehouse. It is a commercial colony of itself,—the emporium of petty larceny, visited at early morning and setting-in of dusk by silent merchants, who traffic in dark back-parlours, and go as strangely as they come. Here the clothesman, the shoe-vamper, and the rag-merchant display their goods as sign-boards to the petty thief; and stores of old iron and bones, and heaps of mildewy fragments of woollen stuff and linen, rust and rot in the grimy cellars."\*

It is curious to find the initiatory processes of picking pockets, as taught by Fagin to Oliver Twist, practised in the metropolis nearly three centuries ago. Stow relates the case of "One Walton, a gentleman born, and some time a merchant of good credit, but fallen by time into decay. This man kept an alehouse at Smart's Key, near Billingsgate, and after, for some misdemeanour, put down, he reared up a new trade of life, and in the same house he procured all the cut-purses about the City to repair to his house. There was a schoolhouse set up to teach young boys to cut purses. Two devices were hung up: one was a pocket, and another was a

\* *Oliver Twist.* By Charles Dickens.

purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was being hung with hawk's-bells, and over the top did hang a little sacring bell. The purse had silver in it. And he that could take out a counter without any noise, was allowed to be a public *Foyster*; and he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without noise of any of the bells, was adjudged a judicial *Nypper*, according to their terms of art. A *Foyster* was a pickpocket; a *Nypper* was a pick-purse, or cut-purse."

When the clearance was commenced a quarter of a century ago for the new street from the foot of Holborn Hill in the direction of Clerkenwell, a nestling-place of crime was disturbed in Field Lane, but much of the old abomination remained in the alleys and other narrow places at the back of Cowcross; whence the Fleet Ditch was then open as far as Ray Street, Clerkenwell, near the spot formerly known as Hockley-in-the-Hole. This place, noted for its bear and bull baitings, and gladiatorial exhibitions, from the time of Charles II., is referred to in the *Spectator*; likewise by Pope, Gay, Fielding, and other authors of the last century. Among other exhibitions with which the public were regaled, a handbill, dated 1710, specifies the Baiting of a Mad Ass; also, a Green Bull, probably his first introduction to the pleasures of Hockley-in-the-Hole. Some of the streets of this neighbourhood retain names significant of early times. Brookhill, and Turnmill Street, convey a reminiscence of the Turnmill Brook which ran down here into the Fleet, and of the mill belonging to the Knights Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem, which was turned by its waters. Hard by, the Clerkenwell, now represented by a small pump, was once the scene of the performance of dramatic mysteries by the Worshipful

Company of the Parish Clerks of London. On the eastern bank of the Fleet was Cowcross, so called from a cross which formerly stood there ; and not far from which, at the entrance to Chick Lane from Smithfield, anciently stood the Gallows, denominated the Elms, another significant boundary ; in addition to which may be mentioned the Whipping Post, which stood at the end of Bowling Green Lane, Clerkenwell ; the Stocks and the Pillory were formerly situated in Holborn, near the entrance to Ely Place.

On the demolition, in 1844, of Chick Lane, or West Street, a great sensation was excited by certain discoveries made in the old Red Lion public-house, formerly a noted receptacle for thieves. Here were found trap-doors, sliding panels, blind passages; and other provisions for the evasion of pursuers ; a plank thrown across the Fleet Ditch in the rear of the house being the mode of escape to the opposite bank in case of hot pursuit. Certain skeletons were also shown to visitors here as having been found on the premises ; but it is now known that these latter accessories had only been procured in order to make up a show, to which rank and fashion resorted with an avidity that almost rivalled the marvellous performance of the Cock Lane Ghost.\*

The extraordinary insecurity of London and its neighbourhood a hundred years ago will be best understood by the following notes of highway robberies at that period :—

Jan. 3. “ Saturday last (Jan. 3), about ten in the evening, as a post-chaise was coming to town between the turnpike and Tottenham Court Road and the first mile-stone, with the Earl of March and George Augustus Selwyn, Esq., a highwayman stopped the postillion, and swore he would blow his brains out if he did not stop ; on which the Earl of March jumped out of the chaise and fired a pistol, and the highwayman immediately rode off.”  
—*Lloyd's Evening Post*, Jan. 7.

---

\* Abridged from Mr Wykeham Archer's *Vestiges of Old London*.

"Last Sunday night, a man was plundered by two footpads in Moorfields."—*Read's Weekly Journal*.

Jan. 5. "On Monday night," a gentleman going over Moorfields "was attacked by two men and a woman, and was beaten and had his pockets rifled."—*Lloyd's Evening Post*.

Jan. 11. "Yesterday evening," a gentleman was robbed by a single highwayman near Vauxhall turnpike. "He is supposed to be the same person that has committed several robberies for some days past round that part of the country."—*Ibid.* Friday, Jan. 9.

"On Sunday evening, as Justice Hervey, of Islington, and his son were coming in his chariot on the Paddington Road," they were attacked by two highwaymen, who, however, were defeated in their design. It appears that the justice and his son carried pistols loaded, and that his footman was armed with a carbine.—*Ibid.* Jan. 14.

"On Sunday night last," as Dr Lewis, a physician of Kingston, in Surrey, was returning in his post-chaise from London, he was stopped near Vauxhall by two highwaymen, and robbed of eighteen guineas and his gold watch,—*Ibid.* Jan. 16.

Jan. 12. On Monday night, a gentleman and his son were robbed by footpads on their way from Blackheath to the Borough. "Their behaviour was *very civil*, and they returned five shillings to bring them to town."—*Ibid.* Jan. 14.

Jan. 13. "On Tuesday evening, the Lord Viscount Gage was stopped in a post-chaise between Hounslow and Brentford, by a single highwayman, who robbed him of his purse, and made off."—*Ibid.* Jan. 16.

Jan. 14. "Wednesday morning, about three o'clock, as a farmer was coming with a load of hay to London, he was stopped and robbed the other side of Shepherd's Bush by a single highwayman, who stripped him so clean that he could not pay the turnpike, but was obliged to leave his bridle as security for the money."—*Ibid.* Jan. 16.

Jan. 23 was the day after that of the nomination for the election for the county of Surrey, held at Epsom. "This morning early, two gentlemen, returning from the general meeting held yesterday, at Epsom, were robbed a little on this side that place," by three footpads; "the villains wished them joy of their electioneering."—*Ibid.* Jan. 23.

The operations of these depredators were no doubt assisted by the neglect of the roads, and by the darkness of the January nights. The *London Chronicle*, in the earlier half of the month, informs us that—

"It was so very dark on Tuesday night last (January 6), that seven coaches and post-chaises were overturned between Greenwich and Dartford, and remained there till Wednesday morning."

# Rogueries, Crimes, and Punishments.



## *Ancient Civil Punishments.*

IN the *White Book*, compiled by Richard Carpenter, 1419, in the Mayoralty of Richard Whittington, we find these curious enactments.

Foreign merchants were not allowed to deal with foreign merchants, or "merchant strangers," as they were called; and in an instance where this regulation was infringed, the merchandise was forfeited. In the same manner a foreigner forfeited meat which he had sold after the curfew had been rung out at St Martin's-le-Grand. A merchant who had set a price upon his own corn was sent to prison, and another was sentenced to the pillory for offering to sell corn above the common selling price. A chaplain was committed to the Tun (a round prison on Cornhill) for "being a night-walker;" a publican was sentenced to the thew (a sort of pillory) for using a false quart; certain bakers who had holes in their tables, by means whereof (through some contrivance unknown to us simple men of the nineteenth century) they contrived to steal their neighbours' dough, were condemned to the pillory; one woman was sent to the Tun for being out at night after lawful hours, and another was sentenced to the thew for being a "common scold;" furs were forfeited because they had new work with old; a man was fined half a mark for drawing

a sword; and amongst a number of punishments for deceptions, scandals, and evil-speaking, one person was adjudged imprisonment for a year and a day, and the pillory once a quarter for three hours, with a whetstone tied round his neck, for lies that were disproved.

Amongst the punishments that most frequently occur are the forfeitures, fines, imprisonments, and pillories awarded for selling "putrid meat," "stinking fish," birds that were not fit to be eaten, and bread with pieces of iron in it, probably intended to increase its weight. The arts of fraud were never practised more dexterously, or over a larger surface, than by our virtuous progenitors of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. There was scarcely a single craft in which duplicities were not committed; and the records teem with illustrations of these delinquencies, some of them, indeed, being unintelligible in the present day. We hear, for example, of "false hats," "false bow-strings," "false queeks" (a kind of chess-board), and "false gloves, breeches, and pouches." Other swindles are more comprehensible: such as hides imperfectly tanned; plated latten sold for silver; drinking measures with a thick coat of pitch inserted in the bottom, to diminish their capacity; false dice; and coal-sacks of deficient size. In some cases the forfeited articles were burned; in others they were seized and detained; and in many instances the fraudulent dealers were personally punished. Nor was the watchfulness of the city authorities limited to the crimes of trade; morals were looked after with equal activity. Anybody who walked out at unseasonable hours, or who bought or sold after curfew, was at once pounced upon (unless he was lucky enough to effect his escape through the favouring darkness), and lodged in the

round-house on Cornhill; cut-purses, who were adroit, numerous, and possessed of unbounded audacity, were generally consigned to the pillory; and the same fate awaited any ingenious vagrant who practised the "Art of Magic."\*

### *Cage and Stocks at London Bridge.*

WE do not find that in the days of Queen Mary, London Bridge was made the scene of any of the numerous Protestant martyrdoms, which have eternally blotted her short but sanguinary reign. There is, however, in Foxe's *Martyrs* a short anecdote of a curious incident in St Magnus Church. Upon the death of Pope Julius III., in 1555, Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor, wrote to Bonner, Bishop of London, to command him, in Queen Mary's name, to order those prayers to be used throughout his diocese which the Roman Church has appointed during a vacancy in the Papal See. Upon this commandment, says Foxe, on Wednesday in Easter week, the 17th of April, there were hearses set up, and dirges sung, for the said Julius in divers places. Now, it chanced that a woman came into St Magnus Church, at the bridge-foot, and there seeing a hearse, and other preparation, asked what it meant; a bystander said it was for the Pope, and that she must pray for him. "Nay," quoth she, "that I will not, for he needeth not my prayer; and seeing he could forgive us all our sins, I am sure he is clean himself; therefore, I need not pray for him." She was heard to say these dangerous words; and by and by was carried unto the cage at London Bridge, and "bade coole her-

\* Abridged from the *London Review*.

selfe there." In some of the editions of Foxe, there is an engraving representing this incident, which shows that the Stocks and Cage stood by one of the archways on the bridge, and in one of the vacant spaces which looked on to the water.

About half a century before this, Cages and Stocks had been ordered to be set up in every ward of the city by Sir William Capell, draper, and Lord Mayor, in 1503. The last Stocks were removed about forty years since.

### *Flogging at Bridewell.*

ONE of the sights of London formerly was to go to Bridewell Hospital, in Blackfriars, and there see the unfortunate prisoners flogged for offences committed without the prison. Both men and women, it appears, were whipped on their naked backs, before the Court of Governors. The President sat with his hammer in his hand, and the culprit was taken from the post when the hammer fell. The calls to knock when women were flogged were loud and incessant—"Oh, good Sir Robert, knock! Pray, good Sir Robert, knock," which became at length a common cry of reproach among the lower orders, to denote that a woman of bad character had been whipped in Bridewell:

"This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,  
As morning prayers and flagellations end."

POPE'S *Dunciad*.

Ned Ward, in his *London Spy*, gives this account of the Bridewell Whippings in 1699:—"We turned into the gate of a stately edifice my friend told me was Bridewell, which to me seemed rather a prince's palace

than a house of correction ; till gazing round me, I saw in a room a parcel of ill-looking mortals, stripped to their shirts like haymakers pounding a pernicious weed, which I thought, from their unlucky aspects, seemed to threaten their destruction. From thence we turned into another court, the buildings being, like the former, magnificently noble ; where straight before us was another grate, which proved the women's apartment. We followed our noses, and walked up to take a view of the ladies, who we found were shut up as close as nuns ; but, like so many slaves, were under the care and direction of an overseer, who walked about with a very flexible weapon of offence, to correct such hempen-journeywomen as were unhappily troubled with the spirit of idleness. My friend now reconducted me into the first quadrangle, and led me up a pair of stairs into a spacious chamber, where the court was sat in great grandeur and order. A grave gentleman was mounted in the judgment-seat, armed with a hammer, like a change-broker at Lloyd's Coffee-house, and a woman under the lash in the next room, where folding-doors were opened, that the whole court might view the punishment. At last down went the hammer, and the scourging ceased ; so that, I protest, till I was undeceived I thought they had sold their lashes by auction. The honourable court, I observed, was chiefly attended by fellows in blue coats and women in blue aprons. Another accusation being then delivered by a flat-cap against a poor wench, who having no friend to speak in her behalf, proclamation was made, viz., ' All you who are willing E——th T——ll should have present punishment, pray hold up your hands ;' which was done accordingly, and she was ordered the civility of the house." Hogarth, in the

Fourth Plate of his *Harlot's Progress*, tells the moral story.

Madam Creswell, the celebrated gay woman of King Charles the Second's reign, died a prisoner in Bridewell. She desired by *will* to have a sermon preached at her funeral, for which the preacher was to have £10; but upon this express condition, that he was to say nothing but what was *well* of her. After a sermon on the general subject of morality, the preacher concluded with saying, "By the will of the deceased, it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but what was *WELL* of her. All that I shall say of her, therefore, is this: She was born *well*, she lived *well*, and she died *well*; for she was born with the name of *Creswell*, she lived in *Clerkenwell*, and she died in *Bridewell*."

In the precincts of Bridewell lived John Rose, who is said by Stow to have invented a lute early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth: he is also thought to have been "Rose, the old Viol-maker;" concerts of viols being the musical entertainments after the practice of singing madrigals grew into disuse. To this John Rose's son is traced the "Old Rose," immortalised in the song mentioned by Izaak Walton, and known to us by "Sing Old Rose, and burn the bellows."

### *Witchcraft Penance on London Bridge.*

IN the year 1440, the Bridge Street, by which is meant as well the passage over the Thames as the main street beyond it on each side, was one scene of the public penance of Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, for Witchcraft. The inflexible honesty of the Duke, who was Protector of England during the minority of Henry

VI., and presumptive heir to the Crown, had created against him a violent party, the heads of which were Cardinal Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, and William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk. With regard to his sovereign, however, not all the spies which were placed about Humphrey Plantaganet, Duke of Gloucester, by these powerful and inveterate enemies, could find even a pretence for the slightest charge; though that which they were unable to discover in him, they found in his Duchess, who was then accused of Witchcraft and High Treason. It was asserted that she had frequent conferences with one Sir Roger Bolinbroke, a priest, who was supposed to be a necromancer; and Margaret Jourdain, a witch of Eye, near Westminster; assisted and advised by John Hum, a priest; and Thomas Southwell, Priest and Canon of St Stephen's, Westminster. Shakspeare, in his Second Part of Henry VI., Act I., Scene 2, makes the Duchess ask Hum—

Hast thou as yet conferr'd  
 With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;  
 And Roger Bolinbroke, the conjuror?  
 And will they undertake to do me good?  
*Hum.* This they have promised,—to show your highness  
 A spirit rais'd from depth of underground,  
 That shall make answer to such questions,  
 As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Again, in Scene 4, we have Bolinbroke at his work, assisted by Mother Jourdain, and Southwell, the priest:—

*Duchess.* Well said, my masters; and welcome all  
 To this geer; the sooner the better.  
*Bolin.* Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:  
 Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,  
 The time of night when Troy was set on fire;

The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,  
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,—  
That time best fits the work we have in hand.  
Madam, sit you, and fear not ; whom we raise,  
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle ; Bolinbroke, or Southwell, reads, "Conjuro te," &c. It thunders and lightens terribly ; then the spirit riseth, &c. York and Buckingham enter hastily, and lay hands upon "the traitors and their trash." In Act II., Scene I, Buckingham thus describes to the King the actors :—

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,—  
Under the countenance and confederacy  
Of Lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife,  
The ringleader and head of all this rout,—  
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,  
Dealing with witches, and with conjurors :  
Whom we have apprehended in the fact ;  
Raising up wicked spirits from underground.

In Scene 3, we have the sentence, and next the penance. The Duchess, though made to ask questions as to the King's fate, was in reality charged with having his image made of wax, which, being placed before a slow fire, should cause his strength to decay as the wax melted. The result of the inquiry was that Jourdain was burned in Smithfield :—

The witch in Smithfield shall be burned to ashes.

Southwell died before his execution in the Tower ; Bolinbroke was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn ; and on November 9th, the Duchess was sentenced to perform public penance at three open places in London. On Monday, the 13th, she came by water from West-

minster, and landing at the Temple Bridge, walked, at noon-day, through Fleet Street, bearing a waxen taper of two pounds weight to St Paul's, where she offered it at the high altar. On the Wednesday following she landed at the Old Swan, and passed through Bridge Street and Gracechurch Street to Leadenhall, and at Cree Church, near Aldgate, made her second offering; and on the ensuing Friday she was put on shore at Queenhithe, whence she proceeded to St Michael's Church, Cornhill, and so completed her penance. In each of these processions her head was covered only by a kerchief; her feet were bare; scrolls, containing a narrative of her crime, were affixed to her white dress; and she was received and attended by the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Companies of London.

From the Harleian MS., No. 585, we learn more precisely the fate of Roger Bolinbroke—that the same day on which he was condemned at Guildhall, he was drawn from the Tower of London to Tyburn, and there hanged, headed, and quartered, and his head set up on London Bridge: his quarters were disposed of at Hereford, Oxford, York, and Cambridge.

### *Striking in the King's Court.*

CONTEMPTS against the royal palaces have been always looked upon as high offences; and by the ancient law before the Conquest, fighting in the king's palace, or before the king's judges, was punished with death. By the statute 33 Henry VIII., c. 12, malicious striking in the king's palace, wherein his royal person resides, whereby blood is drawn, was punishable by perpetual imprisonment, and fine at the king's pleasure, and also

with the loss of the offender's right hand ; the solemn execution of which sentence is prescribed in the statute at length ; but by 9 Geo. IV., c. 31, this punishment is repealed. It appears, however, to be a contempt of the kind now in question to execute the ordinary process of the law, by arrest or otherwise, within the verge of a royal palace, or in the Tower, unless permission be first obtained from the proper authority.\*

Sir Richard Baker, in his *Chronicle*, thus minutely describes the execution of the above barbarous sentence :—

On the 10th of June 1541, Sir Edmund Knevet of Norfolk, Knight, was arraigned before the officers of the Green Cloth for striking one Master Cleer of Norfolk, within the Tennis Court of the King's House. Being found guilty, he had judgment to lose his right hand, and to forfeit all his lands and goods ; whereupon there was called to do execution, first, the Sergeant Surgeon, with his instruments pertaining to his office ; then the Sergeant of the Wood-yard, with a mallet and block to lay the hand upon ; then the King's Master Cook, with a knife to cut off the hand ; then the Sergeant of the Larder, to set the knife right on the joint ; then the Sergeant Farrier, with searing-irons to sear the veins ; then the Sergeant of the Poultry, with a cock, which cock should have his head smitten off upon the block, and with the same knife ; then the Yeoman of Chandry, with sear-cloths ; then the Yeoman of the Scullery, with a pan of fire to heat the irons, a chafer of water to cool the ends of the irons, and two forms for all officers to set their stuff on ; then the Sergeant of the Cellar, with wine, ale, and beer ; then the Sergeant of the Ewry,

\* *Stephen's Commentaries.*

with bason, ewre, and towels. All things being thus prepared, Sir William Pickering, Knight-Marshal, was commanded to bring in his prisoner, Sir Edmund Knevet, to whom the Chief-Justice declared his offence, which the said Knevet confessed, and humbly submitted himself to the king's mercy ; only he desired that the king would spare his right hand and take his left ; "Because," said he, "if my right hand be spared, I may live to do the king good service : " of whose submission and reason of his suit, when the king was informed, he granted him to lose neither of his hands, and pardoned him also of his lands and goods.—*Chronicle*, ed. 1674.

Chamberlayne describes the ceremony as follows :—

The Sergeant of the King's Wood-yard brings to the place of execution a square block, a beetle, and a staple and cords to fasten the hands thereto. The Yeoman of the Scullery provides a great fire of coals by the block, where the searing-irons, brought by the chief Farrier, are to be ready for the chief Surgeon to use. Vinegar and cold water are to be brought by the Groom of the Saucery ; and the chief officers of the Cellar and Pantry are to be ready, one with a cup of red wine, and the other with a manchet, to offer the criminal. The Sergeant of the Ewry is to bring the linen to wind about and wrap the arm ; the Yeoman of the Poultry, a cock to lay to it ; the Yeoman of the Chandlery, seared cloths ; and the Master Cook, a sharp dresser-knife, which at the place of execution is to be held upright by the Sergeant of the Larder, till execution be performed by an officer appointed thereunto. After all, the criminal shall be imprisoned during life, and fined and ransomed at the king's will.

*Torture.—The Rack.*

WHEN, in 1628, Felton was about to be put on his trial for the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham, it was suggested by the King that Felton might be put to the rack, in order to make him discover his accomplices; but the judges unanimously declared that the laws of England did not allow the use of torture. This was the first adjudication of the illegality of this mode of extorting confession. Lingard says, upon this point:—"Notwithstanding the formal opinion of the judges in the case of Felton, there is no doubt that the practice continued during the whole reign of Charles I., as a warrant for applying the torture to one Archer, in 1640, is to be seen at the State Paper Office. This, however, appears to have been the last occasion on which this odious practice was resorted to. There is no trace of it during the Commonwealth; and in the reign of Charles II., where we might have expected to find it, there is not a single well-authenticated instance of the application of the torture.

"The following is an account of the kinds of torture chiefly employed in the Tower:—The rack was a large open frame of oak, raised three feet from the ground. The prisoner was laid under it on his back on the floor; his wrists and ankles were attached by cords to two collars at the ends of the frame; these were moved by levers in opposite directions, till the body rose to a level with the frame; questions were then put, and if the answers did not prove satisfactory the sufferer was stretched more and more, till the bones started from their sockets. The 'scavenger's daughter' was a broad

hoop of iron, so called, consisting of two parts, fastened to each other by a hinge. The prisoner was made to kneel on the pavement, and to contract himself into as small a compass as he could. Then the executioner, kneeling on his shoulders, and having introduced the hoop under his legs, compressed the victim close together, till he was able to fasten the extremities over the small of the back. The time allotted to this kind of torture was an hour and a half, during which time it commonly happened that from excess of compression the blood started from the nostrils; sometimes, it was believed, from the extremities of the hands and feet. Iron gauntlets, which could be contracted by the aid of a screw; these were also called manacles. They served to compress the wrists, and to suspend the prisoner in the air, from two distant points of a beam. He was placed on three pieces of wood piled one on the other, which, when his hands had been made fast, were successively withdrawn from under his feet. 'I felt,' said F. Gerard, one of the sufferers for the Gunpowder Plot, 'the chief pain in my breast, belly, arms, and hands. I thought that all the blood in my body had run into my arms, and began to burst out at my fingers' ends. This was a mistake; but the arms swelled till the gauntlets were buried within the flesh. After being thus suspended an hour I fainted, and when I came to myself I found the executioners supporting me in their arms; they replaced the pieces of wood under my feet, but as soon as I was recovered they removed them again. Thus I continued hanging for the space of five hours, during which I fainted eight or nine times.'

"A fourth kind of torture was a cell called 'Little Ease,' of so small dimensions, and so constructed that the

prisoner could neither stand, walk, sit, nor lie in it at full-length ; he was compelled to draw himself up in a squatting posture, and so remain during several days."

Hallam observes, that though the English law never recognised the use of torture, yet there were many instances of its employment in the reign of Elizabeth and James ; and, among others, in the case of the Gunpowder Plot. He says, indeed, that in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, "the rack seldom stood idle in the Tower."

Sir Walter Raleigh, at his trial, mentioned that Kentish was threatened with the rack, and that the keeper of this horrid instrument was sent for. Campion, a Jesuit, was put to the rack in the reign of Elizabeth ; and in Collier's *Ecclesiastical History* are mentioned other instances during the same reign. Bishop Burnet, likewise, in his *History of the Reformation*, states that Anne Askew was tortured in the Tower in 1546 ; and that the Lord Chancellor, throwing off his gown, drew the rack so severely that he almost tore her body asunder.\* It appears from the Cecil Papers that all the Duke of Norfolk's servants were tortured by order of Queen Elizabeth, who also threatened Hayward, the historian, with the rack.

### *Pressing to Death.*

BETWEEN the Court-house in the Old Bailey and Newgate prison is a large open space, known as the Press-yard, from its having been the scene of the terrible punishment of "Pressing to Death" for standing

\* Prints of the Rack are to be seen in the old edition of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

mute—that is, when a prisoner, arraigned for treason or felony, either made no answer at all, or answered foreign to the purpose. He was examined by judges : if found to be obstinately mute, then, in treason, it was held that standing mute was equivalent to conviction ; and the law was the same as to all misdemeanours. But upon indictment for any other felony, the prisoner, after *trina admonitio*, and a respite of a few hours, was subject to the barbarous sentence of *peine forte et dure* ; viz., to be remanded to prison and put into a low dark chamber, and there laid on his back on the bare floor naked, unless where decency forbade ; that there should be placed on his body as great a weight of iron as he could bear, and more : that he should have no sustenance, save only on the first day three morsels of the worst bread, and on the second three draughts of standing water that should be nearest to the prison-door ; and that, in this situation, such should be alternately his daily diet *till he died*, or, as anciently the judgment ran, *till he answered*.

In the *Perfect Account of the Daily Intelligence*, April 16th, 1651, we find it recorded :—" Mond. April 14th.—This Session, at the Old Bailey, were four men pressed to death that were all in one robbery, and, out of obstinacy and contempt of the court, stood mute and refused to plead."

It appears from the Session Papers that tying the thumbs together of criminals, in order to compel them to plead, was practised at the Old Bailey in the reign of Queen Anne. Among the cases is that of Mary Andrews, in 1721, who continued so obstinate that three whipcords were broken before she would plead. And in 1711, Nathaniel Haws had his thumbs squeezed,

after which he continued seven minutes under the press with 250 lbs., and then submitted.

In the year 1659, Major Strangeways was tried before Lord Chief-Justice Glyn for the murder of Mr John Fussel, and, refusing to plead, was *pressed to death*. By the account of this execution, which is added to the printed trial, he died in about eight minutes, many people in the Press-yard casting stones upon him to hasten his death. From the description of *the press*, it appears that it was brought nearly to a point where it touched his breast. It is stated likewise to have been usual to put a sharp piece of wood under the criminal, which might meet the upper part of the rack in the sufferer's body. Holinshed states that the back of the criminal was placed upon a sharp stone. Other precedents mention the tying his arms and legs with cords, fastened at different parts of the prison, and extending the limbs as far as they could be stretched.\*

No. 674 of the *Universal Spectator* records two instances of *pressing* in the reign of George II. :—"Sept. 5, 1741.—On Tuesday was sentenced to death at the Old Bailey, Henry Cook, the shoemaker, of Stratford, for robbing Mr Zachary on the highway. On Cook's refusing to plead, there was a new press made, and fixed to the proper place in the Press-yard; there having been no person pressed since the famous Spiggot, the highwayman, which is about twenty years ago. Barnworth, *alias* Frasier, was pressed at Kingston, in Surrey, about sixteen years ago."

These horrible details have often been discredited; but records of pressing, so late as 1770, exist; with the addition, however, that "the punishment was seldom

\* Barrington, On the More Ancient Statutes.

inflicted, but some offenders have chose it *in order to preserve their estates for their children*. Those guilty of this crime are not now suffered to undergo such a length of torture, but have so great a weight placed on them that they soon expire."

### *Discovery of a Murder.*

IN a collection of anecdotes, written about the beginning of the last century, in the Rawlinson MSS., is the following singular narrative :—

Dr Airy, Provost of Queen's College, Oxon. (1599–1616), passing with his servant accidentally through St Sepulchre's Churchyard, in London, where the sexton was making a grave, observing a skull to move, showed it to his servant, and then to the sexton, who, taking it up, found a great toad in it, but withal observed a ten-penny nail stuck in the temple-bone; whereupon the Doctor presently imagined the party to have been murdered, and asked the sexton if he remembered whose skull it was. He answered it was the skull of a man who died suddenly, and had been buried twenty-two years before. The Doctor told him that certainly the man was murdered, and that it was fitting to be inquired after, and so departed. The sexton thinking much upon it, remembered some particular stories talked of at the death of the party, as that his wife, then alive, and married to another person, had been seen to go into his chamber with a nail and hammer, &c.; whereupon he went to a justice of the peace, and told him all the story. The wife was sent for, and witnesses were found who testified that and some other particulars; she confessed, and was hanged.

*Origin of the Coventry Act.*

THE famous Coventry Act against cutting and maiming had its origin in the following piece of barbarous revenge :—Sir John Coventry was on his way to his own house, in Suffolk Street, in the Haymarket, from the Cock Tavern, in Bow Street, where he had supped, when his nose was cut to the bone at the corner of the street “for reflecting on the King.” It appears that a motion had recently been made in the House of Commons to lay a tax on playhouses. The Court opposed the motion. The players, it was said (by Sir John Birkenhead), were the King’s servants, and a part of his pleasure. Coventry asked, “Whether did the King’s pleasure lie among the men or the women that acted?”—perhaps recollecting more particularly the King’s visit to Moll Davis, in Suffolk Street, where Charles had furnished a house most richly for her, provided her with “a mighty pretty fine coach,” and given her a ring of £700, “which,” says the page, “is a most infinite shame.” The King determined to *leave a mark* upon Sir John Coventry for his freedom of remark, and he was watched on his way home. “He stood up to the wall,” says Burnet, “and snatched the flambeau out of the servant’s hands; and with that in one hand, and the sword in the other, he defended himself so well, that he got more credit by it than by all the actions of his life. He wounded some of them, but was soon disarmed, and they cut his nose to the bone, to teach him to remember what respect he owed to the King.” Burnet adds, that his nose was so well sewed up, that the scar was scarce to be discerned.

“In the age of Charles, the ancient high and chivalrous sense of honour was esteemed Quixotic, and the Civil War had left traces of ferocity in the manners and sentiments of the people. Encounters, where the assailants took all advantages of number and weapons, were as frequent, and held as honourable, as regular duels. Some of these approached closely to assassination, as in the above case, which occasioned the Coventry Act, an Act highly necessary, for so far did our ancestors’ ideas of manly forbearance differ from ours, that Killigrew introduces the hero of one of his comedies, a cavalier, and the fine gentleman of the piece, lying in wait for and slashing the face of a poor courtesan who had cheated him.” \*

### *Rise of Fudge Jeffreys.*

TOWARDS the middle of the seventeenth century, there was a rough country-boy, a pupil of St Paul’s School, who stood watching a procession of the Judges on their way to dine with my Lord Mayor. The father of the boy wished to bind him apprentice to a mercer; but the aspiring lad, as he looked on the train of Judges, registered a vow that he too would one day ride through the City, the guest of the Mayor, and die a Lord Chancellor. His sire pronounced him mad, and resigned himself to the idea that his obstinate son would one day die with his shoes on.

The boy’s views, however, were completely realised, and the father’s prophecy was also in part fulfilled. The connection of the notorious Jeffreys with the City was,

\* Leigh Hunt’s *Town*.

from an early period, a very close one. He drank hard with, and worked hard for, the City authorities, and was as well known in the taverns of Aldermanbury as Shaftesbury was in the same district, when he was inspired by the transitory ambition of himself becoming Vice-king in the City. From the time that Jeffreys became Common Serjeant—but more especially from the period he became Recorder—he kinged it over the Vice-king. He was Lord Mayor, Common Council, Court of Aldermen, and supreme Judge, all in one; and the first-named officer had really a melancholy time of it during the period Jeffreys had sway in the City. At the feasts he was a tippling, truculent fellow,—brow-beating the men, and staring the most dauntless of the women out of countenance. In the latter pastime he was well matched, perhaps excelled, by his learned brother Trevor; and my Lord Mayor Bludworth had good reason to remember both of them. The Mayor had a fair daughter, the young and wild widow of a Welsh squire, and one who made City entertainments brilliant by her presence, and hilarious by her conduct and her tongue. There was a wonderful amount of homage rendered to this Helen, to whom it mattered little in what form or speech the homage was rendered. The rudest could not bring a blush upon her cheek; her ear was never turned away from any suitor of the hour, and every lover was received with a laugh and a welcome by this most buxom of Lord Mayor's daughters.

When she finally accepted the hand of Jeffreys, her own was in the hand of Trevor; and no City match was ever so productive of a peculiar sort of satirical ballad as this one, which united the said Mayor's rather too

notorious daughter with the not yet too infamous Sir George. Poets and poetasters pelted him with anonymous epigrams; aldermen drank queer healths to him in their cups; and lively-tongued women, in his own court, when he was too hard upon them, would thrust at him an allusion to his lady from Guildhall, which would put him into a fume of impotent indignation.

There is not one man in a thousand, probably, who is aware that the blood of Jeffreys and the Mayor of London's daughter afterwards flowed in noble veins. They had an only son,—a dissolute, drunken fellow, with whom even aldermen were too nice to have a carouse, and whose appearance at a feast scared Mayors who could take their claret liberally. This likely youth, whose intoxication broke down the solemnity of Dryden's funeral, married, in spite of his vices, a daughter and sole heiress of the House of Pembroke. The only child of this marriage was Henrietta, who married the Earl of Pomfret, and enabled Queen Caroline to have a grand-daughter of the infamous Judge for her Lady of the Bedchamber. One of Lady Pomfret's many children, Charlotte Finch, was well known to many of our sires. She was governess to George the Third's children, whom she often accompanied to the City to witness the annual show; the great-great-grand-daughter of Judge Jeffreys and the Guildhall light-o'-love thus having the superintendence of the conduct and morals of the young Princes and Princesses.—*From the Athenæum*, No. 1723.

### *Stories of the Star-Chamber.*

THIS odious Court, named from the ceiling of the chamber being anciently ornamented with gilded *stars*,

is not mentioned as a Court of Justice earlier than the reign of Henry VII., about which time the old titles of "the Lords sitting in the Star-Chamber," and "the Council in the Star-Chamber," seem to have been merged into the one distinguishing appellation of "the Star-Chamber." The Judges, before and subsequent to this alteration, were "the Lords of the Council," as they are still termed in the Litany of the Church service. The modes of proceeding before the council were by the mouth, or by bill and answer. After the sittings, the Lords dined in the inner Star-Chamber, at the public expense. In political cases, "soden reporte," as it was called, is thought to have meant private and secret information given to the council. The person accused, or suspected, was immediately apprehended and privately examined. If he confessed any offence, or if the cunning examiner drew from him, or he let fall, any expressions which suited their purpose, he was at once brought to the bar, his confession or examination was read, he was convicted out of his own mouth, and judgment was immediately pronounced against him. Upon admissions of immaterial circumstances thus aggravated, and distorted into confessions of guilt, the Earl of Northumberland was prosecuted by word of mouth, in the Star-Chamber, for being privy to the Gunpowder Plot, and was sentenced to pay a fine of £30,000, and be imprisoned for life.

The Star-Chamber held its sittings, from the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign until the final abolition of the court by Parliament in 1641, in apartments on the eastern side of New Palace Yard; these buildings bore the date 1602, and E. R. and an open rose on a star; they corresponded with the "Starre-Chamber" in

Aggas's plan of London in 1570. The last of the buildings was taken down in 1836; drawings were then made of the court, which had an enriched ceiling, but no remains of the *star* ornamentations, notwithstanding, behind the Elizabethan panelling, the style of the chamber was Tudor-Gothic. The remains are preserved at Leasowe Castle, the seat of the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, in Cheshire.

Imagination can scarcely picture a more terrible judicature. This tribunal was bound by no law, but created and defined the offences it punished; the judges were in point of fact the prosecutors; and every mixture of those two characters is inconsistent with impartial justice. Crimes of the greatest magnitude were treated of in this court, but solely punished as trespasses, the council not having dared to usurp the power of inflicting death.

Among the many abuses of the process was, that in the time of Queen Elizabeth, "many solicitors who lived in Wales, Cornwall, or the farthest parts of the North, did make a trade to sue forth a multitude of subpœnas to vex their neighbours, who, rather than they would travel to London, would give them any composition, though there were no colour of complaint against them." The process might anciently be served in any place: in Catholic times, usually in the market or the church. The highest number of the council who attended the court in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII. was nearly forty, of whom seven or eight were prelates; in the reign of Elizabeth the number was nearly thirty, but it subsequently declined. The Chancellor was the supreme judge, and alone sat with his head uncovered. Upon important occasions, persons

who wished "to get convenient places and standing," went there by three o'clock in the morning. The counsel were confined to a "laconical brevity;" the examinations of the witnesses were read, and the members of the court delivered their opinions in order, from the inferior upwards, the Archbishop preceding the Chancellor.

Every punishment, except death, was assumed to be within the power of the Star-Chamber Court. Pillory, fine and imprisonment, and whipping, wearing of papers through Westminster Hall, and letters "seared in the face with hot irons," were ordinary punishments. Henry VII. had a fondness for sitting in the Star-Chamber: the court was the great instrument for his "extort doynge;" and "the King took the matter into his own hands," was a Star-Chamber phrase; and "my attorney must speak to you," was a sure prelude to a heavy fine. Wolsey made a great show of his magnificence in the Star-Chamber; he proceeded to the sittings of the court in great state, his mace and seal being carried before him; "he spared neither high nor low, but judged every estate according to their merits and deserts." After his fall, with the exception of occasional interference in religious matters and matters of police, we seldom hear of the Star-Chamber. (See the very able dissertation by John Bruce, F.S.A., *Archæologia*, vol. viii.)

### *Persons of Note Imprisoned in the Fleet.*

FOR nearly eight centuries was the Fleet a place of security or confinement, and the terror of evil-doers of almost every grade: its cells and dungeons were tenanted

by political and religious martyrs; besides a host of men of more pliant consciences, whom the law stigmatised as debtors.

The early history of the prison is little better than a sealed book, the burning of the building by Wat Tyler being the only noticeable event. By the regulations of this period, the Warden might arm the porters at the gates with halberts, bills, or other weapons.

In the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Mary, several victims of those bigoted times were committed here. Bishop Hooper was twice sentenced to the Fleet, which he only quitted, in 1555, for the stake and the fire at Gloucester. In the Fleet his bed was "a little pad of straw, with a rotten covering; his chamber was vile and stinking." It was expected that he would have accompanied Rogers, a prebendary of St Paul's, to the stake; but Hooper, after his trial, was led back to his cell, to be carried down to Gloucester, to suffer among his own people. Next morning he was roused at four o'clock, and being committed to the care of six of Queen Mary's guard, they took him, before it was light, to the Angel Inn, St Clement's, *then standing in the fields*; thence he was taken to Gloucester, and there burnt, with dreadful torments, on the 9th of February: the spot is marked by a statue of the Bishop, beneath a Gothic canopy, which was inaugurated in 1863, on the 308th anniversary of Hooper's martyrdom.

The Fleet was originally the prison for persons committed from the Court of Star-Chamber. Bacon, in early life, held the office of Registrar of this infamous Court, worth about £1600 per annum. In his *Life of King Henry VII.*, he characterises the Court as "one of the sagest and noblest institutions of the kingdom;"

"composed of good elements, for it consisteth of counsellors, peers, prelates, and chief judges."

From the reign of Elizabeth to the sixteenth of Charles I. (1641), the Star-Chamber was in full activity. Among the political victims consigned to the Fleet were Prynne and Lilburne. Prynne was committed here for writing his *Histriomastix*, taken out of the prison, and, after suffering pillory, branding, mutilation of the nose, and loss of ears, was remanded to the Fleet. Lilburne, "Free-born John," and his printer, were committed to the Fleet for libel and sedition: the former was smartly whipped at "the cart's tail," from the prison to the pillory, placed between Westminster Hall and Star-Chamber, and subsequently "doubly ironed" in the prison wards.

After the abolition of the Star-Chamber, in 1641, the Fleet became a prison for contempt of the Courts of Chancery, Common Pleas, and Exchequer; and it continued a prison for debtors, for which purpose it appears to have been used from the thirteenth century at least, by a petition from John Frauncey, a debtor in the Fleet, A.D. 1290.

Wycherley, the wit and dramatist, lay in the Fleet seven years, ruined through his Countess' settlement being disputed, was thrown into prison, and is said to have been at last relieved by James II., who having gone to see Wycherley's *Plain Dealer* acted, was so delighted, that he gave orders for the payment of the author's debts, and settling a pension of £200 a-year on him. The history has an apocryphal air.

Sir Richard Baker, the Chronicler, was one of the most unfortunate debtors confined here: he married in 1620, and soon after got into pecuniary difficulties, and

was thrown into the Fleet Prison, where he spent the remaining years of his life, and died in 1644-45, in a state of extreme poverty. Mr Cunningham, from the Rate-books of St Clement's Danes, tells us that Sir Richard lived in Milford Lane, Strand, from 1632 to 1639; possibly Lady Baker resided here. Sir Richard wrote his *Chronicle*, published in 1641, and other works, as a means of subsistence during his imprisonment. The *Chronicle* was for a century the popular book among the squires and ancient country gentlemen of the school of Sir Roger de Coverley. Sir Richard's residence in the Fleet was not very compatible with reference to authorities and antiquarian research; though full of errors, it has given more pleasure and diffused more knowledge than historical works of far higher pretensions. It is now little read; but we may remark, by the way, that some historical works written, and most read in our time, are by no means the most accurate. Baker's *Chronicle* is certainly one of the most amusing "prison books," and has been treated with much unmerited ridicule. Sir Richard was buried in the nearest church, old St Bride's, the burial-place of the Fleet Wardens. Francis Sandford, author of the *Genealogical History*, died in the Fleet in 1693.

To Howel's imprisonment here we owe his very entertaining *Familiar Letters*, several of which are dated from here. By "A Letter to the Earl of B., from the Fleet," Nov. 20, 1643, Howel was arrested "one morning betimes," by five men, armed with "swords, pistils, and bils," and some days after committed to the Fleet; and he adds, "As far as I see, I must lie at dead anchor in this Fleet a long time, unless some gentle gale blow thence to make me launch out." Then we find

him solacing himself with the reflection that the English people are in effect but prisoners, as all other islanders are. Other Letters, by Howel, are dated from the Fleet, 1615-6-7 ; some are dated from various places, but are believed to have been written in the Fleet : still they bear internal evidence that Howel had visited these places.

Howel's *Letters*, already mentioned, have had a reflex in our time in Richard Oastler's *Fleet Papers*, " a weekly epistle on public matters," inscribed to Thomas Thornhill, Esq. of Fixby Hall, Yorkshire, whose steward Oastler had been, and at whose suit he was imprisoned here : he was liberated by subscription, February 12, 1844, and has left an interesting account of his imprisonment. Of Oastler, a colossal bronze group, by Philip, has been erected at Bradford, in memory of his advocacy of the Ten-Hours Factory Bill.

Among the distinguished prisoners here was the impetuous Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who was first committed here for sending a challenge ; he was allowed in the prison the use of two servants to wait upon him, but not permitted to entertain any of his friends at table. He made several applications for his release : he pleads to the Privy Council " the fury of reckless youth," and the inoffensiveness of his past life ; and begs that if he may not be liberated, he may, at least, be removed to a place of confinement in better air ; he was then removed to Windsor, and in four days released. In 1543, Surrey was summoned before the Privy Council, at the instance of the City authorities, for having eaten flesh in Lent ; and for having with young Wyatt, the poet's son, and Pickering, gone about the streets at midnight breaking windows with stone-bows. To the first charge he pleaded

a licence ; submitting to sentence on the second, for which he was again sent to the Fleet. During his imprisonment he wrote his Satire upon the Citizens, in which he pretends that he broke their windows to awaken them to a sense of their iniquities, commencing :—

London ! hast thou accused me  
Of breach of laws ? the root of strife,  
Within whose breast did boil to see, '  
So fervent hot, thy dissolute life ;  
That even the hate of sins that grow  
Within thy wicked walls so rife,  
For to break forth did convert so,  
That terror could it not repress.

Surrey's grave irony has misled the editor of his Poems, who states the poet's motive to have been a religious one ; a very absurd defence of a vinous frolic of window-breaking.

We pass to another class of committals. Keys was sent here for marrying the Lady Mary Grey, the sister of Lady Jane Grey ; Dr Donne, for marrying Sir George More's daughter without her father's knowledge ; Sir Robert Killigrew, for speaking to Sir Thomas Overbury as he came from visiting Sir Walter Raleigh ; the Countess of Dorset, for pressing into the Privy Chamber, and importuning James I., "contrary to commandment ;" and Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland, for sending a challenge.

Nash was imprisoned here for writing the satirical play of the *Isle of Dogs*, never printed : he died at the early age of thirty-five, having "prodigally conspired against good hours." Pope might well designate the Fleet "the Haunt of the Muses." Robert Lloyd, Churchill's friend, was here in 1764. Parson Ford, who

figures in Hogarth's *Midnight Conversation*, died here in 1731; and Parson Keith, of May Fair, was here in 1758. Mrs Cornelys, who gave, in Carlisle House, balls, concerts, and masquerades, unparalleled in the annals of public fashion, by her improvidence was reduced to become "a vendor of asses' milk," and, sinking still lower, died in the Fleet in 1797.

Another eccentric person may be added to the list—the Chevalier Desseasau, a native of Russia, who in early life bore a commission in the service of that country; but, having severely wounded a brother officer in a duel, the Chevalier came to England, and here passed the remainder of his days. He soon became acquainted with Foote, Murphy, Goldsmith, and Johnson: he was a frequenter of Anderton's Coffee-house in Fleet Street, a tavern called "The Barn" in St Martin's Lane, and several coffee-houses in Covent Garden. He at length became reduced in his circumstances, and so distressed as to be confined for debt in the Fleet Prison; but such was the confidence placed in his honour, that *he was allowed to go out of the prison whenever he pleased*. He died at his lodgings in Fleet Market, in 1775, aged seventy, and was interred in St Bride's Church-yard.

Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was living "within the rules of the Fleet" in 1707; "Curll's Corinna," Mrs Thomas, was also a ruler; and Richard Savage, to be secure from his creditors, was directed by his friends to take a lodging "within the liberties of the Fleet," and here his friends sent him every Monday a guinea.\*

\* Abridged from *Walks and Talks about London*; interpolated.

*The Rising of Sir Thomas Wyatt.*

IT is curious to find this event of three centuries since chronicled with as much minuteness as would be reported an occurrence of yesterday, in a morning newspaper. Wyatt and his followers lay at Deptford until Saturday, the 5th of February 1554, when "this daie before noone all horsemen were by a drom commanded to be at saint James felde, and the footemen commanded to be in Fynsbury felde to muster. This day, about iij. of the clocke, sir Thomas Wyatt and the Kentyshemen marched forward from Debtford towards London with v. auncientes, being by estimation about ij. thousand men; which their comyng, so soone as it was perceyved, ther was shot off out of the White tower a vi. or viij. shott; but myssed them, somtymes shoting over, and somtymes shoting short. After the knowledge thereof once had in London, forthwith the draybridge was cutt downe and the bridge gates shut." The Londoners were preparing. "The mayre and the sheryves harnessyd theymselves, and commanded eche man to shutt in their shoppes and wyndowes, and being redy in harnes to stande every one at his dore, what chance soever might happen." The taking of wares, the running up and down, the weeping women, children and maids running into houses, and shutting the doors for fear, were great. "So terryble and fearfull at the fyrst was Wyatt and his armyes comyng to the most part of the cytezens," who, the chronicler adds, were not accustomed to "suche incursions to their cyty." Wyatt entered into Kent Street, and by St George's Church into Southwark; himself and part of his company came

down Barmesy (Bermõndsey) Street. The people of Southwark did not oppose the new comers, but entertained them. Wyat laid two pieces of ordnance at the Bridge foot, another at St George's, another at Bermõndsey Street, &c. As a price had been set upon his head, he had the name of Thomas Wyat fairly written, and set on his cap. He paid all his men, and saw that they paid the inhabitants; and his motive in quitting Southwark was to save the place; for the Lieutenant of the Tower had directed all his great ordnance against Southwark and the church towers of St Tooley's and St Marie Overies.

Wyat retired to Kingston; and from thence proceeded towards the western part of London, through Brentford. "The quenes scout, apon his retourne to the court, declared their coming to Brainforde, which subden newes was so fearefull that therwith the quene and all the court was wonderfully affryghted. Dromes went thoroughe London at iiij. of the clocke, warninge all soldears to arme themselves and to repaire to Charinge crosse. The quene was once determynd to come to the Tower furthwith, but shortlie after she sende worde she would tarry ther to se the uttermost. Mayny thought she wolde have ben in the felde in person. Here was no small a-dowe in London, and likewise the Tower made great preparation of defence. By x. of the clocke, or somewhat more, the erle of Penbroke had set his troopp of horsemen on the hille in the highway above the new brige over against saynet James; his footemen was sett in ij. battailles somewhat lower, and nerer Charinge crosse. At the lane turning downe by the brike wall from Islington-warde he had sett also certayn other horsemen, and he had planted

his ordenance upon the hill side. In the meane season Wyat and his company planted his ordenance upon the hill beyonde saint James, almost over agaynst the park corner; and himself, after a few words spoken to his soldears, came downe the olde lane on foote, hard by the courte gate at sainte James's, with iiij. or v. auncyentes; his men marching in goode array. Cutbart Vaughan, and about ij. auncyentes, turned downe towards Westminster. The erle of Pembroke's horsemen hoveryd all this while without moving, untyll all was passed by, saving the tayle, upon which they did sett and cut of. The other marched forward, and never stayed or retourned to the ayde of their tayle. . . . At Charinge crosse ther stode the lord chamberlayne, with the garde and a number of other, almost a thousande persons, the whiche, upon Wyat's coming, shott at his company, and at last fledd to the court gates, which certayn pursued, and forced them with shott to shyte the court gates against them. In this repulse the said lord chamberlayn and others were so amazed that men cryed Treason! treason! in the court, and had thought that the erle of Pembroke, who was assayling the tayle of his enemys, had gon to Wyat, taking his part agaynst the quene. . . . The said Wyat, with his men, marched still forward, all along to Temple barre, also thoroghe Fleete street, along tyll he cam to Ludgate, his men going not in eny goode order or array. . . . Thus Wyat cam even to Ludgate, and knockyd calling to come in, saying, there was Wyat, whom the quene had graunted their requestes; but the lorde William Howard standing at the gate, saide, 'Avaunt, traytour! thou shalt not come in here.' And then Wyat awhill stayed, and, as some say, rested him upon a seate [at] the Bellsavage

gate ; at last, seing he coulde not come in, and belike being deceaved of the ayde which he hoped out of the cetye, retourned back agayne in arraye towards Charinge crosse, and was never stopped tyll he cam to Temple barre, wher certayn horsemen which cam from the felde met them in the face ; and then begann the fight agayne to wax hote."

The fate of Wyatt and his followers need not be detailed ; the latter were taken, and thrust into prisons, "the poorest sort" being, in the words of the chronicle, "en a hepp in churches."

### *The Story of George Barnwell.*

THE discrepancies in this old London story are so numerous and conflicting as almost to defy adjustment. "The unhappy youth," says Dr Rimbault, "is said to have figured in the criminal annals of the time of Queen Elizabeth ; but I have never met with any authenticated notice of his trial and condemnation." The story, we need scarcely observe, describes the career of a London apprentice hurried on to ruin and murder by an infamous woman, who at last delivers him up to justice and an ignominious death. These circumstances were dramatised by George Lillo, in his well-known tragedy, *The London Merchant ; or, The History of George Barnwell*, first acted in 1731 ; and stated to be founded upon the old ballad of *George Barnwell*, which, Bishop Percy says, "was printed, at least, as early as the seventeenth century." In that production, Barnwell's uncle (who is murdered) is described as a wealthy grazier dwelling in *Ludlow* ; in a wood near which place the ballad also describes the murder to have been committed. This

"Tragical Narrative," says Bishop Percy, "seems to relate to a real fact; but when it happened I have not been able to discover." The Ludlow Guide Book "notices the circumstance as traditional there, and the very barn and homestead, a short distance on the left before entering Ludlow from the Hereford road, we are told by Dr Rimbault, are still pointed out as the ancient residence of the victim."

Lillo's tragedy, with poetical licence, makes the scene of the uncle's murder to be within a short distance of London, and tradition places it in the grounds formerly belonging to Dr Lettsom, and now those of the Grammar School at Camberwell, in Surrey. Maurice, the historian of Hindostan, admits this recognition into his poem of *Camberwell Grove*, in the following apostrophe:—

Ye towering elms, on whose majestic brows  
A hundred rolling years have shed their snows,  
Admit me to your dark sequester'd reign,  
To roam with contemplation's studious train!  
Your haunts I seek, nor glow with other fires  
Than those which Friendship's ardent warmth inspires;  
No savage murderer with a gleaming blade—  
No *Barnwell* to pollute your sacred shade!

Still, the old ballad lays the scene of Barnwell's dissipation in the metropolis; in Shoreditch lived Mrs Millwood, who led him astray:—

George Barnwell, then, quoth she,  
Do thou to Shoreditch come,  
And ask for Mrs Millwood's house,  
Next door unto the Gun.

Now, Shoreditch was formerly notorious for the easy character of its women; and to die in Shoreditch was not a mere metaphorical term for dying in a sewer.

(*Cunningham*.) Curiously enough, the common notion of Shoreditch being named after Jane Shore, the mistress of Edward IV., is a vulgar error perpetrated by a ballad in Percy's *Reliques*; its notoriously bad character, in each case, may have led to its being chosen for the poetical locality. Lillo, by transferring the scene from a wood near Ludlow to Camberwell Grove, doubtless added to the popularity of the drama, by the celebrity of the latter site as one of the most beautiful and romantic localities in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

Lillo, in writing his three plays, *George Barnwell*, *Arden of Feversham*, and *Fatal Curiosity*, evidently had but one purpose in view, to exhibit the progress from smaller to greater crimes; to which point he would, of course, pay more attention than to accuracy of locality. Thus, the impure passion of Barnwell, the ill-suppressed attachment of Arden's wife for the lover of her youth, and the impatience under poverty of the Wilmots (in *Fatal Curiosity*), are the three beginnings of vice, all of which terminate in murder. Not only is the purpose of these plays the same, but the same measures are adopted in all for its attainment. In each there is a tempter and a tempted; the first determined in vice, the latter rather weak than intrinsically vicious; thus Barnwell is led on by Millwood, Arden's wife by her paramour, Mosly, and Wilmot by his wife, Agnes. *George Barnwell* is the least meritorious in execution: here "inflation knows no bounds; nature is sunk altogether, and the virtuous characters are not human beings, but speakers of moral essays, and those in the worst style. The prose of *Barnwell* is remarkable; in many places line after line will read as blank verse, which might lead to a surmise that it was originally written in verse, and chopped up

into prose ; unless, indeed, the same metrical style may be that which naturally follows from inflated declamation." Nevertheless, it was said at the time of the production of *Barnwell*, that it drew more tears than the rant of *Alexander the Great*. It attracted attention at once ; for in the *Daily Post*, Monday, July 5, 1731 (the year of its production), we find : "Last Friday a messenger came from Hampton Court to the play-house, by the Queen's command, for the manuscript of *George Barnwell*, for Her Majesty's perusal, which Mr Wilks carried to Hampton Court early on Saturday morning ; and we hear it is to be performed shortly at the theatre in Hampton Court, for the entertainment of the royal family," &c.

To return to the discrepancies of locality. Lillo's drama shows us the culprit, in companionship with his heartless seducer, led from a London prison to the scaffold ; and Dr Rimbault, writing in 1858, tells us that, some few years since, an old parochial document was said to have come to light, showing that George Barnwell had been the last criminal hanged at St Martin's-in-the-Fields, before the Middlesex executions were, more generally than before, ordered at Tyburn ; yet the ballad, of much older date than the play, says that Barnwell was not gibbeted here, but sent "beyond seas," where he subsequently suffered capital punishment for some fresh crime.

The popularity of the drama on the stage doubtless led to its being wrought into a story book, as is frequently done in the present day. Of *Barnwell* there have been several versions, including pamphlets. In 1817 was published a narrative, with great pretension to authority, it being stated in the title-page as "by a

Descendant of the Barnwell family." It is entitled, "Memoirs of George Barnwell; the unhappy subject of Lillo's celebrated Tragedy; derived from the most authentic sources," &c.; the preface is dated from "St Gad's, Dec. 21, 1809." This book, extending to some 150 pages, we suspect to be of little or no authority; it is written in the worst possible style, and its inflation transcends that of the drama itself. The family of the Barnwells are stated to have flourished in the vale of Evesham, the uncle to have lived at Camberwell, in Surrey, and the apprentice's master to have been "Mr Strickland, a very considerable woollen draper in Cheapside." Next we have the Thorowgood and Truman, and Maria, from the drama; Sarah Millwood is "the daughter of a respectable merchant in Bristol;" her husband loses his life in a midnight broil; the widow sees young Barnwell coming out of a banking-house in Lombard Street, she allures him to "her residence in Cannon Street," where, the image of the chaste Maria flitting from George's view, the wicked widow triumphs; she removes to "a lodging in Moorfields;" he plunders his master's cash-drawer of a hundred pound note, coaxes his uncle out of money: then we have a borrowing from the ballad—George is cautioned by an anonymous letter, and is referred to "Mrs Millwood, near the Gun, in Shoreditch:" he perpetrates the murder in Camberwell Grove, and his uncle's body is "found by a farmer's servant, and carried, with the assistance of some passengers, to an old public-house hard by, which was well known by the sign of the Tiger and the Tabby." Meanwhile, Barnwell's disappearance from his place of business is advertised by his master; the murderer has fled into Lincolnshire; he is betrayed to his master by

Millwood, confesses his guilt, and is "committed to the Marshalsea Prison in Southwark, to take his trial at the next Surrey Assizes." The date of the trial is here given, "18th of October 1706, before the Lord Chief Baron Bury and Mr Justice Powell." Millwood, in her evidence, deposed that she "lived in Shoreditch, next door to the Gun," a suspicious coincidence with the words in the ballad of the previous century. Barnwell was found guilty, and executed, according to the above volume, on Kennington Common. To the account of the trial it is added that Lillo, the dramatist, was contemporary with Barnwell, which seems to gainsay its true origin of the story from the old ballad. Barnwell's tragical history has also been made the basis of a novel, in three volumes, by Mr Thomas Skinner Surr, author of the *Winter in London*, in which, however, there is little of the narrative of assumed facts, or regard to the colour of the period; it is almost entirely a work of fiction.

Not the least remarkable incident of the drama of George Barnwell is the several anecdotes relative to the effect produced by its performance on young men who have followed vicious courses, and have been reclaimed by this tragedy. With this view, the play was usually performed at the theatres, on the night after Christmas-day, and on Easter Monday; but this practice has been for some years discontinued, as it failed to prove attractive. Among the instances of its former effect is the following, related by Ross, the comedian:—

"In the year 1752, during the Christmas holidays, I played George Barnwell, and the late Mrs Pritchard played Millwood. Doctor Barrowby, physician to St Bartholomew's Hospital, told me he was once sent for

by a young gentleman in Great St Helen's, apprentice to a very capital merchant. He found him very ill with a slow fever, a heavy hammer pulse that no medicine could touch. The nurse told him he sighed at times so very heavily that she was sure something lay heavily on his mind. The Doctor sent every one out of the room, and told his patient he was sure that something oppressed his mind, and lay so heavy on his spirits that it would be in vain to order him medicine unless he would open his mind freely. After much solicitation on the part of the Doctor, the youth confessed there was something lay heavy at his heart, but that he would sooner die than divulge it, as it must be his ruin if it was known. The Doctor assured him, if he would make him his confidant, he would, by every means in his power, serve him, and that the secret, if he desired it, should remain so to all the world but to those who might be necessary to relieve him.

"After much conversation, he told the Doctor he was the second son to a gentleman of good fortune in Hertfordshire, that he had made an improper acquaintance with a mistress of a captain of an Indiaman then abroad, that he was within a year of being out of his time, and had been entrusted with cash, drafts, and notes, which he had made free with, to the amount of two hundred pounds; that going two or three nights before to Drury Lane, to see Ross and Mrs Pritchard in their characters of George Barnwell and Millwood, he was so forcibly struck that he had not enjoyed a moment's peace since, and wished to die to avoid the shame he saw hanging over him. The Doctor asked him where his father was? He replied he expected him there every minute, as he was sent for by his master on his being taken so very

ill. The Doctor desired the young gentleman to make himself perfectly easy, as he would undertake his father should make all right; and to get his patient in a promising way, assured him, if his father made the least hesitation, he should have the money of *him*. The father soon arrived: the Doctor took him into another room, and, after explaining the whole cause of his son's illness, begged him to save the honour of his family and the life of his son. The father, with tears in his eyes, gave him a thousand thanks, said he would start to his banker and bring the money. While the father was gone, Dr Barrowby went to his patient, and told him everything would be settled in a few minutes to his ease and satisfaction; that his father was gone to his banker for the money, and would soon return with peace and forgiveness, and never mention or even think of it more.

"What is very extraordinary, the Doctor told me, that in a few minutes after he communicated this news to his patient, upon feeling his pulse, without the help of any medicine, he was quite another creature. The father returned with notes to the amount of two hundred pounds, which he put into the son's hands,—they wept, kissed, embraced; the son soon recovered, and lived to be a very eminent merchant. Doctor Barrowby never told me the name, but the story he mentioned often in the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre; and after telling it one night, when I was standing by, he said to me: —'You have done some good in your profession, more, perhaps, than many a clergyman who preached last Sunday'—for the patient told the Doctor the play raised such horror and contrition in his soul that he would, if it would please God to raise a friend to extricate him out of that distress, dedicate the rest of his life to reli-

gion and virtue. Though I never knew his name, or saw him to my knowledge, I had, for nine or ten years, at my benefit a note sealed up, with ten guineas, and these words:—‘A tribute of gratitude from one who was highly obliged and saved from ruin by seeing Mr Ross’s performance of Barnwell.’

“I am, dear sir, yours truly,

“David Ross.”

The tragic story has not escaped whipping by the satirist, as well as by the pantomimist. James Smith, in one of the “Rejected Addresses,” thus happily turns the story into racy burlesque,—as “George Barnwell Travestie:”—

George Barnwell stood at the shop-door,  
A customer hoping to find, sir ;  
His apron was hanging before,  
But the tail of his coat was behind, sir.  
A lady so painted and smart,  
Cried, Sir, I’ve exhausted my stock o’ late ;  
I’ve got nothing left but a groat—  
Could you give me four penn’orth of chocolate?  
Rum ti, &c.

Her face was rouged up to the eyes,  
Which made her look prouder and prouder ;  
His hair stood on end with surprise,  
And hers with pomatum and powder.  
The business was soon understood ;  
The lady, who wish’d to be more rich,  
Cried, Sweet sir, my name is Millwood,  
And I lodge at the Gunner’s in Shoreditch.  
Rum ti, &c.

Now nightly he stole out, good lack !  
And into her lodging would pop, sir ;  
And often forgot to come back,  
Leaving master to shut up the shop, sir.

Her beauty his wits did bereave—  
 Determined to be quite the crack, O,  
 He lounged at the Adam and Eve,  
 And call'd for his gin and tobacco.  
 Rum ti, &c.

And now—for the truth must be told,  
 Though none of a 'prentice should speak ill —  
 He stole from the till all the gold,  
 And ate the lump-sugar and treacle.  
 In vain did his master exclaim,  
 Dear George ! don't engage with that dragon ;  
 She 'll lead you to sorrow and shame,  
 And leave you the devil a rag on.  
 Your rum ti, &c.

George is kicked out of doors, soon spends his last guinea, when Millwood gets angry and remonstrates :—

If you mean to come here any more,  
 Pray come with more cash in your pocket.

She then suggests making “ Nunky surrender his dibs,” and he is equipped for the crime :—

A pistol he got from his love—  
 'Twas loaded with powder and bullet ;  
 He trudged off to Camberwell Grove,  
 But wanted the courage to pull it.  
 There 's Nunky as fat as a hog,  
 While I am as lean as a lizard ;  
 Here 's at you, you stingy old dog !—  
 And he whips a long knife in his gizzard.  
 Rum ti, &c.

All you who attend to my song,  
 A terrible end of the farce shall see,  
 If you join the inquisitive throng  
 That follow'd poor George to the Marshalsea.

If Millwood were here, dash my wigs,  
Quoth he, I would pummel and lam her well ;  
Had I stuck to my prunes and my figs,  
I ne'er had stuck Nunky at Camberwell.

Rum ti, &c.

Their bodies were never cut down ;  
For granny relates with amazement,  
A witch bore 'm over the town,  
And hung them on Thorowgood's casement.  
The neighbours, I've heard the folks say,  
The miracle noisily brag on ;  
And the shop is, to this very day,  
The sign of the George and the Dragon.

Rum ti, &c.

*Lady Henrietta Berkeley.*

THIS unfortunate lady, whose beauty and attractions proved her ruin, was fifth daughter of George, first Earl of Berkeley. Mary, her eldest sister, married, in the reign of Charles II., Ford, Lord Grey, of Werke—a nobleman of infamous memory, and to whose artifices the Lady Henrietta fell a victim. It seems that he had encouraged a passion for her when she was a girl, and basely taking advantage of the opportunities which his alliance with her family afforded, succeeded in effecting her ruin when she was little more than seventeen. After she had acknowledged an affection for him, the intrigue was continued about a year without discovery, but with great risk; and, on one occasion, as he himself confessed, he was two days locked in her closet without food, except a little sweetmeats. At length the suspicions of the Countess of Berkeley being excited by some trivial accident, she commanded her third daughter, the Lady Arabella, to search her sister's room; on which the latter delivered up a letter she had just been writing to Lord

Grey, to this effect:—"My sister Bell did not suspect our being together last night, for she did not hear the noise. Pray come again on Sunday or Monday; if the last, I shall be very impatient."

This disclosure took place at Berkeley House, in London; and every precaution was taken to prevent correspondence or any clandestine meeting between the parties; notwithstanding which, Lady Henrietta contrived to elope from Durdanes, a seat of the Berkeleys near Epsom, and to join Lord Grey in London, with whom she resided, for a short time, in a lodging-house at Charing Cross.

The Earl of Berkeley then indicted him, and several other persons, for conspiring to ruin his daughter, by seducing her from her father's house. The trial came on in November 1682, at Westminster Hall; and, after a most affecting scene, the Lady Henrietta being herself present, and making oath that she had left home of her own accord, the jury were preparing to withdraw to consider their verdict, when a new tone was given to the proceedings by the lady declaring, in opposition to her father's claim of her person, that "she would not go with him, that she was married, and under no restraint, and that her husband was then in court." A Mr Turner, son of Sir William Turner, then stepped forward and declared himself married to the lady. Sergeant Jeffreys then endeavoured to prove that Turner had been married before to another person, then alive, and who had children by him; but in this he failed. Turner then asserted there were witnesses ready to prove his marriage with Lady Henrietta, but the Earl of Berkeley disputed the Court having the cognisance of marriages, and desired that his daughter

might be delivered up to him. The Lord Chief Justice saw no reason but his lordship might take his daughter; but Justice Dolben maintained they could not dispose of any other man's wife, and they said they were married. The Lord Chief Justice then declared the lady free for her father to take her; and that if Mr Turner thought he had a right to the lady, he might take his course. The lady then declared she would go with her husband, to which the Earl replied, "Hussey, you shall go with me." It was then asked if Lord Grey might be discharged of his imprisonment. Sergeant Jeffreys objected; to which the Chief Justice replied:—"How can we do that, brother? The commitment upon the writ, *De Homine Replegiando*, is but till the body be produced; there she is, and says she is under no restraint." It was then argued that the lady was properly the plaintiff, that Lord Grey could not be detained in custody, but that he should give security to answer the suit. Accordingly he was bailed out. Then followed:—

*Earl of Berkeley.*—My Lord, I desire I may have my daughter again. *L. C. J.*—My Lord, we do not hinder you; you may take her. *Lady Henrietta.*—I will go with my husband. *Earl of Berkeley.*—Then, all that are my friends, seize her, I charge you. *L. C. J.*—Nay, let us have no breaking of the peace in the Court.

Despite, however, of this warning of the Chief Justice, Lord Berkeley again claiming his daughter, and attempting to seize her by force in the Hall, a great scuffle ensued, and swords were drawn on both sides. At this critical moment the Court broke up, and the Judge, passing by, ordered his tipstaff to take Lady Henrietta into custody and convey her to the King's Bench, whither Mr Turner accompanied her. On the last day of term

she was released by order of the Court, and the business being, in some way, arranged among the parties during the vacation, the lawsuit was not persevered in.

Lady Henrietta herself is stated to have died, unmarried, in the year 1710; consequently, the claim of Turner must have been a mere collusion to save Lord Grey.—*Abridged from Sir Bernard Burke's Anecdotes of the Aristocracy*, vol. ii.

### *Assassination of Mr Thynne in Pall Mall.*

As the visitor to Westminster Abbey passes through the south aisle of the choir, he can scarcely fail to notice sculptured upon one of the most prominent monuments a frightful scene of assassination, which was perpetrated in one of the most public streets of the metropolis, late in the reign of Charles II.

This terrible and mysterious transaction still remains among the darkest of the gloomy doings during the period of the Restoration, and the violence of faction consequent upon it. The murder of Thynne originated partly in a love affair, and partly, in all probability, from a secret political motive. The names and the interests of some of the proudest and most powerful families in the realm were involved in this nefarious homicide; and it is quite clear that while the actual assassins paid the forfeit of their crime, the instigator, or instigators, for there may have been more than one, were allowed to escape.

The interesting but innocent subject of the whole matter—the mainspring of the deed—was a daughter of the noble house of Percy, Lady Elizabeth, who, before she had completed her thirteenth year, was married, so

far at least as the performance of the ceremony went, to Henry Cavendish, styled Earl of Ogle, the only son of Henry, second Duke of Newcastle of that house. But Lord Ogle, who had taken the name and arms of Percy, died in the beginning of November 1680, within a year after his marriage, leaving his father's dukedom without an heir, and the heiress of the house of Northumberland a prize for new suitors.

The fortunate man, as he was doubtless deemed, who, after only a few months, succeeded in carrying off from all competitors the youthful widow, was Thomas Thynne, Esq., of Longleat, in Wiltshire, from his large income called "Tom of Ten Thousand." The society in which he moved was the highest in the land. He had been at one time a friend of the Duke of York, afterwards James II.; but, having quarrelled with his Royal Highness, he had latterly attached himself with great zeal to the Whig or opposition party in politics, and had become an intimate associate of their idol, or tool for the moment, the Duke of Monmouth. He had sat as one of the members for Wiltshire in four parliaments. At Longleat, where he lived in a style of great magnificence, Thynne was often visited by Monmouth: he is the Issachar of Dryden's glowing description, in the *Absalom and Achitophel*, of the Duke's popularity-and-plaudit-gathering progresses:—

From east to west his glories he displays,  
And, like the sun, the Promised Land surveys.  
Fame runs before him, as the morning star,  
And shouts of joy salute him from afar;  
Each house receives him as a guardian god,  
And consecrates the place of his abode.  
But hospitable treats did most commend,  
Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.

A set of Oldenburg coach-horses, of great beauty, which graced the Duke's equipage, had been presented to him by Thynne.

The heiress of the house of Percy was nearly connected by affinity with the families both of Lord Russell and Lord Cavendish; Lady Russell was a sister of her mother; and the family of her late husband, Lord Ogle, was a branch of that of the Earl of Devonshire; so that it may be supposed Thynne was probably in part indebted for his success in his suit to the good offices of his two noble friends. It would appear, however, from an entry in Evelyn's Diary, that the Duke of Monmouth was more instrumental than either.

The lady was fated to be a second time wedded only in form: her marriage with Thynne appears to have taken place in the summer or autumn of this year 1681; and she was separated from him immediately after the ceremony. One account is, that she fled from him of her own accord into Holland; another, and more probable version of the story, makes Thynne to have consented, at her mother's request, that she should spend a year on the Continent. It is to be remembered that she was not yet quite fifteen. The legality of the marriage, indeed, appears to have been called in question.

It was now, as some say, that she first met Count Köningsmarck at the Court of Hanover; but in this notion there is a confusion both of dates and persons. The Count, in fact, appears to have seen her in England, and to have paid his addresses to her before she gave her hand, or had it given for her, to Thynne: on his rejection he left the country; but that they met on the Continent there is no evidence or likelihood.

Köningsmarck, appears to have returned to England

in the early part of the year 1681. At this time Tom of Ten Thousand, with the heiress of Northumberland, his own by legal title if not in actual possession, was at the height both of his personal and his political fortunes.

On the night of Sunday, the 12th of February 1682, all the Court end of London was startled by the news that Thynne had been shot passing along the public streets in his coach. The spot was towards the eastern extremity of Pall Mall, directly opposite to St Alban's Street, no longer to be found, but which occupied nearly the same site with the covered passage now called the Opera Arcade. St Alban's Place, which was at its northern extremity, still preserves the memory of the old name. King Charles at Whitehall might almost have heard the report of the assassin's blunderbuss; and so might Dryden, sitting in his favourite front room on the ground-floor of his house on the south side of Gerrard Street, also hardly more than a couple of furlongs distant.

Meanwhile, an active search continued to be made after Köningsmarck, in urging which Thynne's friends, the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Cavendish, are recorded to have been especially zealous.

About eight o'clock on the night of Sunday, the 19th, exactly a week after the commission of the murder, he was apprehended at Gravesend; and on the Monday following he was brought up, under a guard of soldiers, to London.

Thynne had survived his mortal wound only a few hours, during which the Duke of Monmouth sat by the bedside of his dying friend. He expired at six in the morning. Köningsmarck and the other three prisoners,

after being examined, were lodged in Newgate; and, an indictment having been found against them by the grand jury, at Hick's Hall, on Monday, the 27th of February 1681, they were the next day brought up to the bar at the Old Bailey to be arraigned and tried: Charles George Borosky, *alias* Boratzi, Christopher Vratz, and John Stern, as principals in the murder; and Charles John Count Köningsmarck, as accessory before the fact.

The evidence, and indeed their own confessions, clearly proved the fact of Borosky shooting Thynne, and Vratz and Stern being present assisting him.

With respect to Köningsmarck, besides the testimony of his accomplices, which of course went for nothing against him, the other evidence showed him living concealed in a humble lodging, and holding communication with the murderers before and almost at the time of the murder. He had also fled immediately after the offence was committed, and expressions of his in anger against Thynne for espousing Lady Ogle, were given by the witnesses. To this it was answered by Köningsmarck, that the men accused were his followers and servants, and that of necessity he had frequent communion with them, but never about this murder; that when he arrived in London, he was seized with a distemper which obliged him to live privately till he was cured; and, finally, that he never saw, or had any quarrel with, Mr Thynne. This defence, though morally a very weak one, was certainly strengthened by the absence of direct legal proof to connect the Count with the assassination; and also by the more than ordinarily artful and favourable summing up of Chief Justice Pemberton, who seemed determined to save him.

To the universal astonishment (save of Charles and his court), the Count was acquitted, while his poor tools were hanged ; the body of one of them, a Pole, being gibbeted "at Mile-End,—being the road from the sea-ports where most of the northern nations do land." How the Count slipped his neck from the halter is pretty clearly indicated. Not only was the King's inclination in favour of the Count known ; but "one Mr B——, a woollen-draper in Covent Garden, who was warned to be on Count Köningsmarck's tryall jury, was askt if 500 guinies would do him any harm, if he would acquit the Count ; but there being jurymen besides enough, he was not called ; yet this he hath attested." This was a large sum to offer to a single jurymen, for there is little doubt but the full pannel was as well paid.

The convicted prisoners were hanged in Pall Mall the 10th of March following ; and Borosky, who fired the blunderbuss, was suspended in chains near Mile-End, as above stated.

Evelyn tells us that "Vratz went to execution like an undaunted hero, as one that had done a friendly office for that base coward, Count Köningsmarck, who had hopes to marry his widow, the rich Lady Ogle, and was acquitted by a corrupt jury, and so got away." Vratz told a friend of Evelyn's, who accompanied him to the gallows, and gave him some advice, "that he did not value dying of a rush, and hoped and believed God would deal with him *like a gentleman*."

Count Köningsmarck found it expedient to export himself from this country as fast as he could, after he had paid his fees and got out of the hands of the officers of justice at the Old Bailey.

According to the Amsterdam Historical Dictionary, he went to Germany to visit his estates in 1683 ; was wounded at the siege of Cambray, which happened that same year ; afterwards went with his regiment to Spain, where he distinguished himself at the siege of Gerona, in Catalonia, and on other occasions ; and, finally, in 1686, having obtained the permission of the French King, accompanied his uncle, Otho William, to the Morea, where he was present at the sieges of Navarin and Modon, and at the Battle of Argos, in which last affair he so overheated himself that he was seized with a pleurisy, which carried him off.

To end the story, we return to her with whom it began, the heiress of the long line and broad domains of the proud Percies. Lady Ogle, as she was styled, became an object of still greater public interest or curiosity than ever, on the catastrophe of her second husband. Her third husband was Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset.

The life of his wife, the commencing promise of which was so bright, and which was afterwards chequered with such remarkable incidents, not unmixed with the wonted allotment of human sorrow, terminated on the 23rd of November 1722. The Duchess, when she died, was in her fifty-sixth year. She had brought the Duke thirteen children, seven sons and six daughters, of whom only one son and three daughters arrived at maturity.

### *Murder of Mountfort, the Player.*

THIS tragic scene, which can scarcely be called a duel, is thus circumstantially related in Mr Cunningham's excellent *Handbook of London*. In Howard Street,

between Surrey Street and Norfolk Street, in the Strand, lived William Mountfort, the player, who was murdered before his own door on the night of the 9th of December 1692. "The story is an interesting one. A gallant of the town, a Captain Richard Hill, had conceived a passion for Mrs Bracegirdle, the beautiful actress. He is said to have offered her his hand, and to have been refused. His passion at last became ungovernable, and he at once determined on carrying her off by force. For this purpose, he borrowed a suit of night-linen of Mrs Radd, the landlady in whose house in Buckingham Court he lodged; and induced his friend, Lord Mohun, to assist him in his attempt; he dodged the fair actress for a whole day at the theatre, stationed a coach near the Horseshoe Tavern in Drury Lane, to carry her off in, and hired six soldiers to force her into it, as she returned from supping with Mr Page, in Prince's Street (off Drury Lane), to her own lodging in the house of Mrs Dorothy Brown, in Howard Street. As the beautiful actress came down Drury Lane, at ten at night, accompanied by her mother and brother, and escorted by her friend Mr Page, one of the soldiers seized her in his arms, and endeavoured to force her into the coach. Page resisting the attempt, Hill drew his sword, and struck a blow at Page's head, which fell, however, only on his hand. The lady's screams drew a rabble about her, and Hill, finding his endeavours ineffectual, bid the soldiers let her go.

"Lord Mohun, who was in the coach all this time, now stepped out of it, and with his friend Hill, insisted on seeing the lady home, Mr Page accompanying them, and remaining with Mrs Bracegirdle some time after for her better security. Disappointed in their object, Lord

Mohun and Captain Hill remained in the street; Hill with his sword drawn, and vowing revenge, as he had done before to Mrs Bracegirdle on her way home. Here they went to the Horseshoe Tavern in Drury Lane, for a bottle of canary, of which they drank in the middle of the street. In the meantime, Mrs Bracegirdle sent her servant to Mr Mountfort's house in Norfolk Street adjoining, to know if he was at home. The servant returned with an answer that he was not, and was sent again by her mistress to desire Mrs Mountfort to send to her husband to take care of himself; 'in regard my Lord Mohun and Captain Hill, who (she feared) had no good intention toward him, did wait him in the street.' Mountfort was sought for in several places without success, but Mohun and Hill had not waited long before he turned the corner of Norfolk Street with, it is said by one witness (Captain Hill's servant), his sword over his arm. It appears, in the evidence before the coroner, that he had heard while in Norfolk Street (if not before), of the attempt to carry off Mrs Bracegirdle, and was also aware that Lord Mohun and Hill were in the street, for Mrs Brown, the landlady of the house in which Mrs Bracegirdle lodged, solicited him to keep away. Every precaution was, however, ineffectual. He addressed Lord Mohun (who embraced him, it would appear, very tenderly), and said how sorry he was to find that he (Lord Mohun) would justify the rudeness of Captain Hill, or keep company with such a pitiful fellow ('or words to the like effect'), 'and then,' says Thomas Leak, the Captain's servant, 'the Captain came forward and said he would justify himself, and went towards the middle of the street, and Mr Mountfort followed him and drew.' Ann Jones, a servant (it

would appear, in Mrs Bracegirdle's house), declared in evidence that Hill came behind Mountfort, and gave him a box over the ear, and bade him draw. It is said they fought; Mountfort certainly fell with a desperate wound on the right side of the belly, near the short rib, of which he died the next day, assuring Mr Page, while lying on the floor in his own parlour, as Page declares in evidence, that Hill ran him through the body before he could draw his sword. Lord Mohun affirmed they fought, and that he saw a piece of Mountfort's sword lying on the ground. As Mountfort fell, Hill ran off, and the Duchy watch coming up, Lord Mohun surrendered himself, with his sword still in the scabbard.

"The scene of this sad tragedy was that part of Howard Street which lies between Norfolk Street and Surrey Street. Mountfort's house was two doors from the south-west corner. Mountfort was a handsome man, and Hill is said to have attributed his rejection by Mrs Bracegirdle to her love for Mountfort, an unlikely passion, it is thought, as Mountfort was a married man, with a good-looking wife of his own—afterwards Mrs Verbruggen, and a celebrated actress withal. Mountfort (only thirty-three when he died) lies buried in the adjoining church of St Clement's Danes. Mrs Bracegirdle continued to inhabit her old quarters. 'Above forty years since,' says Davies, 'I saw at Mrs Bracegirdle's house in Howard Street a picture of Mrs Barry, by Kneller, in the same apartments with the portraits of Betterton and Congreve.' Hill's passionate prompter on the above occasion was the same Lord Mohun who fell in a duel with the Duke of Hamilton."

## *Two Extraordinary Suicides at London Bridge.*

A MELANCHOLY instance of suicide, which took place in 1689, is recorded by historians of London Bridge as bearing testimony to the power of the torrent of the Thames at that period. It is thus narrated in the *Travels and Memoirs of Sir John Reresby, Bart.*:—"About this time," says the author, "a very sad accident happened, which, for a while, was the discourse of the whole town: Mr Temple, son to Sir William Temple, who had married a French lady with 20,000 pistols, a sedate and accomplished young gentleman, who had lately by King William been made Secretary of War, took a pair of oars, and drawing near the Bridge, leapt into the Thames, and drowned himself, leaving a note behind him in the boat to this effect: 'My folly in undertaking what I could not perform, whereby some misfortunes have befallen the King's service, is the cause of my putting myself to this sudden end; I wish him success in all his undertakings, and a better servant.'" Pennant, in repeating this anecdote, adds, that it took place on the 14th of April; that the unhappy man loaded his pockets with stones to destroy all chance of safety, and instantly sank; adding that "his father's false and profane reflection on the occasion was, 'that a wise man might dispose of himself, and make his life as short as he pleased.'" How strongly did this great man militate against the precepts of Christianity, and the solid arguments of the most wise and pious heathen!" (Cicero, in his *Somnium Scipionis*.)

The second suicide, of date about half a century later than that of Mr Temple, was committed under a like mistaken influence and perverted reasoning. Eustace Budgell, who contributed to the *Spectator* the papers marked "X," through Addison's influence obtained some subordinate offices under Government in Ireland. A misunderstanding with the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Bolton, and some lampoons which Budgell was indiscreet enough to write in consequence, occasioned his resignation. From that time he appears to have trodden a downward course ; he lost £20,000 in the South Sea bubble, and spent £5000 more in unsuccessful attempts to get into Parliament. In order to save himself from ruin, he joined the knot of pamphleteers who scribbled against Sir Robert Walpole, and he was presented with £1000 by the Duchess of Marlborough. Much of the *Craftsman* was written by him, as well as a weekly pamphlet called *The Bee*, which commenced in 1733, and extended to one hundred numbers. But his necessities reduced him to dishonest methods for procuring support, and he obtained a place in the *Dunciad*, not on account of want of wit, but want of principle, by appearing as a legatee in Tindal's will for £2000, to the exclusion of his next heir and nephew ; a bequest which Budgell is thought to have obtained surreptitiously, and the will was set aside. With this stain on his character, Budgell fought on for some time, but he became still deeper involved in lawsuits, his debts accumulated, and at last he dreaded an execution in his house. This prompted the alternative of suicide. In 1736, he took a boat at Somerset Stairs, and ordering the waterman to row down the river, he threw himself into the stream as they shot London Bridge. Having, like Mr Temple, taken

the precaution of filling his pockets with stones, like him, Budgell rose no more. It is singular that Pennant should have overlooked this latter suicide, for in his *London* he remarks, "Of the multitudes who have perished in this rapid descent (the torrent at the bridge), the name of no one of any note has reached my knowledge except that of Mr Temple, only son of the great Sir William Temple."

On the morning before that on which Budgell drowned himself, he had endeavoured to persuade a natural daughter, at that time not more than eleven years of age, to accompany him. She, however, refused, and afterwards entered as an actress at Drury Lane Theatre. Budgell left in his secretary a slip of paper, on which was written a broken distich, intended, perhaps, as an apology for his act:—

What Cato did, and Addison approved,  
Cannot be wrong.

It is unnecessary to point out the fallacy of his defence of his conduct, there being as little resemblance between the cases of Budgell and Cato, as there is reason for considering Addison's *Cato* written with the view of defending suicide.

### *Extraordinary Escape from Death.*

SHERIFF HOARE, in his Journal of his Shrievalty, relates that, on Monday, November 24, 1740, five persons were executed at Tyburn, when a most extraordinary event happened to one of them—William Duell, aged seventeen years, indicted for a rape, robbery, and murder, and convicted of the rape. Duell, after having been

hung up by the neck with the others, for the space of *twenty-two minutes*, or more, was cut down, and being begged by the Surgeons' Company, was carried in a hackney-coach to their hall to be anatomised. But just as they had taken him out of the coach, and laid him on a table in the hall, in order to make the necessary preparations for cutting him up, he was, to the great astonishment of the surgeon and assistants, heard to groan; and upon examination, finding he had some other symptoms of life, some of the surgeons let him bleed; after having taken several ounces, he began to stir, and in a short space of time was able to rear himself up, but could not immediately speak so as to be heard articulately. Messages were sent to the Sheriffs, and the news was soon spread about, insomuch that by five o'clock in the afternoon a great mob had gathered about Surgeons' Hall, in the Old Bailey, which intimidated the Sheriffs and their officers from attempting to carry Duell back the same day in order to hang him up again, and complete his execution; "as," says Sheriff Hoare, "we might have done by virtue of our warrant, which was to execute him at any time in the day." Therefore they kept him till about twelve o'clock at night, when, the mob being dispersed, the Sheriff signed an order for his re-commitment to Newgate, whither he was accordingly carried in a hackney-coach; being put into one of the cells, and covered up, and some warm broth given him, he began so far to recover as to be able to speak, and ask for more victual, but did not yet seem sensible enough to remember what had happened.

Two days afterwards, the Sheriffs waited on the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State, to know his Majesty's pleasure regarding the disposal of the criminal who had

thus strangely escaped dissection and death, and who was then in Newgate, "fully recovered in health and senses." His Grace desired the Sheriffs to draw up a narrative of the circumstances in writing, which was accordingly done; and it was added, that the prisoner had been found guilty on no other evidence but his own confession before a Justice of the Peace.

The story of the lad's recovery now became known, and persons flocked to Newgate to see him and ask him questions, but he remembered nothing of his being carried to execution, or even of his being brought to trial; yet *Grub Street Papers* cried about the streets gave accounts of the wonderful discoveries he had made in the other world, of the ghosts and apparitions he had seen, "and such like invented stuff to get a penny." The conjectures of his not dying under the execution were various; some suggesting it was because he was not hung up long enough; others, that the rope was not rightly placed; others, from the light weight of his body. But the true reason, as Sheriff Hoare was informed, was accounted for physically,—he having been in a high fever since his commitment to Newgate, for the most part light-headed and delirious; and, consequently, having no impression of fear upon him, and his blood circulating with violent heat and quickness, might be the reason why it was the longer before it could be stopped by suffocation; and this likewise accounted for his not knowing anything, that had happened (he being so ill) either at his trial or execution.

It does not appear from the Sheriff's Journal whether Duell received a pardon; but the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, in the above year, informs us that he was transported for life. It also varies the statement of the

resuscitation—that when one of the servants at Surgeons' Hall was washing the body for dissection, he found the breath to come quicker and shorter, on which a surgeon took some ounces of blood from him, and in two hours he was able to sit up in a chair.

That this was by no means the only instance of the resuscitation of the human body after it had been conveyed to Surgeons' Hall for dissection, is evident from the following curious order, made at a Court of Assistants, on the 13th of July 1587, which is copied from the minute-books of the Company, and here modernised: "Item. It is agreed that if any body which shall at any time hereafter happen to be brought to our hall for the intent to be wrought upon by the anatomists of our Company, *shall revive or come to life again, as has of late been seen*, the charges about the same body so reviving shall be borne, levied, and sustained by such person or persons who shall happen to bring home the body. And, further, shall abide such order or fine as this House shall award." Here we see that the *charges* were more attended to by the Court than any other consideration.

### *Human Heads on Temple Bar.*

AFTER the remains of traitors ceased to be placed on London Bridge, when the right to dispose of the quartered remains of the subject devolved on the Crown, that right, as regards those who had suffered for high treason in London, was, with few exceptions, wholly or partially exercised in favour of Temple Bar. Thus the City Bar became the City Golgotha. The first person so exposed was Sir Thomas Armstrong, the last victim of the Rye

House Plot. He was executed at Tyburn; his head was set up on Westminster Hall, and one of the quarters upon Temple Bar. Sir John Friend and Sir William Perkins, conspirators in the plot to carry off the King in 1695, on his return from Richmond to Kensington, were the next ornaments of the Bar; the head and limbs of Friend, and the headless trunk of Perkins, being placed upon its iron spikes. Evelyn refers to this melancholy scene "as a dismal sight, which many pitied. I think there never was such a Temple Bar till now, except once in the time of King Charles the Second—viz., Sir Thomas Armstrong." The head of Sir John Friend was set up on Aldgate; on account, it is presumed, of that gate being in the proximity of his brewery. Sir John Fenwick, nearly the last person to suffer on account of this conspiracy, is not associated with the Bar; but there is a remarkable coincidence in the death of King William being not altogether unassociated with the execution of this northern baronet. The King, on the morning of February 21, 1702, rode into the Home Park at Hampton Court, to inspect the progress of a new canal there, and was mounted on a sorrel pony, which had formerly been the property of the unfortunate Sir John Fenwick. William having reached the works, the pony accidentally placed his foot in a molehill, and fell; the King's collar-bone was fractured by the fall, of the effects of which he expired March 8. The adherents of James eulogised their beloved "Sorrel;" and the wit of Pope was shown in the following *jeu d'esprit*, contrasting the safety of Charles in the oak at Boscobel, with the accident to William in the gardens at Hampton:—

Angels who watched the guardian oak so well,  
How chanced ye slept when luckless Sorrel fell!

To return to Temple Bar. The next head placed on its summit was that of Colonel Henry Oxburg, who suffered for his attachment to the cause of the Pretender. Next was the head of Christopher Layer, another of the Pretender's adherents, whose head frowned from the crown of the arch for a longer period than any other occupant. On the 17th of May 1723, nearly seven months after his trial, he was conducted from the Tower to Tyburn, seated in a ditch, habited in a full dress suit, and a tye-wig; and at the place of execution he declared his adherence to King James (as he called the Pretender), and advised the people to take up arms on his behalf. "The day subsequent to his execution, his head was placed on Temple Bar; there it remained, blackened and weather-beaten with the storms of many successive years, until, as we have remarked, it became its oldest occupant. Infancy had advanced into matured manhood, and still that head regularly looked down from the summit of the arch. It seemed part of the arch itself." \* A curious story is told of Counsellor Layer's head. One stormy night it was blown from off the Bar into the Strand, and there picked up by Mr John Pearce, an attorney, who showed it to some persons at a public-house, under the floor of which it was stated to have been buried. Dr Rawlinson, the antiquary, meanwhile, having made inquiries after the head, with a wish to purchase it, was imposed upon with another instead of Layer's head; the former the Doctor preserved as a valuable relic, and directed it to be buried in his right hand, which request is stated to have been complied with.

\* *Temple Bar; the City Golgotha.* By a Barrister of the Inner Temple. 1853.

The heads of the victims of the fatal Rebellion of '45 were the last placed upon the Bar ; those being Townley and Fletcher. Walpole writes to Montague, August 16, 1746, "I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a half-penny a look." There is a scarce print, in which the position of the heads is shown, and portraits cleverly engraved. For several weeks people flocked to this revolting exhibition, which yielded to some a savage pleasure. Dr Johnson relates the following impression from the sight. "I remember once being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While he surveyed Poets' Corner, I said to him :—

*Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.*

When we got to the Temple Bar, he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it, and slyly whispered me,

*Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."*

Johnson was a Jacobite at heart.

Another instance of political feeling is narrated. On the morning of January 20, 1766, between two and three o'clock, a person was observed to watch his opportunity of discharging musket-balls, from a still cross-bow, at the two remaining heads upon Temple Bar. On his examination he affected a disorder of his senses, and said his reason for so doing was his strong attachment to the present Government, and that he thought it was not sufficient that a traitor should only suffer death, and that this provoked his indignation ; and that it had been his constant practice for three nights past to amuse himself in the same manner ; but the account

adds, "It is much to be feared that he is a near relation to one of the unhappy sufferers." Another account states that, "Upon searching him, above fifty musket-balls were found wrapped in a paper with this motto, *Eripuit ille vitam.*" It is added, that on March 31, 1772, one of the heads fell down; and that shortly after, the remaining one was swept down by the wind. The last of the iron poles or spikes was not removed from the Bar until the commencement of the present century.

Among persons living in the present century who recollected these grim tenants of the Bar, were the following:—J. T. Smith relates that in 1825, a person, aged 87, remembered the heads being seen with a telescope from Leicester Fields; the ground between which and Temple Bar was then thinly built over. Mrs Black, the wife of the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, when asked if she remembered the heads on the spikes on the Bar, used to reply, very collectedly, and, as usual with her, without any parade of telling the story she had to relate, "*Boys, I recollect the scene well!* I have seen on that Temple Bar, about which you ask, two human heads—men's heads—traitors' heads—spiked on iron poles. There were two. I saw one fall. Women shrieked as it fell; men, I have heard, shrieked: one woman near me fainted. Yes, I recollect seeing human heads upon Temple Bar."

The other person who remembered to have seen human heads upon spikes on Temple Bar was one who died in December 1856—Mr Rogers, the banker-poet. "I well remember," he said, "one of the heads of the rebels upon a pole at Temple Bar—a black, shapeless lump. Another pole was bare, the head having dropped from

it." Mr Rogers, we take it, was the last surviving person who remembered to have seen a human head on a spike on the Bar.

### *Adventure with a Forger.*

DR SOMERVILLE, of Edinburgh, in his Second Journey to London, relates the following singular adventure, which is especially interesting for the portrait which it gives of Sir John Fielding, the police magistrate:—

"One of our travelling companions, whose behaviour had excited various conjectures in the course of our journey, was apprehended at the Bank of England the day after our arrival on the charge of forgery. He had, in fact, forged and circulated the notes of the bank to a very large amount. He was carried before Sir John Fielding, who in a few hours discovered the lodgings of the several persons who had places in the York coach along with the suspected forger. I happened to be in the gallery of the House of Commons when one of Sir John's officers arrived at my sister's house in Panton Square, requiring my immediate attendance at the Police Office; and it was not without entreaty that the messenger was prevailed upon to desist from his purpose of following me to the House, upon the condition of one of my friends becoming security for my attendance in Catherine Street at eight o'clock next morning. The prisoner had, during the night, made an attempt to escape by leaping from the window of the room where he was confined; and having failed in this attempt, his resolution forsook him; and he made a voluntary confession of his guilt in the presence of Sir John Fielding, a few minutes before my arrival. Sir John, when in-

formed of my being a minister of the Church of Scotland, desired me to retire with the culprit, whose name was Mathewson, to the adjoining chapel, and give him admonitions suitable to his unfortunate situation. In consequence of my advice, he made a more ample confession on returning to the bar. The circumstances which he added to his former confession were not, however, injurious to himself, otherwise I should not have urged him to mention them, but such as I thought could not be concealed consistently with the sincerity of that repentance which he now professed.

“I was so much amused and interested with the appearance of Sir John Fielding, and the singular adroitness with which he conducted the business of his office, that I continued there for an hour after the removal of Mathewson, while Sir John was engaged in the investigation of other cases. Sir John had a bandage over his eyes, and held a little switch or rod in his hand, waving it before him as he descended from the bench. The sagacity he discovered in the questions he put to the witnesses, and a marked and successful attention, as I conceived, not only to the words, but to the accents and tones of the speaker, supplied the advantage which is usually rendered by the eye! and his skilful arrangement of the questions leading to the detection of concealed facts, impressed me with the highest respect for his singular ability as a police magistrate. This testimony I give not merely on the observation I had the opportunity of making on the day of my appearance before him.

“I frequently afterwards gratified my curiosity by stepping into Sir John Fielding’s office when I happened to pass near Catherine Street. The accidental circum-

stance of my having been his fellow-traveller to London, gave me some interest in Mathewson, who, before his being removed from the office of Sir John Fielding, had addressed me in the most pathetic and earnest language, beseeching me to condescend to visit him in prison. I first saw him again in Clerkenwell, where he was committed till the term of the Old Bailey Sessions. The hardened, ferocious countenances of the multitude of felons all in the same apartment, the indecency and profaneness of their conversation, and the looks of derision which they cast upon me, awakened sensations of horror more than of pity, and made me request to be relieved from the repetition of this painful duty. I did not, therefore, return to Clerkenwell; but after Mathewson's trial, and a few days before his execution (for he was executed), I made him a visit in Newgate. There I found him sitting in the condemned hold, with two other criminals under sentence of death. I requested the officer who superintended this department to permit me to retire with Mathewson to a private room, where he entered into a detailed confession of his guilt. Mathewson, at our interview in Sir John Fielding's office, made known to me a circumstance which he thought gave him a strong claim to my humane services. He told me that his father had for a long time been in the service of Lord Minto, the Lord Justice-Clerk, and that he had been afterwards patronised by his Lordship and all his family on account of his diligence and fidelity. He had heard my name mentioned at the inn at Newcastle, a circumstance which determined him to take a place in the same coach; and, indeed, I had observed that he officiously clung to me in the progress of our journey. He attended Mr Maclagan and me to the playhouse on Saturday

evening after our arrival at York, to the Cathedral service on Sunday morning, and to Dr Cappe's chapel in the afternoon—though, on account of his suspicious appearance and the petulance of his manner, we gave him broad hints of our inclination to dispense with his company: and we were not a little surprised to find him seated in the stage-coach next morning, as, on our way from Newcastle, he had told us that he was to go no farther than York."

### *Eccentric Benevolence.*

EDWARD, sixth Lord Digby, who succeeded to the peerage in 1752, was a man of active benevolence. At Christmas and Easter, he was observed by his friends to be more than usually grave, and then always to have on an old shabby blue coat. Mr Fox, his uncle, who had great curiosity, wished much to find out his nephew's motive for appearing at times in this manner, as in general he was esteemed more than a well-dressed man. On his expressing an inclination for this purpose, Major Vaughan and another gentleman undertook to watch his Lordship's motions. They accordingly set out; and observing him to go to St George's Fields, they followed him at a distance, till they lost sight of him near the Marshalsea Prison. Wondering what could carry a person of his Lordship's rank and fortune to such a place, they inquired of the turnkey if a gentleman (describing Lord Digby) had not just entered the prison?

"Yes, masters," exclaimed the fellow, with an oath; "but he is not a man, he is an angel; for he comes here twice a year, sometimes oftener, and sets a number of

prisoners free. And he not only does this, but he gives them sufficient to support themselves and their families till they can find employment. This," continued the man, "is one of his extraordinary visits. He has but a few to take out to-day."

"Do you know who the gentleman is?" inquired the Major.

"We none of us know him by any other marks," replied the man, "but by his humanity and his blue coat."

The next time his Lordship had on his almsgiving coat, a friend asked him what occasioned his wearing that singular dress. The reply was, by Lord Digby taking the gentleman shortly after to the George Inn, in the Borough, where seated at dinner were thirty individuals whom his Lordship had just released from the Marshalsea Prison by paying their debts in full.

### *The Execution of Lord Ferrers.*

IN the last year of the reign of George II. (1760), our criminal annals received an addition, which, for atrocity, has few parallels. Horace Walpole, in his *Letters*, relates this event with his accustomed minuteness and spirit.

In January of the above year, Earl Ferrers, while residing at his seat, Staunton Harcourt, in Leicestershire, murdered Johnson, his steward, in the most barbarous and deliberate manner. The Earl had been separated by Parliament from his wife, a very pretty woman, whom he married with no fortune, for the most groundless barbarity, and then killed his steward for having been evidence for her. "He sent away all his servants

but one," says Walpole, "and, like that heroic murderess, Queen Christina, carried the poor man through a gallery and several rooms, locking them after him, and then bid the man kneel down, for he was determined to kill him. The poor creature flung himself at his feet, but in vain ; was shot, and lived twelve hours. Mad as this action was from the consequences, there was no frenzy in his behaviour ; he got drunk, and at intervals talked of it coolly ; but did not attempt to escape, till the colliers beset his house, and were determined to take him alive or dead. He is now in the gaol at Leicester, and will soon be removed to the Tower, then to Westminster Hall, and I suppose to Tower Hill ; unless, as Lord Talbot prophesied in the House of Lords, ' Not being thought mad enough to be shut up till he had killed somebody, he will then be thought too mad to be executed ; ' but Lord Talbot was no more honoured in his vocation than other prophets are in their own country."

Lord Ferrers was tried by his peers in Westminster Hall, and found guilty ; he was condemned to be hanged, and to the mortification of the peerage, to be anatomised, according to the tenor of the new Act of Parliament for murder. The night he received the sentence he played at picquet with the Tower warders, would play for money, and would have continued to play every evening, but they refused. The governor of the Tower shortened his allowance of wine after his conviction, agreeably to the late strict Acts on murder. This he much disliked, and at last pressed his brother, the clergyman, to intercede, that at least he might have more porter ; for, said he, what I have is not a draught. His brother protested against it, but at last consenting (and he did obtain it), then said the Earl,

“Now is as good a time as any to take leave of you—adieu!”

On the return of the Earl from his trial and condemnation, and when the procession reached Thames Street, a servant of some oilmen there, who had been set to watch the boiling of some inflammable substances, and who left his charge on the fire, went out to see the pageant, and on his return the man found the whole of the oilman's premises in flames: seven dwelling-houses were consumed, with all the warehouses on Fresh Wharf, and the roof of St Magnus Church; the whole of the destruction being estimated at £40,000.

On the last morning, May 5, the Earl dressed himself in his wedding-clothes, saying he thought this at least as good an occasion for putting them on as that for which they were first made. He wore them to Tyburn: this marked the strong impression on his mind. His courage rose on the occasion; even an awful procession of above two hours, with that mixture of pageantry, shame, and ignominy, nay, and of delay, could not dismount his resolution. He set out from the Tower at nine, amidst crowds, thousands. First went a string of constables; then one of the sheriffs in his chariot and six, the horses dressed with ribbons; next, Lord Ferrers, in his own landau\* and six, his coachman crying all the way; guards at each side; the other sheriff's carriage following empty, with a mourning coach and six, a hearse, and the Horse Guards. Observe, that the empty chariot was that of the other sheriff, who was in the landau with the prisoner, and who was Vaillant, the

\* The carriage was, after the execution, driven to Acton, where it was placed in the coach-house, was never again used, but remained there until it fell to pieces. The Earl's wife was burned to death in 1807.

French bookseller, in the Strand. Lord Ferrers at first talked on indifferent matters, and observing the prodigious confluence of people (the blind was drawn up on his side), he said—"But they never saw a lord hanged, and perhaps will never see another." One of the dragoons was thrown by his horse's leg entangling in the hind-wheel. Lord Ferrers expressed much concern, and said, "I hope there will be no death to-day but mine," and was pleased when Vaillant told him the man was not hurt. Vaillant made excuses to him on the office. "On the contrary," said the Earl, "I am much obliged to you. I feared the disagreeableness of the duty might make you depute your under-sheriff. As you are so good as to execute it yourself, I am persuaded the dreadful apparatus will be conducted with more expedition." The chaplain of the Tower, who sat backwards, then thought it his turn to speak, and began to talk on religion ; but Lord Ferrers received it impatiently.

Meanwhile, the procession was stopped by the crowd. The Earl said he was thirsty, and wished for some wine and water. The Sheriff refused him. "Then," said the Earl, "I must be content with this," and took some pig-tail tobacco out of his pocket. As they drew nigh, he said, "I perceive we are almost arrived ; it is time to do what little more I have to do ;" and then, taking out his watch, gave it to Vaillant, desiring him to accept it as a mark of gratitude for his kind behaviour, adding, "It is scarce worth your acceptance, but I have nothing else ; it is a stop watch, and a pretty accurate one." He gave five guineas to the chaplain, and took out as much for the executioner. Then giving Vaillant a pocket-book, he begged him to deliver it to Mrs Clifford, his mistress, with what it contained.

When they came to Tyburn, the coach was detained some minutes by the conflux of the people; but as soon as the door was opened, Lord Ferrers stepped out, and mounted the scaffold: it was hung with black by the undertaker, and at the expense of his family. Under the gallows was a new invented stage, to be struck from beneath him. He showed no kind of fear or discomposure, only just looking at the gallows with a slight motion of dissatisfaction. He spoke little, kneeled for a moment to the prayer, said "Lord, have mercy upon me, and forgive me my errors," and immediately mounted the upper stage. He had come pinioned with a black sash, and was unwilling to have his hands tied, or his face covered, but was persuaded to both. When the rope was put upon his neck, he turned pale, but recovered his countenance instantly, and was but seven minutes from leaving the coach to the signal given for striking the stage. As the machine was new, they were not ready at it; his toes touched it, and he suffered a little, having had time, by their bungling, to raise his cap; but the executioner pulled it down again, and they pulled his legs, so that he was soon out of pain, and quite dead in four minutes. He desired not to be stripped and exposed; and Vaillant promised him, though his clothes must be taken off, that his shirt should not. The decency ended with him, the sheriffs fell to eating and drinking on the scaffold, and helped up one of their friends to drink with them, as the body was still hanging, which it did for above an hour, and then was conveyed back with the said pomp to Surgeons' Hall to be dissected: there is a print of "Lord Ferrers, as he lay in his coffin at Surgeons' Hall." The executioners fought for the rope, and the one who lost it

cried. The mob tore off the black cloth as relics ; “but,” says Walpole, “the universal crowd behaved with great decency and admiration, as well they might ; for sure no exit was ever made with more sensible resolution, and with less ostentation.”

Earl Ferrers had petitioned George II. that he might die by the axe. This was refused. “He has done,” said the old king, “de deed of de bad man, and he shall die de death of de bad man.” One luxury, however, Lord Ferrers is reported to have secured for the last hour of his life—*a silken rope*.

The night before his death he made one of his keepers read *Hamlet* to him, after he was in bed ; he paid all his bills in the morning, as if leaving an inn ; and half-an-hour before the sheriffs fetched him, corrected some Latin verses he had written in the Tower.

His violence of temper and habitual eccentricities occasioned him to be set down as a madman by his contemporaries, and he is so held in the few historical records which name him. He hated his poor wife, and one of his modes of annoying her was to put squibs and crackers into her bed, which were contrived to explode just as she was dropping asleep. But she extricated herself through a separation by Act of Parliament, and obtained further atonement in a more congenial second union, many years after, with Lord Frederic Campbell, brother to the Duke of Argyll.

### *Baltimore House.*

THIS noble mansion, in Russell Square, at the south corner of Guildford Street, was built for Lord Baltimore in the year 1759 : subsequent to the formation of the

square, the house was divided into two handsome residences, after standing above forty years; the premises comprising, with gardens, a considerable portion of the east side of the site of the square.

Baltimore House acquired a celebrity, or rather notoriety, disgraceful to its titled owner, by a criminal occurrence there, which excited a considerable sensation at the time. Frederick, seventh Baron of Baltimore, who succeeded his father in his title and estates in 1751, was a man of dissolute character; he married the daughter of the Duke of Bridgewater, but his licentiousness and infidelity rendered the nuptial life a scene of unhappiness. He is known to have kept agents in various parts of the metropolis for the infamous purpose of providing him fresh victims to his passion. Hearing through one of his agents, a Mrs Harvey, in November 1767, that a young Quaker milliner, named Sarah Woodcock, keeping shop on Tower Hill, was remarkably beautiful, Lord Baltimore went there several times, under pretence of purchasing lace ruffles and other articles. At length she was decoyed into his lordship's carriage by one Isaacs, a Jew, who had become an accomplice of Mrs Harvey in the vile conspiracy. Under pretence of taking Woodcock to a lady, who would give her orders for millinery, the carriage was driven rapidly from Tower Hill, with the glasses up; and it being dark, Woodcock was unaware of its being other than a hackney-coach, until at length they arrived in the court-yard of Baltimore House. Upon alighting, she was ushered by Mrs Harvey through a splendid suite of rooms, when Lord Baltimore made his appearance, and Woodcock became greatly alarmed, as she recollected his calling upon her at Tower Hill. Under

pretext of his being steward to the lady she was to be introduced to, the poor milliner became more composed. Lord Baltimore withdrew, and soon returned with a Mrs Griffinburgh, whom he represented as the lady about to order the goods—this being another of the creatures of Lord Baltimore; she continued, under various pretences, to detain Woodcock until a late hour, when she became importunate to depart.

Keeping up the semblance of a steward, Lord Baltimore took her over several apartments, and afterwards insisted upon her staying to supper; after which, being left alone with her, he made advances which she indignantly repelled. Doctor Griffinburgh, husband of the woman of that name, with Mrs Harvey, came to assist his lordship in his vile arts; but Woodcock still refused to consent, forced her way to the door, and insisted upon going home. At a late hour, she was conducted to a bed-room, where, with agonising distress, she continued walking about till morning, lamenting her unhappy situation; the two women, Griffinburgh and Harvey, being in bed in the same room. In the morning, Woodcock was conducted to breakfast; but refused to eat, and demanded her liberty, and wept incessantly; Lord Baltimore meanwhile vowing his excessive love, and urging it as an excuse for detaining her; and whenever she went towards the windows of the house, to make her distress evident to passengers in the streets, the women forced her away. Lord Baltimore persevered for some hours, by turns soothing and threatening her: at length, under pretence of taking her to her father, if she would dry her eyes, and put on clean linen (supplied to her by Mrs Griffinburgh), she was hurried into a coach, and conveyed to Woodcote Park, Lord Balti-

more's family seat, at Epsom ; the Doctor and the two infamous women accompanying Woodcock, who, at Woodcote, yielded to his lordship's wicked arts.

Meanwhile, Woodcock's friends had obtained a clue to her detention at Woodcote, and, after a fortnight's painful anxiety at her absence, a writ of Habeas Corpus was obtained, and she was restored to her liberty. Lord Baltimore and his two female accomplices were tried at the assizes at Kingston-upon-Thames, 25th March 1768. After a long investigation of evidence, and much deliberation by the jury, Lord Baltimore was acquitted, the case appearing to have been one of seduction rather than violation, and the jury considering Woodcock not altogether guiltless ; and there was an informality in her deposition, arising evidently from the agitation of her mind.

After the trial, Lord Baltimore, who was a man of some literary attainments, disposed of his property, and quitted the kingdom. He died at Naples, in September 1771 ; and his remains being brought to England, lay in state in one of the large rooms of Exeter Change, and were then buried in Epsom Church, with much funeral pomp ; the *cortège* extending from the church to the eastern extremity of Epsom.

After Lord Baltimore's tenancy had expired, this house was inhabited by the Duchess of Bolton ; Wedderburne, Lord Chancellor Loughborough ; Sir John Nicholl, Sir Vicary Gibbs, and by Sir Charles Flower, Bart. The mansion did not altogether lose its notoriety until its division into two residences : the unity of the house is still preserved in the pitch of the slated roof ; one of the residences is named Bolton House, and the corner of Guildford Street, Bolton Gardens.

J. T. Smith tells us that he remembered, in 1777, going with his father and his pupils on a sketching party to what was subsequently called Pancras Old Church; and that Whitefield's Chapel in Tottenham Court Road, Montague House, Bedford House, and Baltimore House, were then uninterruptedly seen from the churchyard, which was at that time so rural that it was only enclosed by a low and very old hand-railing, in some parts entirely covered with docks and nettles. Smith remembered also that the houses on the north side of Ormond Street commanded views of Islington, Highgate, and Hampstead; including in the middle distance Copenhagen House, Mother Redcap's, the Adam and Eve, the Farthing Pie-house, the Queen's Head and Artichoke, and the Jew's-harp House.

### *The Minters of Southwark.*

A LARGE portion of the parish of St George the Martyr is called the Mint, from a "mint of coinage" having been kept there by Henry VIII., upon the site of Suffolk Place, the magnificent seat of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, nearly opposite the parish church. Part of the mansion was pulled down in 1557, and on the site were built many small cottages, to the increasing of the beggars in the Borough. Long before the close of the seventeenth century, the district called the Mint had become a harbour for lawless persons, who claimed there the privilege of exemption from all legal process, civil or criminal. It consisted of several streets and alleys; the chief entrance being from opposite St George's Church by Mint Street, which had, to our time, a lofty wooden gate: there were other entrances,

each with a gate; like Whitefriars, it had its Lombard Street. It thus became early an asylum for debtors, coiners, and vagabonds; and of "the traitors, felons, fugitives, outlaws, condemned persons, convict persons, felons, defamed, those put in exigent of outlawry, felons of themselves, and such as refused the law of the land," who had, from the time of Edward VI., herded in St George's parish. The Mint at length became such a pest that its *privileges* were abolished by law; but it was not effectually suppressed until the reign of George I., one of whose statutes relieved all those debtors under £50, who had taken sanctuary in the Mint from their creditors. The Act of 1695-6 had proved inefficient for the suppression of the nuisance, though it inflicted a penalty of £500 on any one who should rescue a prisoner, and made the concealment of the rescuer a transportable offence. In 1705, a fraudulent bankrupt fled here from his creditors, when the Mint-men resisted a large body of constables, and a desperate conflict ensued at the gate before the rogue was taken. A child had been murdered within these precincts, when the coroner's officer was seized by the Mint-men, thrown into "the Black Ditch" of liquid mud; and, though rescued by constables, he was not suffered to depart until he had taken an oath on a brick, in their cant terms, never to come into that place again.

At the clearance of the place, in 1723, the exodus was a strange scene: "Some thousands of the Minters went out of the land of bondage, *alias* the Mint, to be cleared at the quarter-sessions of Guildford, according to the late Act of Parliament. The road was covered with them, insomuch that they looked like one of the Jewish tribes going out of Egypt; the cavalcade con-

sisting of caravans, carts, and waggons, besides numbers on horses, asses, and on foot. The drawer of the two fighting cocks was seen to lead an ass loaded with geneva, to support the spirits of the ladies upon the journey. 'Tis said that several heathen bailiffs lay in ambuscade in ditches on the road to surprise some of them, if possible, on their march, if they should straggle from the main body; but they proceeded with so much order and discipline that they did not lose a man upon this expedition."

The Mint was noted as the retreat of poor poets. When it was a privileged place, "poor Nahum Tate" was forced to seek shelter here from extreme poverty, where he died in 1716: he had been ejected from the laureateship, at the accession of George I., to make way for Rowe. Pope does not spare the needy poets:—

No place is sacred, not the church is free,  
E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:  
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,  
Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.

Johnson has truly said: "The great topic of his (Pope's) ridicule is poverty; the crimes with which he reproaches his antagonists are their debts, their habitation in the Mint, and their want of a dinner."

In Gay's *Beggars' Opera*, one of the characters (Trapes) says: "The Act for destroying the Mint was a severe cut upon our business. Till then, if a customer stept out of the way, we knew where to have her." Mat o' the Mint is one of Macheath's gang. This was also one of the haunts of Jack Sheppard; and Jonathan Wild kept his horses at the Duke's Head, in Redcross Street, within the precincts of the Mint. Marriages were performed here, as in the Fleet, the Savoy, and in May

Fair. In 1715, an Irishman, named Briand, was fined £2000 for marrying an orphan, about thirteen years of age, whom he decoyed into the Mint. The following curious certificate was produced at his trial:—"Feb. 16, 1715. These are therefore to whom it may concern, that Isaac Briand and Watson Anne Astone were joined together in the holy state of matrimony (*Nemine contradicente*) the day and year above written, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of Great Britain.—Witness my hand, Jos. Smith, Cler."

The Mint of the present century was mostly noted for its brokers' shops, and its "lodgings for travellers;" and in one of the wretched tenements of its indigent and profligate population occurred the first case of Asiatic cholera in 1832. Few of the old houses remain.

### *Stealing a Dead Body.*

THE burial-ground of St George the Martyr, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, is a long and narrow slip of ground behind the Foundling Hospital, to which a remarkable circumstance is attached. On October 9, 1777, the grave-digger and others were detected in the act of stealing a corpse from this ground for dissection, the only instance of this kind then ever known, and which, in consequence, involved a difficulty in the decision of the law, from its being the first indictment on record for such a crime.

John Holmes, the grave-digger of St George's, Robert Williams, his assistant, and Esther Donaldson were tried under an indictment for a misdemeanour, before Sir John Hawkins, chairman, at Guildhall, West-

minster, 6th December 1777, for stealing the dead body of one Mrs Jane Sainsbury, who died in the October preceding, and was interred in the burial-place of the said parish. Mr Howarth, counsel for the prosecution, stated the case to the jury. Mr Keys, counsel for the prisoners, objected to the indictment, and contended that if the offence was not felony, it was nothing, for it could not be a misdemeanour, therefore not cognisable by that court, or contrary to any law whatever. Sir J. Hawkins inquired of Mr Howarth the reason for not indicting for a felony, as thereby the court was armed with power to punish as severely as such acts deserved. Mr Howarth explained this, by saying, that to constitute a felony there must be a felonious act of taking away property; and if the shroud, or any other thing, such as the pillow, &c., or any part of it, had been stolen, it would have been a felony. In this case, he said, nothing of that kind had been done, the body only having been stolen; and though, in their hurry of conveying away the deceased, the thieves had torn off the shroud, and left pieces in the churchyard, yet there being no intention of taking them away, it was no felony, and, therefore, only a misdemeanour. Mr Keys again insisted it was no misdemeanour; but Sir John Hawkins very ably refuted him, reminding him that if his objection was good, it was premature, for it would come as a motion for an arrest of judgment. The trial then went on.

Mr Eustanston, who lived near the Foundling Hospital, deposed, that going by that hospital, about eight o'clock in the evening, with some other gentlemen, they met the prisoner, Williams with a sack on his back, and another person walking with him. Having some

suspicion of a robbery, he stopped Williams, and asked him what he had got there? to which he replied, "I don't know;" but that pulling the sack forcibly from his back, he begged to be let go, and said he was "a poor man just come from harvest." Mr Eustanston then untied the sack, and, to his astonishment, found the deceased body of a woman, her heels tied up tight behind her, her hands tied together behind, and cords round her neck, forcibly bending her head almost between her legs. They were so horrified as to be prevented securing the companion of Williams, but they took him to the Round House, where he was well known to be the assistant grave-digger to Holmes, and went by the name of Bobby. Next day, Holmes being applied to as he was digging in the burial-ground, denied all knowledge of Bobby, or Williams, or any such man. Neither could he recollect if any body had been buried within the last few days, or if there had, he could not tell where. However, by the appearance of the mould, they insisted on his running into the ground his long iron crow, and then they discovered a coffin, only six inches under ground, out of which the body had been taken. This coffin had been buried a few days before, very deep; the ground was further examined, and another coffin was discovered, out of which the body of Mrs Jane Sainsbury had been stolen; and whilst this search was taking place, Holmes was detected hiding in his pockets several small pieces of shroud, which lay around the grave.

Mr Sainsbury was under the painful necessity of appearing in court, when he identified the body found on Williams as that of his deceased wife. Williams was proved to have been constantly employed by

Holmes, in whose house were found several sacks marked H. Ellis—the mark upon the sack in which Mrs Sainsbury was tied. The jury found the two men guilty, but acquitted Esther Donaldson. They were sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and each to be severely whipped twice in the last week of their confinement, from Kingsgate Street to Dyott Street, St Giles's, full half a mile; but the whipping was afterwards remitted.

In St George's burial-ground the first person interred was Robert Nelson, author of *Fasts and Festivals*; this was done to reconcile others to the place who had taken a violent prejudice to it. Dr Campbell, author of the *Lives of the Admirals*, and Jonathan Richardson, the painter, and his wife, are buried here; also, Nancy Dawson, the famous hornpipe dancer, who died at Hampstead, May 27th, 1767; the tombstone to her memory in St George's ground simply states—"Here lies Nancy Dawson."

### *The Execution of Dr Dodd.*

"THE unfortunate Dr Dodd," as he is called, was gifted with showy oratorical power; he shone in London, and when a young man, as a popular preacher. George III. made him his chaplain in ordinary; but, in 1774, he was indiscreet enough to write an anonymous letter to the wife of the Chancellor Bathurst, offering £2000 for the nomination to the rectory of St George's, Hanover Square. On the writer being discovered, George III. struck him off the list of royal chaplains. In 1776, a chapel was built for Dodd, in Charlotte Street, Bucking-

ham Gate ; “great success attended the undertaking,” writes the Doctor ; “it pleased and it elated me.”

Horace Walpole says :—“Dodd was, undoubtedly, a bad man, who employed religion to promote his ambition, humanity to establish a character, and any means to gratify his passions and vanity, and extricate himself out of their distressing consequences. Having all the qualities of an ambitious man but judgment, he gladly stooped to rise ; and married a kept mistress of Lord Sandwich, and encouraged her love of drinking that he might be at liberty in the evenings to indulge himself in other amours. The Earl of Chesterfield, ignorant of or indifferent to his character, committed his heir to his charge, and was exceedingly partial to him ; nor was his pupil’s attachment alienated by the Doctor’s attempt to make a simoniacal purchase of a crown-living from the Lord Chancellor. Even his miscarriage in that overture he had in great measure surmounted by varied activity, and by ostensible virtues in promoting all charitable institutions, in particular that excellent one for discharging prisoners for debt, of which he is said to have been the founder. Still were his pleasures indecently blended with his affected devotion ; and in the intervals of his mission, he indulged in the fopperies and extravagance of a young Maccaroni, both at Paris and the fashionable watering-places in his own country. The contributions of pious matrons did not, could not, keep pace with the expense of his gallantries.” In this state of things, Dodd committed his last fatal act. Importuned by creditors, he forged a draft on his own pupil, Lord Chesterfield, for £4200. He was instantly detected and seized, not having had the discretion to secure himself by flight ;

nor did the Earl discover that tender sensibility so natural and so becoming a young man. From that moment the Doctor's fate was a scene of protracted horrors, and could but excite commiseration in every feeling breast. Yet he seemed to deserve it, as he at once abandoned himself to his confusion, shame, and terror, and had at least the merit of acting no parade of fortitude. He swooned at his trial, avowed his guilt, confessed his fondness for life, and deprecated his fate with agonies of grief. Heroism under such a character had been impudence. As the Earl was not injured, the case happened to be mitigated. An informality in the trial raised the prisoner's hopes; and as the case was thought of weight enough to be laid before the judges, these hopes were increased; but his sufferings were 'only protracted, for the judges gave, after some time, an opinion against him. Thus he endured a second condemnation.

"The malevolence of men and their good nature displayed themselves in their different characters against Dodd. His character appeared so bad to Dr Newton, Bishop of Bristol, that he said, 'I am sorry for Dr Dodd.' Being asked why, he replied, 'Because he is to be hanged for the least crime he ever committed.' Every unfavourable anecdote of his life was published, and one in particular that made deep impression. The young lord, his pupil, had seduced a girl, and when tired of her, had not forgotten the sacrifice she had made. He sent by Dr Dodd her dismissal and £1000. The messenger had retained £900 for his trouble. On the other hand, the fallen apostle did not lose the hearts of his devotees. All his good deeds were set forth in the fairest light, and his labours in behalf of

prisoners were justly stated in balance against a fraud that had proved innoxious. Warm and earnest supplications for mercy were addressed to the throne in every daily paper, and even some very able pleas were printed in his favour. The Methodists took up his cause with earnest zeal ; Toplady, a leader of the sect, went so far as to pray for him. Such application raised the criminal to the dignity of a confessor in the eyes of the people—but an inexorable judge had already pronounced his doom. Lord Mansfield, who never felt pity, and never relented unless terrified, had indirectly declared for execution of the sentence even before the judges had given their opinion. An incident that seemed favourable weighed down the vigorous scale. The Common Council of London had presented a petition of mercy to the King. Lord Mansfield urged rigour, and even the Chancellor seconded it ; though, as Dr Dodd had offended him, it would have been more decent to take no part, if not a lenient one. The case of the Perreaus was cited, and in one newspaper it was barbarously said that to pardon Dr Dodd would be pronouncing that the Perreaus had been murdered. Still the Methodists did not despair, nor were remiss. They prevailed on Earl Percy to present a new petition for mercy, which, it was said, no fewer than twenty-three thousand persons had subscribed ; and such enthusiasm had been propagated on behalf of the wretched divine, that on the eve of his death, a female Methodist stopped the King in his chair and poured out volleys of execrations on his inexorability. A cry was raised for Dodd's respite, for the credit of the clergy ; but it was answered that, if the honour of the clergy was tarnished, it was by Dodd's crime and not by his punishment. He ap-

pealed to Dr Johnson for his intercession, and Johnson compassionately drew up a petition of Dr Dodd to the King, and of Mrs Dodd to the Queen. He wrote *The Convict's Address to his Unhappy Brethren*, a sermon which Dr Dodd delivered in the chapel of Newgate; also, Dr Dodd's *Last Solemn Declaration*, and other documents and letters to people in power; all without effect. The King was inclined to mercy; but the law was allowed to take its course; and on the 27th of June 1777, Dodd was conveyed, along with another malefactor, in an open cart from Newgate to Tyburn, and there hanged in the presence of an immense crowd. In apprehension of an attempt to rescue the criminal, twenty thousand men were ordered to be reviewed in Hyde Park during the execution, which, however, though attended by an unequalled concourse of people, passed with the utmost tranquillity."

A friend of George Selwyn (who delighted in witnessing executions) has thus described the exit:—"Upon the whole, the piece was not very full of events. The Doctor, to all appearances, was rendered perfectly stupid from despair. His hat was flapped all round, and pulled over his eyes, which were never directed to any object around, nor ever raised, except now and then lifted up in the course of his prayers. He came in a coach, and a very heavy shower of rain fell just upon his entering the cart, and another just at his putting on his nightcap. During the shower, an umbrella was held over his head, which Gilly Williams, who was present, observed was quite unnecessary, as the Doctor was going to a place where he might be dried.

"The executioner took both the Doctor's hat and

wig off at the same time. Why he put on his wig again, I do not know, but he did ; and the Doctor took off his wig a second time, and tied on a nightcap, which did not fit him ; but whether he stretched that, or took another, I could not perceive. He then put on his nightcap himself, and upon his taking it, he certainly had a smile on his countenance, and very soon afterwards, there was an end of all his hopes and fears on this side the grave. He never moved from the place he first took in the cart ; seemed absorbed in despair, and utterly dejected ; without any other signs of animation, but in praying. I stayed until he was cut down, and put into the hearse." The body was hurried to the house of Davies, an undertaker, in Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road, where it was placed in a hot bath, and every exertion made to restore life—but in vain."

Walpole tells us that the expected commiseration at the execution was much drawn aside by the spectacle of an aged father, who accompanied his son, one Harris, who was executed for a robbery at the same time. The streaming tears, grey hairs, agony, and, at last, the appearance of a deadly swoon in the poor old man, who supported his son in his lap, deepened the tragedy, but rendered Dr Dodd's share in it less affecting.

It may be added that, in 1772, Dr Dodd wrote a pamphlet entitled, *The Frequency of Capital Punishments inconsistent with Justice, Sound Policy, and Religion*; and that two days before he forged the bond on Lord Chesterfield, he preached for his last time, and his text was, "Among these nations thou shalt find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest : but the Lord shall give them a trembling heart and failing of

eyes, and sorrow of mind ; and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have no assurance of thy life." (Dr Doran : Horace Walpole's *Last Journals*.) How fearfully do these coincidences with Dr Dodd's fate give evidence of the perturbed state of his mind.

Among the good service which he did to society, was his being an early promoter of the Magdalen Hospital, for whose benefit he preached a sermon in 1759 ; and again, in 1760, before Prince Edward, Duke of York : both sermons are eloquent compositions, were printed, and large editions were sold. Walpole describes his going to the first Magdalen House, beyond Goodman's Fields, with a party, in four coaches, with Prince Edward, to hear the sermon : he sketches the sisterhood, about one hundred and thirty, all in greyish-brown stuffs, broad handkerchiefs, and flat straw hats with a blue ribbon, pulled quite over their faces. "The chapel was dressed with orange and myrtle, and there wanted nothing but a little incense to drive away the devil or to invite him." After prayers, Dr Dodd preached in the French style, and very eloquently and touchingly. "He apostrophised the lost sheep, who sobbed and cried from their souls ; so did my Lady Hertford and Fanny Pelham, till, I believe, the City dames took them both for Jane Shores." Dodd then addressed his Royal Highness, whom he called Most Illustrious Prince, beseeching his protection. After the service, the Governor kissed the Prince's hand, and then tea was served by the matron in the *parloir*. Thence the company went to the refectory, where the Magdalens, without their hats, were at tables, ready for supper. "I was struck and pleased," says Walpole, "with the modesty of two of

them, who swooned away with the confusion of being stared at."

The "Story of the Unfortunate Dr Dodd," related by Mr Percy Fitzgerald, and published in the spring of 1865, adds a bright relief in the person of the Rev. Weedon Butler, who was associated with Dodd, and was his amanuensis, and his assistant in his literary work and his church duty ; but he did not participate in any of Dodd's dissipation, or was he cognisant of his villany. His admiration for the popular author and fashionable preacher must have been very great even to the last. Weedon Butler was at Dodd's side during his execution ; and, on the night after, he carried the body to Cowley, there had it buried, and inscribed the name over it ; and often afterwards visited the grave.

### *The Story of Hackman and Miss Reay.*

THIS romantic tale Horace Walpole refers to as the strangest story he had ever heard ; "and which," adds he, "I cannot yet believe, though it is certainly true." The gay Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty during Lord North's administration, in passing through Covent Garden, espied behind the counter of a milliner's shop—No. 4, at the West-end corner of Tavistock Court, on the south side of Covent Garden Market—a beautiful girl, named Reay : one account states, his Lordship was purchasing some neckcloths. She was the daughter of a labourer at Elstree ; others state that her father was a staymaker, in Holywell Street, Strand ; she had been apprenticed to a mantuamaker in Clerkenwell Close, with whom she served her time out. A year or two after this, she was first seen by Lord Sandwich,

who had her removed from her situation, had her education completed, rendered her a proficient in his favourite arts of music and singing, and then she became his Lordship's mistress. He was old enough to be her father.

Lord Sandwich took Miss Reay to his seat—Hinchinbrook, in Huntingdonshire, and there introduced her to his family circle, to the distress of Lady Sandwich—Here Miss Reay soon distinguished herself in the oratorios and other musical performances, at Hinchinbrook : her behaviour is described as very circumspect ; she even captivated a bishop's lady, who was really hurt to sit directly opposite to her, and mark her discreet conduct, and yet to find it improper to notice her ; “she was so assiduous to please, was so very excellent, yet so assuming;” that the bishop's lady was quite charmed with her. At this time Captain Hackman, 68th Foot, was recruiting at Huntingdon : he appeared at a ball, was invited to the oratorios at Hinchinbrook, and was much caressed there. The captain was young and handsome : he fell in love with Miss Reay, and she is understood not to have been insensible to his passion. Hackman proposed marriage ; but she told him she did not choose to carry a knapsack. Another account states that Miss Reay was desirous of marriage, but feared to hurt the feelings of the man who had educated her, in which sentiment Hackman, with all his passion, is said to have partaken. Walpole states that he was brother to a respectable tradesman in Cheapside ; that he was articled to a merchant at Gosport, but, at nineteen, entered the army ; during his acquaintance with Miss Reay, he exchanged the army for the church, and was presented to the living of Wyverton, in Norfolk.

Meanwhile, Miss Reay had complained to Mr Cradock, a friend of Lord Sandwich, of being alarmed by ballads that had been sung, or cries that had been made, directly under the windows of the Admiralty, that looked into St James's Park ; adding, such was the fury of the mob, that she did not think either herself or Lord Sandwich was safe whenever they went out ; the lady also represented to Mr Cradock that her situation was precarious, that no settlement had been made upon her, that she was anxious to relieve Lord Sandwich of expense ; that she had a good chance of success at the Italian Opera as a singer, and that £3000 and a free benefit had been offered to her.

A sudden stop was now put to Hackman's final expectations, and he became desperate ; Lord Sandwich has placed Miss Reay under the charge of a duenna ; Hackman grew more jealous. He was induced to believe that Miss Reay had no longer a regard for him, and he resolved to put himself to death. In this resolution, a sudden impulse of frenzy included the unfortunate object of his passion.

On the evening of April 7, 1779, Miss Reay went, with her female attendant, to Covent Garden Theatre, to see *Love in a Village*. She had declined to inform Hackman how she was engaged that evening ; he appears to have suspected her intentions, watched her, and saw her carriage pass by the Cannon Coffee-House (Cockspur Street, Charing Cross), where he had posted himself. Hackman followed. The ladies sat in a front box, and three gentlemen, all connected with the Admiralty, occasionally paid their compliments to them ; Mr Hackman was sometimes in the lobby, sometimes in an upper side-box, and more than once at the Bedford Coffee-House

to take brandy-and-water, but still seemed unable to gain any information. The dreadful consummation was, that at the door of the theatre, directly opposite the Bedford Coffee-House, Hackman suddenly rushed out, and as a gentleman was handing Miss Reay into the carriage, with a pistol he first destroyed this most unfortunate victim.

Another report states the catastrophe thus:—"Miss Reay was coming out of Covent Garden Theatre, in order to take her coach, accompanied by two friends, a gentleman and a lady, between whom she walked in the piazza. Mr Hackman stepped up to her without the smallest menace or address, put a pistol to her head, and shot her instantly dead. He then fired another at himself, which, however, did not prove equally effectual. The ball grazed upon the upper part of the head, but did not penetrate sufficiently to produce any fatal effect; he fell, however, and so firmly was he bent on the entire completion of the destruction he had meditated, that he was found beating his head with the utmost violence with the butt-end of the pistol, by Mr Mahon, apothecary, of Covent Garden, who wrenched the pistol from his hand. He was carried to the Shakespeare, where his wound was dressed. In his pocket were found two letters; the one a copy of a letter which he had written to Miss Reay. When he had recovered his faculties, he inquired with great anxiety concerning Miss Reay; and being told she was dead, he desired her poor remains might not be exposed to the observation of the curious multitude. About five o'clock in the morning, Sir John Fielding came to the Shakespeare, and not finding Hackman's wounds of a dangerous nature, ordered him to Tothill Fields Bridewell. The body of Miss Reay was carried

into the Shakespeare Tavern for the inspection of the coroner."

Walpole details the assassination as follows:—"Miss Reay, it seems, has been out of order, and abroad but twice all the winter. She went to the play on Wednesday night for the second time with Galli the singer. During the play, the desperate lover was at the Bedford Coffee-House, and behaved with great calmness, and drank a glass of capillaire. Towards the conclusion he sallied into the piazza, waiting till he saw his victim handed by Mr Macnamara (an Irish Templar, with whom Miss R. had been seen to coquet during the performance in the theatre). He (Hackman) came behind her, pulled her by the gown, and, on her turning round, clapped the pistol to her forehead, and shot her through the head. With another pistol he then attempted to shoot himself, but the ball only grazing his brow, he tried to dash out his brains with the pistol, and is more wounded by those blows than by the ball.

"Lord Sandwich was at home, expecting her to supper, at half an hour after ten. On her not returning an hour later, he said something must have happened: however, being tired, he went to bed half an hour after eleven, and was scarce in bed before one of his servants came in, and said Miss Reay was shot. He stared, and could not comprehend what the fellow meant; nay, lay still, which is full as odd a part of the story as any. At twelve came a letter from the surgeon to confirm the account. Now, is not the story full as strange as ever it was? Miss Reay has six children; the eldest son is fifteen, and she was at least three times as much."

Among the inquirers at the Admiralty, next morning, was Mr Cradock, who described the scene of horror and

distress, as told him by old James, the black. Lord Sandwich for a while stood, as it were, petrified, till, suddenly seizing a candle, he ran up-stairs, and threw himself on the bed; and in an agony exclaimed, "Leave me for a while to myself—I could have borne anything but this!" [Walpole states that his Lordship was already in bed.] Mr Cradock doubted whether Lord Sandwich was aware there was any connection between Mr Hackman and Miss Reay. She was buried in the church at Elstree, "where," says Leigh Hunt, very prettily, "she had been a lowly and happy child, running about with her blooming face, and little thinking what trouble it was to cost her." The Hertfordshire village, some five-and-forty years after, was brought into notice, in connection with the murder of Weare, the gambler, whose body was thrown into the pond at Elstree.

Lord Sandwich retired for a few days to Richmond. On his return to the Admiralty, where the portrait of Miss Reay still hung over a chimney-piece, Mr Cradock found his Lordship in ill health; he rarely dined out anywhere, and any reference to or reminder of Miss Reay greatly embarrassed him. He survived her twelve years. She had borne him nine children, five of whom were then alive. One of these attained to distinction—namely, Mr Basil Montague, the eminent lawyer and man of letters, who died in 1851, in his eighty-second year.

Hackman was tried at the Old Bailey for the murder. He confessed at the bar that he had intended to kill himself, and protested that but for a momentary frenzy he should not have destroyed her, "who was more dear to him than life." He was, however, furnished with *two pistols*, which told against him on that point. Boswell,

the biographer of Dr Johnson, was at the trial, and tells us that the Doctor was much interested by the account of what passed, and particularly with Hackman's prayer for mercy of heaven. He said in a solemn, fervent tone, "I hope he *shall* find mercy." In talking of Hackman, Johnson argued as Judge Blackstone had done, that his being furnished with two pistols was a proof that he meant to shoot two persons. Mr Beauclerk said, "No; for that every wise man who intended to shoot himself, took two pistols, that he might be sure of doing it at once. Lord ——'s cook shot himself with one pistol, and lived ten days in great agony. Mr ——, who loved buttered muffins, but durst not eat them because they disagreed with his stomach, resolved to shoot himself, and then he ate three buttered muffins for breakfast before shooting himself, knowing that he should not be troubled with indigestion; *he* had two charged pistols; one was found lying charged upon the table by him, after he had shot himself with the other." "Well (said Johnson, with an air of triumph), you see here one pistol was sufficient." Beauclerk replied, smartly, "Because it happened to kill him." It is impossible to settle this point.

Boswell addressed a long letter to the *St James's Chronicle* upon this painful subject. He commences by observing: "I am just come from attending the Trial and Condemnation of the unfortunate Mr Hackman, who shot Miss Reay, and I must own that I felt an unusual Depression of Spirits, joined with that Pause which so solemn a warning of the dreadful effects that the passion of Love may produce, must give all of us who have lively Sensations and Warm Tempers." He goes on in a very apologetic strain:—

“As his (Mr Hackman’s) manners were uncommonly amiable, his mind and heart seem to have been uncommonly Pure and Virtuous. It may seem strange at first, but I can very well suppose that, had he been less virtuous, he would not now have been so criminal. His case is one of the most remarkable that has ever occurred in the History of Human Nature; but it is by no means unnatural. *The principle of it is very philosophically explained and illustrated in the ‘Hypochondriack,’ a periodical paper peculiarly adapted to the people of England, and which now comes out monthly in the London Magazine.*”

He then quotes a passage from the paper, which is too long to extract. The paper so praised Boswell himself was the author of.

Walpole says :—“On his trial, Hackman behaved very unlike a madman, and wished not to live. He is to suffer on Monday, and I shall rejoice when it is over; for it is shocking to reflect that there is a human being at this moment in so deplorable a situation.”

Hackman was executed on April 19, 1779. He was taken to Tyburn in a mourning-coach, containing, besides the prisoner, a sheriff’s officer, and James Boswell, who, like Selwyn, was fond of seeing executions. The latter was not a spectator of Hackman’s end; but his friend, the Earl of Carlisle, attended the execution, to give some account of Hackman’s behaviour. “The poor man behaved with great fortitude; no appearances of fear were to be perceived, but very evident signs of contrition and repentance. He was long at his prayers; and when he flung down his handkerchief for the sign for the cart to move on, Jack Ketch, instead of instantly whipping on the horse, jumped on the other side of

him to snatch up the handkerchief, lest he should lose his rights. He then returned to the head of the cart, and jehu'd him out of the world."

In the *St James's Chronicle* of April 20, 1779, is the following fuller account of the execution:—"A little after five yesterday morning, the Rev. Mr Hackman got up, dressed himself, and was at private meditation till near seven, when Mr Boswell and two other gentlemen waited on him, and accompanied him to the chapel, when prayers were read by the Ordinary of Newgate, after which he received the Sacrament; between eight and nine he came down from chapel and was haltered. When the sheriff's officer took the cord from the bag to perform his duty, Mr Hackman said, 'Oh! the sight of this shocks me more than the thought of its intended operation:' he then shed a few tears, and took leave of two gentlemen. He was then conducted to a mourning-coach, attended by Mr Villette, the Ordinary; Mr Boswell; and Mr Davenport, the Sheriff's Officer—when the procession set out for Tyburn in the following manner—viz., Mr Miller, City Marshal, on horseback, in mourning, a number of sheriff's officers on horseback, constables, &c., Mr Sheriff Kitchen, with his Under-Sheriff, in his carriage; the prisoner, with the aforementioned persons in the mourning-coach, officers, &c.; the cart hung with black.

"On his arrival at Tyburn, Mr Hackman got out of the coach, mounted the cart, and took an affectionate leave of Mr Boswell and the ordinary. When Mr Hackman got into the cart under the gallows, he immediately kneeled down with his face towards the horses, and prayed some time; he then rose and joined in prayer with Mr Villette and Mr Boswell about a quarter

of an hour, when he desired to be permitted to have a few minutes to himself. The clergymen then took leave of him. His request being granted, he informed the executioner when he was prepared he would drop his handkerchief as a signal ; accordingly, after praying about six or seven minutes to himself, he dropped his handkerchief, and the cart drew from under him."

A curious book arose out of this tragical story. In the following year was published an octavo, pretending to contain the correspondence of Hackman and Miss Reay. The work was entitled, *Love and Madness, or Story too true, in a Series of Letters between parties whose names would, perhaps, be mentioned, were they less known or less lamented.* London, 1780. The book ran through several editions. The author was Sir Herbert Croft, Bart. Walpole says of it : "I doubt whether the letters are genuine ; and yet, if fictitious, they are executed well, and enter into his character ; hers appear less natural, and yet the editors were certainly more likely to be in possession of hers than his. It is not probable that Lord Sandwich should have sent what he found in her apartments to the press. No account is pretended to be given of how they came to light." Walpole is frequently mentioned in a long letter by Hackman, pretending that Miss Reay desired him to give her a particular account of Chatterton ; he gives a most ample one, but it is not probable that he went to Bristol to collect the evidence.

### *Attempts to Assassinate George III.*

TWO desperate attempts were made upon the life of George III., in addition to attacks by the populace and by individuals.

On the morning of August 2, 1786, as the King was stepping out of his post-chariot, at the garden entrance of St James's Palace, a woman, who was waiting there, pushed forward, and presented a paper, which his Majesty received with great condescension. At that instant, she struck a concealed knife at the King's breast, which his Majesty happily avoided by bowing as he received the paper. As she was making a second thrust, one of the yeomen caught her arm, and, at the same instant, one of the King's footmen wrenched the knife out of the woman's hand. The King, with amazing temper and fortitude, exclaimed at the instant, "I have received no injury; do not hurt the woman, the poor creature appears insane." This account is given by Mrs Delany, in her *Letters*, who adds, "His Majesty was perfectly correct in his humane supposition. The woman underwent a long examination before the Privy Council, who finally declared that they were 'clearly and unanimously of opinion, that she was, and is, insane.' The instrument struck against the King's waistcoat, and made a cut, the breadth of the point, through the cloth. Had not the King shrunk in his side, the blow would have been fatal. Margaret Nicholson was committed to Bethlehem Hospital as a criminal lunatic, and was removed with the other inmates from the old hospital in Moorfields to the new hospital in Lambeth, where she died May 14, 1828, in her ninety-ninth year, having been confined in Bethlehem forty-two years."

The second attempt of this diabolical nature was made by James Hadfield, in Drury Lane Theatre, on the night of May 15, 1800. In the morning, the King had been present at a field-day in Hyde Park, when, during the exercise, a shot wounded a young gentleman who stood near his Majesty. The event, which happened in the evening, added very much to the anxiety that had been felt from what had occurred in the morning. Their Majesties having announced their intention of going to Drury Lane Theatre, the house was extremely crowded. The Princesses first came into their box, as usual, the Queen next, and then the King. The audience had risen to receive and greet the royal family by clapping of hands, and other testimonies of affection, when at the instant his Majesty entered, and was advancing to bow to the audience, a man, who had placed himself about the middle of the second front row of the pit, raised his arm and fired a pistol, which was levelled towards the box. The flash and the report caused an instant alarm through the house; after an awful suspense of a few moments, the audience, perceiving his Majesty unhurt, a burst of most enthusiastic joy succeeded, with loud exclamations of "Seize the villain!" "Shut the doors!" The curtain was by this time drawn up, and the stage was crowded by persons of all descriptions from behind the scenes. A gentleman who stood next the assassin immediately collared him, and, after some struggling, he was conveyed over into the orchestra, where the pistol was wrenched from him, and delivered to one of the performers on the stage, who held it up to public view. There was a general cry of "Show the villain!" who by this time was conveyed into the music-room, and given in

charge of the Bow Street officers. The cry still continuing to seize him, Mr Kelly, the stage manager, came forward to assure the audience that he was safe in custody. The band then struck up "God save the King," in which they were cordially joined, in full chorus, by every person in the theatre, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and huzzaing. Never was loyalty more affectionately displayed. Mr Sheridan, ever in attendance when the King visited the theatre, the moment the alarm was given, stepped into the green-room, and with that readiness of resource which rarely forsook him, in a few minutes wrote the following additional stanza, which was sung:—

From every latent foe,  
From the assassin's blow,  
Thy succour bring;  
O'er him Thine arm extend,  
From every ill defend,  
Our Father, King, and Friend;  
God save the King!

This extempore verse, inferred by the audience at once to have been written by Sheridan, was particularly gratifying to their feelings, and drew forth bursts of the loudest and most impassioned applause.

His Majesty, who at the first moment of alarm had displayed serenity and firmness, was now evidently affected by the passing scene, and seemed for a moment dejected. The Duke and Duchess of York, who were in their private box below, hastened to the King, who was eagerly surrounded by his family.

After the Duke of York had conversed for a few moments with the King, His Royal Highness and Mr Sheridan went into the music-room, where the traitor was secured. Being interrogated, he said his name was

Hadfield, and it appears he formerly belonged to the 15th Light Dragoons, and served under the Duke of York in Flanders, where he was made prisoner. He was much scarred in the forehead, of low stature, and was dressed in a common surtout, with a soldier's jacket underneath.

In the music-room he appeared extremely collected, and confessed that he had put two slugs into the pistol. He said he was weary of life. Sir William Addington then came in, and at his request no further interrogations were made, and the man was conveyed to the prison in Coldbath Fields, where, in the course of the evening, the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Cumberland went to see him.

As soon as the event came to the knowledge of the ministers, a Privy Council was summoned, and at ten o'clock the traitor was carried to the Secretary of State's office, where the Cabinet ministers and principal law officers were assembled, and he continued under examination for some time.

Hadfield was brought to trial on June 26 following, and after an investigation of eight hours, a verdict of "Not Guilty" was returned. He was then remanded for safe custody to Newgate, and ultimately being proved of insane mind, he was committed to Bethlehem. Mr N. P. Willis, when he visited the new hospital in 1840, conversed with Hadfield, whom he describes as quite sane, after having been in Bedlam for forty years. "He was a gallant dragoon, and his face," says Mr Willis, "is seamed with scars, got in battle before his crime. He employs himself with writing poetry on the death of his birds and cats, whom he has outlived in prison, and all the society he had in his long and weary

imprisonment. He received us very courteously, and called our attention to his favourite canary, showed us his poetry, and all with a sad, mild, subdued resignation that quite moved me." Hadfield died in the year after Mr Willis's visit.

### *Trial and Execution of Governor Wall.*

EARLY in the year 1802, great interest was excited by the trial of Lieutenant-Colonel Wall, who was charged with murder committed twenty years before. It was while Governor and Commandant of Goree, an island on the coast of Africa, that Wall committed the offence which brought him to the scaffold—viz., the murder of one Benjamin Armstrong, by ordering him to receive eight hundred lashes on the 10th July 1782, of which he died in five days afterwards.

"Some time after the account of the murder of Armstrong reached the Board of Admiralty, a reward was offered for the apprehension of Wall, who had come to England, and he was taken. He, however, contrived to escape while in custody at Reading, and fled to the Continent: he sojourned there, in France and sometimes in Italy, under an assumed name, where he lived respectably, and was admitted into good society. He particularly associated with the officers of his own country who served in the French army, and was well known at the Scotch and Irish colleges in Paris. He now and then incautiously ventured into England and Scotland. While thus, at one time, in Scotland he made a high match. He wedded a scion of the great line of Kintail—viz., Frances, fifth daughter (by his wife, Lady Mary Stewart, daughter of Alexander, sixth Earl

of Galloway) of Kenneth Mackenzie, Lord Fortrose, M.P., and sister of Kenneth, last Earl of Seaforth. Wall came finally to England in 1797. He was frequently advised by the friend who then procured him a lodging to leave the country again, and questioned as to his motive for remaining; he never gave any satisfactory answer, but appeared, even at the time when he was so studiously concealing himself, to have a distant intention of making a surrender, in order to take his trial.

“His high-born wife showed him throughout his troubles the greatest devotion: she was with him in Upper Thornhaugh Street, Bedford Square, where he lived under the name of Thompson when he was apprehended. It is most probable that, had he not written to the Secretary of State, saying he was ready to surrender himself, the matter had been so long forgotten, that he would never have been molested; but once he was in the hands of the law, the Government had but one obvious course, which was to bring him to trial; which was accordingly done, at the Old Bailey, on the 20th January 1802. The main point of Wall’s defence was Armstrong’s being concerned in a mutiny, which, however, was not alluded to in a letter from Wall to Government, on his return from Goree. He was found guilty, and condemned to be executed on the following morning. A respite was sent, deferring his execution until the 25th. On the 24th he was further respited till the 28th. His wife lived with him for the last fortnight prior to his conviction. During his confinement he never went out of his room, except into the lobby to consult his counsel. He lived well, and was sometimes in good spirits. He was easy in his manners and pleasant in conversation; but during the night he frequently

sat up in his bed and sung psalms, being overheard by his fellow-prisoners.

"From the time of the first respite until twelve o'clock on the night before his execution, Wall did not cease to entertain hopes of his safety. The interest made to save him was very great. The whole of the day previous occupied the great law officers; the Judges met at the Lord Chancellor's in the afternoon. The conference lasted upwards of three hours, but ended unfavourably to Wall. The prisoner had an affecting interview with his wife, the Hon. Mrs Wall, the night before his death, from whom he was painfully separated about eleven o'clock.

"When the morning arrived, Wall ascended the scaffold, accompanied by the Rev. Ordinary; there arose three successive shouts from an innumerable populace, the brutal but determined effusion of one common sentiment, for the public indignation had never been so high since the hanging of Mrs Brownrigg, who had whipped her apprentices to death." \*

John Thomas Smith, the well-known artist, who had made for the Duke of Roxburgh, the famous bibliomaniac, many drawings of malefactors, was commissioned by the Duke to add to the collection a portrait of Governor Wall. Smith had missed the trial at the Old Bailey; and the Duke failed to secure an order for the artist to see the criminal in the condemned cell. However, Smith, by an introduction to Dr Ford, the Ordinary of Newgate, succeeded in his wishes. He found the Doctor in the club-room of a public-house in Hatton Garden, pompously seated in a superb masonic chair,

\* *Celebrated Trials connected with the Army and Navy.* By Peter Burke, Sergeant-at-Law. 1865.

under a crimson canopy,—smoking his pipe! The introduction over, and its object explained, the Doctor whispered (the room was crowded with company), “Meet me at the felons’ door at the break of day.” There Smith punctually applied; but, notwithstanding the order of the Doctor, he found it necessary, to protect himself from an increasing mob, to give half-a-crown to the turnkey, who let him in. He was then introduced to a most diabolical-looking little wretch, designated “the Yeoman of the Halter,” Jack Ketch’s head-man. Doctor Ford soon arrived in his canonicals, with an enormous nosegay under his arm, and gravely uttered, “Come this way, Mr Smith,” who thus describes the scene he witnessed :—

“As we crossed the press-yard, a cock crew; and the solitary clanking of a restless chain was dreadfully horrible. The prisoner had not risen. Upon our entering a stone-cold room, a most sickly stench of green twigs, with which an old, round-shouldered, goggle-eyed man was endeavouring to kindle a fire, annoyed me almost as much as the canaster fumigation of the Doctor’s Hatton Garden friends.

“The prisoner entered. He was death’s counterfeit, tall, shrivelled, and pale; and his soul shot so piercingly through the port-holes of his head, that the first glance of him nearly petrified me. I said in my heart, putting my pencil in my pocket, ‘God forbid that I should disturb thy last moments.’ His hands were clasped, and he was truly penitent. After the yeoman had requested him to stand up, ‘he pinioned him,’ as the Newgate phrase is, and tied the cord with so little feeling, that the Governor, who had not given the wretch the accustomed fee, observed, ‘You have tied me very tight;’

upon which Dr Ford ordered him to slacken the cord, which he did, but not without muttering. 'Thank you, sir,' said the Governor to the Doctor, 'it is of little moment.' He then observed to the attendant, who had brought in an immense shovelful of coals to throw on the fire, 'Ay, in one hour that will be a blazing fire;' then, turning to the Doctor, questioned him, 'Do tell me, sir—I am informed I shall go down with great force; is it so?' After the construction and action of the machine had been explained, the Doctor questioned the Governor as to what kind of men he had at Goree. 'Sir,' he answered, 'they sent me the very riffraff.' The poor soul then joined the Doctor in prayer; and never did I witness more contrition at a condemned sermon than he then evinced.

"The Sheriff arrived, attended by his officers, to receive the prisoner from the keeper. A new hat was then partly flattened on his head, for, owing to its being too small in the crown, it stood many inches too high behind. As we were crossing the press-yard, the dreadful execration of some of the fellows so shook his frame, that he observed, 'the clock had struck,' and, quickening his pace, he soon arrived at the room where the Sheriff was to give a receipt for his body, according to the usual custom. Owing, however, to some informality in the wording of this receipt, he was not brought out so soon as the multitude expected; and it was this delay which occasioned a partial exultation from those who betted as to a reprieve, and not from any pleasure in seeing him executed.

"After the execution, as soon as I was permitted to leave the prison, I found the yeoman selling the rope with which the malefactor had been suspended at a

*shilling an inch* ; and no sooner had I entered Newgate Street, than a lath of a fellow, past threescore years and ten, and who had just arrived from the purlieus of Black Boy Alley, exclaimed : ‘ Here’s the identical rope at sixpence an inch.’ A group of tatterdemalions soon collected round him, most vehemently expressing their eagerness to possess bits of the cord. It was pretty obvious, however, that the real business of this agent was to induce the Epping buttermen to squeeze in their canvas bags, which contained the *morning receipts* in Newgate Market. A little further on, at the north-east corner of Warwick Lane, stood Rosy Emma, exuberant in talk and piping-hot from Pie Corner, where she had taken in her morning dose of gin and bitters. Her cheeks were purple, her nose of poppy-red, or cochineal. Her eyes reminded me of Sheridan’s remark on those of Dr Arne, ‘ like two oysters on an oval plate of stewed beetroot.’ Emma, in her tender blossom, I understand assisted her mother in selling rice-milk and furmety to the early frequenters of Honey Lane Market ; and in the days of her full bloom, new-milk whey in White Conduit Fields, and at the Elephant and Castle. Rosy Emma—for so she was still called—was the reputed spouse of the Yeoman of the Halter, and the cord she was selling as the identical noose, was for her own benefit—

For honest ends, a most dishonest seeming.

Now, as fame and beauty ever carry influence, Emma’s sale was rapid. This money-trapping trick, steady John, the waiter at the Chapter Coffee-House, assured me, was invariably put into practice whenever superior persons or notorious culprits had been executed. Then to breakfast, but with little or no appetite. However,

I made a whole-length portrait of the Governor, by recollection, which Dr Buchan, the flying physician of the Chapter frequenters, and several of the Paternoster vendors of his *Domestic Medicine*, considered a likeness ; at all events, it was admitted into the portfolio of the Duke of Roxburgh, with the following acknowledgment written on the back :—‘ Drawn by Memory.’ ” \*

After hanging a full hour, Wall’s body was cut down, put into a cart, and immediately conveyed to a building in Cowcross Street to be dissected. Wall was dressed in a mixed-coloured loose coat, with a black collar, swan-down waistcoat, blue pantaloons, and white silk stockings. He appeared a miserable and emaciated object, never having quitted the bed of his cell from the day of condemnation till the morning of his execution.

The body of the wretched Governor was not exposed to public view as usual in such cases. Mr Belfour, Secretary to the Surgeons’ Company, applied to Lord Kenyon, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King’s Bench, to know whether such exposure was necessary ; and finding that the forms of dissection only were required, the body, after those forms had passed, was consigned to the relations of the unhappy man upon their paying fifty guineas to the Philanthropic Society. The remains were interred in the churchyard of St Pancras-in-the-Fields.

### *Case of Eliza Fenning, the Suspected Poisoner.*

MANY are the cases in our criminal history of the extreme danger of convicting for capital offences on-

\* *A Book for a Rainy Day.* By J. T. Smith. Third Edition. 1861.

presumptive or circumstantial evidence alone ; but in no instance, within memory of the present generation, was the public sympathy more intensely, and, as since proved, more justly, excited than in the following case : —Elizabeth (Eliza) Fenning, cook in the family of Mr Olibar Turner, law stationer, of Chancery Lane, was tried on April 11, 1815, at the Old Bailey, before the Recorder, “that she, on the 21st day of March, feloniously and unlawfully did administer to, and cause to be administered to, Olibar Turner, Robert Gregson Turner, and Charlotte Turner, his wife, certain deadly poisons (to wit, arsenic), with intent the said persons to kill and murder.” There were other counts, varying the offence. Mr Gurney conducted the prosecution. The poison, it was stated, had been mixed in some yeast dumplings, of which the family, as also Eliza Fenning, had freely partaken at dinner. Although violent sickness and excruciating pain was the result, in no case, fortunately, did death ensue. Of those who suffered the most was Eliza Fenning. Medical evidence proved that arsenic was mixed with the dough from which the dumplings had been made. No counsel in criminal cases being then permitted to address the jury on behalf of the prisoner (except on points of law), poor Eliza Fenning could only assert her innocence, saying—“I am truly innocent of the whole charge ; indeed I am ! I liked my place ; I was very comfortable.” The jury in a few minutes returned a verdict of Guilty, and the Recorder immediately passed sentence of death.

Had it not been for this calamitous event, in a very few days Eliza Fenning would have been married to one in her own position of life. Her bridal dress was prepared ; with girlish pride she had worked a little

muslin cap, which she proposed wearing on that joyous occasion. In this bridal dress, and little muslin cap, on the morning of the 25th of July she followed the Ordinary of Newgate through the gloomy passages of the prison to the platform of death. Here again she firmly denied her guilt; and with the words on her lips, "I am innocent!" her soul passed into eternity.

We quote these details from Mr J. Holbert Wilson's privately-printed Catalogue: it is added, from a communication made to this gentleman by one acquainted with Mr Fenning's family: "If my information be correct, Eliza Fenning was as guiltless of the crime for which she suffered as any reader of this note; but some years elapsed before the proof of it was afforded. At length, however, Truth, the daughter of Time, unveiled the mystery. On a bed, in a mean dwelling at Chelmsford, in Essex, lay a man in the throes of death, his strong frame convulsed with inward agony. To those surrounding that bed, and watching his fearful exit from the world, he disclosed that he was the nephew of a Mr Turner, of Chancery Lane; that many years since, irritated with his uncle and aunt, with whom he resided, for not supplying him with money, he availed himself of the absence for a few minutes of the servant-maid from the kitchen, stepped into it, and deposited a quantity of powdered arsenic on some dough he found mixed in a pan. Eliza Fenning, he added, was wholly ignorant of these facts. He made no further sign, but like the rich man in the Testament, 'he died and was buried.' I will not presume to carry the parallel further."

Mr Hone published a narrative of the above case, with a portrait of the poor girl; this was replied to, and

there was much contention upon the matter. The medical man who had given evidence on the trial suffered considerably in his practice. She was the last person condemned by Sir John Sylvester, Recorder.

It appears that the circumstance which gave colour to the case against the accused was, that she had often pressed her mistress to let her make some yeast dumplings, at which she stated herself to be a famous hand. On the 21st of March the brewer left some yeast, and, instead of getting the dough from the baker's the accused made it herself.\*

### *Wainwright, the Poisoner.*

THE system of defrauding insurance societies seems first to have manifested itself in the fraudulent destruction of ships, with their cargoes, or warehouses with their contents. Cases such as these are found often enough to have occupied the attention of our criminal lawyers towards the close of the last century. They were trivial, indeed, compared with the desperate lengths and deadly depths to which in a few short years this new form of crime extended itself. Formerly, we believe, in every office, all the benefits of insurance were forfeited in case of fraud, death by suicide, duelling, or the hands of the executioner. Gradually, but not wisely, most of these provisos for non-payment were abandoned, and soon we hear of various endeavours to deceive and defraud. Lives notoriously unsafe were insured. Suicides, that the premium might descend to the family, strange as it is, have more than once been known to occur; and at last,

\* Abridged from *Walks and Talks about London*.

between the years 1830 and 1835, the various metropolitan offices began to realise the alarming extent to which they were open to the machinations of clever, but unprincipled and designing, men and women.

The man by whom this lesson was taught was Thomas G. Wainwright. He was first known in the literary circles of the metropolis, as an able writer and critic in the *London Magazine*, under the *nom-de-plume* of Janus Weathercock. It is painful, now that after events have shown the fearful depths to which he fell, to trace in his writings the evil influences which were then plainly operating within. Passionate impulses, not only unchecked but fostered; a prurient imagination, rioting in the conception and development of luxurious and criminal pictures, intimate but too plainly to the moralist the fruit which the autumn of a summer so unhealthy might be expected to produce. Men of this class, it may truly be said, are ever trembling on the brink of a precipice; their hour of trial comes, and they fall. So was it with Wainwright. Poverty, that most trying of earthly tests, came upon him, and found him not only unnerved and unarmed, but ready to adopt any means of escape from its galling assaults, however unscrupulous and deadly. An evil imagination, morbidly forced, and too prolific in the wildest suggestions, flattered him with the means of evasion—nay, of obtaining even wealth; and warily and deliberately, but unconscious of an avenger at his heels, he proceeded to carry them into effect.

At this period of his history—1825—Wainwright ceased to write. He and his wife (for by this time he was united to an amiable and accomplished woman) went to visit his uncle, to whose property he was be-

lieved to be the intended heir. During that visit the uncle died, leaving the property in question to his nephew, by whom it was speedily dissipated.

Shortly afterwards, Miss Helen and Miss Madeline Abercrombie, step-sisters to Mrs Wainwright, fatally for the life of one, and destructively to the peace of all, became inmates of the family. It is impossible, whatever be our wish, to clear the memory of Helen Abercrombie from the very gravest suspicions. Be it supposed that, controlled by a power to which she had fatally rendered herself subservient, it was only intended, when these insurances were effected, that by a fictitious death the means should be obtained from the offices to linger out their lives alone in some foreign land. The supposition that Wainwright at this time really purposed compassing her death is scarcely tenable. She was the most prominent actress in the business, anxious to insure to a considerable extent, and hesitating not at falsehood in the endeavour. It is, therefore, impossible to acquit her of complicity. Insurances to the extent of £18,000 or £20,000 were effected, and then fearfully indeed were the tables turned on the unhappy dupe.

Meanwhile Wainwright, like a chained tiger, was goaded by poverty. Time was requisite : time *must* elapse before the insurance card could be safely played. In the interim, money must be had ; and, availing himself of the fact of some stock lying in the Bank of England, to the dividends only on which he and his wife were entitled, he proceeded to forge the names of the trustees to *six* several powers of attorney, authorising the sale of the principal. This, too, soon went, and the melancholy *dénouement* drew rapidly on.

Miss Abercrombie now professed her intention of going abroad, and made a will, leaving her property to her sister, and assigning her policy for £3000 in the Palladium—*which was only effected for a space of three years*—to Wainwright.

The very night following she was taken ill ; in a day or two, Dr, now Sir Charles, Locock was called in ; the usual probable causes were at once suggested and accepted ; exposure to cold and wet, followed by a late and indigestible supper and gastric derangement, was the natural diagnosis. No danger was apprehended ; but suddenly, when alone in the house, with the exception at least of her sister and domestics, Miss Abercrombie died. In justice to Wainwright, it should be remembered that he was not present. A *post-mortem* examination was held ; and the cause of death was attributed to sudden effusion into the ventricles of the brain. This, it need scarcely be added, was only conjectural.

In due course, application was made to the several offices for the heavy amounts insured, and refused. This was an unexpected turn in the affair ; and Wainwright, unable to remain longer in England, went abroad—after having brought an action, however, against one insurance office, which was decided against him. About this time, too, his forgery on the Bank of England was discovered, and to return to England was tantamount to encountering certain death. He remained, therefore, in France, and there his master apparently soon found other work for him to do. He insured the life of a countryman and friend, also resident at Boulogne, for £5000, in the Pelican Office. After one premium only had been paid, this life too fell ; and Wainwright was

apprehended, and for nearly half-a-year incarcerated in Paris. It is said strychnine was found in his possession ; but probably at that period, no chemist, not even Orfila, would have ventured to attempt proving poisoning thereby.

Impelled, apparently by that blind and inexplicable impulse which is said so often to draw criminals back again to the scenes of their past guilt, Wainwright, notwithstanding the imminent peril attendant on such a step, ventured to return to London. The reader who has followed the slight and imperfect clue we have endeavoured to supply, may conjecture the motive which attracted him into the meshes long woven and laid for him. He was recognised, and in the course of a few hours captured and lodged in Newgate ; and now, seeing his case utterly desperate—his liberty, if not his life, hopelessly forfeited—he basely turns traitor to his surviving confederate, or confederates, and tenders information which may justify the offices in refusing to pay the various policies to Madeline Abercrombie. If we rightly apprehend the case, this is the key to the whole.

After a consultation held by all the parties interested, and with the sanction of the Government, it was determined to try him for the forgery on the bank only. He was sentenced to transportation for life, and no long time after his arrival at Sydney he died in the General Hospital of that city.

### *Ratcliffe Highway Murders.*

THE murders of Marr and Williamson, in Ratcliffe Highway, are among the best-remembered atrocities of the present century. Marr kept a lace and pelisse

warehouse at 29 Ratcliffe Highway; and about midnight on Saturday, the 7th of December 1811, had sent his female servant to purchase oysters for supper, whilst he was shutting up the shop windows. On her return, in about a quarter of an hour, the servant rang the bell repeatedly without any person coming. The house was then broken open, and Mr and Mrs Marr, the shop-boy, and a child in the cradle (the only human beings in the house), were found murdered.

The murders of the Marr family were followed, twelve days later, by the murders of Williamson, landlord of the King's Arms public-house, in Gravel Lane, Ratcliffe Highway, his wife, and female servant. This was in the night, and a lodger, hearing a noise below, stole down-stairs, and there, through a staircase window, saw the murderers searching the pockets of their victims; he returned to his bedroom, tied the bedclothes together, and thus let himself down into the street, and escaped. The alarm was given, but the murderers escaped over some waste ground at the back of the house, and were never traced. Some circumstances, however, implicated a man named Williams, who was committed to prison, and there hanged himself. His body was carried on a platform, placed in a high cart, past the houses of Marr and Williamson, and was afterwards thrown, with a stake through his breast, into a hole dug for the purpose, where the New Road crosses, and Cannon Street Road begins.

Great was the terror throughout the metropolis and suburbs after these atrocities. "Many of our readers," says Macaulay, "can remember the terror which was on every face—the careful barring of doors—the providing of blunderbusses and watchmen's rattles. We know of

a shopkeeper who, on that occasion, sold about three hundred rattles in about ten hours." It was very common to see from the street, placed in an up-stairs window, a blunderbuss, with an inscription, in large letters, "Loaded," to terrify evil-doers, though, in some cases, they were thus provided with a ready weapon for murder.

### *The Cato Street Conspiracy.*

EARLY in the year 1820—a period of popular discontent—a set of desperate men banded themselves together with a view to effect a revolution by sanguinary means, almost as complete in its plan of extermination as the Gunpowder Plot. The leader was one Arthur Thistlewood, who had been a soldier, had been involved in a trial for sedition, but acquitted, and had afterwards suffered a year's imprisonment for sending a challenge to the minister, Lord Sidmouth. Thistlewood was joined by several other Radicals, and their meetings in Gray's Inn Lane were known to the spies Oliver and Edwards, employed by the Government. Their first design was to assassinate the ministers, each in his own house; but their plot was changed, and Thistlewood and his fellow-conspirators arranged to meet at Cato Street, Edgware Road, and to proceed from thence to butcher the Ministers assembled at a Cabinet dinner, on February 23rd, at Lord Harrowby's, 39 Grosvenor Square, where Thistlewood proposed, as "a rare haul, to murder them altogether." Some of the conspirators were to watch Lord Harrowby's house, one was to call and deliver a despatch-box at the door, the others were then to rush in and murder the Ministers as they sat

at dinner; and, as special trophies, to bring away with them the heads of Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh in two bags provided for the purpose! They were then to fire the cavalry barracks; and the Bank and Tower were to be taken by the people, who, it was hoped, would rise upon the spread of the news.

This plot was, however, revealed to the Ministers by Edwards, who had joined the conspirators as a spy. Still, no notice was apparently taken. The preparations for dinner went on at Lord Harrowby's till eight o'clock in the evening, but the guests did not arrive. The Archbishop of York, who lived next door, happened to give a dinner party at the same hour, and the arrival of the carriages deceived those of the conspirators who were on the watch in the street, till it was too late to give warning to their comrades who had assembled at Cato Street in a loft over a stable, accessible only by a ladder. Here, while the traitors were arming themselves by the light of one or two candles, a party of Bow Street officers entered the stable, when Smithers, the first of them who mounted the ladder, and attempted to seize Thistlewood, was run by him through the body, and instantly fell; whilst, the lights being extinguished, a few shots were exchanged in the darkness and confusion, and Thistlewood and several of his companions escaped through a window at the back of the premises; nine were taken that evening with their arms and ammunition, and the intelligence conveyed to the Ministers, who, having dined at home, met at Lord Liverpool's to await the result of what the Bow Street officers had done. A reward of £1000 was immediately offered for the apprehension of Thistlewood, and he was captured before eight o'clock next morning while in bed at a friend's house, No. 8

White Street, Little Moorfields. The conspirators were sent to the Tower, and were the last persons imprisoned in that fortress. On April 20th, Thistlewood was condemned to death after three days' trial; and on May 1st, he and his four principal accomplices, Ings, Brunt, Tidd, and Davidson, who had been severally tried and convicted, were hanged at the Old Bailey, and their heads cut off. The remaining six pleaded guilty; one was pardoned, and five were transported for life.

In 1830, three of these conspirators—Strange, Wilson, and Harris—were seen by Judge Therry, at Bathurst, New South Wales. Strange was living in 1862; he was for many years chief constable of the Bathurst district, and was then the terror of bushrangers, for capturing several of whom he was rewarded by the Colonial Government. The reckless disregard of danger that, in a bad cause, made him an apt instrument for the deed that doomed him to transportation, made him, when engaged in a good cause, an invaluable constable. He obtained a *ticket-of-leave* soon after his arrival from Sir T. Brisbane, for capturing, in a single-handed struggle, Robert Story, the notorious bushranger of his time, and many other marauders of less note. If it were known that "the Cato Street Chief" (the title by which as chief constable he was known) was in search of the plunderers who then prowled along the roads, they fled from the district, and his name was quite a tower of strength to the peaceable portion of the community. At present he is the head of a patriarchal home on the banks of the Fish River, at Bathurst, surrounded by children and grandchildren, all industrious persons, in the enjoyment of a comfortable competence. Wilson was also for some time an active constable under Strange. On obtaining

the indulgence of a ticket-of-leave he married, and became the fashionable tailor of the district, with a sign-board over his shop announcing him as "Wilson, Tailor, from London."

### *Vaux, the Swindler and Pickpocket.*

JAMES HARDY VAUX, remembered by his contribution to convict literature, presented a strong instance of the constant tendency to crime that some individuals exhibit. He was, when very young, transported to New South Wales for life. After the usual probationary course, he obtained a conditional pardon, which placed him in the position of a free citizen in New South Wales, provided he did not leave the colony. The violation of the condition of residence subjected him to be remitted to his first sentence—transportation for life. He escaped, however, and, on his arrival in England, had the hardihood to publish a book descriptive of his career in the colony, which attracted some attention in London about the year 1818.

This is, by no means, an ordinary work; it is very minute; though it is hard to credit such a narrative, unreservedly. He tells us that he generally spent his mornings, from one to five o'clock, the fashionable shopping hours, in visiting the shops of jewellers, watch-makers, pawnbrokers, &c. Depending upon his address and appearance, he made a circuit of the town in the shops, commencing in a certain street and going regularly through it, on both sides of the way. His practice was to enter a shop, and request to look at gold seals, brooches, rings, or other small articles of value; and while examining them, and looking the shopkeeper in

the face, he contrived, by sleight-of-hand, to conceal two or three, sometimes more, in the sleeve of his coat, which was purposely made wide. Sometimes he would purchase a trifling article, to save appearances; another time he took a card of the shop, promising to call again; and as he generally saw the remaining goods returned to the window, a place from which they had been taken, before he left the shop, there was hardly a probability of his being suspected, or of the property being missed. In the course of his career, Vaux was never detected in the fact; though, once or twice, so much suspicion arose, that he was obliged to exert all his effrontery, and to use very high language, in order, as the cant phrase is, to *bounce* the tradesmen *out of it*; and Vaux's fashionable appearance, and affected anger at the insinuations, mostly convinced his accuser that he was mistaken, and induced him to apologise for the affront. He even sometimes carried away the spoil, notwithstanding what had passed; and he often paid a second and a third visit to the same shop, with as good success as the first. To prevent accidents, however, he made it a rule never to enter a second shop with any stolen property about him; for, as soon as he quitted the first, he privately conveyed his booty to his assistant, Bromley, who awaited him in the street, and who, for this purpose, proved very useful.

By this course of depredation, Vaux acquired, on the average, about ten pounds a week, though he sometimes neglected *shopping* for several days together. This was not, indeed, his only pursuit, but was his principal morning occupation; though, when a favourable opportunity offered for getting a guinea by any other means, Vaux never let it slip. In the evening, he

generally attended one of the theatres, where he mixed with the best company in the boxes, and at the same time enjoyed the performance. He frequently conveyed pocket-books, snuff-boxes, and other portable articles from the pockets of their proprietors into his own. Here he found the inconvenience of wanting a companion, who might receive the articles in the same manner as Bromley did in the streets; but, though he knew many of the light-fingered gentry, whose appearance was good, yet, their faces being well known to the police-officers who attended the theatre, they would not have been allowed to enter the house. Here Vaux had the advantage, for being just arrived in England, and a new face upon the town, he carried on his depredations, under the very nose of the officers, without suspicion. Having, however, at first, no associate, he was obliged to quit the theatre, and conceal his first booty in some private spot, before he could make, with prudence, a second attempt.

Upon the whole, Vaux was very successful as to the *number* of articles he filched—not so, as to their value. He very frequently obtained nine or ten pocket-books, besides other articles, in one evening; and these being taken from well-dressed gentlemen, he had reason to expect that he should some day meet with a handsome sum in bank-notes; but fortune did not so favour him, for, during nearly twelve months' almost nightly attendance at some public place, did not yield more than £20 in a book, and that only on one occasion. He several times got five, ten, or eleven pounds, but commonly one, two, or three pounds; and generally four books out of the five contained nothing but letters or memoranda, or other useless papers. At the same time Vaux

knew frequent instances of common street pickpockets getting a booty of fifty, one hundred, and sometimes three or four hundred pounds. However, Vaux never failed to pay the expenses of the night. It sometimes happened that the articles he got, particularly pocket-books, were advertised by the losers, within a few days, as "Lost," and a reward offered for their restoration; where the reward was worth notice, Vaux restored the property by means of a third person whom he could confide in, and whom he previously tutored for the purpose.

Vaux soon afterwards made his way to Dublin, where he was again convicted of larceny, and transported for seven years, under the assumed name of James Stewart. On the arrival of the ship that conveyed him to New South Wales, this then somewhat remarkable person is thus described: His address was very courteous, and his voice was of a remarkably soft and insinuating tone. He expressed a deep contrition for his past life, vowed amendment, poured forth his gratitude for the mercy that had been shown to him, expressing a hope that by his future conduct he might prove that it had not been unworthily bestowed. Perhaps he meant at the moment all that he uttered, but, so incapable had he become of resisting any temptation to crime, that within a twelve-month after his arrival a second time as a convict, he committed a felony for which he was sent to work for two years in irons on the public roads.

*A Murderer taken by means of the  
Electric Telegraph.*

THE capture of the murderer Tawell, through the instrumentality of the Electric Telegraph, is among the earliest, as well as the most remarkable, instances of its marvellous achievements. Although the facts of this case may be in the recollection of some readers, we shall here narrate its main points, in so far as they show the wondrous working of the telegraph.

On Wednesday, the 1st of January 1845, a woman, named Sarah Hart, was found by her neighbours struggling in the agonies of death, in her cottage at Salthill, a short distance from the Slough station of the Great Western Railway. On the evening of the occurrence, the neighbour who overheard the poor woman's screams went into an adjoining garden, and there, by the dim light of a candle, which she carried in her hand, she distinctly saw a man, in the garb of one of the Society of Friends, retreating hastily from the cottage whence the screams proceeded ; and further, this neighbour recognised the fugitive as bearing the appearance of a man who was an occasional frequenter of the house. He was seen to glance hurriedly about, and then to make for the Slough road. The neighbour, Mary Ashlee, who witnessed his precipitate flight, then entered the house, where she found Sarah Hart just upon the point of expiring. Having summoned surgical assistance, she communicated her suspicions to her neighbours ; and the Rev. E. T. Champneys, Vicar of Upton-cum-Chalvey, hearing of the mysterious death of the deceased, and that a person in the dress of a Quaker

was the last man who had been seen to leave her cottage, he proceeded to the Slough station, thinking it likely the fugitive might proceed to town by the railway. The reverend gentleman saw the individual described pass through the railway booking-office, when he communicated his suspicions to Mr Howell, the superintendent of the station. The man (Tawell) then left in a first-class carriage without interruption; and, at the same instant, Mr Howell sent off, by the electric telegraph, a full description of his person, with instructions to cause him to be watched by the police, upon his arrival at Paddington.

The words of the communication were precisely as follows:—

*The Message.*

“A murder has just been committed at Salthill, and the suspected murderer was seen to take a first-class ticket for London by the train which left Slough at 7h. 42m. P.M. He is in the garb of a Quaker, with a brown great-coat on, which reaches nearly down to his feet; he is in the last compartment of the second first-class carriage.”

Within a few minutes was received

*The Reply.*

“The up-train has arrived; and a person answering, in every respect, the description given by the telegraph, came out of the compartment mentioned. I pointed the man out to Sergeant Williams. The man got into a New Road omnibus, and Sergeant Williams into the same.” Thus, while the suspected man was on his way to the metropolis at a fast rate, the telegraph, with still greater rapidity, sent along the wire which skirted the

path of the carriage in which he sat the startling instructions for his capture.

On the omnibus arriving at the Bank, Tawell got out, crossed over to the statue of the Duke of Wellington, where he stopped for a short time, looking about, it is supposed, to see if any person was following him. He then proceeded to the Jerusalem Coffee-House; thence, over London Bridge, to the Leopard Coffee-House, in the Borough; then back again to Cannon Street, in the city, to a lodging-house in Scott's Yard, where he was apprehended with £12, 10s. in his pocket, and documents that led to his being identified.

Thus the capture was completed; and it was well observed, in a report of the inquest held upon the murdered woman, that "had it not been for the efficient aid of the electric telegraph, both at Slough and Paddington, the greatest difficulty, as well as delay, would have occurred in the apprehension of the party now in custody." Altogether, this application of the telegraph produced in the public mind an intense conviction of its vast utility to the moral welfare of society.

It need not be added how Tawell was tried, convicted, condemned, and executed for the murder; some time after which, few persons looked at the telegraph station at Slough without feeling the immense importance of this novel application of man's philosophy to the protection of his race. The transmission of the signals is practically instantaneous; and the conversation, by means of the keys, may be carried on by an experienced person almost as rapidly as a familiar piece of music could be played.

It is a curious, but perhaps not currently known fact, that in the alphabet used by this electric telegraph there

are no separate signs or symbols for J, Q, or Z, though each of these are represented by their synonymes, or sister sounds, G, K, and S. This is occasionally found awkward. Its convenience, at any rate, was illustrated in the particular case of Tawell, who probably might have escaped, had it not been that the manipulator at Paddington was aware of the adverse results that might arise from the imperfection connected with the feature in question. It was the particular character or Quaker costume of Tawell that led to his immediate detection. The manipulator at Slough had to communicate the fact to the authority at Paddington, that the suspected party was a Quaker. This puzzled him, from the fact of there being no exclusive symbol for Q in the category of electric letters; and the using of the letter K for this purpose might have led to confusion and loss of time. While the clerks were carrying on an interchange of "not understand," "repeat," &c., &c., six or seven times, the train might have arrived, and Tawell have altogether escaped detection. It fortunately happened that the person then working the telegraph at Paddington knew the defect, and comprehended at once, both mechanically and mentally, what was intended to be conveyed. Of course, had Tawell got out between Slough and Paddington, and not at the latter terminus, he would have escaped, as the telegraph did not work at the intermediate stations.

John Tawell, it appears, from Judge Therry's work on Australia, published in 1864, was a returned convict, and a model specimen of prison reformation. Previous to his transportation to New South Wales, for forgery, upwards of forty years before, his occupation in England was that of a commercial traveller. His career in the

colony exhibited a strange mixture of shrewdness and money-making talent, combined with an outward show of religion. On obtaining partial exemption from convict discipline, he became the principal druggist, and had one of the showiest shops of that kind in Sydney. After a prosperous career he sold his business to a respectable chemist for £14,000. This sum he judiciously invested in buildings and other pursuits of profit. For nearly two years Tawell occupied a house opposite to Mr Therry's in Sydney. He struck the late judge as being a remarkably well-conducted person. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and he wore the broad-brimmed hat, appeared always in a neat and carefully-adjusted costume, and his whole appearance and manner impressed one with the notion of his being a very saintly personage. He always sought the society in public of persons of reputed piety. Mr Therry often met him in the street, accompanied by a secretary or collector to a charitable institution, whom he assisted in obtaining contributions for benevolent objects. At one time he took up the cause of temperance in such an intemperate spirit, that he ordered a puncheon of rum he had imported to be staved on the wharf in Sydney, and its contents poured into the sea, saying that he would "not be instrumental to the guilt of disseminating such poison throughout the colony." At another time his zeal took a religious turn, and he built in Macquarie Street a commodious meeting-house for the Society of Friends.

*Stories of the Bank of England.*

THE traditions of the Bank of England present rackings of human cunning, all which a little honesty might have saved. Several narratives of this class are related in Mr Francis's popular *History* of the Bank. Such are his stories of Stolen Notes. For example, a Jew having purchased £20,000 worth of notes of a felon banker's-clerk, the Jew, in six months, presented them at the Bank, and demanded payment; this was refused, as the bills had been stolen. The Jew, who was a wealthy and energetic man, then deliberately went to the Exchange, and asserted publicly that the Bank had refused to honour their own bills for £20,000; that their credit was gone; their affairs in confusion; that they had stopped payment. The Exchange wore every appearance of alarm; the Hebrew showed the notes to corroborate his assertion; he declared they had been remitted to him from Holland: his statement was believed. He then declared he would advertise the refusal of the Bank: information reached the directors, and a messenger was sent to inform the holder that he might receive the cash in exchange for the notes. The fact is, the law could not hinder the holder of the notes from interpreting the refusal that was made of payment as he pleased—for instance, as a pretext to gain time, and belief in this would have created great alarm; all which the directors foresaw—though this was at an early period, when the reputation of the company was not so firmly established as at the present time.

Of Lost Notes there are some entertaining narratives. Thus, in 1740, a bank director lost a £30,000 bank-

note, which he was persuaded had fallen from the chimney-piece of his room into the fire. The Bank directors gave the loser a second bill, upon his agreement to restore the first bill should it ever be found, or to pay the money itself should it be presented by any stranger. About thirty years after this had occurred, the director having been long dead, and his heirs in possession of his fortune, an unknown person presented the lost bill at the Bank, and demanded payment. It was in vain that they mentioned to this person the transaction by which the bill was annulled; he would not listen to it; he maintained that it had come to him from abroad, and insisted upon immediate payment. The note was payable to bearer; and the thirty thousand pounds were paid him. The heirs of the director would not listen to any demands of restitution, and the Bank was obliged to sustain the loss. It was discovered afterwards that an architect, having purchased the director's house, had taken it down, in order to build another upon the same spot, had found the note in a crevice of the chimney, and made his discovery an engine for robbing the Bank.

The day on which a Forged Note was first presented at the Bank of England forms a memorable event in its history. For sixty-four years the establishment had circulated its paper with freedom; and, during this period, no attempt had been made to imitate it. He who takes the initiative in a new line of wrong-doing, has more than the simple act to answer for; and to Richard William Vaughan, a Stafford linen-draper, belongs the melancholy celebrity of having led the van in this new phase of crime in the year 1758. The records of his life do not show want, beggary, or starvation

urging him, but a simple desire to seem greater than he was. By one of the artists employed, and there were several engaged on different parts of the notes, the discovery was made. The criminal had filled up to the number of twenty, and deposited them in the hands of a young lady to whom he was attached, as a proof of his wealth. There is no calculating how much longer bank-notes might have been free from imitation, had this man not shown with what ease they might be counterfeited. Thenceforth forged notes became common.

In the latter part of the last century, and the earlier portion of the present, the cashier of the Bank was Abraham Newland, by whom all prosecutions for forgery of the notes of that establishment were instituted. Strange to say, the largest loss ever perhaps sustained by the Bank, through the dishonesty of a servant, was through Newland's nephew, Robert Astlett, a clerk in the establishment. It amounted to £320,000, which consisted in plundered Exchequer Bills, and was equal to the entire half-yearly dividend of 1803, the year in which the fraud was perpetrated. Astlett escaped through the bungling of the Bank counsel in framing the indictment against him. He was tried under the Bank Act, to make his conviction the more certain; had he been tried under the ordinary law applicable to common cases of embezzlement, he would have been convicted.

# Love and Marriage.



## *Stories of Fleet Marriages.*

THESE unlicenced marriages are said to have originated with the incumbents of Trinity, Minorities, and St James's, Duke's Place, who claimed to be exempt from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London, and performed marriages without banns or licence, till Elliott, Rector of St James's, was suspended in 1616. The trade was then taken up by clerical prisoners living within the Rules of the Fleet, who, having neither money, character, nor liberty to lose, were just the men to adopt such a traffic. Mr Burn, who has devoted much attention to these strange practices, enumerates eighty-nine Fleet parsons, most of them lusty, jolly fellows, but thorough rogues and vagabonds, guilty of various offences, many of them too gross to be named. They openly plied their trade, as in the following specimens :—

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

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

“Marriages with a licence, certificate, and crown-stamp, at a guinea, at the New Chapel, next door to the China Shop, near Fleet Bridge, London,

by a regular bred clergyman, and not by a Fleet parson, as is insinuated in the public papers ; and that the town may be freed mistakes, no clergyman being a prisoner within the Rules of the Fleet dare marry ; and to obviate all doubts, the chapel is not on the verge of the Fleet, but kept by a gentleman who was lately chaplain on board one of his Majesty's men-of-war, and likewise has gloriously distinguished himself in defence of his King and country, and is above committing those little mean actions that some men impose on people, being determined to have everything conducted with the utmost decorum and regularity, such as shall always be supported on law and equity."—*Daily Advertiser*.

There was great competition in the business. Thus, at one corner might be seen in a window—"Weddings performed cheap here ;" and on another, "The Old and True Register ;" and every few yards along the Ditch and up Fleet Lane, similar announcements. But the great trade was at the "marriage-houses," whose landlords were also tavern-keepers. The Swan, the Lamb, the Horse-shoe and Magpie, the Bishop Blaire, the Two Sawyers, the Fighting Cocks, the Hand and Pen, were places of this description ; as were the Bull and Garter and King's Head (kept by warders of the Fleet Prison). The parson and landlord (the latter usually acted as clerk) divided the fee between them, after paying a shilling to the plyer, or tout, who brought in the customers. The marriages were entered in a pocket-book by the parson, and on payment of a small fee copied into the regular register of the house, unless the interested parties desired the affair to be kept secret. Marriages were performed in the Fleet previously to 1754, in the Prison Chapel.

In the *Grub Street Journal* of January 1735, we read :—"There are a set of drunken, swearing parsons, with their myrmidons, who wear black coats, and pretend to be clerks and registers of the Fleet, and who ply about Ludgate Hill, pulling and forcing people to

some peddling ale-house or brandy-shop to be married; even on a Sunday, stopping them as they go to church, and almost tearing their clothes off their backs." Pen-nant confirms this:—"In walking along the streets in my youth, on the side next the prison, I have often been tempted by the question, 'Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?' Along this most lawless space was frequently hung up the sign of a male and female, with hands conjoined, with 'Marriages performed within' written underneath. A dirty fellow invited you. The parson was seen walking before his shop; a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or roll of tobacco."

The following are a few cases:—Since Midsummer last, a young lady of birth and fortune was deluded and forced from her friends, and by the assistance of a wry-necked, swearing parson, married to an atheistical wretch, whose life is a continued practice of all manner of vice and debauchery. And since the ruin of my relative, another lady of my acquaintance had like to have been trepanned in the following manner:—This lady had appointed to meet a gentlewoman at the Old Play House, in Drury Lane, but extraordinary business prevented her coming. Being alone when the play was done, she bade a boy call a coach for the city. One dressed like a gentleman helps her into it, and jumps in after her. "Madam," says he, "this coach was called for me, and since the weather is so bad, and there is no other, I beg leave to bear you company; I am going into the city, and will set you down wherever you please." The lady begged to be excused, but he bade the coachman drive on. Being come to Ludgate Hill,

he told her his sister, who waited his coming but five doors up the court, would go with her in two minutes. He went, and returned with his pretended sister, who asked her to step in one minute, and she would wait upon her in the coach. The poor lady foolishly followed her into the house, when instantly the sister vanished, and a tawny fellow, in a black coat and a black wig, appeared. "Madam, you are come in good time; the doctor was just agoing!" "The doctor!" says she, horribly frightened, fearing it was a madhouse, "what has the doctor to do with me?" "To marry you to that gentleman. The doctor has waited for you these three hours, and will be paid by you or that gentleman before you go!" "That gentleman," says she, recovering herself, "is worthy a better fortune than mine;" and begged hard to be gone. But Doctor Wryneck swore she should be married; or, if she would not, he would still have his fee, and register the marriage for that night. The lady, finding she could not escape without money or a pledge, told them she liked the gentleman so well she would certainly meet him to-morrow night, and gave them a ring as a pledge, "which," says she, "was my mother's gift on her death-bed, enjoining that, if ever I married, it should be my wedding-ring;" by which cunning contrivance she was delivered from the black doctor and his tawny crew.

The indecency of these practices, and the facility they afforded for accomplishing forced and fraudulent marriages, were not the only evils. Marriages could be antedated, without limit, on payment of a fee, or not entered at all. Parties could be married without declaring their names. Women hired temporary husbands at the Fleet, in order that they might be able to plead

coverture to an action for debt, or to produce a certificate in case of their being *enceinte*. These hired husbands were provided by the parson for five shillings each; sometimes they were women. And for half-a-guinea a marriage might be registered and certified that never took place. Sometimes great cruelty was practised. In 1719, Mrs Anne Leigh, an heiress, was decoyed from her friends in Buckinghamshire, married at the Fleet Chapel against her will, and barbarously ill-used by her abductors.

The following are a few extracts from the Register of the Fleet Marriages:—

“1740. Geo. Grant and Ann Gordon, bachelor and spinster: stole my clothes-brush.” In the account of another marriage, we find, “Stole a silver spoon.”

“A wedding at which the woman ran across Ludgate Hill in her shift, ‘in pursuance of a vulgar error that a man was not liable for the debts of his wife if he married her in this dress.’”

“Married at a barber’s shop next Wilson’s—viz., one Kerrils, for half-a-guinea, after which it was extorted out of my pocket, and for fear of my life delivered.”

“5 Nov. 1742 was married Benjamin Richards, in the parish of St Martin’s-in-the-Fields, B<sup>r</sup> and Judith Lance, do. sp. at the Bull and Garter, and gave [a guinea] for an ante-date to March ye 11th, in ye same year, which Lilley comply’d with, and put em in his book accordingly, there being a vacancy in the book suitable to the time.”

“Mr Comyns gave me half-a-guinea to find a bridegroom, and defray all expenses. Parson 2s. 6d. Husband do., and 5s. 6d. myself. [We find one man

married four times under different names, receiving five shillings on each occasion, 'for his trouble!']

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

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

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

In one case, the parson was obliged to marry a couple *in terrorem*: but "some material part was omitted."

All classes flocked to the Fleet to marry in haste, from the barber to the officer in the Guards—from the pauper to the peer of the realm. Among the aristocratic patrons of its unlicensed chapels we find Lord Abergavenny; the Hon. John Bourke, afterwards Viscount Mayo; Sir Marmaduke Gresham; Anthony Henley, Esq., brother of Lord Chancellor Northington; Lord Banff; Lord Montagu, afterwards Duke of Manchester; Viscount Sligo; the Marquis of Annandale; William Shipp, Esq., father of the first Lord Mulgrave; and Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, of whose marriage Walpole thus writes to Sir Horace Mann:—"The town has been in a great bustle about a private match, but which, by the ingenuity of the Ministry, has been made politics. Mr Fox fell in love with Lady Caroline Lenox (eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond), asked her, was refused, and stole her. His father was a footman; her great-grandfather a king—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*! All the blood-royal have been up in arms."

In the Fleet, the errant Edward Wortley Montague (Lady Mary's son) was married; also Charles Churchill,

the poet. In 1702, the Bishop of London interfered to prevent the scandalous practice, but with little effect; and it was not until the passing of the Act of Parliament, in 1754, that the practice was put an end to: on the day previously (March 24), in one register-book alone, were recorded 217 marriages, the last of the Fleet weddings. In 1821, a collection of the Registers of Fleet Marriages, and weighing more than a ton, was purchased by the Government, and deposited in the Bishop of London's Registry, Doctors' Commons: the earliest date is 1674. They are not now, as formerly, received in evidence.

After the Marriage Bill of 1754, however, the Savoy Chapel came into vogue. On January 2, 1754, the *Public Advertiser* contained this advertisement: "By Authority.—Marriages performed with the utmost privacy, decency, and regularity, at the Ancient Royal Chapel of St John the Baptist, in the Savoy, where regular and authentic registers have been kept from the time of the Reformation (being two hundred years and upwards) to this day. The expense not more than one guinea, the five-shilling stamp included. There are five private ways by land to this chapel, and two by water." The proprietor of this chapel was the Rev. John Wilkinson (father of Tate Wilkinson, of theatrical fame), who fancying (as the Savoy was extra-parochial) that he was privileged to issue licences upon his own authority, took no notice of the new law. In 1755, he married no less than 1190 couples. The authorities began at last to bestir themselves, and Wilkinson thought it prudent to conceal himself. He engaged a curate, named Grierson, to perform the ceremony, the licences being still issued by himself, by which arrange-

ment he thought to hold his assistant harmless. Among those united by the latter were two members of the Drury Lane company. Garrick, obtaining the certificate, made such use of it that Grierson was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, by which sentence 1400 marriages were declared void.

### *Story of Richard Lovelace.*

RICHARD LOVELACE, one of the most elegant of the cavaliers of Charles I., will long be remembered by his divine little poem, "To Althea, from Prison," which he composed in the Gate House, at Westminster; it begins with :—

"When Love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at my grates—  
When I lie tangled in her hair,  
And fetter'd in her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage,  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage.  
If I am freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free :  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty."

This accomplished man, who is said by Wood to have been in his youth "the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld," and who was lamented by Charles Cotton as an epitome of manly virtue, died

at a poor lodging in Gunpowder Alley, Shoe Lane, in 1658, an object of charity.

Leigh Hunt, with the fellow-feeling of a poet, says:—"He (Lovelace) had been imprisoned by the Parliament, and lived during his imprisonment beyond his income. Wood thinks that he did so in order to support the royal cause, and out of generosity to deserving men and to his brothers. He then went into the service of the French King, returned to England after being wounded, and was again committed to prison, where he remained till the King's death, when he was set at liberty. Having then," says his biographer, "consumed all his estate, he grew very melancholy (which brought him at length into a consumption), became very poor in body and purse, and was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes (whereas, when he was in his glory, he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars than poorest of servants," &c. "Geo. Petty, haberdasher in Fleet Street," says John Aubrey, "carried 20 shillings to him every Monday morning from Sir —— Manny, and Charles Cotton; Esq., for —— months: but was never repaid." As if it was their intention he should be! Poor Cotton, in the excess of his relish of life, lived himself to be in want; perhaps wanted the ten shillings that he sent. The mistress of Lovelace is reported to have married another man, supposing him to have died of his wounds in France. Perhaps this helped to make him careless of his fortune; but it is probable that his habits were naturally showy and expensive. Aubrey says he was proud. He was accounted a sort of minor Sir Philip Sydney. We speak

the more of him, not only on account of his poetry (which, for the most part, displays much fancy, injured by want of selectness), but because his connection with the neighbourhood probably suggested to Richardson the name of his hero in *Clarissa*."

### *Wycherly and his Countess.*

IN lodgings on the west side of Bow Street, Covent Garden, over against the Cock Tavern, lived Wycherly, the dramatist, with his wife, the Countess of Drogheda. Here Wycherly happened to be ill of a fever. "During his sickness (says his biographer, Cibber), the King (Charles II.) did him the honour of a visit; when, finding his fever indeed abated, but his body extremely weakened, and his spirits miserably shattered, he commanded him to take a journey to the south of France, believing that nothing could contribute more to the restoring his former state of health than the gentle air of Montpelier during the winter season: at the same time, the King assured him, that as soon as he was able to undertake the journey, he would order five hundred pounds to be paid him to defray the expenses of it.

"Mr Wycherly accordingly went to France, and returned to England the latter end of the spring following, with his health entirely restored. The King received him with the utmost marks of esteem, and shortly after told him he had a son, who he resolved should be educated like the son of a king, and that he could make choice of no man so proper to be his governor as Mr Wycherly; and that for this service he should have fifteen hundred pounds a-year allotted to him; the King also added, that when the time came

that his office should cease, he would take care to make such a provision for him as should set him above the malice of the world and fortune. These were golden prospects for Mr Wycherly, but they were soon by a cross accident dashed to pieces.

“Soon after this promise of his Majesty’s, Mr Dennis tells us that Mr Wycherly went down to Tunbridge, to take either the benefit of the waters or the diversions of the place, when, walking one day upon the Wells-walk with his friend, Mr Fairbeard, of Gray’s Inn, just as he came up to the bookseller’s, the Countess of Drogheda, a young widow, rich, noble, and beautiful, came up to the bookseller and inquired for the *Plain Dealer*. ‘Madam,’ says Mr Fairbeard, ‘since you are for the *Plain Dealer*, there he is for you,’ pushing Mr Wycherly towards her. ‘Yes,’ says Mr Wycherly, ‘this lady can bear plain-dealing, for she appears to be so accomplished, that what would be a compliment to others, when said to her would be plain dealing.’ ‘No, truly, sir,’ said the lady, ‘I am not without my faults more than the rest of my sex ; and yet, notwithstanding all my faults, I love plain-dealing, and am never more fond of it than when it tells me of a fault.’ ‘Then, madam,’ says Mr Fairbeard, ‘you and the plain dealer seem designed by heaven for each other.’ In short, Mr Wycherly accompanied her upon the walks, waited upon her home, visited her daily at her lodgings whilst she stayed at Tunbridge ; and after she went to London, at her lodgings in Hatton Garden : where, in a little time, he obtained her consent to marry her. This he did, by his father’s command, without acquainting the King ; for it was reasonably supposed, that the lady’s having a great independent estate, and noble and powerful

relations, the acquainting the King with the intended match would be the likeliest way to prevent it. As soon as the news was known at court, it was looked upon as an affront to the King, and a contempt of his Majesty's orders; and Mr Wycherly's conduct after marrying made the resentment fall heavier upon him; for being conscious he had given offence, and seldom going near the court, his absence was construed into ingratitude."

"The Countess, though a splendid wife, was not formed to make a husband happy; she was in her nature extremely jealous; and indulged in it to such a degree, that she could not endure her husband should be one moment out of her sight. Their lodgings were over against the Cock Tavern, whither, if Mr Wycherly at any time went, he was obliged to leave the windows open, that his lady might see there was no woman in the company."

"The Countess," says another writer, "made him some amends by dying in a reasonable time." His title to her fortune, however, was disputed, and his circumstances, though he had property, were always constrained. He was rich enough, however, to marry a young woman eleven days before he died; but his widow had no child to succeed to the property. In his old age he became acquainted with Pope, then a youth, who vexed him by taking him at his word, when asked to correct his poetry. Wycherly showed a candid horror at growing old, natural enough to a man who had been one of the gayest of the gay, very handsome, and a "Captain." He was captain in the regiment of which Buckingham was colonel.

Wycherly's acquaintance with the Duchess of Cleve-

land commenced oddly enough. One day, as he passed the Duchess's coach, in the Ring, in Hyde Park, she leaned from the window and cried out, loud enough to be heard distinctly by him, "Sir, you're a rascal; you're a villain" [alluding to a song in his first play]. Wycherly, from that instant, entertained hopes.

### *Story of Beau Fielding.*

BEAU FIELDING was thought worthy of record by Sir Richard Steele, as an extraordinary instance of the effects of personal vanity upon a man not without wit. He was of the noble family of Fielding, and was remarkable for the beauty of his person, which was a mixture of the Hercules and the Adonis. It is described as having been a real model of perfection. He married for his first wife the Dowager Countess of Purbeck; followed the fortunes of James II., who is supposed to have made him a major-general, and perhaps a count; returned, married a woman of the name of Wadsworth, under the impression that she was a lady of fortune; and, discovering his error, addressed or accepted the addresses of the notorious Duchess of Cleveland, and married her; but she, discovering her mistake in time, indicted him for bigamy, and obtained a divorce. Before he left England to follow James, "Handsome Fielding," as he was called, appears to have been insane with vanity and perverse folly. He always appeared in an extraordinary dress; sometimes rode in an open tumbril, of less size than ordinary, the better to display the nobleness of his person; and his footmen appeared in liveries of yellow, with black feathers in their hats, and black sashes. When people

laughed at him, he refuted them, as Steele says, "by only moving." Sir Richard says he saw him one day stop and call the boys about him, to whom he spoke as follows:—

"Good youths,—Go to school, and do not lose your time in following my wheels; I am loth to hurt you, because I know not but you are all my own offspring. Hark ye, you sirrah with the white hair, I am sure you are mine, there is half-a-crown for you. Tell your mother, this, with the other half-crown I gave her, . . . comes to five shillings. Thou hast cost me all that, and yet thou art good for nothing. Why, you young dogs, did you never see a man before?" "Never such a one as you, noble general," replied a truant from Westminster. "Sirrah, I believe thee; there is a crown for thee. Drive on, coachman." Swift puts him in his list of Mean Figures, as one who "at fifty years of age, when he was wounded in a quarrel upon the stage, opened his breast and showed the wound to the ladies, that he might move their love and pity; but they all fell a laughing." His vanity, which does not appear to have been assisted by courage, sometimes got him into danger. He is said to have been caned and wounded by a Welsh gentleman, in the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and pressing forward once at a benefit of Mrs Oldfield's, "to show himself," he trod on Mr Fulwood, a barrister, who gave him a wound twelve inches deep." "His fortune, which he ruined by early extravagance, he thought to have repaired by his marriage with Mrs Wadsworth, and endeavoured to do so by gambling; but he succeeded in neither attempt, and after the short-lived splendour with the Duchess of Cleveland, returned to his real wife, whom he pardoned, and died under her

care. During the height of his magnificence, he carried his madness so far, according to Steele, as to call for his tea by beat of drum ; his valet got ready to shave him by a trumpet to horse ; and water was brought for his teeth, when the sound was changed to boots and saddle."

### *Beau Wilson.*

ONE of the gayest men about town towards the end of the reign of William III., was a young man of fashion who lived in the most expensive style: his house was sumptuously furnished ; his dress was costly and extravagant ; his hunters, hacks, and racers were the best procurable for money ; and he kept a table of regal hospitality. Now, all this was done without any ostensible means. All that was known of him was, that his name was Edward Wilson, and that he was the fifth son of Thomas Wilson, Esq., of Keythorpe, Leicestershire, an impoverished gentleman. Beau Wilson, as he was called, is described by Evelyn as a very young gentleman, "civil and good-natured, but of no great force of understanding," and "very sober and of good fame." He redeemed his father's estate, and portioned off his sisters. When advised by a friend to invest some of his money while he could, he replied, that however long his life might last, he should always be able to maintain himself in the same manner, and therefore had no need to take care for the future.

All attempts to discover his secret were vain ; in his most careless hours of amusement he kept a strict guard over his tongue, and left the scandalous world to conjecture what it pleased. Some good-natured people

said he had robbed the Holland mail of a quantity of jewellery, an exploit for which another man had suffered death. Others said he was supplied by the Jews, for what purpose they did not care to say. It was plain he did not depend upon the gaming-table, for he never played but for small sums.

How long he might have pursued his mysterious career, it is impossible to say: it was cut short by another remarkable man on the 9th of April 1694. On that day, Wilson and a friend, one Captain Wightman, were at the Fountain Tavern, in the Strand, in company with the celebrated John Law, who was then a man about town. Law left them, and the captain and Wilson took coach to Bloomsbury Square. Here Wilson alighted, and Law reappeared on the scene; as soon as they met, both drew their swords, and after one pass, the Beau fell, wounded in the stomach, and died without speaking a single word. Law was arrested, and tried at the Old Bailey for murder. The cause of the quarrel did not then come out, but Evelyn says: "The quarrel arose from his (Wilson's) taking away his own sister from lodging in a house where this Law had a mistress, which the mistress of the house, thinking a disparagement to it, and losing by it, instigated Law to this duel." Law declared the meeting was accidental, but some threatening letters from him to Wilson were produced on the trial, and the jury, believing that the duel was unfairly conducted, found him guilty of murder, and he was condemned to death. The sentence was commuted to a fine, on the ground of the offence amounting only to manslaughter; but Wilson's brother appealed against this, and while the case was pending a hearing, Law contrived to escape from the King's Bench, and reached the Continent in

safety, notwithstanding a reward offered for his apprehension. He ultimately received a pardon in 1719.

Those who expected Wilson's death would clear up the mystery attached to his life, were disappointed. He left only a few pounds behind him, and not a scrap of evidence to enlighten public curiosity as to the origin of his mysterious resources.

While Law was in exile, an anonymous work appeared which professed to solve the riddle. This was *The Unknown Lady's Pacquet of Letters*, published with the Countess of Dunois' *Memoirs of the Court of England* (1708), the author, or authoress, of which pretends to have derived her information from an elderly gentlewoman, "who had been a favourite in a late reign of the then she-favourite, but since abandoned by her." According to her account, the Duchess of Orkney (William III.'s mistress) accidentally met Wilson in St James's Park, incontinently fell in love with him, and took him under her protection. The royal favourite was no niggard to her lover, but supplied him with funds to enable him to shine in the best society, he undertaking to keep faithful to her, and promising not to attempt to discover her identity. After a time, she grew weary of her expensive toy, and alarmed lest his curiosity should overpower his discretion, and bring her to ruin. This fear was not lessened by his accidental discovery of her secret. She broke off the connection, but assured him that he should never want for money, and with this arrangement he was forced to be content. The "elderly gentlewoman," however, does not leave matters here, but brings a terrible charge against her quondam patroness. She says, that having one evening, by her mistress' orders, conducted a stranger to her apartment, she took the

liberty of playing eaves-dropper, and heard the Duchess open her strong box and say to the visitor: "Take this, and, your work done, depend upon another thousand and my favour for ever!" Soon afterwards poor Wilson met his death. The confidant went to Law's trial, and was horrified to recognise in the prisoner at the bar the very man to whom her mistress addressed those mysterious words. Law's pardon she attributes to the lady's influence with the King, and his escape to the free use of her gold with his jailers. Whether this story was a pure invention, or whether it was founded upon fact, it is impossible to determine. Beau Wilson's life and death must remain among unsolved mysteries. This compact story is from Chambers's *Book of Days*.

### *The Unfortunate Roxana.*

ONE of the earliest female performers was an actress at the theatre at Vere Street. Her name is not ascertained, but she attained an unfortunate celebrity in the part of Roxana, in the *Siege of Rhodes*. She fell a victim to Aubrey de Vere, the last Earl of Oxford of that name, under the guise of a private marriage. The story is told by Grammont, who, though apocryphal, pretends to say nothing on the subject in which he is not borne out by other writers. His lively account may be laid before the reader.

"The Earl of Oxford," says one of Grammont's heroines, "fell in love with a handsome, graceful actress, belonging to the Duke's theatre, who performed to perfection, particularly the part of Roxana in a very fashionable new play, insomuch that she ever after retained that name. This creature being both very

virtuous and very modest, or, if you please, wonderfully obstinate, proudly rejected the presents and addresses of the Earl of Oxford. The resistance inflamed his passion ; he had recourse to invectives and even spells ; but all in vain. This disappointment had such an effect upon him that he could neither eat nor drink ; this did not signify to him ; but his passion at length became so violent that he could neither play nor smoke. In this extremity, Love had recourse to Hymen ; the Earl of Oxford, one of the first peers of the realm, is, you know, a very handsome man ; he is of the Order of the Garter, which greatly adds to an air naturally noble. In short, from his outward appearance, you would suppose he was really possessed of some sense ; but as soon as ever you hear him speak, you are perfectly convinced to the contrary. This passionate lover presented her with a promise of marriage, in due form, signed with his own hand ; she would not, however, rely upon this ; but the next day she thought there could be no danger, when the Earl himself came to her lodgings attended by a sham parson, and another man for a witness. The marriage was accordingly solemnised with all due ceremonies, in the presence of one of her fellow-players, who attended as a witness on her part. You will suppose, perhaps, that the new countess had nothing to do but to appear at court according to her rank, and to display the Earl's arms upon her carriage. This was far from being the case. When examination was made concerning the marriage, it was found to be a mere deception ; it appeared that the pretended priest was one of my Lord's trumpeters, and the witness his kettle-drummer. The parson and his companion never appeared after the ceremony was over ; and as for the other witness, he

endeavoured to persuade her that the Sultana Roxana might have supposed, in some part or other of a play, that she was really married. It was all to no purpose that the poor creature claimed the protection of the laws of God and man, both which were violated and abused, as well as herself, by this infamous imposition; in vain did she throw herself at the King's feet to demand justice, she had only to rise up again without redress; and happy might she think herself to receive an annuity of one thousand crowns, and to resume the name of Roxana, instead of Countess of Oxford."

*Mrs Centlivre, and her Three Husbands.*

IN Spring Gardens, Dec. 1, 1723, died Mrs Centlivre, the sprightly authoress of the *Wonder*, the *Busy Body*, and the *Bold Stroke for a Wife*. She was buried at St Martin's-in-the-Fields. She is said to have been a beauty, an accomplished linguist, and a good-natured, friendly woman. Pope put her in his *Dunciad*, for having written, it is said, a ballad against his *Homer* when she was a child! But the probability is, that she was too intimate with Steele and other friends of Addison while the irritable poet was at variance with them. It is not impossible, also, that some raillery of hers might have been applied to him, not very pleasant from a beautiful woman against a man of his personal infirmities, who was naturally jealous of not being well with the sex. Mrs Centlivre is said to have been seduced when young by Anthony Hammond, father of the author of the *Love Elegies*, who took her to Cambridge with him in boy's clothes. This did not hinder her from marrying a nephew of Sir Stephen Fox, who died

a year thereafter, nor from having two husbands afterwards. Her second was an officer in the army, of the name of Carrol, who, to her great sorrow, was killed in a duel. Her third husband, Mr Centlivre, who had the formidable title of Yeoman of the Mouth, being principal cook to Queen Anne, fell in love with her when she was performing the part of Alexander the Great, at Windsor; for she was at one time an actress, though she never performed in London. Her *Bold Stroke for a Wife* was pre-condemned by Wilks, who said, coarsely enough,—“not only would her play be damned, but she herself for writing it.”

### *Stolen Marriages at Knightsbridge.*

ON the western outskirts of the metropolis, at Knightsbridge, formerly stood a little building called Trinity Chapel, near the French Embassy, on the site of a lazaretto, or hospital, the foundation of which is hidden in obscurity: what is more remarkable, it is not exactly known when the hospital ceased to exist; the last allusion to it is in 1720. The chapel itself, built in 1699, and refaced in 1789, has been replaced by a more ecclesiastical structure. This was one of the places where irregular marriages were solemnised, and it is accordingly often noticed by the old dramatists. Thus, in Shadwell's *Sullen Lovers*, Lovell is made to say, “Let's dally no longer; there is a person at Knightsbridge that yokes all stray people together; we'll to him, he'll despatch us presently, and send us away as lovingly as any two fools that ever yet were condemned to marriage.” Some of the entries in this marriage register are suspicious enough—“secrecy for life,” or “great secrecy,”

or "secret for fourteen years," being appended to the names. Mr Davis, in his *Memorials of Knightsbridge*, was the first to exhume from this document the name of the adventuress, "Mrs Mary Aylif," whom Sir Samuel Morland married as his fourth wife, in 1687. Readers of Pepys will remember how pathetically Morland wrote, eighteen days after the wedding, that when he had expected to marry an heiress, "I was, about a fortnight since, led as a fool to the stocks, and married a coachman's daughter not worth a shilling." In 1699, an entry mentions one "Storey at y<sup>e</sup> Park Gate." This worthy it was who gave his name to what is now known as Story's Gate. He was keeper of the Aviary to Charles II., whence was derived the name of the Birdcage Walk. In the same year, "Cornelius Van der Velde, Limner," was married here to Bernada Vander Hagen. This was a brother of the famous William Van der Velde, the elder, and himself a painter of nautical pictures, in the employment of Charles II.—*Saturday Review*.

"The Handsome Englishman."

ABOUT the year 1730, Mr Edward Walpole (afterwards Sir Edward, and brother of Horace Walpole) returned from his travels on the Continent, where the liberality of his father, the famous Sir Robert Walpole, had enabled him to make a brilliant figure; through his gallantries he had no other appellation in Italy than "the handsome Englishman." On his return to London, Mr Walpole had lodgings taken for him at a Mrs Rennie's, a child's coat maker, at the bottom of Pall Mall. On returning from visits, or public places, he often passed a quarter of an hour in chat with the

young women of the shop. Among them was one who had it in her power to make him forget the Italians, and even the beauties of the English court. Her name was Mary Clement; her father was, at that time or soon after, postmaster of Darlington, a place of £50 per annum, on which he supported a large family. This young woman had been apprenticed to Mrs Rennie, and discharged her duties with honesty and sobriety. Her parents, however, from their small means, could supply her very sparingly with clothes or money. Mr Walpole observed her wants, and made her small presents in a way not to alarm the vigilance of her mistress, who exacted the strictest morality from the young persons under her care. Miss Clement is described as beautiful as an angel, with good but uncultivated sense. Mrs Rennie had begun to suspect that a connection was forming which would not tend to the honour of her apprentice. She apprised Mr Clement of her suspicions; he immediately came up to town, met his daughter with tears, expressed his fears; adding that he should take her home, where, by living prudently, she might chance to be married to some decent tradesman. The girl apparently acquiesced; but, whilst her father and her mistress were conversing in a little dark parlour behind the shop, the object of their cares slipped out, and, without hat or cloak, ran directly through Pall Mall to Sir Edward Walpole's house, at the top of the street, where, the porter knowing her, she was admitted, though the master was absent. She went into the parlour, where the table was laid for dinner, and impatiently awaited Sir Edward's return. The moment came—he entered, and was heard to exclaim with great joy—“You here!” What explanation took place was in

private; but the fair fugitive sat down that day, and never after left it.

The fruits of this connection were Mrs Keppel, Maria, afterwards Lady Waldegrave, and subsequently Duchess of Gloucester; Lady Dysart, and Colonel Walpole, in the birth of whom, or soon after, the mother died. Never could fondness exceed that which Sir Edward cherished for the mother of his children; nor was it confined to her or them only, since he provided in some way or other for all her relations. His grief at his loss was great; he repeatedly declined overtures of marriage, and gave up his life to the education of his children. He had been prompted to unite himself to Miss Clement, by legal ties, but the threats of his father, Sir Robert, prevented his marriage; the statesman avowing that if he married Miss Clement, he would not only deprive him of his political interest, but exert it against him. It was, however, said by persons who had opportunity of knowing, that had Miss Clement survived Sir Robert, she would then have been Lady Walpole.

About the year 1758, the eldest daughter, Laura, became the wife of the Honourable and Reverend Frederick Keppel, brother to the Earl of Albemarle, and afterwards Bishop of Exeter. The Misses Walpole now took high rank in society: The sisters of Lord Albemarle were their constant companions; introduced them to persons of quality and fashion; in a word, they were received everywhere but at court. The shade attending their birth shut them out from the drawing-room till marriage, as in the case of Mrs Keppel, had covered the defect, and given them the rank of another family. The second daughter of the above union,

Laura, married in 1784. "One of my hundred nieces," says Horace Walpole, "has just married herself by an expedition to Scotland. It is Mrs Keppel's second daughter, a beautiful girl, and more universally admired than her sister or cousins, the Waldegraves. For such an exploit her choice is not a very bad one ; the swain is eldest son of Lord Southampton. Mrs Keppel has been persuaded to pardon her, but Lady Southampton is inexorable ; nor can I quite blame her, for she has thirteen other children, and a fortune was very requisite ; but both the bride and the bridegroom are descendants from Charles II., from whom they probably inherit stronger impulses than a spirit of collateral calculation." Lord Southampton was grandson of the Duke of Grafton ; the Bishop of Exeter's mother was Lady Anne Lenox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond.

No one had watched the progress of Sir Edward Walpole's family upwards with more anxiety than the Earl Waldegrave, who, though one of the proudest noblemen in the kingdom, had long cherished a passion for Maria Walpole. The struggle between his passion and his pride was not a short one ; and having conquered his own difficulties, it now only remained to attack the lady, who had no prepossession ; and Lord Waldegrave, though not young, was not disagreeable. They were married in 1759, and had issue three daughters ; Elizabeth Laura, married to her cousin ; George, fourth Earl Waldegrave ; Charlotte Maria, married to George, Duke of Grafton ; and Anne Horatio, married to Lord Hugh Seymour. In April 1763, Earl Waldegrave died of small-pox, and his lady found herself a young widow. Had Lord Waldegrave possessed every advantage of youth and person, his death could not

have been more sincerely regretted by his amiable relict. Again she emerged into the world ; she refused several offers ; amongst others, the Duke of Portland loudly proclaimed his discontent at her refusal. But the daughter of Mary Clement was destined for royalty ; and it became within the bounds of probability that the descendants of the postmaster of Darlington, and Mary Clement, the milliner of Pall Mall, might one day have swayed the British sceptre. Lady Waldegrave, after the Earl's decease, became the wife of His Royal Highness William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, by whom she was mother of the late Duke of Gloucester, and of the Princess Sophia of Gloucester.

Horace Walpole has recorded some amusing traits of his brother, Sir Edward, who had a house at Englefield Green, and is styled by Horace, "Baron of Englefield." "He is very agreeable and good-humoured, has some very pretty children, and a sensible and learned man that lives with him, one Dr Thirlby, who, while in Sir Edward's house, is said to have kept a miscellaneous book of Memorables, containing whatever was said or done amiss by Sir Edward, or any part of his family. The master of the house," says Horace, "plays extremely well on the bass-viol, and has generally musical people with him." As to personal acquaintance with any of the Court beauties, little could be said ; but to make amends, he was perfectly master of all the quarrels that had been fashionably on foot about Handel, and could give a very perfect account of all the rival modern painters. He was the first patron of Roubiliac, the sculptor, who, when a young man, chanced to find a pocket-book containing a considerable number of bank-notes, and some papers, apparently of consequence to

the owner, Sir Edward Walpole, the prompt return of which was gracefully acknowledged by Sir Edward's commissions to the young sculptor. Horace Walpole did not live on good terms with his brother; for he says—"There is nothing in the world the Baron of Englefield has such an aversion for as for his brother."

Horace, writing January 8, 1784, says:—"My brother, Sir Edward, is, I fear, dying: yesterday we had no hopes; a sort of glimmering to-day, but scarcely enough to be called a ray of hope. He has, for a great number of years, enjoyed perfect health, and even great beauty, without a wrinkle, to seventy-seven; but last August his decline began by an aversion to all solids. He came to town in the beginning of November; his appetite totally left him; and in a week he became a very infirm, wrinkled old man. We think that he imagined he could cure himself by almost total abstinence. With great difficulty he was persuaded to try the bark; it restored some appetite, and then he would take no more. In a word, he has starved himself to death, and is now so emaciated and weak, that it is almost impossible he should be saved, especially as his obstinacy continues; nor will he be persuaded to take sustenance enough to give him a chance, though he is sensible of his danger, and cool, tranquil, perfectly in his senses as ever. A cordial, a little whey, a dish of tea, it costs in all infinite pains to induce him to swallow. I much doubt whether entire tractability could save him!"

Walpole, in another letter, remarks: "I doubt my poor memory begins to peel off; it is not the first crack I have perceived in it. My brother, Sir Edward, made the same complaint to me before he died, and I

suggested a comfort to him, that does not satisfy myself. I told him the memory is like a cabinet, the drawers of which can hold no more than they can. Fill them with papers; if you add more, you must shove out some of the former. Just so with the memory: there is scarce a day in our lives that something, serious or silly, does not place itself there, and, consequently, the older we grow, the more must be displaced to make room for new contents. 'Oh!' said my brother, 'but how do you account for most early objects remaining?' Why, the drawers are lined with gummed taffety. The first ingredients stick; those piled higgledy-piggledy upon them, are tossed out without difficulty, as new are stuffed in; yet I am come to think that mice and time may gnaw holes in the sides, and nibble the papers too."

*A Mayfair Marriage.*

IN the autumn of 1748, a young fellow, called Handsome Tracy, was walking in the Park with some of his acquaintance, and overtook three girls: one was very pretty; they followed them; but the girls ran away, and the company grew tired of pursuing them, all but Tracy. He followed to Whitehall Gate, where he gave a porter a crown to dog them: the porter hunted them—he, the porter. The girls ran all round Westminster, and back to the Haymarket, where the porter came up with them. He told the pretty one she must go with him, and kept her talking till Tracy arrived, quite out of breath, and exceedingly in love. He insisted on knowing where she lived, which she refused to tell him; and after much dispute, went to the house of one of her companions, and Tracy with them. He

there made her discover her family, a butter-woman in Craven Street, and engaged her to meet him the next morning in the Park ; but before night he wrote her four love-letters, and in the last offered two hundred pounds a-year to her, and a hundred a-year to her mother ! Griselda made a confidence to a staymaker's wife, who told her that the swain was certainly in love enough to marry her, if she could determine to be virtuous and refuse his offers. " Ay," said she, " but if I should, and lose him by it ? " However, the measures of the cabinet council were decided for virtue ; and when she met Tracy the next morning in the Park, she was convoyed by her sister and brother-in-law, and stuck close to the letter of her reputation. She would do nothing, she would go nowhere. At last, as an instance of prodigious compliance, she told him, if he would accept such a dinner as a butter-woman's daughter could give, he should be welcome. Away they walked to Craven Street ; the mother borrowed some silver to buy a leg of mutton, and they kept the eager lover drinking till twelve at night, when a chosen committee waited on the faithful pair to the minister of Mayfair. This was the Rev. Alexander Keith, who had a chapel in Curzon Street ; at which marriages (with a licence on a 5s. stamp and certificate) were performed for a guinea. Keith was in bed, and swore he would not get up to marry the King, but that he had a brother over the way, who perhaps would, and who did. The mother borrowed a pair of sheets, and they consummated at her house ; and the next day they went to their own palace. In two or three days the scene grew gloomy ; and the husband coming home one night, swore he could bear it no longer. " Bear ! bear what ? " " Why, to be

teased by all my acquaintance for marrying a butter-woman's daughter. I am determined to go to France, and will leave you a handsome allowance." "Leave me! Why, you don't fancy you shall leave me? I will go with you." "What! you love me, then?" "No matter whether I love you or not, but you sha'n't go without me."\* And they went.

### *George III. and "The Fair Quakeress."*

IN the middle of the last century there dwelt in Market Street, St James's, a linen-draper named Wheeler, a Quaker, whose niece, Hannah Lightfoot, "the fair Quakeress," served in her uncle's shop. The lady caught the eye of Prince George in his walks and rides from Leicester House to St James's Palace; and she soon returned the attractions of such a lover. The Duchess of Kingston is said to have arranged their meeting, through a member of a family living in Exeter Street, Knightsbridge. Hannah is stated to have been privately married to the Prince, in 1759, in Kew Church; another story gives it as a Mayfair marriage, by Parson Keith, at Curzon Street Chapel; and to this it was added that children were born of the union, of whom a son was sent, when a child, to the Cape of Good Hope, under the name of George Rex: now, in 1830 there was living in the colony a settler of this name, who was sixty-eight years of age, and the exact resemblance in features to George III.

Another version is, that Prince George's intrigue alarming the royal family, it was contrived to marry the fair Quakeress to a young grocer, a former admirer,

\* Walpole's *Letters and Correspondence*, ii. 127.

named Axford, of Ludgate Hill. The Prince was inconsolable ; and a few weeks after, when Axford was one evening from home, a royal carriage was driven to the door, and the lady was hurried into it by the attendants and carried off. Where she was taken to, or what became of her, was never positively known ; it is stated that she died in 1765, and that her death disturbed the royal mind. Axford, broken-hearted, retired into the country ; he sought information about his wife at Weymouth and other places, but without effect. He married again, and had a family, and died about 1810.

There is a fine portrait of Hannah Lightfoot, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, at Knowle Park, Kent, which was, doubtless, painted by order of George III. In the catalogue she is called Mrs Axford. In Sir Bernard Burke's *Dictionary of the Landed Gentry* is the pedigree of " Prytherch of Abergole," by which it appears that the gentleman who is said to have married her granddaughter, has had by her no less than fourteen children. It is added that Hannah's father, Henry Wheeler, Esq., of Surrey Square, " was the last of the family who saw her on her going to Keith Chapel, in Mayfair, to be married to a person of the name of Axford, a person the family knew nothing of ; *he* never saw her or heard of her after the marriage took place ; every inquiry was made, but no satisfactory information was ever obtained respecting her."

### *George III. and Lady Sarah Lenox.*

LADY SARAH LENOX, born in 1745, was one of the numerous children of the second Duke of Richmond of his creation (grandson of King Charles II.) and Lady

Sarah Cadogan, daughter of Marlborough's favourite general. Lady Sarah grew up an extraordinary beauty. Horace Walpole, in 1761, describes her as taking part in some private theatricals which he had witnessed at Holland House. The play selected to be performed by children and very young ladies was *Fane Shore*: Lady Sarah Lenox enacting the heroine; while the boy, afterwards eminent as Charles James Fox, was Hastings. Walpole praises the acting of the performers, but particularly that of Lady Sarah, who, he says, "was more beautiful than you can conceive . . . in white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen by Correggio was half so lovely and expressive."

The charms of this lovely person had already made an impression on the heart of George III., then newly come to the throne at two-and-twenty. There seems no reason to doubt that the young monarch formed the design of raising his lovely cousin (for such she was) to the throne.

Early in the winter 1760-1, the King took an opportunity of speaking to Lady Sarah's cousin, Lady Susan Strangeways, expressing a hope at the drawing-room, that her ladyship was not soon to leave town. She said she should. "But," said the King, "you will return in summer for the coronation." Lady Susan answered that she did not know—she hoped so. "But," said the King again, "they talk of a wedding. There have been many proposals; but I think an English match would do better than a foreign one. Pray tell Lady Sarah Lenox I say so." Here was a sufficiently broad hint to inflame the hopes of a family, and to raise the head of a blooming girl of sixteen to the fifth heavens.

It happened, however, that Lady Sarah had already

allowed her heart to be preoccupied, having formed a girlish attachment for the young Lord Newbottle, grandson of the Marquis of Lothian. She did not, therefore, enter into the views of her family with all the alacrity which they desired. According to a narrative of Mr Grenville, "She went the next drawing-room to St James's, and stated to the King, in as few words as she could, the inconveniences and difficulties in which such a step would involve him. He said that was his business; he would stand them all: his part was taken, he wished to hear hers was likewise. In this state it continued, whilst she, by advice of her friends, broke off with Lord Newbottle, very reluctantly on her part. She went into the country for a few days, and by a fall from her horse broke her leg. The absence which this occasioned gave time and opportunities for her enemies to work; they instilled jealousy into the King's mind upon the subject of Lord Newbottle, telling him that Lady Sarah still continued her intercourse with him, and immediately the marriage with the Princess of Strelitz was set on foot; and, at Lady Sarah's return from the country, she found herself deprived of her crown and her lover Lord Newbottle, who complained as much of her as she did of the King. While this was in agitation, Lady Sarah used to meet the King in his rides early in the morning, driving a little chaise with Lady Susan Strangeways; and once it is said that, wanting to speak to him, she went dressed like a servant-maid, and stood amongst the crowd in the guard-room, to say a few words to him as he passed by." Walpole also relates that Lady Sarah would sometimes appear as a haymaker in the park at Holland House, in order to attract the attention of the King as he rode past; but the opportunity was lost.

It is believed that Lady Sarah was allowed to have hopes till the very day when the young sovereign announced to his council that he had resolved on wedding the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. She felt ill-used, and her friends were all greatly displeased. With the King she remained an object of virtuous admiration—perhaps also of pity. He wished to soften the disappointment by endeavouring to get her established in a high position near his wife; but the impropriety of such a course was obvious, and it was not persisted in.

Lady Sarah, however, was asked by the King to take a place among the ten unmarried daughters of dukes and earls who held up the train of his Queen at the coronation; and this office she consented to perform. It is said that, in the sober, duty-compelled mind of the sovereign, there always was a softness towards the object of his youthful attachment. Walpole relates that he blushed at his wedding service when allusion was made to Abraham and *Sarah*.

Lady Sarah Lenox in 1764 made a marriage which proved that ambition was not a ruling principle in her nature, her husband being “a clergyman’s son,” Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart. Her subsequent life was in some respects infelicitous, her marriage being dissolved by Act of Parliament in 1776. By her next marriage to the Hon. Major-General George Napier, she became the mother of a set of remarkable men, including the late Sir Charles James Napier, the conqueror of Scinde; and Lieutenant-General Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War. Her ladyship died at the age of eighty-two, in 1826, believed to be the last surviving great granddaughter of Charles II.\*

\* Abridged from Chambers’s *Book of Days*.

*Love and Madness.*

ABOUT the year 1780, a young East Indian, whose name was Dupree, left his fatherland to visit a distant relation, a merchant, on Fish Street Hill. During the young man's stay, he was waited on by the servant of the house, a country girl, Rebecca Griffiths, chiefly remarkable for the plainness of her person and the quiet meekness of her manners. The circuit of pleasure run, and yearning again for home, the visitor at length prepared for his departure: the chaise came to the door, and shaking of hands, with tenderer salutations, adieus, and farewells, followed in the usual abundance. Rebecca, in whom an extraordinary depression had for some days previously been perceived, was in attendance, to help to pack the luggage. The leave-taking of friends and relations at length completed, with a guinea squeezed into his humble attendant's hand, and a brief "God bless you, Rebecca!" the young man sprang into the chaise, the driver smacked his whip, and the vehicle was rolling rapidly out of sight, when a piercing shriek from Rebecca, who had stood to all appearance vacantly gazing on what had passed, alarmed the family, then retiring into the house. They hastily turned round: to their infinite surprise, Rebecca was seen wildly following the chaise. She was rushing with the velocity of lightning along the middle of the road, her hair streaming in the wind, and her whole appearance that of a desperate maniac!

Proper persons were despatched after her, but she was not secured till she had gained the Borough; when she was taken in a state of incurable madness to Bethlehem Hospital, where she some years after died. The guinea

he had given her—her richest treasure, her only wealth—she never suffered, during life, to quit her hand ; she grasped it still more firmly in her dying moments, and at her request, in the last gleam of returning reason—the lightening before death—it was buried with her. There was a tradition in Bedlam, that through the heartless cupidity of the keeper, it was sacrilegiously wrenched from her, and that her ghost might be seen every night, gliding through the dreary cells of that melancholy building, in search of her lover's gift, and mournfully asking the glaring maniacs for her lost guinea.

It was Mr Dupree's only consolation, after her death, that the excessive homeliness of her person, and her retiring air and manners, had never even suffered him to indulge in the most trifling freedom with her. She had loved hopelessly, and paid the forfeiture with sense and life.

### *Emma, Lady Hamilton.*

A CHARACTERISTIC letter of this extraordinary woman has been communicated to *Notes and Queries*, April 18, 1861. Mrs Burt, the lady to whom the letter is addressed, was well acquainted with Emma Lyons when she was a barefooted girl residing at Hawarden, near Chester, and gaining a livelihood by driving a donkey, laden with coals and sand for sale. Mrs Burt, having occasion to come to London, brought Emma with her at the request of Mrs Lyons, then occupying some situation in the household of Sir W. Hamilton.\* When

\* Emma is also said to have begun life in the metropolis as a barmaid at the Coach and Horses Inn, in Flood Street, Westminster, but to have been discharged for misconduct.

in the course of time, the little barefooted girl became Lady Hamilton, she, during her absence from England, occasionally wrote to her old friend and former protectress; but, so far as is known, this is the only one of those letters now in existence, and is in the possession of a grandson of Mrs Burt:—

“Mrs Burt, at Mr  
 Boberts, no. 16 upper  
 John<sup>s</sup> Street, Marlebone  
*London.*

“Caserta, near Naples, dec<sup>br</sup> 26<sup>th</sup> 1792.

“My dear Mrs Burt, I Received your very kind Letter this morning & am surprised to hear my poor dear grandmother can be in want, as I left her *thirty pound* when I Left england besides tea sugar & several things & it is now five weeks since I wrote to a friend of ours & ended a relation of my husbands to send twenty pound more so that my Grandmother must have had it on cristmas day, you may be sure I should never neglect that dear tender parent who I have the greatest obligations to, & she must have been cheated or she never cou’d be in want, but you did very Right my dearest friend to send her the four Guines which I will send you with enterest & a thousand thanks ended I Love you dearly my dear Mrs Burt & I think with pleasure on those happy days I have pass’d in your Company, I onely wait for an answer from our friend with the account of my grandmothers having Received her twenty pounds & I will then send you an order on him for your money, & I send a piece of Silk to make you a Gown we send it in the ship Captain newman, who sails for england this month, but my next Letter I will send you a bill of Loading. I wrote you a Long Letter Last

march, but I am affraid you never got it, which I am sorry for as their was a Long account of my reception at the Court of naples, ended the Queen has been so Kind to me I cannot express to you she as often invited me to Court & her magesty & nobility treats me with the most kind and affectionate regard. I am the happiest woman in the world my husband is the best & most tender of husbands & treats me and my mother with such goodness & tenderness, ended I love him dearly, if I cou'd have my dear grandmother with me, how happy I shou'd be, but gods will be done, she shall never want & if she shou'd wish for any thing over above what I have sent her Let her have it & I will repay you with entrest & thanks, you see my dear M<sup>rs</sup> Burt in a year & 2 months she will have had fifty pounds theirefore I have nothing to Lay to my charge, I write to M<sup>rs</sup> Thomas who Lives on the spot, & who I hope will see she is kindly used, I enclose this in a friends Letter to save you the postage which is very dear. I will write to you as soon as we have Received the answer that the twenty pounds are received & I then will say more about M<sup>r</sup> Connor, my dear mother desires her best Love to you & your Brother, & pray present my Compliments to him & when you write to Michell say every thing thats kind from us to him. Miss Dodsworth, M<sup>rs</sup> Greffor now, is brought to bed & the King was god father and made her a present of a Gold watch set in pearls twelve Sylver Candlesticks, a Sylver tea board & Sylver coffey pot Suger Basen, &c. &c. She is a very good wife and M<sup>r</sup> Greffor is a good man & the King is very fond of him when the Court is at Caserta we go with them and I see M<sup>rs</sup> Greffor often. Sir William is now on a shooting party with the King,

the Queen is at Caserta & our family is now there we onely Come to naples for a few days. I am now at Caserta, we have a good many english with us the duchess of ancaster Lord & Lady cholmondly Lady plymouth Lady webster Lady Forbes &c. &c. they all dined with me yesterday. I expect Sir William home to night. God Bless you my dear M<sup>rs</sup> Burt, & thank you for all your goodness write soon & believe me your ever true *and affectionate friend*

“EMMA HAMILTON.

“Direct for Lady Hamilton  
at naples.”

The anxiety evinced in this letter by Lady Hamilton for the comfort of her aged relative, places her in a most pleasing light; and the mixing up of this matter with the accounts of the distinguished circle of which she was so brilliant an ornament, is very curious. The original is written in a bold hand, but not with the freedom of a practised writer.

It is to the credit of Lady Hamilton, that in her prosperity she was neither ashamed of her origin nor unmindful of her friends. Young Burt, the son of Mrs Burt, and articled to an engraver, was a frequent guest at Merton, where he sat at table with the great Nelson himself, and has heard Lady H. delight her company with songs, celebrating the deeds of the hero, and amuse them with reminiscences of her village life.

### *Breaches of Promise.*

MR PARKER, who had been a partner in Combe's Brewery, was one of the oldest and dearest friends of

John Thomas Smith, of the British Museum. Parker died in 1828, at the advanced age of ninety; and of him Mr Smith used to tell a remarkable story, which, says the editor of *A Book for a Rainy Day*,\* we are rather surprised not to find recorded in his reminiscences. It was our fortune to be the first to communicate to Mr Smith the fact of his old friend's decease, and that he had bequeathed to him a legacy of £100. "Ah, sir!" he said, in a very solemn manner, after a long pause, "poor fellow! he pined to death on account of a rash promise of marriage he had made." We humbly ventured to express our doubts, having seen him not long before looking not only very un-Romeo-like, but very hale and hearty; and besides, we begged to suggest that other reasons might be given for the decease of a respectable gentleman of ninety. "No, sir," said Mr Smith, "what I tell you is the fact, and sit ye down, and I'll tell you the whole story. Many years ago, when Mr Parker was a young man, employed in the brewhouse in which he afterwards became a partner, he courted and promised marriage to a worthy young woman in his own sphere of life. But, as his circumstances improved, he raised his ideas, and, not to make a long story of it, married another woman with a good deal of money. The injured fair one was indignant, but as she had no written promise to show, was, after some violent scenes, obliged to put up with a verbal assurance that she should be the next Mrs Parker. After a few years the first Mrs P. died, and she then claimed the fulfilment of his promise, but was again deceived in the same way, and obliged to put up with a similar pledge. A *second* time

\* See *A Book for a Rainy Day*. By John Thomas Smith. Third Edition. 1861.

he became a widower, and a *third* time he deceived his unfortunate *first* love, who, indignant and furious beyond measure, threatened all sorts of violent proceedings. To pacify her, Mr P. gave her a written promise that, if a widower, he would marry her when he attained the age of one hundred years! Now, he had lost his last wife some time since, and every time he came to see me at the Museum, he fretted and fumed, because he should be obliged to marry that awful old woman at last. This could not go on long, and, as you tell me, he has just dropped off. If it had not been for this, he would have lived as long as Old Parr. And now," finished Mr Smith, with the utmost solemnity, "let this be a warning to you. Don't make rash promises to women; but, if you do so, *don't make them in writing.*"

### *Marriage of Mrs Fitzherbert and the Prince of Wales.*

THE beautiful and accomplished Mrs Fitzherbert was the daughter of Walter Smythe, Esq., of Brambridge, Hants, and was first married to Edward Weld, Esq., of Lulworth, Dorsetshire; secondly, to Thomas Fitzherbert, Esq., of Swismerton, Staffordshire. She became a second time a widow, living on a handsome jointure, and greatly admired in society on account of her beauty and accomplishments; when, in 1785, being twenty-nine years of age, she became acquainted with the Prince of Wales, who was six years younger. He fell distractedly in love with her, and was eager to become her third husband; but she, well aware that the Royal Marriage Act made the possibility of anything more than an appearance

of decent nuptials in this case very doubtful, resisted all importunities. It has been stated, on good authority, that to overcome her scruples, the Prince one day caused himself to be bled, put on the appearance of having made a desperate attempt on his own life, and sent some friends to bring her to see him. She was thus induced to allow him to engage her with a ring in the presence of witnesses; but she afterwards broke off the intimacy, went on the Continent, and for a long time resisted all the efforts made by the Prince to induce her to return. It is told as a curious fact in this strange love history, that one of the persons chiefly engaged in attempting to bring about this ill-assorted union was the notorious Duke of Orleans (Philip Égalité).

Towards the close of 1785, it was bruited that the heir-apparent to the British Crown was about to marry a Roman Catholic widow lady, named Fitzherbert. Even Horace Walpole is very mysterious about the rumour, for in February 1786, he writes to Sir Horace Mann: "I am obliged to you for your accounts of the House of *Albany* (Pretender family); but that extinguishing family can make no sensation here, when we have other guess-matter to talk of in a higher and more flourishing race; and yet, were rumour—ay, much more than rumour, every voice in England—to be credited, the matter, somehow or other, reaches even from London to Rome. I know nothing but the buzz of the day, nor can say more upon it; if I send you a riddle, fancy or echo from so many voices will soon reach you and explain the enigma, though I hope it is essentially void of truth, and that appearances rise from a much more common cause." Mr Fox, to whose party the Prince had attached himself, wrote to his Royal Highness on

the 10th of December a long letter, pointing out the dangerous nature of the course he was following. "Consider," said he, "the circumstances in which you stand: the King not feeling for you as a father ought; the Duke of York professedly his favourite, and likely to be married to the King's wishes; the nation full of its old prejudices against Catholics, and justly dreading all disputes about succession." Then the marriage could not be a real one. "I need not," said he, "point out to your good sense what source of uneasiness it must be to you, to her, and, above all, to the nation, to have it a matter of dispute and discussion whether the Prince is or is not married." The whole letter, written in a tone of sincere regard for the Prince, was highly creditable to the good sense of the writer.

The Prince answered on the instant, thanking Mr Fox for his advices and warnings, but assuring him they were needless. "Make yourself easy, my dear friend; believe me, the world will now soon be convinced that there not only is [not] but never was, any ground for those reports which have of late been so malevolently circulated."

Ten days after the date of this letter—namely, on the 21st of December, the Prince and Mrs Fitzherbert were married by an English clergyman, before two witnesses. Mr Fox, misled by the Prince, on the next discussion of the subject in the House of Commons, contradicted the report of the marriage *in toto*, in point of fact as well as of law; it not only never could have happened legally, but it never did happen in any way whatever, and had, from the beginning, been a base and malicious falsehood. Horne Tooke, in a strong pamphlet which he wrote upon the subject, presumed so far on the belief of the mar-

riage as to style Mrs Fitzherbert "her Royal Highness." However, the public generally were not deceived. Mrs Fitzherbert lived for several years with great openness as the wife of the Prince of Wales, and in the enjoyment of the entire respect of society, more especially of her husband's brothers. A separation only took place about 1795, when the Prince was about to marry (for the payment of his debts) the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick. Mrs Fitzherbert survived this event forty-two years, and never during the whole time ceased to be visited." The lady occasionally resided at Brighton, in a neat stone-coloured villa, with verandas in front, at the south-east corner of Castle Square: this house was built by the architect, Mr Porden, for Mrs Fitzherbert, and was furnished in a superb style. Here Mrs Fitzherbert died on the 29th of March 1837, in her eighty-first year.

### *Flight of the Princess Charlotte from Warwick House.*

THE marriage of the Princess Charlotte with the Prince of Orange was, in 1813, it is well known, most studiously desired by her royal father, the Prince Regent, who, however, appears to have been opposed in his wishes by the young lady herself, as well as certain members of her household. Miss Knight, the Princess's sub-governess or companion, in explanation to Sir Henry Halford, the Mentor sent by the Regent to forward his views, suggested that her beloved Princess was really somewhat intractable, and that they were not to blame if she showed a will of her own. Thus, when the Princess was told, soon after that, she was to meet the

Prince of Orange at Lady Liverpool's, she put on a blister prematurely, and kept away from the party. Yet, soon after, she went to Egham races, which Miss Knight thought more reprehensible; and she manifested a yet more obstinate will of her own when Sir Henry Halford, in addition to his usual prescriptions, proposed to her to *marry* the Prince of Orange aforesaid. "Marry I will," said she to the Princess of Wales, "and that directly, in order to enjoy my liberty, but not the Prince of Orange. I think him so ugly that I am sometimes obliged to turn my head away in disgust when he is speaking to me." She told Sir Henry she was willing to marry the Duke of Gloucester, but not the Prince, and Miss Knight felt hurt that she should so commit herself; though this preference of her cousin was better received by the Regent than might have been expected.

Sir Henry returned to the charge on the subject of the Orange match, and he must have been a good diplomatist, for he speedily overcame the Princess's aversion. A long conference with her on the 29th of November appears to have turned the current, and she was soon receiving presents and meeting the would-be *futur*. The Princess said, "He is by no means so disagreeable as I expected;" and when the Regent took her aside one night at Carleton House, and said, "Well, it will not do, I suppose?" she answered, "I do not say that. I like his manner very well, as much as I have seen of it;" upon which the Prince was overcome with joy, and joined their hands immediately, and the Princess came home and told Miss Knight she was engaged.

Nevertheless, the Orange match was not to be, for it went off on the resolute determination of the Princess, if she did marry the Prince, not to quit England and

live in Holland. Her father would probably have gladly settled her anywhere out of his own sight, but she was invincible upon this point. It is implied that the Grand Duchess Catherine secretly aided her determination, with a view to secure the Orange for a princess of Russia.

Miss Knight was now sent for by the enraged Regent, and ordered to admonish his daughter, which she did, though to very little purpose. The Regent expressed violent displeasure, but his daughter adhered to her stipulation. The Princess of Wales wrote with glee to Lady Charlotte Campbell that her daughter had declared "she would not see her father or any of the family till their consent to her remaining in this country had been obtained, or that otherwise the marriage would be broken off." The Princess took a course of her own, which no one was able to influence. Lord Liverpool, among others, made several fruitless attempts to induce her Royal Highness to waive her demands, and at length affected to yield to them. Thereupon the Princess of Wales was excluded from the Queen's Drawing-Rooms, because the Regent did not choose to meet her, and the waters were further troubled on this account. The Prince of Orange apparently consented to the Princess Charlotte's terms, but the Regent still pressed her, while the Queen went so far as to buy her wedding-clothes, though the question was unsettled. When the Princess heard that it was the intention of the Regent to sent for the Orange family, and to have the wedding immediately, she was in a state of great alarm, and resolved to have a further explanation with the *futur* himself, and it finished by a definite rupture. The Emperor of Russia, then in this country, attempted to act as mediator, but failed. Of course, after him the Bishop of Salisbury

failed also; though he intimated that unless Princess Charlotte would write a submissive letter to her father, and hold out a hope that in a few months she might be induced to give her hand to the Prince of Orange, arrangements would be made by no means agreeable to her inclinations. Her Royal Highness wrote to the Regent a most submissive and affectionate letter, but held out no hope of renewing the treaty of marriage; nor was it renewed.

Miss Knight had failed in enforcing the Regent's wishes upon his daughter. She asserts that sometime previously the Regent tapped her on the shoulder and said, "Remember, my dear Chevalier, that Charlotte must lay aside this idle nonsense of thinking that she has a will of her own; while I live she must be subject to me as she is at present, if she were thirty, or forty, or five-and-forty." This programme must, however, under any circumstances have failed. The Regent withdrew his support. The Duchess of Leeds sent in her resignation, and Miss Knight's dismissal followed.

The dismissal came in this wise. One day in July, about six o'clock, the Regent and the Bishop came to Warwick House, but the former alone came up, and desired Miss Knight would leave him with the Princess Charlotte. He was shut up with her alone for three-quarters of an hour, and then had another quarter of an hour assisted by the Bishop. But when the door opened, "she came out in the greatest agony," and told Miss Knight that she was wanted, and had only one instant to tell her that she and all the servants were to be dismissed, that she herself was to be confined to Carlton House for five days, then to go to Cranbourne Lodge, where she was to see no one but the Queen once a-week,

and that if she did not go immediately, the Prince would sleep at Warwick House that night, as well as all the new ladies. Miss Knight begged her to be calm, but she fell on her knees in the greatest agitation, exclaiming, "God Almighty! grant me patience;" and then Miss Knight went up for her own share of the rating. The Prince apologised for putting a lady to inconvenience, but said he wanted her room that evening; and summary ejectionment followed.

Then came the afterpiece, so frequently canvassed by other authorities. While this interview was taking place, the Princess Charlotte had slipped down the back stairs, called a hackney-coach, and fled to her mother's. The rush of great dignitaries after her has been recorded in many histories, with the irreverent expression of Lord Eldon, "that she kicked and bounced," but for a long time declined to leave her asylum.

The following version of the affair is from the pen of Lord Brougham:—In a fine evening of July, about the hour of seven, when the streets are deserted by all persons of condition, the young Princess Charlotte rushed out of her residence in Warwick House, unattended, hastily crossed Cockspur Street, flung herself into the first hackney-coach she could find, and drove to her mother's house in Connaught Place. The Princess of Wales having gone to pass the day at her Blackheath villa, a messenger was despatched for her, another for her law adviser, Mr Brougham, and a third for Miss Mercer Elphinstone, the young Princess's bosom friend. Brougham arrived before the Princess of Wales had returned; and Miss Elphinstone had alone obeyed the summons. Soon after the royal mother came, accompanied by Lady Charlotte Lindsay, her lady-in-waiting.

It was found that the Princess Charlotte's fixed resolution was to leave her father's house, and that which he had appointed for her residence, and to live thenceforth with her mother. But Mr Brougham is understood to have felt himself under the painful necessity of explaining to her that, by the law, as all the twelve judges but one had laid it down in George I.'s reign, and as it was now admitted to be settled, the King or the Regent had the absolute power to dispose of the persons of all of the Royal Family while under age. The Duke of Sussex, who had always taken her part, was sent for and attended the invitation to join in these consultations. It was an untoward incident in this remarkable affair, that he had never seen the Princess of Wales since the investigation of 1806, which had begun upon a false charge brought by the wife of one of his equerries, and that he had, without any kind of warrant from the fact, been supposed by the Princess to have set on, or at least supported, the accuser. He, however, warmly joined in the whole of the deliberations of that singular night. As soon as the flight of the young lady was ascertained, and the place of her retreat discovered, the Regent's officers of state and other functionaries were despatched after her. The Lord Chancellor Eldon first arrived, but not in any particularly imposing state, or, "regard being had" to his eminent station; for, indeed, he came in a hackney-coach. Whether it was that the example of the Princess Charlotte herself had for the day brought this simple and economical mode of conveyance into fashion, or that concealment was much studied, or that despatch was deemed more essential than ceremony and pomp—certain it is, that all who came, including the Duke of York, arrived in similar vehicles, and that

some remained enclosed in them, without entering the royal mansion. At length, after much pains and many entreaties, used by the Duke of Sussex and the Princess of Wales herself, as well as Miss Elphinstone and Lady C. Lindsay (whom she always honoured with a just regard), to enforce the advice given by Mr Brougham, that she should return without delay to her own residence, and submit to the Regent, the young Princess, accompanied by the Duke of York and her governess, who had now been sent for, and arrived in a royal carriage, returned to Warwick House, between four and five o'clock in the morning. There was then a Westminster election in progress, in consequence of Lord Cochrane's expulsion; and it is said that on her complaining to Mr Brougham that he, too, was deserting her, and leaving her in her father's power, when the people would have stood by her—he took her to the window, when the morning had just dawned, and, pointing to the Park, and the spacious streets which lay before her, said that he had only to show her a few hours later on the spot where she now stood, and all the people of this vast metropolis would be gathered together on that plain, with one common feeling in her behalf—but that the triumph of one hour would be dearly purchased by the consequences which must assuredly follow in the next, when the troops poured in, and quelled all resistance to the clear and undoubted law of the land, with the certain effusion of blood—nay, that through the rest of her life she never would escape the odium which, in this country, always attends those who, by breaking the law, occasion such calamities. This consideration, much more than any quailing of her dauntless spirit, or faltering of her filial affection, is believed to have

weighed upon her mind, and induced her to return home.

Warwick House, which was set apart for the residence of the Princess Charlotte, stood at the end of Warwick Street, which stretches from Cockspur Street towards Carlton House Terrace. It had once been the residence of Sir Philip Warwick, the Royalist writer of the most picturesque memoirs of the times of the Civil War. It was out of repair and uncomfortable, "resembling a convent ;" but here the Princess and Miss Knight looked upon themselves as settled, and the former thought herself emancipated and comparatively happy.\*

### *George IV. and his Queen.*

IMMEDIATELY after the death of George III., Queen Caroline, although with more than suspicion hanging over her head, hastened to England to claim her right to the throne of a man who could hardly be considered her husband. His estrangement from her, the aversion he had manifested from the first moment of their ill-assorted marriage, was the only excuse the unfortunate woman could plead for her errors. The announcement of her journey to England, and the news of her demands for a regal reception, caused a great sensation. "Great bets," says Lord Eldon, "are laid about it. Some people have taken 50 guineas, undertaking in lieu of them to pay a guinea a day till she comes." £50,000 a-year were offered if she would consent to play the Queen of England at some Continental court. She in her turn demanded a palace in London, a frigate, and

\* Abridged, in part, from the *Times*' review of Miss Knight's *Autobiography*.

the restoration of her name to the Church service. Nothing short of the prayers of the faithful would satisfy her craving for worldly distinction. Mr Wilberforce, with characteristic indulgence, admired her for her spirit, though he feared she had been "very profligate." Her arrival in London was the signal for a popular ovation, "more out of hatred to the king than out of regard for her." For many weeks the stout lady in the hat and feathers was the favourite of the populace, and Alderman Wood's house in South Audley Street, where she had taken up her quarters, was at all hours of the day surrounded by a mob of noisy king-haters. Mr Wilberforce, in a letter to Hannah More, recounts their proceedings: "A most shabby assemblage of quite the lowest of the people, who every now and then kept calling out, 'Queen! Queen!' and several times, once in about a quarter of an hour, she came out of one window of a balcony and Alderman Wood at the other." At which the crowd cheered prodigiously. When her trial was decided upon, this misguided woman, determined to brazen it out at all hazards, threatened to come daily to Westminster Hall in "a coach and six in *high style*," and she also insisted on being present at the coronation. "She has written to the king," says Mr Th. Grenville, "when, and in what dress, she should appear at the coronation. I presume the answer will be: in a white sheet, in the middle aisle of the Abbey."

The strictest orders were given for her exclusion, but still she came, and among the extraordinary and disgraceful scenes of the time is that of a Queen of England "trying every door of the Abbey and the Hall," and at length withdrew.

"It is worthy of remark that no Diary or Journal published since 1821 throws any new light upon the question of the guilt or innocence of the Queen; but it is significant that Lord Grenville, who had exculpated her in 1806 upon the occasion of the *Delicate Investigation*, seems to have had no doubt as to her misconduct in 1821, and both voted and spoke against her on the second reading of the Bill. This is not the place to discuss a nasty personal subject, with regard to which, we suppose, most historians will not differ; but whatever may have been the sins of Caroline of Brunswick, the behaviour of George IV. towards her had been of such a kind that, in our judgment, political considerations alone can account for the support which the majority of the House of Lords afforded him at the trial. In fact, it is evident from many sources, that the real issue in the case was lost sight of by all parties; and, if it may be laid to the charge of the people that they backed the Queen solely in the interest of revolution, it is equally certain that the mass of the aristocracy who sided with the King, only did so because they thought that the constitution was in danger."\*

\* *Saturday Review.*

## Supernatural Stories.



### *A Vision in the Tower.*

IN the reign of Henry III., who far outwent his predecessors in his extensive additions to the Tower, there is recorded the following strange scene :—

In 1239, the King had accumulated within the walls of the fortress an enormous treasure, which he intended to use for its still greater strength and adornment. Fate, however—unless we choose to impute it to human design—seemed against him. The works were scarcely completed when, on the night of St George in the following year, the foundations gave way, and a noble portal, with walls and bulwarks, on which much expense had been incurred, gave way and fell without a moment's warning, as if by the effect of an earthquake. Stranger still, no sooner were the works restored than, in 1241, the whole again fell down, on the very night and, as we are told, in the very self-same hour, which had proved so destructive to them in the year preceding. Matthew Paris—a most trustworthy and excellent historian—relates the whole occurrence in his Latin Chronicle, and gives a reason for the fall of the portal and rampart, which exhibits a famous character of the previous age in a light which to many of my audience is no doubt new. He relates how that as a

certain priest was sleeping, a vision was granted to him. He saw a venerable figure in the robes of an archbishop, with the cross in his hand, walk up to the walls, and, regarding them with a stern and threatening aspect, strike them with the cross which he held, and forthwith they fell as if of some natural convulsion. He asked a priest, who seemed in attendance on the archbishop, who he was? and was answered, that the blessed martyr of Canterbury, the sainted Becket, by birth a Londoner, knowing that these walls were erected, not for defence of the kingdom, but for the injury and prejudice of the Londoners his brethren, had taken this summary mode of repressing the king's designs. On the following morning the vision was found to have been accompanied with palpable proof that, if not the archbishop, some all-powerful agency had effected the result desired. Becket was a warm defender and princely patron of the people; and the Londoners rejoiced at the destruction of these new buildings, which they said were a thorn in their eyes, and delighted to attribute their ruin to one whose memory they so greatly revered.—*The Rev. T. Hugo, F.S.A.*

### *The Legend of Kilburn.*

KILBURN, a hamlet in the parish of Hampstead, is named from the priory situated near the spot subsequently occupied by a tavern, or tea-drinking house, at a fine spring of mineral water, called Kilburn Wells, at the distance of rather more than two miles from London, north-westward, on the Edgeware Road. It derived its origin from a recluse or hermit, named

Goodwyn, who, retiring hither in the reign of Henry I., for the purpose of seclusion, built a cell near a little rivulet, called, in different records, Cuneburna, Keelebourne, Coldbourne, and Kilbourne, on a site surrounded with wood. The stream rises near West End, Hampstead, and, after passing through Kilburn to Bayswater, it supplies the Serpentine reservoir in Hyde Park, and eventually flows into the Thames near the site of Ranelagh. Whether Goodwyn grew weary of his solitude, or from whatever cause, it appears from documents yet extant, that between the years 1128 and 1134, he granted his hermitage of *Cuncburna* with the adjoining lands to the conventual church of St Peter's, Westminster, "as an alms for the redemption of the whole convent of brethren," under the same conditions and privileges with which "King Ethelrede had granted *Hamstede*," to which manor Kilburn had previously appertained, to the same church.

There is a curious traditionary relation connected with Kilburn Priory, which, however, is not traceable to any authentic source. The legend states, that at a place called Saint John's Wood, near Kilburn, there was a stone of a dark-red colour, which was the stain of the blood of Sir Gervase de Mertoun, which flowed upon it a few centuries ago. Stephen de Mertoun, being enamoured of his brother's wife, frequently insulted her by the avowal of his passion, which she, at length, threatened to make known to Sir Gervase; to prevent which, Stephen resolved to waylay his brother, and slay him. This he effected by seizing him in a narrow lane, and stabbing him in the back, whereupon he fell upon a projecting rock, which became dyed with his blood. In his expiring moments Sir Gervase, recognising his

brother, upbraided him with his cruelty, adding, "This stone shall be thy deathbed."

Stephen returned to Kilburn, and his brother's lady still refusing to listen to his criminal proposals, he confined her in a dungeon, and strove to forget his many crimes by a dissolute enjoyment of his wealth and power. Oppressed, however, by his troubled conscience, he determined upon submitting to religious penance; and, ordering his brother's remains to be removed to Kilburn, he gave directions for their re-interment in a handsome mausoleum, erected with stone brought from the quarry where the murder was committed. The identical stone on which his murdered brother had expired formed a part of the tomb; and the eye of the murderer resting upon it, the legend adds, *blood was seen to issue from it!* Struck with horror, the murderer hastened to the Bishop of London, and, making confession of his guilt, demised his property to the Priory of Kilburn. Having thus acted in atonement for his misdeeds, grief and remorse quickly consigned him to the grave.

### *Omens to Charles I. and James II.*

IN the career of these unfortunate monarchs we fall upon some striking prophecies, not verbal but symbolic, if we turn from the broad highway of public histories to the by-paths of private memoirs. Either Clarendon, it is, in his Life (not his public history), or else Laud, who mentions an anecdote connected with the coronation of Charles I. (the son-in-law of the murdered Bourbon), which threw a gloom upon the spirits of the royal friends, already saddened by the dreadful pesti-

lence which inaugurated the reign of this ill-fated prince, levying a tribute of one life in sixteen from the population of the English metropolis. At the coronation of Charles, it was discovered that all London would not furnish the quantity of purple velvet required for the royal robes and the furniture of the throne. What was to be done? Decorum required that the furniture should be all *en suite*. Nearer than Genoa no considerable addition could be expected. That would impose a delay of 150 days. Upon mature consideration, and chiefly of the many private interests that would suffer amongst the multitudes whom such a solemnity had called up from the country, it was resolved to robe the King in *white* velvet. But this, as it afterwards occurred, was the colour in which victims were arrayed. And thus, it was alleged, did the King's council establish an augury of evil. Three other ill omens, of some celebrity, occurred to Charles I.—viz., on occasion of creating his son Charles a Knight of the Bath; at Oxford some years after; and at the bar of that tribunal which sat in judgment upon him.

The reign of his second son, James II., the next reign that could be considered an unfortunate reign, was inaugurated by the same evil omens. The day selected for the coronation (in 1685) was a day memorable for England—it was St George's day, the 23rd of April, and entitled, even on a separate account, to be held a sacred day as the birthday of Shakespeare in 1564, and his deathday in 1616. The King saved a sum of sixty thousand pounds by cutting off the ordinary cavalcade from the Tower of London to Westminster. Even this was imprudent. It is well known that, amongst the lowest class of the English, there is an obstinate pre-

judice (though unsanctioned by law) with respect to the obligation imposed by the ceremony of coronation. So long as this ceremony is delayed, or mutilated, they fancy that their obedience is a matter of mere prudence, liable to be enforced by arms, but not consecrated either by law or by religion. The change made by James was, therefore, highly imprudent ; shorn of its antique traditional usages, the yoke of conscience was lightened at a moment when it required a double ratification. Neither was it called for on motives of economy, for James was unusually rich. This voluntary arrangement was, therefore, a bad beginning ; but the accidental omens were worse. They are thus reported by Blennerhassett (*History of England to the end of George I.*, vol. iv. p. 1760, printed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1751). "The crown being too little for the king's head, was often in a tottering condition, and like to fall off." Even this was observed attentively by spectators of the most opposite feelings. But there was another simultaneous omen, which affected the Protestant enthusiasts, and the superstitious, whether Catholic or Protestant, still more alarmingly. "The same day the king's arms, pompously painted in the great altar window of a London church, suddenly fell down without apparent cause, and broke to pieces, whilst the rest of the window remained standing." Blennerhassett mutters the dark terrors which possessed himself and others. "These," says he, "were reckoned ill omens to the king."

*Premonition and Vision to Dr Donne.*

IN the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral is a monumental effigy, in a winding-sheet, a piece of sculpture which excites more curiosity than many a modern memorial in the church. This is the portrait in stone of John Donne, Dean of St Paul's, and a poet of great power and touching sweetness, a writer of nervous prose, and an eloquent preacher. In Walton's life of him, there is something remarkably affecting in that passage wherein there is the foreboding of ill in the mind of Donne's wife—and the account of the vision which appeared to him. At this time of Mr Donne's and his wife's living in Sir Robert's house, in Drury Lane (Sir R. Drewry), the Lord Hay was by King James sent upon a glorious embassy to the French king, Henry IV.; and Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to subject Mr Donne to be his companion in that journey. And this desire was suddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child, and otherwise under so dangerous a habit of body as to her health, that she protested an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her, saying her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence, and therefore desired him not to leave her. This made Mr Donne lay aside all thoughts of his journey, and really to resolve against it. But Sir Robert became restless in his persuasions for it, and Mr Donne was so generous as to think he had sold his liberty when he had received so many charitable kindnesses from him—and told his wife so; who, therefore, with an unwilling willingness, did give a faint consent to the journey, which was proposed to be but for two months: within a few days after this

resolve, the Ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr Donne, left London, and were the twelfth day got safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr Donne was left alone in the room, where Sir Robert and he, with some others, had dined: to this place Sir Robert returned within half-an-hour, and as he left, so he found Mr Donne alone, but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him, insomuch as he earnestly desired Mr Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence; to which Mr Donne was not able to make a present answer, but after a long and perplexed pause, said—"I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you; I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms; this I have seen since I saw you." To which Sir Robert replied, "Here, sir, you have slept since I saw you, and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake." To which Mr Donne replied, "I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and I am as sure that, at her second appearing, she stopped and looked me in the face and vanished."

Rest and sleep had not altered Mr Donne's opinion the next day, for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate and so confirmed a confidence, that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true. It is well said that desire and doubt have no rest, and it proved so with Sir Robert; for he immediately sent a servant to Drury House, with a charge to hasten back, and bring him word whether Mrs Donne were alive, and if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with

this account:—"That he found and left Mrs Donne very sad and sick in her bed; and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And, upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day, and about the very hour that Mr Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber."

There is much good sense and true feeling in the observations of good Izaak Walton upon this case—so delightful is the quaint style, which is the good plain dress of truth: "This," he adds, "is a relation that will beget some wonder, and it well may, for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion that visions and miracles are ceased. And though it is most certain that two lutes, being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other that is not touched, being laid upon a table, will (like an echo to a trumpet) warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune; yet many will not believe there is any such thing as a sympathy of souls; and I am well pleased that every reader do enjoy his own opinion."

Walton says he had not this story from Donne himself, but from a "Person of Honour," who "knew more of the secrets of his heart than any person then living," and who related it "with such circumstance and asseveration," that, not to say anything of his hearer's belief, Walton did "verily believe" that the gentleman "himself believed it."

Drury House was in the parish of St Clement's Danes, in the Strand. Donne, soon after his wife's death, preached in the church a sermon, taking for his text, "Lo, I am the man that have seen affliction." He also had erected in the church his wife's tomb by

Nicholas Stone; it was destroyed when St Clement's Church was rebuilt in 1680.

### *Apparition in the Tower.*

AUBREY relates, in his *Miscellanies*, "Sir William Dugdale did inform me that Major-General Middleton (since Lord) went into the Highlands of Scotland, to endeavour to make a party for Charles I.; an old gentleman (that was second-sighted) came and told him that his endeavour was good, but he would not be successful: and, moreover, that they would put the king to death, and that several other attempts would be made, but all in vain; but that his son would come in, but not reign, but at last would be restored." This Lord Middleton had a great friendship with the Laird Bocconi, and they had made an agreement, that the first of them that died should appear to the other in extremity. The Lord Middleton was taken prisoner at Worcester fight, and was prisoner in the Tower of London under three locks. Lying in his bed pensive, Bocconi appeared to him: my Lord Middleton asked him if he were dead or alive? he said, dead, and that he was a ghost; and told him that within three days he would escape, and he did so, in his wife's clothes. When he had done his message, he gave a frisk, and said:—

*Givenni, Givenni, 'tis very strange,*  
In the world to see so sudden a change.

And then gathered up and vanished. This account Sir William Dugdale had from the Bishop of Edinburgh. And this (says Aubrey) he hath writ in a book of mis-

cellanies, which I have seen, and is now deposited with other books of his in the Museum of Oxford.

### *Lilly, the Astrologer.*

LILLY lived in credulous times. He first acquired a taste for fortune-telling by accompanying his mistress to "a cunning or wise man," as to the chance of surviving her husband, with whom she was dissatisfied. When she died, Lilly, who had been her surgical attendant, found attached to her armpit a bag in which were several *sigils*, as he terms them ; the obtaining of which contributed to strengthen his predilection for the occult sciences. He chanced to become acquainted with an eccentric personage named Evans, who gave him the first bent toward the studies which tintured so strongly his future life. Lilly studied for some time under Evans, until they quarrelled regarding the casting of a figure, when the teacher and pupil parted. Our hero had already bought a great quantity of astrological books, and was so far initiated as to carry on his pursuit without assistance.

He retired to the country for four or five years ; after which, in 1641, "perceiving there was money to be got in London," he returned thither, and began assiduously to labour in his vocation. He soon became known, more especially as he did not content himself with practising the arts of prophesying and magic in private, but also published a work, termed *Merlin the Younger*, which he continued subsequently to issue as a periodical almanack. This arrested the attention of men very speedily, and his fame became universal.

One of his trumpery bundles of periodical prophecies attracted the anxious attention of Parliament, whose members, not altogether approving of some of the author's dark sayings, ordered him to be imprisoned. As the sergeant-at-arms, however, was conveying him away, a personage stepped forward, who saved the astrologer from the distress of a long imprisonment, which, after he was once in gaol, might have been his doom. "Oliver Cromwell, lieutenant-general of the army, having never seen me, caused me to be produced again, where he steadfastly beheld me for a good space, and then I went with the messenger." Nevertheless, he was not taken at that time to gaol, and though he gave himself up to custody next day from motives of deference to the Parliament, he was liberated again immediately by Cromwell's interposition. Whether or not Cromwell believed in the astrologer's power, it is impossible to say, but certainly he and his party owed some gratitude to Lilly. At the siege of Colchester, when the parliamentary soldiers grew doubtful of the issue of the attack, and slackened somewhat in their exertions, Lilly and another person of the same character were sent for to encourage the besiegers, which they did by predicting the speedy surrender of the place, as it really fell out. Another example of the same kind occurred when Cromwell was in Scotland. On the eve of one of the battles fought by Oliver, a soldier mounted himself on an eminence, and as the troops filed past him, he cried out, "Lo, hear what Lilly saith ; you are in this month promised victory ; fight it out, brave boys—and then read that month's prediction !"

Our astrologer declares that, in the early part of the Civil War, his opinions leant decidedly to the side of the

Royalists, until they gave him some ground of offence. His sentiments in reality, however, appear to have been strongly guided by the circumstance of which party was at the time uppermost. He prophesied first for the King; when his cause declined, our hero prophesied stoutly for the Parliament; and when its influence waned, he put forth some broad hints of its approaching fall. King Charles himself put great confidence in the powers of Lilly; for at the time of his stay, or rather confinement, at Hampton Court, when he meditated an escape from the soldiery that surrounded him, he despatched a secret messenger to the astrologer, desiring him to pronounce what would be the safest place of refuge and concealment. Lilly erected a figure and gave an answer, but the prediction was not put to the proof; the King, before it could be acted on, being removed to the Isle of Wight. In his *Memoirs*, Lilly boasts that he procured for Charles, when in Carrisbroke Castle, a file and a bottle of aqua-fortis, with which to sever the bars of his window asunder.

Next, the House of Commons, after the Great Fire of London, called the astrologer once more before them, and examined him as to his *fore-knowledge* of that calamity, which was then attributed to conspirators. Lilly answered them in the following words: "May it please your honours, after the beheading of the late King, considering that in the three subsequent years the Parliament acted nothing which concerned the settlement of the nation in peace; and seeing the generality of the people dissatisfied, the citizens of London discontented, and the soldiery prone to mutiny, I was desirous, according to the best knowledge God had given me, to make inquiry by the art I studied, what

might from that time happen unto the Parliament and the nation in general. At last, having satisfied myself as well as I could, and perfected my judgment therein, I thought it most convenient to signify my intentions and conceptions thereof, in types, hieroglyphics, &c., without any commentary, that so my judgment might be concealed from the vulgar, and made manifest only to the wise—I herein imitating the examples of many wise philosophers who had done the like. . . . Having found that the city of London should be sadly afflicted with a Great Plague, and not long after with an exorbitant Fire, I framed these hieroglyphics as represented in my book, which have in effect proved very true.” One of the wisecracks of the Committee then asked him, “Did you foresee the year?” “I did not,” replied Lilly, “nor was desirous; of that I made no scrutiny.” The astrologer then told them that he had found, after much pains, that the fire was not of man, but of God.

To give the reader some idea of the folly which could believe him to have predicted the Fire and Plague, we may mention that, in the book where the prophecy is said to occur, he gives sixteen pages of woodcuts, being enigmatical emblems of what was to befall the city for *many hundred years* to come. On the eighth page is a set of *graves* and *winding-sheets*, and the thirteenth some *houses on fire*, and this is the prediction! The Fire and Plague were almost in one year, and the figures in the book are in very different places, though he meant the emblems to indicate consecutive events. Besides, a rebellion would have filled the graves, a burnt warehouse would have answered the figure fire, just as well as the plague or the burning of half the city. The hieroglyphics, we may add, depicted every event under the

sun, so that the astrologer in no case could have been put out. The inferior and uneducated classes of the community followed, with blind superstition, the example set before them by their betters. Love, sickness, trade, marriage, and on a thousand other subjects, was the astrologer daily consulted, not only by the citizens of London, but by residents in every corner of the land. And so skilfully and equivocally did he frame his responses, that he was very seldom brought into annoyance from the failure of his predictions. This was fortunate for him, for though the courts of law would not meddle with a true prophet, they did not scruple to punish a bungler in the art. On one occasion, a "half-witted young woman" brought him before the courts to answer for having taken two-and-sixpence from her for a prediction regarding stolen goods. Lilly spoke for himself, and having satisfied the court that astrology was a lawful art, he got easily off by proving the woman to be half mad.

Of his success in deception, there exist abundance of proofs. The number of his dupes was not confined to the vulgar and illiterate, but included individuals of real worth and learning, who courted his acquaintance and respected his predictions. We know not whether it "should more move our anger or our mirth" to see an assemblage of British senators—the contemporaries of Milton and Clarendon, of Hampden and Falkland—in an age which roused into action so many and such mighty energies, gravely engaged in ascertaining the causes of a great national calamity, from the prescience of a knavish fortune-teller, and puzzling their wisdoms to interpret the symbolical flames which blazed in the mis-shapen woodcuts of his oracular publications. From

this disgrace to the wisdom of the seventeenth century, we have to make one memorable exception.

Butler, in his *Hudibras*, has inimitably portrayed Lilly under the character of Sidrophel ; nearly all that the poet has ascribed to him, as Dr Grey remarks, in his annotations, the reader will find verified in his autobiography:—

Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell  
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,  
That deals in Destiny's dark Counsels,  
And sage Opinions of the Moon sells,  
To whom all People far and near  
On deep Importances repair ;  
When Brass and Pewter hap to stray,  
And Linen slinks out of the way ;  
When Geese and Pullen are seduced,  
And Sows of Sucking Pigs are chows'd ;  
When Cats do feel indisposition  
And need the opinion of Physician ;  
When Murrain reigns in Hogs and Sheep,  
And Chickens languish of the Pip ;  
When Yeast and outward means do *fail*  
And have no power to work on Ale ;  
When Butter does refuse to come,  
And Love grows cross and *humoursome*,  
To Him with Questions and with Urine  
They for Discovery flock, or Curing.

*Hudibras*, Part ii. Canto 3.

Of Lilly's *White King's Prophecy* eighteen hundred copies were sold in three days, and it was oft reprinted. Lilly left to a tailor, whom he had adopted, the copy-right of this almanack, which he had continued to publish for thirty successive years.

*Touching for the Evil.*

THE Touching for Disease by the royal hand is mentioned by Peter of Blois in the twelfth century ; and it is stated to be traceable to Edward the Confessor. Sir John Fortescue, in his defence of the house of Lancaster against that of York, argued that the crown could not descend to a female, because the Queen is not qualified by the form of anointing her, used at the coronation, to cure the disease called "the King's Evil." Aubrey refers to "the king's evill, from the king curing of it with his touch." This miraculous gift was almost reserved for the Stuarts to claim. Dr. Ralph Bathurst, one of the chaplains to King Charles I., "no superstitious man," says Aubrey, protested to him that "the curing of the king's evill by the touch of the king doth puzzle his philosophie ; for when they were of the House of Yorke or Lancaster, it did." The solemn words, "I touch, but God healeth," were always pronounced by the sovereign when he "touched" or administered "the sovereign salve," as Bulwer calls it. Then we read of vervain root and baked toads being worn in silken bags around the neck, as charms for the evil.

The practice of touching was at its full height in the reign of Charles II. ; and in the first four years after his restoration he "touched" nearly 24,000 persons. Pepys, in his *Diary*, June 23, 1666, records how he waited at Whitehall, "to see the king touch people for the king's evil." He did not come, but kept the poor persons waiting all the morning in the rain in the garden : "afterward he touched them in the banqueting-house." The practice was continued by Charles's successors.

The Hon. Daines Barrington tells of an old man who was witness in a cause, and averred that when Queen Anne was at Oxford, she touched him, then a child, for the evil: the old man added, that he did not believe himself to have had the evil; but "his parents were poor, and he had no objection to a bit of gold." Again, Dr Johnson, when a boy, was taken by his father from Lichfield to London to be touched for the evil by Queen Anne, in 1712, and whom Johnson described as a lady in diamonds, and a long black hood. Mrs Bray speaks of a "Queen Anne's farthing" being a charm for curing the king's evil in Devonshire.

At a late period, the use of certain coins was in common vogue, which, being touched by the king, were supposed to have the power of warding off evil or scrofula. These coins are called *Royal Touch-pieces*: several are preserved in the British Museum; and Mr Roach Smith has one which has been so extensively used that the impression is quite abraded. The Pretender had his touch-pieces, and thought that he had a right to the English crown, and therefore had the power to confer the royal cure: probably, the claim, in either case, was equal.

"The practice was supposed to have expired with the Stuarts; but the point being disputed, reference was made to the library of the Duke of Sussex, and four several Oxford editions of the Book of Common Prayer were found, all printed after the accession of the House of Hanover, and all containing as an integral part of the service 'the office for the healing.'"—*Lord Braybrooke's Notes to Pepys's Diary.*

*David Ramsay and the Divining-Rod.*

AMONG the many strange tales told of the mysterious use of the Divining-rod is the following in Lilly's *Life and Times* :—

“In the year 1634, David Ramsay, his Majesty's clock-maker, had been informed that there was a great quantity of treasure buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey ; he acquaints Dean Williams therewith, who was also then Bishop of Lincoln ; the Dean gave him liberty to search after it, with this proviso, that if any was discovered, his church should have a share of it. Davy Ramsay finds out one John Scott, who pretended the use of the Mosaical rods, to assist him herein. I was desired to join with him, unto which I consented. One winter's night, Davy Ramsay, with several gentlemen, myself, and Scott, entered the cloisters ; we played the hazel rod round about the cloister ; upon the west side of the cloisters the rods moved one over another, an argument that the treasure was there. The labourers digged at least six feet deep, and there we met with a coffin ; but in regard it was not heavy, we did not open, which we afterwards much repented. From the cloisters we went into the Abbey-church, where, upon a sudden (there being no wind when we began), so fierce, so high, so blustering and loud a wind did rise, that we verily believed the west end of the church would have fallen upon us. Our rods would not move at all ; the candles and torches, all but one, were extinguished, or burned very dimly. John Scott, my partner, was amazed, looked pale, knew not what to think or do, until I gave directions and command to

dismiss the demons ; which, when done, all was quiet again, and each man returned to his lodging late, about twelve o'clock at night. I could never since be induced to join with any in such like actions (Davy Ramsay brought a half-quartern sack to put the treasure in).

"The true miscarriage of the business was by reason of so many people being present at the operation, for there were about thirty, some laughing, others deriding us ; so that if we had not dismissed the demons, I believe most part of the Abbey church had been blown down. *Secrecy and intelligent operators, with a strong confidence and knowledge of what they are doing, are best for this work.*"

### *Lady Davies, the Prophetess.*

THE prophetic Madame Davers, who is mentioned by Randolph in 1638, is the notorious Lady Eleanor Davies, the youngest daughter of George, Earl of Castlehaven, and wife of Sir John Davies, Attorney-General for Ireland. She was a remarkable woman, but unfortunately believed that a prophetic mantle had descended upon her. The idea that she was a prophetess arose from finding that the letters of her name, twisted into an anagram, might be read, *Reveal, O Daniel!* For some of her prophetic visions she was summoned before the High Commission Court. "Much pains," says Dr Heylin, "was taken by the Court to dispossess her of this spirit ; but all would not do till the Dean of Arches shot her with an arrow from her own quiver, and hit upon the real anagram. Dame Eleanor Davies, *Never so mad a ladie!* She was subsequently prose-

cuted for "An enthusiastic epistle to King Charles," for which she was fined £3000, and imprisoned two years in the Gatehouse, Westminster. Soon after the death of Sir John Davies, she married Sir Archibald Douglas, but seems not to have lived happily with either of her husbands. She died in the year 1652.

*Dr Lamb, the Conjuror.*

DR JOHN LAMB, of Tardebigger, in Worcester, was a vile impostor, who practised juggling, fortune-telling, recovering lost goods, and likewise picked the pockets of lads and lasses, by showing the earthly countenances of their future husbands and wives in his crystal glass. He was indicted at Worcester for witchcraft, &c., after which he removed to London, where he was confined for some time in the King's Bench Prison. He there practised as a doctor with great success, till, having committed an outrage on a young woman, he was tried at the Old Bailey, but saved from punishment by the powerful influence of his patron and protector, Buckingham, whose confidential physician he was. The popular voice accused Lamb of several grave offences, particularly against women; and on the very same day that the Duke was denounced in the House of Commons as the cause of England's calamities, his dependent and doctor was murdered by an infuriated mob in the city of London. The story of his death, from a rare contemporary pamphlet, is worth transcribing:—

"On Friday, he (Dr Lamb) went to see a play at the Fortune Theatre, in Golden Lane, Cripplegate, where the boys of the town, and other unruly people, having

observed him present, after the play was ended, flocked about him, and (after the manner of the common people, who follow a hubbub when it is once set on foot) began in a confused manner to assault and offer him violence. He, in affright, made towards the city as fast as he could, and hired a company of sailors that were there to be his guard. But so great was the fury of the people, who pelted him with stones and other things that came next to hand, that the sailors had much to do to bring him in safety as far as Moorgate. The rage of the people about that place increased so much, that the sailors, for their own sake, were forced to leave the protection of him; and then the multitude pursued him through Coleman Street to the Old Jewry, no house being able or daring to give him protection, though he attempted many. Four constables were there raised to appease the tumult, who, all too late for his safety, brought him to the Counter in the Poultry, where he was bestowed upon command of the Lord Mayor. For, before he was brought thither, the people had had him down, and with stones and cudgels, and other weapons, had so beaten him that his skull was broken, and all parts of his body bruised and wounded; whereupon, though surgeons in vain were sent for, he never spoke a word, but lay languishing till the next morning, and then died."

On the day of Lamb's death, placards containing the following words were displayed on the walls of London: "Who rules the kingdom?—The King. Who rules the King?—The Duke. Who rules the Duke?—The devil. Let the Duke look to it, or he will be served as his doctor was served." A few weeks afterwards the Duke was assassinated by Felton.

In a very rare pamphlet giving an account of Lamb is a woodcut of his "ignominious death," the citizens and apprentices pelting him to death, June 13, 1628.

### *Murder and an Apparition.*

AUBREY relates, in his *Miscellanies*, that in 1647, the Lord Mohun's son and heir (a gallant gentleman, valiant, and a great master of fencing and horsemanship) had a quarrel with Prince Griffin; there was a challenge, and they were to fight on horseback in Chelsea Fields in the morning. Mr Mohun went accordingly to meet him, but about Ebury Farm,\* he was met by some, who quarrelled with him and pistoled him; it was believed, by the order of Prince Griffin; for he was sure that Mr Mohun, being so much the better horseman, would have killed him had they fought.

Now, in James Street, in Covent Garden, did then lodge a gentlewoman, a handsome woman, but common, who was Mr Mohun's sweetheart. Mr Mohun was

\* Ebury or Eybury Farm, "towards Chelsea," was a farm of 430 acres, meadow and pasture, let on lease by Queen Elizabeth (when we hear of it for the first time), to a person of the name of Whashe, who paid £21 per annum, and by whom "the same was let to divers persons, who, for their private commodity, did enclose the same, and had made pastures of arable land; thereby not only annoying her Majesty in her walks and progresses, but to the hindrance of her game, and great injury of the common, which at Lammas was wont to be laid open" (*Strype*). Eybury Farm occupied the site of what is now Ebury Square, and was originally of the nature of Lammas-land, or land subject to lay open as common, after Lammas-tide, for the benefit of the inhabitants of the parish. The Neat at Chelsea was of the same description, and the owners of Piccadilly Hall and Leicester House paid Lammas-money to the poor of St Martin's long after their houses were erected, as late as the reign of Charles II.—*Cunningham's Handbook of London*, 2nd edit. p. 172.

murdered about ten o'clock in the morning; and at that very time, his mistress, being in bed, saw Mr Mohun come to her bedside, draw the curtain, look upon her, and go away; she called after him, but no answer; she knocked for her maid, asked her for Mr Mohun; she said she did not see him, and had the key of her chamber-door in her pocket. This account (adds Aubrey) my friend aforesaid had from the gentlewoman's own mouth, and her maid's.

A parallel story to this is, that Mr Brown (brother-in-law to the Lord Coningsby) discovered his murder to several. His phantom appeared to his sister and her maid in Fleet Street, about the time he was killed in Herefordshire, which was about a year since, 1693.

### *A Vision of Lord Herbert of Cherbury.*

A PASSAGE in the life of this profound and original thinker, but of fanciful temperament, presents us with one of the most striking instances recorded in modern times of direct divine interposition.

Lord Herbert, who lived in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and who died in the same year as the latter monarch, is described by Leland to have been "of the first that formed deism into a system, and asserted the sufficiency, universality, and absolute perfection, of natural religion, with a view to discard all extraordinary revelation as useless and needless. He was inimical to every positive religion, but admitted the possibility of immediate revelation from heaven, though he denied that any tradition from others could have sufficient certainty. Five fundamental truths of natural religion

he held to be such as all mankind are bound to acknowledge, and damned those heathens who do not receive them as summarily as any theologian.

These opinions are the groundwork of Herbert's work *De Veritate*, &c., having completed which he shewed it to the great scholar, Hugo Grotius, who having perused it, exhorted him earnestly to print and publish it; "howbeit," says Herbert, in his *Memoirs*, the earliest instance of autobiography in our language, "as the frame of my whole book was so different from anything which had been written heretofore, I found I must either renounce the authority of all that had been written formerly, concerning the method of finding out truth, and consequently insist upon my own way, or hazard myself to a general censure, concerning the whole argument of my book; I must confess it did not a little animate me that the two great persons above-mentioned (Grotius and Tieleners) did so highly value it, yet as I knew it would meet with much opposition, I did consider whether it was not better for me a while to suppress it; being thus doubtful in my chamber, one fair day in the summer, my casement being opened towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book *De Veritate* in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words:—

"O thou eternal God, Author of the light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech Thee of Thy infinite goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make; I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book *De Veritate*; if it be to Thy glory, I beseech Thee give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it.'

"I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud,

though yet gentle noise came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth), which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded, whereupon also I resolved to print my book; this (how strange soever it may seem) I protest before the eternal God is true, neither am I in any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky that I ever saw, being without all cloud, did to my thinking see the place from whence it came.

“And now I sent my book to be printed,” &c.

Dr Leland makes the following observations on this part of the narrative:—“I have no doubt of his lordship’s sincerity in the account. The serious air with which he relates it, and the solemn protestation he makes, as in the presence of the eternal God, will not suffer us to question the truth of what he relates—viz., that he both made that address to God which he mentions, and that in consequence of this, he was persuaded that he heard the noise he takes notice of, and which he took to come from heaven, and regarded as a mark of God’s approbation of the request he had made; and, accordingly, this great man was determined by it to publish the book. He seems to have considered it as a kind of *imprimatur* given to him from heaven, and as signifying the divine approbation of the book itself, and of what was contained in it.”—*View of the Deistical Writers*, i. 27.

Lord Herbert “died (1648) at his house in Queen Street, in the parish of St Giles’s-in-the-Fields, very serenely; asked what was the clock, and then, sayd he, an hour hence I shall depart; he then turned his head to the other side and expired.”—*Aubrey’s Lives*, ii. 387.

*A Vision on London Bridge.*

IN a very rare and curious pamphlet in the Royal Library, in the British Museum, we find the following account of a Vision seen upon London Bridge in March 1661. The book itself is only a small quarto of four leaves; but the title is magnificent: "Strange News from the West, being Sights seen in the Air Westward, on Thursday last, being the 21 day of the present March, by divers persons of credit standing on London Bridge between 7 and 8 of the clock at night. Two great Armies marching forth of two Clouds, and encountering each other; but, after a sharp dispute, they suddenly vanished. Also, some remarkable Sights that were seen to issue forth of a Cloud that seemed like a Mountain, in the shape of a Bull, a Bear, a Lyon, and an Elephant and Castle on his back, and the manner how they all vanished."

The following are the details of the vision:—"Upon the 21st day of March, about, or between 7 and 8 of the clock at night, divers persons living in the City, as they came over London Bridge, discovered several clouds in strange shapes, at which they suddenly made a stand, to see what might be the event of so miraculous a change in the motion of the Heavens. The first cloud seemed to turn into the form or shape of a Cathedral, with a tower advancing from the middle of it upwards, which continued for a small space, and then vanished away. Another turned into a tree, spreading itself like an oak—as near as could be judged—which, in a short space, vanished. Between these two was, as it were standing, a great mountain, which continued in the same form

near a quarter of an hour ; after which, the mountain still remaining, there appeared several strange shapes, one after another, issuing out of the said mountain, about the middle of the right side thereof ; the first seemed to be formed like a Crokedile, with its mouth wide open ; this continued a very short space, and, by degrees, was transformed into the form of a furious Bull ; and, not long after, it was changed into the form of a Lyon ; but it continued so a short time, and was altered into a Bear, and soon after into a Hog, or Boar, as near as those could guess who were spectators. After all these shapes had appeared, the mountain seemed to be divided and altered into the form of two monstrous beasts, fastened together by the hinder parts, drawing one apart from the other : that which appeared on the left hand resembled an Elephant with a castle upon its back ; that upon the right hand, we could not so well determine, but it seemed to us like a Lyon, or some such like beast.

“ The castle on the back of the Elephant vanished, the Elephant himself losing his shape ; and where the castle stood, there rose up a small number of men, as we judged, about some four or six ; these were in continual motion. The other beast, which was beheld on the right hand, seemed to be altered into the form of a horse, with a rider on its back, and, after a small proportion of time, the whole vanished, falling downward. Then arose another great cloud, and in small time it formed itself into the likeness of the head of a great Whale, the mouth of which stood wide open. After this, at some distance, on the right hand, appeared a cloud, which became like unto a head or cap, with a horn, or ear on each side thereof, which was of a very consider-

able length. Between these two rose a few men, who moved up and down with a swift motion ; and immediately after, they all vanished except one man, who still continued moving up and down, with much state and majesty. In the meantime arose near adjacent unto this head, or cap, another cloud, out of which cloud issued forth an Army, or great body of men ; and upon the left hand arose another Army, each of which marched one towards the other ; about this time the single man vanished away—and the two Armies seemed to approach very near each other and encounter, maintaining a combat one against the other, and, after a short combat, all vanished. During all this time, there seemed to our best apprehension, a flame of fire along the Strand, towards the city of London.” Such is the account of these “strange sights,” as they are truly called.

This was the age for seeing *wonders in the air*, which it was sometimes dangerous not to see. The author of the *History of the Great Plague* tells us that he was in some danger from a crowd in St Giles’s, because he could not discover an Angel in the air holding a drawn sword in his hand.

The author of the *Chronicles of London Bridge* well observes: “Minds of more weakness than piety gave a ready faith to such visions ; and in convulsed or sorrowful times, were often hearing voices which spake not, and seeing signs which were never visible : willing to deceive, or be deceived, they saw, like Polonius, clouds ‘backed like an ousel,’ or ‘very like a whale :’

“So hypochondriac fancies represent  
Ships, armies, battles, in the firmament ;  
Till smaller eyes the exhalations solve,  
And all to its first matter, clouds, resolve.”

*A Mysterious Lady.*

IN James Street, Covent Garden, towards the beginning of the last century, lived a mysterious lady, who died in the month of March 1720, and was then described as "unknown." She was a middle-sized person, with dark brown hair and very beautiful features, and mistress of every accomplishment of high fashion. Her age appeared to be between 30 and 40. Her circumstances were affluent, and she possessed many rich trinkets, set with diamonds. Mr John Ward, of Hackney, published several particulars of her in the newspapers; and, amongst others, that a servant had been directed by her to deliver him a letter after her death; but as no servant appeared, he felt himself required to notice those circumstances, in order to acquaint her relations that her death occurred suddenly after a masquerade, where she declared she had conversed with the King; and it was remembered that she had been seen in the private apartments of Queen Anne, though, after the Queen's demise, she lived in obscurity. This unknown arrived in London from Mansfield, in 1714, drawn by six horses. She frequently said that her father was a nobleman, but that her elder brother dying unmarried, the title was extinct; adding, that she had an uncle then living, whose title was his least recommendation. It was conjectured that she might be the daughter of a Roman Catholic who had consigned her to a convent, whence a brother had released her and supported her in privacy. She was buried at St Paul's, Covent Garden.

*Story of the Cock Lane Ghost.*

EVERY one has heard of this noted imposture, and most persons agree that it made much more noise in its day than all the spirits in Queen Anne's reign put together. After the lapse of a hundred years, we hear it repeatedly referred to as a sort of climax of imposition ; and the story will bear repetition. The scene is a narrow lane, over against Pie Corner, in Smithfield, where the Great Fire of London ended.

In the year 1762, Mr Parsons, the clerk of St Sepulchre's Church, lived in a house in Cock Lane, West Smithfield. Being a frugal man, Parsons let lodgings ; and being an unlucky one, he let his lodgings to a lady who went by the name of Miss Fanny, and was the sister of the deceased wife of a Mr K——, with whom Fanny cohabited. Miss Fanny took into her bed, "in the absence of the gentleman, who was in the country," her landlord's daughter, a child twelve years old. Some days afterwards, Miss Fanny complained to the family of violent knockings, which kept her awake at night. They were like the hammering of a shoemaker upon his lapstone, and were attributed to that cause ; but the neighbour shoemaker ceased work on Sunday, and the hammerings were as loud as ever. The nuisance became serious. Mr and Mrs Parsons invited their neighbours to hear the noises, and every one came away convinced that there was a ghost behind the wainscoting. The clergyman of the parish was invited to exorcise, but he prudently declined to come to knocks with such a ghost. Miss Fanny, who hardly cared to have so much public attention drawn upon her

private arrangements, quitted, and went to live at Clerkenwell. She afterwards there died, and was buried in St John's Church.

For eighteen months, quiet had reigned in Cock Lane; but immediately Miss Fanny died, the knockings recommenced. In whatever bed the child was placed, knockings and scratchings were heard underneath, and the girl appeared to be violently agitated as by fits. Parsons, the father, had now, either in fraud or in conviction, thoroughly taken the matter up. He undertook to question the ghost, and dictated how many knocks should serve for an answer affirmative or negative. By much cross-examination, it was discovered that the rapper was the ghost of Miss Fanny, who wished to inform the world that "the gentleman," whom we wot of, had poisoned her, by putting arsenic into her *purl* when she was ill of the small-pox.

The girl became alarmed; and the story getting wind, the house in Cock Lane, in which the father lived, was visited by hundreds and thousands of people—many from mere curiosity, and others, perhaps, with a higher object in view. Indeed, it became a fashion to make up parties to visit the scene of the imposture. Horace Walpole (January 29, 1762) says, "I am ashamed to tell you that we are again dipped into an egregious scene of folly. The reigning fashion is a ghost—a ghost that would not pass muster in the paltriest convent in the Apennine. It only knocks and scratches; does not pretend to appear or to speak. The clergy give it their benediction; and all the world, whether believers or infidels, go to hear it." Again: "I could send you volumes on the ghost, and I believe, if I were to stay a little, I might send its *life*, dedicated

to my Lord Dartmouth, by the ordinary of Newgate, its two great patrons. A drunken parish clerk set it on foot, out of revenge, the Methodists have adopted it, and the whole town think of nothing else.

"I went to hear it," says Walpole, "for it is not an *apparition*, but an *audition*. We set out from the Opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney-coach, and drove to the spot: it rained in torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in; at last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one-another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable; when we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow-candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts? We heard nothing; they told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning; that is when there are only 'prentices and old women. We stayed, however, till half-an-hour after one. The Methodists have promised their contributions; provisions are sent in like forage, and all the taverns and ale-houses in the neighbourhood make fortunes. The most diverting part is to hear people wondering *when it will be found out*, as if there was anything to find out—as if the actors would make their noises when they can be discovered."

Mrs Montague writes to Mrs Robinson—"As I suppose you read the newspapers, you will see mention of the ghost; but without you were here upon the spot, you could never conceive that the most bungling performance of the silliest imposture could take up the attention and conversation of all the fine world." Grave persons of high station, and not thought of as candidates for Bedlam, came away from Cock Lane shaking their heads thoughtfully. The clerk of St Sepulchre's found the ghost the most profitable lodger he had ever had. The wainscots were pulled down, and the floor pulled up, but they saw no ghost, and discovered no trick. The child was removed to other houses, but the ghost followed, and distinctly rapped its declaration that it would never leave her.

As the noises were made for the detection, it is said, of some human crime, many gentlemen, eminent for their rank and character, were invited by the Rev. Mr. Aldrich, of Clerkenwell, to investigate the reality of the knockings; and this was the more necessary, as the supposed spirit had publicly promised, by an affirmative knock, that one would attend any one of the gentlemen into the vault under the church of St John, Clerkenwell, where the body was deposited, and give a token of her presence by a knock upon her coffin. This investigation took place on the night of the 1st of February 1762; and Dr Johnson, one of the gentlemen present, printed at the time an account of what they saw and heard:—About ten at night the gentlemen met in the chamber in which the girl, supposed to be disturbed by a spirit, had, with proper caution, been put to bed by several ladies. They sat rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing, went down-stairs,

when they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied, in the strongest terms, any knowledge or belief of fraud. The supposed spirit had before publicly promised, by an affirmative knock, that it would attend one of the gentlemen into the vault under the church of St John, Clerkenwell, where the body is deposited, and give a token of her presence there by a knock upon her coffin; it was therefore determined to make this trial of the existence or veracity of the supposed spirit. While they were inquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches. When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back, and was required to hold her hands out of bed. From that time, though the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence by appearance, by impression on the hand or body of any present, by scratches, knocks, or any other agency, no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited. The spirit was then very seriously advertised, that the person to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company at one o'clock went into the church, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made went with another into the vault. The spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise, but nothing more than silence ensued: the person supposed to be accused by the spirit then went down with several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return, they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired and was permitted to go home with her father. It is, therefore,

the opinion of the whole assembly, that the child has some art of making or counterfeiting a particular noise, and that there is no agency of any higher cause.

Of course the inquiry made the matter worse. Johnson had discovered, at the utmost, that the spirit told lies; whereas the point in dispute was whether the spirit made noises. As matter of probability, it could scarcely be less probable that the spirit should be a false spirit, than that it should be a spirit at all. Johnson was laughed at by the whole town, and fashion was beginning to tire of its toy.

Churchill ridiculed the inquiry in a poem in four books, called the "Ghost"—a poem whereof little is now remembered but the sketch of Johnson, under the name of Pomposo.

We quote the rest of the story from a contemporary:—It was now given out that the coffin in which the body of the supposed ghost had been deposited, or at least the body itself, had been displaced, or removed out of the vault. Mr K——, therefore, thought proper to take with him to the vault the undertaker who buried Miss Fanny, and such other unprejudiced persons as, on inspection, might be able to prove the weakness of such a suggestion.

Accordingly, on February 25th, in the afternoon, Mr K——, with a clergyman, the undertaker, clerk, and sexton of the parish, and two or three gentlemen, went into the vault, when the undertaker presently knew the coffin, which was taken from under the others, and easily seen to be the same, as there was no plate or inscription; and, to satisfy further, the coffin being opened before Mr K——, the body was found in it.

Others, in the meantime, were taking other steps to

find out where the fraud, if any, lay. The girl was removed from house to house, and was said to be constantly attended with the usual noises, though bound and muffled hand and foot, and that without any motion in her lips, and when she appeared asleep : nay, they were often said to be heard in rooms at a considerable distance from that where she lay.

At last her bed was tied up, in the manner of a hammock, about a yard and a half from the ground, and her hands and feet extended as wide as they could without injury, and fastened with fillets for two nights successively, during which no noises were heard.

The next day, being pressed to confess, and being told that if the knockings and scratchings were not heard any more, she, her father, and mother, would be sent to Newgate ; and half an hour being given her to consider, she desired she might be put to bed to try if the noises would come : she lay in her bed this night much longer than usual, but no noises. This was on a Saturday.

Sunday, being told that the approaching night only would be allowed for a trial, she concealed a board about four inches broad, and six long, under her stays. This board was used to set the kettle upon. Having got into bed, she told the gentleman she would bring F—— at six the next morning.

The master of the house, however, and a friend of his being informed by the maids that the girl had taken a board to bed with her, impatiently waited for the appointed hour, when she began to knock and scratch upon the board, remarking, however, what they themselves were convinced of, "that these noises were not like those which used to be made." She was then told

that she had taken a board to bed, and on her denying it, searched, and caught in a lie.

The two gentlemen, who with the maids were the only persons present at the scene, sent to a third gentleman, to acquaint him that the whole affair was detected, and to desire his immediate attendance; but he brought another along with him.

Their concurrent opinion was that the child had been frightened into this attempt by the threats which had been made the two preceding nights; and the master of the house also, and his friend, both declared "that the noises the girl had made that morning had not the least likeness to the former noises."

Probably the organs with which she performed these strange noises were not always in a proper tone for that purpose, and she imagined she might be able to supply the place of them by a piece of board.

At length, Mr K——, the paramour of Fanny, thought proper to vindicate his character in a legal way. On the 10th of July, the father and mother of the child, one Mary Frazer, who, it seems, acted as an interpreter between the ghost and those who examined her, a clergyman, and a reputable tradesman, were tried at Guildhall, before Lord Mansfield, by a special jury, and convicted of conspiracy against the life and character of Mr K——; and the Court, choosing that he who had been so much injured on this occasion should receive some reparation by the punishment of the offenders, deferred giving sentence for seven or eight months, in the hope that the parties might, in the meantime, make it up. Accordingly, the clergyman and tradesman agreed to pay Mr K—— a round sum, some say between five and six hundred pounds, to purchase their pardon, and were there-

upon dismissed with a severe reprimand. The father was ordered to stand in the pillory three times in one month, once at the end of Cock Lane, and after that one year in the King's Bench Prison; Elizabeth, his wife, one year; and Mary Frazer, six months in Bridewell, with hard labour. But the father appearing to be out of his mind at the time he was first to stand on the pillory, the execution of that part of his sentence was deferred to another day, when, as well as on other days of his standing there, the populace, instead of pelting him, collected for him a considerable sum of money. Mr Brown, of Amen Corner, who had published some letters on the affair, did not fare so well; for he was fined £50. The mistress of the Ladies' Charity School, on Snow Hill, was a believer in the story; for, in the school minutes, 1763, the Ladies of the Committee censured the mistress for listening to the story of the Cock Lane Ghost, and "desired her to keep her belief in the article to herself."

In the course of the year, Oliver Goldsmith wrote for Newbury, the publisher, a pamphlet descriptive of the Cock Lane Ghost, for which he received three guineas; it is reprinted in Cunningham's edition of Goldsmith's Collected Works.

The trick is thought to have been carried on by means of ventriloquism, a faculty then little understood. The girl ultimately confessed as much. She died so recently as 1807, having been twice married; her second husband was a market-gardener at Chiswick. (*London Scenes and London People*, 1863.) Such is the author's explanation; but the more probable story is, that the bed-clothes being opened, the board was found, upon

which the girl had been accustomed to rap; and this simple process annihilated the Cock Lane Ghost.

Another explanation is, that K—— had incurred the resentment of Parsons by pressing him for the payment of some money he had lent him; and revenge for which is supposed to have prompted the diabolical contrivance. The Rev. Mr Moore, to whom the spirit promised to strike the coffin, and who accompanied Dr Johnson in the investigation, was so overwhelmed by the detection of the imposture that he did not long survive it.

We have another circumstance to add relating to the body of Fanny, which we have received from Mr Wykeham Archer. When this artist was drawing in the crypt of St John, in a narrow cloister on the north side (there being, at that time, coffins and fragments of shrouds, and human remains lying about in disorder), the sexton's boy pointed out to Mr Archer one of the coffins, and said it was "Scratching Fanny." Being thus reminded of the Cock Lane Ghost, Mr Archer removed the lid of the coffin, which was loose, and saw therein the body of a woman, which had become *adipocere*; the face perfect, handsome oval, with aquiline nose. (Mr Archer asked, "Will not arsenic produce adipocere?") She was said to have been poisoned, although the charge is understood to have been disproved. Mr A. was assured by one of the churchwardens that the coffin had always been understood to contain the body of the woman whose spirit was said to have haunted the house in Cock Lane.

In the *Liber Albus* (1419), we read that, in the Plantagenet times, loose women, and men who encouraged them, were led through the town—the men to the pillory, with mocking minstrels, and the women, with the

same mockery, through Cheap and Newgate—to Cock Lane, there to take up their abode, just outside the City walls. In Cock Lane, some sixty years since, wholesale whipmakers lived, and grew wealthy ; the place being handy to Smithfield.



# INDEX.

---

## A

- ABEL, Dr, in the Beauchamp Tower, 42  
 Accession of Queen Victoria, 191  
 Addison's *Campaign*, 154  
 Albemarle (Ann Clarges), Duchess of, her Story, 120-124  
 Ann, the Lady, in Westminster Sanctuary, 26  
 Anne Boleyn, where buried, 59  
 Apparition in the Tower, 468  
 Apsley House and the Duke of Wellington, 198  
 Aristocratic Fleet Marriages, 410  
 Assassinations of George III., Attempted, 372  
 Assassination of Mr Thynne in Pall Mall, 316

## B

- BACON, Francis, in Gray's Inn, 147  
 Baker, Sir Richard, in the Fleet Prison, 295  
 Ballad of Duke Hamilton, 216  
 Ballad of "London Bridge is Broken Down," 6  
 Baltimore House, Story of, 345  
 Baltimore, Lord, Trial of, 348  
 Bainbridge, Robert, in the Beauchamp Tower, 43

- Bank of, England, Stories of the, 403  
 Bank-Notes, Forged, 404  
 Bank-Notes Lost, 403  
 Bank-Notes Stolen, 403  
 Barnwell, George, Story of, 303-313  
 Baronets, Unfortunate, 181  
 Beau Fielding, Story of, 418  
 Beau Wilson, Story of, 420-423  
 Beauchamp Tower, Romance of the, 41  
 Beaucherk, Charles, first Duke of St Alban's, 142  
 Beckford, William, Boyhood of, 176  
 Beckford's Monumental Speech, 175  
 Bell Tower, Two Prisoners in, 51  
 Benevolence, Eccentric, of Lord Digby, 339  
 Berkeley, the Hon. G., and Dr Maginn, Duel between, 236  
 Berkeley, Lady Henrietta, Misfortunes of, 313  
 Best, Captain, and Lord Camelford, Duel between, 233-236  
 Blood, Colonel, his attack upon the Duke of Ormond, 130  
 Blood, Colonel, Death and Burial of, 119  
 Blood, Colonel, steals the Crown, 113

- Bloody Tower, in the Tower of London, 49  
 Bloomsbury, Rural, 202  
 Body-stealing, first case of, 352-355  
 Bohemia, Queen of, and Lord Craven, 149  
 Bracegirdle, Mrs, carried off by Lord Mohun, 323  
 Breaches of Promise, Stories of, 444  
 Bridewell Whippings, 273  
 Brothers' Steps, Story of, 204  
 Buckhurst and Nell Gwynne, 141  
 Budgell, Eustace, Suicide of, 327, 328  
 Byron, Lord, and Mr Chaworth, Duel between, 219-225
- C
- CAGE and Stocks at Old London Bridge, 272  
 Camelford, Lord, the Duellist, 231  
 Caroline, Queen of George IV., 456  
 Castlereagh, Lord, his Blunders, 190  
 Cat Story, Eastern, 22  
 Catesby and Percy, and the Gunpowder Plot, 74  
 Cato Street Conspiracy, Account of the, 391  
 Centlivre, Mrs, and her Three Husbands, 425  
 Charing Cross and the Hungerfords, 28  
 Charles I., Bernini's Bust of, 89  
 Charles I., Martyrdom of, 101  
 Charles I., Relics of, 103  
 Charles II. and Colonel Blood, 116, 117  
 Charles II., death of, 144  
 Charles II. and Nell Gwynne, 140  
 Charlotte, Princess, her flight from Warwick House, 449  
 Charlotte, Princess, and her proposed marriage to the Prince of Orange, 449  
 Chartists, the, in 1848, 196  
 Chaworth, Mr, and Lord Byron, Duel between, 219-225  
 Chelsea Church and Sir Thomas More's Remains, 56  
 Chelsea Hospital and Nell Gwynne, 144  
 Cheshire Will Case, Famous, 205  
 Chick Lane, or West Street, demolished, 268  
 Christian IV., King of Denmark, 84  
 Clarges, Ann, Duchess of Albemarle, Story of, 120-124  
 Clarges, Ann, at the New Exchange, 104  
 Clarges, the Strand Farrier, 123  
 Clayton, Sir Robert, his mansion in Old Jewry, 110  
 Clerkenwell, Old, Brutal sports in, 267  
 Clive, Lord, Suicide of, 184  
 Cock Lane in ancient times, 498  
 Cock Lane Ghost, Story of, 489-499  
 Coincidences, Historical, 89  
 Coventry Act, Origin of the, 287  
 Court Revel, Strange, 84  
 Craven House, Drury Lane, 152, 153  
 Craven, Lord, and the Queen of Bohemia, 149

Creswell, Madam, in Bridewell, 275  
 Cromwell, Oliver, and Lilly the Astrologer, 470  
 Cromwell's Skull, Story of, 135  
 Crosby Place, Shakspeare, and Richard III., 22  
 Crown, the, stolen by Colonel Blood, 113  
 Culloden, Victory of, 183  
 Cunningham's *Story of Nell Gwynne*, 142

## D.

DAGGERS of Blood and Parrot, 120  
 Davies, Lady, the Prophetess, 478  
 Dee's Magic Mirror and the Gunpowder Plot, 83  
 Divining Rod, the, in Westminster Abbey, 477  
 Dodd, Dr, Execution of, 355  
 Don Pantaleon Sa, Story of, 104-108  
 Donne, Dr, Premonition and Vision to, 465  
 Dudley, Earl of Warwick, in the Beauchamp Tower, 43  
 Dudley, Robert, in the Beauchamp Tower, 46  
 Duel between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, 208-219  
 Duel between the Duke of York and Col. Lenox, 225-228  
 Duel between Lord Byron and Mr Chaworth, 219-225  
 Duel between Lord Camelford and Captain Best, 233, 234  
 Duels of "Fighting Fitzgerald," 228  
 Duel, a literary one, 236

Duel, a terrible one, 239  
 Duval, Claude, the Highwayman, 244

## E.

EBURY Farm, Chelsea, 481  
 Elizabeth, Princess, in the Bell Tower, 53  
 Elizabeth, Princess, at Traitors' Gate, 48  
 Elizabeth, Queen, by Torchlight, 39  
 Escape from Death, Extraordinary, 328  
 Execution of Cato Street Conspirators, 393  
 Execution of Dr Dodd, 355  
 Execution of Don Pantaleon Sa and Gerard, 107  
 Execution of Earl Ferrers for Murder, 342, 343  
 Execution of Eliza Fenning, 384  
 Execution of Governor Wall, described by J. T. Smith, 378  
 Execution of Hackman for Murder, 369-371  
 Execution of Lady Jane Grey, 56  
 Execution of Thynne's Murderers, 321  
 Execution of Sir Walter Raleigh, 67

## F.

FANSHAWE, the Heroic Lady, 132  
 Farewell Feast in the Tower, 72  
 Fawkes, Guido, and his fellow-conspirators, 74  
 Fawkes, Guido, before James I., 81  
 Fenning, Eliza, the supposed poisoner, case of, 382  
 Ferrers, Lord, Execution of, 340

- Ferryman's Daughter, Story of the, 1  
 Field of Forty Footsteps, Story of, 202  
 Fielding, Beau, Story of, 418  
 Fielding, Sir John, and London Robberies, 257  
 Fielding, Sir John, Sketch of, 336  
 Field Lane, Fagin, and *Oliver Twist*, 265, 266  
 "Fighting Fitzgerald," his Duels, 228  
 Fire and Plague, Great, foretold by Lilly, 471  
 Fisher, Bishop, Funeral of, 54  
 Fisher, Bishop, in the Tower, 51-54  
 Fitzherbert, Mrs, married to the Prince of Wales, 446  
 Fleet Marriages, Stories of, 406-413  
 Fleet Marriage Registers, 409  
 Fleet Prison, Persons of Note in, 293  
 Flogging at Bridewell, 273  
 Forger, Adventure with, 336  
 Fonthill and the Beckfords, 176  
 Forty Footsteps, Story of, 202  
 Fox, Mr, and the Marriage of the Prince of Wales and Mrs Fitzherbert, 447  
 Funeral of James I., 86  
 Funeral of Lord Nelson, 187
- G.
- GARGRAVES, Stories of the, 181  
 George Barnwell, Story of, 303-313  
 George Barnwell Travestie, 311  
 George and Blue Boar Inn, Holborn, 98  
 George III. and Alderman Beckford, 177  
 George III. and "the Fair Quakeress," 435  
 George III. and Lady Sarah Lenox, 436  
 George IV. and his Queen, 456  
 Godfrey, Sir Edmund Berry, Death of, 124  
 Goodman, Bishop, his account of Queen Elizabeth by Torchlight, 39  
 Gordon, Lord George, and Riots of 1780, 170-175  
 Gray's Inn Gardens and Francis Bacon, 147  
 Grey, Lady Jane, Execution of, 56  
 Gunpowder Plot Detected, 73-84  
 "Guy Fawkes's Cellar," 81
- H.
- HACKMAN and Miss Reay, Story of, 362-371  
 Hadfield, James, attempting to shoot George III., 373  
 "Half-way House' between Knightsbridge and Kensington, 262  
 Hamilton, Duke of, and Lord Mo-hun, their Duel, 208-219  
 Hamilton, Emma, Lady, Letters of, 441  
 Handsome Englishman, the, Story of, 427-433  
 Hawkes, "The Flying Highway-man," 256  
 Heads of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More, 54  
 Henrietta Maria, Queen, her Penance at Tyburn, 91

Herbert, Lord, his Vision, 482-484  
 Heroes of the Road, 241  
 Highwayman shot by Lord Berkeley, 255  
 Highwaymen, Notorious, 241-269  
 Highway Robberies in Pall Mall and Piccadilly, 260  
 Highway Robberies between Knightsbridge and Kensington, 260, 261  
 Hoare, Sheriff, his Account of an Escape from Death, 328  
 Holborn Hill, last ride up, 254  
 Howard, Henry, Earl of Surrey, in Fleet Prison, 297  
 Howel, the Letter-writer, in the Fleet Prison, 296  
 Human Heads on Temple Bar, 331  
 Hungerfords, the, at Charing Cross, 28

## I.

INSCRIPTIONS and Devices in the Beauchamp Tower, 41-47

## J.

JACK KETCH, 243  
 James I., Funeral of, 86  
 James IV. of Scotland, Story of his Head, 37  
 Jane Shore, her true History, 34  
 Jeffreys, Judge, Rise of, 288  
 Jemmy Dawson, tragic Story of, 160  
 Jemmy Whitney, the Handsome Highwayman, 245  
 Johnson, Dr, and the Cock Lane Ghost, 492

## K.

KILBURN, the Legend of, 460  
 King's Head, Story of one, 37  
 Kings, Two Tippling, 84  
 Köningsmarck, Count, and the Murder of Thynne, 318-322

## L.

LADIES excluded from the House of Lords, 158  
 Lamb, D., the Conjuror, account of, 479  
 Layer's Head on Temple Bar, 333  
 Lenox, Colonel, and the Duke of York, Duel between, 225-228  
 Lenox, Lady Sarah, and George III., 436  
 Letter of Emma, Lady Hamilton, 441.  
 Letter, Intercepted, at the George and Blue Boar Inn, 98  
 Letter to Lord Mounteagle on the Gunpowder Plot, 78  
 Letter, the only one, of Nell Gwynne, 144  
 Letter of Sir W. Raleigh to his Wife, 64  
 Lightfoot, Hannah, "the fair Quakeress," 435  
 Lillo's *George Barnwell*, 303  
 Lilly, the Astrologer, Account of, 469-474  
 Lincoln's Inn and Willis's Plot, 108  
 Lincoln's Inn Fields, Lady Fanshawe in, 134  
 London Bridge, the first, 1  
 "London Bridge is Broken Down," Ballad of, 6

London Bridge, Old, Noted Residents on, 9  
 Love and Madness, Story of, 440  
*Love and Madness*, by Sir Herbert Croft, 371  
 Love and Marriage, Stories of, 406-458  
 Lovelace, Richard, Story of, 413  
 Luttrell, Narcissus, his *Diary*, 241

## M.

MACAULAY, Lord, on Addison's *Campaign*, 154  
 Macaulay, Lord, his Account of Lord Clive, 185  
 M'Lean, the Fashionable Highwayman, 249  
 Magdalen Hospital and Dr Dodd, 361  
 Maginn, Dr, and the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, Duel between, 236  
 Mansion of a City Merchant Prince, 110  
 Marriages, Fleet, 406  
 Marriages, Stolen, at Knightsbridge, 426  
 May Fair Marriage, a Story, 433  
 Metropolitan Highwaymen, noted, 253  
 Middle Temple Gate, Story of, 137  
 Minters of Southwark, the, 349  
 Mohun, Lord, and the Duke of Hamilton, their Duel, 208-219  
 Mohun, Lord, kills Mountfort, the Player, 325  
 Montague House and Gardens, 202  
 Montague, Lady Mary Wortley, and the Exclusion of Ladies from the House of Lords, 159

More, Sir Thomas, Head of, 54  
 Mounteagle, Lord, and Gunpowder Plot, 78  
 Murder and an Apparition, 481  
 Murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, 124-130  
 Murder of Mountfort, the Player, 322  
 Murder, Strange Discovery of, 286  
 Murderer taken by means of the Electric Telegraph, 398  
 Mysterious Death of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, 124-130  
 Mysterious Lady, Story of, 488

## N.

NAPOLÉON III., London Residence of, 194  
 Nell Gwynne, Story of, 139-147  
 Nelson, Funeral of, 187  
 New Exchange, Strand, 104  
 New Road Robberies, 258  
 Nicholson, Margaret, attempts to assassinate George III., 372  
 November the Fifth and Gunpowder Plot, 78

## O.

OMENS to Charles I. and James II., 462  
 Orange Girls and the Old Theatres, 139  
 Ormond, Duke of, attacked by Col. Blood, 130  
 Overs, St Mary, and the First London Bridge, 1  
 Overbury, Sir Thomas, Poisoning of, 69  
 Oxford, Earl of, and Roxana, 423

## P.

PAINTERS Resident on Old London Bridge, 10  
 Palace, Royal, in the Tower, 51  
 Pall Mall, Nell Gwynne living in, 142  
 Parliament House and Gunpowder Plot, 73-82  
 "Parr, Old," account of, 94  
 Penance of Jane Shore, 35  
 Penance of Queen Henrietta Maria at Tyburn, 91  
 Penance for Witchcraft on London Bridge, 275  
 Pepys's Account of the Duke and Duchess of Albemarle, 122  
 Pepys and Nell Gwynne, 140  
 Pepys seeking Treasure in the Tower, 112  
 Pest Field and Plague Crosses, 152  
 Peverils in the Beauchamp Tower, 44  
 Pigs in the Streets of London, 14  
 Plantagenet Pigs, 14  
 Poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, 69  
 Popish Plot, the, and Godfrey's Murder, 127  
 Premonition and Vision to Dr Donne, 465  
 Pressing to Death, 283  
 Pretender, the Young, his Secret Visits to London, 163-170  
 Primrose Hill and Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, 126-128  
 Primrose Hill and its Duels, 230  
 Princes in the Tower, Murder of, 49

Prisons burnt in the Riots of 1780, 172, 173  
 Prisoners, Noted, in the Fleet, 294  
 Punishments, Ancient Civil, 270

## R.

RACK, Punishment of the, 281-283  
 Raleigh, Sir Walter, attempts suicide, 63  
 Raleigh, Sir Walter, Execution of, 67  
 Raleigh's, Sir W., Prison-lodgings in the Tower, 47  
 Raleigh, Sir W., writing his *History*, 61  
 Ramsay, David, and the Divining-Rod, 477  
 Ratcliffe Highway Murders in 1811, 389  
 Reay, Miss, shot by Hackman, 365  
 Resesby, Sir W., Story of, 182  
 Richard, Duke of Gloucester, at Crosby Place, 22  
 Riots of 1780, account of, 170  
 Rising of Sir Thomas Wyatt, 300  
 Robberies, Highway, a century ago, 268, 269  
 Rogueries, Crimes, and Punishments, 270-405  
 Ross, and the Play of *George Barnwell*, 308  
 Roxana, Story of the unfortunate, 423  
 Royal Exchange Motto, 193  
 Royalty deduced from a Tub-woman, 180  
 Rules of the Fleet Prison, 299

## S.

ST PAUL's Crypt, Nelson, and Wellington, 189  
 Salmon, Thomas, in the Beauchamp Tower, 45  
 Sandwich, Earl, and Miss Reay, 362  
 Sanquhar, Lord, his Revenge, 99.  
 Savoy Chapel Marriages, 412  
 Selwyn's Account of Dr Dodd's Execution, 359  
 Shakspeare and Crosby Place, 24  
 Shore, Jane, her True History, 34  
 Sixteen-string Jack, the Highwayman, 254  
 Skull of Cromwell, 135  
 Smithfield and its Tournaments, 13  
 Sorrows of Sanctuary, 26  
 Southwark Minters, the, 349  
 Stanhope, Lord, on the Secret Visits of the Young Pretender to London, 164  
 Star-Chamber Stories, 290  
 Stealing a Dead Body, 352  
 Storm, Great, of 1703, 157  
 Striking in the King's Court punished, 278  
 Suicide of Lord Clive, 184  
 Suicides, two extraordinary, at London Bridge, 326  
 Supernatural Stories, 459

## T.

TAWELL, the Murderer, and the Electric Telegraph, 398  
 Temple, Mr, Suicide of, 326  
 Thornton, Abraham, and Trial by Battle, 199

Thynne, Mr, assassinated in Pall Mall, 316  
 Torchlight Procession of Queen Elizabeth, 39  
 Torture and the Rack Punishments, 281  
 Touching for the Evil, Account of, 475  
 Tournaments in Smithfield, 13  
 Tower, and Anne Boleyn's Burial, 59  
 Tower, the, and Beauchamp Tower, 41-47  
 Tower, Col. Blood steals the Crown from, 113  
 Tower, and the Bloody Tower, 49  
 Tower, and Execution of Lady Jane Grey, 56  
 Tower, Farewell Feast in, 72  
 Tower, and Sir Thomas Overbury, 69  
 Tower, and Traitor's Gate, 47  
 Tower, and Sir Walter Raleigh, 60-63  
 Townley and Fletcher's Heads on Temple Bar, 334  
 Treasure Seeking in the Tower, 112  
 Trial by Battle, 199  
 Trial of Lord Byron for Duelling, 224  
 Trial of Hackman for Murder, 367  
 Turner, the Whitefriars' Fencing-master, 99  
 Turner, Mrs, and Yellow Starch, 71  
 Turpin, Dick, the Highwayman, 247  
 Tyburn Executions, 242  
 Tyburn, Penance of Queen Henrietta Maria at, 91

## V.

- Vaux, James Hardy, the Swindler and Pickpocket, 394-397  
 Victoria, Queen, Accession of, 191  
 Vision on London Bridge, 485  
 Vision of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, 482-484  
 Vision in the Tower, 459

## W.

- Wainwright, the Poisoner, Case of, 385-389  
 Wall, Governor, Trial and Execution of, 376-382  
 Walpole, Horace, his Account of Lord Clive, 184-187; The Cock Lane Ghost, 490; Dr Dodd, 356-359; Earl Ferrers, 345; the Murder of Miss Reay, 366; M'Lean, 249, 251  
 Walpole, Edward, the Handsome Englishman, 427-433  
 Wellington, Duke of, and Aspley House, 198; Chartist agitation, 197

- Westminster Sanctuary, 27  
 Whitefriars and Lord Sanquhar's Revenge, 99  
 White Widow, Story of the, 104, 105  
 "Whittington and his Cat," Story of, 16  
 Whittington and Stone, Highgate Hill, 22  
 Will Case, the Famous Cheshire, 205  
 Willis's Plot against Charles II. 108  
 Wilson, Beau, Story of, 420-423  
 Witchcraft Penance on London Bridge, 275  
 Wolsey and Middle Temple Gate, 137  
 Wycherly and his Countess, Story of, 415-418  
 Wycherley in the Fleet Prison, 295  
 Wyatt, Sir Thomas, Rising of, 300

## Y.

- YORK, Duke of, and Colonel Lenox, Duel between, 225-228

DA  
677.1  
755

THE LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
Santa Barbara

✓.1

STACK COLLECTION

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE  
STAMPED BELOW.

10m-10,'63(E1188s4)476D



3 1205 01489 2598

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**AA** 000 238 405 5

