THE

# LITERARY LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

### OF THE

# COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

DT

## R. R. MADDEN, M.R.I.A.,

AUTHOR OF

"TRAVELS IN THE EAST," "INFIRMITIES OF GENIUS," "THE MUSSULMAN," "SHRINES AND SEPULCHRES," "THE LIFE OF SAVONAROLA." ETC.

"L'homme marche vers le tombeau, trainant après lui, la chaine de ses esperances trompées."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

## NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, 329 & 331 PEARL STRRET, FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1855.



# DEDICATION.

## TO DOCTOR FREDERICK QUIN, M.D.

I DEDICATE, my dear Quin, this work to you—one of the most intimate friends of that gifted lady-who is the subject of it, and whose entire confidence was possessed by you. I inscribe it to you in remembrance of old and happy days, of kind friends, and of many intimate acquaintances of our early days in Italy—of people we have met in joyous scenes and memorable places; some highly gifted, subsequently greatly distinguished, most of whom have passed away since you and I first became acquainted with the late Countess of Blessington in Naples, upward of thirty years ago.

Perhaps these pages may recall passages in our young days which, in the turmoil of the cares and struggles of advanced years, it may be a sort of recreation to our wearied minds and jaded energies to have presented to us again in a life-like form.

In treading on this old Italian ground once more, and that portion of it especially best known to us—a fragment of some bright star dropped from heaven :

> "That, like a precious gem, Parthenope Smiles as of yore-the syren of the sea"-"

\* The Heliotrope, or the Pilgrim in Italy, a Poem, by Dr. W. Beattie.

### DEDICATION.

we may have many graves to pass, and memories, not only of dear friends, but of early hopes, to make us thoughtful.

But I trust we shall have also some pleasing recollections renewed by these Memoirs, and our old feelings of affectionate regard revived by them.

I am, my dear Quin, faithfully yours,

R. R. MADDEN.

LONDON, Nov. 1, 1854

iv

## CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

٠

ł

### INTRODUCTION.

Paligran of the Sheahy Family

Early Origin Pedigree of the Sheehy Family Notice of maternal Grandfather Career of Edmund Power Marriage of Marguerite	
PowerCaptain Farmer's DeathCoroner's Inquest and Verdict of the Jury	1
CHAPTER I.	
Notice of the Earl of Blessington.—His Origin; early Career.—First and second Marriage, &c	38
CHAPTER II.	
Departure of the Blessingtons from London on a Continental Tour, Sep- tember, 1822	63
CHAPTER III.	
Byron and the Blessingtons at Genoa	69
CHAPTER IV.	
The City and Bay of Nanles -The Blossingtons, and their Society in	

Т Naples, June, 1822, to February, 1826 ..... 80

### CHAPTER V.

Departure from Naples .- Sojourn in Rome, Florence, Milan, Venice, and Genoa .- Return to Paris .- February, 1826, to June, 1829 ... 99

### CHAPTER VI.

Return to Paris in June, 1828 Residenc	e there Death of Lord Bless-
ington Departure of Lady Blessingto	on for England in November,
1830	

### CHAPTER VII.

Conversational Powers of distinguished Persons .- Scamore Place and Gore House .- Literary Circles .- Rival Salons of Holland House and

## CONTENTS.

Reunions at the Countess of Charleville's Residence of Lady Bless-	
ington at Seamore Place from 1832 to 1836 ; and Gore House, Ken-	
sington Gore, from 1836, to April, 1849	130

#### CHAPTER VIII.

The .	Break-up	at (	Gore	House		165
-------	----------	------	------	-------	--	-----

### CHAPTER IX.

#### CHAPTER X.

Notice of the Career, Literary Tastes, and Talents of Lady Blessington. 192

### CHAPTER XI.

### CHAPTER XII.

Poetical Effusions addressed to Lady Blessington by various Persons. 251

### CHAPTER XIII.

Notice of Count Alfred D'Orsay His Origin Some Account of his	
early Life The Close of his Career, and Observations on his Talents,	
and the Application of them	269

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### CHAPTER XV.

### CHAPTER XVI.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

VL

### CONTENTS.

### CHAPTER XIX.

Sir William DrummondThe	Abbé Campbell	385
-------------------------	---------------	-----

### CHAPTER XX.

Charles Reilly, Esq., Surgeon R. N Dr. Quin Sir Ferdinand R.	E.
D. Acton Sir Frederick Faulkner The Duke de Laval Montmore	n-
ciMise BathurstPiazziSir Augustus D'EsteCaptain Heat	0.
-Captain Garth	396

### CHAPTER XXI.

The Hon. Richard Keppel Craven, and the Margravine of Anspach ..... 409

### CHAPTER XXII.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

Count Matuschewitz.-Prince Schwartzenberg ..... 430

### CHAPTER XXIV.

### CHAPTER XXV.

Monsieur Eugene Sue .--- Vicomte D'Arlincourt ...... 446

### CHAPTER XXVI.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

### APPENDIX.

### No. I.

### No. II.

## CONTENTS.

## No. III.

The Case of Bernard Wright, Editor of Edmund Power's Paper, the Clonmel Gazette	
No. IV	
Certificate of Marriage of Captain Farmer to Miss Marguerite Power	513
No. V.	
Notice of Captain Farmer's Letter in the Dublin Evening Packet	513
No. VI.	
Proceedings on Inquest on the Body of Joseph Lonergan, shot by Ed- mund Power, and Bill of Indictment and Information against Power.	
No. VII.	
Prosecution of Edmund Power for Libel on Colonel Bagwell ,	520
No. VIII.	
Certificate of Burial of Members of the Blessington Family in St. Thom- as's Church, Dublin	
No. IX.	
Account of the Encumbrances on the Blessington Estates	524
No. X.	
Rental of Blessington Estates, &c	528
No. XI.	
Gore House	529
No. XII.	
Count D'Orsay and the Prince Louis Napoleon	529
No. XIII.	
Theatrical Tastes of Lord Blessington's Father	537
No. XIV.	
Duel between Michael Power, Esq., and Captain Kettlewell	537
No. XV.	
Precis of Trial-M'Carthy versus Solomon Watson, Banker, of Clonmel.	537
	-

VIII

## A MEMOIR

### OF THE

## LITERARY LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF THE

## COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

### INTRODUCTION.

THE task of Biography is not comprised only in an attempt to make a word-picture, and likeness of a person that can be identified by its resemblance to the original; to narrate a series of striking passages in the life of an individual, whose career it is intended to illustrate; to record dates of remarkable events, and particulars of important occurrences; to give a faithful account of signal failures and successes; to delineate the features of the individual described, and to make deportment and demeanor, manner of thought, and mode of expression, clearly perceptible to those for whom we write or paint in words. These are essential things to be done, but they are not all that are essential in human life-history, which should be descriptive not only of external appearance and accidental circumstances, but of the interior being, dispositions, and actual peace of mind of those of whom it treats. The great aim to be accomplished is to make the truthful portraiture of the person we describe and present to the public, stand out in a distinct shape and form, distinguishable from all other surrounding objects, an instructive, directive, suggestive, encouraging, or admonitory representation

Vol. I.-A

of a character and career, as the case may be. The legitimate aim and end of that representation of a life will be gained if the biographer, in accomplishing his task, makes the portraiture of the individual described advantageous to the public, renews old recollections agreeably as well as usefully; looks to the future in all his dealings with the past; draws away attention from the predominant materialism of the present time; violates no duty to the dead, of whom he treats; no obligation to the living, for whose benefit he is supposed to write ; if, without prejudice to truth or morals, he indulges his own feelings of kindness, and tenderness of regard for the memory of those who may have been his friends, and who have become the subjects of his inquiries and researches; if he turn his theme to the account of society at large, of literature also, and of its' living votaries; if he places worth and genius in their true position, and, when the occasion calls for it, if he manfully puts forward his strength to pull down unworthy and ignoble pretensions, to unmask selfishness, to give all due honor to noble dceds and generous aims and efforts; if he sympathizes sincerely with struggling merit, and seeks earnestly for truth, and speaks it boldly. And if he has to deal with the career of one who has played an important part in public life or in fashionable circles, and would attain the object I have referred to, he will have to speak freely and fearlessly of the miseries and verations of a false position, however splendid that position may be-miseries which may not be escaped from by any efforts to keep them out of sight or hearing, either in the turnoil of a fashionable life, in the tumult of its pleasures, or in the solitude of the dressing-room, the stillness of which is often more intolerable than the desert-gloom, the desolation of Mar Saba, or the silence of La Trappe.

All this can be done without composing homilies on the checkered life of man, or pouring forth lamentations on its virissitudes, and pronouncing anathemas on the failings of individuals, on whose conduct we may perhaps be wholly incompetent or unqualified to sit in judgment. There is often matter for deep reflection, though requiring no comment from the biog-

rapher, to be found in a single fact seasonably noticed, in a passage of a letter, a sentence in conversation, nay, even at times in a gesture, indicative of weariness of mind in the midst of pomp and pleasure, of sickness of spirit at the real aspect of society, wreathed though it may be with smiles and blandishments, at the hollowness of its friendships, and the futility of one's efforts to secure their happiness by them. I am much mistaken if this work can be perused without exciting feelings of strong conviction, that no advantageousness of external circumstances, no amount of luxury, no *entourage* of wit and learning, no distinction in fashionable or literary life, no absorbing pursuits of authorship, or ephemeral enjoyments in exclusive circles of *haut ton*, constitute happiness, or afford a substitute for it, on which any reliance can be placed for the peace and quiet of one's life.

An intimate acquaintance and uninterrupted friendship with the late Countess of Blessington during a period of twentyseven years, and the advantage of possessing the entire confidence of that lady, are the circumstances which induced the friends of Lady Blessington to commit to me the task of editing an account of her Literary Life and Correspondence. To many other persons familiarly acquainted with her ladyship, eminent in different walks of literature and art, distinguished for abilities and acquirements, and well known in the world of letters, this task might have been confided with far more service to the execution of it in every literary point of view. But, in other respects, it was considered I might bring some advantages to this undertaking, one of no ordinary difficulty, and requiring no ordinary care and circumspection to surmount. The facilities I refer to are those arising from peculiar opportunities enjoyed of knowing Lady Blessington at an early period of that literary career which it is intended to illustrate, and the antecedents of that position in literature and the society of intellectual celebrities which she occupied in London.

The correspondence and other papers of Lady Blessington that have been made use of in these volumes are connected by a slender thread of biographical illustration, which may serve

to give some idea of the characters and position, and prominent traits or peculiarities of those who are addressed or referred to in this correspondence, or by whom letters were written which are noticed in it.

In doing this, I trust it will be found I am not unmindful of the obligations I am under to truth and charity, as well as to friendship—obligations to the living as well as to the dead; but, on the contrary, that I am very sensible that literature is never more profaned than when, such claims being forgotten or unfelt, statements or sentiments expressed in confidence to private persons that are calculated to hurt the feelings, to injure the character, or prejudice the interests of individuals in any rank of life, are wantonly, malevolently, or inconsiderately disclosed.

Such sentiments seem to have been acted on by a late eminent statesman, and were well expressed in a codicil to his will, wherein he bequeathed to Lord Mahon and E. Cardwell, Esq., M.P., " all the unpublished papers and documents of a public or a private nature, whether in print or in manuscript, of which he should, at the time of his decease, be possessed," &c. "Considering that the collection of letters and papers referred to in this codicil included the whole of his confidential correspondence for a period extending from the year 1817 to the time of his decease, that during a considerable portion of that period he was employed in the service of the crown, and that when not so employed, he had taken an active part in parliamentary business, it was highly probable that much of that correspondence would be interesting, and calculated to throw light upon the conduct and character of public men, and upon the political events of the times." This was done in the full assurance that his trustees would so exercise the discretion given to them, that no honorable confidence should be betrayed, no private feelings be unnecessarily wounded, and no public interests injuriously affected.

I think it is Sir Egerton Brydges who observes, "It is not possible to love literature and to be uncharitable or unkind to those who follow its pursuits." Nothing would certainly be

-4

more uncharitable and unkind to literary people than to publish what they may occasionally say in private of one another in the way of raillery, banter, or *persiflage*, a ridicule-aiming turn, as if such *badinage* on paper, and escapades of drollery, with a dash of sarcasm, in conversation, were deliberate expressions of opinion, and not the smartness of the sayings, but the sharpness of the sting in them, was to be taken into account in judging of the motives of those who gave utterance to things spoken in levity and not in malice.

There is no necessity, indeed, with such materials as I have in my hands, to encumber my pages with any trivialities of this kind, or the mere worthless tittle-tattle of epistolary conversation.

There is an abundance of thought-treasure in letters of people of exalted intellect in this collection; ample beauties in their accounts of scenery and passing events, and in their references to current literature—the works of art of the day, the chances and changes of political life, the caprices of fashion of the time, and the vicissitudes in the fortune of the celebrities of all grades in a great city—to furnish matter well worthy of selection and preservation; matter that would perish if not thus collected, and published in some such form as the present.

I have no sympathies with the tastes and pursuits of the hangers-on of men of genius in literary society, who crawl into the confidence of people of exalted intellect to turn their acquaintance with it to a profitable account; to drag into notice failings that may have hitherto escaped attention, or were only suspected to exist, and to immortalize the errors of gifted individuals, whose credulity has been taken advantage of with a deliberate purpose of speculating on those failings that have been diligently observed and drawn out.

Censure, it is said, is the tax which eminence of every kind pays for distinction. The tendency of our times especially is to pander to a morbid taste, that craves continually for signal spectacles of failings and imperfections of persons in exalted stations, for exhibitions of eminent people depreciated or defamed. The readiness of men to minister to the prevailing appetite for literary gossip, by violating the sanctity of private

life, and often even the sacred ties of friendship, is not only to be lamented, but the crime is to be denounced. I have given expression to such opinions on those subjects at the onset of my career in literature, and they have undergone no change since the publication of them, upward of twenty years ago.<sup>®</sup>

We naturally desire to know every thing that concerns the character or the general conduct of those whose productions have entertained or instructed us, and we gratify a laudable curiosity when, for the purposes of good, we inquire into their history, and seek to illustrate their writings by the general tenor of their lives and actions. But when biography is made the vehicle of private scandal, the means of promoting sordid interests, and looks into every infirmity of human nature through a magnifying medium, which makes small imperfections seem to be large, and exaggerates large ones, it ceases to be a legitimate inquiry into private character or conduct, and no infamy is greater than the baseness of revealing faults that possibly had never been discovered had no friendship been violated, no confidence abused by exaggerated representations of failings and defects, which take away from the reputation of the living, or dim the bright fame of the illustrious dead.

"Consider," says a learned German, "under how many aspects greatness is scrutinized; in how many categories curiosity may be traced, from the highest grade of inquisitiveness down to the most impertinent, concerning great men! How the world never wearies striving to represent to itself their whole structure, conformation outward and inward. Blame not the world for such curiosity about its great ones: this comes of the world's old-established necessity to worship. Blame it not; pity it rather with a certain loving respect. Nevertheless, the last stage of human perversion, it has been said, is when sympathy corrupts itself into envy, and the indestructible interest we take in men's doings has become a joy over their faults and misfortunes: this is the last and lowest stage—lower than this we can not go."

"Lower than this we can not go!" says the German moralist.

\* The Infirmities of Genius, &c., in 2 vols. 8vo, London, 1833.

But suppose we do more than exult in these failings and misfortunes; that we sit in judgment on them, and judge not justly, but in an unchristian manner—that is to say, with false weights and measures of justice, having one scale and standard of judicial opinion for the strong and the unscrupulous in evil doing, and another for the weak, and ill-directed, and unfortunately circumstanced; lower then I say men can go in the downward path of hypocrisy, when those most deserving of pity have more to fear from pretenders to virtue than from religion itself. At the tribunal of public opinion, there are some failings for which there must be an acquittal on every count of the indictment, or a condemnation on all.

With respect to them, it is not for the world to make any inquiries into the antecedents of error; whether they included the results of the tyranny, the profusion, the profligacy, and the embarrassments of an unworthy father, the constant spectacle of the griefs and wrongs of an injured mother, mournful scenes of domestic strife, of violence and outrage even at the domestic hearth, and riotous displays of ill-assorted revelry and carousing in the same abode, every-day morning gloom and wrangling, temporary shifts to meet inordinate expenses tending to eventual ruin, meannesses to be witnessed to postpone an inevitable catastrophe, and provide for the carousing of another night, the feasting of military friends, of condescending lords and squireen gentlemen of high rank and influence, justices of the peace of fiery zeal in provincial politics, men of mark in a country town, ever ready to partake of hospitality and to enjoy society set off with such advantages as beauty, and mirth, and gayety unrestricted can lend to it.

It is not for the world to inquire into the circumstance that may have led to an unhappy union or its unfortunate result; whether the home was happy, the society that frequented the parental abode was safe and suitable for its young inmates; the father's example was edifying in his family—the care of his children sufficient for their security—his love and tenderness the crown of their felicity; whether he watched over his daughters as an anxious father should do, and treated them with

kindness and affection, bearing himself quietly and amiably toward their mother and themselves; whether their youth and innocence were surrounded with religious influences, and the moral atmosphere in which they lived from childhood and grew up to womanhood was pure and wholesome !

It matters not, in the consideration of such results, whether their peace and happiness were made things of sale and barter by a worthless father! whether, in forcing them to give their hands where they could not give their hearts, they had been sold for a price, and purchased for a consideration in which they had no share or interest!

The interests of religion, of truth, and morality, do not require that we should throw aside all considerations of this sort, and come to a conclusion on a single fact, without any reference to the influences of surrounding circumstances.

The grave has never long closed over those who have been much admired and highly extolled in their day; who have been in society formidable competitors for distinction, or in common opinion very fortunate in life and successful in society, or some particular pursuit, before the ashes of those dead celebritics are raked for error. Those tombs, indeed, are seldom ransacked unsuccessfully; but those who sit in judgment on the failings of their fellow-creatures are never more likely to be erroneous in their opinions than when they are most harsh and uncharitable in their judgments. Those persons who stand highest in the opinion of their fellow-men may rank very low in the estimation of the Supreme Judge of all; and those for whose errors there is here no mercy, may have fewer advantages of instruction and example, of position, and of favorable circumstances that have been thrown away to account for, than the most spiritually proud of the complacent alf-satisfied, selfconstituted judges and arraigners of their fellow-creatures.

It has been said that "a great deal has been told of Goldsmith (in the early and incidental notices of his career) which a friendly biographer would have concealed, or at least silently passed over; he would have felt bound in duty to respect the character which he took on himself to delineate; and while he withheld nothing that could have enabled the public to form a

right estimate of the subject, he would not have drawn aside the curtain that concealed the privacy of domestic intercourse, and exposed to view the weakness and inconsistency of the thoughtless and confidential hours of a checkered and too fortuitous life. The skillful painter can preserve the fidelity of the resemblance, while he knows how to develop all becoming embellishments. In heightening what is naturally beautiful, in throwing a shade over the less attractive parts, he presents us with a work that is at once pleasing and instructive. The biographer must form his narrative by selection. All things belonging to a subject are not worth telling; when the circle of information is once completed, it is often the wisest part to rest satisfied with the effect produced. Such, evidently, was the rule which guided Mason in the very elegant and judicious account which he gave of his illustrious friend Gray; and though later inquirers have explored and unlocked some channels which he did not wish to open, they have left the original sketch very little altered, and hardly at all improved. In this he followed, though with a more liberal allowance to rational curiosity than had before been granted, the general practice of all biographers ; but Boswell's Life of Johnson opened at once the floodgates of public desire on this subject, and set up an example, too faithfully imitated, of an indiscriminate development of facts, gratifying not a very honorable or healthy curiosity, with the minutest details of personal history, the eccentricities of social intercourse, and all the singularities of private life. The original work, however defective we may think it in its plan, derived a lustre from the greatness of its subject; but it has been the cause of overwhelming literature with a mass of the most heavy and tiresome biographies of very moderate and obscure men ; with cumbersone details of a life without interest, and character without talent, and a correspondence neither illuminated with spirit nor enriched with fact. 'Vous me parlez,' says D'Olivet, ' d'un homme de lettres; parlez moi donc de ses talens, parlez moi de ses ouvrages, mais laissez moi ignorer ses foiblesses, et à plus forte raison ses vices.""

\* Gent. Mag., March, 1837. Notice of Prior's Life of Goldsmith, p. 229.

A 2

Those who are desirous to be acquainted with the parentage, education, and incidents in the early career of the subject of this memoir, will find the information they require, gracefully given, and with a tender feeling of affectionate regard for the memory of the deceased lady of whom this work treats, in a Memoir written by her niece, Miss Power. Extracts from that Memoir, by the kind permission of Miss Power, I have been allowed to avail myself of, and they will be found subjoined to this Introduction, with such additional matter of mine appended to them as Lady Blessington's communications to me, both oral and written, and my own researches, enable me to offer.

The task I have undertaken is to illustrate the literary life of Lady Blessington. Her acquaintance with the literary men and artists of England, and foreign countries, dates from the period of her marriage with Lord Blessington, and her application to literature, as a pursuit and an employment, from the time of the first continental tour, on which she set out in 1822.

It is not necessary for me here, at least, to enter at large into her early history, though, with one exception, I am probably better acquainted with it than any other person living. The whole of that history was communicated to me by Lady Blessington, I believe with a conviction that it might be confided to me with safety, and, perhaps, with advantage at some future time to her memory.

EITRACTS FROM A MEMOIR OF THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON BY MISS POWER, WITH ADDITIONAL MATTER IN BRACKETS IN-SERTED BY THE AUTHOR OF THIS WORK.

"Marguerite Blessington was the third child and second daughter of Edmund Power, Esq., of Knockbrit, near Clonmel, in the county of Tipperary, and was born on the first of September, 1790. Her father, who was then a country gentleman, occupied with field-sports and agricultural pursuits, was the only son of Michael Power, Esq., of Curragheen, and descended from an ancient family in the county of Waterford. Her mother also belonged to a very old Roman Catholic family, a fact of which she was not a little proud, and her genealogical tree was pre-

served with a religious veneration, and studied till all its branches were as familiar as the names of her children : 'My ancestors, the Desmonds,' were her household gods, and their deeds and prowess her favorite theme."

[Mr. Edmund Power, the father of Lady Blessington, was the son of a country gentleman of a respectable family, once in tolerable circumstances. His father, Mr. Michael Power, left him a small property, eight miles distant from Dungarvan, called Curragheen.

He married, at an early age, a daughter of an ill-fated gentleman, Mr. Edmund Sheehy, descended from one of the most respectable Roman Catholic families in the county of Tipperary.

In 1843 Lady Blessington presented me with an account of the Sheehy family, drawn up with great care, and from that document, in the handwriting of Lady Blessington, which is in my possession, the following notice is taken verbatim.

### PEDIGREE OF THE SHEEHY FAMILY.

"This ancient family possessed a large estate on the banks of the River Deel, in the county of Limerick, from the time that Maurice, the first Earl of Desmond's daughter, was married to Morgan Sheehy, who got the said estate from the earl as a portion with his wife.

"From the above Morgan Sheehy was lineally descended Morgan Sheehy, of Ballyallenane. The said Morgan married Ellen Butler, daughter of Pierce, Earl of Ormond, and the widow of Connor O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, and had issue, Morgan Sheehy. The said Morgan Sheehy married Catherine Mac Carthy, daughter to Donnough Mac Carthy-More, of Dunhallow, in the county of Cork; and had issue, Morgan Sheehy, who married Joan, daughter of David, Earl of Barrymore, in the county of Cork, and Lady Alice Boyle, eldest daughter of Richard, Earl of Cork; and had issue, Morgan Sheehy, and Meanus, from whom the Sheehys of Imokilly, and county of Waterford, are descended. The said Morgan married Catherine, the eldest of the five daughters of Teige O'Brien, of Ballycorrig, and of Elizabeth, daughter of Maurice, Earl of Desmond. He had issue,

three sons, John, Edmund, and Roger, and five daughters. Of the daughters, Joan married Thomas Lord Southwell; Ellen married Philip Magrath, of Sleady Castle, in the county of Waterford, Esq.; Mary married Eustace, son of Sir John Brown, of Cammus, Bart.; and Anne married Colonel Gilbrern, of Kilmallock.

"Of the five daughters of the above Teige O'Brien, Catherine married the above Morgan Sheehy, Esq.; Honoria married Sir John FitzGerald, of Cloyne, Bart.; Maudin married O'Shaughnessy, of Gort; Julia married Mac Namara, of Cratala; and Mary married Sir Thurlough Mac Mahon, of Cleana, in the county of Clare, Bart.

"Of the three sons of Morgan Sheehy, Esq., and Catherine O'Brien, John, the eldest, married Mary, daughter of James Casey, of Rathcannon, in the county of Limerick, Esq. (It was in this John's time, about 1650, that Cromwell dispossessed the family of their estates.) The said John had issue John Sheehy, who married Catherine, daughter of Donough O'Brien, of Dungillane, Esq. He had issue Charles Sheehy, who married Catherine Ryan, daughter of Matthew Ryan, Esq., and of Catherine FitzGerald, daughter of Sir John FitzGerald, of Clonglish, Bart., and had issue John and William Sheehy, Esgs., of Spittal. The said John married Honoria O'Sullivan, maternal grand-daughter to McBrien, of Sally Sheehan, and had issue one son and two daughters, viz., William Sheehy, Esq., of Bawnfowne, county Waterford, and Eleanor and Ellen. (Here there is an omission of any mention of William Sheehy's marriage.) The said Eleanor married William Cranick, of Galbally, Esg., and had issue Ellen, who married Timothy Quinlan, Esq., of Tipperary. Edmund Sheehy," Esq., son of the above-named William Sheehy, and brother to Eleanor and Ellen, married Margaret O'Sullivan, of Ballylegate, and had issue Robert and James Sheehy, and two daughters, Ellen and Mary. The said Ellen married Edmund Power, Esq., of Curragheen, in the county of Waterford ; and had issue, Anne, who died in her tenth year; Michael, who

\* Executed in 1766 for alleged rebellion. Edmund Sheehy was called Buck Sheehy, and lived at Bawnfowne, county Waterford.

died a Captain in the 2d West India Regiment at St. Lucia, in the West Indies; Marguerite, who married, firstly, Captain St. Leger Farmer, of the 47th Regiment, who died in 1817, and secondly, the Earl of Blessington; Ellen, who married John Home Purves, Esq., son of Sir Alexander Purves, Bart., of Purves Hall, in the county of Berwick, and secondly, to Viscount Canterbury; Robert, who entered the army young, and left it a Captain in the 30th Regiment of Foot in 1823. The said Robert married Agnes Brooke, daughter of Thomas Brooke, Esq., first member of council at St. Helena; and Mary Anne, married, in 1831, to Count de St. Marsault."\*

In the Appendix will be found a detailed account of the persecutions of several members of the Shechy family in 1765 and 1766. It commenced with the prosecution, conviction, and execution of a priest, Father Nicholas Sheehy, who was a cousin of Edmund Sheehy, the grandfather of Lady Blessington.

If ever affrighted justice might be said to "swing from her moorings," and, passion-driven, to be left at the merey of the winds and waves of party violence, it surely was in these iniquitous proceedings; and for innocence it might indeed be affirmed that there was no anchorage in the breasts of a jury, in those times, packed as it was for the purpose of conviction, or in the sanctuary of a court, surrounded by a military force to overawe its functionaries, and to intimidate the advocates and witnesses of the accused. The unfortunate Father Sheehy was found guilty of the murder of a man named John Bridge, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and the sentence was carried into execution at Clonmel. The head of the judicially murdered priest was stuck on a spike, and placed over the porch of the old jail, and there it was allowed to remain for upward of twenty years, till at length his sister, Mrs. Burke, was allowed to remove it.

The next victim of the Sheehy family was the cousin of the priest, Edmund Sheehy, the grandfather of Lady Blessington; and he, equally innocent, and far less obnoxious to suspicion of

" Here ends the genealogical account of the Sheehy family, given me by Lady Riessington --- R. R. M.

any misprision of agrarian outrage, was put to death a little later than his relative.

Edmund Sheehy, the maternal grandfather of Lady Blessington, who perished on the scaffold in May, 1766, and was buried in Kilronan church-yard, left four children, Robert, James, Ellen, and Mary. One of his sisters had married a Dr. Gleeson, of Cavchill, near Dungarvan. His eldest son, Robert, was murdered on his own property in 1831, at Bawnfowne, in the parish of Kilronan ; his eldest daughter, Ellen, married Edmund Power, Esq., of Curragheen, in the county of Waterford. This lady was not in anywise remarkable for her intellectual qualities. She was a plain, simple woman, of no pretensions to elegance of manners or remarkable cleverness. She died in Dublin upward of twenty years ago. The second son, James, went to America at an early age, and was never afterward heard of. His youngest daughter, Mary, married a Mr. John Colins, the proprietor of a newspaper in Clonmel.

Robert Sheehy, who was murdered in 1831, left a son (Mr. John Sheehy, first cousin of Lady Blessington), whom I knew about two years ago in Clonmel, filling the situation of Master of the Auxiliary Workhouse (named Keyward Workhouse). Shortly after his marriage, Mr. Power removed to Knockbrit, a place about two miles from Cashel, and there, where he resided for many years, all his children were born.]

"Beauty, the heritage of the family, was, in her early youth, denied to Marguerite : her eldest brother and sister, Michael and Anne, as well as Ellen and Robert, were singularly handsome and healthy children, while she, pale, weakly, and ailing, was for years regarded as little likely ever to grow to womanhood; the precocity of her intellect, the keenness of her perceptions, and her extreme sensitiveness, all of which are so often regarded, more especially among the Irish, as the precursive symptoms of an early death, confirmed this belief, and the poor, pale, reflective child was long looked upon as doomed to a premature grave.

"The atmosphere in which she lived was but little congenial to such a nature. Her father, a man of violent temper, and lity

tle given to study the characters of his children, intimidated and shook the delicate nerves of the sickly child, though there were moments—rare ones, it is true—when the sparkles of her early genius for an instant dazzled and gratified him. Her mother, though she failed not to bestow the tenderest maternal care on the health of the little sufferer, was not capable of appreciating her fine and subtile qualities, and her brothers and sisters, fond as they were of her, were not, in their high health and boisterous gayety, companions suited to such a child.

"During her earliest years, therefore, she lived in a world of dreams and fancies, sufficient, at first, to satisfy her infant mind, but soon all too vague and incomplete to fill the blank within. Perpetual speculations, restless inquiries, to which she could find no satisfactory solutions, perpetually occupied her dawning intellect; and, until at last accident happily threw in her way an intelligence capable of comprehending the workings of the infant spirit, it was at once a torment and a blessing to her.

"This person, a Miss Anne Dwyer, a friend of her mother's, was herself possessed of talents and information far above the standard of other country women in those days.

"Miss Dwyer was surprised, and soon interested by the reflective air and strange questions which had excited only ridicale among those who had hitherto been around the child. The development of this fine organization, and the aiding it to comprehend what had so long been a sealed book, formed a study fraught with pleasure to her; and while Marguerite was yet an infant, this worthy woman began to undertake the task of her education.

"At a very early age, the powers of her imagination had already begun to develop themselves. She would entertain her brothers and sisters for hours with tales invented as she proceeded; and at last, so remarkable did this talent become, that her parents, astonished at the interest and coherence of her narrations, constantly called upon her to *improviser* for the entertainment of their friends and neighbors, a task always easy to her fertile brain; and, in a short time, the little neglected child became the wonder of the neighborhood.

"The increasing ages of their children, and the difficulty of obtaining the means of instruction for them at Knockbrit, induced Mr. and Mrs. Power to put into practice a design long formed, of removing to Clonmel, the county town of Tipperary. This change, which was looked upon by her brothers and sisters as a source of infinite satisfaction, was to Marguerite one of almost unmingled regret. To leave the place of her birth, the scenes which her passionate love of nature had so deeply endeared to her, was one of the severest trials she had ever experienced, and was looked forward to with sorrow and dread. At last, the day arrived when she was to leave the home of her childhood, and sad and lonely she stole forth to the garden to bid farewell to each beloved spot.

"Gathering a handful of flowers to keep in memory of the place, she, fearing the ridicule of the other members of the family, carefully concealed them in her pocket; and with many tears and bitter regrets, was at last driven from Knockbrit, where, as it seemed to her, she left all of happiness behind her."

[The removal of the Powers from Knockbrit to Clonmel must have been about the year 1796 or 1797. Their house in Clonmel, which I lately visited, is a small, incommodious dwelling, near the bridge leading to the adjoining county of Waterford, at a place called Suir Island.]

"At Clonmel, the improving health of Marguerite, and the society of children of her own age, gradually produced their effect on her spirits; and though her love of reading and study continued rather to increase than abate, she became more able to join in the amusements of her brothers and sisters, who, delighted at the change, gladly welcomed her into their society, and manifested the affection which hitherto they had little opportunity of displaying.

"But soon it seemed as if the violent grief she had experienced at quitting the place of her birth, was prophetic of the misfortunes which, one by one, followed the removal to Clonmel.

"Her father, with recklessness too prevalent in his day, commenced a mode of living, and indulged in pleasures and hospitality, which his means, though amply sufficient to supply necessary expenses, were wholly inadequate to support.

"In an evil hour he was tempted by the representations of a certain nobleman, more anxious to promote his own interest and influence than scrupulous as to the consequences which might result to others, to accept the situation of magistrate for the counties of Tipperary and Waterford, a position from which no pecuniary advantage was to be obtained, and which, in those times of trouble and terror, was fraught with difficulty and danger.

"Led on by promises of a lucrative situation and hints at the probability of a baronetcy, as well as by his own fearless and reckless disposition, Mr. Power performed the painful and onerous duties of his situation with a zeal which procured for him the animosity of the friends and relatives in the remotest degree of those whom it was his fate, in the discharge of the duties of his office, to bring to punishment, and entirely precluded his giving the slightest attention to the business which had bid so fair to re-establish the fortunes of his family. His nights were spent in hunting down, with troops of dragoons, the unfortunate and misguided rebels, whose connections, in turn, burned his store-houses, destroyed his plantations, and killed his cattle; while for all of these losses he was repaid by the most flattering encomiums from his noble friend, letters of thanks from the Secretary for Ireland, acknowledging his services, and by the most gratifying and marked attention at the Castle when he visited Dublin.

"He was too proud to remind the nobleman he believed to be his friend of his often-repeated promises, while the latter, only too glad not to be pressed for their performance, continued to lead on his dupe, and, instead of the valuable official appointment, &c., &c., proposed to him to set up a newspaper, in which his lordship was to procure for him the publication of the government proclamations, a source of no inconsiderable profit. This journal was, of course, to advocate only his lordship's political views, so that, by way of serving his friend, he found a cheap and easy method of furthering his own plans. The result may be guessed; Mr. Power, utterly unsuited in every respect to the conduct of such an undertaking, only became more and more deeply involved, and year by year added to his difficulties."

[Alderman H—, of Clonmel, a schoolfellow of one of the sons of Mr. Power, and well acquainted with the latter, informs me, "When Mr. Power came to Clonmel, he was about thirty years of age; he was a good-looking man, of gentlemanly appearance and manners. He was then married. His first wife was a Miss Sheehy, of a highly respectable family. He engaged in the business of a corn-merchant and butter buyer. Subsequently he became proprietor of the Clonmel Gazette, or Munster Mercury. The editor of it was the well-known Bernard Wright. The politics of the paper were liberal—Catholio politics—Power was then a Catholic, though not a very strict or observant one.\* The paper advocated the electioneering interests of the Landaff or Matthew family.

"Bernard Wright," continues Alderman H—, "the editor of the Clonmel Gazette, was my guardian. He was a man of wit, a poet, and an accomplished gentleman. He had been educated for the Church in France. He was the only member of his family who was a member of the Roman Catholic religion. He had to fly from Paris at the time of the French Revolution. In the Irish rebellion of 1798, he was one of the victims of the savagery of Sir Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald, and the only one of those victims who made that ferocious man pay for his inhumanity after 1798."

In January, 1844, when residing in Portugal, Mr. Jeremiah Meagher, Vice-consul at Lisbon, a native of Clonmel, and a clerk of Lady Blessington's father at the time the latter edited the Clonmel Gazette in that town, informed me of many particulars relating to his connection with Mr. Power, and his great intimacy with Lady Blessington and her sister, which account Lady Blessington subsequently confirmed when I visited her in London, and spoke of my friend, the vice-consul, in the warmest terms of affectionate regard.

Power's family were Roman Catholics, but it seems that he had conformed to the Protestant religion, and had stipulated that his sons should be brought up in that faith, and had consented that his daughters should be of the religion of their mother, who was a Catholic. Mr. Power, however, when he had nothing more to expect from his great patrons, came back to the old church, lived for many years in it, and died, it may be said with perfect truth, "a very unworthy member of it."

Mr. Meagher, in reference to the torture inflicted on Bernard Wright in 1798, said, "He was flogged severely for having a letter in the French language in his pocket, which had been addressed to him by one of his friends, he being a teacher of the French language. Poor Wright used to furnish articles of a literary kind for the paper, and assist in the management, but he had no political opinions of any kind. Of that fact he, Mr. Meagher, was quite certain. In 1804, the paper was prosecuted for a libel on Colonel Bagwell, written at the instigation of Mr. Watson, in the interest of Lord Donoughmore. There was a verdict against Power, and he was left to pay the costs."

The newspaper concern was a rainous affair to Mr. Power. Mr. Meagher says, "Of all the children of Mr. Power, Marguerite was his favorite. He never knew a person naturally better disposed, or of such goodness of heart." He knew her subsequently to her marriage in 1804, when living at Cahir.

Lady Blessington informed me that "her father's pursuits in carrying out the views of his patron, Lord Donoughmore, caused him to neglect his business. His affairs became deranged. To retrieve them, he entered into partnership, in a general mercantile way, with Messrs. Hunt and O'Brien, of Waterford. He expended a great deal of money there in building stores and warehouses. Those buildings, however, were burned by the people (it was imagined), in revenge for the cruelties he had practiced on them.

"His violence," continued her ladyship, " which had formerly been of a political kind only, now became a sort of constitutional irascibility, his tempor more and more irritable, his habits irregular and disorderly—he became a terror to his wife and children. He treated his wife with brutality, he upbraided her frequently with her father's fate, and would often say to her, "What more could be expected from the daughter of a convicted rebel?"

"His mercantile career was unfortunate; his partners got rid of him after many fruitless remonstrances. He had overdrawn the capital he had put into the honse by several thousand pounds. His next speculation was a newspaper, called the Clonnel Mercury, which was set up by him at the instance of Lord Donough-

more, for the support of his lordship's electioneering interests in the county, and of his political opinions. Bernard Wright, the person who was flogged in 1798 by Sir John Judkin Fitzgerald for having a French letter in his pocket, was for some time the manager and editor of that paper. The paper was at length prosecuted for a libel written by Lord Donoughmore; but his lordship left her father to bear the brunt of the action, and to pay the expense of the suit and the damages. The paper then went to ruin; Mr. Power for some years previously had given himself up to dissipation, and his affairs had become involved in difficulties even previously to his settling up the paper, so much so, that she (Lady Blessington) and her sister Ellen, while at school, had often felt the humiliation of being debarred from learning certain kinds of work, tambour embroidery, &c., on account of the irregularity of the payment of their school charges."

Mr. Power was a fair, though not, perhaps, a very favorable specimen of the Irish country gentleman of some sixty years ago, fond of dogs, horses, wine, and revelry, and very improvident and inattentive to all affairs of business. He was a fine-looking man, of an imposing appearance, showy, and of an aristocratic air, very demonstrative of frills and ruffles, much given to white cravats, and the wearing of leather breeches and top boots. He was known to the Tipperary bloods as "a buck," as "shiver the frills," "Beau Power," and other appellations complimentary to his sporting character, rollicking disposition, and very remarkable costume.

When the times were out of joint in 1798, and for some years succeeding that disastrous epoch, Mr. Power, having thrown himself into local politics, and becoming deeply engaged in public affairs, acquired in a short time the character of a terrorist in the district that was the sphere of his magisterial duties. The hunting of suspected rebels, of persons thought to be disloyal in the late rebellion, even so long as four and five years after its complete suppression, became a favorite pursuit of Mr. Power. At length the energy of his loyalty went beyond the law. In scouring the country in pursuit of suspected rebels, he took it into his head to arrest a young man whom he met on the road.

The unfortunate man fied at the approach of the armed gentleman with his pistol leveled at him. Mr. Power shot the flying peasant, seized the wounded man, set him on a horse, and carried his dying prisoner first to his own house, and from thence to the jail at Clonmel. The unfortunate man died. Mr. Power was tried for the murder, and was acquitted.

The particulars of this frightful affair were given me in 1843 by Lady Blessington, and more recently by other parties having a very intimate knowledge of the circumstances referred to.

The account given me by Lady Blessington in some respects differs from the others; but, though it contradicts them in some minor details, it must be borne in mind her ladyship's account is evidently derived from that put forward by her father in his defense.

Though at the risk of being somewhat prolix, it seems best, in a matter of this kind, to give the several statements which seem deserving of attention separately.

Lady Blessington, in speaking to me of this catastrophe, said,

"On one occasion (when her father went out scouring the country for suspected rebels) he took his son Michael out with him. After riding along the road for some time, he informed the young man he was going to apprehend a very desperate fellow in the neighborhood, whom none of the constables dare lay hands on. The son, whose principles were altogether opposed to the father's, was reluctant to go on this mission, but dared not refuse. The father, approaching the cabin of the suspected peasant, saw a person at work in an adjoining field. Mr. Power galloped into the field, attended by his son and a servant, and leveling a pistol at the man's head, called on him to surrender (but exhibited no warrant for his apprehension). The man flung a stone at his assailant, whereupon Mr. Power, taking deliberate aim, mortally wounded the man in the body. This was not sufficient; he placed the wounded man on horseback behind his servant, and thus conveyed him to town, and in the first instance to his own place of abode, and then to jail."

Lady Blessington added, that "she remembered with horror

states that Mr. Power, in the stormy period of 1798 and some succeeding years, sought to obtain local influence and distinction by hunting down the peasantry at the head of a troop of mounted yeomanry. He succeeded in being made a magistrate. He was in the habit of scouring the country for suspected parties around his residence.

At a period when martial law was in full force throughout the country, Mr. Power, in one of his scouring expeditions in his district, met a young lad going along the road, with a pitchfork in his hand, the son of an old widow woman living on the property of Mr. Ryan's father. Mr. Power, on seeing the lad, at once decided he was a rebel, and his pitchfork was an evidence of treasonable intentions. The sight of the well-known terrorist and his troopers was at once sufficient to put the lad to flight -he ran into a field. Mr. Power fired at him as he was running; the shot took effect, and death shortly afterward was the result. Mrs. Ryan states, the widow and her son (her only child) were harmless, honest, well-disposed people, much liked in the neighborhood. The lad, having broken the prong of his fork, was proceeding to the smith's forge in the evening of the day referred to to get it mended, when he had the misfortune to fall in with Mr. Power at an angle of a road, and was murdered by him. Before the poor lad had left the cabin, his mother subsequently stated that she had said to him, "Johnny, dear, it's too late to go : maybe Mr. Power and the yeomen are out." The lad said, "Never mind, mother, I'll only leave the fork and come back immediately ; you know I can't do without it to-morrow. The widow watched for her son all night long in vain. He returned to her no more. She made fruitless inquiries at the amith's. She went into Clonmel in the morning, and there she learned her son had been shot by Mr. Power.

The usual brutality of exposing the mutilated body of a presumed rebel in front of the jail was gone through in this case. The widow recognized the remains of her only child. Her piercing shricks attracted attention. They soon ceased; some of the bystanders carried away the old creature senseless and speechless. She had no one now of kith or kin to help her, no

one at home to mind her, and she was unable to mind herself. Mrs. Ryan's father, a humane, good-hearted man, took pity on the poor old forlorn creature. He had her brought to his own home, and she remained an inmate of it to the day of her death. The children of this good man have a rich inheritance in his memory to be proud of and thankful to God for. The old woman never wholly recovered the shock she had sustained; she moped and pined away in a state of listless apathy, that merged eventually into a state of hypochondria, and in a paroxysm of despondency she attempted to put an end to her existence by cutting her throat.

Strange to say, although the windpipe was severed, and she lost a great deal of blood, the principal arteries being uninjured, with timely assistance and the best medical care she partially recovered, and was restored, not only to tolerable bodily health, but to a comparatively sound state of mind also. She died after a year or two. Scarcely any one out of Ryan's house cared for her or spoke about her; nothing more was heard of her or hers, but the voice of her innocent son's blood went up to heaven.

The ways and wisdom of heaven are inscrutable indeed. Mr. Power, who shed that innocent blood, lived for some years in the midst of revelry and riot, and eventually died in his bed, not wanting for any of the necessaries or comforts of life, with ample time, but with no disposition for repentance for an illspent life.

But the eldest son of Mr. Power, Michael, a noble-minded, generous, kindly-disposed youth, who looked with horror on the acts of his father, and was forced to witness the last barbarous outrage of his, to which reference has been just made, who never spoke to his sister Marguerite of that terrible outrage without shuddering at its enormity—he died in a distant land, in the prime of life, suddenly, without previous warning or apprehension of his untimely fate.]

"About this time," says Miss Power, "Anne, the eldest of the family, was attacked by a nervous fever, partly the result of the terror and anxiety into which the whole of the family were plunged by the misfortunes which gathered round them,

aggravated by the frequent and terrible outbreaks of rage to which their father, always passionate, now became more than ever subject. In spite of every effort, this lovely child, whose affectionate disposition and endearing qualities entirely precluded any feeling of jealousy which the constant praises of her extreme beauty, to the disparagement of Marguerite, might have excited in the breast of the latter, fell a victim to the disease, and not long after, Edmund, the second son, also died."

"These successive misfortunes so impaired the health and depressed the spirits of the mother, that the gloom continued to fall deeper and deeper over the house.

"Thus matters continued for some years, though there were moments when the natural buoyancy of childhood caused the younger members of the family to find relief from the cloud of sorrow and anxiety that hung over their home. The love of society still entertained by their father brought not unfrequent guests to his board, and enabled his children to mix with the families around. Among those who visited at his house were some whose names have been honorably known to their country. Lord Hutchinson and his brothers, Curran, the brilliant and witty Lysaght, Generals Sir Robert Mac Farlane, and Sir Colquhoun Grant—then lieutenant colonels—officers of various ranks, and other men of talent and merit, were among these visitors, and their society and conversation were the greatest delight of Marguerite, who, child as she was, was perfectly capable of understanding and appreciating their superiority."

[Among those also, in 1804, who were intimately acquainted with the Powers, were Captain Henry Hardinge, of the 47th Regiment of Foot, Captain Archibald Campbell, Major Edward Blakeney, and Captain James Murray of the same regiment.]

"At fourteen, Marguerite began to enter into the society of grown-up persons, an event which afforded her no small satisfaction, as that of children, with the exception of her brothers and sisters, especially Ellen, from whom she was almost inseparable, had but little charm for her. Ellen, who was somewhat

\* Lady Blessington, in the account of the family given to me by her ladyship, makes no mention of a son named Edmund .- R. R. M.

Vor. I.-B

more than a year her junior, shared the beauty of her family, a fact of which Marguerite, instead of being jealous, was proud, and the greatest affection subsisted between the sisters, though there was but little similarity in their dispositions or pursuits. In order that they might not be separated, Ellen, notwithstanding her extreme youth, was permitted to accompany her sister into the society of Tipperary, that is to say, to assemblies held there once a week, called Coteries. These, though music and dancing were the principal amusements, were not considered as balls, to which only girls of riper years were admitted. Here, though Ellen's beauty at first procured her much more notice and admiration than fell to the lot of her sister, the latter, ere long, began to attract no inconsiderable degree of attention. Her dancing was singularly graceful, and the intelligence of her conversation produced more lasting impressions than mere physical beauty could have won.

"About this period the 47th Regiment arrived, and was stationed at Clonmel, and, according to the custom of country towns, particularly in Ireland, all the houses of the leading gentry were thrown open to receive the officers with due attention.

"At a dinner given to them by her father, Marguerite was treated with marked attention by two of them, Captain Murray and Captain Farmer, and this attention was renewed at a juvenile ball given shortly after.

"The admiration of Captain Murray, although it failed to win so very youthful a heart, pleased and flattered her, while that of Captain Farmer excited nothing but mingled fear and distaste. She hardly knew why; for young, good-looking, and with much to win the good graces of her sex, he was generally considered as more than equal to Captain Murray in the power of pleasing.

"An instinct, however, which she could neither define nor control, increased her dislike to such a degree at every succeeding interview, that Captain Farmer, perceiving it was in vain to address her personally, applied to her parents, unknown to her, offering his hand, with the most liberal proposals which a good fortune enabled him to make. In ignorance of an event

which was destined to work so important a change in her destiny, Marguerite received a similar proposal from Captain Murray, who at the same time informed her of the course adopted by his brother officer, and revealed a fact which perhaps accounted for the instinctive dread she felt for him."

[Captain Farmer was subject to fits of ungovernable passion, at times so violent as to endanger the safety of himself and those around him; and at all times there was about him a certain wildness and abruptness of speech and gesture, which left the impression on her mind that he was insane.]

"Astonishment, embarrassment, and incredulity were the feelings uppermost in the girl's mind at a communication so every way strange and unexpected.

"A few days proved to her that the information of Captain Farmer's having addressed himself to her parents was but too true; and the further discovery that these addresses were sanctioned by them, filled her with anxiety and dismay. She knew the embarrassed circumstances of her father, the desire he would naturally feel to secure a union so advantageous in a worldly point of view for one of his children, and she knew, too, his fiery temper, his violent resistance of any attempt at opposition, and the little respect, or consideration, he entertained for the wishes of any of his family when contrary to his own. Her mother, too, gave but little heed to what she considered as the foolish and romantic notions of a child who was much too young to be consulted in the matter. Despite of tears, prayers, and entreaties, the unfortunate girl was compelled to yield to the commands of her inexorable parents; and, at fourtcen and a half, she was united to a man who inspired her with nothing but feelings of terror and detestation.""

[Captain Maurice St. Leger Farmer entered the army in February, 1795; he had been on half pay in 1802, and obtained his company the 9th of July, 1803, in the 47th Regiment of Foot.<sup>†</sup> In 1805 he continued in the same regiment, but in 1806

<sup>\*</sup> The brideman of Captain Farmer was a Captain Hardinge, of the 47th Regiment. The captain became a general, and is now a lord.-R. R. M.

<sup>†</sup> Vide Army Lists for 1804, 5, 6.

his name is not to be found in the Army List, neither of officers on full or on half pay.]

"The result of such a union may be guessed. Her husband could not but be conscious of the sentiment she entertained toward him, though she endeavored to conceal the extent of her aversion; and this conviction, acting upon his peculiarly excitable temperament, produced such frequent and terrible paroxyams of rage and jealousy, that his victim trembled in his presence. It were needless to relate the details of the period of misery, distress, and harrowing fear through which Marguerite, a child in years, though old in suffering, passed. Denied in her entreaties to be permitted to return to the house of her parents, she at last, in positive terror for her personal safety, fled from the roof of her husband to return no more."

[There is a slight mistake in the passage above referred to. On Lady Blessington's own authority I am able to state, that she did return to her father's house, though she was very reluctantly received there. The particulars of this unhappy marriage had best be given in the words of Lady Blessington, and the following is an account of it, furnished me by her ladyship on the 15th of October, 1853.

"Her father was in a ruined position at the time Lady Blessington was brought home from school, a mere child, and treated as such. Among his military friends, she then saw a Captain Farmer for the first time ; he appeared on very intimate terms with her father, but when she first met him, her father did not introduce her to him; in fact, she was looked on then as a mere school-girl, whom it was not necessary to introduce to any stranger. In a day or two her father told her she was not to return to school : he had decided that she was to marry Captain Farmer. This intelligence astonished her; she burst out crying, and a scene ensued in which his menaces and her protestations against his determination terminated violently. Her mother unfortunately sided with her father, and eventually, by caressing entreaties and representations of the advantages her father looked forward to from this match with a man of Captain Farmer's affluence, she was persuaded to sacrifice herself,

and to marry a man for whom she felt the utmost repugnance. She had not been long under her husband's roof before it became evident to her that her husband was subject to fits of insanity, and his own relatives informed her that her father had been acquainted by them that Captain Farmer had been insane ; but this information had been concealed from her by her father. She lived with him about three months, and during this time he frequently treated her with personal violence ; he used to strike her on the face, pinch her till her arms were black and blue, lock her up whenever he went abroad, and often has left her without food till she felt almost famished. He was ordered to join his regiment, which was encamped at the Curragh of Kildare. Lady Blessington refused to accompany him there, and was permitted to remove to her father's house, to remain there during his absence. Captain Farmer joined his regiment, and had not been many days with it, when, in a quarrel with his colonel, he drew his sword on the former, and the result of this insane act (for such it was allowed to be) was, that he was obliged to quit the service, being permitted to sell his commission. The friends of Captain Farmer now prevailed on him to go to India (I think Lady Blessington said in the Company's service); she, however, refused to go with him, and remained at her father's."

Such is the account given to me by Lady Blessington, and for the accuracy of the above report of it I can vouch; though, of course, I can offer no opinion as to the justice of her conclusions in regard to the insanity of Captain Farmer. But it must be stated fully and unreservedly that the account given by her ladyship of the causes of the separation, and those set forth in a recent communication of a brother of Captain Farmer to the editor of a Dublin evening paper are in some respects at variance.

But in one important point the statement of the brother of Captain Farmer, in contradiction of the account given by Lady Blessington's niece of the habits of Captain Farmer, must be erroneous, if the finding of the jury at the inquest held on his body, and the evidence of the deputy marshal of the prison be correct. Mr. John Sheehy, now residing in Clonmel, the cousin of Lady

Blessington, informs me that "he has a perfect recollection of the marriage of Lady Blessington with Captain Farmer. His father considered it a forced marriage, and used to speak of the violence done to the poor girl by her father as an act of tyranny. It was an unfortunate marriage," says Mr. Sheehy, "and it led to great misfortunes. It was impossible for her to live with Captain Farmer. She fled from him, and sought refuge in her father's house.

"She refused to return to her husband, and a separation was agreed on by the parties. Mrs. Farmer found herself very unhappily circumstanced in her former home. Her father was unkind, and sometimes more than unkind to her. She was looked on as an interloper in the house, as one who interfered with the prospects and advancement in life of her sisters. It was supposed that one of the military friends of Mr. Power's, and a frequent visitor at his house, Captain Jenkins, then stationed at Tullow, had been disposed to pay his addresses to Miss Ellen Power, and to have married her, and was prevented by other stronger impressions made on him by one then wholly unconscious of the influence exerted by her."<sup>\*\*</sup> The supposition, however, was an erroneous one.

Captain Jenkins was brought up in the expectation of inheriting a large fortune in Hampshire, and was ultimately disappointed in that expectation. For several years he had a large income, and having expended a great deal of money previously to his marriage, had been for many years greatly embarrassed. His embarrassments, however, did not prevent him from retain-

 The officer referred to by Mr. Sheehy was a Captain Thomas Jenkins, of the 11th Light Dragoons, a gentleman of a good family in Hampshire, and of very large expectations of fortune.

By the Army List we find this gentleman entered the army in December, 1801. He held the rank of lieutenant in the 11th Light Dragoons in January, 1802. In December, 1806, he obtained a captaincy, and continued to hold the same rank in that regiment till after the peace in 1815. In 1809 he was domiciled in Dublin, in Holles Street, and Mrs. Farmer was then also reaiding in Dublin. In 1886 his name disappears from the Army Lists. He had an establishment at Sidmanton, in Hampshire, for three or four years previously to 1814. He served with his regiment in the latter part of the Peninsular campaign, and was absent from Sidmanton nearly two years.—R. M.

ing the esteem and regard of all who had known him in his more prosperous circumstances. He was a generous man, an amiable and high-minded gentleman, of elegant manners and pleasing address. He married, when rather advanced in years, the Baroness Calabrella—a sister of a gentleman of some notoriety in his day, Mr. Ball Hughes—the widow first of a Mr. Lee, and secondly of a Mr. De Blaquiere. This lady, who was possessed of considerable means, purchased a small property on the Continent, with some rights of seigniorage appertaining to it, from which the title is derived which she now bears.

She resided for some years in Abbeville, up to a short period, I believe, of her second husband's death, which took place in Paris.

This lady is the talented authoress of several remarkable productions, was long intimately acquainted with Lady Blessington, and held in very high estimation by her ladyship.

"The house of Mr. Power," Mr. Sheehy states, "was made so disagreeable to Mrs. Farmer, that she might be said to have been driven to the necessity of seeking shelter elsewhere.

"He remembers Mrs. Farmer residing at Tullow, in the county of Waterford, four miles from Lismore. His own family was then living at Cappoquin, within seven miles of Tullow. Mrs. Farmer wrote to her uncle and his daughters, but he disapproved of her separation from Captain Farmer, and refused on that account to allow his daughter to visit her.

"Previously to her marriage with Captain Farmer," he adds, "idle persons gossiped about her alleged love of ball-room distinction and intimacy with persons remarkable for gayety and pleasure. But there was no ground for the rumor."

Another gentleman well acquainted with the family, Alderman H—, says: "Mrs. Farmer lived for nearly three years with her husband at different places. After the separation, she sojourned for some time with her aunt, Mrs. Gleeson, the wife of Dr. Gleeson, who lived at Ringville, near Dungarvan. She resided also occasionally at her father's with her sister Ellen, mas reproche (but not without great trials); her husband treated her hadly."

Mr. Jeremiah Meagher, British Vice-Consul at Lisbon, inform-

ed me that he was in the employment of Mr. Power, in connection with the Clonmel Gazette, in 1804, at the period of the marriage of Marguerite Power with Captain Farmer; that subsequently to it he knew her when she was residing at Cahir.

Mr. Meagher speaks in terms of the strongest regard for her. "He never knew a person so inclined to act kindly toward others, to do any thing that lay in her power to serve others; he never knew a person naturally better disposed, or one possessing so much goodness of heart. He knew her from childhood to the period of her marriage, and some years subsequently to it; and of all the children of Mr. Power, Marguerite was his favorite."

This is the testimony of a very honest and upright man.

Mr. Meagher says: "She resided at Cahir so late as 1807. He thinks Captain Jenkins' intimacy with the Power family commenced in 1807." And another informant, Mr. Wright, son of Bernard Wright, states that Mrs. Farmer, while residing at Cahir, visited frequently at Lord Glengall's. Other persons have a recollection of Colonel Stewart, of Killymoon, being a favorite guest at the house of Mr. Power at many entertainments between 1806 and 1807.

The Tyrone militia was stationed at Clonmel or in its vicinity about the period of Captain Farmer's marriage with Miss Power, or not long after that event.

The colonel of this regiment was the Earl of Caledon (date of appointment, 11th of August, 1804). The lieutenant colonel, Lord Mountjoy (date of appointment, 28th of September, 1804). His lordship was succeeded in the lieutenant colonelcy by William Stewart, Esq., son of Sir J. Stewart, of Killymoon (date of appointment, 16th of April, 1805), and he continued to hold that rank from 1805 to 1812. As an intimate friend of Lady Blessington and her sister, Lady Canterbury, a few words of Colonel Stewart may not be out of place.

He was a descendant of the junior branch of the Stewarts of Ochiltree, who were related to the royal line, and who received large grants from James I. after his accession to the British throne. Colonel Stewart's splendid seat and magnificent demesne of Killymoon were hardly equaled, for elegant taste and

beauty of situation and scenery, in the county of Tyrone. The library, the remains of which I saw immediately after the sale of the property in 1850, was one of the richest in Ireland in Italian literature. The colonel had been much in Italy, and had carried back with him the tastes and habits of an accomplished traveler, and a lover of Italian lore. His personal appearance and manners were remarkable for elegance, and were no less prepossessing and attractive than his mental qualities and accomplishments.

Sir John Stewart, the father of the late Colonel Stewart, died in October, 1825, at his seat, Killymoon. He had been a distinguished member of the Dungannon volunteer convention. "Sir John had been returned six times for the county Tyrone, and had been a member of the Irish and Imperial Parliament for forty years, during which time he was a steady, uniform, and zealous supporter of the Constitution in church and state. He filled the offices of counsel to the Revenue Board, Solicitor General, and Attorney General; and of him it was truly observed by an aged statesman, 'that he was one of the few men who grew more humble the higher he advanced in political station.' Sir John was married in the year 1790 to Miss Archdale, sister of General Archdale, M.P. for the county of Fermanagh, by whom he had two sons and a daughter.''\*

In the several notices of Lady Blessington that have been published, there is a hiatus in the account given that leaves a period of about nine years unnoticed.

In 1807 she was living at Cahir, in the county Tipperary, separated from her husband; in 1809 she was sojourning in Dublin; a little later she was residing in Hampshire; in 1816, we find her established in Manchester Square, London; and at the commencement of 1818, on the point of marriage with an Irish nobleman.

The task I have proposed to myself does not render it necessary for me to do more than glance at the fact, and to cite a few passages more from the Memoir of Miss Power.]

"Circumstances having at last induced Mrs. Farmer to fix "Annual Register, Appendix to Chronicle, 1825, p. 286.

B 2

upon London as a residence, she established herself in a house in Manchester Square, where, with her brother Robert (Michael had died some years previously), she remained for a considerable period.

"Notwithstanding the troublons scenes through which she had passed, the beauty denied in her childhood had gradually budded and blossomed into a degree of loveliness which many now living can attest, and which Lawrence painted, and Byron sung."

[Among the visitors at her house, we are told by Miss Power, was the Earl of Blessington, then a widower. And on the occurrence of an event in 1817 which placed the destiny of Mrs. Farmer in her own hands, his lordship's admiration was soon made known, and proposals of marriage were offered to her, and accepted by her, in 1818.

The event above referred to was the death of Captain Farmer. Captain Farmer, subsequently to the separation about 1807, having left his regiment, still serving in Ireland, went to the East Indies, obtained an employment there, and remained in it a few years. He returned to England about 1816, and being acquainted with persons involved in pecuniary embarrassments, who had been thrown into prison during their confinement within the rules of the Fleet, he visted them frequently, lived freely, and, I believe it may be added, riotously, with his imprisoned friends.

On one occasion, of a festive nature, after having been regaled by them, and indulging to excess, in the act of endeavoring to sally forth from the room where the entertainment had been given, he rushed out of the room, placed himself on the ledge of the window to escape the importunities of his associates, fell to the ground in the court-yard, and died of the wounds he received a little later.

From the "Morning Herald" of October 28th, 1817, the following account is taken of the inquest on Captain Maurice Farmer :

"An inquisition has been taken at the Bear and Rummer, Wells Street, Middlesex Hospital, on the body of Captain Maurice Farmer, who was killed by falling from a window in the

King's Beach Prison. The deceased was a captain in the army, upon half pay; and having received an appointment in the service of the Spanish Patriots, went, on Tuesday week, to take leave of some friends confined in the King's Bench Prison. The party drank four quarts of rum, and were all intoxicated. When the deceased rose to go home, his friends locked the door of the room to prevent him. Apprehensive that they meant to detain him all night, as they had done twice before, he threw up the window and threatened to jump out if they did not release him. Finding this of no avail, he got upon the ledge, and, while expostulating with them, lost his balance. He hung on for some minutes by his hands, but his friends were too much intoxicated to be able to relieve him. He consequently fell from the two pair, and had one thigh and one arm broken, and the violence with which his head came in contact with the ground produced an effusion of blood on the brain. He was taken up in a state of insensibility, and conveyed to the Middlesex Hospital, where he died on Tuesday last. The deputy marshal of the King's Bench Prison attended the inquest. He stated that the friends of the deceased had no intention of injuring him ; but, from the gross impropriety of their conduct, the marshal had committed them to Horsemonger Lane Jail, to one month's solitary confinement.

"The jury came to the following verdict: 'The deceased came to his death by accidentally falling from a window in the King's Bench Prison when in a state of intoxication.'"

In that statement made to me by Lady Blessington in 1843, to which I have previously referred, I was informed, "In a few days after Captain Farmer's death, Perry, of the Morning Chronicle (then unknown to Lord Blessington), addressed a note to Lord Blessington, inclosing a statement, purporting to be an account of the death of Captain Farmer, sent to him for insertion in his paper, throwing an air of mystery over the recent catastrophe, asserting things that were utterly unfounded, and entering into many particulars in connection with his marriage. The simple statement of the facts on the part of Lord Blessington to Ferry sufficed to prevent the insertion of this infamous slander,

and laid the foundation of a lasting friendship between Lord and Lady Blessington, and the worthy man who was then editor of the 'Morning Chronicle.'"

Mr. Power, in the mean time, had become a ruined man, bankrupt in fortune, character, and domestic happiness. He removed to Dublin from Clonmel, and there, in Clarendon Street, Mrs. Power died, far advanced in years. Her husband married a second time, upward of twenty years ago, a Mrs. Hymes, widow of a brewer of Limerick. This lady, whose maiden name was Vize, was a native of Clonmel. He had been supported for a great many years previously to his death by his two daughters, Lady Blessington and Lady Canterbury, who jointly contributed the sum of one hundred and twenty pounds a year toward his maintenance. He possessed no other means of subsistence, having assigned over to his son a small farm which he possessed in the county of Waterford at the time the arrangement was entered into by his daughters to contribute each sixty pounds a year for his maintenance.

The claims on Lady Blessington were more extensive than can be well conceived. One member of her family had an annual stipend paid monthly, from the year 1836 to 1839 inclusive, of five pounds a month. In 1840 it was increased to eight pounds a month. From 1841 to 1847, inclusive, it was seven pounds a month. These payments, for which I have seen vouchers, amounted, in all, to the sum of seven hundred and eightyfour pounds. I have reason to believe the stipend was continued to be paid in 1848, which additional sum would make the amount eight hundred and sixty-eight pounds devoted to the assistance of one relative alone, exclusive of other occasional contributions on particular occasions.

Miss Mary Anne Power, the youngest sister of Lady Blessington, married, in 1831, an old French nobleman of ancient family, the Count Saint Marsault. The disparity of years in this alliance was too great to afford much expectation of felicity. The count returned to his own country, and his wife returned to her native land, preserving there, as elsewhere, a character for some sccentricity, but one uniformly irreproachable.

Mrs. Dogherty, to whom allusion is made in the letters of Lady Blessington, was a relative of a Mr. Edward Quinlan, of Clonmel, an old gentleman of considerable means, who had been connected by marriage with Lady Blessington's mother (vide genealogical account of the Sheehy family). Mr. Quinlan died in November, 1836, leaving large fortunes to his daughters. On the occasion of the trial of Edmund Power for the murder of the boy Lonergan, till Mr. Quinlan came forward with a sum of fifty pounds as a loan to Power, the latter was actually unable at the time to engage counsel for his defense.

The Countess St. Marsault went to reside with her father on her arrival in Ireland, first at Arklow, afterward in lodgings at No. 18 Camden Street, Dublin, and next at 5 Lower Dorset Street, where, in the latter part of October, 1836, Mr. Power was reduced to such a helpless state of bodily debility and suffering, that he was "unable to make the slightest movement without screaming and groaning with agony." He was attended in Dublin by a relative of his, a Dr. Kirwan, a first cousin. He appears to have died in the early part of 1837. On the 30th of January, 1837, the Countess of St. Marsault was no longer residing in Dublin, but was then domesticated at the abode of an old lady of the name of Dogherty, a relative of hers, at Mont Bruis, near Cashel, in the county of Tipperary. There she remained for nearly a year. "After an absence of thirty years she visited Clonmel." The date of this visit was April, 1837. She must then have quitted Clonmel in 1807, in very early childhood. In 1839 she returned to England.

Mr. Power, at the time of his decease, was seventy years of age. A youth passed without the benefit of experience, had merged into manhood without the restraints of religion, or the influences of kindly home affections, and terminated in age without wisdom, or honor, or respect, and death without solemnity, or the semblance of any becoming fitness for its encounter. The day before he died, the only thing he could boast of to a friend who visited him was, that he had been able to take his four or five tumblers of punch the evening before.

This brief outline brings us to the period of the marriage of

38

Lord and Lady Blessington, at which it will be my province to commence the history of the literary career of her ladyship.

Of Lockhart's "Life of Scott," it has been observed, "There we have the author and the man in every stage of his career, and in every capacity of his existence—Scott in his study and in court—in his family and in society—in his favorite haunts and lightest amusements. There he is to be seen in the exact relation in which he stood to his children, his intimates, his acquaintances, and dependants—the central figure, and the circle which surrounded it (Constable, the Ballantynes, Erskine, Terry, and a score or two besides), all drawn with such individuality of feature, and all painted in such vivid colors, that we seem not to be moving among the shadows of the dead, but to live with the men themselves."

I hope, at least in one particular, it will be found I have endeavored to follow, even at an humble distance, the example of Scott's biographer, in placing before my readers the subject of my work in a life-like, truthful manner, as she was before the public in her works and in her saloons, and also in her private relations toward her friends and relatives.]

# CHAPTER I.

# NOTICE OF THE EARL OF BLESSINGTON-HIS ORIGIN, EARLY CA-REER, FIRST AND SECOND MARRIAGE, ETC.

THE first Earl of Blessington was a descendant of the Walter Stewart, or Steward, who, "on account of his high descent, and being the nearest branch of the royal family of Scotland," we are told by Lodge,<sup>†</sup> "was created Seneschal, or Lord High Stuart of Scotland, or Receiver of the Royal Revenues, from which office his family afterward took and retained their surname of Stewart." This office and dignity were created by Malcolm the Third, of Scotland, after the death of Macduffe, in 1057. The descendants of the Lord High Constable became the founders of

\* Literary Gazette, February 15, 1851.

† Irish Peerage, vol. ii., p. 198, ed. 8vo, 1754.

the house of Lenox, and one of them, by intermarriage with the daughter of King Robert Bruce, the founder of many noble families in England and Ireland. The first Stewart of this race who settled in Ireland was Sir William Stewart, of Aughentean and of Newtown Stewart, in the county of Tyrone, and his brother, Sir Robert Stewart, of Culmore, knights, "both very active and able gentlemen in the distracted times of King Charles the First." Sir Robert came into Ireland in the reign of James the First. He received from that monarch, for his Irish services, various grants of rectories and other Church property in Leitrim, Cavan, and Fermanagh, and subsequently a large tract of country of the confiscated lands of Ulster was obtained by his brother William. In 1641 he raised and commanded a troop of horse and a regiment of foot of one thousand men. He was made Governor of Derry in 1643, and in that year totally routed the Irish under Owen O'Neill at Clones. He and his brother, hav-. ing refused to take the Covenant, were deprived of their command, and sent, by Monek's orders, prisoners to London. After many vicissitudes, Sir Robert returned to Ireland, and was appointed governor of the city and county of Derry in 1660. Sir William, "being in great favor with James the First, became an undertaker for the plantation of escheated lands in Ulster." He was created a baronet in 1623. He assisted largely in the plantation of Ulster, and profited extensively hy it. He was a member of the Privy Council in the time of King James the First and Charles the First. At the head of his regiment, he, with his brother's aid, routed Sir Phelim O'Neill at Strabane. He left many children; his eldest son, Sir Alexander Stewart, sided with the Covenanters in 1648. He was killed at the battle of Dunbar, in Scotland, in 1653. By his marriage with a daughter of Sir Robert Newcomen, he had issue Sir William Stewart, who was made Custos Rotulorum of the county of Donegal in 1678, and was advanced to the dignity of Baron Stewart of Ramaltan, and Viscount Mountjoy, in 1682, being constituted at the same time Master General of the Ordnance and colonel of a regiment of horse.

William Stewart, first Viscount Mountjoy, was slain at the

40

battle of Steinkirk, in Flanders, in 1692. He was succeeded by his son William, Viscount Mountjoy, who died in Bordeaux, without issue.\*

Alexander, brother of the preceding William, died during the lifetime of his brother, leaving an only daughter.

The Right Honorable Luke Gardiner, member of Parliament and privy councilor, married, in 1711, Anne, sole daughter and heiress of the Honorable Alexander Stewart, second son of William, first Viscount Mountjoy.<sup>†</sup>

Lord Primate Boulter recommended Mr. Luke Gardiner as a fit and proper person to be made a privy councilor. His views of fitness for that high office led him to look out for a sturdy *parvenu* of Irish descent, without regard to ancestry, who was capable of curbing the degenerate lords of the English Pale, and gentlemen in Parliament descended from English undertakers, too influential to be easily managed, who had become "Hiberniores quam Hibernis ipsis;" in a few words, "such a one as Mr. ... Gardiner, to help to keep others in order" in the Privy Council.

Primate Boulter, in a communication to the English minister recommending Mr. Gardiner, said :

"There is another affair which I troubled the Duke of Dorset about, and which I beg leave to lay before your grace, which is the making Mr. Gardiner a privy councilor. He is deputy to the vice-treasurer of this kingdom, and one of the most useful of his majesty's servants here, as your grace will be fully satisfied when you do us the honor to be with us. There is nobody here more against increasing the number of privy councilors than I am, who think they are by much too numerous; but it

\* Ezshaw's London Magazine, 1754, p. 259.

+ Luke Gardiner's generally supposed origin and rise in the world from a menial station in the service of Mr. White, of Leixlip Castle, a descendant of Sir Nicholas White, the owner and occupier of the castle in 1666, were subjects of some satirical pasquinades and witticisms in the early part of the last century. In reference to his alleged former servile situation, it was said that a noble friend of his, in embarrassed circumstances, once observed to him, on seeing him enter his carriage, "How does it happen, Gardiner, you never make a mistake and get up behind ?" To which Gardiner replied, "Some people, my lord, who have been long accustomed to going in, remain at last on the outside, and can neither get in neve up again."

is because many have been brought in without any knowledge of business or particular attachment to his majesty's service, merely for being members of either house of Parliament, that we want such a one as Mr. Gardiner to help to keep others in order; as he is most zealously attached to his majesty by affection as well as by interest, and is a thorough man of business, and of great weight in the country."

The practice of making Jews officers in the Inquisition was thought to have worked well in Spain, and to have served to keep the grandees in order.

Luke Gardiner died at Bath in 1753, and was succeeded in his estates by his son, Charles Gardiner, who, on the demise of his maternal grandfather (when the male line of the Stewart family ceased), succeeded to all the property of the late lord. He married in 1741, and at his death left several children.

His oldest son, the Right Honorable Luke Gardiner, inherited the Mountjoy estates. He was born in 1745, represented the city of Dublin in Parliament, was made a privy councilor, and held the rank of colonel in the Dublin volunteers, and subsequently in the Dublin militia. He held a command, also, in a volunteer corps in his native county. The Mountjoy title was genewed in his person. In 1789 he was created a baron, and in 1795 was advanced to the dignity of Viscount Mountjoy. He married, in 1773, the eldest daughter of a Scotch baronet, Sir William Montgomery, and sister of Anne, Marchioness of .Townsend, by whom he had issue two sons, Luke and Charles John, and several daughters.

1st. Luke, who died in 1781, in infancy.

2d. Charles John, who succeeded his father, second Viscount Mountjoy, the late Earl of Blessington, born the 19th July, 1782.

3d. Florinda, who died in 1786, aged twelve years.

4th. Louisa, born in 1775, who married the Right Reverend Robert Fowler, D.D., Bishop of Dromore, and died in 1848, aged seventy-three years.

5th. Harriet, born in 1776, died in 1849, aged seventy-three years.

· Boulter's Latters.

6th. Emily, who died in 1788.

7th. Caroline, who died in 1782.

8th. Elizabeth, who died in 1791, aged eight years.

His lordship married, secondly, in 1793, Margaret, the eldest daughter of Hector Wallis, by whom he had issue,

9th. Margaret, born in 1796, married the Honorable Hely Hutchinson, died in 1825.

The father of the late Earl of Blessington, the Right Honorable Luke Gardiner, Viscount Mountjoy, was an able and energetic man. In his zeal for the public weal, he was by no means unmindful of his own interests. He advocated warmly the claims of the Roman Catholics; he was one of the earliest and most zealous champions of their cause in the Irish Parliament. He took a very active and prominent part in the suppression of the rebellion of 1798; and on the 5th of June of that disastrous year, fell at the head of his regiment at the battle of New Ross.

Mr. John Graham, a small farmer, still living on the Mountjoy Forest estate, in the county of Tyrone, now in his eightysixth year, informs me the first Lord Mountjoy, in the year 1798, induced him to join his lordship's regiment, and to accompany him to Wexford. He was close to his lordship, at Three Bullet Gate, at the battle of New Ross, when the king's troops were attacked by a party of rebels, who lay in wait for them in the ditches on either side of the road, and commenced a heavy fire, which threw the troops into complete disorder. The general who was there in command ordered the troops to retreat; and they did retreat, with the exception of Lord Mountjoy and a few soldiers of his regiment. Graham saw his lordship fall from his horse mortally wounded, and when he next saw him he was dead, pierced by several balls and with many pike-wounds also.

Lord Mountjoy enjoyed several sinecures of considerable emolument. The two principal ones were hereditary. The caricaturists of his day devoted their sarcastic talents to the illustration of his supposed sinecurist propensities.\*

\* In one of these productions, inquiry is made "why a gardener is the most extraordinary man in the world," and the following reasons are assigned in reply to the query :

The Right Honorable Charles John Gardiner, second Viscount and Baron Mountjoy, in the county of Tyrone, at the time of his father's death in 1798, was in his seventeenth year. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he obtained the honorary degree of Master of Arts.\* In 1803 he was appointed lieutenant colonel of the Tyrone militia, and in 1807 a deputy lieutenant of the county of Tyrone; in 1809 he was elected a representative peer for Ireland, and advanced to the Barldom of Blessington, June 22d, 1816.

The origin of this latter title dates from 1763. Michael, Archbishop of Armagh (of the family of Boyle, Earl of Cork and Orrery), in 1665 was constituted Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, and in 1671 was sworn one of the lords justices. In 1689 his house at Blessington was plundered by the Irish. He died in 1702, and was buried in St. Patrick's church. His eldest son, Murrogh, by his second marriage with a daughter of Dermod, Earl of Inchiquin, was created Lord Viscount Blessington, in the county of Wicklow, by patent, in 1673. He died in 1718, and was succeeded by his son Charles. One of the daughters of the preceding Viscount, Anne, in 1696, married Sir William Stewart, third Viscount Mountjoy, born in 1709. Charles, the second Viscount Blessington, was member of Parliament for Blessington in the reigns of Queen Anne and George the First. The title became extinct by his lordship's death near Paris, without issue, in 1733.

The Sir William Stewart, third Viscount Mountjoy above mentioned, who married a daughter of Murrogh, Viscount Blessington, had been advanced to the dignity of an earl by the title of Earl of Blessington in 1745.<sup>†</sup>

"Because no man has more business upon earth, and he always chooses good grounds for what he does. He turns his thyme to the best account. He is master of the mint, and fingers penny royal; he raises his celery every year, and it is a bad year, indeed, that does not bring him in a plane; he has more boughs than a minister of state, does not want London pride, rakes a little under the rose, but would be more sage to keep the Fox from his inclosures, to destroy the rotten Burrogks, and to avoid the blasts from the North, and not to Foster corruption, lest a Flood should follow."

\* Among Lord Blessington's contemporaries at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1798, were the late Lord Dudley, Lord Ebrington, Bishop Heber, &c.

† Archdall's Peerage, vol. vi., p. 256.

Few young noblemen ever entered life with greater advantages than the young Viscount Mountjoy; he was possessed of a fine fortune at the time of his coming of age; he had received an excellent education, was possessed of some talents, and a great deal of shrewdness of observation, and quickness of perception in the discernment of talents and ability of any intellectual kind. He had a refined taste for literature and arts. In politics he was a faithful representative of his father's principles. From the commencement of his career to the close of it, he supported the cause of the Roman Catholics.

The first time that the Viscount Mountjoy spoke in the Honse of Lords, after having been elected a representative peer for Ireland in 1809, was in favor of a motion for the thanks of the House to Lord Viscount Wellington, and the army under his command, for the victory of Talavera; when Lord Mountjoy, in reply to the Earl of Grosvenor's opposition to the motion, said that "no general was better skilled in war, none more enlightened than Lord Viscount Wellington. The choice of a position at Talavera reflected lustre on his talents; the victory was as brilliant and glorious as any on record. It was entitled to the unanimous approbation of their lordships, and the eternal gratitude of Spain and of this country."

His lordship seldom attended his Parliamentary duties, and very seldom spoke.

On the queen's trial in 1820, in opposing the bill of pains and penalties, Lord Blessington spoke in vindication of the character of Mr. Powell (who had been engaged in the Milan commission, and was assistant solicitor for the bill), " and expressed much regret that that person had any thing to do with the Milan commission."

John Allan Powell, Esq., was an intimate acquaintance of the Blessingtons.

The young lord's manners, deportment, and demeanor were all in keeping with the qualities of his mind and the amiability of his disposition. That calamity was his, than which few greater misfortunes can befall a young man of large expectations—prided, courted, flattered and beset by evil influences,

the loss of a father's care, his counsel and control at the very age when these advantages are most needful to youth and inexperience.

The taste of all others which the young nobleman, on coming into his ample fortune, gave himself up to, was for the drama.

He patronized it liberally, and was allured into all the pleasures of its society. The green-room and its affairs—the interests, and rivalries, and intrigues of favorite actors and actresses, the business of private theatricals, the providing of costly dresses for them, the study of leading parts for their performance (for his lordship was led to believe his talents were of the first order for the stage), engaged the attention of the young nobleman too much, and gave a turn in the direction of self-indulgence to talents originally good, and tastes naturally inclined to elegance and refinement.

In 1822, Byron thus spoke of Lord Blessington as he remembered him in early life : "Mountjoy (for the Gardiners are the lineal race of the famous Irish viceroy" of that ilk) seems very good-natured, but is much tamed since I recollect him in all the glory of gems and snuff-boxes, and uniforms and theatricals, sitting to Strolling, the painter, to be depicted as one of the heroes of Agincourt."

His father's great fondness for him had contributed in some manner to the taste he had acquired in very early life for gorgeous ornaments, gaudy dresses, theatrical costumes, and military uniforms. At the period of the volunteering movement in Ireland, about 1788 or 1789, when the boy was not above six or seven years of age, his father had him equipped in a complete suit of volunteer uniform, and presented him thus to a great concourse of people with a diminutive sword in the poor child's hand, on the occasion of a grand review at Newtown Stewart, at the head of the corps that was commanded by his lordship.

\* The famous ford deputy to whom Byron alludes was a fierce manuder and respectator in the good old times of raid and of rapine of the good Queen Bess. Morrison, an English writer on Irish affairs (fol. 43), says, "Lord Mountjoy (the deputy) never received any to mercy but such as had drawn blood upon their follow-seles. Thus McMahon and McArt both offered to submit, but neither would be received without the other's head."

His lordship had been unfortunately allowed to think, almost from his boyhood, that no obstacle stood between him and the gratification of his desires that could not be removed; and the result was what might be expected.

This evil tendency to self-indulgence impeded the growth of all powers of self-control, and nourished a disposition to unrestrained profusion and extravagance, whenever the gratification of the senses or allurements of pleasure were in question.

His lordship, in the latter part of 1808 or the beginning of 1809, made the acquaintance of a lady of the name of Browne (née Campbell), remarkable for her attractions, and indebted to them chiefly, if not solely, for her distinction.

The young lord found some difficulties in the way of the resolution he had formed of marrying this lady, but the obstacles were removed; and while means were being taken for their removal and the marriage that was to follow it, Warwick House in Worthing was taken by his lordship for her abode, and there she resided for several months.

Mrs. Browne belonged to a Scotch family of respectability, of the name of Campbell, and, as I am informed, a brother of hers represented in Parliament the borough in which his native place was situated, and was connected with a baronet of the same name.

While the residence was kept up at Worthing, another place of abode was occasionally occupied in Portman Square, where his son Charles John was born. In 1811, his lordship took a house in Manchester Square, and there his daughter Emilie Rosalie was born. The following year he removed to Seymour Place, where he resided till the latter part of 1813.

In 1812, the death of Major Browne (long expected) having taken place, Lord Mountjoy married "Mary Campbell, widow of Major Browne," as we are informed by the Peerage.

Lord Mountjoy had not long resided in Seymour Place when he determined on going on the Continent. The health of Lady Mountjoy must have been at that period impaired. His lordship's friend and medical attendant, Mr. Tegart, of Pall Mall, recommended a young physician of high character to accom-

pany the tourists; and accordingly Dr. Bichardson (an old and valued friend of the author's) proceeded to France with them.

The circumstances are to be kept in mind of this marriage, the impediment to it, the waiting for the removal of it, the accomplishment of an object ardently desired, without reference to future consequences, without any regard for public opinion, or feelings of relatives; the restlessness of his lordship's mind, manifested in changes of abode, and the abandonment of his residence in London for the Continent soon after he had married, and had gone to considerable expense in fitting up that place of abode.

Lady Mountjoy did not long enjoy the honors of her elevated rank and new position. She died at St. Germain's, in France, the 9th of September, 1814. The legitimate issue of this marriage was, first, Lady Harriet Anne Frances Gardiner, born the 5th of August, 1812 (who married the Count Alfred D'Orsay the 1st of December, 1829; and, secondly, the Hon. Charles Spencer Cowper, third son of the late Earl Cowper, the 4th of January, 1853, the Count D'Orsay having died the 4th of August, 1852);\* second, the Right Hon. Luke Wellington, Viscount Mountjoy, born in 1814, who died in 1823, at the age of nine years and six months.

The children of whom mention is not made in the Peerage were :

First, Charles John, born in Portman Square, London, the 3d of February, 1810, now surviving, who retains a small portion of the Mountjoy Forest estate (the income from which is about  $\pounds 600$  a year); all that remains, with a trifling exception, of the wreck of that once vast property of the Earl of Blessington.

Second, Emilie Rosalie, commonly called Lady Mary Gardiner, born in Manchester Square, London, on the 24th of June, 1811 (who married C. White, Esq., and died in Paris without issue about 1848).

\* The Honorable Charles Spencer Cowper is the youngest son of the late Earl Cowper, who married in 1805 the Honorable Emily Mary Lamb, eldest daughter of Penniston, first Viscount Melbourne. Lord Cowper died at Putney in June, 1837. His widow married secondly Lord Palmerston, in 1830. The Honorable Charles Spencer Cowper, born in 1816, filled the office of Secretary of Legation In Florence.

Lord Mountjoy's grief at the loss of his lady was manifested in a funeral pageant of extraordinary magnificence on the occasion of the removal of her remains to England, and from thence to Ireland. One of the principal rooms in his lordship's Dublin residence, in Henrietta Street, was fitted up for the mournful occasion at an enormous cost. The body, placed in a coffin, sumptuously decorated, had been conveyed to Dublin by a London undertaker of eminence in the performance of state funerals, attended by six professional female mourners, suitably attired in mourning garments, and was laid out in a spacious room hung with black cloth, on an elevated catafalque, covered with a velvet pall of the finest texture, embroidered in gold and silver, which had been purchased in France for the occasion, and had recently been used at a public funeral in Paris of great pomp and splendor, that of Marshal Duroc. A large number of wax tapers were ranged round the catafalque, and the six professional female mutes, during the time the body lay in state, remained in attendance in the chamber in becoming attitudes, admirably regulated; while the London undertaker, attired in deep mourning, went through the dismal formality of conducting the friends of Lord Blessington who presented themselves to the place where the body was laid out; and as each person walked round the catafalque, and then retired, this official, having performed the lugubrious duties of master of the funeral solemnities, in a low tone expressed a hope that the arrangements were to the satisfaction of the visitor.

They ought to have been satisfactory; the cost of them (on the authority of the late Lady Blessington) was between £3000 and £4000.

The remains of the deceased lady were conveyed with great pomp to St. Thomas's Church, Marlborough Street, Dublin, and were deposited in the family vault of Lord Blessington, and are now mingled with the dust of the latest descendants of the illustrious Lord President Mountjoy.

One of the friends of Lord Blessington, who witnessed the gorgeous funeral spectacle, well acquainted with such pageants, informs me the magnificence of it was greater than that of any similar *performance* of private obsequies he ever saw.

But this great exhibition of extravagant grief, and the enormous outlay made for its manifestation, was in the bright and palmy days of Irish landlordism, when potatoes flourished, and people who had land in Ireland lived like princes. The Scotch haberdasher who now lords it over a portion of the broad lands of the Mountjoys will live, however, and bury his dead after a very different fashion.

The once gorgeous coffin, covered with rich silk velvet and adorned with gilt mounting, in which the remains of the "Right Hon. Mary Campbell, Viscountess Mountjoy," were deposited, is still recognizable by its foreign shape from the other surrounding receptacles of noble remains above it and beneath it. But the fine silk velvet of France, and the gilt mountings of the coffin of the Viscountess Mountjoy, have lost their lustre. Forty years of sepulchral damp and darkness have proved too much for the costly efforts of the noble Earl of Blessington to distinguish the remains of his much-loved lady from those of the adjacent dead.

About the latter part of 1815 Lord Blessington was in Ireland. He gave a dinner-party at his house in Henrietta Street, which was attended by several gentlemen, among whom were the Knight of Kerry, A. Hume, Esq., Thomas Moore, Sir P. C., Bart., James Corry, Esq., Captain Thomas Jenkins, of the 11th Light Dragoons, and one or two ladies. His lordship, on that occasion, seemed to have entirely recovered his spirits; and to one of the guests, who had not been in the house or the room, then the scene of great festivity, since the funeral solemnities which have been referred to had been witnessed by him there less than two years previously, the change seemed a very remarkable one. Captain Jenkins left the company at an early hour, to proceed that evening to England, and parted with his friends, not without very apparent feelings of emotion.

\* James Corry, Eaq., who figures a good deal in Moore's Journals, was a barrister, whose bag had never been encumbered with many, I believe I might say with any, briefs. He was admitted to the bar in 1796. For many years he filled the office of Secretary to the Trustees of the Linen Manufacture, in their offices in Lurgan Street. He was a man of wit and humor, assisted in all the private theatricals of his time, not only in Dublin, but in the provinces, and particularly these at the abade of Lord Mountjoy at Rash, mass Orangh.

VOL. I.-C

Lord Mountjoy did not long remain a widower. His lady died in September, 1814, and on the 16th of February, 1818, his lordship was united to a lady of the name of Farmer, who had become a widow four months previously—in 1817.

The marriage of Lord and Lady Blessington took place by special license, at the church in Bryanston Square. There were present Sir W. P. Campbell, Baronet, of Marchmont, William Purves, Esq., Robert Power, Esq., and F. S. Pole, Esq.

This work is not intended to be a biography of Lady Blessington, but to present a faithful account of her literary life and correspondence.

From the period of her marriage with the Earl of Blessington, that intercourse with eminent men and distinguished persons of various pursuits may be said to date; and from that period I profess to deal with it, so far as the information I have obtained, and the original letters and manuscripts of her ladyship in my hands, will enable me to do.

Mrs. Farmer had been separated from her husband, Captain Maurice St. Leger Farmer, of Poplar Hall, county Kildare, for upward of twelve years, resided much in England, at Sidmanton, in Hampshire, for several years previously to the termination of the war, and in the latter part of 1815 had made London her place of residence, and had a house taken for her in Manchester Square in 1816.\*

Lord Mountjoy's second marriage was entered into after an acquaintance that had commenced may years previously in Ireland, and had been long interrupted.

The lady of his love was then twenty-eight years of age, in the perfection of matured beauty—that bright and radiant beauty which derives its power not so much from harmony of features

\* There, in 1816, I am informed by one of the most eminent medical men in London, he had met Lord Blessington at dinner. I have likewise been informed by the late Mr. Arthur Tegart, of Pall Mall, then intimately acquainted with the parties, that he also had frequently met Lord Blessington at Mrs. Farmer's, but never unaccompanied by some mutual friend or acquaintance. Mr. Tegart, the intimate and medical attendant of Curran, Grattan, and Ponsonby, a gentleman most highly respected by all who knew him, and by none more than the writer of these lines, died in 1839, in his sixty-ainth year.

and symmetry of form, as from the animating influences of intelligence beaming forth from a mind full of joyous and of kindly feelings and of brilliant fancies—that kind of vivid loveliness which is never found where some degree of genius is not. Her form was exquisitely moulded, with an inclination to fullness; but no finer proportions could be imagined; her movements were graceful and natural at all times, in her merriest as well as in her gravest moods.

The peculiar character of Lady Blessington's beauty seemed to be the entire, exact, and instantaneous correspondence of every feature, and each separate trait of her countenance, with the emotion of her mind, which any particular subject of conversation or object of attention might excite. The instant a joyous thought took possession of her fancy, you saw it transmitted as if by electrical agency to her glowing features; you read it in her sparkling eyes, her laughing lips, her cheerful looks; you heard it expressed in her ringing laugh, clear and sweet as the gay, joy-bell sounds of childhood's merriest tones.

There was a geniality in the warmth of her Irish feelings, an abandonment of all care, of all apparent consciousness of her powers of attraction, a glowing sunshine of good humor, and of good nature in the smiles and laughter, and the sallies of the wit of this lovely woman in her early and her happy days (those of her Italian life, especially from 1823 to 1826), such as have been seldom surpassed in the looks, gesture, or expression of any other person, however beautiful. The influence of her attraction was of that kind described by the poet:

"When the loveliest expression to features are joined,

By nature's most delicate pencil designed,

And blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,

Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart."

Her voice was ever sweetly modulated and low—"an excellent thing in woman!" Its tones were always in harmonious concord with the traits of her expressive features. There was a cordiality, a clear, silver-toned hilarity, a correspondence in them, apparently with all her sensations, that made her hearers feel "she spoke to them with every part of her being," and that

52

their communication was with a kindly-hearted, genial person, of womanly feelings and sentiments. The girlish-like joyousness of her laugh, the genuine gayety of her heart, of her "petit ris follatre," the éclats of those Jordan-like outbursts of exuberant mirthfulness which she was wont to indulge in—contributed not a little to her power of fascination. All the beauty of Lady Blessington, without the exquisito sweetness of her voice, and the witchery of its tones in pleasing or expressing pleasure, would have been only a secondary attraction.

Mirabeau, in one of his letters, descants on the perfections of a French lady—une dame spirituelle, of great powers of attraction :

"When she talks, she is the art of pleasing personified. Her eyes, her lips, her words, her gestures, are all prepossessing; her language is the language of amiableness; her accents are the accents of grace; she embellishes a trifle; interests upon nothing; she softens a contradiction; she takes off the insipidity of a compliment by turning it elegantly; and when she has a mind, she sharpens and polishes the point of an epigram better than all the women in the world.

"Her eyes sparkle with pleasure; the most delightful sallies flash from her fancy; in telling a story she is inimitable—the motions of her body and the accents of her tongue arc equally genteel and easy; an equable flow of sprightliness keeps her constantly good-humored and cheerful, and the only objects of her life are to please and be pleased. Her vivacity may sometimes approach to folly, but perhaps it is not in her moments of folly she is least interesting and agreeable."

Mirabeau goes on enlarging on one particular faculty which she possessed, and for which she was remarkable, beyond all comparison with other women—a power of intellectual excitation which roused up any spark of talent in the minds of those around her:

"She will draw wit from a fool; she strikes with such address the chords of self-love, that she gives unexpected vigor and agility to fancy, and electrifies a body that appears non-electric."

\* Mirabeau's Letters during his residence in England, translated, in 2 vols. London, 1832.

Lady Blessington might have sat for the portrait of the spiritual French woman that Mirabeau has sketched with so much animation !

Soon after their marriage, Lord Blessington took his bride over to Ireland, to visit his Tyrone estates; but that was not the first occasion of the lady's visit to Mountjoy Forest.

The marriage had been so far kept a secret that many of Lord Blessington's friends were not aware of it at the time of his arrival in Dublin. He invited some of those with whom he was most intimately acquainted to a dinner at his house in Henrietta Street.<sup>\*</sup>

Some of those first mentioned were only made acquainted with the recent marriage when Lord Blessington entered the drawingroom with a lady of extraordinary beauty, and in bridal costume, leaning on his arm, whom he introduced as Lady Blessington.

Among the guests, there was one gentleman who had been in that room only four years before, when the walls were hung in black, and in the centre, on an elevated platform, was placed a coffin, with a gorgeous velvet pall, with the remains in it of a woman, once scarcely surpassed in loveliness by the lady then present—radiant in beauty, and decked out in rich attire—all in white, in bridal costume. Stranger events and more striking contrasts are often to be encountered in brilliant circles and in noble mansions than are to be met with even in books of fiction.

The Blessingtons proceeded from Dublin to the county of Tyrone; but preparations were previously made by his lordship for the reception of his bride at Mountjoy Forest of a most costly description.

\* The Gardiner family owned the fee simple of the whole street nearly, and the house No. 10, at the west end, and north side of Henrietta Street, which now constitutes the Queen's Inns Chambers, formerly held by the Right Honorable Luke Gardiner, Lord Mountjoy, and subsequently in the possession of the late Right Honorable Charles John, Earl of Blessington. The house was sold in 1837 to Tristram Kennedy, Esq., for £1700. Immediately in front of Lord Blessington's abode, the noted Primate Boulter erected his palace, which he makes mention of in his letters. The worthy primate wanted only the scholarship and munificence of Wolsey, and the great intellectual powers and political wisdom of Richelieu, to be a very distinguished temporally-minded churchman, and unspiritualized ascendotal statesman.

54

Speaking of these extravagant arrangements of her husband, Lady Blessington has observed in one of her works, "The only complaint I ever have to make of his taste is its too great splendor; a proof of which he gave me when I went to Mountjoy Forest on my marriage, and found my private sitting-room hung with crimson Genoa silk velvet, trimmed with gold bullion fringe, and all the furniture of equal richness—a richness that was only suited to a state-room in a palace."

Some of the frieze-coated peasantry of the Mountjoy Forest estate, still surviving on the wrecked property (that has lately gone through the Encumbered Estates Court), but now living in penury in wretched hovels, who remember the great doings in the house of their lord on the occasion referred to, speak of " the wonderful doings" of his lordship, and of " the terrible waste of money," and " the great folly of it," that was witnessed by them.

Folly, indeed, there were abundant proofs of, in the lavish expenditure, which Lady Blessington attributed to rather too great a taste for splendor. I consider these things as evidence of a state of insanity of Lord Blessington, partially developed, even at the early period referred to, manifested subsequently on different occasions, but always pointing in one direction. The acts of Lord Blessington on several occasions, in matters connected with both his marriages, it always appeared were the acts of a man of an unsound judgment, that is to say, of a man insane on subjects which he had allowed to obtain entire possession of his mind, and with respect to objects which he had devoted all his energies to attain, wholly irrespective of future consequences.

At the time of Lord Blessington's marriage, his fortune was embarrassed to some extent, as he imagined, through the mismanagement of his agents, but, in point of fact, by his lordship's own extravagances, and the numerous encumbrances with which he had already charged his estates.

It was owing, in no small degree, to Lady Blessington's advice, and the active steps she had caused his lordship to take for the retrieval of his affairs, that his difficulties were to some ex-

\* The Idler in France, vol. i., p. 117.

tent diminished, and his rental increased considerably. From  $\pounds$ 30,000 a year it had decreased to  $\pounds$ 23,000 or  $\pounds$ 24,000; but for two years previously to his departure from England it rather exceeded that amount.

I visited several of the surviving tenants of Lord Blessington, still living on the Mountjoy estate, near Armagh, in March, 1845. All concurred in one statement, that a better landlord, a kinder man to the poor, never existed than the late Lord Blessington. A tenant was never evicted by him ; he never suffered the tenants to be distressed by an agent, however much in need he might stand of money; he would not suffer them to be pressed for rent, to be proceeded against, or ejected. Graham, one of the oldest and most respectable tenants on the estate, says he is aware of his lordship, at a period when he was in great want of money, having written to the agent not to press the tenants too much, even for arrears that had been long due ; that, rather than they should be dealt harshly with, he would endeavor to obtain money on mortgage in London; and Graham adds, the money his lordship then required was thus obtained by him. "He took after his father in this respect. He looked on his tenants as if he was bound to see they suffered no injury at the hands of any person acting for him on his estate."

The residence of the father of the late Lord Blessington, on the Mountjoy Forest estate in Tyrone, was on the town land of Rash, near the "Church of Cappagh," on the opposite side of the river, about a quarter of a mile from the cottage residence to which Lord Blessington subsequently removed.

The Dowager Lady Mountjoy resided at Rash for some years after the death of her husband in 1798.

And here, also, prior to 1814, the late Lord Blessington resided when he visited his Tyrone estates; and about 1807, expended a great deal of money in enlarging the offices, building an extensive kitchen and wine-cellars, and erecting a spacious and elegantly decorated theatre, and providing "properties," and a suitable wardrobe of magnificent theatrical dresses for it.

The professional actors and actresses were brought down by his lordship, for the private theatricals at Mountjoy Forest, from

Dublin, and some even from London. But there were amateur performers also, and two of the old tenants remember seeing his lordship act " some great parts;" but what they were, or whether of a tragic or a comic nature, they can not say; they only know " he was thought a fine actor, and the dresses he wore were very grand and fine."

The ladies who acted were always actresses from the Dublin theatres, and during the performances at Rash, his lordship had them lodged at the house of the school-mistress, in the demesne near the avenue leading to the house.

The "quality" who came down and remained at Rash during the performances, which generally lasted for three or four weeks each year, were entertained with great hospitality by his lordship.

The expenditure was profuse in the extreme for their entertainment, and the fitting up and furnishing of places of temporary accommodation for them during their brief sojourn.

The dwelling-house of Rash was more a large cottage, with some remains of an older structure, than a nobleman's mansion.

Moore, in his Diary, September 11th, 1832, alludes to the theatricals of Lord Blessington, but without specifying time or place. He refers to a conversation with Corry about the theatricals of his lordship. "A set of mock resolutions, one of which was the following, chieffy leveled at Crampton, who was always imperfect in his part—' That every gentleman shall be at liberty to avail himself of the words of the author in case his own invention fails him.'"

These theatricals were at Rash, in Tyrone.

To an inquiry addressed to Sir P. C—— on the subject of these theatricals, I received a note informing me he had never heard of any theatricals in Dublin got up by the Blessingtons, and that, if there had been any such there, he must have heard of it, nor was he the person alluded to in the mock resolutions; "he had neither hand, act, nor *part* in theatricals of any description." The observation might possibly allude, for any thing he knew to the contrary, to a brother, who had been dead many years.

The taste for theatricals survived the theatre in Mountjoy Forest. In June, 1817, Lord Blessington took a leading part in the public entertainment and testimonial given to John Philip Kemble on his retirement from the stage. At the meeting which took place at the Freemasons' Tavern, when a piece of plate was presented to Kemble, Lord Holland presided; on his right hand sat Mr. Kemble, and on his left the Duke of Bedford. Lords Blessington, Erskine, Mulgrave, Aberdeen, Essex, and many other noblemen were present; and among the literary and artistic celebrities were Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Croker, and the great French tragedian, Talma. Lord Blessington assisted also in the well-known Kilkenny theatricals. He took parts which required to be gorgeously appareled; on one occasion, he played the part of *the Green Knight*, in "Valentine and Orson."

The theatricals at Rash lasted from 1808 to 1812. The first Lady Blessington was there during one season, and remained for several months.

The period selected for the theatricals at Rash was usually the shooting season. But the guests were not confined to sportsmen; the latter came occasionally accompanied by their ladies, and what with their field-sports and the stage amusements, there was no dearth of enjoyments and gayety for a few weeks in a place that all the rest of the year was a dull, solitary, lifeless locality, in the midst of a forest some fourscore miles from the metropolis.

The second Lady Blessington did not visit Mountjoy Forest during the period of the theatricals. It was the peculiarity of Lord Blessington to throw himself with complete *abandon* into any passion or pursuit that came in his way, and to spare no expense or sacrifice of any kind to obtain, as soon as possible, the fullest enjoyment that could possibly be derived from it; and no sooner was the object so ardently desired accomplished, the expense encountered, and the sacrifice made for its attainment, than the zest for its delight was gone; other phantoms of pleasure were to be pursued, and no sooner grasped than to be relinquished for some newer objects of desire.

The delights of the chase in Mountjoy Forest, and of the the-

58

atre at Rash, after a few years, became dull, tame, and tiresome amusements to the young lord. He went to England, contracted engagements there which led to his making London principally his place of abode, and Mountjoy Forest and the theatre at Rash were allowed to go to ruin.

The Dowager Lady Mountjoy had left Rash, and fixed her abode in Dublin prior to 1807. The house became in a short time so dilapidated as to be unfit to live in. His lordship gave directions to have extensive repairs and additions made to a thatched house of middle size, about a quarter of a mile distant from Rash. The furniture was removed to this place, which Lord Blessington called "the Cottage," and the old home at Rash was left to go to ruin.

When I visited the place recently, nothing remained but some vestiges of the kitchen and the cellars. The theatre had utterly disappeared, and nothing could be more desolate than the site of it. The grounds and garden had been broken up, the trees had been all cut down in the vicinity. Here and there, trunks and branches, yet unremoved, were lying of the ground. The stumps of the felled trees, in the midst of the debris of scattered timber, gave an unpleasant and uncouth aspect to a scene that had some melancholy interest in it for one who had known the noble owner of this vast property.

The extent of the estate appears almost incredible; I am told its extreme length exceeded ten miles.

But though the theatre erected by Lord Blessington on his estate has wholly disappeared, one structure on it exists : a vault beneath the chancel of the church of Cappagh, on the estate, which he intended for his tomb, and which, in several notices of his lordship's death, and some memoirs of Lady Blessington, is erroneously stated to have been the place of sepulture of his remains. I was misled by those accounts, and visited the vault, in the expectation of finding his remains there. But no interment had ever taken place there, though it was constructed by his lordship with the intention above-mentioned; and at his death, orders had been sent down from Dublin to have the vault prepared for his interment: these orders, however, had been

countermanded, for what reason I know not, and the remains of his lordship were deposited in St. Thomas's Church, in Marlborough Street, along with the remains of his father.

It has been also erroneously stated that the remains of his lordship's first wife were deposited in the vault beneath the chancel of Cappagh Church; such, however, is not the fact.

In September, 1816, Lord Blessington visited his estate of Mountjoy Forest. His first wife had been then dead nearly two years. He brought down some friends of his from Dublin, and invited others from the neighborhood of his estate to come on a visit to "the Cottage."

Among the guests, I was informed by tenant farmers on the estates who have a recollection of these circumstances, were Mr. Corry, *Major* and Mrs. Purvis, Colonel Stewart of Killymoon, Mrs. Farmer, and also Captain Jenkins."

The most extravagant expense was gone into in fitting up and decorating the Cottage for some weeks previously to the arrival of his lordship and his guests.

The walls were hung with costly drapery. The stairs and passages were covered with fine baize. Nothing could exceed the elegance of the decorations, and furnishing of an abode that was destined only for a residence of a few weeks.

During the sojourn of Lord Blessington and his friends at the Cottage, several gentlemen of the neighborhood were entertained.

Among the visitors was an old clergyman, Father O'Flagherty, parish priest of Cappagh, a simple-minded, good man, who was the dispenser of the bounty of Lord Blessington among the poor of the estate, long subsequently to this visit, to a very large amount.

Lord Blessington had no sectarian feelings—it never entered his mind what the religion of a man was by whom assistance was needed ; and his worthy Roman Catholic almoner, although a man by no means highly cultivated, polished in his manners, or peculiarly happy in his style of epistolary correspondence, en-

\* A Capt. Montgomery, of the Navy, a very intimate friend of the Bleasingtons, at some period was on a visit to the Cottage, but the precise date I do not know.

joyed the full confidence and strong regard of Lord Blessington, and also of his lady.

Lady Blessington, on her subsequent visit, was the means of procuring for her great favorite, Father O'Flagherty, a donation from his lordship that enabled the good padre either to repair or rebuild the Catholic place of worship of his parish. He continued to correspond with the Blessingtons when they resided in London, and for some time while they were on the Continent, and the epistles of the good old man were very great literary curiosities.

In 1823, Lord Blessington, unaccompanied by Lady Blessington, visited his Tyrone estates; he came to the Cottage accompanied by Colonel Stewart of Killymoon.

In 1825, his lordship again and for the last time visited his Tyrone estates. He was accompanied then by General Count D'Orsay, the father of the Count Alfred D'Orsay, and also by a young French nobleman, the Count Leon.

From some cause or other, Lady Blessington appeared to have formed a strong antipathy, on the occasion of her last visit, to Mountjoy Forest as a place of residence even for a few weeks. She prevailed on Lord Blessington to return to London, perhaps earlier than he had intended, and expressed her determination never again to return to Mountjoy Forest, if she could help it.

After a few weeks spent in Tyrone, the Blessingtons returned to London. The new-married lady, having exchanged her abode in Manchester Square for the noble mansion in St. James's Square, found herself suddenly, as if by the magic wand of an enchanter, surrounded by luxuries, gorgeous furniture, glittering ornaments, and pomp and state almost regal. The transition was at once from seclusion and privacy, a moderate establishment, and inexpensive mode of life, into brilliant society, magnificence, and splendor—to a condition, in short, little inferior to that of any lady in the land.

The *éclat* of the beauty of Lady Blessington and of her remarkable mental qualities, of the rare gifts and graces with which she was so richly endowed, was soon extensively diffused over the metropolis.

Moore, in his Diary of April, 1822, mentions visiting the Blessingtons in London at their mansion in St. James's Square. The fifth of the month following, he says he called, with Washington Irving, at Lady Blessington's, "who is growing very absurd! 'I have felt very melancholy and ill all this day,' she said. 'Why is that?' I asked. 'Don't you know?' 'No.' 'It is the anniversary of my poor Napoleon's death.'"

Any one acquainted with Lady Blessington will perceive in this remark a great want of knowledge of her character and opinions, and will not fail to discover in her observation evidences of that peculiar turn for grave irony which was one of her characteristics. I have seldom met a literary person so entirely free from all affectation of sentimentality as Lady Blessington.

In the new scenes of splendor and brilliancy which her ladyship had been introduced into on her marriage with Lord Blessington, she seemed as if it was her own proper atmosphere, to which she had been accustomed from infancy, in which she now lived and moved.

Greatness and magnificence were not thrust upon her-she seemed born to them. In all positions she had the great art of being over perfectly at home. There was a naturalness in her demeanor, a grace and gentleness in her mind and manner-a certain kindliness of disposition and absence of all affectationa noble frankness about her, which left her in all circles at her ease-sure of pleasing, and easily amused by agreeable and clever people.

In 1818, when Lady Blessington was launched into fashionable life, and all at once took her place, if not at the head of it, at least among the foremost people in it, she was twenty-eight years of age.

For three years, her mansion in St. James's Square, nightly thronged by men of distinction, was the centre of social and literary enjoyments of the highest order in London. Holland House had its attractions for the graver spirits of the times, but there was no lack of statesmen, sages, scholars, and politicians at the conversaziones of Lady Blessington.

Charleville House, too, had its charms for well-established au-

62

thors—for blue-stocking ladies especially, of all lines of authorship—for distinguished artists and noble amateurs, for foreign ministers and their attaches.

But Lady Blessington had certain advantages over all Aspasian competitors in society—she was young and beautiful, witty, graceful, and good-humored; and these advantages told with singular effect in the salon; they tended largely to establish her influence in society, and to acquire for her conversations in it a character it might never otherwise have obtained.

The Blessingtons' splendid mansion in St. James's Square in a short time became the rendezvous of the *élite* of London celebrities of all kinds of distinction; the first literati, statesmen, artists, eminent men of all professions, in a short time became habitual visitors at the abode of the new-married lord and lady.

Among the distinguished foreigners who visited the Blessingtons in St. James's Square in the latter part of 1821 or the commencement of 1822, were the Count de Grammont (the present Duc de Guiche) and his brother-in-law, a young Frenchman of remarkable symmetry of form and comeliness of face, and of address and manners singularly prepossessing, the Count Alfred D'Orsay, then in the prime of life, highly gifted, and of varied accomplishments, truly answering Byron's designation of him, a "cupidon déchainé." The count's sojourn in London at that time was short; but the knowledge he seems to have gained of its society, if the account given of his diary be true, must have been considerable. This was the beginning of an intimate acquaintance with the Blessingtons, one in many respects of great moment to his lordship and to others—an intimacy which terminated only in death."

Two royal English dukes condescended, not unfrequently, to do homage at the new shrine of Irish beauty and intellect in St. James's Square. Canning, Lord Castlereagh, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lords Palmerston and Russell, Burdett and Brougham, Scarlett and Jekyll, Erskine, and many other celebritics, paid their devoirs there. Whig and Tory politicians and

 This acquaintance did not commence, as it has been generally asserted, by accident, in a French hotel, when the Bleasingtons were on their way to Italy.

#### DEPARTURE OF THE BLESSINGTONS FROM LONDON. 63

lawyers, forgetful of their party feuds and professional rivalries for the nonce, came there as gentle pilgrims. Kemble and Matthews, Lawrence and Wilkie—eminent divines too, Dr. Parr and others. Rogers, Moore, and Luttrel were among the votaries who paid their vows in visits there, not angel-like, for theirs were neither "few nor far between." But among all the distinguished persons who visited Lady Blessington, none were more *devoués* in their attachment, or ardent in their admiration of the talents and traits, intellectual and personal, of the fair lady, than the late Earl Grey.

### CHAPTER II.

# DEPARTURE OF THE BLESSINGTONS FROM LONDON ON A CON-TINENTAL TOUR, SEPTEMBER, 1822.

The love of change, of travel, of excitement—the necessity for distraction, for novelty, and new effects, not only in scenery, but in society, seems to have led to Lord Blessington's determination to abandon his magnificent abode in St. James's Square at a time when nothing appeared wanting that wealth, beauty, and brilliant society could supply, to render that abode every thing that could be desired by those who think such necessaries all that can be desirable to make homes happy.

But Lord Blessington, although yet a young man, had drained his cup of pleasure and enjoyments of every kind to the dregs, and the taste of the draught that remained on his palate required new cordials, and other stimulants of increasing strength continually, to keep down the loathing he already felt for all the allurements of fashion, the follies of the day, the foil and tinsel glories of the green-room, and the life behind the scenes of the drama, and of that other theatre of society, with its tableaux vicants, and its varied performances by the real actors on the stage of aristocratic life. Lord Blessington was palled and satiated with pleasure, and no kind of *éclat* or of distinction in English society had now any charm for him. And yet this young nobleman, thus early blasé and exhausted, prematurely

# 64 DEPARTURE OF THE BLESSINGTONS FROM LONDON.

impaired in mental energies, was fitted for better things, and was naturally amiable, and possessed many eminent qualities which might have rendered him, under other circumstances of education and position, a most estimable and a very useful man to his country and to society.

The 22d of August, 1822, the Blessingtons, accompanied by Miss Mary Ann Power, the youngest sister of Lady Blessington, and Mr. Charles James Matthews, the only son of the celebrated comedian, set out on a Continental tour, and made their arrangements for an intended sojourn of some years in the south of Europe.

Miss Mary Ann Power was then about one-and-twenty, bearing no resemblance to her sister in face or form, but, nevertheless, far from unattractive. She was remarkably slight, rather of low stature, of small, regular features, good complexion, light brown hair, always tastefully arranged; an extremely pretty and girlish-looking young lady, with bluish laughing eyes, and altogether a piquant expression of countenance, *une petite mignon*, pleasingly\_original and *noïve* in her modes of thinking and acting, always courted and complimented in society, and coquetted with by gentlemen of a certain age, by humorists in single blessedness, especially like Gell, and by old married bachelors like Landor and the Duke Laval de Montmorency.

Charles Matthews could hardly then have been twenty years of age. He had been intended for the profession of an architect, and was articled to a person of eminence in London in that profession. Lord Blessington had kindly offered his father to take charge of the young man, and to afford him every facility of pursuing his professional studies in Italy. That offer was accepted, and for upward of two years young Matthews remained with the Blessingtons on the Continent, and was no slight acquisition to their party. A merrier man within the limits of becoming mirth it would be difficult to find. He was an admirable mimic, had a marvelous facility in catching peculiarities of manners, picking up the different dialects of the several parts of Italy he passed through. But with all his comic talents, love of fun and frolic, ludicrous fancies, and overflowing

# DEPARTURE OF THE BLESSINGTONS FROM LONDON. 65

gayety of heart, he never ceased to be a gentleman, and to act and feel like a man well-bred, well-disposed, and well-principled.

The writer's reminiscences of Charles Matthews are of an old date—upward of thirty years; but they are of too pleasurable a kind to be easily effaced.

In her journals Lady Blessington makes frequent allusions to her "happy home" in St. James's Square, and at the moment of departure, of "the almost wish" she was not going from it; and some dismal forebodings take the form of exclamations: "What changes! what dangers may come before I again sleep beneath its roof!" Many changes, indeed, came before she returned from the Continent. She never beheld her husband beneath that roof again!

Lord Blessington's preparations in Paris for the approaching touring *campaign* in Italy were of a very formidable description. The commissariat department (including the culinary) was amply provided for; it could boast of a *batterie de culsine* on a most extensive scale, which had served an entire club, and a cook who had stood fire in the kitchen of an emperor. No Irish nobleman, probably, and certainly no Irish king, ever set out on his travels with such a retinue of servants, with so many vehicles and appliances of all kinds to ease, comfort, and luxurious enjoyment in travel.

Byron's traveling equipage, according to Medwin, when he arrived in Florence, accompanied by Rogers, consisted of seven servants, five carriages, five horses, a monkey, a bull-dog, and a mastiff, nine live cats, three pea-fowls, and some hens; his luggage, or what Cæsar would call "his impedimenta," consisted of "a very large library of modern books, a vast quantity of furniture," with trunks and portmanteaus of apparel—of course to correspond to the other parts of the equipage.

Lord Blessington set out with an abundance of "impediments;" but in his live-stock he had no bull-dogs, mastiffs, monkeys, cats, pea-fowls, or hens.

On her arrival in Paris, Lady Blessington mentions in her diary receiving a visit from her old friend the Baron Denon, and finding "all her French acquaintances charmed to see her."

## 66 DEPARTURE OF THE BLESSINGTONS FROM LONDON.

Mention is made of two previous visits of hers to Paris. Her former sojourn there must have been of some duration, and previously to her second marriage; in her letters of this period we find a familiarity with French idiom, and the conversational terms of French society, which could only have been acquired by a good deal of intercourse with French people in their own country.

In her Italian journal of the 31st of August, 1822, she speaks of her "old friend the baron," "a most amusing man," "a compound of savant and petit maitre, one moment descanting on Egyptian antiquities, and the next passing eulogiums on the joli chapeau, or robe of his female visitors, who seems equally at home in detailing the perfections of a mummy, or in describing 'le mignon pied d' une charmante femme,' and not unfrequently turns from exhibiting some morecau d' antiquite bien remarquable to display a cast of the exquisite head of Pauline Borghese."

September 1st, the diary opens with the words "my birthday." Her ladyship could be sad and sentimental, but is obliged to smile and seem joyful at receiving the congratulations of her friends that she had added another year to her age, and at a period of woman's life, too, when one had passed thirty.

During the short sojourn of the Blessingtons in Paris, Tom Moore was frequently with them at a restaurateur's: Lady Blessington descended "La Montagne Russe;" but then Tom Moore often visited the spot, and greatly enjoyed her descent, and it was pleasant to observe with what a true zest he entered into every scheme of amusement, though the buoyancy of his spirits and resources of his mind rendered him so independent of such means of passing time.† Lady Blessington descants on the agreeable excitement of the extreme velocity of this locomotive amusement; but we need not marvel at Tom Moore's true zest in entering into it, accompanied with her ladyship, when we find Dr. Johnson dwelling on the enjoyment of traveling fast in a post-chaise with a pretty woman among the great pleasures of life.

Perhaps it was one of those rapid journeys on the "Montagne

\* The Idler in Italy, Par. ed., 1639, p. 8. † Ibid., p. 28.

### DEPARTURE OF THE BLESSINGTONS FROM LONDON. 67

Busse," that Moore's conversation reminded her ladyship "of the evolutions of some bird of gorgeous plumage, each varied hue of which becomes visible as he carelessly sports in the air."

In her observations on art, literature, and society, there are ample evidences of originality of mind, of true feeling, of refined taste, and an intimate acquaintance with the light literature of France and Italy. Many of her passing remarks have the merit of those short and memorable sayings which get the name of maxims and apothegms. Speaking of the Louvre, which she had visited "at least thirty times," and that was her third visit to Paris, she found, "like fine music, fine sculptures and fine pictures gain by long acquaintance."

"There is something that stirs the soul and elevates the feelings in gazing on those glorious productions of master minds, where genius has left its ineffaceable impress to bear witness to posterity of its achievements.".....

The excellence of art, like every thing that is exquisite in workmanship and spiritual in conception, is to be appreciated by an intuitive sense, that gives a true perception of the sublime and beautiful; "it is to be felt, and not reasoned upon."

In the galleries of the Louvre, she sickens of the "cant of oriticism," she turns away from the connoisseurs, "to meditate in silence on what others can talk about, but can not comprehend."

"Here Claude Lorraine seems to have imprisoned on canvas the golden sunshine in which he bathes his landscapes. There Raphael makes us, *though stern Protestants*, worship a Madonna and child, such is the innocence, sweetness, and beauty with which he has imbued his subjects."

Poor Lady Blessington's "stern Protestantism" is lugged in, head and shoulders, into a criticism which really stood in no need of the intrusion of any religious opinions. Her faith in Raphael's perfections required no apology. In qualifying her admiration of the exquisite portraiture of innocence, sweetness, and beauty of the Virgin and child, it must have been rather painful to her (not a Protestant) to have to descend to the cant of criticism, which was so justly odious to her.

While the fair countess was absorbed in art, and occupied

### 68 DEPARTURE OF THE BLESSINGTONS FROM LONDON.

with the sublime and beautiful, in the most glorious works of the ancient masters in the Louvre and the gallery of Versailles, my lord was securing the services of the culinary artist of great celebrity, already referred to, who had been the cook of an emperor, and providing a very extensive batterie de cuisine—a complete equipage of a cooking kind, en ambulance, for their Italian tour.

After a sojourn of twelve days in Paris, the Blessingtons and their party set out for Switzerland.

The customary pilgrimages were made to Ferney, the many shrines at the base of Mount Jura, on the borders of the Lake of Geneva, the birth-place and haunts of Rousseau, the homes for a time of Gibbon, Shelley, Byron, and De Staël, then the place of abode of John Philip Kemble, and a little later, his place of burial in the cemetery of Lausanne. Several days were spent in visiting monuments and other marvels of Lyons, Vienne, Grenoble, Valence, Orange, and on the 20th of November they arrived at Avignon. Here they remained till the 12th of February, 1823, mixing a good deal in the fashionable circles of the town and its environs, making frequent excursions to the celebrated fountain of Vanclure, the site of the chateau of Laura, and visiting that of her tomb, in the ruins of the Church of the Cordcliers, those of the Palace of the Popes, and the Inquisition with all its horrors. Lady Blessington speaks of the repugnance, the feelings of "a native of dear, free, happy England," at the sight of such a place, and in the heat of her abhorrence of the crimes committed in it, fancies herself a native of England.

In her diary of the 20th of December, Lady Blessington says, "Spent last evening at Madame de C.'s; met there the Duc and Duchess de C\_\_\_\_\_G\_\_\_. Madame was dame d'honneur to Marie Louisc, and has all the air and manner of one accustomed to find herself at home in a court."

The persons indicated by the initials C—— G—— were the Duc and Duchesse de Caderousse Grammont, who then resided in their chateau in the vicinity of Avignon. But no mention is made of any other member of their family in the Avignon society of the Blessingtons, though there was one who was an object of some interest to the party.

69

After a prolonged stay of two months and upward at Avignon, Lady Blessington says in her diary, "It is strange how soon one becomes habituated to a place. I really feel as much at home at Avignon as if I had spent years there."

On the 12th of February, 1823, Lady Blessington and her party, increased by a young Frenchman of a noble family, previonsly known in England, lately met with in Paris, and subsequently at Valence and Avignon, now a compagnon de voyage, set out for Italy, via Marseilles, Toulon, and Nice, and on the 31st of March they arrived at Genos.

In the diary of that day, the uppermost thought in Lady Blessington's mind is thus recorded : "And am I, indeed, in the same town with Byron ! And to-morrow I may perhaps behold him !"

There are two works of Lady Blessington's, "the Idler in Italy" and "the Idler in France,"† in which an account is given of her tours, and her observations on the society, manners, scenery, and marvels of all kinds of the several places she visited and sojourned in.

## CHAPTER III.

#### BYRON AND THE BLESSINGTONS AT GENOA.

THE 1st of April, 1823, Lady Blessington's strong desire was gratified—she saw Byron. But the lady was disappointed, and there is reason to believe that the lord, always indisposed abroad to make new acquaintances with his countrymen or women, was on the occasion of this interview taken by surprise, and not as highly gratified by it as might have been expected, when the

\* The Idler in Italy, in 3 rols. 8vo, was published in 1839, and is descriptive of her visit to Paris, and sojourn there from the first of September to the 12th of the same month, 1822; her route through Switzerland, and extensive tour in Italy, extended over a period of five years, the greater portion of which was spent in Naples.

† The Idler in France, subsequently published, is descriptive of her residence in Paris for a period of two years and a half, from the autumn of 1828 to the end of November, 1830, when she returned to England.

In her manuscript memoranda and commonplace books there are also frequent references to persons whom she had met with in her travels, and observations on places she had visited, several of which are almost identical with passages in "the Idlers."

agrèmens and personal attractions of the lady are taken into consideration.

Lady Blessington's expression of disappointment has a tincture of asperity in it which is seldom, indeed, to be found in her observations. There are very evident appearances of annoyance of some kind or another in the account given by her of this interview, occasioned either by the reception given her by Byron, or at some eccentricity, or absence of mind, that was unexpected, or apparent want of homage on his part to her beauty or talents on this occasion, to which custom had habituated her.

It must also be observed, that the interview with her ladyship is described as having been sought by Lord Byron. It is more than probable, however, a little ruse was practiced on his lordship to obtain it. It is stated by one who has a good knowledge of all the circumstances of this visit, that a rainy forenoon was selected for the drive to Byron's villa; that shelter was necessitated, and that necessity furnished a plea for a visit which would not have been without some awkwardness under other circumstances. Lord Blessington, having been admitted at once on presenting himself at Byron's door, was on the point of taking his departure, apologizing for the briefness of the visit on account of Lady Blessington being left in an open carriage in the court-yard, the rain then falling, whon Byron immediately insisted on descending with Lord Blessington, and conducting her ladyship into his house.

"When we arrived," says Lady Blessington, "at the gate of the court-yard of the Casa Saluzzo, in the village of Albano," where he resides, Lord Blessington and a gentleman of our party left the carriage and sent in their names.† They were admitted immediately, and experienced a very cordial reception from Lord Byron, who expressed himself delighted to see his old acquaintance. Byron requested to be presented to me, which led to Lord Blessington's avowing that I was in the carriage at the gate, with my sister. Byron immediately hurried out into the

\* About a mile and a half from Genos.-R. R. M.

† The gentleman's name will be found in a letter of Byron to Moore, dated 2d April, 1823.



71

court, and I, who heard the sound of steps, looked through the gate, and beheld him approaching quickly toward the carriage without his hat, and considerably in advance of the other two gentlemen."

The visit was a long one; and many questions were asked about old friends and acquaintances. Lady Blessington says Byron expressed warmly, at their departure, the pleasure which the visit had afforded him—and she doubted not his sincerity; not that she would arrogate any merit in her party to account for his satisfaction, but simply because she could perceive that Byron liked to hear news of his old associates, and to pass them *en revue*, pronouncing sarcasms on each as he turned up in conversation.

In a previous notice of this interview, which bears some internal evidence of having been written long after the period it refers to, lamenting over the disappointment she felt at finding her beau ideal of a poet by no means realized, her ladyship observes: "Well, I never will allow myself to form an ideal of any person I desire to see, for disappointment never fails to ensue."

Byron, she admits, had more than usual personal attractions, "but his appearance nevertheless had fallen short of her expectations." There is no commendation, however, without a concomitant effort at depreciation. For example, her ladyship observes, "His laugh is musical, but he rarely indulged in it during our interview; and when he did, it was quickly followed by a graver aspect, as if he liked not this exhibition of hilarity. Were I asked to point out the prominent defect of Byron's manner, I should pronounce it to be a flippancy incompatible with the notion we attach to the author of Childe Harold and Manfred, and a want of self-possession and dignity that onght to characterize a man of birth and genius. Notwithstanding this defect, his manners are very fascinating—more so, perhaps, than if they were dignified; but he is too gay, too flippant for a poet."<sup>8</sup>

Lady Blessington was accompanied on this occasion by her \* Idler in Italy, p. 392.

sister, Miss Mary Anne Power, now Comtesse de St. Marsanlt. Byron, in a letter to Moore, dated April 2d, 1823, thus refers to this interview :

"Your other allies, whom I have found very agreeable personages, are Milor Blessington and epouse, traveling with a very handsome companion in the shape of a 'French count' (to use Farquhar's phrase in the Beaux Stratagem), who has all the air of a Cupidon déchainé, and is one of the few specimens I have seen of our ideal of a Frenchman before the Revolution, an old friend with a new face, upon whose like I never thought that we should look again. Miladi seems highly literary, to which, and your honor's acquaintance with the family, I attribute the pleasure of having seen them. She is also very pretty, even in a morning-a species of beauty on which the sun of Italy does not shine so frequently as the chandelier. Certainly English women wear better than their Continental neighbors of the same sex. Mountjoy seems very good-natured, but is much tamed since I recollect him in all the glory of gems and snuff-boxes, and uniform, and theatricals, and speeches in our house-'I mean of Peers'-I must refer you to Pope, whom you don't read and won't appreciate, for that quotation (which you must allow to be poetical)-and sitting to Stroelling, the painter (do you remember our visit, with Leckie, to the German ?), to be depicted as one of the heroes of Agincourt, ' with his long sword, saddle, bridle, Whak fal de," &c., &c.

We thus find, from the letter of Byron to his friend Moore, that the Blessingtons were accompanied by the Count Alfred d'Orsay in their visit to his lordship, and that he was one of the party on their arrival and at their departure from Genoa.

It is probable that the arrangements for the count's journey to Italy with the Blessingtons had been made in Paris, though he did not accompany them from that city, but joined them first at Valence on the Rhone, and subsequently at Avignon.

D'Orsay, who had been attached to the French army of the pretended expedition against Spain, abandoned his profession in an evil hour for the career of a mere man of pleasure and of fashion.

Byron and the Blessingtons continued to live on the most intimate terms, we are told by Lady Blessington, during the stay of the latter at Genoa; and that intimacy had such a happy influence on the author of Childe Harold, that he began to abandon his misanthropy. On the other hand, I am assured by the Marquise de Boissy, formerly Countess of Guiccioli, that the number of visits of Byron to Lady Blessington during the entire period of her sojourn in Genoa did not exceed five or six at the utmost, and that Byron was by no means disposed to allord the opportunities that he believed were sought, to enable a lady of a literary turn to write about him. But D'Orsay, she adds, at the first interview, had struck Byron as a person of considerable talents and wonderful acquirements for a man of his age and former pursuits. "Byron from the first liked D'Orsay; he was clever, original, unpretending ; he affected to be nothing that he was not."

Byron sat for his portrait to D'Orsay, that portrait which subsequently appeared in the New Monthly Magazine, and afterward as a frontispiece of her ladyship's work, "Conversations with Lord Byron."

His lordship suffered Lady Blessington to lecture him in prose, and, what was worse, in verse. He endeavored to persuade Lord Blessington to prolong his stay in Genoa, and to take a residence adjoining his own named "Il Paradiso." And a rumor of his intention to take the place for himself, and some good-natured friend observing, "Il diavolo è ancora entrato in Paradiso," his lordship wrote the following lines :

> Beneath Blessington's eyes The reclaimed Paradise Should be free as the former from evil ; But if the new Eve For an apple should grieve, What mortal would not play the devil !

But the original conceit was not in poetry.

Lady Blessington informed me that, on the occasion of a masked ball to be given in Genoa, Byron stated his intention of going there, and asked her ladyship to accompany him : en badinant

VOL. I.-D

about the character she was to go in, some one had suggested that of Eve-Byron said, "As some one must play the devil, I will do it."

Shortly before her departure from Genoa, Lady Blessington requested Byron to write some lines in her album, and, accordingly, he composed the following stanzas for her:

TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

You have ask'd for a verse : the request In a rhymer 'twere strange to deny ; But my Hippocrene was bui my breast, And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.

2.

Were I now as I was, I had sung What Lawrence has painted so well; But the strain would expire on my tongue, And the theme is too soft for my shell.

3.

I am ashes where once I was fire, And the bard in my bosom is dead; What I loved I now merely admire, And my heart is as gray as my head.

#### 4.

My life is not dated by years— There are moments which act as a plow; And there is not a furrow appears, But is deep in my soul as my brow.

#### 5.

Let the young and the brilliant aspire To sing what I gaze on in vain; For sorrow has torn from my lyre The string which was worthy the strain.

Moore speaks of the happy influence of Lady Blessington's society over the mind of Byron :

"One of the most important services conferred upon Lord Byron by Lady Blessington during this intimacy was that half reviving of his old regard for his wife, and the check which she contrived to place upon the composition of Don Juan, and upon

.

the continuation of its most glaring immoralities. He spoke of Ada ; her mother, he said, 'has feasted on the smiles of her infancy and growth, but the tears of her maturity shall be mine." Lady Blessington told him that if he so loved his child, he should never write a line that could bring a blush of shame to her cheek, or a sorrowing tear to her eye; and he said, 'You are right; I never recollected this. I am jealously tenacious of the undivided sympathy of my daughter; and that work (Don Juan), written to beguile hours of tristesse and wretchedness, is well calculated to loosen my hold on her affections. I will write no more of it-would that I had never written a line.' In this gentler mind, with old loves, old times, and the tenderest love that human heart can know, all conducing to soothe his pride and his dislike of Lady Byron, he learned that a near friend of her ladyship was in Genoa, and he requested Lady Blessington to procure for him, through this friend, a portrait of his wife. He had heard that Lady Byron feared he was about to come to England for the purpose of claiming his child. In requesting the portrait and in refuting the report, he addressed the following letter to Lady Blessington :

" May 3, 1823.

"'DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, —My request would be for a copy of the miniature of Lady B. which I have seen in possession of the late Lady Noel, as I have no picture, or indeed memorial of any kind of Lady B., as all her letters were in her own possession before I left England, and we have had no correspondence since—at least on her part. My message with regard to the infant is simply to this effect, that in the event of any accident occurring to the mother, and my remaining the survivor, it would be my wish to have her plans carried into effect, both with regard to the education of the child, and the person or persons under whose care Lady B. might be desirous that she should be placed. It is not my intention to interfere with her in any way on the subject during her life; and I presume that it would be some consolation to her to know (if she is in ill health, as I am given to understand), that in no case would any thing be done, as far as I am concerned, but in strict conformity with Lady B.'s own wishes and intentions; left in what manner she thought proper. Believe me, dear Lady B., your obliged,'" &c.

At length, in the early part of June, 1823, the Blessingtons took their departure from Genoa, and Moore tells us how the separation affected Byron :

"On the evening before the departure of his friends, Lord and Lady Blessington, from Genoa, he called upon them for the purpose of taking leave, and sat conversing for some time. He was evidently in low spirits, and after expressing his regret that they should leave Genoa before his own time of sailing, proceeded to speak of his own intended voyage in a tone full of despondence. 'Here,' said he, 'we are all now together; but when, and where, shall we meet again ? I have a sort of boding that we see each other for the last time; as something tells me I shall never again return from Greece.' Having continued a little longer in this melancholy strain, he leaned his head upon the arm of the sofa on which they were seated, and, bursting into tears, wept for some minutes with uncontrollable feeling. Though he had been talking only with Lady Blessington, all who were present in the room observed, and were affected by, his emotion, while he himself, apparently ashamed of his weakness, endeavored to turn off attention from it by some ironical remark, spoken with a sort of hysterical langh, upon the effects of nervousness. He had, previous to this conversation, presented to each of the party some little farewell gift-a book to one, a print from his bust by Bartolini to another, and to Lady Blessington a copy of his Armenian Grammar, which had some manuscript remarks of his own on the leaves. In now parting with her, having begged, as a memorial, some trifle which she had worn, the lady gave him one of her rings; in return for which he took a pin from his breast, containing a small cameo of Napoleon, which he said had long been his companion, and presented it to her ladyship. The next day Lady Blessington received from him the following note :

44 4 Albaro, June 2, 1823.

"'MY DEAR LADY BLRESINGTON, — I am superstitious, and have recollected that memorials with a point are of less fortunate augury: I will, therefore, request you to accept, instead of the pin, the inclosed chain, which is of so alight a value that you need not hesitate. As you wished for something worn, I can only say that it has been worn oftener and longer than the other. It is of Venetian manufacture, and the only peculiarity about it is that it could only be obtained at or from Venice. At Genoa they have none of the same kind. I also inclose a ring, which I would wish Alfred to keep; it is too large to

usear; but it is formed of lava, and so far adapted to the fire of his years and character. You will perhaps have the goodness to acknowledge the receipt of this note, and send back the pin (for good luck's sake), which I shall value much more for having been a night in your custody.

" ' Ever faithfully your obliged, &c.

"'P.S.-I hope your nerves are well to-day, and will continue to flourish.'"

Some fourteen years only had elapsed since that criticism appeared in the Edinburgh Review on his (Byron's) juvenile poems, which began with these words: "The poesy of this young lord belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to tolerate."

And in the interval between the date of the publication of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" in 1809, and that of the visit of the Blessingtons to Genoa in June, 1823, and his departure for Greece a little later, the poesy of the young lord manifested to the world that it belonged to a class which all the powers of criticism could not decry or crush. A few months only had elapsed since Byron parted with Lady Blessington and bade adieu to Italy, and the career of the poet was near its close in Greece.

In 1828, again at Genoa, Lady Blessington, alluding to Byron's death, writes : "I sat on the chair where I had formerly been seated next him; looked from the window whence he had pointed out a beautiful view; and listened to Mr. Barry's graphic description of the scene, when becalmed in the Gulf of Genoa, the day he sailed for Greece, he returned and walked through the rooms of his deserted dwelling, filled with melancholy forebodings. He had hoped to have found in it her whom he was destined never more to behold-that fair and young Italian lady, the Contessa Guiccioli-whose attachment to him had triumphed over every sentiment of prudence and interest, and by its devotion and constancy half redeemed its sin. But she, overwhelmed by grief at the sad parting, had been placed in a traveling carriage while almost in a state of insensibility, and was journeying toward Bologna, little conscious that he whom she would have given all she possessed on earth to see once more was looking on the chamber she had left and the flowers she had loved, his

mind filled with a presentiment that they should never meet again.

"Such is one of the bitter consequences resulting from the violation of ties never severed without retribution.""

Lady Blessington's feelings of regard for Byron's memory were by no means such as might have been desired.

Moore's sentiments with respect to the reputation of his departed friend were not altogether those which might have been expected.

Campbell's feelings in relation to the fame of a brother bard, who had only recently been a living rival, were those which some who knew him well always feared they would prove; they were something more than merely cold and unkindly-they were passionately inimical. At a period when most other literary men who ever had an acquaintance with Byron, or sympathy with his literary pursuits, would have avoided entering into a controversy with his enemies, and espousing the views of his opponents, Campbell with avidity seized an opportunity of rushing into print to wound the reputation of a brother bard, whose fame during his lifetime he might not with impunity have assailed. A periodical of the time, commenting on this ill-advised proceeding, observed : "This strange matter has now assumed another and a darker shade from the interference of Mr. Campbell, who, assuming to be the personal champion of Lady Byron, has stepped forward to throw the most odious imputations upon the character of Lord Byron which can possibly be left to the worst imaginations to conceive. Against this course we protest, in the name of all that is honorable in human nature. We were the undeviating censurers of the poet's injurious productions during his lifetime ; but we can not do otherwise than condemn, in far stronger terms, any attempt, after he is laid in his grave, to blast him forever by mysterious and voiceless whisperings. Of what monstrous crime was he guilty ? for, unless he was guilty of some monstrous crime, a foul wrong is done to his memory. His accusers are bound by every moral and sacred tie to be definite in their charge : against such there is a possi-

\* The Idler in Italy, vol. iii., p. 365.

79

bility of defense; but there can be no shield against the horribly vague denunciation which has been so intemperately hurled at the unprotected and unanswering dead. And what called this forth ? A very slight surmise by Mr. Moore against the parents of Lady Byron; to repel which, she comes rashly out with a statement that damns the husband of her bosom; and, as if this were not enough, the zeal of Mr. Campbell advances to pour additional suspicion and ignominy upon his mouldering ashes. The fame of a Byron is public property; and, after what has passed, it is imperative on his adversaries either to fix some eternal brand upon it, such as can justify their language, or confess that they have used expressions which no conduct of his could authorize. And we are persuaded that they must do the latter; for it is incredible that any woman of the spirit and honor of Lady Byron could have lived an hour with a man whom she knew to be a detested criminal, and far less that she should have corresponded with him in playful and soothing letters. The plea of insanity itself can not reconcile this with any thing like the atrocious guilt now by circumstance imputed; and we do earnestly trust that an explanation will be vouchsafed, which will set this painful discussion at rest in a manner more satisfactory to the world. Having, in these few remarks, grappled with the main point at issue, we abstain from saying a syllable on minor affairs; and we do not deem ourselves in a condition to blame any one of the parties we have been obliged to name."\*

Lord Byron's yacht, "the Bolivar," was purchased by Lord Blessington previously to his departure from Genoa, and it was subsequently considered by Lady Blessington that the poet drove a hard bargain with her husband.

Medwin, however, as a proof of Byron's lavish and inconsiderate expenditure, and his incongruity of action in regard to money matters, states that he gave  $\pounds 1000$  for a yacht which he sold for  $\pounds 300$ , and yet refused to give the sailors their jackets.

The 2d of June, 1823, the Blessingtons set out from Genon for Naples, via Lucca, Florence, Vienna, and Rome; took their departure from the Eternal City the 13th of the same month, and arrived at Naples on the 17th.

\* Literary Gazette.

### CHAPTER IV.

# THE GITY AND BAY OF NAPLES .- THE BLESSINGTONS AND THEIR SOCIETY IN NAPLES .- JUNE, 1823, TO FEBRUARY, 1826.

JUNE 2d (1823), the Blessingtons left Genoa, and passed through Lucca, where they stayed a few days, and arrived in Florence on the 8th of the same month. Here they remained till the 1st of July. Lady Blessington spent her whole time visiting monuments of antiquity, churches, galleries, villas, and palaces, associated with great names and memories. In no city in Italy did she find her thoughts carried back to the past so forcibly as at Florence. A thousand recollections of the olden time of the merchant princes, the Medici, and the Pazzi-of all the factions of the republic, the Neri and Bianchi, the Guelphs and Ghibellines, recurred to memory in her various visits to the different localities of celebrity in the noble city, the grandeur and beauty of which far surpassed her expectations. After a sojourn of about three weeks in Florence, the party set out for Rome. On the 5th of July, the first view of the Eternal City burst on the pilgrims from St. James's Square.

As they entered the city, the lone mother of dead empires, all appeared wrapped in silent solemnity, not wanting, however, in sublimity. "Even the distant solitude of the Campagna," says Lady Blessington, "was not divested of the latter. But in the evening the Corso was crowded with showy equipages, occupied by gayly-dressed ladies, and thronged with cavaliers on prancing steeds riding past them. Nothing could surpass the gayety of the evening scene, or contrast more strangely with the gloom of the morning aspect of the sombre suburbs."

The mournful contemplations awakened by the ruins of ancient Rome are frequently spoken of by Lady Blessington.

I can not help thinking they were of too mournful a character for her ladyship to make that city of the dead, of shattered

thrones and temples, of shrines and sepulchres, a place of abode congenial to her feelings, tastes, and predilections.

The Eternal City and its everlasting monuments appear to have made less impression on the mind of Lady Blessington than might have been expected by those acquainted with her refined tastes and literary acquirements.

The gloom of the sombre monumental city seemed oppressive to her spirits; the solemn aspect of the sites of palaces renowned of old, and those sermons in stones of crumbling monuments, and all the remaining vestiges of a people, and their idols of long past ages, speaking to the inmost soul of decay and destructibility, were not in accordance with her turn of mind, and her natural taste for objects and scenery that exhilarated the senses, and communicated joyousness to every faculty. Naples, in Lady Blessington's opinion, and not Rome, was the appropriate locality for an elysium that was to last forever, and for any sojourn of English tourists of *haut ton* that was intended to be prolonged for the enjoyment of Italian skies and sunshine, scenery and society.

On the 14th of July, nine days after her arrival in Rome, Lady Blessington writes in her diary, "Left Rome yesterday, driven from it by oppressive heat, and the evil prophecies dinned into my cars of the malaria. I have no fears of the effect of either for myself, but I dare not risk them for others."

There were other circumstances besides those referred to, in all probability, which determined the precipitate departure from Rome. All the appliances to comfort, or rather to luxury, which had become necessary to Lady Blessington, had not been found in Rome. Her ladyship had become exceedingly fastidious in her tastes. The difficulties of pleasing her in house accommodation, in dress, in cookery especially, had become so formidable, and occasioned so many inconveniences, that the solicitude spoken of for the safety of others was only one of the reasons for the abrupt departure referred to.

With the strongest regard for Lady Blessington, and the fullest appreciation of the many good qualities that belonged to her, it can not be denied that, whether discoursing in her salons, or

talking with pen in hand on paper in her journals, she occasionally aimed at something like stage effects, acted in society and in her diaries, and at times assumed opinions, which she abandoned a little later, or passed off appearances for realities. This was done with the view of acquiring esteem, strengthening her position in the opinion of persons of exalted intellect or station, and directing attention to the side of it that was brilliant and apparently enviable, not for any unworthy purpose, but from a desire to please, and perhaps from a feeling of uncertainty in the possession of present advantages.

The first impressions of Lady Blessington of the beauty of the environs of Naples, the matchless site of the city, its glorious bay, its celebrated garden, the Villa Reale, its delightful climate, and exquisite tints of sea and sky, and varied aspect of shore and mountain, of isles and promontories, are described by her, in her diaries, in very glowing terms.

Her hotel, the Gran Bretagna, fronted the sea, and was only divided from it by the garden of the Villa Reale, filled with plants and flowers, and adorned with statues and vases. The sea was seen sparkling through the openings of the trees, with numbers of boats gliding along the shore. In the "Idler in Italy," Lady Blessington thus speaks of the delightful climate and its cheering influences:

"How light and elastic is the air! Respiration is carried on unconsciously, and existence becomes a positive pleasure in such a climate. Who that has seen Naples can wonder that her children are idle, and luxuriously disposed? To gaze on the cloudless sky and blue Mcditerranean, in an atmosphere so pure and balmy, is enough to make the veriest plodder who ever courted Plutus abandon his toil, and enjoy the delicious *dolce far niente* of the Neapolitans."\*

A few words of this epitome of Paradise may be permitted to one who enjoyed its felicity of clime, and site, and scenery for upward of three years.

The city of Naples retains no vestiges of Greek or Roman antiquity. It occupies the site of two ancient Greek towns, Palæ-

\* The Idler in Italy, p. 244. Par. ed., 1839.

opolis, founded by Parthenope, and Neapolis, or the New Town. Eventually they merged into one city, which became a portion of the Roman Empire, and obtained the name of Neapolis. The Bay of Naples, for the matchless beauty of its situation and its surrounding scenery, is unrivaled. Its circling beach extends from the promontory of Pausilippo to Sorrento, a line of more than thirty miles of varied beauty and magnificence. This city, with its churches, palaces, villas, and houses, luxuriant gardens and vineyards, with the surrounding hills and grounds thickly planted in the vicinity, backed by the Apennines, well deserves its poetical designation, "Un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra." Naples, it is truly said, " viewed by moonlight, is enchanting. The moon, pouring out an effulgence of silvery light from a sky of the deepest azure, through a pure and transparent atmosphere, places all the prominent buildings in strong relief; and while it makes every object distinctly visible, it mellows each tint, and blends the innumerable details into one vast harmonious whole, throwing a bewitching and indescribable softness and repose on the scene."

From the time that this city and territory fell under the power of the Romans, to the period of the destruction of Pompeii in the year of our Lord 79, Neapolis, on account of the beauty of its situation and excellence of its climate, became the favorite place of residence in the winter season, and the chosen sojourn for a continuance of several of the magnates of the Eternal City, of the Emperor Tiberius for the last years of his iniquitous reignof many of the most illustrious sages and philosophers of Rome. For some centuries subsequently to the destruction of Pompeii, Naples shared the calamitous fate of the other Italian cities : it was ruled, harassed, pillaged, and devastated successively by Goths, Vandals, Saracens, Lombards, and Parmans, and ultimately by Germans, French, and Spaniards. The flight of the King of Naples in 1799-the short reign of Joseph Bonapartethe rule of Murat-his deposition, execution-and other modern vicissitudes, it is hardly necessary to refer to.

The Castello dell Novo, standing on a projecting insulated rock, commands the entire of the two semicircular bays on which

# 

time te der Las af shere the site of the with nu--1 ..... 1.1. 11th mwned by 2. . d'art of Camaldole. ater: . 1=1 still far-. .... " w titt\_ tites the land the suris of Ischia the sast where of the Cas-2 . Phas & Mavents, and an of any Low Latter, the chay Law . Any L. Mente, and : 1 . sant istis mound .: . ... r maleri ta a ci purple va-TALLES I I DECKS ISPect S . . intint by S 12 8.11 en ig to Torne, and .... ut Bernals-1. 11. : .b. 1. 1. 1. 7. 712 . 41.1-NAVA SA 172 ILL Majesand secondaria and the tra-. T. A.D. to the latest ~ ... - val.ed as we approach a . far ravines of molten that have been see stat emptions. sant ist stands Castellain and and reireshing seaserver retreat of the ...... scenery of

N ........

. . .

· See servery of Minerva,

: "tsse, and the Cape

in breadth it is about two miles. The peak of the southern mountain of the island is about 2000 feet high. Several ruins, supposed to be of palaces of the imperial monster Tiberius, exist on this island.

The extreme length of Naples is from the Ponte Madelena to Pausilippo, along the sea-shore, a distance of about four miles. The breadth is unequal; at the west end it is contracted between the hills of the Vomero and the Belvidere and the seaside, and in the interval there are only three or four streets. Toward the centre it extends from the Castello dell Novo northward to the Capo di Monte and Monte di Chino, and in this direction the breadth of this most ancient part of the city, and most densely populated from the quay of St. Lucia to the eminences of Capo di Monte and Capo di Chino, is about two miles. The main street, Strada del Toledo, runs nearly parallel with the shore. It is broad, and fronted with large houses, five or six stories high, in which are the principal shops of the city. The population amounts to about 380,000 inhabitants ; there are upward of 300 churches; the lazzaroni are estimated at 40,000; the clergy, monks, and nuns, at 7800.

The Castello dell Novo is built on a rock, which projects into the sea from the Chiatamone, which separates it from Pizzo Falcone. It was formerly called Megera, then Lucullanum. The last of the Roman Emperors, Romulus Augustulanus, is said to have been imprisoned here in 476. The fortress consists now of a composed mass of buildings, ancient and modern. In one of the old gloomy apartments, the Queen Joanna was for some time confined. Its venerable commandant in 1822-4, and for many years previously, was a brave old Irish officer, General Wade.

Willis has happily sketched the Bay of Naples in a few words, not destitute of poetry or of graphic talent.

"The bay is a collection of beauties, which seems to me more a miracle than an accident of nature. It is a deep crescent of sixteen miles across, and little more in length, between the points of which lies a chain of low mountains, called the island of Capri, looking from the shore like a vast heap of clouds brooding at sea. In the bosom of the crescent lies Naples. Its pal-

# BE VIEN AND BAY OF NAPLES.

. .... Kyauna, Portici, Castelamare, and the lonely ...... which out from Vosuvius as if they tried to 1. ..... v4 t'apri, which forms the central object; and . .... Misomum, which, in the distance, seemed joined . ... and lachin, advance to meet the beautiful island on the air, an it leaves the shore, is laden with frain he Y. ... and the well music of the guitar, or lively sound of the Hut hark ! a rich stream of music, silencing the side will bleve side ; i when, is heard, and a golden barge advances ; the cars keep una to the music, and each stroke of them sends forth a silvery "aght . nonmous langes attached to the boat give it, at a little dashamo, the appearance of a vast shell of topaz floating on a Nearer and nearer draws this splendid paand to supplime goant, the music lalls more distinctly on the charmed car, and ous area that its dulest sounds are produced by a band of glittermy musicians whithed in royal liveries. This illuminated barge is tidhowed by another with a silken canopy overhead, and the outhing diams back to admit the balmy air. Cleopatra, when due sub-d down the t'ydnus, boasted not a more beautiful veswil. and, as it glules over the sea, it seems impelled by the mum that procedes it, so perfectly does it keep time to its enchanning mounds, leaving a bright trace behind, like the memory of thy arted happiness. But who is he that guides this beautome back ! His tall and slight figure is curved, and his snowy hacks, talking over ruldy checks, show that age has bent, but not broken hun, he looks like one born to command-a hoary Neptune showing over his native element; all eyes are fixed, but has follow the glittering barge that precedes him. And who is she that has the weat of honor at his side ? Her fair, large, and unmeaning they wears a placid smile, and those light blue eyes and this singlets speak her of another land ; her lips, too, want the time choseling which marks those of the sunny clime of Italy , and the expression of her countenance has in it more of earth than heaven. Innumerable boats, filled with lords and

ladies, follow, but intrude not on the privacy of this royal bark, which passes before us like a vision in a dream. He who steered was Ferdinand, King of the Sicilies, and she who was beside him Maria Louisa, ex-Empress of France."

Many a glorious evening have I passed with the Blessingtons in 1823 and in the early part of 1824, sailing in the Bay of Naples, in their yacht, the Bolivar, which had belonged to Lord Byron; and not unfrequently, when the weather was particularly fine, and the moonlight gave additional beauty to the shores of Portici and Castelamare, Sorrento, and Pausilippo, the night has been far advanced before we returned to the Mole.

The furniture of the cabin of the Bolivar reminds one of its former owner. The table at which he wrote, the sofa on which he reclined, were in the places in which they stood when he owned the yacht. Byron was very partial to this vessel. It had been built for him expressly at Leghorn. On one occasion I was of the party, when, having dined on board, and skirted along the shores of Castelamare and Sorrento, the wind fell about dusk, and we lay becalmed in the bay till two or three o'clock in the morning, some six or eight miles from the shore. The bay was never more beautiful than on that delightful night: the moonlight could not be more brilliant. The pale blue sky was without a cloud, the sea smooth and shining as a mirror. and at every plash of an oar glittering with phosphorescent flashes of vivid light. But all the beauties of the bay on that occasion wasted their loveliness on the weary eyes of poor Lady Blessington that long night in vain.

"Captain Smith," capitaine par complaisance, a lieutenant of the navy, who had the command of the Bolivar, a very great original, on that as well as many other occasions served to relieve the tedium of those aquatic excursions, which were sometimes a little more prolonged than pleased Lady Blessington. Her ladyship had a great turn and a particular talent for grave banter, for solemn irony, verging on the very borders of obvious hoaxing. It was a very great delight to her to discover a prevailing weakness, vanity, absurdity, prejudice, or an antipathy in an extravagant or eccentric, vain or peculiar person, and

then to draw out that individual, and seem to read his thoughts, throwing out catch-words and half sentences to suggest the kind of expression she desired or expected to solicit, and then leading the party into some ridiculous display of oddity or vanity, and exceedingly absurd observations.

But this was done with such singular tact, finesse, and delioacy of humor, that pain never was inflicted by the mystification, for the simple reason that the badinage was never suspected by the party on whom it was practiced, even when carried to the very utmost limit of discretion. This taste for drawing out odd people, and making them believe absurd things, or express ridiculous ones, was certainly indulged in, not in a vulgar or coarse manner, but it became too much a habit, and tended, perhaps, to create a penchant for acting in society, and playing off opinions, as other persons do jokes and jests, for the sake of the fun of the performance.

The Count D'Orsay, who was a man of genuine wit and wonderful quickness of perception of the ridiculous wherever it existed, also possessed this taste for mystifying and eliciting absurdity to a very great extent, and rendered no little aid to Lady Blessington in these exhibitions of talent for grave irony and refined banter, which ever and anon, of an evening, she was wont to indulge in. In Naples, poor "Captain Smith's" anxiety for promotion, and high sense of fitness for the most exalted position in his profession, furnished the principal subjects for the display of this kind of talent.

The poor captain was "fooled to the very top of his bent." He was drawn out in all companies, in season and out of season, on the subject of *posting*. The Admiralty were regularly lugged into every argument, and it invariably ended with an inquiry "why he was not *posted*." The same observations in reply were always produced by an allusion to the Lords of the Admiralty; and the same replies, with unerring precision, were sure to follow the inquiry about post rank. "There was no patronage for merit." "He ought to have been posted fifteen years ago." "Half the post-captains in the navy were his juniors, though all got posted because they had patrons." "But the

Lords of the Admiralty never posted a man for his service, and—" The disconcerted lieutenant would then be interrupted by D'Orsay with some such good-natured suggestion as the following, in his broken English: "Ah, my poor Smid, tell miladi over again, my good fellow; once more explain for Mademoiselle Power, too, how it happens Milords of the Admirals never posted you?"

Then would the lieutenant go over the old formula in a querulous tone, without the slightest change of voice or look.

In July, 1823, the Blessingtons established themselves at the Palace or Villa Belvidere, on the Vomero, one of the most beautiful residences in Naples, surrounded by gardens overlooking the bay, and commanding a most enchanting view of its exquisite features. Though the palace was furnished suitably for a Neapolitan prince, Lady Blessington found it required a vast number of comforts, the absence of which could not be compensated by beautifully decorated walls and ceilings, marble floors, pictures, and statues, and an abundance of antiquated sofas, and chairs of gigantic dimensions, carved and gilt. The Prince and Princess Belvidere marveled when they were informed an upholsterer's services would be required, and a variety of articles of furniture would have to be procured for the wants of the sojourners who were about to occupy their mansion for a few months. The rent of this palace was extravagantly high; but nothing was considered too dear for the advantage of its sight and scenery.

Lady Blessington thus describes her new abode: "A long avenue, entered by an old-fashioned archway, which forms part of the dwelling of the *intendente* of the Prince di Belvidere, leads through a pleasure ground filled with the rarest trees, shrubs, and plants, to the palazzo, which forms three sides of a square, the fourth being an arcade that connects one portion of the building with the other. There is a court-yard and fountain in the centre. A colonnade extends from each side of the front of the palace, supporting a terrace covered with flowers. The windows of the principal salons open on a garden formed on an elevated terrace, surrounded on three sides by a marble

talking with pen in hand on paper in her journals, she occasionally aimed at something like stage effects, acted in society and in her diaries, and at times assumed opinions, which she abandoned a little later, or passed off appearances for realities. This was done with the view of acquiring esteem, strengthening her position in the opinion of persons of exalted intellect or station, and directing attention to the side of it that was brilliant and apparently enviable, not for any unworthy purpose, but from a desire to please, and perhaps from a feeling of uncertainty in the possession of present advantages.

The first impressions of Lady Blessington of the beauty of the environs of Naples, the matchless site of the city, its glorious bay, its celebrated garden, the Villa Reale, its delightful climate, and exquisite tints of sea and sky, and varied aspect of shore and mountain, of isles and promontories, are described by her, in her diaries, in very glowing terms.

Her hotel, the Gran Bretagna, fronted the sea, and was only divided from it by the garden of the Villa Realc, filled with plants and flowers, and adorned with statues and vases. The sea was seen sparkling through the openings of the trees, with numbers of boats gliding along the shore. In the "Idler in Italy," Lady Blessington thus speaks of the delightful climate and its cheering influences:

"How light and elastic is the air! Respiration is carried on unconsciously, and existence becomes a positive pleasure in such a climate. Who that has seen Naples can wonder that her children are idle, and luxuriously disposed? To gaze on the cloudless sky and blue Mediterranean, in an atmosphere so pure and balmy, is enough to make the veriest plodder who ever courted Plutus abandon his toil, and enjoy the delicious *dolce for' niente* of the Neapolitans.""

A few words of this epitome of Paradise may be permitted to one who enjoyed its felicity of clime, and site, and scenery for upward of three years.

The city of Naples retains no vestiges of Greek or Roman antiquity. It occupies the site of two ancient Greek towns, Palæ-

\* The Idler in Italy, p. 244. Par. ed., 1839.

opolis, founded by Parthenope, and Neapolis, or the New Town. Eventually they merged into one city, which became a portion of the Roman Empire, and obtained the name of Neapolis. The Bay of Naples, for the matchless beauty of its situation and its surrounding scenery, is unrivaled. Its circling beach extends from the promontory of Pausilippo to Sorrento, a line of more than thirty miles of varied beauty and magnificence. This city, with its churches, palaces, villas, and houses, luxuriant gardens and vineyards, with the surrounding hills and grounds thickly planted in the vicinity, backed by the Apennines, well deserves its poetical designation, "Un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra." Naples, it is truly said, "viewed by moonlight, is enchanting. The moon, pouring out an effulgence of silvery light from a sky of the deepest azure, through a pure and transparent atmosphere, places all the prominent buildings in strong relief; and while it makes every object distinctly visible, it mellows each tint, and blends the innumerable details into one vast harmonious whole, throwing a bewitching and indescribable softness and repose on the scene."

From the time that this city and territory fell under the power of the Romans, to the period of the destruction of Pompeii in the year of our Lord 79, Neapolis, on account of the beauty of its situation and excellence of its climate, became the favorite place of residence in the winter season, and the chosen sojourn for a continuance of several of the magnates of the Eternal City, of the Emperor Tiberius for the last years of his iniquitous reignof many of the most illustrious sages and philosophers of Rome. For some centuries subsequently to the destruction of Pompeii, Naples shared the calamitous fate of the other Italian cities: it was ruled, harassed, pillaged, and devastated successively by Goths, Vaudals, Saracens, Lombards, and Parmans, and ultimately by Germans, French, and Spaniards. The flight of the King of Naples in 1799-the short reign of Joseph Bonapartethe rule of Murat-his deposition, execution-and other modern vicissitudes, it is hardly necessary to refer to.

The Castello dell Novo, standing on a projecting insulated rock, commands the entire of the two semicircular bays on which

the city stands. In one direction extends the long line of shore on which are the Chiatamone, the Marino and Chiaja, with numerous ascending terraces of streets behind them, crowned by Fort St. Elmo and Castello Nuovo, the convent of Camaldole, the Palazzo Belvidere, and the hill of the Vomero; and still farther westward, the Promontory of Pausilippo terminates the land view, and in this vicinity lie the beautiful little islands of Ischia and Procida. In the other direction, to the eastward of the Castello dell Novo, are semicircular clusters of houses, convents, and churches, with the mole, the light-house, and harbor, the quay of Santa Lucia, surmounted by the Palace of Capo di Monte, and the eminence of Capo di Chino, and in the distant background the bold outlines of the Apennines, with their tints of purple varying with the atmosphere, and presenting a different aspect with the several changes of the setting sun. Still farther by the eastern shore is the Ponte Madelena leading to Portici and Torro del Græco, the sites and ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and rising up in the vicinity, in the plains of the Campagna Felice, Vesuvius of portentous aspect, sombre and majestic, with all its associations of terror and destruction, and the traditionary horrors of its history, from those of 79 A.D. to the latest eruptions of signal violence in 1821, are recalled as we approach its base or ascend the dreary foot-path in the ravines of molten lava or ragged scoriz and masses of huge rock that have been torn from the sides of the crater in some past eruptions.

Still farther along the shore to the southeast stands Castellamarc, a place of resort noted for its coolness and refreshing seabreezes, the site of the ancient Stabia, the summer retreat of the *élite* of Naples. A little farther is the delightful scenery of Monte S. Michel, Sorrento, the birth-place of Tasso, and the Cape Campanello, the ancient Athenæus, or Promontory of Minerva, terminate the land view to the eastward. At the entrance to the bay, where the expanse is greatest between the eastern and western shore, in a southern direction, is the island of Capri, the ancient Capreze, eighteen miles distant from the opposite extremity of the Bay of Portici, about four miles from the nearest shore. The extreme length of the island is about four miles;

in breadth it is about two miles. The peak of the southern mountain of the island is about 2000 feet high. Several ruins, supposed to be of palaces of the imperial monster Tiberius, exist on this island.

The extreme length of Naples is from the Ponte Madelena to Pausilippo, along the sea-shore, a distance of about four miles. The breadth is unequal; at the west end it is contracted between the hills of the Vomero and the Belvidere and the seaside, and in the interval there are only three or four streets. Toward the centre it extends from the Castello dell Novo northward to the Capo di Monte and Monte di Chino, and in this direction the breadth of this most ancient part of the city, and most densely populated from the quay of St. Lucia to the eminences of Capo di Monte and Capo di Chino, is about two miles. The main street, Strada del Toledo, runs nearly parallel with the shore. It is broad, and fronted with large houses, five or six stories high, in which are the principal shops of the city. The population amounts to about 380,000 inhabitants ; there are upward of 300 churches; the lazzaroni are estimated at 40,000; the clergy, monks, and nuns, at 7800.

The Castello dell Novo is built on a rock, which projects into the sea from the Chiatamone, which separates it from Pizzo Falcone. It was formerly called Megera, then Lucullanum. The last of the Roman Emperors, Romulus Augustulanus, is said to have been imprisoned here in 476. The fortress consists now of a composed mass of buildings, ancient and modern. In one of the old gloomy apartments, the Queen Joanna was for some time confined. Its venerable commandant in 1822-4, and for many years previously, was a brave old Irish officer, General Wade.

Willis has happily sketched the Bay of Naples in a few words, not destitute of poetry or of graphic talent.

"The bay is a collection of beauties, which seems to me more a miracle than an accident of nature. It is a deep crescent of sixteen miles across, and little more in length, between the points of which lies a chain of low mountains, called the island of Capri, looking from the shore like a vast heap of clouds brooding at sea. In the bosom of the crescent lics Naples. Its pal-

aces and principal buildings cluster around the base of an abrupt hill crowned by the castle of St. Elmo, and its half million of inhabitants have stretched their dwellings over the plain toward Vesuvius, and back upon Posilippo, bordering the curve of the shore on the right and left with a broad white band of city and village for twelve or fourteen miles. Back from this, on the southern side, a very gradual ascent brings your eye to the base of Vesuvius, which rises from the plain in a sharp cone, broken in at the top ; its black and lava-streaked sides descending with the evenness of a sand-hill, on one side to the disinterred city of Pompeii, and on the other to the royal palace of Portici, built over the yet unexplored Herculaneum. In the centre of the crescent of the shore, projecting into the sea by a bridge of two or three hundred feet in length, stands a small castle, built upon a rock, on one side of which lies the mole with its shipping. The other side is bordered, close to the beach, with the gardens of the royal villa, a magnificent promenade of a mile, ornamented with fancy temples and statuary, on the smooth alleys of which may be met, at certain hours, all that is brilliant and gay in Naples. Farther on, toward the northern horn of the bay, lies the Mount of Posilippo, the ancient const of Baiæ, Cape Misenum, and the mountain isles of Procida and Ischia; the last of which still preserves the costumes of Greece, from which it was colonized centuries ago. The bay itself is as blue as the sky, scarcely ruffled all day with the wind, and covered by countless boats fishing or creeping on with their picturesque lateen sails just filled ; while the atmosphere over sea, city, and mountain is of a clearness and brilliancy which is inconceivable in other countries. The superiority of the sky and climate of Italy is no fable in any part of this delicious land ; but in Naples, if the day I have spent here is a fair specimen. it is matchless even for Italy. There is something like a fine blue veil of a most dazzling transparency over the mountains around, but above and between there seems nothing but viewless space-nothing like air that a bird could rise upon. The eve gets intoxicated almost with gazing on it.""

\* Pencilings by the Way, p. 32.

"I can compare standing on the top of Vesuvius and looking down upon the bay and city of Naples to nothing but mounting a peak in the infernal regions overlooking Paradise. The larger crater encircles you entirely for a mile, cutting off the view of the sides of the mountain ; and from the elevation of the new cone, you look over the rising edge of this black field of smoke and cinders, and drop the eye at once upon Naples, lying asleep in the sun, with its lazy sails upon the water, and the green hills inclosing it clad in the indescribable beauty of an Italian atmosphere. Beyond all comparison, by the testimony of every writer and traveler, the most beautiful scene in the worldthe loveliest water and the brightest land lay spread out before us. With the stench of hot sulphur in our nostrils, ankle deep in black ashes, and a waste of smouldering cinders in every direction around us, the enjoyment of the view certainly did not want for the heightening of contrast.""

The Bay of Naples, long after the departure of Lady Blessington from its shores, ceased not to be a favorite theme both in conversation and composition with her ladyship.

The sketch of its beauties appeared in the "Book of Beauty" for 1834, and again came out, retouched, in one of her later publications, "The Lottery of Life."

# THE BAY OF NAPLES In the Summer of 1824.

"It is evening, and scarcely a breeze ruffles the calm bosom of the beautiful bay, which resembles a vast lake, reflecting on its glassy surface the bright sky above, and the thousand stars with which it is studded. Naples, with its white colonnades seen amid the dark foliage of its terraced gardens, rises like an amphitheatre : lights stream from the windows and fall on the sea beneath like colums of gold; the castle of St. Elmo crowning the centre; Vesuvius, like a sleeping giant in grim repose, whose awakening all dread, is to the left; and on the right are the vine-crowned heights of the beautiful Vomero, with their palaces and villas peeping forth from the groves that surround

\* Pencilings by the Way, p. 43.

them ; while rising above it, the convent of Camaldoli lifts its head to the skies. Resina, Portici, Castelamare, and the lonely shores of Sorrento, reach out from Vesuvius as if they tried to embrace the isle of Capri, which forms the central object; and Pausilipo and Misenum, which, in the distance, seemed joined to Procida and Ischia, advance to meet the beautiful island on the right. The air, as it leaves the shore, is laden with fragrance from the orange-trees and jasmine, so abundant round Naples ; and the soft music of the guitar, or lively sound of the tambourine, marking the brisk movements of the tarantella, steals on the ear. But hark ! a rich stream of music, silencing all other, is heard, and a golden barge advances; the oars keep time to the music, and each stroke of them sends forth a silvery light; numerous lamps attached to the boat give it, at a little distance, the appearance of a vast shell of topaz floating on a sea of sapphire. Nearer and nearer draws this splendid pageant, the music falls more distinctly on the charmed ear, and one sees that its dulcet sounds are produced by a band of glittering musicians clothed in royal liveries. This illuminated barge is followed by another with a silken canopy overhead, and the curtains drawn back to admit the balmy air. Cleopatra, when she sailed down the Cydnus, boasted not a more beautiful vessel; and, as it glides over the sea, it seems impelled by the music that precedes it, so perfectly does it keep time to its enchanting sounds, leaving a bright trace behind, like the memory of departed happiness. But who is he that guides this beauteous bark ? His tall and slight figure is curved, and his snowy locks, falling over ruddy cheeks, show that age has bent, but not broken him ; he looks like one born to command-a hoary Neptune steering over his native element; all eyes are fixed, but his follow the glittering barge that precedes him. And who is she that has the seat of honor at his side ? Her fair, large, and unmeaning face wears a placid smile, and those light blue eyes and fair ringlets speak her of another land ; her lips, too, want the fine chiseling which marks those of the sunny clime of Italy; and the expression of her countenance has in it more of earth than heaven. Innumerable boats, filled with lords and

ladies, follow, but intrude not on the privacy of this royal bark, which passes before us like a vision in a dream. He who steered was Ferdinand, King of the Sicilies, and she who was beside him Maria Louisa, ex-Empress of France."

Many a glorious evening have I passed with the Blessingtons in 1823 and in the early part of 1824, sailing in the Bay of Naples, in their yacht, the Bolivar, which had belonged to Lord Byron; and not unfrequently, when the weather was particularly fine, and the moonlight gave additional beauty to the shores of Portici and Castelamare, Sorrento, and Pausilippo, the night has been far advanced before we returned to the Mole.

The furniture of the cabin of the Bolivar reminds one of its former owner. The table at which he wrote, the sofa on which he reclined, were in the places in which they stood when he owned the yacht. Byron was very partial to this vessel. It had been built for him expressly at Leghorn. On one occasion I was of the party, when, having dined on board, and skirted along the shores of Castelamare and Sorrento, the wind fell about dusk, and we lay becalmed in the bay till two or three o'clock in the morning, some six or eight miles from the shore. The bay was never more beautiful than on that delightful night; the moonlight could not be more brilliant. The pale blue sky was without a cloud, the sea smooth and shining as a mirror, and at every plash of an oar glittering with phosphorescent flashes of vivid light. But all the beauties of the bay on that occasion wasted their loveliness on the weary eyes of poor Lady Blessington that long night in vain.

"Captain Smith," capitaine par complaisance, a lieutenant of the navy, who had the command of the Bolivar, a very great original, on that as well as many other occasions served to relieve the tedium of those aquatic excursions, which were sometimes a little more prolonged than pleased Lady Blessington. Her ladyship had a great turn and a particular talent for grave banter, for solemn irony, verging on the very borders of obvious hoaxing. It was a very great delight to her to discover a prevailing weakness, vanity, absurdity, prejudice, or an antipathy in an extravagant or eccentric, vain or peculiar person, and

then to draw out that individual, and seem to read his thoughts, throwing out catch-words and half sentences to suggest the kind of expression she desired or expected to solicit, and then leading the party into some ridiculous display of oddity or vanity, and exceedingly absurd observations.

But this was done with such singular tact, finesse, and delicacy of humor, that pain never was inflicted by the mystification, for the simple reason that the badinage was never suspected by the party on whom it was practiced, even when carried to the very utmost limit of discretion. This taste for drawing out odd people, and making them believe absurd things, or express ridiculous ones, was certainly indulged in, not in a vulgar or coarse manner, but it became too much a habit, and tended, perhaps, to create a penchant for acting in society, and playing off opinions, as other persons do jokes and jests, for the sake of the fun of the performance.

The Count D'Orsay, who was a man of genuine wit and wonderful quickness of perception of the ridiculous wherever it existed, also possessed this taste for mystifying and eliciting absurdity to a very great extent, and rendered no little aid to Lady Blessington in these exhibitions of talent for grave irony and refued banter, which ever and anon, of an evening, she was wont to indulge in. In Naples, poor "Captain Smith's" anxiety for promotion, and high sense of fitness for the most exalted position in his profession, furnished the principal subjects for the display of this kind of talent.

The poor captain was "fooled to the very top of his bent." He was drawn out in all companies, in season and out of season, on the subject of *posting*. The Admiralty were regularly lugged into every argument, and it invariably ended with an inquiry "why he was not *posted*." The same observations in reply were always produced by an allusion to the Lords of the Admiralty; and the same replies, with unerring precision, were sure to follow the inquiry about post rank. "There was no patronage for merit." "He ought to have been posted fifteen years ago." "Half the post-captains in the navy were his juniors, though all got posted because they had patrons." "But the

Lords of the Admiralty never posted a man for his service, and—" The disconcerted lieutenant would then be interrupted by D'Orsay with some such good-natured suggestion as the following, in his broken English: "Ah, my poor Smid, tell miladi over again, my good fellow; once more explain for Mademoiselle Power, too, how it happens Milords of the Admirals never posted you?"

Then would the lieutenant go over the old formula in a querulous tone, without the slightest change of voice or look.

In July, 1823, the Blessingtons established themselves at the Palace or Villa Belvidere, on the Vomero, one of the most beautiful residences in Naples, surrounded by gardens overlooking the bay, and commanding a most enchanting view of its exquisite features. Though the palace was furnished suitably for a Neapolitan prince, Lady Blessington found it required a vast number of comforts, the absence of which could not be compensated by beautifully decorated walls and ceilings, marble floors, pictures, and statues, and an abundance of antiquated sofas, and chairs of gigantic dimensions, carved and gilt. The Prince and Princess Belvidere marveled when they were informed an upholsterer's services would be required, and a variety of articles of furniture would have to be procured for the wants of the sojourners who were about to occupy their mansion for a few months. The rent of this palace was extravagantly high; but nothing was considered too dear for the advantage of its sight and scenery.

Lady Blessington thus describes her new abode: "A long avenue, entered by an old-fashioned archway, which forms part of the dwelling of the *intendente* of the Prince di Belvidere, leads through a pleasure ground filled with the rarest trees, shrubs, and plants, to the palazzo, which forms three sides of a square, the fourth being an arcade that connects oue portion of the building with the other. There is a court-yard and fountain in the centre. A colonnade extends from each side of the front of the palace, supporting a terrace covered with flowers. The windows of the principal salons open on a garden formed on an elevated terrace, surrounded on three sides by a marble

### 92 SOCIETY OF THE BLESSINGTONS AT MAPLES.

balustrade, and inclosed on the fourth by a long gallery, filled with pictures, statues, and alti and bassi relievi. On the top of this gallery, which is of considerable length, is a terrace, at the extreme end of which is a pavilion, with open arcades, and paved with marble. This pavilion commands a most enchanting prospect of the bay, with the coast of Sorrento on the left; Capri in the centre, with Nisida, Procida, Ischia, and the promontory of Misenum to the right; the foreground filled up by gardens and vineyards. The odor of the flowers in the grounds around this pavilion, and the Spanish jaamine and tuberoses that cover the walls, render it one of the most delicious retreats in the world. The walls of all the rooms are literally covered with pictures; the architraves of the doors of the principal rooms are of Oriental alabaster and the rarest marbles ; the tables and consoles are composed of the same costly materials; and the furniture, though in decadence, bears the traces of its pristine splen-Besides five salons de réception on the principal floor, the dor. palace contains a richly-decorated chapel and sacristy, a large salle de billard, and several suites of bed and dressing rooms."

Never did English lady of refined tastes make a sojourn in the neighborhood of Pompeii and Herculaneum, visit the various localitics of Naples and its vicinity, carry out researches of antiquarian interest, and inquire into the past amid the ruins of Pæstum and Beneventum, Sorrento, Amalfi, Salerno, Ischia, and Procida, and Capri, under such advantageous circumstances as Lady Blessington.

When she visited Herculaneum she was accompanied by Sir William Gell; when she examined muscums and galleries devoted to objects of art, ancient or modern, she was accompanied by Mr. Uwins, the painter, or Mr. Richard Westmacott, the sculptor, or Mr. Millingen, the antiquarian, who "initiated her into the mysteries of numismatics." If she made an excursion to Pæstum, it was with the same erudite cicerone; or when she had an evening visit to the Observatory, it was in the company of Mr. Herschel (now Sir John), or the famous Italian astronomer Piazzi. Or if she went to Beneventum, or the Torre di

\* The Idler in Italy, p. 247. Par. ed., 1839.

### SOCIETY OF THE BLESSINGTONS AT NAPLES.

Patria, the site of the ancient Liternum, it was in the agreeable society of some celebrated savant.

The visit to Pompeii, with Sir William Gell as cicerone, has been immortalized by Lady Blessington in some admirable stanzas, the first and last of which I present to my readers :

> "Lonely city of the dead ! Body whence the soul has fied, Leaving still upon thy face Such a mild and pensive grace As the lately dead display, While yet stamped upon frail clay, Rests the impress of the mind, That the fragile earth refined.

٠

÷

"Farewell, city of the dead ! O'er whom centuries have fied, Leaving on your buried face Not one mark time loves to trace ! Dumb as Egypt corpses, you Strangely meet our anxious view ; Showing to the eager gaze But cold still shades of ancient days."

Among the papers of Lady Blessington, I found some beautifully written verses on the ruins of Pæstum, without name or date, which appear to have been sent to her by the author of them.

Her ladyship visited Pæstum in May, 1824, accompanied by Mr. Millingen, Mr. C. Matthews, and Lord Morpeth; and probably these lines may have been composed by one of her companions on that occasion.

#### PÆSTUM.

"Mid the deep silence of the pathless wild, Where kindlier nature once profusely smiled, Th' eternal temples stand; unknown their age, Untold their annals in historic page ! All that around them stood, now far away, Single in ruin, mighty in decay ! Between the mountains and the neighb'ring main, They claim the empire of the lonely plain. In solemn beauty, through the clear blue light, The Doric columns rear their awful height!

94

Emblems of strength untamed ! yet conquering time Has mellowed half the sternness of their prime; And bade the richer, mid their mins grown, Imbrown with darker hues the vivid stone. Each channeled pillar of the fane appears Unspoiled, yet softened by consuming years. So calmly awful ! so serenely fair ! The gazers rapt still mutely worship there. Not always thus, when full beneath the day, No fairer scene than Pastum's lovely bay ; When her light soil bore plants of every hue, And twice each year her beauteous roses blew ; While bards her blooming honors loved to sing, And Tuscan zephyrs fanned th' sternal spring. When in her port the Syrian moored his fleet, And wealth and commerce filled the peopled street ; While here the trambling mariner adored The seas' dread sovereign, Posidonia's lord ; With native tablets decked yon hallowed walls, Or sued for justice in her crowded halls ; There stood on high the white-robed Flamen, there The opening portal poured the choral prayer ; While to the searching heaven swelled loud the sound, And incense blazed, and myriads knelt around.

"Tis past ! the actors of the plain are mute, E'en to the herdsman's call, or shepherd's flute ! The toils of art, the charms of nature fail, And death triumphant rules the tainted gale. From the lone spot the affrighted peasants haste, A wild the garden, and the town a waste.

But they are still the same : alike they mock The invader's menace and the tempest's shock ; And ere the world had bowed at Cassar's throne, Ere yet proud Rome's all-conquering name was known, They stood, and fleeting centuries in vain Have poured their fury o'er the enduring fane. Such long shall stand, proud relics of a clime Where man was glorious, and his works sublime ; While in the progress of their long decay, Thrones shrink to dust, and nations pass away."\*

\* I visited Prestum in company with Mr. Greenough, one of the Vice Presidents of the Geographical Society, and Mr. Burton, the architect, in 1833, a short

I accompanied Lady Blessington and her party on the occasion, I think, of their first visit to Mount Vesuvius. The account in the "Idler in Italy" of the ascent is given with great liveliness and humor, but the wit and drollery of some of the persons who were of this party contributed to render the visit one of the merriest, perhaps, that ever was made to a volcano, and to the joyousness of the expedition altogether I think her ladyship has hardly done justice.

I had previously made a very singular excursion to Vesuvius, accompanied by a blind gentleman, who used to boast of his having come from England expressly to see an eruption. He was certainly recompensed for his pains by having an opportunity afforded him, during his sojourn in Naples, of hearing the bellowing of the disemboguing volcano, of the greatest violence that had occurred in recent times.

The great eruption of June, 1821, was witnessed by me. I accompanied to the mount the celebrated blind traveler, Lientenant Holman, the evening on which the violence of the eruption was at its greatest height. He has given an account of our night ascent, and adventures by no means free from peril, in his "Narrative of a Journey in France, Italy, Savoy, &c., in the years 1819, 1820, and 1821," page 234. We set off from Naples about five o'clock in the afternoon, as my blind companion says in his work, " with the view of *seeing* the mountain by time only before the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt in that vicinity. No traveler has said so much to the purpose of Pestum in so few words as Forsyth.

"On entering the walls of Pæstum I felt all the religion of the place. I trod as on sacred ground. I stood amazed at the long obscurity of its mighty ruins. They can be descried with a glass from Salerno, the high road of Calabria commands a distant view, the city of Capaccio looks down upon them, and a few wretches have always lived on the spot; yet they remain unnoticed by the best Nespolitan antiquaries. Pelegrino, Capaccio, and Sanfelice wrote volumes on the beaten tracks of topography, but they never traveled.

"I will not disturb the dreams of Paoli, who can see nothing here but the work of Tuscans and the Tuscan order; nor would I, with other antiquaries, remount to the Sybarites, and ascribe these monuments—monuments the most aimple, sage, austere, energetic—to a race the most opposite in character. Because the Pæstan Done differs in all its proportions from that of the exaggeration of mass which awes every eye, and a stability which, from time unknown, has sustained in the air these ponderous entablatures. The walls are fallen, and the columns stand; the solid has failed, and the open resists."

moonlight." Passing through Portici, we reached Resina about seven o'clock, and at the base of the mountain took a conductor from the house of Salvatori. Visitants usually ascend on asses two thirds of the way toward the summit, but my blind friend preferred walking, "to see things better with his feet." We reached the hermitage by eight or nine o'clock, where we supped, and did great justice to the hermit's fare. The eruption was chiefly of light ashes, when we proceeded upward from the hermitage, and the road or path, at all times difficult, was now doubly so from the heavy dust and scorize, interspersed with large and dark stones, which lay all along it. The shower of ashes was succeeded, as we ascended, by torrents of red-hot lava, that streamed over the crater in the direction of the wind, and, like a river of molten lead, as it descended, and lost its bright red heat, flowed down not impetuously, but slowly and gradually, in a great broad stream, perhaps sixty or eighty feet wide, toward the sea to the cast of Resina. We proceeded along the edge of this stream for some distance, and my blind friend formed his notions of its consistence, rate of flowing, and temperature by poking his staff in this stream of lava, and feeling the charred stick when he removed it. The great crater was then in repose. At length we reached the spot where a great fissure, somewhat lower than the crater, was emitting torrents of lava and sulphurous vapors. My blind friend would not be persuaded to remain behind when the guide conducted us to any spot particularly perilous, and especially to one where fire and ashes were issuing from clefts in the rock on which we walked. He insisted on walking over places where we could hear the crackling effects of the fire on the lava beneath our feet, and on a level with the brim of the new crater, which was then pouring forth showers of fire and smoke, and lava, and occasionally masses of rock of amazing dimensions, to an enormous height in the air. A change of wind must inevitably have buried us, either beneath the ashes or the molten lava. The huge rocks generally fell back into the crater from which they issued. The ground was glowing with heat under our feet, which often obliged us to shift our position. Our guide conducted us to the

97

edge of a crater, where a French gentleman had thrown himself in about two months previously. He had written some lines in the travelers' book at the hermitage on his ascent, indicative of the old fact that "the course of true love never did run smooth."

The view of the Bay of Naples and of the distant city from the summit of Vesuvius on a beautiful moonlight night, without a cloud in the sky, such as we had the good fortune to enjoy, was almost magic in its effect; such serenity, and repose, and beauty in perfect stillness, formed a striking contrast with the lurid glare of the red-hot masses that were emitted from the volcano, and the frightful bellowings of the burning mountain on which we stood.

I should have observed that there are, properly speaking, two summits, one westward, called Somma, the other South Vesuvius. In 1667, an eruption had added two hundred feet to the crater's elevation. But in the present eruption a very large portion of this crater had fallen in.

We got back to Portici at three o'clock in the morning, and to Naples at four.

Lady Blessington has given some account of her "descents into the graves of buried cities," and her ascent also to the summit of Mount Vesuvius. In some of these visits and excursions I had the pleasure of accompanying her, when the admirable and erudite cicerone of her ladyship was Sir William Gell.\*

Among the English who frequented the Palazzo Belvidere, the following may be enumerated as the *élite*, or most highly esteemed of the visitors there: Sir William Drummond, Sir William Gell, the Honorable Keppel Craven, Mr. William Ham-

\* Herculaneum was founded A.M. 2757, sixty years before the siege of Troy, about 3092 years ago. It was destroyed by the same eruption of Vesuvius, in the year 79 A.D., which buried Pompeii. Scarcely any more than a mere reference to the fact of the destruction of either city is to be found in Pliny, or any ancient author.

The buried cities remained undiscovered till 1641 years after their destruction. Herculaneum had been successively ruled by the Etruscans, Oscians, Samnites, Greeks, and, when destroyed, by the Romans. The original founder was said to be the Theban Hercules. Portici and Resina are built over the buried city.

Vol. I.-E

ilton, the British minister to the Neapolitan court ; Colonel Chaloner Bisse, the Honorable R. Grosvenor, Captain Gordon, brother of Lord Aberdeen ; Mr. Matthias, the author of "the Pursuits of Literature ;" Lord Guilford, Count (now Prince) Paul Lieven. Lord Ashley, Mr. Evelyn Denison, Mr. Richard Williams, Signor Salvaggi, a distinguished litterateur ; the Duc de Rocco Romano. Marchese Guiliano, Duc de Cazarano, Lord Dudley and Ward, Lord Howden, and his son Mr. Cradock ; later, if I mistake not, Colonel Caradoc, the Honorable George Howard, the present Lord Morpeth, Mr. Millingen, the eminent antiquarian; Mr. Charles Matthews, the son of the celebrated comedian; Lord Ponsonby, Prince Ischitelli, Mr. J. Strangways, the brother of Lord Ilchester; Mr. H. Baillie, Mr. Herschel, the astronomer; Mr. Henry Fox (now Lord Holland), Mr. J. Townsend (now Lord Sydney), Count de Camaldole, General Church, General Florestan Pepe, Mr. Richard Westmacott, the Duc de FitzJames, Casimir Delavigne, Filangiere (Prince Satriani), son of the wellknown writer on jurisprudence; Mr. Bootle Wilbraham, Jun., the Abbé Monticelli, an eminent geologist; the Archbishop of Tarento, Sir Andrew Barnard, Signor Piazzi, a celebrated astronomer, the discoverer of the planet Ceres.

The situation of the villa Belvidere—the lovely prospect from the terrace that communicated with the principal saloon—the classic beauty of the house, the effect of the tasteful laying out of the grounds—the elegance of the establishment, and the precious objects of modern art, of an ornamental kind, of bijouterie, porcelain, ivory, gems of great rarity, and vases of exquisite form and workmanship, and relics too of antiquity, of great value, collected by Lady Blessington throughout Italy, or presented to her by connoisseurs and *dilettante* like Gell, and Millingen, and Dodswell, and Drummond—it would be difficult to exaggerate the merits of, or to describe adequately the effects of, so many excellences were combined in the admirable *tout ensemble* of that villa, when it was the abode of the Countess of Blessington.

Who ever enjoyed the pleasures of her elegant hospitality in that delightful abode, and the brilliant society of the eminent persons by whom she was habitually surrounded there, and can

forget the scene, the hostess and the circle, that imparted to the villa Belvidere some of the Elysian characteristics that poetry has ascribed to a neighboring locality?

Difficulties with the proprietor of this mansion obliged the Blessingtons to quit their Neapolitan paradise on the Vomero for the villa Gallo, situated on another eminence, that of Capo di Monte, the end of March, 1825, and there they remained till February the following year.

## CHAPTER V.

DEPARTURE FROM NAPLES, SOJOURN IN ROME, FLORENCE, WILAN, VENICE, AND GENOA. — RETURN TO, PARIS. — FEBRUARY, 1826, TO JUNE, 1829.

THE Blessingtons and their party having made Naples their head-quarters for upward of two years and a half, took their departure the end of February, 1826, and arrived at Rome the beginning of March following.

The departure from Naples was sudden, and the cause for that suddenness is not explained in the journals of Lady Blessington.

The Blessingtons arrived in Bome from Naples the beginning of March. They remained in Bome till about the middle of the month, and then set out for Florence.

We find them in the month of April in that city, where Lord and Lady Normanby were then entertaining the inhabitants with theatricals. They remained in Florence nearly nine months. In December they were once more at Genoa, but he who had made their previous sojourn there so agreeable was then numbered with the dead. Before the close of the month we find them established at Piss, where they had the pleasure of meeting the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche.

Lady Blessington had met Lord John Russell in Genoa. She had known his lordship in England, and thought very highly both of his talents and the amiability of his disposition. With the exception of the Duke of York, who was an especial favorite of her ladyship, Lord Grey, and perhaps Lord Durham, none of

the persons who frequented the abode of the Blessingtons in St. James's Square were spoken of in such warm terms of regard and esteem by Lady Blessington as Lord John Russell. She thus speaks of him in her Naples diary:

"He came and dined with us, and was in better health and spirits than I remember him when in England. He is exceedingly well read, and has a quiet dash of humor, that renders his observations very amusing. When the reserve peculiar to him is thawed, he can be very agreeable ; and the society of his Genoese friends having had this effect, he appears here to much more advantage than in London. Good sense, a considerable power of discrimination, a highly-cultivated mind, and great equality of temper, are the characteristics of Lord John Russell ; and these peculiarly fit him for taking a distinguished part in public life. The only obstacle to his success seems to me to be the natural reserve of his manners, which, by leading people to think him cold and proud, may preclude him from exciting that warm sentiment of personal attachment rarely accorded, except to those whose uniform friendly demeanor excites and strengthens it; and without this attraction, it is difficult, if not impossible, for a statesman, whatever may be the degree of esteem entertained for his character, to have devoted friends and partisans, accessories so indispensable for one who would fill a distinguished rôle in public life.

"Lord John Russell dined with us again yesterday, and nobody could be more agreeable. He should stay two or three years among his Italian friends, to wear off forever the reserve that shrouds so many good qualities, and conceals so many agreeable ones; and he would then become as popular as he deserves to be. But he will return to England, be again thrown into the clique which political differences keep apart from that of their opponents, become as cold and distant as formerly; and people will exclaim at his want of cordiality, and draw back from what they consider to be his haughty reserve."\*

The Blessingtons remained in Pisa till the latter part of June, 1827. We find them again in Florence from July to the November following.

\* The Idler in Italy, Par. ed., 1839, p. 370

# SOJOURN IN FLORENCE.

At Florence, in 1826 and 1827, Lady Blessington was acquainted with Demidoff, " the Russian Crossus ;" with Lord Dillon, the author of an epic poem, " Eccelino, the Tyrant of Padua," a production more complacently read aloud by his lordship on various occasions than often patiently listened to by his hearers; the Prince Borghese, a "noble Roman," remarkable for his obesity, the number and size of his gold rings, and the circumstance of his being the husband of the sister of Napoleon-"La petite et Mignonne Pauline;" Lamartine, "very good-looking and distinguished in his appearance, who dressed so perfectly like a gentleman that one never would suspect him to be a poet ;" Comte Alexandre de la Borde, and his son M. Leon de la Borde; Mr. Jerningham, the son of Lord Stafford; Henry Anson, "a fine young man, on his way to the East" (and never destined to return from it); Mr. Strangways, in the absence of Lord Burghersh officiating as Charge d'Affaires; Mr. Francis Hare, "gay, clever, and amusing;" and in May, 1827, Walter Savage Landor, "one of the most remarkable writers of his day, as well as one of the most remarkable and original of men." This was the first time of meeting with Mr. Landor, and during the sojourn of the Blessingtons in Florence there were few days they did not see him. The strongest attachment that comes within the legitimate limits and bonds of literary friendships was soon formed between Lady Blessington and the celebrated author of "Imaginary Conversations."

Hallam, the historian, the young Lord Lifford, "formed for the doles far nients of Italian life," with his imploring expression of Laisses moi tranquille in his good-natured face, were then likewise residing there; and Lord and Lady Normanby also were still sojourning there in 1827. Lord Normanby, during his sojourn there, was a frequent visitor at the Blessingtons'. His taste for theatricals was quite in unison with Lord Blessington's, while his taste for literature, his polished and fascinating manners, his desire to please, and disposition to oblige, and most agreeable conversation, furnished peculiar attractions for Lady Blessington. Lord Normanby was then thirty years of age, in the incipient stage of fashionable authorship, beginning

# SOJOUEN IN FLORENCE.

to write novels, in the habit of contributing to albums, ambitious of politics, and exhibiting his turn for them by occasional prose articles for reviews and magazines.

The Blessingtons, though they had retraced their steps toward the North, were now veering between Florence, Genos, and Pisa, and seem to have seldom turned their thoughts homeward. St. James's Square was beginning to disappear from their recollections. Those connected with Lord Blessington by the ties of blood residing in his own country were seldom thought of; new scenes and new acquaintances appear to have taken fast hold of his tastes and feelings.

When Lord Blessington quitted England in September, 1822, he had four children; his eldest son, Charles John Gardiner, born in Portman Square, London, the 3d of February, 1810, was then twelve years of age.

His eldest daughter, Emilie Rosalie Hamilton, commonly called Lady Mary Gardiner, born in Manchester Square the 24th of June, 1811, was then (in 1822) eleven years of age. His legitimate daughter, the Hon. Harriet Anne Jane Frances, commonly called Lady Harriet Gardiner, born in Seymour Place the 5th of August, 1812, was then ten years of age; and his legitimate son, the Hon. Luke Gardiner, commonly called Lord Mountjoy, born in 1813, was then nine years of age. The eldest son, Charles John Gardiner, had been placed at school; the two daughters and the young Lord Mountjoy had been left under the care of Lady Harriet Gardiner, the sister of Lord Blessington, who was then residing in Dublin, at the house of the Bishop of Ossory, the brother-in-law of Lord Blessington, in Merrion Square, South.

The Dowager Lady Mountjoy (the second wife of the first Lord Mountjoy) was then also living in Dublin."

The 6th of April, 1823, Lady Blessington mentions in her diary at Genoa the news, having just reached Lord Blessington by

• In August, 1839, the Right Hon. Margaret Viacounteas Mountjoy died in Dublin at an advanced age. She was the second wife of the Right Hon. Luke Gardiner, Lord Viscount Mountjoy, father of the late Earl of Blessington by a former marriage. She married Viscount Mountjoy in 1793, and became a widow in 1798. She resided chiefly in Dublin for many years previous to har decease.

#### SOJOURN IN GENOA.

courier from London, of the death of his son and heir, the young Lord Mountjoy, on the 26th of March preceding.

The boy was only in his tenth year. He was the only legitimate son of Lord Blessington, and by his death his lordship was enabled to make a disposition of his property of a very strange nature—a disposition of it which it is impossible to speak of in any terms except those of reprehension, and of astonishment at the fatuity manifested in the arrangements made by his lordship, and in the contemplated disposal of a daughter's hand without reference to her inclinations or wishes, or the feelings of any member of her family.

Within a period of three months from the time of the death of his only son, on the 22d of June, 1823, Lord Blessington signed a document purporting to be a codicil to a former will, making a disposition of his property and a disposal of the happiness of one or other of his then two living daughters-an arrangement at once imprudent, unnatural, and wanting in all the conaideration that ought to have been expected at the hand of a father for the children of a deceased wife. Partial insanity might explain the anomalies that present themselves in the course taken by Lord Blessington in regard to those children; and my firm conviction, the result of my own observation, is, that at the period in question, when this will was made. Lord Blessington could not be said to be in a state of perfect sanity of mind ; but, on the contrary, was laboring under a particular kind of insanity, manifested by an infatuation and infirmity of mind in his conduct with respect to his family affairs, though quite sane on every other subject, which unfitted him to dispose of his children at that juncture, and had assumed a more decided appearance of monomania after that disposal was made.

At Genoa, June the 22d, 1823, Lord Blessington made a codicil to his will, wherein it is set forth that General Albert D'Orsay (the father of the Count Alfred) had given his consent to the union of his son with a daughter of his lordship. But it is evident, from the terms of this document, that it was then optional with the count to select either of the daughters of his lordship.

#### SOJOURN IN GENOA

#### CODICIL.

"GENOA, June 2d, 1823. "Having had the misfortune to lose my beloved son Luke Wellington, and having entered into engagements with Alfred, Comte D'Orsay, that an alliance should take place between him and my daughter, which engagement has been sanctioned by Albert, Count D'Orsay, general, &c., in the service of France, this is to declare and publish my desire to leave to the said Alfred D'Orsay my estates in the city and county of Dublin (subject, however, to the annuity of three thousand per annum, which sum is to include the settlement of one thousand per annum to my wife, Margaret, Countess of Blesinton, subject also to that portion of debt, whether by annuity or mortgage, to which my executor and trustee, Luke Norman, shall consider them to be subjected), for his and her use, whether it be Mary (baptized Emilie) Rosalie Hamilton, or Harriet Anne Jane Frances, and to their heirs male, the said Alfred and said Mary, or Harriet, forever in default of issue male, to follow the provisions of the will and testament.

"I make also the said Alfred D'Orsay sole guardian of my son Charles John, and my sister, Harriet Gardiner, guardian of my daughters, until they, the daughters, arrive at the age of sixteen, at which age I consider that they will be marriageable.

"I also bequeath to Luke Norman my estates in the county of Tyrone, &c., in trust for my son, Charles John, whom I desire to take the name of Stewart Gardiner, until he shall arrive at the age of twenty-five, allowing for his education such sums as Alfred D'Orsay may think necessary, and one thousand per annum from twenty-one to twenty-five.

"Done at Genos, life being uncertain, at eight o'clock on the morning of Monday, June the second, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three. BLESINTON."

I find in the papers of Lady Blessington a letter of a noble lord, dated September 20th, 1836, inclosing a copy of the codicil above mentioned, sent to him for an opinion, and the following reference to it of the great legal authority. "Inclosed is the

#### LORD BLESSINGTON'S WILL.

opinion. I regret that it is not, and can not be more favorable:

"I have read the statement, will, and codicil, and am of opinion that the legatee is liable for the rent and taxes, and subject to all the covenants of the lease."

At the date of this letter, Lord Blessington had been dead about six years.

On the 31st of August, 1823, Lord Blessington executed his last will and testament, formally carrying out the intentions, in respect to the marriage of one of his daughters, briefly expressed in the preceding codicil. This will was executed only two months later than the document above referred to; and it merits attention, that the provision made for the Countess of Blessington, in the former codicil, of an annuity of £3000, inclusive of a preceding marriage settlement of £1000 a year, is reduced in the will of the 31st of August to £2000 a year, including the marriage settlement of £1000 per annum; so that in after years, when it was generally believed that Lady Blessington had an income of £3000 a year, she in reality had only £2000.

# EXTRACTED FROM THE REGISTRY OF HIS MAJESTY'S COURT OF PREROGATIVE IN IRELAND.

"This is the last will and testament of me, Charles John, Earl of Blessington, of that part of the united kingdom called Ireland. I give Luke Norman, Esquire, for and during the time he shall continue agent of my estates, in the county and city of Dublin, and in the county of Tyrone, twelve hundred pounds per annum, in lieu of receivers' fees. I appoint Alfred D'Orsay, Count of [], in France, Luke Norman, Esquire, and Alexander Worthington, Esquire, my executors; and I give unto each of them one thousand pounds. I give to Isabella Birnly, Michael McDonough, and John Bullock, one hundred pounds each. I give and devise my real and personal estate to said Alfred D'Oraay, Luke Norman, and Alexander Worthington, for the following purposes: First, for the payment of two thousand pounds, British, per annum (inclusive of one thousand pounds settled on her at the time of my marriage), to my wife Margarette, or

# LORD BLESSINGTON'S WILL.

Margaret, Countess of Blessington; and I give to her all her own jewels, requesting that she may divide my late wife's jewels between my two daughters at the time of her decease. I give to Robert Power and Mary Anne Power one thousand pounds each. I give to'my daughter Harriet Anne Jane Frances, commonly called Lady Harriet, born at my house at Seymour Place, London, on or about the 3d day of August, 1812, all my estates in the county and city of Dublin, subject to the following charge. Provided she intermarry with my friend, and intended son-inlaw, Alfred D'Orsay, I bequeath her the sum of ten thousand pounds only. I give to my daughter Emilie Rosalie Hamilton, generally called Lady Mary Gardiner, born in Manchester Square, on the 24th June, 1811, whom I now acknowledge and adopt as my daughter, the sum of twenty thousand pounds.

"In case the said Alfred D'Orsay intermarries with the said Emilie, otherwise Mary Gardiner, I bequeath to her my estates in the county and city of Dublin. The annuity of two thousand pounds per annum, British, to be paid to my beloved wife out of the said estates. I give to my son Charles John, who I desire may take the name of Stewart Gardiner, born in Portman Square, on the 3d day of February, 1810, all my estates in the county of Tyrone, subject to the following charges ; also the reversion of my Dublin estates, in case of male issue of said daughters. In case of male issue, lawfully begotten, I leave these estates to the second son of Alfred D'Orsay and my daughter; or if only one son, to him, in case of failure to male issue, to go to the male issue of my other daughter. My estates are to be subject in the first instance to the payment of my debts. I give to my wife the lease of my house in London, at the erpiration of which the furniture, books, &cc., &cc., are to be removed to the intended residence at Mountjoy Forest ; and I direct that the said house be built according to the plan now laid down, and do empower my said executors to borrow money for the said purpose. I give to my wife all my carriages, her paraphernalia and plate. I give to my son Charles John my plate, wardrobe, swords, &c., &c., &c. I appoint Alfred D'Orsay guardian of my son Charles John until he arrives at the age of

# RETURN TO ROME.

twenty-five years, the settlement of twelve thousand pounds to be null and void on his obtaining the Tyrone estates. I appoint my beloved wife guardian of my daughter Harriet Anne; and I appoint my sister Harriet guardian of my daughter commonly called Lady Mary. I give to Isabella McDougal, of Perth, one hundred pounds per annum for her life, it being bequeathed her by my first wife, Mary Campbell, Viscountess Mountjoy. I give to the National Gallery, intended to be formed in London under royal protection, my picture of the 'Three Graces,' by Sir Joshua Reynolds, with a desire that ' The gift of Charles John, Earl of Blessington,' may be affixed to the said picture, as an encouragement to others to contribute to the said collection. I give to my sister, Harriet Gardiner, five hundred pounds per annum for her natural life. I revoke all other wills by me made, and declare this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof, I have to this my last will, contained in five sheets of paper, set to the first four my hand, and to this, the fifth and last, my hand and seal, this 31st day of August, 1823. Blessington seal."

The marriage, then, of Count D'Orsay with a daughter of Lord Blessington we find determined on at Genoa so early as the 2d of June, 1823; and it was not till the 1st of December, 1827, four years and a half subsequently to that determination, that the long-contemplated event took place.

In December, 1827, the Blessingtons returned to Rome from Florence, after a sojourn there of upward of four months.

They engaged the two principal floors of the Palazzo Negroni, for six months certain, at the rent of 100 guineas a month (at the rate of 1200 guineas a year).<sup>\*</sup> This abode though nominally furnished, had to be further provided with hired "*meubles*," the cost of which was about twenty pounds a month. The seeds of the Encumbered Estates Court were being sown in Italy, as well as in other Continental countries, pretty extensively some thirty years ago by our Irish landed proprietors.

\* While this enormous expenditure for house accommodation was going on in Italy, the noble mansion in St. James's Square, in London, and the Irish residence, Mountjoy House, on the Tyrone catate, were kept up by Lord Blessington.

In the month of March, 1828, on my return from the Bast, 1 visited the Blessingtons at the Palazzo Negroni, and there, for the first time, I beheld the recently married daughter of the Barl of Blessington.

Had I been a member of their family, I could not have been received with greater kindness and warmth of feeling.

During my stay in Rome, I dined with them most days, and passed every evening at their conversationes.

Their salons, as at Naples, were regularly filled every evening with the *élite* of the distinguished foreigners and natives, artists and *literati* of the Eternal City.

The Count D'Orsay had been married the 1st of December, 1827, to Lady Harriet Frances Gardiner, who was then fifteen years of age and four months.

It was an unhappy marriage, and nothing to any useful purpose can be said of it except that Lord Blessington sacrificed his child's happiness by causing her to marry, without consulting her inclinations or her interests.

Taken from school without any knowledge of the world, acquaintance with society, or its usages and forms, wholly inexperienced, transferred to the care of strangers, and naturally indisposed to any exertion that might lead to efforts to conciliate them, she was brought from her own country to a distant land, to wed a man she had never seen up to the period of her arrival in Italy, where, within a few weeks of her first meeting with that foreign gentleman, who had been on terms of intimacy with her father, she was destined to become his bride.

Lady Harriet was exceedingly girlish-looking, pale and rather inanimate in expression, silent and reserved; there was no appearance of familiarity with any one around her; no air or look of womanhood, no semblance of satisfaction in her new position were to be observed in her demeanor or deportment. She seldom or never spoke, she was little noticed, she was looked on as a mere school-girl; I think her feelings were crushed, repressed, and her emotions driven inward by the sense of slight and indifference, and by the strangeness and coldness of every thing around her; and she became indifferent, and strange and

cold, and apparently devoid of all vivacity and interest in society, or in the company of any person in it. People were mistaken in her, and she, perhaps, was also mistaken in others. Her father's act had led to all these misconceptions and misconstructions, ending in suspicions, animosities, aversions, and total estrangements.

In the course of a few years, the girl of childish mien and listless looks, who was so silent and apparently inanimate, became a person of remarkable beauty, *spirituelle*, and intelligent, the reverse in all respects of what she was considered where she was misplaced and misunderstood.<sup>9</sup>

A few days before I quitted Rome for England, I received a kind letter from Lord Blessington to his friend John Galt, which I never had an opportunity of delivering. This letter of his lordship was dated Rome, March, 6, 1828.

"Rome, March 6, 1898.

"MY DEAR GALT,—The bearer of this letter, Mr. Madden, is a gentleman of literary acquirement and talent. He has lately returned from the East, and, besides an account of deserts and Arabs, Turks and Greeks, he will be able to give you an account of your old friends at Rome.

"Believe me, yours most truly,

BLESSINGTON.

"John Galt, Eeq."

May the 7th, 1828, Mr. Mills gave a farewell dinner to the Blessingtons at his villa Palatina, a day or two before their departure from Rome. A party of the friends of the Blessingtons were invited to meet them, and the final meeting and separation were any thing but joyous.

"Schemes of future meeting, too faintly spoken to cheat into hope of their speedy fulfillment, furnished the general topic; and some were there, already stricken with maladies, the harbingers of death—and they, too, spoke of again meeting! Yet who

\* Lady Harriet D'Orany and her aunt, Miss Gardiner, visited the Continent in the latter part of 1833 or beginning of 1834. In September, 1835, Lady Harriet and her aister, Miss Emily Gardiner, were in Dublin, residing with their aunt. Shortly after, Miss Emily Gardiner was married to a Mr. Charles White. Mr. White some years ago traveled a good deal, principally in the East, wrote some works of light literature, and an account of his travels. As a gentleman of good cducation, agreeable manners and conversation, he was known to the frequenters of Gore House many years ago. He had resided in many parts of the Continent, and latterly altogether in Belgium. Mrs. White died in Paris shout ten years ago.

can say whether the young and the healthy may not be summoned from life before those whose infirmities alarm us for their long continuance in it?

"And there were with me two persons, to whom every ruin and every spot in view were 'familiar as household words;' men who had explored them all, with the feelings of the historian, the research of the antiquarian, and the reflections of the philosopher-Sir William Gell and Mr. Dodwell; both advanced toward the downward path of life, every step of which rapidly abridges the journey, and consequently reminds parting friends of the probability that each farewell may be the last. There was our host, seated in a paradise of his own creation, based on the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, yet, forgetful for the moment of the mutability of fortune of which such striking memorials were before his eyes, thinking only that we were on the eve of parting. Mrs. Dodwell was there, her lustrous eyes often dimmed by a tear of regret at our separation, but her rare beauty in no way diminished by the sadness that clouded a face always lovely."

Sir William Gell and Count Paul Esterhazy came to the Palazzo Negroni to see the Blessingtons take their departure. "Poor Gell!" says Lady Blessington in her diary, "I still seem to feel the pressure of his hand, and the tears that bedewed mine, as he pressed it to his lips, and murmured his fears that we should meet no more.

"'You have been visiting our friend Drummond's grave today,' said he, ' and if you ever come to Italy again, you will find me in mine.'"

This was in the early part of May, 1828, and in the month of April, 1836, the accomplished, witty, ever jocund and facetious Sir William Gell was in his grave.

Lady Blessington, quitting Rome, speaks of her sad presentiment that she should see the Eternal City no more. She descants in her diary on the uncertainty of life, and especially in the case of those older or more infirm than ourselves, as if we were more exempt from danger and death than they. "Strange delusion! that while we tremble for those dear to us, the con-

## DEPARTURE FROM ROME.

viction of the irrevocable certainty of our own dissolution is less vividly felt! we picture our own death as remote, and consequently less to be dreaded; and even when most impressed with the awful conviction that we, like all other mortals, must pass away, though our reason acknowledges the truth, our hearts refuse to believe that the event may be near."

The "event" was then twenty-one years distant from her own door of life.

From Bome the Blessingtons proceeded to Loretto, where they visited the shrine of the Santa Casa. "The pious votaries of superstition," the folly of their munificence, wasting jewels "to decorate an idol," the tawdry appearance of "the glittering toyshop," "the heterogeneous mixture of saints and sybils," of pagan rites and superstitious practices, came in for a protty large share of the customary reprehension of English travelers from Lady Blessington, the value of which, of course, mainly depends on the sincerity of the reprover.

In the present instance, however, Lady Blessington was certainly not so much proclaiming her own sentiments as writing up to the readable mark of those who were to be her public.

From Loretto the travelers proceeded to Ancona and Ravenna, and in the latter place a spectacle was witnessed which Lady Elessington has described in her published diary; but one very striking circumstance connected with it is not mentioned in the diary, but was told to me by her ladyship.

"Various were the conjectures we formed as to the probable cause of the desertion of the silent and solitary eity through which we were pacing, and vainly did we look around in search of some one of whom to demand an explanation of it; when, on turning the corner of a larger street or place than we had hitherto passed, the mystery was solved in a manner that shocked our feelings not a little, for we suddenly came almost in personal contact with the bodies of three men hanging from bars erected for the purpose of suspending them. Never did I behold so fearful a sight! The ghastly faces were rendered still more appalling by the floating matted locks and long beards, which, as the bodies were agitated into movement by the wind,

# VISIT TO PADUA AND VERONA.

moved backward and forward. The eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and the tongues protruded from the distended lips, as if in horrid mockery. I felt transfixed by the terrible sight, from which I could not avert my gaze; and each movement of the bodies seemed to invest them with some new features of horror. A party of soldiers of the Pope guarded the place of execution, and paced up and down with gloomy looks, in which fear was more evident than disgust. Within view of the spot stood the tomb of Dante, whose 'Inferno' offers scarcely a more hideous picture than the one presented to our contemplation. The papal uniform, too, proclaiming that the deaths of these unfortunate men had been inflicted by order of him who professed to be the vicar of the Father of Mercy on earth, added to the horror of the sight."<sup>10</sup>

Lady Blessington informed me there was another person who witnessed this horrid spectacle, and who was more strongly affected by it than any of the party. That person was a noble marquis, of some celebrity in Ireland, who, traveling the same route as the Blessingtons, had left his own calêche, and entered that of Lord and Lady Blessington; and beholding the dead bodies suspended from the gallows, became deadly pale and almost insensible.

Ferrara and Padua were next visited by the Blessingtons on their route to Venice. In the latter city they fixed their residence for several weeks; and the journals of Lady Blessington abound with evidence of the excellent use she made of her time and talents in visiting remarkable monuments and recording her observations.

At Venice the Blessingtons again made the acquaintance of their old friend, Walter Savage Landor. Verona was next visited by them on their route to Milan.

In her diary she speaks of having spent several hours in the Ambrosian Library, conducted through it by the Abbé Bentivoglio, a man of great erudition, whom Lady Blessington had known in Naples, a friend of the good Archbishop of Tarento. The library contains 50,000 volumes and 10,000 manuscripts;

· The Idler in Italy, vol. iii., p. 33.

#### THE BLESSINGTONS AT MILAN.

and among its treasures, the "Virgil" that had belonged to Petrarch, in which is his note to Laura. The next object that excited Lady Blessington's attention was a lock of golden hair of Lucretia Borgia, the daughter of Alexander the Sixth. Once before she saw a lock of that same golden hair on the breast of Byron, consisting of about twenty fair hairs, resembling fine threads of gold, which he had obtained from the ringlet at the Ambrosian Library, and always wore.

Nine or ten letters from Lucretia Borgia to the Cardinal Bembo are placed in a casket, with the lock of hair she sent to him. Lady Blessington makes no mention in her journal of having been given a small tress of this golden hair of the too celebrated Lucretia; but that precious gift came into my hands among the other papers of Lady Blessington; and in her hand-writing of the envelope that incloses it, it is stated, that the hair in question was given to her by the Abbé Bentivoglio, of the Ambrosian Library, a descendant of the Bembo family.

There is a remarkable reference to the hair of Lucretia Borgia in the "New Monthly Magazine :"

"Auburn is a rare and glorious color, and I suspect will always be more admired by us of the North, where the fair complexions that recommend golden hair are as easy to be met with as they are difficult in the South. Ovid and Anacreon, the two greatest masters of the ancient world in painting external beauty, both seem to have preferred it to golden, notwithstanding the popular cry in the other's favor: unless, indeed, the hair they speak of is too dark in its ground for auburn.

"Perhaps the true auburn is something more lustrous throughout, and more metallic than this. The cedar, with the bark stripped, looks more like it. At all events, that it is not the golden hair of the ancients has been proved to me beyond a doubt by a memorandum in my possession, worth a thousand treatises of the learned. This is a solitary hair of the famous Lucretia Borgia, whom Ariosto has so praised for her virtues, and whom the rest of the world is so contented to call a wretch. It was given me by a wild acquaintance, who stole it from a lock of her hair preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. On the envelope he put a happy motto,

### THE BLESSINGTONS AT MILAN.

"' And beauty draws us with a single hair.'

"If ever hair was golden, it is this. It is not red, it is not yellow, it is not auburn; it is golden, and nothing else; and, though natural-looking too, must have had a surprising appearance in the mass. Lucretia, beautiful in every respect, must have looked like a vision in a picture—an angel from the sun."

As an example of the happy style, and just views, and correct judgment of Lady Blessington, I may cite the following passage, in reference to a visit to the subterranean shrine of St. Carlo Borromeo, in the Duomo, the sarcophagus of rock crystal which preserves the mortal remains of the renowned prelate in pontifical attire :

"Carlo Borromeo was one of the most remarkable men to whom Italy has ever given birth ; and those who might be disposed to undervalue the canonized saint, must feel a reverence for the memory of the man, whose patriotism, courage, and charity entitle his name to the esteem of posterity. Elevated to the rank of cardinal at the early age of twenty-two, his conduct justified the partiality of his uncle, Pope Pius IV., who conferred this dignity on him. As a scholar no less than as a divine was this excellent man distinguished ; but his courageous and unceasing exertions during the plague that ravaged his country in 1576 are beyond all praise. These are remembered with a feeling of lively admiration, that the costly trappings and brilliant diamonds which decorate his remains might fail to awaken for the saint; and we turned from the crystal sarcophagus and its glittering ornaments to reflect on the more imperishable monument of his virtues-the fame they have left behind.

"I could not contemplate the crucifix borne by this good and great man in the procession during the fearful plague without a sentiment of profound reverence. It is carefully preserved under a glass case, and, I confess, appears to me to be a far more befitting monument than the costly sarcophagus of rock crystal to the glory of him who, actuated by his deep faith in it, was enabled to fulfill duties from which the less pious and charitable shrank back in terror."<sup>†</sup>

\* New Monthly Mag., part iii., 1825. † The Idler in Italy, vol. iii., p. 299.

From Milan the Blessingtons turned their steps at length in a homeward direction, at least toward Paris, and at the close of 1828 once more found themselves in their old quarters at Genos. Five years previously, Byron often stood conversing with Lady Blessington on the balcony of her hotel, or walked about the gardens of it with her. The several spots where she remembered to have seen him distinctly recalled him to her memory. She again seemed to look upon him, to see his features, to perceive his form, " to hear the sound of that clear, low, and musical voice, never more to be heard on earth." But one day, while these sweet and bitter fancies were presenting themselves to her imagination, she saw a young lady, an English girl, who resembled Byron in an extraordinary degree, accompanied by an elderly lady. That English girl was "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart," and the elderly lady was her mother, the widow of Lord Byron.

The City of Palaces had few attractions on this last visit for Lady Blessington.

One episode more in the Italian journals is narrated, and we come to the concluding line: "We have bidden farewell to our old and well-remembered haunts at Genoa, and to-morrow we leave it, and perhaps forever!"

Here ends the second phase in the career I have before referred to-the Italian life of Lady Blessington.

## CHAPTER VI.

RETURN TO PARIS IN JUNE, 1828.—RESIDENCE THERE.—DEATH OF LORD BLESSINGTON.—DEPARTURE OF LADY BLESSINGTON FOR ENGLAND IN NOVEMBER, 1830.

IN June, 1828, the Blessingtons arrived in Paris, at the expiration of six years from the period of their former sojourn there. Their first visitors were the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche; the latter "radiant in health and beauty," the Duc looking, as he always did, "more distingué than any one else the perfect beau ideal of a gentleman."

The Blessingtons took up their abode in the Hotel de Terasse, Rue de Rivoli. After some time they rented the splendid mansion of the Marechal Ney, in the Rue de Bourbons, the principal apartments of which looked on the Seine, and commanded a delightful view of the Tuilleries Gardens. This hotel was a type of the splendor that marked the dwellings of the imperial noblesse.

The rent of this hotel was enormously high, and the expense which the new inmates went to in adding to the splendor of its decorations and furniture was on a scale of magnificence more commensurate with the income of a prince of some vielle cour than with that of an Irish landlord.

With the aid of "those magicians," the French upholsterers, the Hotel Ney soon assumed a wonderful aspect of renewed aplendor. The principal drawing-room had a carpet of dark crimson, with a gold-colored border, with wreaths of flowers of brightest hues. The curtains were of crimson satin, with embossed borders of gold color, and the sofas, bergeres, fauteuils, and chairs, were richly carved and gilt, and covered with satin, to correspond with the curtains. Gilt consoles and chiffonieres, on which marble tops were placed wherever they could be disposed ; large mirrors, gorgeous buhl cabinets, costly pendules of bronze, magnificent candelabras, abounded in the long suite of salons, boudoirs, and sitting-rooms. The furniture of the bedroom was kept a secret by Lord Blessington till quite completed, in order to give a surprise to her ladyship-when its surpassing splendor was to burst upon her all at once-at the first view of this apartment. "The only complaint I ever have to make of his taste," observes her ladyship, " is its too great splendor. . .

.... We feel like children with a new plaything in our beautiful house; but how, after it, shall we ever be able to reconcile ourselves to the comparatively dingy rooms in St. James's Square, which no furniture or decoration could render any thing like the Hotel Ney ?"

At length, "the scheme laid by Lord Blessington" to surprise his lady—"for he delighted in such plans"—was revealed on • The Idler in France, vol. i., p. 117.

the doors of the chambre d coucher and dressing-room being thrown open. "The whole fitting up," says Lady Blessington, "is in exquisite taste; and, as usual, when my most gallant of all gallant husbands that it ever fell to the happy lot of woman to possess interferes, no expense has been spared. The bed, which is silvered instead of gilt, rests on the backs of two large silver swans, so exquisitely sculptured that every feather is in alto-relievo, and looks as fleecy as those of the living bird. The recess in which it is placed is lined with white fluted silk, bordered with blue embossed lace; and from the columns that support the frieze of the recess, pale blue silk curtains, lined with white, are hung, which, when drawn, conceal the recess altogether."

In one of her letters she enlarges on this subject.

"A silvered sofa has been made, to fit the side of the room opposite the fire-place, near to which stands a most inviting bergere. An escritoire occupies one panel, a book-stand the other, and a rich coffer for jewels forms a pendant to a similar one for lace or India shawls. A carpet of uncut pile, of a pale blue, a silver lamp, and a Psyche glass ; the ornaments, silvered, to correspond with the decorations of the chamber, complete the furniture. The hangings of the dressing-room are of blue silk, covered with lace, and trimmed with rich frills of the same material, as are also the dressing-stands and chaire longue, and the carpet and lamp are similar to those of the bed. A toilet-table stands before the window, and small jardinieres are placed in front of each panel of looking-glass, but so low as not to impede a full view of the person dressing in this beautiful little sanctuary. The salle de bain is draped with white muslin, trimmed with lace; and the sofa and the bergere are covered with the The bath is of marble, inserted in the floor, with which same. its surface is level. On the ceiling over it is a painting of Flora, scattering flowers with one hand, while from the other is suspended an alabaster lamp in the form of a lotus."

Poor Lady Blessington, summing up the wonderful effects of the various embellishments and decorations, the sensations produced by such luxuriant furniture, coffers for jewels and India

shawls, gorgeous hangings, and glittering ornaments of every kind, observes: "The effect of the whole is chastely beautiful, and a queen could desire nothing better for her own private apartments."

The gilt frame-work of the bed, resting on the backs of the large ailver swans, it does not do to think of when visiting the Mountjoy Forest estate in Tyrone, that did belong to the late Earl of Blessington, when one enters the cabin of one of the now indigent peasantry, from the sweat of whose brow the means were derived that were squandered in luxury in foreign lands, luxury on a par with any Oriental voluptuousness of which we read in the adornment of palaces.

Lord Blessington, when fitting up the Hotel Ney in this sumptuous manner, was co-operating very largely indeed with others of his order, equally improvident and profuse, in laying the foundation of the Encumbered Estates' Court Jurisdiction in Ireland.

We are reminded, by the preceding account of the fitting up of the Hotel Ney for the Blessingtons, of the imperial pomp of one of the palaces of Napoleon, a short time only before his downfall. At Fontainebleau, soon after the abdication of the emperor, Haydon visited the palace, and thus describes the magnificence which was exhibited in the decoration and furniture of that recent sojourn of imperial greatness:

"The chateau I found superb, beyond any palace near Paris. It was furnished with fine taste. Napoleon's bed hung with the richest Lyons green velvet, with painted roses, golden fringe a foot deep; a footstool of white satin, with gold stars; the top of the bed gilt, with casque and ostrich plumes, and a golden eagle in the centre grappling laurel. Inside the bed was a magnificent mirror, and the room and ceiling were one mass of golden splendor. The panels of the sides were decorated in chiaroscuro with the heads of the greatest men.

"No palace of any sultan of Bagdad or monarch of India ever exceeded the voluptuous magnificence of these apartments."

Shortly before the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act, Lady Blessington received at Paris a letter from Lord Rosslyn,

#### VIEWS ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF IRELAND. 119

urging the attendance of Lord Blessington in his place in Parliament, and his support of the Emancipation Act.

Lord Blessington, on receipt of Lord Rosslyn's letter, immediately proceeded from Paris to London, expressly to give his vote in favor of the great measure of Emancipation.

"His going to England," observes Lady Blessington, "at this moment, when he is far from well, is no little sacrifice of personal comfort; but never did he consider self when a duty was to be performed. I wish the question was carried, and he safely back again. What would our political friends say if they knew how strongly I urged him not to go, but to send his proxy to Lord Rosslyn ?""

While Lord Blessington remained in London, I had the pleasure of seeing him on several occasions. A day or two before his departure from London, I breakfasted with him at his residence at St. James's Square.

I never saw him to more advantage, or more deeply interested on any public matter, than he seemed to be in the measure he had come over to support, and which he deemed of the highest importance to the true interests of Ireland.

Whatever the defects may have been in his character, in one respect he was certainly faultless : he had a sincere love for his country and for his countrymen.

The following statement of his opinions on the means of bettering the condition of the country was made to me four years previously to the period above-mentioned, when presenting me with a letter of introduction to the British minister at Constantinople.t

"I wish you would, at Constantinople or Smyrna, turn your thoughts to the subject of Ireland; but it is a difficult task to

\* The Idler in France, vol. ii., p. 6.

"Naples, August 15th, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIE,-I send you the letter for Lord Strangford, which I hope may be useful to you. I trust the experiment you are about to make will be successful. You will have the advantage, at least, of seeing the world; and a medical man has very great opportunities of seeing the interior of Turkish modes of life. Wishing you health and prosperity, I remain, yours very truly,

"R. R. Madden, Eeq."

BLESSINGTON.

# 120 VIEWS ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF IRELAND.

encounter, as you say, for an Irishman indignant at many acts of former oppression and injustice. Upon the subject of repeal of the Union, I fear it would be worse than a negative measure. We are impoverished in money and talent. England has a superabundancy of the one, and a sufficiency of the other, if she will apply her materials to our good. Send the Parliament back to Dublin, and that city will, perhaps, flourish again ; but I fear the same effect could not be produced through the kingdom; and if, to forward the views which I think absolutely necessary for Ireland, the Commons imposed heavy taxes, being refused aid from England, the people would have cause for dissatisfaction, and an Irishman's mode of expressing it is blows, and not words. Let the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland separate itself in toto from the Pope, and receive from the British Parliament a respectable revenue. Establish a better mode of educating the priesthood, take away the tithes, and pay the Reformed Church out of the public purse. Admit Catholics to the houses of Parliament and the Bench, at the same time establishing throughout Ireland an extensive gendarmerie, not for political, but policial purposes. Make the nobility and gentry live on their estates or sell them. Give a grant sufficient to cut canals in all directions. Establish colonies of industrious citizens in what are now barren districts. Let there be neither Ribbonmen, Free-masons, or Orangemen. Let the offenders against the public peace, of whatever party, be sent to the colonies. Let the middling classes be taught that public money is levied for the public good, and not for individual advantage, and then Ireland will be, what it should be from its situation and with its natural advantages, a gem in the ocean."

His lordship had returned from London only a few days, when, one forenoon, feeling himself slightly indisposed, he took some spoonfuls of eau de Melisse in water, and rode out, accompanied by his servant, in the heat of the day, along the Champs Elysées.

He had not proceeded far when he was suddenly attacked by apoplexy, and was carried home in a state of insensibility, where all means were resorted to in vain for his relief.

# LORD BLESSINGTON'S DEATH.

On the 23d of May, 1829, thus suddenly died Charles James Gardiner, second Lord Blessington, in his forty-sixth year. He was the only surviving son of the first marriage of Viscount Mountjoy.

At the age of sixteen he succeeded his father, who was slain at Ross, June 5th, 1798. He was elected a representative Peer for Ireland about 1809, and was advanced to his earldom, June 22d, 1816.

Lord Blessington's remains were conveyed to Ireland, and deposited in the family vault, in St. Thomas's Church, Marlborough Street, where his father's remains were buried, and also those of his first wife; of his son and heir, the Hon. Luke William Gardiner; of his sister Margaret, the wife of the Hon. John Hely Hutchinson; of his sister Louisa, wife of the Right Rev. Dr. Fowler, Lord Bishop of Ossory; and of his sister, the Hon. Harriet Gardiner. In the church there is only one mural tablet bearing an inscription in memory of any member of the Blessington family.

> To the loved Memory Of the HONORABLE MARGARET, Wife of JOHN HELY HUTCHINSON, Esg., Daughter of Luke Gardiner, Viscount Mountjoy, Who fell at New Ross, in 1798, At the head of his Regiment : She died October 13, 1825, aged 29 years.

The remains of the husband of this lady, the Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinson, third Earl of Donoughmore, were deposited in the same vault, September 17, 1851. The earl died in his sixtyfourth year.

In one of Mr. Landor's unpublished "Imaginary Conversations," in which the discoursers are Lord Mountjoy, the father of the Earl of Blessington, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, there are two notes written in 1829, immediately after the death of Lord Blessington. In the first note Mr. Landor observes:

"Lord Mountjoy was killed in the beginning of the insurrection of 1798; he left an only son, the Earl of Blessington, who voted for the Union in the hope that it would be beneficial to Vot. I.-F

# LETTER OF MR. LANDOR.

Ireland,<sup>\*</sup> though the project had suspended the erection of several streets and squares on his estate in Dublin, and it was proved to him that he must lose by it two thirds of his rent-roll; he voted likewise in defense of Queen Caroline, seeing the insufficiency of the evidence against her, and the villainy of the law officers of the crown: he esteemed her little, and was personally attached to the king. For these votes, and for all he ever gave, he deserves a place, as well as his father, in the memory of both nations."

The second note thus refers to the recent death of Lord Blessington.

"Scarcely is the ink yet dry upon my paper, when intelligence reaches me of the sudden death of Lord Blessington.

"Adieu, most pleasant companion ! Adieu, most warm-hearted friend ! Often and long, and never with slight emotion, shall I think of the many hours we have spent together; the light seldom ending gravely; the graver always lightly.

"It will be well, and more than I can promise to myself, if my regret at your loss shall hereafter be quieted by the assurance which she, who best knew your sentiments, has given me, that by you, among the many, I was esteemed and beloved among the few."

On the news of the death of Lord Blessington reaching Mr. Landor, he addressed the following lines to the countess :

#### " Baths of Lucca, June 6.

"DEAR LARY BLESSINGTON,-If I defer it any longer. I know not how or when I shall be able to fulfill so melancholy a duty. The whole of this day I have spent in that torpid depression, which you may feel without a great calamity, and which others can never feel at all. Every one that knows me knows the sentiments I bore toward that disinterested, and upright, and kindhearted man, than whom none was ever dearer or more delightful to his friends. If to be condoled with by many, if to be esteemed and beloved by all whom you have admitted to your society, is any comfort, that comfort at least is yours. I know how inadequate it must be at such a moment, but I know too that the sentiment will survive when the bitterness of sorrow shall have passed away. Yours very faithfully, W. S. LANDOR."

Mr. Landor is mistaken. Lord Blessington did not vote for the Union.-R. R. M.

## LETTERS.

In another letter to Lady Blessington, Mr. Landor thus expressed himself on the same subject:

" July 21, 1289.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, — Too well was I aware how great my pain must be in reading your letter. So many hopes are thrown away from us by this cruel and unexpected blow. I can not part with the one, of which the greatness and the justness of your grief almost deprives me, that you will reeover your health and spirits. If they could return at once, or very soon, you would be unworthy of that love which the kindest and best of human beings lavished on you. Longer life was not necessary for him to estimate your affection for him, and those graces of soul which your beauty in its brightest day but faintly shadowed. He told me that you were requisite to his happiness, and that he could not live without you. Suppose, then, he had survived you, his departure, in that case, could not have been so easy as it was, unconscious of pain, of giving it, or leaving it behind. I am comforted at the reflection that so gentle a heart received no affliction from the anguish and despair of those he loved.

"You have often brought me over to your opinion after an obstinate rather than a powerful contest; let me, now I am more in the right, bring you over by degrees to mine.

"And believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your ever devoted servant,

"W. S. LANDOR."

Dr. Richardson, the Eastern traveler, and former traveling physician of Lord Blessington, in writing to Lady Blessington from Ramsgate, the 25th of April, 1832, on the death of her husband, says,

"Your late lord is never absent from my mind; during life he occupied the largest share of my affections, his friendship was my greatest honor and pride, and his memory is the dearest of all in the keeping of my heart. I feel his loss every day of my life, and shall never cease to feel it till my eyes close on all this scene of things till we meet again in another and a better world.

"Yours, my dear Lady Blessington, very sincerely,

"R. RICHARDSON."

At the time of the decease of Lord Blessington, his affairs were greatly embarrassed. The enormous expenditure in France and Italy, and in London also, previously to his departure for the Continent in 1822, was not met by the rental of his vast estates.

It will be seen by the schedules appended to the act of Parliament for the sale of the Blessington estates (to be found in the Appendix), that the rental of the properties referred to in

#### THE BLESSINGTON ESTATES.

the act was estimated, in 1846, at £22,718 14s. 7d. But when his lordship succeeded to the title and estates, the rental was about £30,000 a year.

In 1814 he sold a valuable property in the barony of Strabane, in the county of Tyrone, the rental of which was very considerable. The remaining estates, by mismanagement, constant changes of agents, the pressure of mortgages, and other causes of ruin, arising out of absenteeism, improvidence, and embarrassments, became much reduced.

The extent of the Mountjoy territory in Tyrone and Donegal, into which Lord Blessington came to possession, may be imagined, when the extreme length of one of the Tyrone properties could be described as "a ride of several miles."

The three estates of Lord Blessington in Tyrone were the following :

1st. The Newtown Stewart estate, called Mountjoy Forest, on which property the residence of Lord Blessington, "the Cottage," was situated, which was sold in 1846 or 1847.

2d. The Mountjoy estate near Killymoon produced £5000 or £6000 a year. The demesne, comprising one thousand nine hundred acres, according to Mr. Graham's account, "the largest demesne in Europe of any private gentleman's property," was sold four or five years ago.

3d. Aughertain estate, near Clogher, the first portion of the estreated Ulster lands which came into the possession of one of the first adventurers in Ireland of the Stewart family, comprised fourteen town lands; it was sold for £98,000. The produce of the sale of a large portion of the territory of the O'Neil of the Red Hand went to pay the debts of a French count to the Jews and money-lenders of London.

In the county of Donegal there was another estate of the Mountjoy family, named "Conroy;" but this valuable property had been sold previously to the death of Lord Blessington.

In 1813 Lord Blessington obtained advances of money from the Globe Insurance Company, for which he gave them an annuity for one young life. Amount of annuity, £526.

In 1813 he got money again from the same company, for

# CHARGES ON THE ESTATES.

which he gave an annuity for the life of A. Mocatta, a-youth, of £520.

In 1813 he got money from the company, for which he gave an annuity for the life of William Coles, of £510.

In 1813 he obtained money from the same company, for which he gave an annuity for the life of A. Angelo Tremonando, of £527.

In 1814 he obtained money from A. Tremonando, and gave a life annuity of  $\pm 880$ .

In 1814, for other pecuniary accommodation, he gave an annuity to Alexander Nowell, for the lives of Frances and Henry Josias Stracy, and Rev. T. Whittaker, of £1000.

In 1816 he obtained money advances from Henry Fauntleroy, for which he gave an annuity for the lives of John Fauntleroy, and William and James Watson, of £500.

In 1817 Lord Blessington borrowed largely money on mortgages. In that year he raised on mortgage to Conyngham M'Alpine, Esq., £11,076.

In 1821 he borrowed from the Westminster Insurance Company, on mortgage, £25,000.

In 1825 he borrowed from the same company, on mortgage, £5000.

In 1823 he borrowed from Thomas Tatham, Esq., on mortgage, £4000.

The following items give the principal amounts of annuities, mortgages, judgments, and other debts, legacies, sums of money, and incumbrances charged upon or affecting the estate of Charles John, Earl of Blessington, at the time of his decease :

Mortgages from 1783 to 1823 inclusive, £47,846.

Legacies of the late carl, £23,353.

Legacy to the Honorable Harriet Gardiner, to be raised only on certain contingencies set forth in the will, £9230.

Settlement on marriage of Lady Harriet with Count D'Orsay, £40,000.

Judgments, £13,268. Bond debts, £10,357.

Promissory notes, letters of acknowledgments, and I.O.U.'s, from 1808 to 1828, £10,122.

## DEEDS OF SETTLEMENT.

Simple contract debts due, or claimed to be due, to parties by the Earl of Blessington,  $\pounds 6878$ .

Total of debts, incumbrances, and legacies of the Barl of Blessington, set forth in the fourth schedule,  $\pounds 161,044$ .

But to this sum there is to be added that of annuities given by Lord Blessington to various parties, bankers, Jews, and others, to the amount of £7887.

By the fifth schedule appended to the act, it appears the mortgages and sums of money which had been charged by the Count D'Orsay on the estates of Lord Blessington from 1837 to 1845 amounted to £20,184.

An act of Parliament (Vict. 9, cap. 1) was passed the 18th of June, 1846, "for vesting the real estates of the Earl of Blessington in trustees for sale, for the payment of his debts, and for other purposes."

The act sets out with reciting a deed of settlement, dated 3d of August, 1814, made shortly after the first marriage of the earl.

By this deed, Josias Henry Stracey, Esq., of Berners Street, a partner of Fauntleroy, the banker, was appointed a trustee over all the Tyrone estates, for the purpose of securing to Lord Blessington's son, Charles John Gardiner, a sum of  $\pounds 12,000$  on his coming of age, and the interest of that sum till he had obtained the age of twenty-one.

The next deed recited is one of lease and release, dated 16th of February, 1818, on the occasion of the intended marriage of the carl with Margaret Farmer, of "Manchester Square, widow," settling one thousand a year on that lady in the event of that marriage taking place; which marriage eventually took place the 16th of February, 1818.

The will of the earl, dated 31st of August, 1823, is next recited, bequeathing "£2000 British per annum to Lady Blessington (inclusive of £1000 settled on her at the time of his marriage), to Robert Power £1000, and Mary Anne Power £1000 each. To his daughter, Lady Harriet, all his estates in the county of Dublin, subjected to certain charges," provided she intermarried with his "friend and intended son-in-law, Alfred

# DEEDS OF SETTLEMENT.

D'Orsay;" and in the event of her refusal, he bequeathed to her only the sum of  $\pounds$ 10,000. To his daughter Emilie Rosalie Gardiner, commonly called Lady Mary Gardiner, whom he hereby acknowledged and adopted as his daughter, he left the sum of  $\pounds$ 20,000; but in case she married Alfred D'Orsay, he bequeathed all his Dublin estates to her, chargeable, however, with the payment of the annuity before mentioned to Lady Blessington. To his son, Charles John Gardiner, he left all his estates in Tyrone, subject to certain charges, also the reversion of his Dublin estates in case of failure of male issue, lawfully begotten, of said daughters.

[It is to be borne in mind, when this will was made, the 31st of August, 1823, his lordship's daughter Harriet, whose marriage he provided for, being born the 3d of August, 1812, was just eleven years of age.]

The act then goes on to recite a deed of settlement made in contemplation of the marriage between Count and Countess D'Orsay, dated 2d of November, 1827; the parties to this deed being Lord Blessington of the first part, Count D'Orsay of the second part, Lady Harriet (fardiner of the third part, the Due de Guiche, lieutenant general and premier (ecuyer) of his royal highness the Dauphin, and Robert Power, formerly captain of the 2d Regiment of Foot, then residing at Mountjoy Forest, of the fourth part.

The deed is stated to be for the purpose of making a provision for the said Alfred, Count D'Orsay, and Lady Harriet Gardiner, who is described as "then an infant of the age of fifteen years or thereabouts."

Lord Blessington bound himself by this deed to pay, within twelve months after the solemnization of this marriage, the sum of £20,000 British to the trustees, the Duc de Guiche and Robert Power; and bound his executors, within twelve months after his decease, to pay said trustees £20,000 more, to be invested in the funds, and the interest thereof to be paid to Count D'Orsay, and after his decease to the said Lady Harriet during her life; the principal at her death to go to any issue by that marriage: and in the event of failure of issue, to be held in trust

# BEQUESTS OF LORD BLESSINGTON.

for the executor and administrator of the said Alfred, Count D'Orsay.

Then the act recites the marriage of the Count D'Orsay with Lady Harriet during the lifetime of the said earl, of there being no issue by that marriage, and of their being separated in the year 1831, and having lived wholly separate from that time.\*

The death of the earl is then mentioned, having occurred on the 25th of May, 1829, and the fact of the will being duly proved in the Prerogative Court ; and it is also stated that his lordship was possessed of estates in Kilkenny which were not devised by his will; that his lordship's son, Charles John Gardiner, had filed a bill against Lady Blessington, Count and Countess D'Orsay, in 1831; that the will was declared by a decree in Chancery well proven, and that the trusts therein specified should be carried into execution ; that receivers should be appointed; that Luke Norman should continue agent of the estates, and that an account should be taken of all debts and incumbrances on the same ; that the 18th of June, 1834, the Master in Chancery reported on the charges and debts on the estates, and on the 14th of July, 1834, an order was made directing a sum of £500 to be paid yearly to the Count D'Orsay, and £450 to the Countess D'Orsay, for their maintenance.

Various bequests of his lordship are recited in this document: to Lady Blessington he bequeathed the lease of his house in London (in St. James's Square); at the expiration of the lease, the furniture, books, &c., were to be removed to Mountjoy Forest estate in Tyrone, where a house was to be built according to plans then laid down, empowering executors to borrow money for the purpose. "All his carriages, her paraphernalia and plate," he left also to his wife; to his son John "his plate, wardrobe, swords," &c., &c. He appointed Alfred D'Orsay guardian of his son Charles John Gardiner till he came of age, the previous settlement of £12,000 to be null and void on his obtaining the Tyrone estates. "He appointed his beloved wife guardian of his daughter Harriet Anne, and appointed his sister

\* The date of the deed of separation between the Count and Countess D'Orsay is the 15th and 16th of February, 1838.

## DEED OF SEPARATION.

Harriet guardian of his daughter commonly called Lady Mary." To his sister, Miss Harriet Gardiner, he left an annuity for life of  $\pounds 500$ .

A deed of separation between the Count and Countess D'Orsay is referred to, setting forth that Count D'Orsay had granted several annuities for his life to his creditors, with power to repurchase the same, and had charged the interest on the two sums of £20,000 settled on him at the period of his marriage by Lord Blessington, and that he required a sum to redeem the same amounting to about £23,500.

That Countess D'Orsay also had incurred some debts, and required a sum of £10,000, or thereabouts, to discharge the same; that Charles John Gardiner had incurred some debts, secured by judgments on the Tyrone estates, amounting to £10,000; and that Countess D'Orsay had entered into an agreement to purchase all the interests and claims of the several parties to whom bequests were made and debts were due, and that to pay off said incumbrances and liabilities a sum of £120,500, applicable to the purchase of Count D'Orsay's annuities and some other purposes, would be required. By a subsequent agreement, the latter sum was raised to £180,000, " and such other sums as might be found necessary" among other objects for securing to Count D'Orsay, within a period of ten years, a sum of £42,000.

Eventually, by two orders of the Court of Chancery, one of the 6th of February, 1845, and another the 13th of February, 1846, it was decreed the trustees, when the sanction of an act should be procured, would be empowered to make sales of several estates to the amount of £350,000, to pay off all incumbrances and claims.

The act for the sale of the Blessington estates was passed in 1846. Its provisions have been duly carried into execution. Of the vast properties of the Mountjoys, there remains a remnant of them, producing about £6000 a year, to be still disposed of.

Lord Blessington by his will put an end to the wealth, honor, and territorial greatness of the ancient race of the Mountjoys.

Thus passes away the glory of " the English Pale" in Ireland

#### THREE REMARKABLE WOMEN.

## CHAPTER VII.

CONVERSATIONAL POWERS OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.—SEA-MORE PLACE AND GORE HOUSE LITERARY CIRCLES.—RIVAL SA-LONS OF HOLLAND HOUSE, AND RÉUNIONS AT THE COUNTESS OF CHARLEVILLE'S.—RESIDENCE OF LADY BLESSINGTON AT BEAMORE PLACE FROM 1832 TO 1836, AND AT GORE HOUSE, KENSINGTON GORE, FROM 1836 TO APRIL, 1849.

ABOUT twenty years ago there were three circles of fashionable society in London, wherein the intellectual celebrities of the time did chiefly congregate. Three very remarkable women presided over them : the Countess of Blessington, the Countess of Charleville, and Lady Holland. The qualities, mental and personal, of the ladies, differed very much ; but their tastes concurred in one particular: each of them sought to make society in her house as agreeable as possible, to bring together as much ability, wit, and intellectual acquirements as could be assembled and associated advantageously; to elicit any kind, or any amount, however small, of talent that any individual in that society might possess, and to endeavor to make men of letters, art, or science, previously unacquainted, or estranged, or disposed to stand aloof, and to isolate themselves in society, think kindly and favorably of one another. I am not quite sure, however, that a very kindly feeling toward each other prevailed among the rival queens of London literary society.

The power and influence of Lady Blessington's intellectual qualities consisted chiefly in her conversational talents. It would be difficult to point out any particular excellence, and to say that one constituted the peculiar charm of her conversation.

It was something of frankness and archness, without the least mixture of ill nature, in every thing she said, of *enjouement* in every thought she uttered, of fullness of confidence in the outspeaking of her sentiments, and the apparent absence of every

arriers pensée in her mind, while she laughed out unpremeditated ideas, and *bon mots* spontaneously elicited, in such joyous tones, that it might be said she seldom talked without a smile at least on her lips; it was something of felicity in her mode of expression, and freedom in it from all reserve, superadded to the effect produced by singular loveliness of face, expressiveness of look and gesture, and gracefulness of form and carriage, that constituted the peculiar charm of the conversation of Lady Blessington.

She seldom spoke at any length, never bored her hearers with disquisitions, nor dogmatized on any subject, and very rarely played the learned lady in discourse. She conversed with all around her in "a give and take" mode of interchange of sentiments. She expressed her opinions in short, smart, and telling sentences; brilliant things were thrown off with the utmost ease; one *bon mot* followed another, without pause or effort, for a minute or two, and then, while her wit and humor were producing their desired effect, she would take care, by sn apt word or gesture, provocative of mirth and communicativeness, to draw out the persons who were best fitted to shine in company, and leave no intelligence, however humble, without affording it an opportunity and an encouragement to make some display, even in a single trite remark or telling observation in the course of conversation.

How well Lady Blessington understood the excellencies and art of brilliant and effective conversation, may be noticed in the following observation:

"The conversation of Lamartine," says Lady Blessington, "is lively and brilliant. He is, I am persuaded, as amiable as he is clever, with great sensibility, which is indicated in his countenance as well as it is proved in his works; he possesses sufficient tact to conceal, in general society, every attribute peculiar to the poetical temperament, and to appear only as a well-informed, well-bred, sensible man of the world. This tact is probably the result of his diplomatic career, which, compelling a constant friction with society, has induced the adoption of its usages."

\* The Idler in Italy, Par. ed., p. 372, 1839.

We are told that "books which make one think" are most valued by people of high intelligence; but conversation which makes one think I do not think is the description of discourse which would tell best in the salons, even of Gore House, when it was most frequented by eminent literary men, artists, and state politicians. Conversation which makes one laugh, which tickles the imagination, which drives rapidly, pleasantly, and lightly over the mind, and makes no deep impression on the road of the understanding, which produces oblivion of passing cares, and amuses for the time being, is the enjoyment in reality that is sought in what is called the brilliant circles of literature and of art, à *la mode*. How does the conversation of such circles tally with the taste for reading referred to in the following passage ?

"I, for my own part," says Archdeacon Hare, "have ever gained the most profit, and the most pleasure also, from the books which have made me think the most; and when the difficulties have once been overcome, these are the books which have struck the deepest root, not only in my memory and understanding, but likewise in my affections. If you would fertilize the mind, the plow must be driven over and through it. The gliding of wheels is easier and rapider, but only makes it harder and more barren. Above all, in the present age of light reading, that is, of reading hastily, thoughtlessly, indiscriminately, unfruitfully, when most books are forgotten as soon as they are finished, and very many sooner, it is well if something heavier is cast now and then into the midst of the literary public. This may scare and repel the weak; it will rouse and attract the stronger, and increase their strength by making them exert it. In the sweat of the brow is the mind as well as the body to eat its bread. Are writers, then, to be studiously difficult, and to tie knots for the mere purpose of compelling their readers to untie them ? Not so. Let them follow the bent of their own minds. Let their style be the faithful mirror of their thoughts. Some minds are too rapid, and vehement, and redundant to flow along in lucid transparence; some have to break over rocks, and to force a way through obstacles which would have dammed them

in. Tacitus could not write like Casar. Niebuhr could not write like Goldsmith."\*

Goldsmith's conversation, however, was not calculated to make men in society either think or laugh much.

"Mr. Fox," we are told, in a recent biography, "declared that he learned more from conversation than all the books he had ever read. It often happens, indeed, that a short remark in conversation contains the essence of a quarto volume."<sup>†</sup>

Lady Blessington had a particular turn for cramming a vast deal of meaning into an exceeding small number of words. She not only had a natural talent for condensing thoughts, and producing them in terse, vigorous, and happily-selected terms, but she made a study of saying memorable things in short, smart sentences, of conveying in a remark some idea of the import, essence, and merits of an entire book.

Lord John Russell, in his Preface to the fifth volume of Moore's "Memoirs," makes an observation, very just and singularly felicitous in its expression, in reference to the conversational powers of Sir James Mackintosh and Sidney Smith:

"There are two kinds of colloquial wit which equally contribute to fame, though not equally to agreeable conversation. The one is like a rocket in a dark air, which shoots at once into the sky, and is the more surprising from the previous silence and gloom; the other is like that kind of fire-work which blazes and bursts out in every direction, exploding at one moment, and shining brightly in its course, and changing its shape and color to many forms and many hues.

"The great delight of Sidney Smith was to produce a succession of ludicrous images; these followed each other with a rapidity that scarcely left time to laugh; he himself laughing louder and with more enjoyment than any one. This electric contact of mirth came and went with the occasion; it can not be repeated or reproduced; any thing would give occasion to it......

"Of all those whose conversation is referred to by Moore, Sir James Mackintosh was the ablest, the most brilliant, and the

" Guesses at Truth.

† Moore's Memoirs.

best informed. A most competent judge in this matter has said, 'Till subdued by age and illness, his conversation was more brilliant and instructive than that of any human being I ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with.' His stores of learning were vast, and of those kinds which, both in serious and in light conversation, are most available."

It would be idle to compare the conversational talents of Lady Blessington with those of Sidney Smith or Sir James Mackintosh in any respect but one, namely, the power of making light matters appear of moment in society, dull things brilliant, and bright thoughts, given utterance to even in sport, contribute to the purposes of good humor, tending to enliven, amuse, and exhilarate people's minds in society when sought for amusement and relaxation.

The perfection of conversational talent is said "to be able to say something on any subject that may be started, without betraying any anxiety or impatience to say it." The Prince de Ligne, a great authority in conversational matters, said, "Ce qui coute le plus pour plaire, c'est de cacher que l'on s'ennuie. Ce n'est pas en amusant qu'on plait. On n'amuse pas même si l'on s'amuse; c'est en faisant croire que l'on s'amuse."

Madame de Staël spoke of conversation cuphatically as an art:

"To succeed in conversation, we must possess the tact of perceiving clearly, and at every instant, the impression made on those with whom we converse; that which they would fain conceal, as well as that which they would willingly exaggerate—the inward satisfaction of some, the forced smiles of others. We must be able to note and arrest half-formed censures as they pass over the countenance of the listeners, by hastening to dissipate them before self-love be engaged against us. There is no arena in which vanity displays itself under such a variety of forms as in conversation."\*

Of all the women of our age, Madame de Staël was the most cminently intellectual. With genius, and judgment, and powers of mental application of the highest order, she was imbued with

· L'Allemagne.

# BYRON'S OPINION OF MADAME DE STAËL.

poetry and enthusiasm, she was of a sanguine, impulsive nature, wonderfully eloquent, chivalrous, patriotic, a lover of liberty and glory, and, withal, womanly in her feelings and affections. She delighted in society; with her large heart, and well-stored head, and remarkable powers of conversation, it is no wonder the circles of a metropolis that was in that day the great centre of civilization should have peculiar attractions for her; Paris, with its brilliant society, where her literary reputation had its birth, became her world. She gloried in society, and was the chief grace, glory, and ornament of it.

Byron said to Lady Blessington that "Madame de Staël was certainly the cleverest, though not the most agreeable woman he had ever known; she declaimed to you instead of conversing with you, never pausing except to take breath; and if, during that interval, a rejoinder was put in, it was evident that she did not attend to it, as she resumed the thread of her discourse as though it had not been interrupted."

His lordship went on to say that she was in the habit of losing herself in philosophical disquisitions, and although very eloquent and fluent when excited in conversation, her language was sometimes obscure, and her phraseology florid and redundant.

Lady Blessington's love for London and its celebrities was of the same all-absorbing nature as that of Madame de Staël for Parisian society.

The exile of the illustrious baroness from the French capital was "a second death" to her, we are told in a recent admirable memoir.

"It appears strange that banishment from Paris should thus have been looked upon by Madame de Staël as an evil, and cause of suffering almost beyond her endurance. With her great intellectual resources, her fine heart, capable of attaching itself to whatever was lovable or excellent, and the power she possessed of interesting others, and of giving the tone to whatever society she entered, one would have supposed that she, of all people, ought not to have depended for her happiness upon any clique or association, however brilliant. But, though she viewed with deep interest and philosophical curiosity every form

## MADAME DE STAEL

of human society, she only seems to have loved that to which she had been accustomed, and to have felt herself at home only in the midst of the bustle and excitement among which her life had begun. She was not yet fully alive to the beauties of nature. Like Charles Lamb, she preferred the 'sweet security of streets' to the most magnificent scenery the world contained, and thought, with Dr. Johnson, that there was no scene equal to the high tide of human existence in the heart of a populous city. When guests who came to visit her at Geneva were in ecstasies with its lovely scenes, 'Give me the Rue de Bac,' she said : 'I would rather live in Paris in a fourth story, and with a hundred a year. I do not dissemble : a residence in Paris has always appeared to me, under any circumstances, the most desirable of all others. French conversation excels nowhere except in Paris, and conversation has been, since my infancy, my greatest pleasure.""

One who knew her peculiar talents and characteristics well has observed of her in later years: "An over-stimulated youth, acting on a temperament naturally ardent and impassioned, had probably aggravated these tendencies to a morbid extent; for in the very prime of her life, and strength of her intellect, it would have seemed to her almost as impossible to dispense with the luxury of deep and strong emotions, as with the air which sustained her existence."

Madame de Staël had this advantage over all the learned and " literary women of her time—she was born and bred in the midst of intellectual excitement, conversational exhibitions, triumphs of imagination, and all the stirring scenes of a grand drama, which opened with bright visions of freedom, and renewed vigor and vitality for the human race, though it terminated in a terrible denouément of revolution and widely-extended phrensy.

Madame de Staël lacked one great source of influence and power in conversation, namely, beauty. Her features were flexible, but strongly marked and somewhat masculine; but her eyes were full of animation, vivacity, and expression, and her voice was finely modulated and harmonious, peculiarly touching and pleasing to the ear, while her movements were grace-

## HOLLAND HOUSE.

ful and dignified. She entered on life at the beginning of a mighty revolution, with lofty aspirations and glorious inspirations, animated by enthusiastic feelings of love of liberty, of humanity, of glory, and exalted virtue. There was no affectation in these heroic sentiments and chivalrous imaginings: they were born with her; they were fostered in her; the times in which her lot was cast developed them most fully.

It would be vain to look for intellectual power in the literary women of other lands, of our time, that could have produced "Thoughts on the French Revolution," "Ten Years of Exile," "Sophia, or Secret Sentiments," "On the Influence of Passions in Individuals and National Happiness," "Literature, considered in its connection with Social Institutions," "Delphine," "Corinne," "Germany," &c., &c.

The labor of her great works on the French Revolution, after her return to her beloved Paris, at the period of the restoration of Louis the Eighteenth, contributed, it is supposed, to the breaking down of her health, after a short but memorable career of wonderful literary toil and application of the mental faculties. She died in 1817, at the age of fifty-one years.

Of Holland House society, Mr. Macauley, in an article in the "Edinburgh Review," has commemorated the brilliancies : and Lord John Russell has likewise recorded its attractions in terms worthy of a man of letters and a lover of the amenities of literature. In his preface to the six volumes of " Moore's Memoirs," he seems to revel in the short snatches of literary occupation which he has indulged in, at the expense of politics and affairs of state, when he describes the conversational powers of Lord Holland, and the display of them in those circles which his lordship and his friend Moore were in the habit of frequenting. He characterizes the charms of Lord Holland's conversation as combining a variety of excellencies of disposition, as well as of mental endowments, generous sentiments and principles, kindliness of nature, warmth of feeling, remarkable cheerfulness of disposition, toleration for all opinions, a keen sense of the ridiculous, good memory, an admirable talent for mimicry, a refined taste, an absence of all formality, a genial warmth and friendliness of

## HOLLAND HOUSE.

intercourse in society. "He won," says Lord John, "without seeming to court, he instructed without seeming to teach, and he amused without laboring to be witty. But of the charm which belonged to Lord Holland's conversation future times can form no adequate conception:

> "'The pliant muscles of the varying face, The mien that gave each sentence strength and grace, The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind, Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.""\*

I find among the papers of Count D'Orsay a few slight but graphic sketches of Lord Holland and some of his contemporaries worthy of the writer, and possibly these may be all that now remain of those delineations of London celebrities by the count which Byron refers to in his letters.

"It is impossible," says the count, "to know Lord Holland without feeling for him a strong sentiment of affection; he has so much goodness of heart, that one forgets often the superior qualities of mind which distinguish him; and it is difficult to conceive that a man so simple, so natural, and so good, should be one of the most distinguished senators of our days."

Holland House was the well-known place of réunion of the most eminent men of the time for nearly a century; the scene of innumerable wit combats, and keen encounters of intelligence and talent.

The late Lord Holland's reputation for classical attainments and high intelligence, fine tastes and cultivated mind, his encouragement of art and literature, conversational talents, and elegant hospitality, are not better known than his amiability of disposition, kindliness of heart, and genial, noble, loving nature, prompting him ever to generous conduct, and liberal, and sometimes even heroic acts of benevolence.

One evidently well acquainted with Lady Holland thus speaks of the brilliant circles over which she so long presided, and of the qualities of heart and mind which enabled her to give to the réunions of men of letters, wit, art, and science, the attractions which characterized them.

\* Moore's Memoirs, vol. v.

## HOLLAND HOUSE.

"Beyond any other hostess we ever knew, and very far beyond any host, she possessed the tact of perceiving and the power of evoking the various capacities which lurked in every part of the brilliant circles she drew around her. To enkindle the enthusiasm of an artist on the theme over which he had achieved the most facile mastery ; to set loose the heart of the rustic poet, and imbue his speech with the freedom of his native hills; to draw from the adventurous traveler a breathing picture of his most imminent danger, or to embolden the bashful soldier to disclose his own share in the perils and glories of some famous battle-field; to encourage the generous praise of friendship when the speaker and the subject reflected interest on each other, or win the secret history of some effort which had astonished the world, or shed new lights on science ; to conduct those brilliant developments to the height of satisfaction, and then to shift the scene by the magic of a word, were among her daily And if this extraordinary power over the elements successes. of social enjoyments was sometimes wielded without the entire concealment of its despotism-if a decisive check sometimes rebuked a speaker who might intercept the variegated beauty of Jeffrey's indulgent criticism, or the jest announced and self-rewarded in Sidney Smith's delighted and delighting chuckle, the authority was too clearly exerted for the evening's prosperity, and too manifestly impelled by an urgent consciousness of the value of those golden hours which were fleeting within its confines, to sadden the enforced silence with more than a momentary regret. If ever her prohibition, clear, abrupt, and decisive, indicated more than a preferable regard for livelier discourse, it was when a depreciatory tone was adopted toward genius, or goodness, or honest endeavor, or when some friend, personal or intellectual, was mentioned in slighting phrase.

"Habituated to a generous partisanship by strong sympathy with a great political cause, she carried the fidelity of her devotion to that cause into her social relations, and was ever the truest and fastest of friends. The tendency, often more idle than malicious, to soften down the intellectual claims of the absent, which so insidiously besets literary conversation, and teaches a

### BOLLAND HOUSE.

superficial insincerity even to substantial esteem and regard, found no favor in her presence; and hence the conversations over which she presided, perhaps beyond all that ever flashed with a kindred splendor, were marked by that integrity of good nature, which might admit of their exact repetition to every living individual whose merits were discussed without the danger of inflicting pain.

"Under her auspices, not only all critical, but all personal talk was tinged with kindness; the strong interest which she took in the happiness of her friends shed a peculiar sunniness over the aspects of life presented by the common topics of alliances, and marriages, and promotions; and not a promising engagement, or a wedding, or a promotion of a friend's son, or a new intellectual triumph of any youth with whose name and history she was familiar, but became an event on which she expected and required congratulation as on a part of her own fortune.

"Although there was naturally a preponderance in her society of the sentiment of popular progress, which once was cherished almost exclusively by the party to whom Lord Holland was united by sacred ties, no expression of triumph in success, no virulence in sudden disappointment, was ever permitted to wound the most sensitive ear of her conservative guests. It might be that some placid comparison of recent with former time spoke a sense of peaceful victory, or that on the giddy edge of some great party struggle, the festivities of the evening might take a more serious cast as news arrived from the scene of contest, and the pleasure be deepened with the peril ; but the feeling was always restrained by the present evidence of permanent solaces for the mind which no political changes could disturb. If to hail and welcome genius, or even talent which revered and imitated genius, was one of the greatest pleasures of Lord Holland's life, to search it out and bring it within the sphere of his noble sympathy was the delightful study of hers. How often, during the last half century, has the steep ascent of fame been brightened by the genial appreciation she bestowed, and the festal light she cast on its solitude! How often has the assurance of success received its crowning delight amid the ge-

## CHARLEVILLE HOUSE.

nial luxury of her circle, where renown itself has been realized in all its sweetness !""

## CHARLEVILLE HOUSE, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

The late Dowager Lady Charleville was a remarkable person. eminently gifted, and highly accomplished. The author had the honor of knowing her ladyship intimately about twenty years ago. Few women possessed sounder judgment, or were more capable of forming just opinions on most subjects.

Dublin and its society at the time of the Union, and for some years before, as well as after that measure, was a frequent subject of conversation with her. All the Irish celebrities of those times were intimately known by her; Clare and Castlereagh, young Wesley and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Lord Moira, and the Beresfords, cum multis aliis, of most dissimilar political elements. Throughout her whole career, it seemed to be a settled plan of hers to bring persons of worth, of opposite opinions, together, and to endeavor to get them to think justly and favorably of one another, as if she considered one of the chief causes of half the estrangements and animosities that exist was the groundless misapprehensions of unacquainted people of the same class, pursuits in life, or position in society.

The Countess Dowager of Cork, at the same period that Ladies Blessington, Holland, and Charleville collected round them their several celebrities of fashion and literary eminence, was the centre of a brilliant circle of London celebrities. From 1820 to 1840 was frequently to be seen at the London theatres this genuine representative, in all but one respect, of the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos.

The Right Hon. Mary, Countess Dowager of Cork and Derry, resided for a great many years in New Burlington Street. Her ladyship's soirees were not on so extensive a scale as those of Lady Blessington and Lady Holland, but still they were crowded with fashionable and distinguished people. Lady Cork, when Miss Monckton, was one of Dr. Johnson's favorites. "Her vivaeity," we are told, "exhilarated the sage ;" and they used to talk \* Remarks on the character of Lady Holland, in the "Morning Chronicle."

together with all imaginable ease. Frequent mention of her is made by Boswell. She was born in 1746; her father was John Monckton, first Viscount Galway. In 1784 she married the Earl of Cork. For a large portion of her life she occupied a conspicuous place in London society. Her residence in New Burlington Street was a rendezvous of wits, scholars, sages, and politicians, and *bas bleux* of celebrity. "Her social reputation dates from her attempts, the first of the kind (in England), to introduce into the routine and formation of our high life something of the wit and energy which characterized the society of Paris in the last century. While still young, she made the house of her mother, Lady Galway, the point of rendezvous where talent and genius might mingle with rank and fashion, and the advantages of intellectual endowments be mutually interchanged."

The endeavors of Miss Monckton to give a higher tone to the society in which she found herself in the latter part of the last century had the beneficial effect of thinning the crowds round the faro-tables, then the nightly excitement of both sexes. Her Sunday parties were the first that were attempted without this accompaniment. Her ladyship, to the last enjoying society; "ready for death, but not wishing to see him coming," died at the age of ninety-four, in her house in Burlington Street, the 20th of May, 1840.

#### SEAMORE PLACE.

Lady Blessington, in one of her novels, "The Victims of Socicty," wherein abundance of sarcasm was bestowed on the lionizing tendencies of English fashionable society, refers to "the modern Mecænascs of May-fair" (in which locality her ladyship resided when this novel was written by her), "who patronise poets and philosophers, from association with whom they expect to derive distinction..... A few of the houses, with the most pretensions to literary taste, have their tame poets and *petits litterateurs*, who run about as docile and more parasitical than lap-dogs; and, like them, are equally well fed, ay, and certainly equally spoiled. The dull pleasantries. thrice-told ancedotes.

and resumés of the scandal of each week, served up rechauffés by these pigmies of literature, are received most graciously by their patrons, who agree in opinion with the French writer,

"' Nul n'aura de l'esprit, Hors nous et nos amis.' "

Not even, we may add, in Seamore Place or Kensington Gore, where the experience was chiefly gained which enabled poor Lady Blessington to delineate "The Victims of Society."

Lady Blessington returned to London from the Continent in November, 1830. In the latter part of 1831 she took up her abode in Seamore Place, May Fair. The mansion in St. James's Square, which had been bequeathed to her by Lord Blessington, was far too expensive an establishment to be kept up by her on an income of two thousand a year. Having disposed of her interest in it, she rented the house in Seamore Place from Lord Mountford, and fitted it up in a style of the greatest magnificence and luxury." Here, in the month of March, 1832, I found her ladyship established. The Count and Countess D'Orsay were then residing with her. The salons of Lady Blessington were opened nightly to men of genius and learning, and persons of celebrity of all climcs, to travelers of every European city of distinction. Her abode became a centre of attraction for the beau monde of the intellectual classes, a place of réunion for remarkable persons of talent or eminence of some sort or another, and certainly the most agreeable resort of men of literature, art, science, of strangers of distinction, travelers, and public characters of various pursuits, the most agreeable that ever existed in this country.

Perhaps the agrémens of the Seamore Place society surpassed those of the Gore House sources. Lady Blessington, when resid-

\* The house in St. James's Square, which had been bequeathed to Lady Blessington by her husband, it was expected, would have added £500 a year to her income for the few years of the unexpired term of the lease. The head rent, however, was very high, £840 a year. It had been let to the Windham club, furnished, for £1350 a year; but the mode in which the property in the furnishbeen left by Lord Blessington, and the conditions imposed by the will with respect to its ultimate transfer to Ireland, and the fault, moreover, found with the bad state of it, had led to such difficulties, that eventually she relinquished her right and interest in the house to the executor. Messrs Norman and Worthington.

ing in the former street, had not then long commenced the career of authorship as a pursuit and a speculation.

In the twelfth letter of "the Pencilings," dated 1834, Mr. Willis gives an account of his first visit to Lady Blessington in London, then residing in Seamore Place, certainly more graphic than any other description of her réunions that has been given:

"A friend in Italy had kindly given me a letter to Lady Blessington, and with a strong curiosity to see this celebrated authoress, I called on the second day after my arrival in London. It was 'deep i' the afternoon,' but I had not yet learned the full meaning of town hours. 'Her ladyship had not come down to breakfast.' I gave the letter and my address to the powdered footman, and had scarce reached home, when a note arrived inviting me to call the same evening at ten.

"In a long library, lined alternately with splendidly-bound books and mirrors, and with a deep window, of the breadth of the room, opening upon Hyde Park, I found Lady Blessington alone. The picture, to my eye, as the door opened, was a very lovely one-a woman of remarkable beauty, half buried in a fauteuil of yellow satin, reading by a magnificent lamp suspended from the centre of the arched ceiling; sofas, couches, ottomans, and busts arranged in rather a crowded sumptuousness through the room; enamel tables, covered with expensive and elegant trifles in every corner, and a delicate white hand relieved on the back of a book, to which the eye was attracted by the blaze of its diamond rings. As the servant mentioned my name, she rose and gave me her hand very cordially; and a gentleman entering immediately after, she presented me to Count D'Orsay, the well-known Pelham of London, and certainly the most splendid specimen of a man, and a well-dressed one, that I had ever Tea was brought in immediately, and conversation went seen. swimmingly on.

"Her ladyship's inquiries were principally about America, of which, from long absence, I knew very little. She was extremely curious to know the degrees of reputation the present popular authors of England enjoy among us, particularly Bulwer and D'Israeli (the author of 'Vivian Grey'). 'If you will

come to-morrow night,' she said, 'you will see Bulwer. I am delighted that he is popular in America. He is envied and abused—for nothing, I believe, except for the superiority of his genius, and the brilliant literary success it commands; and knowing this, he chooses to assume a pride which is only the armor of a sensitive mind afraid of a wound. He is to his friends the most frank and noble creature in the world, and open to boyishness with those who he thinks understand and value him. He has a brother Henry, who is also very clever in a different vein, and is just now publishing a book on the present state of France.

"' Do they like the D'Israelis in America ?'

"I assured her ladyship that the 'Curiosities of Literature,' by the father, and 'Vivian Grey' and 'Contarini Fleming,' by the son, were universally known.

"'I am pleased at that, for I like them both. D'Israeli the elder came here with his son the other night. It would have delighted you to see the old man's pride in him, and the son's respect and affection for his father. D'Israeli the elder lives in the country, about twenty miles from town; seldom comes up to London, and leads a life of learned leisure, each day hoarding up and dispensing forth treasures of literature. He is courtly, yet urbane, and impresses one at once with confidence in his goodness. In his manners, D'Israeli the younger is quite his own character of "Vivian Grey;" full of genius and eloquence, with extreme good nature, and a perfect frankness of character.'

"I asked if the account I had seen in some American paper of a literary celebration at Canandaigua, and the engraving of her ladyship's name with some others upon a rock, was not a quiz.

"'Oh, by no means. I was much amused by the whole affair. I have a great idea of taking a trip to America to see it. Then the letter, commencing, "Most charming Countess—for charming you must be, since you have written the 'Conversations of Lord Byron'"—oh, it was quite delightful. I have shown it to every body. By-the-way, I receive a great many letters from America from people I never heard of, written in Vol. I.—G

the most extraordinary style of compliment, apparently in perfect good faith. I hardly know what to make of them.'

"I accounted for it by the perfect seclusion in which great numbers of cultivated people live in our country, who, having neither intrigue, nor fashion, nor twenty other things to occupy their minds, as in England, depend entirely upon books, and consider an author who has given them pleasure as a friend. 'America,' I said, 'has probably more literary enthusiasts than any country in the world; and there are thousands of romantic minds in the interior of New England who know perfectly every writer on this side of the water, and hold them all in affectionate veneration, scarcely conceivable by a sophisticated European. If it were not for such readers, literature would be the most thankless of vocations; I, for one, would never write another line.'

"'And do you think these are the people which write to me? If I could think so, I should be exceedingly happy. A great proportion of the people of England are refined down to such heartlessness; criticism, private and public, is so much influenced by politics, that it is really delightful to know there is a more generous tribunal. Indeed, I think many of our authors now are beginning to write for America. We think already a great deal of your praise or censure.'

"I asked if her ladyship had known many Americans.

"'Not in London, but a great many abroad. I was with Lord Blessington in his yacht at Naples when the American fleet was lying there ten or eleven years ago, and we were constantly on board your ships. I knew Commodore Creighton and Captain Deacon extremely well, and liked them particularly. They were with us frequently of an evening on board the yacht or the frigate, and I remember very well the bands playing always "God save the King" as we went up the side. Count D'Orsay here, who spoke very little English at the time, had a great pasaion for "Yankee Doodle," and it was always played at his request."

"The count, who still speaks the language with a very slight accent, but with a choice of words that shows him to be a man

of uncommon tast and elegance of mind, inquired after several of the officers, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing. He seems to remember his visits to the frigate with great pleasure. The conversation, after running upon a variety of topics, turned very naturally upon Byron. I had frequently seen the Countess Guiccioli on the Continent, and I asked Lady Blessington if she knew her.

"'Yes, very well. We were at Genoa when they were living there, but we never saw her. It was at Rome, in the year 1828, that I first knew her, having formed her acquaintance at Count Funchal's, the Portuguese embassador.'

"It would be impossible, of course, to make a full and fair record of a conversation of some hours. I have only noted one or two topics which I thought most likely to interest an American reader. During all this long visit, however, my eyes were very busy in finishing for memory a portrait of the celebrated and beautiful woman before me.

"The portrait of Lady Blessington in the 'Book of Beauty' is not unlike her, but it is still an unfavorable likeness. A picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence hung opposite me, taken, perhaps, at the age of eighteen, which is more like her, and as captivating a representation of a just matured woman, full of loveliness and love, the kind of creature with whose divine sweetness the gazer's heart aches, as ever was drawn in the painter's most inspired hour. The original is no longer dans sa première jeunesse. Still she looks something on the sunny side of thirty. Her person is full, but preserves all the fineness of an admirable shape; her foot is not pressed in a satin slipper, for which a Cinderella might long be sought in vain ; and her complexion (an unusually fair skin, with very dark hair and evebrows) is of even a girlish delicacy and freshness. Her dress, of blue satin (if I am describing her like a milliner, it is because I have here and there a reader in my eye who will be amused by it). was cut low, and folded across her bosom, in a way to show to advantage the round and sculpture-like curve and whiteness of a pair of exquisite shoulders; while her hair, dressed close to her head, and parted simply on her forehead with a rich feronicr

of turquoise, enveloped in clear outline a head with which it would be difficult to find a fault. Her features are regular, and her mouth, the most expressive of them, has a ripe fullness and freedom of play peculiar to the Irish physiognomy, and expressive of the most unsuspicious good-humor. Add to all this a voice merry and sad by turns, but always musical, and manners of the most unpretending elegance, yet even more remarkable for their winning kindness, and you have the prominent traits of one of the most lovely and fascinating women I have ever seen. Remembering her talents and her rank, and the unenvying admiration she receives from the world of fashion and genius, it would be difficult to reconcile her lot to the 'doctrine of compensation.'\*

"In the evening I kept my appointment with Lady Blessington. She had deserted her exquisite library for the drawingroom, and sat, in full dress, with six or seven gentlemen about her. I was presented immediately to all; and when the conversation was resumed, I took the opportunity to remark the distinguished *coterie* with which she was surrounded.

"Nearest me sat Smith, the author of 'Rejected Addresses' a hale, handsome man, apparently fifty, with white hair, and a very nobly-formed head and physiognomy. His eye alone small, and with lids contracted into an habitual look of drollery, betrayed the bent of his genius. He held a cripple's crutch in his hand, and, though otherwise rather particularly well-dressed, wore a pair of large India-rubber shoes—the penalty he was paying, doubtless, for the many good dinners he had eaten. He played rather an *aside* in the conversation, whipping in with a quiz or witticism whenever he could get an opportunity, but more a listener than a talker.

"On the opposite side of Lady Blessington stood Henry Bulwer, the brother of the novelist, very earnestly engaged in a discussion of some speech of O'Connell's. He is said by many to be as talented as his brother, and has lately published a book on the present state of France. He is a small man; very slight and gentlemanlike; a little pitted with the small-pox, and of "Pencilings by the Way, p. 356, 356.

very winning and persuasive manners. I liked him at the first glance.

"A German prince, with a star on his breast, trying with all his might—but, from his embarrassed look, quite unsuccessfully—to comprehend the drift of the argument; the Duke de Richelieu; a famous traveler just returned from Constantinople; and the splendid person of Count D'Orsay, in a careless attitude upon the ottoman, completed the cordon.

"I fell into conversation after a while with Smith, who, supposing I might not have heard the names of the others in the hurry of an introduction, kindly took the trouble to play the dictionary, and added a graphic character of each as he named him. Among other things, he talked a great deal of America, and asked me if I knew our distinguished countryman, Washington Irving. I had never been so fortunate as to meet him. 'You have lost a great deal,' he said, ' for never was so delightful a fellow. I was once taken down with him into the country by a merchant to dinner. Our friend stopped his carriage at the gate of his park, and asked us if we would walk through his grounds to the house. Irving refused, and held me down by the coat, so that we drove on to the house together, leaving our host to follow on foot. 'I make it a principle,' said Irving, 'never to walk with a man through his own grounds. I have no idea of praising a thing whether I like it or not. You and I will do them to-morrow morning by ourselves.' The rest of the company had turned their attention to Smith as he began his story, and there was a universal inquiry after Mr. Irving. Indeed, the first question on the lips of every one to whom I am introduced as an American is of him and Cooper. The latter seems to me to be admired as much here as abroad, in spite of a common impression that he dislikes the nation. No man's works could have higher praise in the general conversation that followed, though several instances were mentioned of his having shown an unconquerable aversion to the English when in England. Lady Blessington mentioned Mr. Bryant, and I was pleased at the immediate tribute paid to his delightful poetry by the talented circle around her.

"Toward twelve o'clock Mr. Lytton Bulwer was announced, and enter the author of 'Pelham.' I had made up my mind how he should look, and, between prints and descriptions, thought I could acarcely be mistaken in my idea of his person. No two things could be more unlike, however, than the ideal of Mr. Bulwer in my mind and the real Mr. Bulwer who followed the announcement. I liked his manners extremely. He ran up to Lady Blessington with the joyous heartiness of a boy let out of school; and the 'how d'ye, Bulwer !' went round, as he shook hands with every body, in the style of welcome usually given to 'the best fellow in the world.' As I had brought a letter of introduction to him from a friend in Italy, Lady Blessington introduced me particularly, and we had a long conversation about Naples and its pleasant society.

"Bulwer's head is phrenologically a fine one. His forehead retreats very much, but is very broad and well masked, and the whole air is that of decided mental superiority. His nose is aquilinc. His complexion is fair, his hair profuse, surly, and of a light auburn. A more good-natured, habitually-smiling expression could hardly be imagined. Perhaps my impression is an imperfect one, as he was in the highest spirits, and was not serious the whole evening for a minute—but it is strictly and faithfully my impression.

"I can imagine no style of conversation calculated to be more agreeable than Bulwer's. Gay, quick, various, half-satirical, and always fresh and different from every body else, he seemed to talk because he could not help it, and infected every body with his spirits. I can not give even the substance of it in a letter, for it was in a great measure local or personal.

"Bulwer's voice, like his brother's, is exceedingly lover-like and sweet. His playful tones are quite delicious, and his clear laugh is the soul of sincere and careless merriment.

"It is quite impossible to convey in a letter, scrawled literally between the end of a late visit and a tempting pillow, the evanescent and pure spirit of a conversation of wits. I must confine myself, of course, in such sketches, to the mere sentiment of things that concern general literature and ourselves.

" 'The Bejected Addresses' got upon his crutches about three o'clock in the morning, and I made my exit with the rest, thanking Heaven that, though in a strange country, my mother tongue was the language of its men of genius.

"Letter June 14, 1834. I was at Lady Blessington's at eight. Moore had not arrived, but the other persons of the party—a Russian count, who spoke all the languages of Europe as well as his own; a Roman banker, whose dynasty is more powerful than the Pope's; a clever English nobleman, and the 'observed of all observers,' Count D'Orsay, stood in the window upon the park, killing, as they might, the melancholy twilight half hour preceding dinner.

"Dinner was announced, the Russian handed down 'miladi,' and I found myself seated opposite Moore, with a blaze of light on his Bacchus head, and the mirrors with which the superb octagonal room is paneled reflecting every motion.... The soup vanished in the busy silence that beseems it, and as the courses commenced their procession, Lady Blessington led the conversation with the brilliancy and ease for which she is remarkable over all the women I ever met....

"O'Connell was mentioned.

"'He is a powerful creature,' said Moore ; 'but his eloquence has done great harm both to England and Ireland. There is nothing so powerful as oratory. The faculty of " thinking on his legs" is a tremendous engine in the hands of any man. There is an undue admiration for this faculty, and a sway permitted to it which was always more dangerous to a country than any thing else. Lord A is a wonderful instance of what a man may do without talking. There is a general confidence in hima universal belief in his honesty, which serves him instead. Peel is a fine speaker, but, admirable as he had been as an Oppositionist, he failed when he came to lead the House. O'Connell would be irresistible, were it not for the two blots on his character-the contributions in Ireland for his support, and his refusal to give satisfaction to the man he is still willing to attack. They may say what they will of dueling : it is the great preserver of the decencies of society. The old school, which

1 2

made a man responsible for his words, was the better. I must confess I think so. Then, in O'Connell's case, he had not made his vow against dueling when Peel challenged him. He accepted the challenge, and Peel went to Dover on his way to France, where they were to meet; and O'Connell pleaded his wife's illness, and delayed till the law interfered.<sup>®</sup> Some other Irish patriot, about the same time, refused a challenge on account of the illness of his daughter, and one of the Dublin wits made a good epigram on the two:

> "Some men, with a horror of alaughter, Improve on the Scripture command, And 'honor their' wife and their daughter, 'That their days may be long in the land.""

The great period of Ireland's glory,' continued Moore, 'was between '82 and '98, and it was a time when a man almost lived with a pistol in his hand. Grattan's dying advice to his son was, "Be always ready with the pistol!" He himself never hesitated a moment....'

"Talking of Grattan, is it not wonderful, with all the agitation in Ireland, we have had no such man since his time? You can scarcely reckon Shiel of the calibre of her spirits of old, and O'Connell, with all his faults, stands alone in his glory.

"The conversation I have given is a mere skeleton, of course ....

"This discussion may be supposed to have occupied the hour after Lady Blessington retired from the table; for with her vanished Moore's excitement, and every body else seemed to feel that light had gone out of the room. Her excessive beauty is less an inspiration than the wondrous talent with which she draws from every person around her his peculiar excellence. Talking better than any body else, and narrating, particularly, with a graphic power that I never saw excelled, this distinguished woman seems striving only to make others unfold themselves; and never had diffidence a more apprehensive and en-

\* There are many statements made and opinions expressed by Mr. Willis in the extracts above given, with regard to which, silence, it is hoped, will not be taken for acquiescence in their justice.—R. R. M.

couraging listener. But this is a subject with which I should never be done.

"We went up to coffee, and Moore brightened again over his chasse-cafe, and went glittering on with criticisms on Grisi, the delicious songstress now ravishing the world, whom he placed above all but Pasta; and whom he thought, with the exception that her legs were too short, an incomparable creature. This introduced music very naturally, and with a great deal of difficulty he was taken to the piano. My letter is getting long, and I have no time to describe his singing. It is well known, however, that its effect is only equaled by the beauty of his own words ; and, for one, I could have taken him into my heart with my delight. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have a soul or sense in you. I have heard of women's fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener. I should think, from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it.

"We all sat around the piano, and after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he rambled over the keys a while, and sang 'When first I met thee' with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good-night, and was gone before a word was uttered.""

In a former edition of "the Pencilings," there are some references to one of the literary men of distinction he met on the occasion above referred to which do not exist in the later edition. In these references there are some remarks, intended to be smart sayings, exceedingly superficial and severe, as well as unjust; but there are other observations which are no less true than happily expressed, especially with regard to the descriptive and conversational powers of one of the most highly gifted of all the celebrities of Gore House society.

\* Pencilings by the Way, p. 360 to 367.

H 2

"D'Israeli had arrived before me at Lady Blessington's, and sat in the deep window, looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick, with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him, even in the dim light, rather a conspicuous object. D'Israeli has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale, and, but for the energy of his action and the strength of his lungs, would seem a victim to consumption. His eye is black as Brebus, and has the most mocking and lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable ....

<sup>5</sup> His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick, heavy mass of jet black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously

## "' With thy incomparable oil, Macassar."

D'Israeli was the only one at table who knew Beckford, and the style in which he gave a sketch of his habits and manners was worthy of himself. I might as well attempt to gather up the foam of the sea as to convey an idea of the extraordinary language in which he clothed his description. There were at least five words in every sentence that must have been very much astonished at the use they were put to, and yet no others apparently could so well have conveyed his idea. He talked like a race-horse approaching the winning post, every muscle in action, and the utmost energy of expression flung out in every burst. Victor Hugo and his extraordinary novels came next under discussion; and D'Israeli, who was fired with his own eloquence, started off, apropos des bottes, with a long story of impalement he had seen in Upper Egypt. It was as good, and, perhaps, as authentic as the description of the chow-chow-tow in 'Vivian Grey.' The circumstantiality of the account was equally horrible and amusing. Then followed the sufferer's history, with a score of murders and barbarities, heaped to-

gether, like Martin's feast of Belshazzar, with a mixture of horror and splendor that was unparalleled in my experience of improvisation. No mystic priest of the Corybantes could have worked himself up into a finer phrensy of language."

My recollection of the scene to which I think Mr. Willis alludes is of a very different kind, so far as relates to the impression made by the truly extraordinary powers of description of Mr. D'Israeli.

Haydon, in his diary, 27th of February, 1835, writes, "Went to Lady Blessington's in the evening; every body goes to Lady Blessington. She has the first news of every thing, and every body seems delighted to tell her. No woman will be more missed. She is the centre of more talent and gayety than any other woman of fashion in London."\*

In the summer of 1833, Lady Blessington met with a severe loss. Her house in Seamore Place was broken into at night by thieves, and plate and jewelry to the value of about £1000 were carried off, and never afterward recovered. This was the first disaster in the way of loss of property that occurred to her. A few years later, she was destined to see every thing swept away she was accustomed to set a store on, every object of luxury that had become a necessity to the splendid misery of her mode of life—costly furniture, magnificent mirrors, adornments of salons, valuable pictures, portraits by the first masters, all the literary baubles of the boudoir and precious ornaments of the person, rarities from every land, books elegantly bound, and perhaps more prized than all her other treasures.

Lady Blessington removed from Seamore Place to the more spacious and elegant mansion of Gore House, Kensington Gore, the former abode of William Wilberforce, in the early part of 1836. And here her ladyship remained till the 14th of April, 1849.

## GORE HOUSE.

Any person acquainted with Lady Blessington when residing at the villa Belvidere at Naples, the Palazzo Negrone at Bonne, \* Memours of B. R. Haydon, vol. iii., p. 12

her delightful residence at Seamore Place in London, and her latest English place of abode in Gore House, must have observed the remarkable changes that had come over her mind at the different epochs of her career in intellectual society and in fashionable life from 1823 to 1849.

In Naples, the charm of Lady Blessington's conversation and society was indescribably effective. The genial air, the beautiful scenery of the place, and all the "influences of the sweet South," scemed to have delighted, soothed, and spiritualized her feelings. A strong tendency to fastidiousness of taste, to weariness of mind in the enjoyment of any long-continued entertainment or amusement, to sudden impulses of hastiness of temper (as distinguished from habitual ill-humor), had been subdued and softened by those changes of scenery and "skiey influences ;" and, above all, there was observable in her animal spirits a flow of hilarity, a natural vivacity, such as those who knew her in early life were well aware had belonged to her childhood, and which, having been restrained and checked to some extent. had resumed, in the south of Italy, its original character of outbursting gaité du cœur. The ringing laugh of joyous girlhood, which Mrs. Jordan used to act to such perfection, was a reality with Lady Blessington in those merry moods of hers in Naples, which were then, indeed, neither " few nor far between."

In society Lady Blessington was then supremely attractive; she was natural and sprightly, and *spirituells* in proportion to her naturalness, and utter absence of all appearance of an effort to be effective in conversation.

At the distance of a period of three years from the time of my departure from Naples, when I next met Lady Blessington at Rome, that vivacity to which I have referred seemed to me to have been considerably impaired. She had become more of a learned lady, a queen regnant in literary circles, expected to speak with authority on subjects of art and literature, and less of the agreeable woman, eminently graceful, and full of gayety, whom I had parted with in Naples in 1824. But she was at all times attractive and triumphant in her efforts to reign in the society she moved in; and she was, moreover, at all times kindly disposed and faithful in her friendships.

After an interval of nearly five years, I renewed my acquaintance with Lady Blessington in Seamore Place. It was evident that another great "change had come over the spirit of her dream" of life since I had last seen her. Cares, and troubles, and trials of various kinds had befallen her, and left, if not visible external traces, at least perceptible internal evidence of their effects.

After a lapse of two or three years, my acquaintance with Lady Blessington was renewed at Gore House. The new establishment was on a scale of magnificence exceeding even that of Seamore Place.

The brilliant society by which she was surrounded did not seem to have contributed much to her felicity. There was no happiness in the circles of Gore House comparable to that of the Palazzo Belvidere in Naples. There was manifestly a great intellectual effort made to keep up the charm of that society, and no less manifest was it that a great pecuniary effort was making to meet the large expenditure of the establishment that was essential for it. That society was felt by her to be a necessity in England. It had been a luxury in Italy, and had been enjoyed there without anxiety for cost, or any experience of the wear and tear of life that is connected with arduous exertions to maintain a position in London haut ton society, acquired with difficulty, and often supported under continually increasing embarrassments.

But, notwithstanding the symptoms of care and anxiety that were noticeable in Lady Blessington's appearance and conversation at that period of her Gore House celebrity, her powers of attraction and of pleasing had lost none of their influences. There were a higher class of men of great intellect at her soiries than were formerly wont to congregate about her. Lady Blessington no longer spoke of books and bookish men with diffidence, or any marked deference for the opinions of other persons : she laid down the law of her own sentiments in conversation rather dogmatically ; she aimed more at saying smart things than heretofore, and seemed more desirous of congregating celebrities of distinction in her salons than of gathering

round her people solely for the agreements of their society, or any peculiarities in their characters or acquirements.

There was more of gravity and formality in her conversationes than there had been wont to be, and the conversation generally was no longer of that gay, enlivening, cheerful character, abounding in drollery and humor, which made the great charm of her rivations in the villa Belvidere, and in a minor degree in Seamore Place.

In Gore House society, Lady Blessington had given herself a mission, in which she labored certainly with great assiduity and wonderful success—that of bringing together people of the same pursuits, who were rivals in them for professional distinction, and inclining competitors for fame in politics, art, and literature, to tolerant, just, and charitable opinions of one another. This, most assuredly, was a very good and noble object, and in her efforts to attain it she was well seconded by Count D'Orsay.

The count, indeed, not only devoted his talents to this object, but extended his aims to the accomplishment of a purpose calculated to do a great deal of good; to remove the groundless misapprehensions of unacquainted intellectual people of neighboring countries, the fruitful cause of national jealousies and antipathies; to remove the prejudices which had raised barriers even in the best societies between English people and foreigners, to level distinctions on account of difference of country, and to unite the high intelligences of various nations in bonds of social intercourse.

The party warfare that is waged in art, literature, and politics, it seemed to be the main object of the mistress of Gore House, in the high sphere in which she moved, to assuage, to put an end to, and, when interrupted, to prevent the recurrence of. It was astonishing with what tact this object was pursued; and those only who have seen much of the correspondence of Lady Blessington can form any idea of the labor she imposed on herself in removing unfavorable impressions, explaining away differences, inducing estranged people to make approaches to an accommodation, to meet and to be reconciled. These labors were not confined to people of the studio or of literary pursuits;

grave politicians and solemn statesmen, great legal functionaries, and even divines, have been largely indebted to them. She threw herself into those labors with an earnestness which seemed almost incredible to those who were accustomed to the reserve and absence of all demonstrativeness of feeling that is supposed to characterize the *host ton* of English society.

Mackintosh, in his beautiful "Life of Sir Thomas More," enforcing the virtue of moderation and tolerance of opinion, and reprobating the vulgar brutality of "hating men for their opinions," said, "All men, in the fierce contests of contending factions, should, from such an example, learn the wisdom to fear, lest in their most hated antagonist they may strike down a Sir Thomas More; for assuredly virtue is not so narrowed as to be confined to any party, and we have in the case of More a signal example, that the nearest approach to perfect excellence does not exempt men from mistakes which we may justly deem mischievous. It is a pregnant proof that we should beware of hating men for their opinions, or of adopting their doctrines because we love and venerate their virtues."

But the high purposes to which I have referred as actuating Lady Blessington and the Count D'Orsay, namely, of bringing together eminent and estimable people of similar pursuits, who had been estranged from one another, at variance, or on bad terms, did not interfere occasionally with the exercise of the peculiar talents and inclinations of both for drawing out absurd or eccentric people for the amusement of their visitors.

One of the visitors who frequented Gore House about 1837 and 1838 was a very remarkable old French gentleman, then upward of seventy years of age, whom I had known intimately both in France and England—"Monsieur Julien le jeune de Paris," as he styled himself.

He had figured in the great French Revolution — had been patronised by Robespierre, and employed by him in Paris and in the south of France in the Reign of Terror. It was generally asserted and believed that he had voted for the death of Louis the Sixteenth. That, however, was not the fact. It was Monsieur Julien l'aind who gave his voice for the execution of his

sovereign. I believe, moreover, that Monsieur Julien le jeune, though employed under Robespierre, and at one time even acting as his secretary, was not a man of blood *de son grè*, though a very ardent Republican at the period of the regime of terror.

If my poor friend, Monsieur Julien le jeune, was for some time a minister of that system, he certainly repented of it, and made all the atonement, as he thought, that could be made by him, by his connection with a number of philanthropical societies, and the advocacy of the abolition of the punishment of death, the alave-trade, and alavery, and also by the composition of various works of a half moral, part political and polemical kind, and a considerable quantity of lachrymose poetry, chiefly devoted to the illustration of the wrongs and persecutions he had suffered for his country and his opinions. His pieces on this subject, which were extremely lengthy and doleful, he called "Mes Chagrins Politiques."

Julien had commenced "patriotic declamation" at a very early period of his career, on the great stage of the Revolution of 1789. Touchard la Fosse, in his "Souvenirs d'un demi siècle," makes mention of him at Bordeaux, at the time that Tallien, one of the leading Terrorists, was there on his mission of extermination, seeking out the last remains of the fugitive Girondists. The future Madame Tallien, an enchantress of the Corinne school, daughter of the Spanish banker Monsieur Cabarrus, then bearing the name of Madame Fontenay, was also at Bordeaux, at that time "in the dawn of her celebrity."

"It was one day announced," says Touchard la Fosse, "that a beautiful citizeness had composed a wonderfully patriotic oration, which would be delivered at the club by a young patriot named Julien (who subsequently, during the Empire, held several important posts in the military administration, and who, since the Restoration better known as Julien de Paris, was, in conjunction with the estimable Amaury Duval, the founder of the 'Revue Encyclopedique').

"The following decade was the time fixed for the delivery of his discourse. The club was full. All eyes were bent upon a young woman dressed in a riding habit of dark bluc kerseymere

faced and trimmed with red velvet. Upon her beautiful black hair, cropped à la Titus, then a perfectly new fashion. was lightly set, on one side, a scarlet cap trimmed with fur. Madame Fontenay is said to have been most beautiful in this attire.

"The oration, admirably well read by Citizen Julien, excited wonderful admiration. Its commonplace patriotic decignation, lighted up by a reflection of the admiration feit for the aution, gained it the utmost praise. Unanimous applause, flattering address of the president, honors of the sitting—in short, all the remunerations of popular assemblies, were hunched upon this beautiful patriot."

"Le Cher Julien" thus, we find, had commenced his meter of patriotic recitations some forty-three or four years previously to his exhibitions in Seamore Place. The first performance was in the presence of a very celebrated French enchantress, who reigned in Revolutionary circles, and the latest was in the presence of an Irish enchantress, who reigned over literary fashionable society in London.

At the period of his sojourn in London his head was filled with these "Chagrins." As regularly as he presented himself in the evenings at the salons of Lady Blessington, he brought with him, on each occasion, a roll of paper in his side pocket, consisting of some sheets of foolscap filled with his "Chagrins." which would be seen projecting from the breast of his cost, when, on entering the room, he would stoop to kiss the hand of Lady Blessington, after the manner of the polished courtiers of la Vielle Cour; for Monsieur Julien le jeune, in his old age at least, was a perfect specimen of French courtesy, and preserved very little of the burly bearing, or the sturdy manners or opinions of a Republican.

Poor Julien le jenne, like D'Alembert, had the gift of shedding tears at pleasure, to which don de larmes of D'Alembert, La Harpe was indebted for the success of one of his dramatic pieces.

"C'est à ce don de larmes que La Harpe dut le succès de va Melanie. L'etiquette voulait qu'on eut pleuré à ce drame. D'Alembert ne manquait jamais d'accompagner La Harpe. Il prenait un air sérieux et composé, qui fixait d'abord l'attention.

Au premier acte il faisait remarquer les aperçues philosophiques de l'ouvrage; en suite profitant du talent qu'il avait pour la pantomine, il pleurait toujours aux mêmes endroits, ce qui imposait aux femmes la nécessité, de s'attendrir—et comment auraient elles eu les yeux secs lorsqu'un philosophe fondait en larmes !" Tom. ii., 10.

It used to be a scene that it was most difficult to witness with due restraint, and certainly not without great efforts at external composure, when Monsieur Julien le jeune, all radiant with smiles and overflowing with urbanity, having paid his devoirs to her ladyship, would be approached by Count D'Orsay, and with the eyes of the whole circle fixed on him (duly prepared to expect amusement), the poor old man would be entreated to favor Lady Blessington with the recital of another canto of his political afflictions. Then Julien would protest he had read all that was worth reading to her ladyship, but at length would yield to the persuasions of Lady Blessington with looks and gestures which plainly said, "Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem."

On the first occasion of my witnessing this scene, Julien had just gone through the usual formula of praying to be excused, and had made the protestation above referred to, when D'Orsay, with a gravity that was truly admirable, and surprising how it could be maintained, overcame all the reluctance assumed by poor old Julien le jeune to produce the poem expressly brought for recital, by renewed supplications, and on a novel plea for the reading of it.

There was one present, the count observed, who had never heard the "Chagrins," long and earnestly as he desired that gratification, "N'est pas Madden vous n'avez jamais entendu les Chagrins Politiques de notre cher ami Monsieur Julien ?"

All the reply that could be given was in a single word, "Jamais."

"Allons mon ami," continued D'Orsay. "Ce pauvre Madden a bien besoin d'entendre vos chagrins politiques—il a les siens aussi—(I had been recently reviewed and reviled in some periodicals)—Il a souffert—oui—il a des sympathies pour les

# OORE HOUSE

blessés, il fant le donner cette triste plaisir-N'est ce pas Madden !"

Another dire effort to respond in the affirmative, " Oui, Monsieur le Comte."

Monsieur Julien, after playing off for some minutes all the diffident airs of a bashful young lady dying to sing and protesting she can not, placed himself at the upper end of the moon, near a table with wax lights, pulled the roll of paper from his breast pocket, and began to recite his "Chagrins Politiques" in a most lugubrious tone, like Mademoiselle Duchesnois-avec les plears dans la voix. The saloon was crowded with distinguished guests. On the left hand of the tender-hearted poet and most doleful reciter of his own sorrows-this quondam secretary of Robespierre-was Lady Blessington, in her well-known fosteril. looking most intently, and with apparent anxious solicitade, full in the face of the dolorous reciter. But it would not do for one listening to the "Chagrins" to look too enriously into the eves of that lady, lest he might perceive any twinkling there indicative of internal hilarity of a communicative kind. On the other aide of Monsieur Julien, but somewhat in front of him. ant Count D'Orsay, with a handkerchief occasionally lifted to his eves; and ever and anon a plaudit or an exclamation of pain was uttered by him at the recital of some particular " Chagrin." At the very instant when the accents of the reciter were becoming most exceedingly lugubrious and indicrous, and the difficulty of refraining from laughter was at its height, D'Orsay was heard to whisper in a sotto vece, as he leaned his head over the back of the chair I sat on, " Pleurez done !"

Doctor Quin, who was present at this scene, one of the richest, certainly, I ever witnessed, during the recital contributed largely to its effect. Whenever D'Orsay would seize on some particular passage, and exclaim, "Ah que c'est beau !" then would Quin's "magnifique !" "superbe !" " vraiement beau !" be intonated with all due solemnity, and a call for that moving passage over again would be preferred and kindly complied with, so that there was not one of Monsieur Julien's "Chagrins Politiques" which was not received with the most marked attention and applause.

At the conclusion of each " Chagrin," poor Julien's eyes were always sure to be bathed with tears, and as much so at the latest recital of his off-repeated griefs as at the earliest delivery of them.

It was always in this melting mood, at the conclusion of a recital, he was again conducted by the hand to the fauteuil of Lady Blessington by D'Orsay, and there bending low, as the noble lady of the mansion graciously smiled on him, he received compliments and consolations, most liberally bestowed on his "Chagrins Politiques."

Of one of those displays of D'Orsay's peculiar power in drawing out absurd, eccentric, or *outre* people of a similar kind, one of the most distinguished writers of his time thus writes in April, 1838:

"Count D'Orsay may well speak of an evening being a happy one to whose happiness he contributed so largely. It would be absurd, if one did not know it to be true, to hear Dickens tell, as he has done ever since, of Count D'Orsay's power of drawing out always the best elements of the society around him, and of miraculously putting out the worst. Certainly I never saw it so marvelously exhibited as on the night in question. I shall think of him hereafter unceasingly, with the two guests that sat on either side of him that night. But it has been impossible for me to think of him at any time since I have known him but with the utmost admiration, affection, and respect, which genius and kindness can suggest to every one."

The last time I met Monsieur Julien was at a breakfast given by Colonel Leicester Stanhope, on which occasion many remarkable persons were assembled. Julien, at that period, had abandoned his "Chagrins Politiques," and adopted a new plan of attracting attention. He exhibited a small dial, on the circumference of which, in opposite directions, moral and evil tendencies were marked, and to these a movable index pointed, showing the virtue to be cultivated when any particular defect in character was referred to. This instrument Monsieur Julien called his "Horloge Moral." The old man was lapsing fast into second childhood, but with his senility a large dash of charle-

## THE BREAK-UP AT GORE HOUSE.

taneric was very obviously combined. On the occasion I allude to, a brother of Napoleon, one of the ex-kings of the Bonaparto family, was present for a short time, but on seeing Monsieur Julien he immediately departed. Poor L. E. L., who was one of the guests, was singled out by Julien for special instruction in the use of the "Horloge Moral," and she allowed herself to be victimized with most exemplary patience and good humor, while Monsieur Julien was showing off the latest product of his ethical and inventive faculties.

## CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE BREAK-UP AT GORE HOUSE.

Poon Lady Blessington, when she launched into the enormous expenditure of her magnificent establishments, first in Seamore Place, next in Kensington Gore, had little idea of the difficulties of her position in the fashionable world, with a jointure of £2000 a year, to meet all the extensive and incessant claims on her resources, and those claims on them also of at least seven or eight persons, members of her family, who were mainly dependent on her. Little was she aware of the nature of those literary pursuits, and the precariousness of their remuneration, from which she imagined she could derive secure and permanent emolument, that would make such an addition to her ordinary income as would enable her to make head against the vast expenditure of her mode of life-an expenditure which the most constant anxiety to reduce within reasonable limits, by an economy of the most rigid kind in small household matters, was wholly inadequate to accomplish."

A lady of quality, who sits down in fashionable life to get a livelihood by literature, or a large portion of the means neces-

\* Lady Blessington's punctuality and strictness in examining accounts at regular periods, inquiring into expenditure by servants, orders given to tradesmen, and the use made of ordinary articles of consumption, were remarkable. She kept a book of dinners, in which the names of all persons at each entertainment were set down; this register of guests served a double purpose, as a reference for dates, and a check on the second of the mality of hots!

sary to sustain her in that position, at the hands of publishers, had better build any other description of castles in the air, or, if she must dream of "chateans en Espagne," let it be of some order of architecture less visionary.

Charles Lamb, the inimitable quaint teller of solemn truths, in amusing terms, in a letter to Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, in 1823, thus speaks of "literature as a calling to get a livelihood."

"What! throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance of employment of booksellers would afford you? Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock slap-dash, headlong down upon iron spikes.

"I have known many authors want bread: some repining, others enjoying the sweet security of a spunging house; all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers, what not, rather than the things they were! I have known some starved —some go mad—one dear friend literally dying in a work-house.

"O! you know not, may you never know, the miseries of subsisting by authorship! "Tis a pretty appendage to situations like yours or mine, but a slavery worse than all slavery to be a bookseller's dependent; to drudge your brains for pots of ale and breasts of mutton; to change your free thoughts and voluntary numbers for ungracious task-work! The booksellers hate us."

If Lamb had been an Irishman, one might imagine that the "h" in the penultimate word was an interpolation of some sarcastic copyist, who had been infelicitous in authorship, and that we should read *ate*, and not *hate*. Emolument from literature must have been looked to by Lady Blessington, not in the sense of Lamb's pretty appendage to his situation, but as a main resource, to meet an expenditure which her ordinary income could not half suffice for.

The establishment of Gore House, and the incidental expenditure of its noble mistress, could not have been less than £4000 a year. Lady Blessington's jointure was only £2000. But then it must be borne in mind, a very large portion of that expenditure was incurred for aid and assistance given to members

of her family, and that she frequently stated in her letters, particularly in those to Mr. Landor, that nothing would induce her to continue her literary labors but to be enabled to provide for those who were dependent on her.

There is a passage in a letter of Sir Walter Scott, in reference to the costly efforts made by a lady of literary tastes to maintain a position in literary society, or rather to be the centre of a literary circle, which well deserves attention.

In his diary while in Italy, Sir Walter makes mention of "Lydia White." "Went to poor Lydia White's, and found her extended on a couch, frightfully swelled, unable to stir, rouged, jesting, and dying. She has a good heart, and is really a elever creature; but unhappily, or rather happily, she has set the whole staff of her life in keeping literary society about her. The world has not neglected her; it is not always so bad as it is called. She can always make up her circle, and generally has some people of real talent and distinction. She is wealthy, to be sure, and gives *petits diners*, but not in a style to carry the point à *force d'argent*. In her case the world is good-natured, and perhaps it is more frequently so than is generally supposed."\*

Of the false position of distinguished women in society, it has been very justly observed, in a notice of the life of Madame de Staël :

"The aspect of ill-will makes women tremble, however distinguished they may be. Courageous in misfortune, they are timid against enmity. Thought exalts them, yet their character remains feeble and timid. Most of the women in whom the possession of high faculties has awakened the desire of fame, are like Erminia in her warlike accourtements. The warriors see the casque, the lance, the shining plume; they expect to meet force, they attack with violence, and with the first stroke reach the heart."

Troubles and afflictions of various kinds had fallen on Lady Blessington, in quick succession, from the year 1843. The loss of fortune and the loss of friends, trials of different kinds, pe-

\* Lookhart's Life of Sir W. Scott.

cuniary difficulties, and humiliations, had followed each other with little intermission of late years. In the latter part of 1845, the effects of the potato blight and the famine in Ireland made themselves felt in the magnificent salons in London and on the Continent, even in the place of sojourn of the Irish aristocracy. The sumptuous apartments of Gore House were made intimately acquainted with them.

By the robbery of plate, jewelry, and other valuables, that was committed in Lady Blessington's house in Seamore Place, a loss of upward of £1000 had been sustained. By the failure of Charles Heath, the engraver, she incurred a loss of £700.

The difficulties of Count D'Orsay had contributed also not in a small degree to the derangement of her affairs; and those difficulties had commenced at a very early period of his career in London, while Lady Blessington was residing in Seamore Place, and the count in a small house in Curzon Street, nearly opposite Lord Chesterfield's. The count was arrested, soon after his arrival in England, for a debt of £300 to his boot-maker in Paris, Mr. McHenry, and was only saved from imprisonment by the acceptance, on the part of his creditor, of bail on that occasion.\*

In October, 1846, when difficulties were pressing heavily on Lady Blessington, she received a letter (in the handwriting of a lady who signs herself M. A.), from which the following extract appears to have been taken :

"Well may it be said, 'Sweet are the uses of adversity,' which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, bears yet a precious jewel in its head !! and its chief advantage is, that it enables us to judge our real friends from false oncs. Rowland Hill on one occasion (preaching to a large congregation on men's trust in the friendship of the world) observed, that his own acquaint-

\* I have been informed by Mr. McHenry that he had allowed that debt to remain unsettled for many years, and had consented to accept the accurity finally offered to him on account of the very large obligations he felt under to the count; for the mere fact of its being known in Paris that Count D'Orsay's boots were made by McHenry, had procured for him the custom of all the tip-top exquisites of Paris. Similar obligations existed in London, with similar relations between the debtors and the indebted; and similar results there between the count and his tradesmen, but sometimes not of a nature so agreeable, frequently took place.

ances would probably fill the church; and he was quite certain that his friends, at the most, would only fill the pulpit. Thus many may say, and those, too, who may have expended thousands in entertaining selfish and cold-hearted men, who would not render them a real service if they wanted one, or give a sigh to their memory on hearing of their decease."

Poor Lady Blessington's mind was ill at ease when she set down the following observations in her commonplace book :

"Great trials demand great courage, and all our energy is called up to enable us to bear them. But it is the minor cares of life that wear out the body, because, singly and in detail, they do not appear sufficiently important to engage us to rally our force and spirits to support them..... Many minds that have withstood the most severe trials have been broken down by a succession of ignoble cares."

How much bitter experience must it have required to say so much in so few words? "When the sun shines on you, you see your friends. It requires sunshine to be seen by them to advantage. While it lasts, we are visible to them; when it is gone, and our horizon is overcast, they are invisible to us."

And elsewhere, another "Night Thought" is to a similar effect:

"Friends are the thermometers by which we may judge the temperature of our fortunes."

"There is no knowledge for which so great a price is paid as a knowledge of the world; and no one ever became an adept in it except at the expense of a hardened or a wounded heart.

" M. B."

Lady Blessington makes reference to "a friend of long standing, and deeply interested in her welfare," who had been consulted by her at the period of her most serious embarrassments, and who had addressed the following letter to her ladyship, without date or name, but probably written in 1848:

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,-You do not do me more than justice in the belief that I most fully sympathize with all your troubles, and I shall be only too happy if my advice can in any way assist you.

Vol. I.-H

"First. As to your jointure, nothing in law is so indisputable as that a widow's jointure takes precedence of every other claim on an estate. The very first money the agent receives from the property should go to the discharge of this claim. No subsequent mortgages, annuities, encumbrances, law-suits, expenses of management, &c., can be permitted to interfere with the payment of jointure ; and as, whatever the distress of the tenants or the embarrassments of the estate, it is clear that some rents must have come in half-yearly, so, on those rents, you have an indisputable right; and I think, on consulting your lawyer, he will put you in a way, either by a memorial to Chancery or otherwise, to secure in future the regular payment of this lifecharge. Indeed, on property charged with a jointure, although the rents are not paid for months after the proper dates, the jointure must be paid on the regular days; and if not, the proprietor would become liable to immediate litigation. I am here presuming that you but ask for the jointure, due quarterly or half-yearly, and not in advance, which, if the affairs are in Chancery, it would be illegal to grant.

"Secondly. With respect to the diamonds, would it be possible or expedient to select a certain portion (say half), which you least value on their own account, and, if a jeweler himself falls too short in his offer, to get him to sell them on commission! You must remember that every year, by paying interest on them, you are losing money on them, so that in a few years you may thus lose more than by taking at once less than their true value. There are diamond merchants, who, I believe, give more than jewelers; and if you know Anthony Rothschild, and would not object to speak to him, he might help you.

"Thirdly. With respect to an illustrated work, I like your plan much; and I think any falling off is to be attributed to a relaxation in Heath himself, of proper attention to the interests of the illustrations. You have apparentlysome idea as to the plan and conception. I fancy that illustrations of our most popular writers might be a novelty. Illustrations from Shakspeare—not the female characters only, but scenes from the plays themselves—by good artists, and the letter-press bearing upon the subject, might make a very saleable and standard work. Again (and I think better), in this day, illustrations from English scenery, ruins, and buildings might be very popular; in fact, if you could create a rational interest in the subject in the plates, your sale and profit would be both larger and more permanent on the first demand, and become a source of yearly income.

"You do perfectly right not to diminish your income by loans; \_\_\_\_\_\_ will wait your time, and I am sure that, with proper legal advice, you can insure the regular payments of your jointure in future.

"I think I have thus given you the best hints I can on the different points on which you have so kindly consulted me. I know well how, to those accustomed to punctual payments, and with a horror of debt, pecuniary embatrasaments prey upon the mind. But I think they may be borne, not only with

all your cares. In emptying your purse, you have at least filled your heart with consolations, which will long outlast what I trust will be but the troubous devotions and affectionate services as those which must console you amid ease, but with some degree of complacency, when connected with such generles of a season."

that by her. would fall due on the 30th of the following month of May, four days only before " the great debt of all debts" was to be paid £11. of £1500, leaving a balance only in their hands to her credit of received from Mr. Phillips, the auctioneer, by her order, the sum anticipation of her jointure, to an amount approaching to £1500. Lady Blessington's creditors harassed her, and made it evident a bill of hers to a Mr. her bankers, and her bond likewise, for various became due, and on the 24th of April, 1849, she Immediately after the sale, the bankers acknowledged In April, 1849, the clamors and importunate demands of an inevitable crash was coming. She had the necessity of renewing bills frequently as they - for a very large amount, which She had given bills to had to renew advances, in having

gaged tablishment of Gore House took place. ness. a debt of £4000 was at length put in by a house largely enpressed them at this period simultaneously. lectors, gas-company agents, all persons having claims to urge, bill-discounters, money-lenders, jewelers, lace-venders, tax-coleffected, but it became necessary to determine on a sale of the whole of the effects for the interest of all the creditors." In the spring of 1849, the long-menaced break-up of the es-Some in the silk, lace, India shawl, and fancy jewelry busiarrangements were made, a life Numerous creditors, An execution for insurance was Sev-

the denoment of a very serious drama. Lady Blessington was no sconer informed, by a confidential servant, of the fact some of the characteristics of farce, which contrasted strangely and painfully with those precautions were, however, at length halled by the ingenuity of a she officer, who effected an entrance in a disguise, the Indicroveness of which ing precautions in the admission of persons had to be taken both at the outer gate and hull-door entrance. For a considerable period, too, Count D'Oreay had been in continual danger of arrest, and was obliged to confine binnelf to the bouse and grounds, except on Sundays, and in the dask of the evening on other days. All ington lived in the constant apprehension of execut \* For about two years previous to the break-up at Gorn House, Lady Bless ions being put in, and uncens which had

-

eral of the friends of Lady Blessington urged on her pecuniary assistance, which would have prevented the necessity of breaking up the establishment. But she declined all offers of this kind. The fact was, that Lady Blessington was sick at heart, worn down with cares and anxieties, wearied out with difficulties and embarrassments daily augmenting, worried with incessant claims, and tired to death with demands she could not meet. For years previously, if the truth was known, she was sick at the heart's core of the splendid misery of her positionof the false appearances of enjoyment in it - of the hollow smiles by which it was surrounded-of the struggle for celebrity in that vortex of fashionable life and luxury in which she had been plunged, whirling round and round in a species of continuous delirious excitement, sensible of the madness of remaining in the glare and turmoil of such an existence, and yet unable to stir hand or foot to extricate herself from its obvious dangers.

The public sale of the precious artices of a boudoir, the bijouteric and beautiful objects of art of the salons of a lady of fashion, awakens many reminiscences identified with the vicissitudes in the fortunes of former owners, and the fate of those to whom these precious things belonged. Lady Blessington, in her "Idler in France," alludes to the influence of such lugubrious feelings, when she went the round of the curiosity shops on the Quai D'Orsay, and made a purchase of an amber vase of rare beauty, said to have belonged to the Empress Josephine.

"When I see the beautiful objects collected together in these shops, I often think of their probable histories, and of those to whom they belonged. Each seems to identify itself with the former owner, and conjures up in my mind a little romance."

of the entrance of a sheriff's officer, and an execution being laid on her property, than she immediately desired the messenger to proceed to the count's room, and tell him that he must immediately prepare to leave England, as there would be no safety for him, once the fact was known of the execution having been levied. The count was at first incredulous—bah / after bah / followed each sentence of the account given him of the entrance of the sheriff's officer. At length, after seeing Lady Blessington, the necessity for his immediate departure became apparent. The following morning, with a single portmanteau, attended by his valet, he set out for Paris, and thus ended the London life of Count D'Orsay.

"Vases of exquisite workmanship, chased gold *etuis*, enriched with Oriental agate and brilliants that had once probably belonged to some grandes dames of the court; pendules of gilded bronze, one with a motto in diamonds on the back—' Vous me faites oublier les heures'—a nuptial gift; a flacon of most delicate workmanship, and other articles of bijouterie, bright and heautiful as when they left the hands of the jeweler. The gages d'amour are scattered all around; but the givers and receivers, where are they? Mouldering in the grave long years ago.

"Through how many hands may these objects have passed since death snatched away the persons for whom they were originally designed! And here they are, in the ignoble custody of some avaricious vendor, who, having obtained them at the sale of some departed amateur for less than their first cost, now expects to extort more than double the value of them ! . . . . 'And so will it be when I am gone,' as Moore's beautiful song says; the rare and beautiful bijouteries which I have collected with such pains, and looked on with such pleasure, will probably be scattered abroad, and find their resting-places, not in gilded salons, but in the dingy coffers of the wily *brocanteurs*, whose exorbitant demands will preclude their finding purchasers."

The property of Lady Blessington offered for sale was thus eloquently described in the catalogue composed by that eminent author of auctioneering advertisements, Mr. Phillips :

"Costly and elegant effects, comprising all the magnificent furniture, rare porcelain, sculptures in marble, bronzes, and an assemblage of objects of art and decoration, a casket of valuable jewelry and bijouterie, services of rich chased silver and silver-gilt plate, a superbly-fitted silver dressing-case, collection of ancient and modern pictures, including many portraits of distinguished persons; valuable original drawings and fine engravings, framed and in the portfolio; the extensive and interesting library of books, comprising upward of 5000 volumes; expensive table-services of chins and rich cut glass, and an infinity of valuable and useful effects, the property of the Right Honorable the Counters of Bleasington, retiring to the Continent."

. The Idler in France, vol. ii., p. 53.

On the 10th of May, 1849, I visited Gore House for the last time. The auction was going on. There was a large assemblage of people of fashion. Every room was thronged; the wellknown library-saloon, in which the conversaziones took place, was crowded, but not with guests. The arm-chair in which the lady of the mansion was wont to sit was occupied by a stout, coarse gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, busily engaged in examining a marble hand extended on a book, the fingers of which were modeled from a cast of those of the absent mistress of the establishment.

People, as they passed through the room, poked the furniture, pulled about the precious objects of art and ornaments of various kinds that lay on the table ; and some made jests and ribald jokes on the scene they witnessed.

It was a relief to leave that room : I went into another, the dining-room, where I had frequently enjoyed, "in goodly company," the elegant hospitality of one who was indeed a " most kind hostess." I saw an individual among the crowd of gazers there who looked thoughtful and even sad. I remembered his features. I had dined with the gentleman more than once in that room. He was a humorist, a facetious man-one of the editors of " Punch;" but he had a heart, with all his customary drollery, and penchant for fun and raillery. I accosted him, and said, "We have met here under different circumstances." Some observations were made by the gentleman, which showed he felt how very different indeed they were. I took my leave of Mr. Albert Smith, thinking better of the class of facetious persons who are expected to amuse society on set occasions, as well as to make sport for the public at fixed periods, than ever I did before.

In another apartment, where the pictures were being sold, portraits by Lawrence, sketches by Landseer and Maclise, innumerable likenesses of Lady Blessington by various artists; several of the Count D'Orsay, representing him driving, riding out on horseback, sporting, and at work in his studio; his own collection of portraits of all the frequenters of note or mark in society of the villa Belvidere, the Palazzo Negroni, the Hotel

ment. brought to the hammer. One whom I had known in most or those mansions, my old friend Dr. Quin, I met in this apart-Ney, Seamore Place, and Gore House, in quick succession, were

all she possessed should go to her creditors. from the wreck. She might have preserved her pictures, objects of virtù, bijouterie, &c., of considerable value, but she suid she saved nothing, with the few exceptions I in the house of a noble lady, a sweeping clearance of all its ington by Chalon, and one or two other pictures. of high rank I ever witnessed. Nothing of value was saved treasures. total smash, a crash on a grand scale of ruin, a compulsory sale from the wreck, with the exception of the portrait of Lady Bless-This was the most signal ruin of an establishment of a person To the honor of Lady Blessington be it mentioned, have referred to, Here was a

Gore House. of the sale of the effects and furniture of Lady Blessington at There have been very exaggerated accounts of the produce

sale was £13,385, and the net sum realized was £11,985 4s. I am able to state, on authority, that the gross amount of the

duced by the sale will appear by no means large. number of pictures by first-rate modern artists, the amount proprised a very valuable library, consisting of several thousand sion was of the most costly description-that the effects comlain and volumes, bijouterie, ormolu candelabras and chandeliers, porce-When it is considered that the furniture of this spleudid manchina ornaments, vases of exquisite workmanship, a

the same artist, was purchased by Mr. Fuller for £68 5s. originally only £80, I saw sold for £336. It was purchased for the Marquis of Hertford. The portrait of Lord Blessington, by The portrait of Lady Blessington, by Lawrence, which cost It was purchased for

D'Orsay, was purchased for £189, for the Marquis of Hertford." The admirable portrait of the Duke of Wellington, by Count

count, spoke of this portrait as the one he would wish to be remandered by in fu-ture years. He used frequently, when it was in programs, to come of a morning, in full drass, to Gore House, to give the artist a sitting. If there was a errease or a fold in any part of the drass which he did not like, he would inclust on its being \* This picture was D'Omay's chef-d'anne. The duke, I was informed by the

Landseer's celebrated picture of a spaniel sold for £150 10s. Landseer's aketch of Miss Power was sold for £57 10s.

Lawrence's pictures of Mrs. Inchbald were sold for £48 6s.

The following letter, from the French valet of Lady Blessington, giving an account of the sale at Gore House, contains some passages, for those who make a study of human nature, of some interest.

"Gore House, Kensington, May 8th, 1849.

"Mr Labr, —J'ai reçu votre lettre hier, et je me serais empressé d'y repondre le même jour, mais j'ai eté si occupé etant le premier de la vente qu'il m'a eté impossible de la faire. J'ai vu Mr. P—— dans l'après midi. Il avait un commis ici pour prendre le prix des differents objets vendu le 7 May, et que vons avez sans doute reçu maintenant, an dire des gens qui ont assisté a la vente. Les choses se sont vendus avantageusement, et je dois ajouter que Mr. Phillips n'a rien negligé pour rendre la vente interessante a toute la noblesse d'ici.

"Lord Hertford a acheté plusieurs choses, et ce n'est que dimanche dernier fort tard dans l'après midi, qu'il est venu voir la maison, en un mot je pense sans exageration, que le nombre de personnes qui sont venus a la maison pendant les 5 jours quelle a eté en vue, que plus de 20.000 personnes y sont entrées une tres grande quantité de catalogue ont eté vendu, et nous en vendons encore tout les jours, car vous le savez, personnes n'est admis sans cela. Plusieurs des personnes qui frequantent la maison sont venus les deux premiers jours.

"Je vous parle de cela my lady parceque j'ai su que Mr. Dick avait dit a un de ses amis dans le salons qu'il y avait dans la maison une quantité d'articles envoyé par Mr. Phillips, et comme j'etais certain du contraire, je me suis addressé a Mr. Guthrie, qui etait en ce moment dans le salon, et qui lui meme s'en est plaint a Mr. Dick. Il a nié le fait, mais depuis j'ai acquit la certitude qu'il avait avancé ce que je viens de vous dire. Je n'ai pas hesité a parler tres haut dans le salon, persuadé que je désabuserait la foule qui a'y trouvait.

"Le Dr. Quin est venu plusieurs fois et a paru prendre le plus grand interet a ce qui se passait ici. M. Thackeray est venu aussi, et avait les larmes aux yeux en partant. C'est peut etre la seule personne que j'ai vu réellement affecté en votre depart.

" J'ai l'honneur d'etre, my lady, votre très humble serviteur,

"F. AVILLOW."

One of Lady Blessington's most intimate friends, in a note to her ladyship, dated the 19th of May, 1849 (after the break-up at

altered. To use D'Orsay's words, the duke was so hard to be pleased, it was most difficult to make a good portrait of him. When he consented to have any thing done for him, he would have it done in the best way possible.

Gore House and departure from London), writes, "I have not been without an instinct or an impression for some time that you were disturbed by those preoccupying anxieties which make the presence of casual visitors irksome.....

"But, now that the change is once made, may it yield you all that I hope it will. I trust now that what there is of pain will remain for those who lose you. You can not but be enlivened by those new objects and scenes of your new place of abode, turbulent as it is. When that charm is done, you will come back to us again. Meanwhile, what a time to be looking forward to! One becomes absolutely sick wondering what is to be the end of it all. I could fill books with tales which one new courier after another brings of dismay, and misery, and of breaking-up abroad."

On the same sad subject came two letters, worthy of the kind and noble-hearted person who wrote them.

From Mrs. T-:

"MY DELEET -

<sup>4</sup> Chesham Place, Friday, April, 1849.

"Is it true that you are going to Paris ? If so, I hope I shall see you before you go, for it would grieve me very much not to bid you good-by by word of mouth, for who can tell when we may meet again! Dearest -----, I hardly like to say it, because you may think it intrusive, but M- told me some time ago that you were in difficulties, owing to the Irish estates not paying, and told me to-day that a rumor had reached her to this effect. If it be true, I need not say how it grieves me. You have so often come forward in our poor dearest mother's difficulties, so often befriended her, and us through her, that it goes to my heart to think you are harassed as she was, and that I am so poor that I can not act the same generous part you did by her. But, dearest \_\_\_\_\_, I am at this moment in communication with Mr. P\_\_\_\_, through another lawyer, on the subject of the money left me by my mother. \* \* \* \* Dearest ------, do not be offended with me, but in case I receive my money (£1600) down, do make use of mc. Remember I am your own ------, and believe me I am not ungrateful, but love you dearly, and can not bear to think of your being in trouble. I am offering what, alas! Mr. P-may create a difficulty about, but I trust he will not, and that you will not be angry or mistrust me, and consider me intrusive. Possibly there is no truth in the rumor. If so, forget that I have ever seemed intrusive, and only rest assured of my affection. May God bless you, my dearest ----

· "Ever your most affectionate \_\_\_\_\_. MARGUREITE \_\_\_\_\_

### From Mrs. T-:

### \* 25th April, 1849.

"I was very glad to receive your affectionate note, my dearest \_\_\_\_\_\_, and to know you are not offended with mine to you. I wrote to you from my heart, and one is seldom misinterpreted at those times. While I live, dearest \_\_\_\_\_\_\_, I shall have a heart to care for you, and feel a warm interest in your happiness; you must never let any thing create a doubt of this. Will you promise me this !

"I doubt not you will be *kappier* in Paris. It saddons me, however, to feel that, perhaps, we shall never meet again, and I am very, very sorry not to have seen you, and hid you at least good-by.

"I can not say how much I have thought of you, and felt for you, dearest \_\_\_\_\_\_\_, breaking up your old house. I know how poor dearest mamma felt it, when such was her lot; and you resemble each other in so many things ! Every one says you have acted most admirably in not any longer continuing to run the chance of not receiving your annuity duly, but selling off, so as to pay all you owe and injure no one. I think there is some little comfort in feeling that good acts are appreciated, so I tell you this. I am half ashamed of my little paltry offer. Dearest \_\_\_\_\_\_, I am so glad you were not affronted with me, for I know you would have done the same over and over again by me; but then you always confer and never accept, and I have much to thank you for, as well as my sisters, for you have been a most unselfish friend to each and all of us.

. . . . .

"I should so like to know what is become of poor old Comte S...... I wrote to him at the beginning of the year, but have never had an answer. If you meet him, do be kind to him, poor old man, in spite of his deafness and blindness, which make him neglected by others, for he is a very old friend of ours, and I feel an interest in the poor old man, knowing so many good and kind acts of his.

"Ever, dearest, yours most affectionately, MARGUERITE."

Lady Blessington and the two Misses Power left Gore House on the 14th of April, 1849, for Paris. Count D'Orsay had set out for Paris a fortnight previously.

For nineteen years Lady Blessington had maintained a position almost queenlike in the world of intellectual distinction, in fashionable literary society, reigning over the best circles of London celebrities, and reckoning among her admiring friends and the frequenters of her salons the most eminent men of England, in every walk of literature, art, and science, in statesmanship, in the military profession, and every learned pursuit. For

ninetcen years she had maintained establishments in London seldom surpassed, and still more rarely equaled in all the appliances to a state of society brilliant in the highest degree; but, alas! it must be acknowledged at the same time, a state of splendid misery, for a great portion of that time, to the mistress of those elegant and luxurious establishments.

And now, at the expiration of those nineteen years, we find her forced to abandon that position, to relinquish all those elegancies and luxuries by which she had been so long surrounded, to leave her magnificent abode, and all the cherished works of art and precious objects in it, to become the property of strangers, and, in fact, to make a departure from the scene of all her former triumphs, which it is in vain to deny was a flight effected with privacy, most painful and humiliating to this poor lady to be compelled to have recourse to.

Lady Blessington began her literary career in London in 1822, with a small work in one vol. 8vo, entitled "Sketches of Scenes in the Metropolis." It commences with an account of the ruin of a large establishment in one of the fashionable squares of the metropolis, and of an auction in the house of the late proprietor, a person of quality, the sale of all the magnificent furniture and effects, costly ornaments, precious objects of art, and valuable pictures.

And, strange to say, as if there was in the mind of the writer a sort of prevision of future events of a similar nature occurring in her own home at some future period, she informs us the name of the ruined proprietor of the elegant mansion in the fashionable square, the effects of which were under sale, was B— The authoress says, sauntoring through the gilded salons, crowded with fashionables, brokers, and dealers in bijouterie, exquisites of insipid countenances and starched neckeloths, elderly ladies of sour aspects, and simpering damsels, all at intervals in the sale occupied with comments, jocose, censorious, sagacious, or bitterly sareastic on the misfortunes and extravagance of the poar B—\_'s, she heard on every side flippant and unfeeling observations of this kind : "Poor Mrs. B—\_\_\_\_will give no more balls;" "I always thought how it would end;" "The B—\_\_\_'s

gave devilish good dinners, though ;" " Capital feeds, indeed ;" "You could rely on a perfect supreme de volaille" (at their table); "Where could you get such cotellettes des pigeons à la Champagne?" " Have you any idea of what has become of B-?" "In the Bench, or gone to France, but (yawning) I really forget all about it;" "I will buy his Vandyke picture;" "It is a pity that people who give such good dinners should be ruined ;" "A short campaign and a brisk one for me ;" " Believe me, there is nothing like a fresh start, and no man, at least no dinner-giving man, should last more than two seasons, unless he would change his cook every month, to prevent repetition of the same dishes, and keep a regular roaster of his invitations, with a mark to each name, to prevent people meeting twice at his house the same season." The elderly ladies were all haranguing on "the fol-though foolish and extravagant in some things, had considerable taste and judgment in some others; for instance, his books were excellent, well chosen, and well bought ;" " His busts, too, are very fine ;" "Give me B-'s pictures, for they are exquisite ;" " That group, so exquisitely colored and so true to nature, could only be produced by the inimitable pencil of a Lawrence."

"And this is an auction!" says the authoress, at the end of the first sketch in her first work; "a scene," she continues, "that has been so often the resort of the young, the grave, and the gay, is now one where those who have partaken of the hospitality of the once opulent owner of the mansion now come to witness his downfall, regardless of his misfortune, or else to exult in their own contrasted prosperity.""

This sketch would indeed have answered for the auction scene at Gore House in 1849, seven-and-twenty years after it had been penned by Lady Blessington.

Her ladyship thus commenced her literary career in 1822 with a description of the ruin of an extravagant person of quality in one of our fashionable squares in London, with an account of the break-up of his establishment and the auction of his effects, and a similar career terminates in the utter smash and the

\* The "Magic Lantern," &cc., p. 1, 2, 3. London : Longman, 1822.

### ARRIVAL OF LADY BLESSINGTON IN PARIS.

sale at Gore in 1849. There are many stranger things 'twixt heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the philosophy of our Horatios of fashionable society.

# CHAPTER XI.

ARRIVAL OF LADY BLESSINGTON IN PARIS THE MIDDLE OF APRIL, 1849.—HER LAST ILLNESS, AND DEATH ON THE 4TH OF JUNE FOLLOWING.—NOTICE OF HER DECEASE.

LADY BLESSINGTON and her nieces arrived in Paris in the middle of April, 1849. She had a suite of rooms taken for her in the Hotel de la Ville d'Eveque, and there she remained till the 3d of June. The jointure of £2000 a year was now the sole dependence of her ladyship, and the small residue of the produce of the sale of her effects at Gore House, after paying the many large claims of her creditors and those of Count D'Orsay.

Soon after her arrival in Paris, she took a moderate-sized but handsome appartement in the Rue du Cerq, close to the Champs Elysées, which she commenced furnishing with much taste and elegance; her preparations were at length completed, but they were destined to be in vain. In the brief interval between her arrival in Paris and her taking possession of her new apartment on the 3d of June, she received the visits of many of her former acquaintances, and scemed in better spirits than she had been for a long time previously to her departure from London.

The kindness she met with in some quarters, and especially at the hands of several members of the Grammont family, was at once agreeable and encouraging. But the coolness of the *accueil* of other persons who had been deeply indebted to her hospitality in former times was somewhat more chilling than she had expected to find, and the warm feelings of her generous heart and noble nature revolted at it.

Prince Louis Napoleon, on Lady Blessington's arrival in Paris, requested her to come to the palace of the Elysée, where he then resided ; she went, accompanied by Count D'Orsay and the two Misses Power. He subsequently invited them to dinner. He

## 182 ARRIVAL OF LADY BLESSINGTON IN PARIS.

had been one of the most constant and intimate guests at Gore House, both before and after his imprisonment at Ham. He used to dine there whenever there were any distinguished persons, whether English or foreign. He was on the most familiar and intimate terms with Lady Blessington and her circle, joining them in parties to Greenwich, Richmond, &c.; and all his friends, as well as himself, were made welcome, and on his escape from Ham he came to Gore House straight on his arrival in London, giving Lady Blessington the first intimation of his escape.

On that occasion, at Count D'Orsay's advice, he wrote at once to Monsieur St. Aulaire, then embassador in London, stating that he had no intention of creating any ferment or disturbance, but meant to reside quietly as a private individual in London. Lady Blessington proffered some pecuniary assistance to the prince, and both Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay manifested their earnest desire and willingness to aid him in any way they could be made servicesble to him. While he needed their services, and influence, and hospitality, the prince expressed himself always most grateful for them. But with the need, the sense of the obligations ceased.

There is no doubt on the minds of some of the friends even of Prince Louis Napoleon but that the active and unceasing exertions and influence of Count D'Orsay and his friends and connections in Paris went far to aid his election as President. D'Orsay rallied to his party Emile de Girardin, one of the ablest and boldest journalists of the day, but who subsequently became a formidable opponent. The chief cause of his ingratitude to Count D'Orsay was believed to have been his apprehension of being supposed to be advised or influenced by any one who had been formerly intimate with him; a fear which has induced him to surround his person with men of mean intellect and of servile dispositions, pliant, indigent, and unscrupulous followers, of no station in society, or character for independence or integrity of principle.

Lady Blessington began to form plans for a new literary career: she engaged her thoughts in projecting future works, in

### LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

making new arrangements for the reception of the *beau monde*. She employed a great deal of her time daily in superintending the furnishing of her new apartment; in the way of embellishments, or luxuries, or comforts, some new wants had to be supplied every day. The old story of unsatisfied desires ever seeking fulfillment, and never contented with the fruition of present enjoyments, applies to every phase in life, even the most checkered:

" Like our shadows,

Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines."

The sum of Lady Blessington's life was now declining fast; and even when it had reached the verge of the horizon, its going down was unnoticed by those around her, and the suddenness of its disappearance occasioned no little surprise, and gave rise to many vague surmises and idle rumors.

There were some striking coincidences in the circumstances attending the deaths of Lord and Lady Blessington.

In May, 1829, Lord Blessington returned to Paris from England, purposing to fix his abode there for some months at least; and on the 23d of the same month, a few weeks after his arrival, without previous warning or indisposition, "appearing to be in good health," he was suddenly attacked by apoplexy, while riding on the Champs d'Elysée, and died the same day, in a state of insensibility.

Twenty years from that date, Lady Blessington arrived in Paris from London, purposing to fix her abode there; and on the 4th of June, having made all suitable preparations for a long residence in Paris, and after a sojourn there of about five weeks, without previous warning or indisposition, she was suddenly attacked by an apoplectic malady, complicated with disease of the heart, and was carried off suddenly, at her abode adjoining the Champs d'Elysée, being quite unconscious, during the brief period of the struggle, of the fatal issue that was about to take place.

A few weeks before that event, a British peeress, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting at Gore House in former days, wrote to Lady Blessington at Paris, reminding her of a promise that had been extorted from her, and entreating of her to remember her religions duties, and to attend to them.

### LAST HANESS AND DEATH.

Poor Lady Blessington always received any communication made to her on this subject with respect, and even with a feeling of gratitude for the advice given by her. She acted on it solely on one or two occasions, in Paris, when she accompanied the Duchess de Grammont to the Church of the Madeleine on the Sabbath.

But no serious idea of abandoning the mode of life she led had been entertained by her. Yet she had a great fear of death, and sometimes spoke of a vague determination, whenever she should be released from the chief cares of her career—the toils and anxieties of authorship, the turnoil of her life in salons and intellectual circles—that she would turn to religion, and make amends for her long neglect of its duties by an old age of retirement from society, and the withdrawal of her thoughts and affections from the vanities of the world. But the proposed time for that change was a future which was not to come; and the present time was ever to her a period in which all thoughts of death were to be precluded, and every amusing and exciting topic was to be entertained which was capable of absorbing attention for the passing hour.

An extract of a letter from Miss Power to the author, on the death of Lady Blessington, will give a very accurate and detailed account of her last illness and death :

### "Rue de la Ville l'Eveque, No. 38, February 18th, 1850.

"On arriving in Paris, my aunt adopted a mode of life differing considerably from the sedentary one she had for such a length of time pursued; she rose earlier, took much exercise, and, in consequence, lived somewhat higher than was her wont, for she was habitually a small eater. This appeared to agree with her general health, for she looked well, and was cheerful; but she began to suffer occasionally (especially in the morning) from oppression and difficulty of breathing. These symptoms, slight at first, she carefully conceeled from our knowledge, having always a great objection to medical treatment; but as they increased in force and frequency, she was obliged to reveal them, and medica aid was immediately called in. Dr. Léon Simon pronounce there was 'energie du cœur,' but that the symptoms in question proceeded probably from bronchitis—a disease then very prevalent in Paris; that they were nervous, and entailed no danger; and as, after the remedies be prescribed, the attacks diminished perceptibly in violence, and that ber general health seemed little affected by them, he antertained no serious alarm.

# LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

after midnight. sunt had devoted so much pains and attention to the selecting and furnishing and when Dr. Simon, who had been delayed by another patient, arrived, he saw that hope was gone; and, indeed, she expired so easily, so tranquilly, that it was impossible to perceive the moment when her spirit passed away. alas! how bitterly were we deceived; she gradually sunk from that moment; heat. By degrees, the violence of the symptoms abated; she uttered a few words: the first, 'The violence is over, I can breathe freer;' and soon after, 'Qu'ells heure est-il?' Thus encouraged, we deemed the danger past; but, eyeballs distended, and utterance almost wholly denied, while the extremities was inhaled with a loud whooping noise, the face was swollen and purple, the sent for, the symptoms manifesting themselves with considerable violence; and, in the mean time, the remedies he had ordered-sitting upright, rubbing bitually a bad sleeper), and early in the morning, feeling the commencement of one of the attacks, she called for assistance, and Dr. Simon was immediately contiguous, we walked home by moonlight. As usual, I aided my agent to undress-she never allowed her maid to sit up for her-and left her a little well in health and spirits, and it being a lovely night, and our residences lying (Count of, and that same day dined on famille with the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche seven weeks we had passed in Paris, and entered the residence which my poor radually became cold and livid, in spite of every attempt to restore the vital " On the 3d of June she removed from the hotel we had occupied during the D'Orsay's nephew). On that occasion, my aunt seemed particularly She passed, it seems, some most restless hours (she was ha-

to you \* "The day but one following, the autopsy took place, when it was discov-ered that enlargement of the heart to nearly double the natural size, which en-largement must have been progressing for a period of at least twenty-five years, was the cause of dissolution, though incipient disease of the stomach and liver had complicated the symptoms. The body was then embalmed by guerreotype taken of the place, a drawing of which we shall have forwarded was being constructed, a task to which Count D'Orsay devoted the whole of his time and attention. He bids me to say that he is about to have a da-Dr. Ganal, and deposited in the vaults of the Madeleine, while the monument and liver had complicated the symptoms,

"The mansoleum is a pyramid of granite, standing on a square platform, on a level with the surrounding ground, but divided from it by a deep fosse, whose sloping sides are covered with green turf and Irish ivy, transplanted from the gurden of the house where she was born. It stands on a hill-side, just above extent, taking in the Seine, winding through the fertile valley and the forest he village cemetery, and overlooks a view of exquisite beauty and immense

copied by an artist very highly gifted. \* From that doguerrootype, the sketch given in this work has been erarthy

### MONUMENT TO HER MEMORY.

of St. Germain; plains, villages, and far-distant hills; and at the back and aide it is sheltered by chestnut-trees of large size and great age : a more picturesque spot it is difficult to imagine. M. A. Powss."

From Mrs. Romer's account of this monument the following passages are taken :

"Solid, simple, and severe, it combines every requisite in harmony with its solemn destination; no meretricious ornaments, no false sentiment, mar the purity of its design. The genius which devised it has succeeded in cheating the tomb of its horrors, without depriving it of its imposing gravity. The simple portal is surmounted by a plain massive cross of stone, and a door, secured by an open-work of bronze, leads into a sepulchral chamber, the key of which has been confided to me. All within breathes the holy calm of eternal repose; no gloom, no mouldering damp, nothing to recall the dreadful images of decay. An atmosphere of peace appears to pervade the place, and I could almost fancy that a voice from the tomb whispered, in the words of Dante's Beatrice,

### " ' Io sono in pace !'

"The light of the sun, streaming through a glazed aperture above the door, fell like a ray of heavenly hope upon the symbol of man's redemption—a beautiful copy, in bronze, of Michael Angelo's crucified Savior—which is affixed to the wall facing the entrance. A simple stone sarcophagus is placed on either side of the chamber, each one surmounted by two white marble tablets, incrusted in the sloping walls."

The monument was visited by me a few weeks before the death of Count D'Orsay. It stands on a platform or mound, carefully trenched, adjoining the church-yard, and approached from it. The sepulchral chamber is on a level with the platform from which you enter. Within are two stone sarcophagi (side by side), and in one of these is deposited the coffin containing the remains of Lady Blessington, covered with a large block of granite. On the wall above (on the left hand side of the vault) are the two inscriptions; one by Barry Cornwall, the other—that which has led to a correspondence.

The first inscription above referred to is in the following terms:

### INSCRIPTIONS TO HER MEMORY.

"IN MEMORY OF MARGUERITE, COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, wheo died on the 4th of June, 1849.

In her lifetime She was loved and admired For her many graceful writings, Her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart. Men, famous for art and science In distant lands. Sought her friendship: And the historians and scholars, the poets, and wits, and painters, Of her own country, Found an unfailing welcome In her ever hospitable home. She gave cheerfully to all who were in need, Help, and sympathy, and useful counsel; And she died Lamented by her friends. They who loved her best in life, and now lament her most, Have raised this tributary marble Over the place of her rest."

BARRY CORNWALL.

The other inscription, altered from one written by Walter Savage Landor, is as follows:

> "Hic est depositum Quod superest mulieris Quondam pulcherrimæ Benefacta celare potnit Ingenium suum non potnit Peregrinos quoslibet Gratá hospitalitate convocabat Lutetiæ Parisiorum Ad meliorem vitam abiit Die 1v mensis Junii MDCCCXLIX."

The original inscription, by W. S. Landor, is certainly, in all respects but one, preferable to the substituted; and that one is the absence of all reference to a future state:

> "Infra sepultvm est id omne qvod sepeliri potest mulieris quondam pulcherrimes. Ingenivm svym svmmo studio colavit,

### INSCRIPTIONS TO HER MEMORY.

aliorvm pari adjvvit. Benefacta sva celare novit ; ingenivm non ita. Erga omnis erat largë bonitate peregrinis eleganter hospitalis. Venit Lvtetiam Parisiorvm Aprili mense : qvarto Jvnii die svpsenvm svvm obiit."

The following English version of the above inscription has been given by Mr. Landor:

### TO THE MEMORY OF MARGUERITE, COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

"Underneath is buried all that could be buried of a woman once most beautiful. She cultivated her genius with the greatest zeal, and fostered it in others with equal assiduity. The benefits she conferred she could conceal—her talents not. Elegant in her hospitality to strangers, charitable to all, she retired to Paris in April, and there she breathed her last, on the 4th of June, 1849."

There is an epitaph on the tomb of a daughter-in-law of Dryden, who died in 1712, and was buried in Kiel Church, in Staffordshire—(see "Monumenta Anglic.," p. 154)—where some expressions occur somewhat similar to those which Mr. Landor has taken exception to in the substituted inscription. It runs thus:

> "Hæc quo erat, forma et genere illustrior, eo se humiliorem presbuit maritum honorando familiam precipue Liberos fovendo panperes sublevando, peregrinos cannes decord

\* On the subject of this inscription, Mr. Landor addressed a long letter to the "Athenseum," complaining of the alterations which had been made in the Latin lines he had written, from which I will only extract the concluding paragraphs.

"It may be thought superfluous to remark that epitaphs have certain qualities in common; for instance, all are encomiastic. The main difference and the main difficulty lie in the expression, since nearly all people are placed on the same level in the epitaph as in the grave. Hence, out of eleven or twelve thousand Latin ones, ancient and modern, I find scarcely threescore in which there is originality or elegance. Pure latinity is not uncommon, and is perhaps as little uncommon in the modern as in the ancient, where certain forms exclude it, to make room for what appeared more venerable. Nothing is now left to be done but to bring forward in due order and just proportions the better peculiarities of character composing the features of the dead, and modulating the tones of grief.

"WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR."

### HER AGE.

### proximosque et vecinos humaniter excipiendo, ut neminem reperisses decidentum : non prius devinctum, mira hujus et honesta morum suavitate."

The age of Lady Blessington has been a subject of some controversy. She was born, we are informed by her niece (on the authority, I have reason to believe, of her aunt) the 1st of September, 1790. She died the 4th of June, 1849; hence it would appear her age was fifty-eight years and nine months. From inquiries that were made by me in Clonmel, and examination of the marriage registry, it was ascertained that Lady Blessington had been married the 7th of March, 1804. She must then have been about fifteen years of age; but, according to the first account, she would have been only fourteen years of age the 1st of September, 1804.\*

Lady Blessington stated to me that she was married in 1804, and was then under fifteen years of age. Had she been born the 1st of September, 1789, she would have been fifteen years of age on the 1st of September, 1804.

The probability then is that she was born in 1789, and not in 1790, and was therefore sixty years of age, less by two months, when ahe died.

Ellen, Lady Canterbury (her youngest sister), in the account of her death in "the Annual Register," is stated to have died in her fifty-fourth year, the 16th November, 1845. From this it would appear that she was born in the latter part of 1791.

Mary Anne, Countess St. Marsault, the youngest of all the children of Edmund Power, I am informed was fifteen years younger than Lady Blessington. If this be the case, and Lady Blessington was born in 1789, the Countess of Marsault must have been born in 1804, and would be now fifty years of age.

But if I might hazard an opinion on so delicate a subject as \* A person intimately acquainted with Lady Blessington's family is the editor of a Clonmel paper, in which the following paragraph appeared :

"THE LATE LADY BLESSINGTON.—A Dublin solicitor has just been in Clonmel, for the purpose of exactly accertaining the age of the late Countess of Blessington, in reference to an insurance claim. She was not so old at her death as the newspapers said, having been married in 1804, at the early age of fifteen years, so that she was only sixty years old at her decoase."

### COUNT D'ORSAY'S GRIEF.

a lady's age, I would venture to set down the date of that event as 1801, and not 1804.

In a letter from Miss Power, dated 12th of July, 1849, then residing at Chambourcy Près de St. Germain-en-Laye (the seat of the Duchesse de Grammont, the sister of Count D'Orsay), the loss of Lady Blessington is thus referred to:

"Count D'Orsay would himself have answered your letter, but had not the nerve or the heart to do so; although the subject occupies his mind night and day, he can not speak of it but to those who have been his fellow-sufferers; it is like an image ever floating before his eyes, which he has got, as it were, used to look upon, but which he can not yet bear to grasp and feel that it is real: much as she was to us, we can not but feel that to him she was all; the centre of his existence, round which his recollections, thoughts, hopes, and plans turned; and just at the moment she was about to commence a new mode of life, one that promised a rest from the occupation and anxieties that had for some years fallen to her share, death deprived us of her."

On D'Orsay's first visit to the tomb where the remains of Lady Blessington had been deposited, his anguish is said to have been most poignant and heart-rending. He seemed almost phrensied at times, bewildered and stupefied; and then, as if awakened suddenly to a full consciousness of the great calamity that had taken place, he would lament the loss he had sustained as if it had occurred only the day before. His state of mind might be described in the words of an Arabic poem, translated by Sir William Jones:

> "Torn from loved friends, in Death's cold caverns laid, I sought their haunts with shrieks that pierced the air; 'Where are they hid! oh! where !' I wildly said; And Fate, with sullen echo, mocked, 'O where !' "\*

A notice of the death of Lady Blessington appeared in "the Athenæum" of June 9th, 1849, written by one who appears to have known Lady Blessington well, and to have appreciated fully her many excellent qualities.

"Only a fortnight since, the journals of London were laying

\* Translation from an Arabic poet, by the late Sir William Jones.

# NOTICE OF HER DEATH.

open to public gaze the relics of a house which for some dozen years past has been an object of curiosity, and a centre of pleasurable recollection to many persons distinguished in literature and art, abroad and at home.

"The Countess of Blessington, it appears, lived just long enough to see her gates closed and her treasures dispersed; for on Tuesday arrived from Paris tidings that, within a few hours after establishing herself in her new mansion there, she died suddenly of apoplexy on Monday last.

"Few departures have been attended with more regrets than will be that of this brilliant and beautiful woman in the circle to which her influences have been restricted. It is unnecessary to sum up the writings published by Lady Blessington within the last eighteen years, commencing by her 'Conversations with Lord Byron,' and including her lively and natural French and Italian journals, half a score of novels, the most powerful among which is 'The Victims of Society,' detached thoughts and fugitive verses, since these are too recent to call for enumeration.

"As all who knew the writer will bear us out in saying, they faintly represent her gifts and, graces, her command over anecdote, her vivacity of fancy, her cordiality of manner, and her kindness of heart. They were hastily and slightly thrown off by one with whom authorship was a pursuit assumed rather than instinctive—in the intervals snatched from a life of unselfish good offices and lively social intercourse.

"From each one of the vast variety of men of all classes, all creeds, all manner of acquirements, and all color of political opinions, whom Lady Blessington delighted to draw around her, she had skill to gather the characteristic trait, the favorite object of interest, with a fineness of appreciation to be exceeded only by the retentiveness of her memory.

"Thus, until a long series of family bereavements and the pressure of uncertain health had somewhat dimmed the gayety of her spirits, her conversation had a variety of reminiscence, a felicity of *a propos*, and a fascination, of which her writings offer faint traces. In one respect, moreover, her talk did not resemble the talk of other *beaux esprits*. With the cagerness of a

child, she could amuse and persuade herself as entirely as she amused and persuaded others. Among all the brilliant women we have known, she was one of the most earnest—earnest in defense of the absent, in protection of the unpopular, in advocacy of the unknown; and many are those who can tell how generously and actively Lady Blessington availed herself of her widely-extended connections throughout the world to further their success or to promote their pleasures. In her own family she was warmly beloved as an indefatigable friend, and eagerly resorted to as an unwearied counselor. How largely she was trusted by some of the most distinguished men of her time, her extensive and varied correspondence will show, should it ever be given to the world. Into the causes which limited her gifts and graces within a narrower sphere than they might otherwise have commanded, we have no commission to enter."

## CHAPTER X.

# NOTICE OF THE CAREER, LITERARY TASTES, AND TALENTS OF LADY BLESSINGTON.

WITH respect to the influence exercised in society over persons of exalted intellect by fascinating manners, personal attractions, liveliness of fancy, quickness of apprehension, closeness of observation, and smartness of repartee, among the literary ladies of England of the present or past century, it would be difficult to find one with whom Lady Blessington can be fitly compared. The power of pleasing, of engaging attention, of winning, not only admiration, but regard and friendship, which the latter lady possessed, and long and successfully exerted over men of genius and talents of the highest order, and of every profession and pursuit, has been seldom surpassed in any country.

It would not be difficult to point out ladies of celebrity as bas bleus of far superior abilities as authoresses, of imaginations with richer stores of wit and poetry, of more erudition, and better cultivated talents; but we shall find none who, for an equal length of time, maintained an influence of fascination in litera-

\* The Athensom, June 9th, 1849.

193

ry and fashionable society over the highest intellects, and exercised dominion over the feelings as well as over the faculties of those who frequented her abode.

Grimm, in his "Mémoires Littéraires et Anecdotaires," makes mention of a Madam Geoffrin, the friend of D'Alembert, Marmontel, Condorcet, Morellet, and many other illustrious littéraires, whose character and mental qualitics, agréments, esprit, finesse de l'art, bonté de cœur, et habitudes de bienfaisance, would appear, from his account of them, very remarkably en rapport with the qualities of mind and natural dispositions of Lady Blessington. Those of Lady Mary Wortley, Lady Craven, Lady Holland, and Lady Morgan, present no such traits of resemblance fitly to be compared with the peculiar graces, attractions, and kindly feelings of Lady Blessington.

D'Alembert has consecrated some lines of homage to his friend and benefactress, in a letter published in the "Mémoires Littéraires et Historiques." We learn from it that Madam Geoffrin's salons were open nightly to the artists, literati, ministers of state, grandees, and courtiers. Authors were not assured of the success of their new works till they had been to Madam Geoffrin's soirées, and a smile and an encouraging expression of the sovereign of the salons set their hearts at ease on the subject of their productions.

Helvetius, when he published his book "De l'Esprit," felt no confidence in its reception by the public till he had consulted Madam : ce thermometre de l'opinion.

"Madam Geoffrin n'avoit guerre des ennemis que parmi les femmes." She had all the tastes, we are told, of a sensitive, gentle creature, of a noble and a loving nature. "La passion de donner qui fut le besoin de sa vie, etoit née avec elle et la tourmenta pour ainsi dire de ses premières années." She had aptly taken for her device the words "Donner et pardonner."

There was nothing brilliant in her talents, but she was an excellent sayer of good things in short sentences. She gave dinners, and there was a great *éclat* in her entertainments : "Mais il faut autre choses que des diners pour occuper dans le monde la place que cette femme estimable s'y etait faite."

Vol. I.-I

Monsieur Malesherbes was happily characterized by her, "*l'homme du monde le plus simplement simple.*" She said, among the weaknesses of people, their vanity must be endured, and their talk, even when there was nothing in it. "I accommodate myself," she said, "tolerably well to eternal talkers, provided they are chatterers, and that only, who have no idea of any thing but talking, and do not expect to be replied to. My friend Fontenelle, who bears with them as I do, says they give his lungs repose. I derive another advantage from them; their insignificant gabble is to me like the tolling of bells, which does not hinder one from thinking, but often rather invites thought."

When her friends spoke of the enmity to her of some persons, and made some allusion to her many generous acts, she turned to D'Alembert and said, "When you find people have feelings of hatred to me, take good care not to say any thing to them of the little good you know of me. They will hate me for it all the more. It will be a torment to them, and I have no wish to pain them." When this amiable and lovely woman died, D'Alembert uttered words very similar to those which D'Orsay addressed to me on the first occasion of my meeting him after the recent loss of that friend, who had so many qualities of a kindred nature to those of Madame Geoffrin. "Her friendship," said D'Alembert, "was my consolation in all troubles. The treasure which was so necessary and precious to me has been taken away, and in the midst of people in society, and the filling up of the void of life in its circles, I can speak to none who will understand me. I spent my evenings with the dear friend I have lost, and my mornings also. I no longer have that friend ; for me there is no longer evening or morning.""

It has been truly said of Lady Blessington's uniform kindness and generosity under all circumstances,

"In the midst of her triumphs, the goodness of her heart, and the fine qualities that had ever distinguished her, remained wholly unimpaired. Generous to lavishness, charitable, compassionate, delicately considerate of the feelings of others, sincere, forgiving, devoted to those she loved, and with a warmth

\* Mémoires Lit. et Anecdotes. vol. ii., p. 64.

of heart rarely equaled, her change of fortune was immediately felt by every member of her family. The parents whose cruel obstinacy had involved her in so much misery, but whose ruined circumstances now placed them in need of her aid, were comfortably supported by her up to the period of their deaths. Her brothers and sisters (the youngest of whom, Marianne, she adopted and educated), and even the more distant of her relatives, all profited by her benefits, assistance, and interest."

A lady of very distinguished literary talents, and highly esteemed by Lady Blessington, well acquainted, too, with many of her benevolent acts, Mrs. A. M. Hall, thus wrote of her very recently, in answer to some inquiries of the author:

"Firfield, Addiestone, Surrey, June 7, 1854.

"I never had occasion to appeal to Lady Blessington for aid for any kind or charitable purpose that she did not at once, with a grace peculiarly her own, come forward cheerfully, and 'help' to the extent of her power.

"I remember one particular instance of a poor man who desired a particular situation which I thought Lady Blessington could obtain. All the circumstances I have forgotten; but the chief point was, that he entreated employment, and had some right to it in one department. Lady Blessington made the request I entreated, and was refused. Her ladyship sent me the refusal to read, and, of course, I gave up all idea of the matter, and only felt sorry that I had troubled her; but she remembered it, and in a month accomplished the poor man's object; her letter was indeed a sunbeam in his poor home, and he, in time, became prosperous and happy."

In a subsequent communication of the 3d of August, Mrs. Hall adds:

"When Lady Biessington left London, she did not forget the necessities of several of her poor dependents, who received regular aid from her after her arrival, and while she resided in Paris. She found time, despite her literary labors, her anxieties, and the claims which she permitted society to make upon her time, not only to do acts of kindness now and then for those in whom she felt an interest, but to give what seemed perpetual thought to their well-doing; and she never missed an opportunity of doing a gracious act or saying a gracious word. My acquaintance with Lady Blessington was merely a literary one, commencing when, at my husband's suggestion, she published much about Lord Byron in the pages of the 'New Monthly Magazine,' which at that time he edited. That acquaintance continuing till her desth, I wrote regularly for her Annuals, and she contributed to those under our care.

"I have no means of knowing whether what the world said of this beautiful woman was true or false, but I am sure God intended her to be good, and

there was a deep-seated good intent in whatever she did that came under my observation.

"Her sympathies were quick and cordial, and independent of worldliness ; her taste in art and literature womanly and refined-I say 'womanly,' because she had a perfectly feminine appreciation of whatever was delicate and beautiful. There was great satisfaction in writing for her whatever she required ; labors became pleasures, from the importance she attached to every little attention paid to requests which, as an editor, she had a right to command. Her manners were singularly simple and graceful; it was to me an intense delight to look at beauty, which, though I never saw it in its full bloom, was charming in its autumn time; and the Irish accent, and soft, sweet Irish laugh, used to make my heart beat with the pleasures of memory. I always left her with an intense sense of enjoyment, and a perfect disbelief in every thing I ever heard to her discredit. Her conversation was not witty nor wise, but it was in good tune and good taste, mingled with a great deal of humor, which escaped every thing bordering on vulgarity. It was surprising how a tale of distress or a touching anecdote would at once suffuse her clear, intelligent eyes with tears, and her beautiful mouth would break into smiles and dimples at even the echo of wit or jest.

"The influence she exercised over her circle was unbounded, and it became a pleasure of the most exquisite kind to give her pleasure.

"I think it ought to be remembered to her honor that, with all her foreign associations and habits, she never wrote a line that might not be placed on the book-shelves of any English lady.

"Yours sincerely,

A. M. HALL."

From Mr. Hall I have received the following account of an act of kindness and beneficence of Lady Blessington which fell under his own observation:

"I once chanced to encounter a young man of good education and some literary taste, who, with his wife and two children, was in a state of absolute want. After some thought as to what had best be done for him, I suggested a situation in the Post-office as a letter carrier. He seized at the idea, but, being better aware than I was of the difficulty of obtaining it, expressed himself to that effect.

"I wrote to Lady Blessington, telling her the young man's story, and asking if she could get him the appointment. Next day I received a letter from her, inclosing one from the secretary, regretting his utter inability to meet her wishes; such appointments, although so comparatively insignificant, resting with the Postmaster General. I handed this communication to the young man, who was by no means disappointed, for he had not hoped for success. What was my surprise and his delight, however, when, the very next day, there came to me another letter from Lady Blessington, inclosing one from

the Postmaster General, conferring the appointment on the young man. This appointment I believe he still holds—at least, he did so a year or two ago. "S. C. Hall."

Lady Blessington was quick to discover talent or worth of any kind in others, sure to appreciate merit, and generous in her sentiments, and ardent in the expression of approbation in regard to it.

She was by no means indiscriminate in her praise; one of the class whose judgment is to be distrusted on account of the lavish bestowal of encomium: "Defiez vous de ces gens qui sont a tout le monde et ne sont a personne." Nor, on the other hand, did she belong to that most despicable of all cliques, the sneering, depreciatory, would-be aristocratic clique of small intellectual celebrities in literature and art, whose members are niggards in acknowledgment of all worth and merit which do not emanate from their own little circle of pretentious cleverness.

There is a sentiment of envy discoverable in the recognition of intellectual advantages in such circles not confined to low or vulgar people, a sense of something burdensome in the claims to commendation of other people, which seems to oppress the organs pulmonary, sanguineous, and cerebral of that class of small celebrities, be they artists, authors, savans, doctors, or divines, or patronesses in literary society, when merit that has any affinity with the worth supposed or self-estimated of the parties present is brought to the notice of that clique. There is a "je ne sais quoi" of an indisposition to let it be perceived that they admit the existence of any ability superior to their own. The most vulgar-minded, the least highly-gifted, are sure to be most on their guard not to be betrayed into any terms of commendation of an enthusiastic kind that might lead people to suppose they acknowledged any excellence in others they were incapable of manifesting in their own works, words, or writings.

A member of this clique, of a waspish mind and an aspish tongue, is never more entertaining in it than when he is most sneering in his remarks, and churlish of praise in dealing with the intellectual advantages of other people. He is unaccustomed to think favorably or to speak well of his absent literary

neighbors. He is afraid of affording them a good word; he would be ashamed to be thought easily pleased with his fellowmen—having any bookish tastes; he can not hear them eulogized without feeling that his own merits are overlooked. Or, if he does chime in with any current praise, the curt commendation and scanty applanse are coupled with a sneer, a scoff, some ribald jest, or ridiculing look or gesture, intended to depreciate or to give a ludicrous aspect to a subject that might turn to the advantage of another if it had been gravely treated. In fine, it is not in his nature to be just or generous to any man behind his back who has any kindred tastes or talents with his own.

The subject of this memoir was not of the clique in question, or of their way of dealing with literary competitors in the acknowledgment of worth or merit in other people of literary pursuits.

Lady Blessington was naturally lively, good-humored, mirthful, full of drollery, and easily amused. Her perception of the ridiculous was quick and keen. If there was any thing absurd in a subject or object presented to her, she was sure to seize on it, and to represent the idea to others in the most ridiculous aspect possible. This turn of mind was not exhibited in society alone; in private it was equally manifested. One of the class proverbially given to judge severely of those they come most closely into contact with, after a service of fifteen years, thus speaks of the temper and disposition of her former mistress, Lady Blessington;

"Every one knew the cleverness of this literary lady; but few, very few knew all the kindness of heart of the generous, affectionate woman, but those who were indebted to her goodness, and those who were constantly about her as I was—who saw her acts, and knew her thoughts and feelings.

"My lady's spirits were naturally good; before she was overpowered with difficulties and troubles on account of them, she was very cheerful, droll, and particularly amusing. This was natural to her. Her general health was usually good; she often told me she had never been confined to her bed one whole day in her life; and her spirits would have continued good, but that

she got so overwhelmed with care and expenses of all kinds. The calls on her for assistance were from all quarters. Some depended wholly on her (and had a regular pension quarterly paid)—her father and mother for many years before they died; the education of children of friends fell upon her. Now one had to be fitted out for India—now another to be provided for. Constant assistance had to be given to others (to the family, in particular, of one poor lady, now dead some years, whom she loved very dearly). She did a great many charities; for instance, she gave very largely to poor literary people—poor artists; something yearly to old servants; ahe contributed thus also to Miss Landor's mother—in fact, to several, too many to mention; and from some whom she served, to add to all her other miserics, she met with shameful ingratitude.

"Laboring night and day at literary work, all her anxiety was to be clear of debt. She was latterly constantly trying to curtail all her expenses in her own establishment, and constantly toiling to get money. Worried and harassed at not being able to pay bills when they were sent in—at seeing large expenses still going on, and knowing the want of means to meet them, she got no sleep at night. She long wished to give up Gore House, to have a sale of her furniture, and to pay off her debts. She wished this for two years before she left England; but when the famine in Ireland rendered the payment of her jointure irregular, and every succeeding year more and more so, her difficulties increased, and at last H— and J— put an execution in the house, which proved the immediate cause of her departure from England in 1849.

"Poor soul! her heart was too large for her means. Oh! the generosity of that woman was unbounded! I could never tell you the number of persons she used her influence with her friends to procure situations for—great people as well as small. I can not withhold my knowledge of these things from you, one of Lady Blessington's particular friends; nor would I say so much, but knowing that her ladyship esteemed you so highly, she would not have scrupled to have told you all that I have done, and a great deal more."

Queen Catherine's language to "honest Griffith" might have been applied by Lady Blessington to the person from whom I have received the preceding communication:

> "After my death I wish no other herald, No other speaker of my living actions, To keep mine honor from corruption, But such an honest chronicler as Griffith."\*

It would occupy a considerable portion of this volume were all the charitable acts, the untiring efforts of this truly generousminded woman recorded, to bring her influence to bear on friends in exalted station in behalf of people in unfortunate circumstances, and of persons more happily situated, yet needing her services, seeking employment or appointments of some kind or another for them.

There was this peculiarity, too, in the active benevolence of Lady Blessington: whether the person for whom she interested herself was rich or poor, of the upper or the humble class of society, her exertions were equally strenuous and unremitting till they were successful. I have on many occasions seen her, after receiving a letter from some important personage in Parliament, or perhaps some friend of hers in power, intimating the inability of the party to render the service required by her for a *protegé* of hers, when, for a few moments, she would seem greatly disappointed and discouraged. Then there would be a little explosion of anger on account of the refusal or non-compliance with her application.

But this was invariably followed by a brightening up of her looks, a little additional vehemence of tone and gesture, but accompanied with some gleams of returning good-humor and gayety of manner, mingled at the same time with an air of resolution; and then throwing herself back in her fauteuil, and planting her foot rather firmly on the footstool, still holding the letter that annoyed her rolled up tightly, and apparently grasped somewhat energetically, she would declare her firm determination, in spite of the refusal she had met with, that her application should be successful in some other quarter. The poor person's friends

. Henry the Eighth, Act iv., Sc. 2.

201

or family were counting on her efforts, and they should not be disappointed.

The subject from that time would be uppermost in her mind, whoever the people were who were about her. But when any influential person entered the salon, many minutes would not elapse before he would be put in possession of all the worth of the individual to be served, and all the wants of the poor family dependent on him; and this would be done with such genuine eloquence of feelings strongly excited, finding expression in glowing words, spoken with such pathos, and in accents of such sweetness, that an impression was generally sure to be made, and the subject in view was either directly or indirectly promoted or attained.

The embarrassments of Lady Blessington for some years before her departure from England had made her life a continual struggle with pecuniary difficulties, which, for the maintenance of her position, it was necessary to conceal, and to make a perpetual study of concealing. The cares, anxiety, and secret sorrows of such a situation it is easier to conceive than to describe. Suffice it to say, they served to embitter her career, and, latterly, to give a turn to her thoughts in relation to society, and a taste for the writings of those who have dealt with its follies, as philosophers, without faith in God or man, which tended by no means to her peace of mind, though she attached great importance to that sort of worldly wisdom which teaches us how to lay bare the heart of man, but leaves us in utter ignorance of all things appertaining to his immortal spirit.

It is in vain to seek, in the worldly wisdom of Rochefoncault, for remedies for the wear and tear of literary life; the weariness of mind, the depression of physical energies, occasioned by long-continued literary labors, and the anxieties, cares, and contentions of authorship. The depression of spirits consequent on disappointments in the struggle for distinction, the sinking of the heart at the failure of arduous efforts to obtain success, the blankness of life's aim after the cooling down of early enthusiam—for these ills, the remedies that will soothe the sick at heart are not to be found in the philosophy of moralists who

are materialists professing Christianity. There is a small book ascribed to a religious-minded man, named Thomas & Kempis, which, in all probability, Lady Blessington never saw, in which there are gorms of greater thoughts, and fraught with more consoling influences, than are to be discovered in the writings of Bochefoucault or Montaigne, and from which better comfort and more abundant consolation are to be derived than from any of their most successful efforts in laying bare the surface and sounding the depths of the selfishness of the human heart.

Rochefoucault deems selfishness the primum mobile of all humane and generous actions. Humanity, in the opinion of this philosopher, is like physic in the practice of empirics. They admit of no idiosyncrasics; no controlling influence in nature; no varieties of character determined by temperament, fortuitous circumstances, external impressions, alteration or diversity of organization. Yet the knowledge of human nature is a science to which no general rules can be applied. There is no certainty in regard to the law that is laid down for its government, no uniformity of action arising from its operation, no equality of intellect, passion, disposition, in individuals, to make its general application just or possible.

But, granting that all men feel only for the distresses of others from selfish motives—from a sense of the pain they would feel if they suffered like those with whom they spmpathize—still their sympathy with misfortune or misery is beneficial to others and themselves.\*

\* In a discussion on the subject of "the selfishness of the motives of benevolent actions," the following anecdote was related, in opposition to the advocates of the theory of Rochefoucault ;

"A poor woman, with three children, dressed in black, was observed in Regent Street, standing at the edge of the flags, not asking, but silently standing there, for alms. A lady in deep mourning (widow's weeds), of the middle class, a coarse, hard-featured, and even unfeminine-looking person, passed on; but after she had gone nearly to the end of the street, she turned back, took out her purse, and, with some evident appearances of feeling, gave money to the poor woman. There can be little doubt but that the black gown of the pauper had reminded the passenger in widow's weeds of her bereavement, and made her feel for one, in all probability, deprived like herself of a husband. But, however much of feelings of self, and for self, might enter into her emotions, there was sympathy shown with the sources of another that were like her own. And what mattered it to the

It is exceedingly painful to observe the undue importance that Lady Blessington attached to the writings of Rochefoucault, and the grievous error she fell into of regarding them as fountains of truth and wisdom—of deep philosophy, which were to be resorted to with advantage on all occasions necessitating reflection and inquiry. Satiated with luxuries, weary with the eternal round of visits and receptions, and entertainments of intellectual celebrities, fatigued and worn out with the frivolous pursuits of fashionable literary life, and fully sensible of the worthlessness of the blandishments of society and the splendor of its salons, she stood in need of some higher philosophy than ever emanated from mere worldly wisdom.

Literature and art have their victims as well as their votaries, and those who cater for the enjoyments of their society, and aspire to the honor (ever dearly purchased by women) of reigning over it, must count on many sacrifices, and expect to have to deal with a world of importunate pretensions, of small ambitions, of large exigencies, of unbounded vanity, of unceasing flatteries, of many attachments, and of few friendships.

The sick at heart and stricken in spirit, the weary and the palled in this society, have need of other philosophy than that which the works of Rochefoucault can supply. The dreariness of mind of those jaded intellectual celebrities is manifest enough to the observant; in their works and in their conversation, even when they appear in the midst of the highest enjoyments, with bright thoughts flashing from their eyes, with laughter on their lips, and with sallies of wit, sarcasm, or drollery coming from their tongues.

It has been observed of Rochefoucault by a French writer, Monsieur de Sacy, in a review of that author's works:

"His moral has every thing in it that can humble and deprese the heart of man, that is to be found in the rigorous doctrine of the Gospel, with the exception of that which exalts man's na-

203

poor woman, who was relieved by her, how that sympathy was associated 7 and to herself, was it of no advantage to be reminded of being subject to the same sorrows as the beggar in her tattered weeds, with her fatherless children beside her in the street ?"

ture and uplifts his spirit. It is the destruction of all the illusions, without the hopes which should replace them. Rochefoucault, in a word, has only taken from Christianity the fall of man; he left there the dogma of the Redemption . . .

Rochefoucault believes no more in piety than he does in wisdom; no more in God than he does in man. A penitent is not more absurd in his eyes than a philosopher. Every where pride -every where self, under the hair shirt of the monk of La Trappe, as well as under the mantle of the cynic philosopher. Rochefoucault permits himself to be a Christian only in order to pursue the emotions of the heart into their last intrenchments. He condescends to seem to be a Christian only to poison our joys, and cast a deadly shade on the most cherished illusions of life's dreams. What remains for man then ? For those resolute minds, there remains nothing but a cold and daring contempt of all things human and divine-an arid and stoical contentment in confronting-annihilation: for others differently constituted, there remains despair or abandonment to the enjoyment of brutalizing pleasures as the only aim and ultimate object of life."

There remains for women of cultivated minds and of elevated notions of a literary kind—women who are the disciples of Rochefoucault—a middle course to pursue, which Monsieur de Sacy has not noticed; and that course is to shine in the society of intellectual people. The pursuit, indeed, is a soul-wearying one, but there is a kind of glory in it that dazzles people, and makes them exceedingly cager for it.

Those to whom amusement becomes a business, the art of pleasing a drudgery that is daily to be performed, pass from the excitement of society, its labors and its toils, into the retirement and privacy of domestic life, in exhaustion, languor, irksomeness, and ennui; and from this state they are roused to new efforts in the salons by a craving appetite for notice and for praise.

> "Their breath is admiration, and their life A storm whereon they ride."

Lady Blessington had that fatal gift of pre-eminent attractive-

ness in society which has rendered so many clever women distinguished and unhappy. The power of pleasing people indiscriminately, in large circles, is never long exercised by women with advantage to the feminine character of their fascinations.

The facility of making one's self so universally agreeable in literary salons as to be there "the observed of all observers," "the admired of all admirers," "the pink and rose" of the fair state-of literature, à la mode, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," becomes in time fatal to naturalness of character, singleness and sincerity of mind. Friendship that becomes so diffusive as to admit of as many ties as there are claims of literary talents to notice in society, and to be considered available for all intimacies with remarkable persons and relations with intellectual celebrities, must be kept up by constant administrations of cordial professions of kindness and affection, epistolary and conversational, and frequent interchange of compliments and encomiums, that tend to invigorate sentiments of regard that would fade away without such restoratives. ". On ne loue d'ordinaire que pour être loué." The praiser and the praised have a nervous apprehension of depreciation; and those who live before the public in literature or society get not unfrequently into the habit of lavishing eulogies, less with reference to the deserts of those who are commended than with a view to the object to be gained by flattery, namely, the payment in its own coin, and with good interest, of the adulation that has been bestowed on others.

Lady Blessington exercised the double influence of beauty and intellectuality in society, in attracting attention, to win admiration, and to gain dominion over admirers.

In effecting this object, it was the triumph of her heart to render all around not only pleased with her, but pleased with themselves. She lived, in fact, for distinction on the stage of literary society before the foot-lights, and always *en scene*. Lady Blessington was very conscious of possessing the hearts of her audience. She had become accustomed to an atmosphere of adulation, and the plaudits of those friends, which were never out of her ears, at last became a necessity to her. Her abode

205

was a temple, and she the Minerva of the shrine, whom all the votaries of literature and art worshiped.

The swinging of the censer before her fair face never ceased in those salons, and soft accents of homage to her beauty and her talents seldom failed to be whispered in her ear, while she sat enthroned in that well-known *fauteuil* of hers, holding high court in queen-like state—" the most gorgeous Lady Blessington."<sup>•</sup> The desire for this sort of distinction of a beautiful woman bookishly given—in other words, " the coquetterie d'un dame des salons litteraires"—in many respects is similar to that common sort of female ambition, of gaining the admiration of many without any design of forming an attachment for one, which Madam de Genlis characterizes, "Ce que les kommes meprisent et qui les attire."

But, in one respect, the intellectual species of coquetry is of a higher order than the other; it makes the power of beauty, of fascination, of pleasing manners, auxiliary only to the influence of intellect, and seeks for conquests over the mind, even while it aims at gaining an ascendency over the feelings of the heart. The chief aim of it, however, is to achieve triumphs over all within its circle, and for this end, the lady ambitious of reigning in literary society must live to be courted, admired, homaged by its celebrities. The queen-regnant in its salons must at length cease to confide in the natural gifts and graces which belong to her—the original simplicity of her character or sweetness of her disposition. She must become an actress there, she must adapt her manners, fashion her ideas, accommodate her conversation to the taste, tone of thought, and turn of mind of every individual around her.

She must be perpetually demonstrating her own attractions or attainments, or calling forth any peculiarities in others calculated to draw momentary attention to them. She must become a slave to the caprices, envious feelings, contentions, rivalries, selfish aims, ignoble sacrifices, and *exigeants* pretensions of lite-

<sup>\*</sup> Dr. Parr was introduced to Lady Blessington by Mr. Pettigrew, and shortly after that introduction, the doctor, writing to Mr. Pettigrew, spoke of her ladyship as "the most gorgeous Lady Blessington."

rati, artists, and all the notabilities of fashionable circles, les amis des hommes des lettres, ou les amants imaginaires des dames d'esprit.

In a word, she must part with all that is calculated to make a woman in this world happy—peace of mind, the society of true friends, and pursuits which tend to make women loved and cherished; the language of sincerity, the simplicity and endearing satisfaction of home enjoyments. And what does she gain when she has parted with all these advantages, and has attained the summit of her ambition ? a name in the world of fashion, some distinction in literary circles, homage and admiration so long as prosperity endures, and while means are to be found for keeping up the splendor of a vast establishment and its brilliant circles.

And when the end of all the illusion of this state of splendid misery comes at last, the poor lady who has lived in it so long awakens from it as from a dream, and the long delirium of it becomes manifest to her. She has thrown away fortune, time, and talents in obtaining distinction, in surrounding herself with clever people, in patronising and entertaining artists and literati. She has sacrificed health and spirits in this pursuit. Her establishment is broken up-nothing remains to her of all its treasures; she has to fly to another country, and, after a few weeks, she is suddenly carried off, leaving some persons that knew her well and long to lament that one so generous, kindly disposed, naturally amiable and noble-minded, so highly gifted, clever, and talented, should have been so unhappily circumstanced in early life and in more advanced years, as well as at the close of her existence, and that she should have been placed so long in a false position; in a few words, that the whole course of her life should have been infelicitous.

The wear and tear of literary life leave very unmistakable evidence of their operation on the traits, thoughts, and energies of bookish people. Like the eternal rolling of the stone of Sisyphus, the fruitless toiling up the hill, and the conscious failure of each attempt on coming down, are the ceaseless struggles for eminence of authors, artists, and those who would be sur-

207

rounded by them in society as their patrons or influential admirers, and would obtain their homage for so being.

Like those unceasing tantalizing efforts on which the energies of Sisyphus were expended in vain, are the tiring pursuits of the literati, treading on the heels of one another day after day, tugging with unremitting toil at one uniform task-to obtain notoriety, to overcome competition, to supplant others in public favor, and, having met with some success, to maintain a position at any cost, with the eminence of which perhaps some freak of fortune may have had more to do than any intrinsic worth or superior merit of their own. And then they must end the labors which have consumed their health and strength without any solid advantage in the way of an addition to their happiness, a security to their peace of mind, or a conviction that those labors have tended materially to the real good of mankind, and thereby to the glory of God, and of His cause on earth, namely, the promotion of the interests of truth, justice, and humanity.

In no spirit of unkindness toward the memory of Lady Blessington, in no cynical mood, or momentary forgetfulness even, of the many estimable qualities and excellent talents which she possessed, let us ask, did her literary career, and position in literary society, secure for her any of those advantages which have been just referred to, or was that position attended with any solid benefits to those high interests which transcend all others in this world in importance ?

Or, apart from her literary carcer, if the question be asked, Was her life happy? assuredly the answer must be, It was not happy.

In the height of her success, in the most brilliant period of her London life, in St. James's Square, in Seamore Place, in Gore House, in the midst of the luxuries by which she was surrounded, even at the period of her fewest cares—in Italy and France —the present enjoyments were never unaccompanied with reminiscences of the past that were painful.

But who could imagine that such was the case who knew her only in crowded salons, so apparently joyous, animated, and

exhilarated by the smiling looks and soft accents of those who paid such flattering homage to her beauty and her talent, fully conscious as she was of the admiration she excited, and so accustomed to it that it seemed to have become essential to her being ?

Ample evidence is to be found in the detached thoughts of Lady Blessington, scattered through her papers or among those records of reflection to which she gave the appropriate name of "Night Thought Books." The following extracts from them may serve to show the truth of the preceding observation.

# WRONGS AND WOES OF WOMEN.

"Men can pity the wrongs inflicted by other men on the gentler sex, but never those which they themselves inflict (on women)."

"Quelle destinée que cette de la femme! A l'etre le plus foible le plus entouré des seductions, le plus mal elevé, pour les resister, les juges les plus severes, les peines les plus dures la vengeance la plus inflexible. Quand le ciel chasse de son Paradis notre pere et notre mere coupables, la glaive de l'ange les frappa tous deux : pour tous deux son feu impitoyable brula devant la porte du lien des delices, sans que la femme fut plus puni, plus malheureur que l'homme. Si elle eut les douleurs de la maternité, son compagnon d'infortune eut les sueurs du travail et les horribles angoisses qui accompagnent le spectacle des souffrances de celle qu'on aime. Il n'y eut point entre eux un inegal partage de punition, et Adam ne put pas à l'exclusion d'Eve rentrer dans ce jardin qui lui fermait la colere du ciel! Hommes vous vous êtes faits pour nous plus inflexible que Dieu, et quand nous sommes tombées par vous, à cause de vous, pour nous seules brille l'epée qui met hors du monde, hors de l'honneur, hors de l'estime, et qui nous empêche à jamais d'y rentrer." !! !- Brisset.

"The whole system of female education is to teach women to allure and not to repel, yet how much more essential is the latter?"

"England is the only country in Europe where the loss of

209

one's virtue superinduces the loss of all. I refer to chastity. A woman known to have violated this virtue, though she possess all the other virtues, is driven with ignominy from society into a solitude rendered insupportable by a sense of the injustice by which she is made a victim to solitude, which often becomes the grave of the virtues she brought to it."

"Passion! Possession! Indifference! What a history is comprised in these three words! What hopes and fears succeeded by a felicity as brief as intoxicating—followed in its turn by the old consequence of possession—indifference! What burning tears, what bitter pangs, rending the very heart-strings—what sleepless nights and watchful days form part of this every-day story of life, whose termination leaves the actors to search again for new illusions to finish like the last!"

"A woman who exposes, even to a friend, her domestic unhappiness, has violated the sanctity of home and the delicacy of affection, and placed an enduring obstacle to the restoration of interrupted domestic peace and happiness."

"The youth of women is entitled to the affectionate interest of the aged of their own sex."

"Women who have reached old age should look with affectionate interest on those of their own sex who are still traveling the road scattered with flowers and thorns over which they have already passed themselves, as wanderers who have journeyed on through many dangers should regard those who are still toiling over the same route."

BEAUTY WITHOUT THE SECURITY OF FIXED PRINCIPLE.

"A beautiful woman without fixed principles may be likened to those fair but rootless flowers which float in streams, driven by every breeze."

"Whenever we make a false step in life, we take more pains to justify it than would have saved us from its commission, and yet we never succeed in convincing others—nay, more, ourselves —that we have acted rightly."

"The happiness of a woman is lost forever when her husband ceases to be its faithful guardian. To whom else can she

confide the treasure of her peace who will not betray the trust? and it is so precious, that, unless carefully guarded, it is soon lost."

"Love-matches are made by people who are content, for a month of honey, to condemn themselves to a life of vinegar."

"There are some chagrins of the heart which a friend ought to try to console without betraying a knowledge of their existence, as there are physical maladies which a physician ought to seek to heal without letting the sufferer know that he has discovered their extent."

"In some women modesty has been known to survive chastity, and in others chastity to survive modesty. The last example is the most injurious to the interests of society, because they who believe, while they preserve chastity inviolate, that they may throw aside the feminine reserve and delicacy which ought to be its outward sign and token, give cause for suspicions, and offend the purity of others of their sex with whom they are brought in contact much more than those who, failing in chastity, preserve its decency and decorum."

"The want of chastity is a crime against one's self, but the want of modesty is a crime against society."

"A chaste woman may yield to the passion of her lover, but an unchaste woman gives way to her own.""

Lines on various subjects, from the "Night Thought Book" of Lady Blessington :

### NIGHT.

1.

"Yes, night ! I love thy silence and thy calm, That o'er my spirits shed a soothing balm, Lifting my soul to brighter, purer spheres, Far, far removed from this dark vale of tears.

2.

"There is a holiness, a blessed peace In thy repose, that bids our sorrow cease; That stills the passions in the hallowed breast, And hulls the tortured feelings into rest."

\* Some of the sentimonts expressed in these observations I do not think true or just, in a moral or religious point of view .- R. R. M.

212

### FLOWERS.

"Flowers are the bright remembrances of youth ; They waft back, with their bland and odorous breath, The joyous hours that only young life knows, Ere we have learned that this fair earth hides graves. They bring the cheek that's mouldering in the dust Again before us, tinged with health's own rose; They bring the voices we shall hear no more, Whose tones were sweetest music to our ears; They bring the hopes that faded one by one, Till naught was left to light our path but faith, That we, too, like the flowers, should spring to life, But not, like them, again e'er fade or die."

Lines of Lady Blessington, unfinished, written on the back of a letter of Lord Durham, very much injured and defaced, dated July 28, 1837:

> "At midnight's silent hour, when hushed in sleep, They who have labored or have sorrowed lie, Learning from slumber how 'tis sweet to die, I love my vigils of the heart to keep ; For then fond memory unlocks her store, Which in the garish noisy ...... Then comes reflection, musing on the lore And precepts of pure, mild philosophy. Sweet voices—silent now, ...... Bless my charmed ear; sweet smiles are seen, Though they who wore them long now dwell on high, Where I shall meet them, but with chastened mien, To tell how dull was life where they were not, And that they never, never were forgot."

Unfinished lines in pencil, with numerous corrections and alterations, in the hand-writing of Lady Blessington, apparently of a recent date :

> "And years, long, weary years have rolled away. Since youth with all its sunny smiles has fied, And hope within this saddened breast is dead, To gloomy doubts and dark despair a prey, Turning from pleasure's flow'ry path astray, To haunts where melancholy thoughts are bred, And meditation broods with inward dread Amid the shades of pensive twilight gray.

213

Yet has this heart not ceased to thrill with pain, Though joy can make its pulses beat no more; Its wish to reach indifference is vain, And will be, till life's fitful fever's o'er, And it has reached the dim and silent shore, Where sorrow it shall never know again. Like to a stream whose current's frozen o'er, Yet still flows on beneath its icy ......'

On the same sheet of paper as that on which the preceding lines are written, there are the following fragments of verse, evidently composed in the same thoughtful mood as the previous lines of a retrospective character :

> "But though the lily-root in carth Lies an unsightly thing, Yet thence the flow'ret had its birth, And into light will spring. So when this form is in the dust,\* Of mortals all, the lot, Oh, may my soul its prison burst, Its errors all forgot !"

Other lines unfinished, in a MS. book of Lady Blessington, in her ladyship's hand-writing :

> "The smile that plays around the lips When sorrow preys upon our hearts, Is like the flowers with which we deck The youthful corpse ere it departs Forever to the silent grave, From those who would have died to save."

A fragment in penciling, in another commonplace book of Lady Blessington, in her ladyship's hand-writing, but no date or signature :

> "Pardon, O Lord ! if this too sinful heart, Ingrate to thee, did for a mortal feel Love all too purs for earth to have a part. Pardon-for lowly at thy feet I kneel : Bowed to the dust, my heart, like a crushed flower, Yields all remaining sweetness at thy shrine.

> > \* A line has here been erased.

Thou only, Lord of merey, now hath power To bid repose and hope again be mine. Chase from this fond and too long tortured breast Thoughts that intrude to steal my soul from thee ; Aid me within a cloister to find rest, When I from sin and passion shall be free."

No one who ever knew Lady Blessington, and perhaps few persons who may chance to read these pages, would refuse to say "Amen" to that sweet prayer.

# CHAPTER XI.

# NOTICES OF THE WRITINGS OF LADY BLESSINGTON, ETC.

It would be absurd to lay claim for Lady Blessington to the great attributes of first-rate intellectual powers, creative and inventive, namely, concentrativeness, originality, vigor, and elevation of mind, genius of the highest order, combining intensity of thought, strength of imagination, depth of feeling, combinative talents, and mastery of intellect in delineation and description; excellence, in short, in literature, that serves to give a vivid look and life-like appearance to every thing it paints in words.

It would be a folly to seek in the mental gifts and graces of Lady Blessington for evidences of the divine inspirations of exalted genius, endowed with all its instincts and ideality, favored with bright visions of the upper regions of poetry and fiction, with glimpses of ethereal realms, peopled with shadowy forms and spiritualized beings, with glorious attributes and perfections, or to imagine we are to discover in her keen perception of the ridiculous the excellent in art, literature, or conversation, or in her ideas of the marvelous or admirable in striking effects. sublime conceptions of the grand, the beautiful, the chivalrous, or supernatural. The power of realization of great ideas, without encumbering the representation of ideal objects with material images and earthly associations, belongs only to genius of the first order, and between it and graceful talent, fine taste, shrewdness of mind, and quickness of apprehension, there are many degrees of intellectual excellence.

It is very questionable if any of the works of Lady Blessington, with the exception of the "Conversations with Lord Byron," and perhaps the "Idler in Italy," will maintain a permanent position in English miscellaneous literature. The interest taken in the writer was the main source of the temporary interest that was felt in her literary performances.

The master-thinker of the last century has truly observed : "An author bustling in the world, showing himself in public, and emerging occasionally, from time to time, into notice, might keep his works alive by his personal influence; but that which conveys little information, and gives no great pleasure, must soon give way, as the succession of things produces new topics of conversation, and other modes of amusement.""

Lady Blessington commenced her career of authorship in 1822. Her first work, entitled "The Magic Lantern; or, Sketches of Scenes in the Metropolis," was published by Longman in that year, in one volume Svo.

The work was written evidently by one wholly inexperienced in the ways of authorship. There were obvious marks in it, however, of cleverness, quickness of perception, shrewdness of observation, and of kindly feelings, though occasionally sarcastic tendencies prevailed over them. There were evidences in that production, moreover, of a natural turn for humor and drollery, strong sensibility also, and some graphic powers of description in her accounts of affecting incidents.

The sketches in the "Magic Lantern" are the Auction, the Park, the Tomb, the Italian Opera.

A second edition of the "Magic Lantern" was published soon after the first. There is a draught of a preface, in her ladyship's hand-writing, intended for this edition, among her papers, with the following lines:

> "If some my Magic Lantern should offend, The fault's not mine, for scandal's not my end; 'Tis vice and folly that I hold in view : Your friends, not I, find likenesses to you."

It is very questionable if more indications of talent are not to \* Dr. Johnson, Life of Mallet.

be found in the first work written by Lady Blessington, "The Magic Lantern," than in the next production, or, indeed, in any succeeding performance of hers, though she looked so unfavorably on "The Magic Lantern" in her later years as soldom or never to make any reference to it.

"Sketches and Fragments," the second work by Lady Bleasington, was also published by Longman in 1822, in one small 12mo volume: The preface to it is dated June 12, 1822. The contents of this volume are the following:

Blighted Hopes, Marriage, the Bing, Journal of a Week of a Lady of Fashion, an Allegory, Fastidiousness of Taste, Coquetry, Egotism, Reflections, Sensibility, Friendship, Wentworth Fragments.

In the "Sketches and Fragments," Lady Blessington began to be somewhat affected and conventional, to assume a character of strait-laced propriety and purism, that made it incumbent on her to restrain her natural thoughts and feelings, and to adopt certain formulas expressive of very exalted sentiments, and of a high sense of the duties she had imposed on herself as a censor of society—its manners, morals, and all externals affecting the decorum of its character. The fact is, Lady Blessington was never less effective in her writings than when she ceased to be natural. And with respect to her second production, though in point of style and skill in composition it was an improvement on her former work, in other respects it was hardly equal to it.

Lady Blessington received no remuneration from either of the works just mentioned. From the produce of the sale of the second production, after defraying all the expenses of publication, there was a small sum of  $\pounds 20$  or  $\pounds 30$  available, which was applied, by her ladyship's directions, to a charitable purpose.

The necessity of augmenting her income by turning her literary talents to a profitable account brought Lady Blessington before the public as a writer of fashionable novels. The peculiar talent she exhibited in this style of composition was in lively descriptions of persons in high life, in some respect or other *outre* or ridiculous, in a vein of quiet humor, which ran throughout her writings—a common-sense, and generally an amiable

way of viewing most subjects; a pleasant mode of effecting an entence cordiale with her readers, an air of good-nature in her observations, and an apparent absence of malice or malignity in the smart sayings, sharp and satirical, which she delighted in giving utterance to.

The great defect of her novels was want of creative power, and constructive skill in devising a plot, and carrying on any regularly planned action from the beginning of a work to its close, and making the *denouément* the result that ought to be expected from the incidents of the story throughout its progress.

The characters of her mere men of fashion are generally well drawn. Many of her sketches of *scenes* (in one of the French acceptations of the word) in society, not of scenes in nature, are admirably drawn.

Lady Blessington, in novel-writing, discarded the services of "gorgons, hydras, and chimseras dire." She had no taste for horrors of that kind; and if she had ventured into the delineation of them, the *materiel* of her imagination would not have enabled her to deal with them successfully.

The characters of her women are generally naturally delineated, except when in waging war with the follies or vices of fashionable society. She portrayed its female members in colors rather too dark to be true to nature, or even just to her own sex. But she always professed to have a great dislike to works of fiction in which humanity was depicted in a revolting aspect, and individuals were represented without any redeeming trait in their characters. We find in several of her novels, in the character of the personages, a mixture of good and evil, and seldom, except in "the Victims of Society," evidence of unmitigated, unredeemable baseness and villainy in the character of any person she writes of. Books that give pain, and are disagreeable to think of after they had been read, she had a strong objection to. One of her literary correspondents in 1845, writing to her, referring to a recent work which gave a painful and disagrecable portraiture of several characters, said, "It is a sin against art, which is designed to please even in the terrors which it evokes. But the highest artists-Sophocles, Shakspearer and

Vot. I.-K

÷

Goëthe-have departed from that rule on certain occasions and for certain ends. I should have compromised with the guilt depicted if I had abated the pain the contemplation of such guilt should occasion. It is in showing by what process the three orders of mind, which, rightly trained and regulated, produce the fairest results of humanity, may be depraved to its scourge and pestilence, that I have sought the analysis of truths which, sooner or later, will vindicate their own moral utilities. The calculating intellect of D-, which should have explored science; the sensual luxuriance and versatility of V ......, which should have enriched art; the conjunction of earnest passion with masculine understanding in L-, which should have triumphed for good and high ends in active practical life, are all hurled down into the same abyss of irretrievable guilt, from want of the one supporting principle-brotherhood and sympathy with others. They are incarnations of egotism pushed to the extreme. And I suspect those most indignant at the exposition are those who have been startled with the likeness of their own hearts. They may not have the guilt of the hateful three, but they wince from the lesson that guilt inculcates. The earnestness of the author's own views can alone console him in the indiscriminate and lavish abuse. with all its foul misrepresentations, which greets his return to literature, and, unless he is greatly mistaken, the true moral of his book will be yet recognized, though the vindication may be deferred till it can only be rendered to dust-a stone and a name."

In 1832, in "Colburn's New Monthly Magazine," Lady Blessington's "Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron" made its first appearance. The Journal contains matter certainly of the highest and most varied interest, and would convey as just an account of Byron's character, and as unexaggerated a sketch as any that has been ever published, if some secret feeling of pique and sense of annoyance were not felt by her, and had not stolen into her "Conversations."

The "Journal" was published in one vol. Svo, a little later, and had a very extensive sale.

"Grace Cassidy, or the Repealers," a novel in 3 vols., was published by Bentley in 1833.

From all Irish political novels, including "The Repealers," the English public may pray most earnestly to be delivered.\*

"Meredyth," a novel in 3 vols., was published by Longman, 1833.

In October, 1833, Mr. William Longman wrote to Lady Blessington, stating that "Meredyth" had not hitherto had the success that had been anticipated. £45 had been spent in advertising, and only 380 copies sold, 300 of which had been subscribed.

#### ٠

### KEY TO THE REPEALERS. (WRITTEN IN 1833.)

Duchess of Heaviland-Duchess of Northumberland. Marchioness of Bowood-Marchioness of Lansdowns Countess of Grandison-Countess of Grantham. Lord Albany-Lord Alvanley. Lord Elsinore-Lady Tullamore. Lady Rodney-Lady Sidney. Duke of Liamore-Duke of Devonshire. Mrs. Grantley-Mrs. Norton. Countess of Guernsey-Countess of Jersey. Lord Rey-Earl Grey. Marchioness of Stewartville-Marchioness of Londonderry. Lord Montague-Lord Rokeby. Duchess of Lennox-Duchess of Richmond. Marchioness of Burton-Marchioness of Conyngham. Marquess of Mons-Marquess of Anglescy. Lady Augusta Jaring-Lady Augusta Baring. Marchioness of Glanricarde-Marchioness of Clanricarde. Lady E. Hart Burtley-Lady E. S. Wortley. Lady Yesterfield-Lady Chesterfield. Mrs. Pranson-Hon. Mrs. Anson. Lady Lacre-Lady Dacre. Lady Noreley-Lady Moreley. Mr. Manly-Mr. Stanley. Sir Robert Neil-Sir Robert Peel. Mr. Hutter Serguson-Mr. Cutlar Ferguson. Mr. Enico-Mr. Edward Ellice. Mr. Theil-Mr. R. L. Sheil. Lord Refton-Lord Sefton. Lady Castlemont-Lady Charlemont. Lord Leath-Lord Month. Dake and Duchess of Cantilno-Dake and Dushness of Lainster.

"The Follies of Fashion, or the Beau Monde of London in 1835"—a sketch by Lady Blessington, appeared in one of the periodicals of the time.

"The Belle of the Season," a much later production, was a lively sketch of an episode in fashionable society.

"The Two Friends," a novel in 3 vols., was published by Saunders and Ottley in 1835.

"The Victims of Society," a novel in 3 vols., Saunders and Ottley, published in 1837. If the delineation of high life given in this work be correct, the experience which qualified the anthor to produce such a performance was very terrible. If it be not true, the wholesale pulling-down process, the utter demolition of the reputation of people in fashionable society, of women as well as men, in this work, is much to be regretted.

"The Confessions of an Elderly Lady," in one vol., Longman, 1838.

"The Governess," a novel in 3 vols., Longman, 1839.

"Desultory Thoughts and Reflections," in one thin 16mo vol., appeared in 1839, published by Longman.

"The Idler in Italy" was published in 2 vols. 8vo, Colburn, in 1839; the most successful and interesting of all the works of Lady Blessington.

"The Idler in France" appeared in 2 vols. 8vo, Longman, in 1841.

"The Lottery of Life, and other Tales," in 3 vols., appeared in 1842.

"Strathern, or Life at Home and Abroad," a story of the present day. This novel appeared first in "The Sunday Times;" afterward it was published by Colburn, in 1845, in 4 vols. Between the two publications, Lady Blessington is said to have realized nearly  $\pounds 600$ . It was the most read of all her novels, as she imagined; yet the publisher, in a letter to Lady Blessington, several months after publishing, complained that he only sold 400 copies, and had lost  $\pounds 40$  by the publication, and that he must decline a new work proposed by her. In this work, the writer drew, as in her other novels, her illustrations of society from her own times; and has opportunities of studying

human nature in a great variety of its phases, but particularly in what is called "the fashionable world," afforded her ample means of giving faithful portraitures of its society. These portraitures in "Strathern" are graphic, vivid, and not without a dash of humor and sarcastic drollery in her delineation of fashionable life at home and abroad. But the representation is certainly not only exceedingly unfavorable to the class she puts en scene in Rome, Naples, Paris, and London, but very unpleasing on the whole, though often amusing, and sometimes instructive.

In "The Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre," a novel in 3 vols., published by Colburn and Bentley in 1846, Lady Blessington availed herself of the privileges of an imaginary servant-maid to penetrate the inner chambers of temples of fashion, to discover and disclose the arena of aristocratic life. The follies and foibles of persons in high life, the trials and heart-sicknesses of unfortunate governesses, and the vicissitudes in the career of ladies'maids, and, in particular, in that of one *femme de chambre*, who became the lady of a bilious nabob, are the subjects of this novel, written with great animation, and the usual piquancy and liveliness of style of the writer.

"Lionel Deerhurst, or Fashionable Life under the Begency," was published by Bentley, 1846.

"Marmaduke Herbert," a novel, was published in 1847. Of this work, a very eminent *litterateur* wrote in the following terms to Lady Blessington, May 22d, 1847:

"It seems to me, in many respects, the best book you have written. I object to some of the details connected with the 'fatal error,' but the management of its effects is marked by a very high degree of power; and the analytical subtlety and skill displayed throughout the book struck me very much.

"I sincerely and warmly congratulate you on what must certainly extend your reputation as a writer."

"Country Quarters," a novel, first appeared in the columns of a London Sunday paper in 1848, and was published separately, and edited by Lady Blessington's niece, Miss Power, after her ladyship's death, in 3 vols. 8vo, Shoberl, 1850.

"Country Quarters," the last production of Lady Bleasington,

is illustrative of a state of society and of scenes in real life in provincial towns, in which young English military Lotharies and provincial towns, in which young English military Lotharies and provincial towns, in which young English military Lotharies and provincial towns, in which young English military Lotharies and provincial towns, in which young English military Lotharies and provincial towns, in which young English military Lotharies and provincial towns, in which her of which Lady Bleasington was far more indebted to her recollection than to her imagination. There is no evidence of exhausted intellect in this last work of Lady Bleasington's. But the drollery is not the fan that cozed out from exuberant vivacity in the early days of Lady Bleasington's authorship; it is forced, strained, "written up" for occasion; and yet there is an air of cheerfulness about it, which, to one knowing the state of mind in which that work was written, would be very strange, almost incredible, if we did not call to mind the frame of mind in which the poem of John Gilpin was written by Cowper.

The literary friends of Lady Blessington were in the habit of expressing to her ladyship their opinions on her performances as they appeared, and sometimes of making very useful anggestions to her.

The general tone of opinions addressed to authors by their friends, must, of course, be expected to be laudatory; and those, it must be admitted, of many of Lady Blessington's friends were no exception to the rule.

Of "The Repealers," a very distinguished writer thus wrote to the authoress:

"My dear Lady Blessington, I have read your 'Repealers;' you must be prepared for some censure of its politics. I have been too warm a friend to the Coercive Bill to suffer so formidable a combatant as you to possess the field without a challenge. I like many parts of your book *much*; but—will you forgive me ?—you have not done yourself justice. Your haste is not evident in style, which is pure, fluent, and remarkably elegant, but in the slightness of the story. You have praised great ladies and small authors too much; but that is the fault of good nature. Let your next book, I implore you, be more of passion, of sentiment, and of high character. You are capable of *great things*, of beating many of the female writers of the day is prose, and you ought to task your powers to the utmost; your genius is worthy of application.

"Forgive all this frankness; it is from one who admires you too much not to be sincere, and esteems you too highly to fear that you will be offended at it."

Another eminent literary writer writes to her on the subject of another recent production of hers:

"You have only to write passions instead of thoughts in order to excel in novel writing. But you fear too much ; you have the prudes before you; you do not like to paint the passions of love, you prefer painting its sentiment. The awe of the world chills you. But perhaps I am wrong, and in 'The Two Friends' I shall find you giving us another 'Corinne' or a better 'Admiral's Daughter,' both being works that depend solely on passion for their charm. You have all the tact, truth, and grace of De Staël, and have only to recollect that while she wrote for the world, the world vanished from her closet. In writing, we should see nothing before us but our own wild hearts, our own experience, and not till we correct proofs should we remember that we are to have readers."

One fully authorized to speak on the subject of authorship thus writes to her ladyship on the appearance of a recent novel of hers :

"People often say to me, I shall write a novel; if I question them 'on what rule?' they state they know of no rules. They write history, epic, the drama, criticism, by rules; and for the novel, which comprises all four, they have no rules; no wonder that there is so much of talent manqué in half the books we read. In fact, we ought to do as the sculptors do, gaze upon all the great master-pieces till they sink into us, till their secrets penetrate us, and then we write according to rules without being quite aware of it.

"I have been trying to read some fashionable French books. Sue and Balzac seem most in vogue, but the task is too heavy. Rant run mad, and called, God wot, philosophy! I feel as if these writers had taken an unfair advantage of us, and their glittering trash makes common sense too plain and simple to be true."

Of "The Victims of Society," a friendly critic writes :

"I have finished the whole of 'The Victims of Society.' The characters are drawn with admirable tact and precision, and a knowledge of human nature that is only too fine for the obtuse. You are, indeed, very severe in the second volume, more so than I had anticipated; but it is severe truth, finely conceived, boldly attempted, and consummately executed. You have greatly retrieved and fined down Miss Montresor's character by her touches of penitence and remorse. Lord C—— is perfect. W——, an English dandy throughout. I can not conceive that you have any thing to dread. You have attacked only persons whom the general world like to hear attacked; the few who wince will pretend not to understand the application."

Of "The Idler in Italy," one of her most distinguished friends says:

"I have already nearly finished the two volumes of 'The Idler in Italy,' and am delighted with the sparkling and graceful ease. You interest us in every thing, even in the 'bed resting on pillar swans,' and the 'terrace that is to be turned into a garden :' your observations on men and things are, as usual, excellent. All the account of the Revolution is highly animated and original; I am sure the work will be UNIVERSALLY liked."

On the appearance of "The Two Friends," Lady Blessington received the following notice of it from one of her literary acquaintance:

"I have just finished your work, 'The Two Friends,' and I may congratulate you on a most charming publication, which can not fail to please universally, and to increase your reputation. It is true that there is nothing exaggerated in it, but it is written in a thoroughly good tone and spirit, very elegant, and sustained with great knowledge of character, many dramatic situations, abounding with profound observations and much playful wit. The happiest and newest character of the kind I know is the Count de Bethune. He is admirable. His bearing his griefs like 'a man and a Frenchman,' his seeing to his dinner, and reproving his daughter for her want of feeling in disturbing his digestion, are exquisite traits of character, and remind us of the delicate touches of Manzoni in 'I Promessi Sposi.'

Lord Scamper is very humorous, and I laughed heartily at some of the scenes in which he appears, though in one part his verisimilitude is a little injured by your making him talk sense about the Revolution. Your politics there, by-the-by, are shockingly Tory, and will please Lord Abinger. There are some beautiful discriminative reflections, not dragged in per force, nor tedious and extraneous, but natural and well timed. In your story you have improved prodigiously since 'The Repealers ;' it is more systematic and artful. Altogether, you have exceeded my hopes, and may reckon here on complete success. Lady Walmer is very harsh, but a very true portrait. Cecile is charming, and pleases me more than Lady Emily, I scarcely know why. The only fault I see in your book is, that it is a little too prudent. But perhaps you are quite right, and a man does not allow for the fears of a woman; at all events, such prudence will make you more popular. There is no doubt of your having greatly excelled 'The Repealers.'"

Another novel of her ladyship's called forth the following observations from another quarter :

"I have received your book ('Marmaduke Herbert'), and I must candidly tell you that I think you have outdone yourself in this most interesting and effective work. It has a grave, sustained solemnity of power about it, of which I can not speak too highly.

"It reminds me greatly of Godwin's earlier writings. The same minute and faithful analysis of feeling, the same patience in building up the interest, and the same exhibition of strength and weakness in one motley volume.

"I did not think, when you spoke to me of the story long ago, that you could have made so fine a thing of it. The first volume and a half are extremely thrilling, and without effort."

"The Belle of a Season" brought several letters to Lady Blessington. The following one is most deserving of being cited:

"I read your 'Belle of the Season' with sincere admiration; the very lightness of the subject makes the treatment so difficult, and it is surprising how much actual interest you have given to

the story, while the verification is so skillful, so graceful and easy, as to be a model in its way.

"I was charmed from the first few lines, and indeed the opening of the story is one of the happiest parts.

"The whole partakes of the character of the subject, and is a true picture of what a London season is to a young lady-opening those views that are new to her of life and society. A London season wears different faces to different classes; the politician, the author, the actor, the artist, the tradesman, the pickpocket, the boy who wants to "'old your 'oss', each has his own London season. But no doubt the happiest of all, for a year or two, is the young lady's, beginning with court, and ending with a fancy ball, to say nothing of the declaration, for that is the drop scene.

"Your style is peculiarly fluent and appropriate, and very original. I do not remember any specimen of the 'Rambler' like it.

"I then went from poetry to prose, and read your 'Governess.' The story is very interesting, and the character of the poor child so exquisite a sketch, that I regret much that it was not more elaborate; it alone would have furnished matter for three volumes. The Williamsons are extremely well hit off, and so are the Manwarings; the poets, and characters I like best, are those which belong to what is now the popular class of literature, very caricature. To this class I think the Mondens, and some of the scenes at Mr. V. Robinson's, belong. But they are amusing, and will, no doubt, please generally.

"I am delighted to see that you improve and mature in your charming talent with every new work. I never saw a more striking improvement in any writer since the date, not a long one, of the 'Repealers.' I ought, as I am on the subject, to add how much I was struck with the little tale of the Dreamer; if a very few lines, a little too English and refined, were toned down into the Irish coloring of the rest, it would be a perfect gem in composition, as it is now in sentiment and conception."

### THE ANNUALS.

The late Frederick Shoberl, Esq., who died in March, 1853.

originated in 1823, in conjunction with the late Mr. Ackermann, the first of the English annuals, "The Forget-me-not." For several years he was the editor of it. The last of these annuals was the volume for 1834. This periodical paved the way for the numerous illustrated works that have since issued from the press.

These luxuries of literature were got up especially for the entertainment of ladies and gentlemen of fashionable circles, but not exclusively for the *élite* of English society. The tastes of belles and beaux of the boudoir of all grades aspiring to distinction were to be catered for, and the contributors, in general, were sought for among the aristocracy, not in the republic of letters.

It was necessary, however, to enliven a little dullness of noble amateur authorship with the sparkling gems of genius, with more regard to brilliancy of talent than to advantages of ancestry, and these adventitious aids of professional literati were very largely paid for.

In 1828, Moore makes mention of the editor of "The Keepsake" offering him  $\pounds 600$  for 120 lines of either prose or poetry, which he declined.

Persons known as popular writers had likewise to be employed as editors of those periodicals, and were largely paid in general; some for their name alone, and others for their services.

In those palmy days of annual periodicals, when the name of a literary notability as editor was so important to success, we find "The Scenic Annual" for 1838 edited by Thomas Campbell.

"The Keepsake" for 1833 was edited by F. Mansel Reynolds. The contributors were the Countess of Blessington, Lord Dover, Leitch Ritchie, Esq., John Carne, Esq., J. H. Louther, Esq., M.P., Hon. Grantley Berkley, Hon. W. Liddell, Ralph Bernal, Esq., M.P., Lord Morpeth, James Boaden, Esq., Lord Mahon, Mrs. C. Gore, Colley Grattan, Esq., Mrs. Shelley, Hon. H. Craddock, author of "Hajji Baba;" Archdeacon Spencer, Miss L. E. Landon, &c., &c.

"The Court Journal" for 1833 was edited by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

"Heath's Book of Beauty" for the same year was edited by L. E. L.

"Portraits of the Children of the Nobility" was edited by Mrs. Fairlee in 1838, and in the same year, "The Picturesque Annual" by Leitch Ritchie.

Fisher's "Drawing-Room Scrap-Book" for 1838 was edited by L. E. L.

"Flowers of Loveliness," with poetical illustrations by L.E.L., also appeared the same year.

Finden's "Tableaux; or, Picturesque Scenes of National Character, Beauty, and Costume," edited by Mary Bussell Mitford, was published in 1838. The poetical contributions were by Mr. Kenyon, Mr. Chorley, and Barry Cornwall.

The greatest and first promoter, in his day, of illustrated annuals, was Mr. Charles Heath.

This eminent engraver was the son of Mr. James Heath, a distinguished artist also, whose engravings have been the studies on which the two Findens are said to have employed days and nights.

The success of the Findens in working for the booksellers in the illustration of periodicals and popular publications did not satisfy themselves. They became the publishers of their own works, and the works of those whose productions were illustrated by them. Their Byron Illustrations turned out advantageous, but in their other speculations they were less fortunate. Mr. William Finden's "Gallery of British Art" proved a ruinous undertaking; he died in very poor circumstances, September 20, 1852, in his sixty-fifth year.

Mr. Charles Heath had, like the Findens, entered on the publication of periodicals illustrated by him, and with the same unfortunate result. He excelled in small plates, and in his hands that sort of artistic talent exhibited in the embellishment of annuals reached its greatest perfection.

Heath's "Book of Beauty" for 1834, edited by the Countess of Blessington, contained nine pieces by her ladyship. The following are the contents of this volume, and the names or signatures of the authors:

1. The Choice of Phylias, a tale. Sir E. L. B.

2. Francesca, a poem. Dr. William Beattie.

- 3. Margaret Carnegie, a tale. Viscount Castlereagh.
- 4. The Phantom Guest, a poem. Anonymous.
- 5. Mary Lester, a tale. Countess of Blessington.
- 6. To a Jasmine Tree, lines. Viscount Morpeth.
- 7. Amy, lines. Countess of Blessington.
- 8. The Friends, a tale. Henry Lytton Bulwer, Esq., M.P.
- On the Portrait of Lady C. A. W. Villiers, lines. Lady E. S. Wortley.
- 10. An Irish Fairy Fable, a tale. Mrs. S. C. Hall.
- 11. Phobe, or my Grandmamma West, lines. James Smith.
- Imaginary Conversations, Bhadamistus and Zenobia.
   W. S. Landor.
- 13. To Memory, stanzas. The Countess of Blessington.
- 14. The Desert, lines. John Galt, Esq.
- 15. Bianca Vanezzi, lines. Dudley West, Esq.
- 16. Rosalie, lines. Countess of Blessington.
- 17. Epochs, lines. H. L. Bulwer, Esq.
- Imaginary Conversations, Philip II. and Donna Juana Coelho. W. S. Landor.
- 19. The Coquette, a tale. The Countess of Blessington.
- 20. The Deserted Wife, lines. R. Bernal, Esq., M.P.
- 21. Farewell forever, lines. J. H. Lowther, Esq.
- 22. The Bay of Naples in the summer of 1824, a sketch. The Countess of Blessington.
- 23. To Matilda sketching, lines. The Countess of Blessington.
- 24. Rebecca, a tale. Anonymous.
- 25. To Lucy reading, lines. The Countess of Blessington.
- 26. What art thou, life ? stanzas. Idem.

As one of the most favorable specimens of those illustrated works, the following notice of "the Book of Beauty" for 1835, under the editorship of Lady Blessington, may not be out of place. The principal beautiful celebrities of whom engraved portraits are given in this volume are "The Marchioness of Abercorn," by E. Landseer; "Lucilla," by Parris; "Nourmahal," by Meadows; "Habiba," by Chalon. The gem of the volume is "Juliet," by Bostook.

Among the contributors we find the distinguished literary names of Viscount Strangford, Sir William Gell, E. L. Bulwer, M.P., Lord Nugent, the Hon. K. R. Craven, Lady Emmeline S. Wortley, Lord Albert Conyngham, R. Bernal, M.P., Lady Charlotte Bury, Lord William Lennox, Miss Louisa H. Sheridan, H. L. Bulwer, M.P., Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart., Hon. G. Berkely, Hon. J. Lester, Sir William Somerville, Bart., Hon. K. Talbot, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, M.P., &c., &c.

The fair editress contributed a lively and graceful illustration of an excellent plate, named "Felicité," by M'Clise, representing a pretty pert lady's maid trying on a fine dress before the glass, and looking perfectly satisfied with the result.

### FELICITE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

"Oh! would I were a lady, In costly silks to shine; Who then could stand beside me! What figure match with mine!

"Who'd rave about my mistress, With her pale and languid face, If they could see my pink cheeks, Edged round with Brussels lace ?

"How well her cap becomes me ! With what a jaunty air I've placed it off my forehead, To show my shining hair!

"And I declare, these ribands Just suit me to a shade; If Mr. John could see me, My fortune would be made.

"Nay, look ! her bracelets fit me, Though just the least too tight; To wear what costs so much, must Afford one great delight.

"And then this pretty apron, So bowed, and frill'd and laced— I hate it on my mistress, Though well it shows my waist.

"I must run down one minute, That Mr. John may see How silks, and lace, and ribands Set off a girl like me.

"Yet all of these together, Ay, pearls and diamonds too, Would fail to make most ladies look As well as—I know who."

Another of these periodicals, edited by her ladyship from 1835 to 1840, was entitled "Gems of Beauty, designs by E. T. Parris, Esq., with fanciful illustrations in verse by the Countess of Blessington."

Her ladyship was gifted with a great facility for versification; poetry of a high order hers certainly was not. But she could throw great vivacity, much humor, and some pathos into her vers de societé, and many of her small published pieces in verse were quite equal to the ordinary run of "bouts rhymées" in the literature of annuals, and some far superior to them. But it must be observed, Lady Blessington's poetry derived considerable advantage from the oritical care, supervision, and correction of very eminent literary men, some certainly the most eminent of their day. Of this fact there are many evidences, and some proofs of extensive services of this sort.

"The Book of Beauty for 1843," edited by the Countess of Blessington, contained only two pieces by her ladyship.

- On a Picture of Her Majesty and Children, lines. Dr. W. Beattie.
- 2. An Episode in Life, a tale. Sir E. L. Bulwer, Bart.
- 3. On Portrait of Princess Esterhazy, lines. Countess of Blessington.
- 4. Love, lines. Mrs. Edward Thomas.
- 5. To \_\_\_\_, lines. A. Baillie Cochrane, Esq., M.P.
- 6. Inez de Castro, a sketch. Lord William Lennox.
- 7. Mens Divinior, lines. Barry Cornwall.
- 8. On Portrait of Mrs. Craven, lines. Anonymous.
- 9. Medora, a fragment. C. G. H.
- 10. On Portrait of Mrs. Kynaston, lines. Anonymous.

- 11. Ministering Angels, lines. Adelaide.
- 12. Poets die in Autumn, lines. Mrs. C. B. Wilson.
- 13. A sketch in the Tuilleries. Hon. George Smythe, Esq.
- 14. On the 25th of January, 1842, lines. Lord John Manners.
  - 15. The Venetian Glass, a tale. Baroness de Calabrella.
  - 16. On Portrait of Miss Dormer, lines. Miss Power.
  - 17. In Midland Ocean, a sketch. B. D'Israeli, Esq., M.P.
  - 18. William of Ripperda, lines. Anonymous.
  - Third Imaginary Letter, Barl of Chesterfield to his daughter. Viscount Powerscourt.
  - 20. The Fairy Ring, lines. Miss A. Savage.
  - 21. On Portrait of Miss Meyer, lines. Miss Power.
- 22. The Two Flowers, lines. Miss M. H. Acton.
- 23. Rail-roads and Steam-boats, a sketch. Lady Blessington.
- 24. On the Civic Statue of the Duke of Wellington, Latin lines. Marquis Wellesley.
  - 25. On Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Spalding. A. H. Plankett.
  - 26. Ye Gentlemen of England. Sir J. Hanmer, Bart., M.P.
- 27. Her I dearly love, lines. R. Bernal, Esq., M.P.
  - 28. The Teacher, a sketch. Mrs. S. C. Hall.
- 29. Ellen, a tale. Major Mundy.
  - 30. The Great Oak, lines. Lord Leigh.
- 31. Night breezes, lines. Miss Ellen Power.
  - 32. Death, song. Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.
- 33. Edward Clinton, a tale. Sir Hesketh Fletwood, Bart.
  - 34. On Portrait of Mrs. C. Coape. Anonymous.
  - 35. A Children's Fancy Ball, lines. Lady Stepney.
  - Imaginary Conversation, Vittoria Colonna and M. A. Buonarotti, by W. S. Landor.
  - 37. On Portrait of Mrs. Burr, lines. Camilla Toulmin.
  - 38. To Leonora, lines. Mrs. Torre Holme.
  - 39. Can I e'er cease to love thee ? lines. J. D'Oyley, Esq.
  - 40. Gratitude, a sketch. Captain Marryatt.
  - 41. On the launching of a Yacht, lines. Richard Johns, Esq.
  - 42. Morna, Adieu, lines. Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, M.P.
  - 43. Claudia, a tale. Virginia Murray.
  - 44. On Portrait of Miss Bellew, lines. A. Hume Plunkett.

45. Yes, peace should be there, lines. A. H. T.

46. The Stone-cutter Boy, a sketch. Miss Grace Aguilar.

47. The Closed Gate, lines. Marchioness of Hastings ...

48. I love the Oak, lines. Sir W. Somerville, Bart., M.P.

49. Lines on Portrait of Mrs. G. Wingfield. Miss Power.

50. The two Soldiers, a sketch. Barry Cornwall.

51. The Song of a Bird, lines to Miss E. Power. Anonymous.

52. Sleeping and waking Dreams, lines. Mrs. Abdy.

53. An agreeable Tête-d-tête, sketch. Isabella F. Romer.

54. Field Flowers, lines. Miss E. Scaife.

For several years Lady Blessington continued to edit both periodicals, "the Keepsake" and "the Book of Beauty." This occupation brought her into contact with almost every literary man of eminence in the kingdom, or of any foreign country, who visited England. It involved her in enormous expense, far beyond any amount of remuneration derived from the labor of editing those works. It made a necessity for entertaining continually persons to whom she looked for contributions, or from whom she had received assistance of that kind. It involved her, moreover, in all the drudgery of authorship, in all the turmoil of contentions with publishers, communications with artists, and neverending correspondence with contributors. In a word, it made her life miserable.

In 1848, Heath died in insolvent circumstances, heavily in debt to Lady Blessington, to the extent nearly of  $\pounds 700$ . His failure had taken place six or seven years previously. From that time the prosperity of the annuals was on the wane, and Lady Blessington's receipts from them became greatly reduced. The prices she received for her novels had likewise been much diminished. In fact, of late years it was with the utmost difficulty she could get a publisher to undertake, at his own risk, the publication of a work of hers.

The public were surfeited with illustrated annuals. The taste for that species of literature had died out. The perpetual glorification even of beauty had become a bore. The periodical pæans sung in honor of the children of the nobility ceased to be amusing. Lords, and ladies, and right honorables, ready to write

on any subject at the command of fashionable editors and editresses, there was no dearth of, but readers were not to be had at length for love or money.

When Lady Blessington's income from the annuals and her novels began to fall off largely, she hoped to be able to derive some emolument from other sources.

In 1845, a newspaper project on a grand scale was entered into by the eminent printers, Messrs. Bradbury and Evana, with the co-operation of some of the most distinguished literary men of England. The "Daily News" was established, and the literary services of Lady Blessington were solicited for it in January, 1846. Her ladyship was to contribute, in confidence, "any sort of intelligence she might like to communicate, of the sayings, doings, memoirs, or movements in the fashionable world." Her contributions were supposed to consist of what is called "Exclusive Intelligence."

Lady Blessington estimated the value of the services required of her at £800 per annum; the managers, however, considered the amount more than could be well devoted to that branch of intelligence. They proposed an arrangement at the rate of £500 a year for the term of half a year, but at the rate of £400 a year for a year certain; and the arrangement was carried into effect.

In May, 1846, Lady Blessington wrote to the managers, stating "it was not her intention to renew her engagement with the 'Daily News.'"

The sum of £250 for six months' services was duly paid by the proprietors.

Mr. Dickens retired from the management of the paper in July, 1846, and was replaced by Mr. Forster, who gave up the management in November following."

\* There are some observations that have reference to the writings of Forster and Dickens, in a letter of Lady Blessington on literary subjects, addressed to a very dear friend and a very distinguished writer, which are deserving of notice. "I have read with delight the article of F— on the 'Life of Churchill.' It is the most masterly review I ever read, and places Churchill in a so much being point of view as to excite a sympathy for him. Every one is speaking of this review. All the papers have taken it up. It is generally attributed to Macaulay,

Mr. Jerdan, formerly editor of the "Literary Gazette," who was intimately acquainted with the publishing affairs of Lady Blessington, thus speaks in his "Autobiography" of the income abe derived from her literary labors :

"As an author and editor of 'Heath's Annual' for some years, Lady Bleasington received considerable sums. I have known her to enjoy from her pen an amount somewhere midway between £2000 and £3000 per annum, and her title, as well as talents, had considerable influence in 'ruling high prices,' as they say in Mark Lane and other markets. To this, also, her well-arranged parties with a publisher now and then, to meet folks of a style unusual to men in business, contributed their attractions; and the same society was in reality of solid value toward the production of such publications as the annuals, the contents of which were provided by the editor almost entirely from the pens of private friends, instead of being dearly bought from the 'Balaam' refuse of celebrated writers."

On this subject Miss Power says :

"I never heard her say the exact amount of her literary profits any particular year. I believe that for some years she made, on an average, somewhat about a thousand a year; some years a good deal above that sum."

WAIFS AND STRAYS OF THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS; OR, ODDS AND ENDS OF IMPRESSIONS AND REFLECTIONS, FROM LADY ELESSING-TON'S UNPUBLISHED PAPERS, VERSES, AND MEMORANDA, IN COMMON-FLACE BOOKS.

Lady Blessington was in the habit for some time of writing

and is said to be the best of his articles. F — has crushed Tooks by the dextrous exposure of his mistakes, ignorance, and want of comprehension. I assure you that Count D'Orasy and I are as proud of the praises we hear of this article on every side, as if we had a share in it. F — 's notice of 'The Chimes' is perfect. It takes the high tone it ought for that book, and ought to make those ashamed who cavil because its great author had a nobler task in view than writing to amuse Sybarites, who do not like to have their selfish pleasures disturbed by hearing of the miseries of the poor. You will smile to see me defending our friend Mr. Dickens from charges of wishing to degrade the aristocracy. I really have no patience with such stupidity. I now clearly perceive that the reading world of a certain class imagine that an author ought to have no higher aim than their amusement, and they account as a personal insult any attempt to instruct them."

# 236 WAIFS AND STRAYS OF THOUGHTS, ETC.,

down her thoughts and observations at the close of every day, after she retired from her drawing-room, and the book in which this record was made of her reflections on the passing events of the day, the conversations of the evening, the subjects of her reading or research, she called her "Night Book." The earliest of these books commences with an entry of the 21st of March, 1834; the second of them with the year alone, 1835.

The following extracts from these books, in which the pensier are given as they were written (word for word, and signed with the initials M. B.), will clearly show that her ladyship's extensive acquaintance with society, her quickness of perception, acumen, and felicitous mode of compressing her ideas, and giving expression to them in laconic, piquant, and precise terms, enabled her to give an epigrammatic turn to sentiments, which could only be similarly done by one thoroughly conversant with the writings of Rochefoucault and Montaigne.

The reader will hardly fail to notice in these pensées evident relationship between the ideas of many cynics of celebrity of France, the images too of several of our own most popular poetical writers, and the smart short sayings of her ladyship, with all the air of originality, neatness of attire, and graceful liveliness of language which she has given them.

But the "Night Book" gives only a very poor and inadequate idea of the thoughts which were productive of such effect, when given expression to by her ladyship with all that peculiar charm of naireté, natural turn for irony, admirable facility of expression, clearness of intonation and distinctness of enunciation, joyousness of spirits, beaming in those beautiful features of hers (when lit up by animated conversation, the consciousness of the presence of genius, and contact with exalted intellect), that spontaneous outpouring of felicitous thoughts and racy observations, ever accompanied with an exuberant good humor, often supplying the place of wit, but never degenerating into coarseness or vulgarity, which characterized her conversational powers, and, in fact, constituted the chief fascination of her society

### FROM UNPUBLISHED PAPERS OF LADY BLESSINGTON. 287

### GENIUS AND TALENT.

"Genius is the gold in the mine, talent is the miner who works and brings it out."

"Genius may be said to reside in an illuminated palace of crystal, unapproachable to other men, which, while it displays the brightness of its inhabitant, renders also any blemishes in her form more visible by the surrounding light, while men of ordinary minds dwell in opaque residences, in which no ray of brightness displays the faults of ignoble mediocrity."

### TALENT.

"Talent, like beauty, to be pardoned, must be obscure and unostentatious."

### GREAT INTELLECTUAL POWERS.

"In many minds, great powers of thinking slumber on through life, because they never have been startled by any incident calculated to take them out of the common routine of every-day occurrence."

### CLEVER WOMEN ENVIED.

"It is less difficult, we are told by Brissot, for a woman to obtain celebrity by her genius than to be pardoned for it."

# EFFECTS OF CONTACT WITH GENIUS.

"It is doubtful whether we derive much advantage from a constant intercourse with superior minds. If our own be of equal calibre, the contact is likely to excite the mind into action, and original thoughts are often struck out; but if any inferiority exists, the inferior mind is quelled by the superior, or loses whatever originality it might have possessed by unconsciously adopting the opinions and thoughts of the superior intelligence."

### LITERATURE AND LITERATI.

"On reading a work, of how many faults do we accuse the

# 238 WAIFS AND STEAYS OF THOUGHTS, ETC.,

author when they are only to be found in ourselves. If the story is melancholy, and yet we feel not the sadness of it, we lay the blame of our insensibility on the author's want of pathos. If it be gay, and yet it fails to amuse us, we call in question the writer's want of power."

# JUDGMENT OF BOOKS.

"The frame of mind in which we read a work often influences our judgment upon it. That which for the moment predominates in our minds colors all that we read : and we are afterward surprised, on a reperusal of works of this kind, under other circumstances and with different feelings, to find no longer the merit we formerly attributed to them."

# SUPPOSED CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE WRITINGS OF AU-THORS AND THEIR LIVES.

"The world is given to indulge in the very erroneous supposition that there exists an identity between the writings of authors and their actual lives and characters.

"Men are the slaves of circumstances in the mass; but men of genius, from the excitability of their temperament, are peculiarly acted on by surrounding influences. How many of them, panting after solitude, are compelled to drag on existence in crowded cities, and how many of them, sighing for the excitement of busy life, and the friction of exalted intelligence with kindred intellect, pass their lives in retirement, because circumstances, which they were too indolent or too feeble to control, had thrown them into it. Such men in their writings will have the natural bias of their feelings and tastes frequently mistaken by those around them. The world judges falsely when it forms an estimate of an author from the life of the man, and the life and conduct of the man from the writings of the author, and finding discrepancies between them, may often bring forward accusations of insincerity, making comparisons between their works and lives."

## FROM UNPUBLISHED PAPERS OF LADY BLESSINGTON. 239

#### POETS AND POETRY.

"Poets make a book of nature, wherein they read lessons unknown to other minds, even as astronomers make a book of the heavens, and read therein the movements of the planets.

"The poetry in our souls is like our religion, kept apart from our every-day thoughts, and, alas! neither influence us as they ought. We should be wiser and happier (for wisdom is happiness) if their harmonizing effects were permitted more to pervade our being."

# WIT AND CENSORIOUSNESS.

"Half the reputations for wit that pass current in fashionable life are based on ill-natured sayings of persons who would have found it difficult to have obtained any notice in society, except by censorious observations; they are of the class of whom mention is made in the French verse:

> " ' S'il n'eut mal parlé de personne On n'eut jamais parlé de lui.' "

## PLAIN-SPEAKING GENTLEMEN.

"Your plain speakers are usually either of obtuse intellect or ill-natured dispositions, wounding the feelings of others from want of delicacy of mind and sensibility, or from intentional malice. They deserve to be expelled from the society of enlightened people, because they are likely to give annoyance to all who are not of their own level in it."

#### MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

"Borrowed thoughts, like borrowed money, only show the poverty of the borrower."

"A poor man defended himself when charged with stealing food to appease the cravings of hunger, saying, the cries of the stomach silenced those of the conscience."

"A woman should not paint sentiment till she has ceased to inspire it."

## WAIFS AND STRAYS OF THOUGHTS, ETC.,

"A woman's head is always influenced by her heart, but a man's heart is always influenced by his head.

"Catherine the First of Russia was called the mother of her people; Catherine the Second, with equal justice, might be denominated the wife."

"Memory seldom fails when its office is to show us the tombs of our buried hopes.""

"It would be well if virtue was never seen unaccompanied by charity, nor vice divested of that grossness which displays it in its most disgusting form, for the examples of both would then be more beneficial."

"Some good qualities are not unfrequently created by the belief of their existence, for men are generally anxious to justify the good opinion entertained of them."

### THE WORST OF SEPARATIONS.

"The separation of friends by death is less terrible than the divorce of two hearts that have loved, but have ceased to sympathize, while memory is still recalling what they once were to each other."

## ENGLISH RESERVE.

"Distrust is the most remarkable characteristic of the English of the present day. None but the acknowledged wealthy are exempted from the suspicions of our society. The good, the wise, the talented, are subject to the scrutinizing glances of this policy of suspicion; and those by whom it is carried out seldom fail to discover cause of distrust and avoidance in all that they will not or can not comprehend. But on the poor their suspicions fall, if not with all their malice, at least with all their uncharitableness. Hence they are shunned, and regarded

\* Young's ideas sometimes furnish the matter of Lady Blessington's "Night Thoughts."

"Thoughi-busy thought-too busy for my peace, Through the dark postern of Time long elapsed, Led softly by the stillness of the night-Led likes a murderer-Koots the ghosts

Of my departant joys."

# FROM UNPUBLISHED PAPERS OF LADY BLESSINGTON. 241

as dangerous or doubtful neighbors by the sons and daughters of prosperity."

#### WORLDLY WISDOM, SOCIETY, ETC.

"Society seldom forgives those who have discovered the emptiness of its pleasures, and who can live independent of it and them."

"Great men direct the events of their times; wise men take advantage of them; weak men are borne down by them."

"In the society of persons of mediocrity of intellect, a clever man will appear to have less *esprit* than those around him who possess least, because he is displaced in their company."

"Those who are formed to win general admiration are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness."

"Half the ill-natured things that are said in society are spoken, not so much from malice as from a desire to display the quickness of our perception, the smartness of our wit, and the sharpness of our observation."

"A man with common sense may pass smoothly through life without great talents; but all the talents in the world will not enable a man without common sense to do so."

"------ expends so much eulogy on himself, that he has nothing but censure and contempt to bestow on others."

" "The poor, in their isolation in the midst of civilization, are like lepers in the outskirts of cities, who have been repulsed from society with disgust."

"There is a difference between the emotions of a lover and those of a husband : the lover sighs, and the husband groans."

"There are some persons who hesitate not to inflict pain and suffering, though they shrink from witnessing its effects. In the first case it is another who suffers; in the second, the suffering being presented to the sight, is thus brought home to the feelings of those who inflict it."

## SYMPATHIES AND ANTIPATHIES.

"On sympathies and antipathies, how much might be written without defining either any better than by the pithy lines-

Vot. I.-L.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS OF THOUGHTS, ETC.,

## " 'The reason why I can not tell, I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.'

And yet all feel, in a greater or less degree, what none can adequately describe or define. A dog knows by instinct that certain herbs in a field will relieve him in a sickness, and he devours them. We know that certain physiognomies repel or attract us, and we avoid or seek them ; and this is all we know of the matter."

## ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, ETC.

"The great majority of men are actors, who prefer an assumed part to that which Nature had assigned them. They seek to be something, or to appear something which they are not, and even stoop to the affectation of defects rather than display real estimable qualities which belong to them."

"A German writer observes: 'The noblest characters only show themselves in their real light. All others act comedy with their fellow-men even unto the grave.'"

"Men's faults will always be better known than their virtues, because their defects will find more persons capable of forming a judgment of them than their noble qualities—persons fit to comprehend and to appreciate them."

# COLDNESS OF MANNER.

"There are some persons in the world who never permit us to love them except when they are absent; as, when present, they chill our affection by showing a want of appreciation of it."

"Coldness of manner does not always proceed from coldness of heart, but it frequently produces that effect in others."

## CONSCIENCE.

"Conscience is seldom heard in youth, for the tumultuous throbbing of the heart and the strong suggestions of the passions prevent its still small voice from being audible; but in the decline of life, when the heart beats languidly and the passions slumber, it makes itself heard, and on its whispers depend our happiness or misery."

### FROM UNPUBLISHED PAPERS OF LADY BLESSINGTON. 243

## BEAUTY AND FEMININE PERFECTIONS.

"Even as a fountain, in whose clear waters are seen the reflections of the bright stars of heaven, so in ——'s face was reflected the divine spirit that animated it and shone through its pure lineaments."

"A young woman ought, like an angel, to pardon the faults she can not comprehend, and an elderly woman like a saint, because she has endured trials."

"One of the old painters always painted the object of his love as a goddess."

"People are seldom tired of the world till the world are tired of them."

"If over-caution preserves us from many dangers, of how much happiness may it not deprive us, by closing our hearts against the sympathy which sweetens life. 'The heart,' says Pascal, 'has its arguments as well as the understanding.'"

#### STRONG PASSIONS.

"Strong passions belong only to strong minds, and terrible is the struggle that Reason has to make to subdue them. The victory is never a bloodless one, and many are the scars that attest the severity of the conflict before her opponents are driven from the field.""

"In the 'Memoirs of Mackintosh,' page 115, we find a passage from the MS. Lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations : 'It was his course to make wonders plain, not plain things wonderful.'"

"It is not sufficient for legislators to close the avenues to crime, unless they open those which lead to virtue."

## A POST TRULY CRACKED.

"Jeremy Taylor finds a moral in the fable that Æschylus sat

\* Once for all, I may observe, in many of the writings of Lady Blessington there are but too many evidences of the undue importance attached to Resson, as a power all-sufficient for the repression of vice, the support of virtue, and consolation of affliction; and proofs of an absence of all reliance on religion for the ob jects in question.

# 944 WAIFS AND STRAYS OF THOUGHTS, ETC.,

beneath the walls of his abode with his bald head uncovered, when an eagle, hovering over the house, unfortunately mistook the shining cranium for a large round stone, and let fall a tortoise he had just seized to break the shell, but cracked the skull of the poor poet instead of the shell of the tortoise."

## THE DISLIKED MISUNDERSTOOD.

"The moment we are not liked, we discover that we are not understood; when probably the dislike we have excited proceeds altogether from our being perfectly understood."

### THE IDOLS OF THE HEART.

"We make temples of our hearts, in which we worship an idol, until we discover the object of our love was a false god, and then, when it falls, it is not the idol only that is destroyed the shrine is ruined."

## LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

"Love often reillumes his extinguished flame at the torch of jealousy."

# A FALSE POSITION.

"A false position is sustained at a price enormously expensive. Sicard truly said, 'Une fausse position coute enormement car le societé fait payer fort cher aux gens, le tort, qu'ils ont, de ne pas être d'accord avec eux.' "

### JESTERS-FUNNY PEOPLE.

"We never respect persons who condescend to amuse us. There is a vast difference between those we call amusing men and others we denominate entertaining. We laugh with the former, we reflect with the others."

## COURAGE, PHYSICAL AND MORAL.

"We find in all countries multitudes of people physically brave, but few persons in any land morally courageous."

# FROM UNPUBLISHED PAPERS OF LADY BLESSINGTON. 245

## SELF-DEPENDENCE.

"We acquire mental strength by being left to our own resources; but when we depend on others, like a cripple who accustoms himself to a crutch, we lose our own strength, and are rendered dependent on an artificial prop."

# GENEROSITY AND BELFISHNESS.

"A generous mind identifies itself with all around it, but a selfish one identifies all things with self. The generous man, forgetting self, seeks happiness in promoting that of others. The selfish man reduces all things to one—his own interest."

"The good and generous, who look most closely into their own hearts and scrutinize their own defects, will feel most pity for the frailties of others."

"Advice, like physic, is administered with more pleasure than it is taken."

ESTIMATION OF MEN OF THE WORLD.

"Those who give abundant dinners, Are never deemed by guests great sinners."

"Your bon vivants, who are such 'good livers,' make very bad diers."

"Sniel describes one of our statesmen as a man who united the maximum of coldness with the minimum of light; 'he was an iceberg with a farthing rushlight on the summit.'"

"Those who judge of men of the world from a distance are apt to attach an undue importance to them, while those who are in daily contact with them are prone to underrate them."

"We are never so severe in dealing with the sins of others as when we are no longer capable of committing them ourselves."

"Extremes of civilization and of barbarism approach very nearly—both beget feelings of intense selfishness."

"Inferior minds have as natural an antipathy to superior ones, as insects have to animals of a higher organization, whose power is dreaded by them."

"The chief requisites for a courtier are a flexible conscience and an inflexible politeness."

## WAIFS AND STRAYS OF THOUGETS, STC.,

"The genius and talents of a man may generally be judged of by the large number of his enemies, and his medicority by that of his friends."

## THE YOUNG TO BE KINDLY TREATED.

"Childhood should not be a season of care and constant attention, incessant teaching and painful acquisition : Puisque le jour peut lui manquer bientôt, laissons le un peu jouir de l'aurore."

#### SPARTAN MORALISTS.

"Society, in its Spartan morality, punishes its members severely for the detection of their vices, but crime itself has nothing but detection to apprehend at its hands."

"Some people seem to consider the severity of their consures on the failings of others as an atonement for their own."

### THE VICTIMS OF SOCIETY.

"Society is like the sea monster to which Andromeda was devoted by the oracle. It requires for its worship many victims, and the fairest must be occasionally given to its devouring jaws. But we now find no Perseus in its circles for the rescue of the doomed ones; and the monster is not converted into a rock, though we might show him many gorgons hideous enough to accomplish the transformation."

"In society we learn to know others, but in solitude we acquire a knowledge of ourselves."

#### SHORT NOTICES OF NOTABILITIES.

"----'s conversation resembles a November fog--dense, oppressive, bewildering, through which you can never see your way."

"The poetry of —— is like a field with wild flowers, many of them beautiful and fragrant."

"The poetry of —— resembles a bouquet of artificial flowers, destitute of odor, and possessing none of the freshness of nature."

- 346

# FROM UNPUBLISHED PAPERS OF LADY BLESSINGTON. 247

"It was said of —— that his conversation was a tissue of bon mots, and was overlaid by them : a few spangles may ornament a garment, but if the texture of it is wholly covered by them, the dress is spoiled."

"----- formed few friendships in life, but he cultivated many enmities."

"----- in his old age might be said to resemble a spent thunderbolt."

"The difference between the minds of — and — is this: the one is introspective, and looks into the vast recesses of its intelligence for the treasures of deep thought; the other looks behind the shelves of others' thoughts, and appropriates all he finds there. The intellect of one is profound and solid, that of the second sparkling and versatile."

"The works of —— do not exhibit the overflowings of a full mind, but rather the dregs of an exhausted one."

"When I see Lady ——'s wrinkles daubed with rouge, and her borrowed ringlets wreathed with flowers, I am reminded of the effigies of the dead, which in ancient times were introduced at festivals, to recall the brevity of life, and give a keener zest to the pleasures of existence."

### BIGOTRY AND FANATICISM.

"Men who would persecute others for religious opinions, prove the errors of their own."

"In fighting for the Church, religion seems generally to be quite lost sight of."

#### SUPERSTITION.

"Superstition is but the fear of belief; religion is the confidence."

### SKEPTICS.

"Skeptics, like dolphins, change when dying."

"We render ourselves the ministers of the fatality which our weakness imagines."

"It is difficult to decide whether it is most disagreeable to

### 248 WAIFS AND STRAYS OF THOUGHTS, ETC.,

live with fanatics, who insist on our believing all they believe, or with philosophers, who would have us doubt every thing of which they are not convinced themselves."

## INJURIES AND FORGIVENESS.

"Forgiveness of injuries in general draws on the forgiver a repetition of wrongs—as people reason thus : as he has forgiven so much, he can forgive more."

"If we thought only of others, we might be tempted never to pardon injuries; but when we wish to preserve our own peace, it is a most essential step toward insuring it."

"It is easier to pardon the faults than the virtues of our friends, because the first excite feelings of self-complacency in us, the second a sense of humiliation."

"Great injuries pardoned preclude the enjoyment of friendship on the same happy terms of equality of benefits received and conferred, and of kindly feelings that subsisted previously to the interruption of amity between the parties who had been linked together in the bonds of mutual love. The friend who pardons a great wrong acquires a superiority that wounds the self-love of the pardoned man; and however the latter may admire the generosity of the forgiver, he can love as he had previously done—no more."

#### AMBITION .- CHANGE.

"Those who are content to follow are not formed to lead; for the ambition which excites a man to put himself forward is, in general, the attribute of the strong mind, however beset by difficulties, resolved to effect an object much desired."

> "Time and change, what are they but the same ! For change is but for time another name."

"Nos liens s'elongent quelquefois, mais Ils ne se rompent jamais."

"How like Goldsmith's line :

"' And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.""

"The tide of life is continually ebbing and flowing, and myr-

## FROM UNPUBLISHED PAPERS OF LADY BLESSINGTON. 249

iads of human beings pass away to the ocean of eternity, succeeded by others, as do the ripples of a stream that flows on to the sea, continually disappearing and renewed."

## Unfinished lines of Lady Blessington in a memorandum-book:

"The snow-drop looks as if it were a tear of winter, Shed before it parts, touched by its icy breath, Which doth become a flower, Springing from snow—as souls emerge from death."

#### THE FLOWER TO THE STARS.

"Despise us not; we are the stars of earth, And though we homage pay to you on high, Lifting our fragile heads to view your brightness, Are ye not forced to let your shining eyes Dwell on us denizens of the favored earth ? Formed by the same Almighty cause of all, Ye look down on us from your saure fields, And we from ours of green look up to you."

<sup>44</sup> And thou art gone from earth, like some fair dream Beheld in slumber, leaving naught behind But memory, to tell that thou hast been, And there for evermore to be enshrined.

<sup>44</sup> As ships that sail upon the boundless deep, Yet leave no trace; or onward in their flight, As birds which cleave the blue and ambient air, Leave no impress, and soon are lost to sight,

"So those who to eternity do pass, Like shadows disappear, and naught remains To tell us they have been, but aching hearts And pallid traits which memory retains."

## UNEQUAL MARRIAGES.

"Oh wise was he, the first who taught This lesson of observant thought, That equal fates alone may dress The bowers of nuptial happiness : That never where ancestral pride Inflames, or affluence rolls its tide, Should love's ill-omened bond entwine The offspring of an humble line."

## WAIFS AND STRAYS OF THOUGHTS, STO.,

To fir William Massy Stanley, Baronst, on receiving a presant of woodcocks :

"At a season when dunning the mind with dread fills, You send me the only acceptable bills, And their length, unlike others, no gloom can inspire, Though, like many long bills, they're consigned to the fire; And we never discuss them unless with a teast, Washed down by a bumper to Hoolen's good host."

Lines in penciling in a commonplace book of Lady Blessington :

> "Ye gods, what is it that I see ! Oh, who a grandfather would be ! Bshold the treasure-store of years, Sole objects of my hopes and fears, Collected from far distant lands, Become a prey to vandal hands ; Rare manuscripts that none could read, Symbols of each religious creed ; Missals with reddest colors bright, Black-lettered tomes long shut from light; Medals defaced, with scarce a trace Of aught reasmbling human face : All in chaotic rain hurled, The fragments of a by-gons world. And you, unpitying girl, who knew The mischief of this urchin crew, How could you let them thus destroy What to collect did years employ ! Away, ye wicked eives! Ah ma! Who e'er a grandfather would be !"

#### TRIALS AND APPLICTIONS.

"My heart is like a frozen fountain, over which the ice is too hard to allow of the stream beneath flowing with vigor, though enough of vitality remains to make the chilling rampart that divides its waters from light and air insupportable."\*

"A knowledge of the nothingness of life is seldom attained except by those of superior minds."

\* This entry is in the cavity part of the Night Thought Book, dated 21st of October, 1834.

# FROM UNPUBLISHED PAPERS OF LADY BLESSINGTON. 251

"The first heavy affliction that falls on us rends the veil of life, and lets us see all its darkness."

"Desperate is the grief of him whom prosperity has hardened, and who feels the first arrow of affliction strike at his heart through the life of an object dearest to him on earth."

"The separation of death is less terrible than the moral divorce of two hearts which have loved, but have ceased to sympathize, with memory recalling what they once were to each other."

"Religion converts despair, which destroys, into resignation, which submits."

"Sorrow in its exaltation seems to have an instinctive sympathy with the sufferings of others. Brisset observes : 'L'ame exaltée par la douleur se monte au diapason d'une autre ame blessée, aussi facilement que le violon qui, sans être touché se met à l'accord de l'instrument qu'on fait vibrer loin de lui."

"How many errors do we confess to our Creator which we dare not discover to the most fallible of our fellow-creatures !"

"Fatality is another name for misconduct."

## CHAPTER XII.

LINES ADDRESSED TO LADY BLESSINGTON BY VARIOUS PERSONS.

LINES written by Walter Savage Landor to Lady Blessington :

"What language, let me think, is meet For you, well called the Marguerite. The Tuscan has too weak a tone, Too rough and rigid is our own; The Latin—no, it will not do, The Attic is alone for you."

" February 29th, 1848.

"DEAE LADY BLESSINGTON,—The earthquake that has shaken all Italy and Sicily has slone been able to shake a few cindery verses out of me. Yesterday there was glorious intelligence from France, and you will find, on the other side, the effect is produced on me within the hour. No ! there will not be room for it. Here are some lines that I wrote when I was rather a younger man—date them fifty years back.

" Ever yours most truly,

W. S. LANDOR."

"The fault is not mine if I love you too mach-I loved you too little too long; Such ever your graces, your tenderness such,

The masic so sweet of your tongue.

252

"The time is now coming when love must be gone, Though he never abandoned me yet ; Acknowledge our friendship, our passion disown, Not even our follies forget."

Lines of Walter Savage Landor on a postscript of a letter from Florence, dated April 25th, 1835:

> "Out of thy books, O Beauty ! I had been For many a year, Till she who reigns on earth thy lawful queen Replaced me there."

In one of the letters addressed to Lady Blessington are the following beautiful lines, written by W. Savage Landor after perusing a passage in a letter:

> "I have not forgotten your favorite old tune : will you hear it ?" "Come sprinkle me that music on the breast, Bring me the varied colors into light, That now obscurely on its marble rest; Show me its flowers and figures fresh and bright. "Waked at thy voice and touch, again the chords Restore what envious years had moved away; Restore the glowing cheeks, the tender words, Youth's vernal noon, and pleasure's summer day." TO THE COUNTESS OF ELESSINGTON. "Since in the terrace-bower we sale, While Arno gleamed below,

And over sylvan Massa late Hung Cynthia's slender bow,

"Years after years have passed away, Less light and gladsome ! Why Do those we most implore to stay, Run ever swiftly by !"

Not signed, but in the handwriting of W. S. Landor.

The reply of an octogenarian (the elder D'Israeli) to a beautiful lady who wrote him some verses on his birth-day, May 11, 1845:

### BY VARIOUS PERSONS.

"A wreath from a muse, a flower from a grace, Are visions of fancy which memory can trace. Though sightless, and braving my dungeon around me, How is it vain phantoms of glory surround me ! The enchantress with flattery's thrice potent rhyme Reopens the hours which I loved in my prime ; From my eightieth dull year to my fortieth I rise, And cherish the shadows her genius supplies." Addressed to Lady Blessington at Genoa by Lord Byron : "You have asked for a verse : the request In a rhymer 'twere strange to deny ; But my Hippocrene was but my breast, And my feelings (its fountain) are dry. "Were I now as I was, I had sung What Lawrence has penciled so well ; But the strain would expire on my tongue, And the theme is too soft for my shell. "I am ashes where once I was fire, And the bard in my bosom is dead ; What I loved I now merely admire, And my heart is as gray as my head. "My life is not dated by years-There are moments which act as a plow ; And there is not a furrow appears But is deep in my heart as my brow. " Let the young and the brilliant aspire To sing, while I gaze on in vain ; For sorrow has torn from my lyre The string which was worthy the strain." Answer by Lady Blessington : "When I asked for a verse, pray believe 'Twas not vanity urged the desire ; For no more can my mirror deceive, No more can I posts inspirs. "Time has touched with rude fingers my brow, And the roses have fied from my check, And it surely were folly if now I the praise due to beauty should seek. "And as pilgrims who visit the shrine

Of some saint bear a relic away,

I cought a memorial of thins, As a treasure when distant I stray.

264

\* Oh ! my not that lyre is unstrung, Whose chords can such rapture bostow, Or that mute is that magical tongue From which music and postry flow.

And though sorrow, ere youth yet has field, May have altered thy locks' jetty hue, The mys that encircle thy head Hide the ravaging marks from our size."

Lines of Lord Brakine for an inscription for a collar of a lapdog of the Countess of Blessington :

> "Whoever finds and don't formake me, Shall have naught in way of gains ; But let him to my mistress take me, And he shall see her for his pains."

Note accompanying lines to Lady Blessington, by Thomas Moore :

"Sloperton, February 19th, 1834.

"My DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, —When persons like you condescend so to ask, how are poor poets to refuse ! At the same time, I confiss I have a horror of albumining, annualizing, periodicalizing, which my one inglorious surrender (and for base money too) to that Triton of literature, Marryatt, has but the more confirmed me in. At present, what with the weather and my history, I am chilled into a man of mere prose. But as July approaches, who knows but I may thaw into song ! and though — as O'Connell has a vow registered in heaven against pistols, so I have against periodicals, yet there are few, I must say, who could be more likely to make a man break this (or any other) vow than yourself, if you thought it worth your while.

"And so, with this gallant speech, which, from a friend of a quarter of a century's date, is not, I flatter myself, to be despised, I am, my dear Lady Blessington, most truly yours, THOMAS MOORE."

> "What shall I sing thee ? Shall I tell Of that bright hour, remember'd well As though it shone but yesterday, When, as I loitered in the ray Of the warm sun, I heard o'erhead My name, as by some spirit, said, And kocking up, saw two bright eyes Above me from a casement shine,

#### BY VARIOUS PERSONS.

"Durrling the heart with each surprise As they who cail beyond the Line Feel, when new stars above them rise ? And it was thine—the voice that speke, Like Ariel's, in the bine air then ; And thine the eyes, where lastes levels, Never to be forget again !

"What shall I sing thes ? Shall I wears A song of that sweet summer eve ... (Summer, of which the summer past. Was that which each had in the heart), When thou, and I, and one like time In life and beauty, to the sound Of our own breathless minstelley," Danced till the sumlight fields round, Ourselves the whole ideal hall... Lights, music, company, and all ?"

Verses for an album, written at the request of the Counters of Blessington, by George Colman.

L

"How have I sworn—and sworn so damp, No more to put my friends to alsop By writing crambo for 'em ! Rhymes my assumement once I made, When Youth and Poly gave me aid, But since they have became say arade, I must, of course, abhor 'em.

2

"Entirely generous Mr. Thrale, Who sold brown stout, and haply ale, Was always fond of giving, Of whom Sam Johnson said one day, 'Thrale would give any thing sway,

Rather than poster, I dans say, By which he makes his living."

2

"Yet the allusion holds not here-Mine is but Postry's small beer, And every line will show it : Thrale brewed more potent stuff, I ween,

• "I believe it was to a piper; but it counds more poetical to say. to our own singing."

From Thumes, then I from Hipporrane, So there's no parallel between The brower and the post.

#### 4,

"Still, why again be scribbling ! List! There is a pair I can't resist,

The now no drudging duty, The Blassingtons domand my strain, And who records against the grain, His sparkling converse and champagne,

And her more sparkling beauty ?

#### Б.

"But hold! I fear my prudence alsops, Her iadyship an Album keeps,

Whose leaves, though I me'er spied 'em, Are graced with verse from wits profess'd, Bards by Apollo highly bless'd; No doubt they've done their very best, How shall I look beside 'em !

#### 6.

"Dare I, in lame and silly pride, Hobble where Rogers loves to glide ?

Whose sweetly simple measure Make enviers of Genius mad, Delight the moral, soothe the sad, Give human hife a zest, and add

To Memory's greatest pleasures.

#### 7,

"Or if I venture, check by jowl, With the Anacreontic soul,

That master, to a tittle,

Of elegant erotic lore,

Then they, who my weak page explore, Will reckon me much less than More,

Not half so Great as Little.

#### 8.

"Wall, well, no matter ; still, I feel My talent's dearth supplied by zeal ; Away, then, base dejection ! This scrawl, whate'er its want of wit, If Lady Blessington think fit, So very much to honor it, May rest in her collection."

1st August, 1819.

#### BY VARIOUS PERSONS.

Note accompanying lines to Lady Blessington, by F. Mills, Esq.:

"57 Audley Street.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, — I send you my verses; they were written for you, but I was unwilling to present them, in the fear that you would not pass the threshold of the title. That you may not do now; but still, as they are registered in my book as having been composed at your request, I think it right that you should see them. I have no better excuse for myself. If you will not read them, nobody else will.

" Ever yours sincerely,

F. MILLS."

#### CHARACTERISTIC-THE ROSE OR THE VIOLET.

A cause pleaded in Italy.

"I saw a violet droop its head; "Tis strange, and yet it seem'd in grief, And there, from nature's book, I read A tale of sorrow in the leaf.

"A tear as in the eye would stand, The cheek was of a livid hue; The form was bow'd by some rude hand, And for its fragrance bruised too.

"There was a canker in that cell, The secret source of many a woe, Of deep remorse those lips would tell, Or-never had they quiver'd so.

"She loved, 'twas in the soil or clime, In every flower, in every field— Her earliest lesson, only crime; And one so soft was form'd to yield.

"But near her, late transplanted there, A rose was glittering in the light; It grew not in its native air,

And yet it seemed to bloom as bright.

"And though it played with every wind As willing as the blushing morn, Who thought to gather it would find "Twas always guarded by a thorn.

"'Twas Anglia's boast, and well I trow, A badge for which her sons had bled, Had many a life's spring caused to flow, And widow'd many a bridal bed.

# "And though its bloom may pass away, Or fade beneath the coming hour, "Twill still be fragrant in decay, Not rankle, like that bruised flower."

A note, rather idolatrously complimentary, addressed to Lady Blessington. No signature, no date, with lines written on leaving Naples, and said to be " translated into French :"

#### TRADUCTION.

"Si ce n'etait pas un culte uniquement reservé au Dieu que nous adorons, de bruler de l'encens sur ses autels ; l'univers s'ampresserait de t'offrir ces honneurs. Alors nuit et jour j'entretiendrais ce feu de mes mains, et un nuage épais de parfum s'eleverait jusqu'aux cieux. Mais puisque cela m'est interdit, que je puisse, au moins t'affrir cet encens sacré, que je brulerais pour toi, si j'etais payen.

#### TRADUCTION.

"Adieu terre classique, adieu ciel sans nuages, Adieu dignes amis, vous dont le souvenir Vient s'unir dans mon cœur aux charmes de ses rivages, Je songe avec douleur ! helas ! qu'il faut partir Doux amis ! doux climat que j'aime et que j'admire. Quel enivrant tableau vous formiez reunis L'un et l'autre à l'envi sembliez me sourire ; Mais le sort me l'ordonne ... il le faut ... je vous fuis La Syrene, disais-je, un moment abregée Vit Naples et mourut, et j'envirais son sort Mais plaignons la plutôt, jamais après sa mort A-t-elle peut trouver un plus doux Elisée ? Vous enchantez encore les sens du voyageur, Parthenopé en ce jour a plus d'une Syréne, Que de fois les accens de Lisette et d'Irène, Ont charme mes instants, ont enivre mon cosur. Adieu tendres amis ! dans me froide patrie L'image du bonheur qu'en ces tems j'ai gouté Viendra toujours s'offrir à mon ame attendrie Avec le pur éclat de ce ciel enchanté."

Lines by James Smith, in a letter addressed to Lady Blessington, dated November 10, 1836 ;

> GORE HOUSE-AN IMPROMPTU. "Mild Wilberforce, by all beloved, Once own'd this hallow'd spot,

#### BY VARIOUS PERSONS.

Whose zealons elogeness improved The fetter'd Negro's lot; Yet here still slavery attacks When Bleasington invites; The chains from which he freed the Blacks, She rivets on the Whites.

"I Craves Street, Teesley."

Note accompanying lines to Lady Blessington, by Jas. Smith : "17 Craves Street, Friday, December 9, 1635. "DRAN LADY BLESSINGTON,--' Gove House' has swakened another (anonymous) muse; I wonder who it can be. "Your ladyship's faithful and devoted servant, James Serve."

A more deliberate reply to the Impromptu :

"No, not the chains which erst he broke Does Blessington impose, Light is her burden, soft her yoke, No pain her captive knows.

"The slave by galling fetters bruised, By force his will subdued; Obedience of the mind refused, With haste his tyrant viewed.

"On willing hearts her bonds are thrown, Her charms her empire prove; Pleased with their fate, the captives own No power but that of love."

Lines to the Countess of Blessington, by James Smith :

" July 11, 1833.

"The Bird of Paradise, that flies O'er blest Arabia's plains, Devoid of feet, forbears to rise, And where she rests, remains.

"Like her of footing reft, I fain Would seek your bless'd dominions, And there content, till death, remain, But ah ! I lack the pinions."

"Admiralty, May 6, 1880.

"DEAE LADY BLESSINGTON,-I have received from Lord Blessington your commands for the third time. I beg pardon for having been so tardy; but the inclosed will show that I have, at last, implicitly and literally obeyed you. "I have the honor to be, dear Lady Blessington, your very faithful servant. J. W. CROKER."

"You've asked me three times For four lines with two rhymes; Too long I've delayed, But at last you're obeyed!"

260

Letter of T. Stewart, Esq., inclosing lines written in Naples, addressed to Lady Blessington :

" Palais Beividere, Nuples, Monday. " My DEAR MADAM, ---Although these lines can only prove the good wishes and intentions of their author, I hope you will not be displeased at receiving them.

"My uncle\* refused your kind invitation with great regret yesterday, but he is so lame at present that he can scarcely walk. He is likewise, in some degree, alarmed about himself.

"With my best wishes to Miss Power and to D'Ormy, I remain your ladyship's, most sincerely, T. STEWART."

Lines addressed to Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, on her leaving Naples, spring, 1826, in consequence of the climate injuring her health :

1.

"Tis vain that the rose and the myrtle are twining In wreaths that the Graces intended for thee; For thou will be far when their blossom is pining, Unseen in the grove, and unculled on the tree.

#### 2.

"The light step of spring o'er the mountains is bounding, The nymphs are returned to the fountains again ; The woods with the nightingale's notes are resounding, Yet sadness through all thy lone precincts shall reign.

#### 3.

"Though forests of citron the mountains are shading, Though hues like the rainbow's enamel the vale, The flower that is fairest is secretly fading, For sickness is wafted to thee on the gale.

#### 4.

"Alas! that in climes where all nature is gladdest, Her charms, like the visions of youth, should deceive; Of the tears at thy parting, those tears will be saddest, That, grieving for thee, we for nature must grieve."

· Sir William Goll.

ington, April 2, 1840 : ington, on Literary Taste. Lines inclosed in a letter of Mr. J. F. Willis Copy of verses, si "Thus "The m 3 "I gaze upon a face as i Nor burn'd alone the n · My yo Yet, th Nor a Patter Not in h The da The st Men m Nor sleeps the fi opring's scatter as a Nor mid its a Dies not within Hen Nor Upon the lip that a Dath È ALA So more Nor The first is say Forever in its 5 As ever a 5 p. F AL l lyne the l shorts the 2 **Dimond** i E all's as 1 my in a din me d 140 5 le continui i an own in . . 1 「「「「「」」 9 F 2 4.5 BY VARIOUS PERSONS AND ANA of Program 金属の金属 R 1. 1 -2 9 đ ē The second 3 durant wind 14 2.2 2 No. 見たる 1. in 1. 日夏山 8 IN STREAM 1 ..... E. 8 2 - Separate \$7 0 1 of any a 2 2 a, f 1 R ï . M Laconnect is law joins P in and - ----5 F

PALL AND IN and and ant furner. 1000 1 1000

å and and

r. gad anna

2 Fra ALL STATE

262

The modest valley, far withdrawn, Or the proud cliff or laughing lawn; These all can please, yet none to me Such soothing charm conveys as minds refined and free.

- "Let gobiets shine on festal board, And lavish art exhaust her heard To raise the soul or warm the heart, And a new zest to life impart; How vain the pomp, the wealth how poor, Worthless as gold on Indian floor, Unless the grace of mind preside, To soften down the glare of pride; With magic touch the feast refine, Wreathe bays round pleasure's cup, to nectar turn his wine.
- "'Mid darker scenes, in sorrow's hour, Taste comes with softly soothing pow'r; Sheds a mild radiance through the gloom, And shades with silver wings the tomb! Strews roses o'er the waste of time, And lulls the anguish of his crime 'Gainst love and hope, whose precious buds He ents, and casts them on the floods! So drops an anodyne t' endure Those deep and trenchant wounds which it can never cure !

"Oh! thus amid the dream of joy, Or trance of grief, can taste employ Those hours that else to riot run, Or waste in sadness with each sun! Should Beauty lend her smile to Wit, And Learning by her star be lit, As gems beneath the solar ray Are ripened and enriched with day; How bless'd the happy pow'r we prove! Then bright Minerva shines in *Blessington* with love."

Verses inclosed in a letter of John Kenyon, Esq., to Lady Blessington, Paris, 15th June, 1840:

#### ITALY.

"Fair blows the breeze : depart ! depart ! And tread with me the Italian shore, And feed thy soul with glorious art, And drink again of classic lore

## BY VARIOUS PERSONS.

"Nor haply wilt thou deem it wrong, When not in mood too gravely wise, At idle length to lie along, And quaff a bliss from bluest skies.

"Or pleased more pensive joy to woo, At falling eve, by ruin gray, Move o'er the generations who

Have passed, as we must pass, away.

"Or mark, o'er olive-tree and vine, Steep towns uphung, to win from them Some thought of Southern Palestine, Some dream of old Jerusalem.

# Lines written by R. Bernal, Esq. :

TO LADY BLESSINGTON. "When wintry winds in wild career Howl requiems for the by-gone year, And thought, responding to the blast, With sighs reviews the gloomy past : Where every sorrow leaves its trace, And joy obtains no resting-place; When, sickening from the dull survey. Hope, warmth, and energy decay, What mortal charm can then impart A ray of sunshine to the heart, And by its healing balm dispense New vigor to each failing sense ! On one bright charm alone depend, The feeling of a genuine friend, Whose ready sympathy sincere, The graces of her mind endear To those who are allowed to share Her kindly thoughts, her gen'rous care Dear lady ! cruel time, I feel, May from my pen refinement steal : Should language fail me to express The grateful thanks I would confess, Believe me that the words of truth Bear in themselves perpetual youth." R. BERNAL, January 2d, 1849.

From J. H. Jesse, Esq., 20th March, 1840:

J. K."

"In your gay favored leaves I am ordered to write, Where wit on postical verdure reposes ; But I fear I shall prove, in these pages so bright,

To use the count's phrase, like a pig among roses.

"Should this lay, in your book, with the verses entwine Of painters, bards, sculptors, blue-ribbons, and caris,

Instead of the pearls being thrown among swine, I fear that the sums will be thrown among pearls.

" But should you find room in your splendid parterre Of fancy and wit for a slave so devout,

Though a pig among flow'm is a sight rather rare, At least he's an excellent hand at a rost.

"In pity accept this nonsensical lay Instead of my promised historical lore :

I but wish to escape from the grave to the gay,

Lest the pig, to your sorrow, should turn out a boar. "But your 'wonderful pig' must give over his feats,

And endeavor to quench his poetical fire,

Lest, striving to enter a garden of sweets,

In the end he should find himself sunk in the mire.

"J. H. JESSE."

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON'S SOIRCE. "By genius enlivened, here splendidly bright

Are the rays which adom and embellish her 'night !' While 'the nine' abed their influence down from above, To unite taste and wit with the charms of 'the grove.'

"Mount Radford, Exeter."

264

IMPROMPTU.-ON A SMALL VOLUME OF POEMS BEING PLACED IN THE LIBRARY OF LADY BLESSINGTON.

> "What 'earthly' was before, is now 'divine;' Minerva's priestess placed it in her shrine.

> > "OCTOGENABIUS.

"OCTOGENABIUS."

"Exster, September 16th, 1842."

Lines addressed to Lady Blessington (no name or date):

"Some dear friend a present has made me Of an instrument armed like a dart; But the warning of witches forbade me To use it secundum the art.

\* The writer occasionally signed his letters to Lady Blessington, and his numerous poetical effusions, "Pilgrim." Mount Radford, I think, near Exeter, was the name of a property of one of the Barings some thirty years ago.

## BY VARIOUS PERSONS.

"It may be by some fairy designed, A blow aimed through my lips at my heart; Ah! my heart has already resigned, And my lips claimed their share of the smart!"

# Inclosed in a letter of Dr. W. Beattie :

THE CLOSING YEAR. "Cost trapassa-a"l trapassar' d'un giorno." "Could time contract the heart As time contracts our years, I'd weep, to see my days depart, In undissembled tears.

"But no! the mind expands As time pursues its flight, And sheds upon our ebbing sands A sweeter, holier light.

" If time could steel the breast To human weal or woe, Then would I long to be at rest, And deem it time to go.

"But no ! while I can cheer One sad or stricken heart, Unreckoned let my days appear, Unmourned let them depart.

"Time, reckoned by our deeds, And not by length of days, Is often blessed where it speeds-Unbless'd where it delays.

"But oh ! when deaf to human sighs, When dead to human woes, Then drop the curtain ! close my cycs, And leave me to repose !

" December 30, 1840."

#### P.8.

"Such, lady, is the creed Thy gifted pen has taught, And well the daily-practiced deed Gives body to the thought.

"Thy mind's an intellectual fount Where genius plumes her wing, And fancy's flowers, like Eden's howers, Enjoy perennial spring !"

Vot. I.-M

Lines of Dr. Wm. Beattie to the Counters of Blessington, on perusing "The Book of Beauty" for 1839:

> "As Dian, 'mid yon isles of light, With starry train illumes the region, So, lady, have, with eyes as bright, Thou lead'st abroad thy starry legion. All marshaled in thy brilliant book, What fascinations fix the reader! Ah ! when had stars so bright a look, Or when had beauty such a leader !

"And gazing on that starry train, In each methinks I see the token Of conquests won, of suitors slain, Of heads they've turned, and hearts they've broken. Lady, thy task is nobly done; Who else could have performed the duty ! Where find, unless in Blessington, The synonym for wit and beauty !

" Nov. 7th, 1838."

Lines "'A l'Arabe," to Lady Blessington, by an Eastern traveler:

> "If e er the price of tinder rise, To smoking as I'm given, I'll light my pipe at your bright eyes, And steal my fire from heaven.

"In Paynim climes, when forced to sip Cold water through devotion, I'd think the cup had touched your lip,

To nectarize my potion.

"If dread simoom swept o'er my tent, I'd call back scenes enchanting :

On blissful hours in Naples spent, And your abode descanting.

"In that oclipse which lately throw Half Naples into terror,

When it was very clear that you Had breathed upon your mirror;

"In antres vast and desert wild, With jackals screaming round me, I'd dream of you when toil and fright

'In slumber's chain had bound me.'

#### BY VARIOUS PERSONS.

# " I'd fancy beauty's queen, arrayed In smiles, was watching o'er me; And, waking, find the picture laid Of Lady B— before me.

"Rome, Feb., 1828."

R. R. M.

267

From Mrs. P-s to Lady Blessington, St. James's Square :

"In this frigid season of stupefied spleen, October, when nothing goes down but the queen" (Though lately her majesty seems to get up), So oft is the slip 'twirt the lip and the cup, Methinks it were proper, of one of my trips By sea, in the steam vessel call'd the Eclipse, I with pen, ink, and paper, and table and chair, Indite to my ——— who lives in the square.

"Oh say what philosopher found out in steam, That wonderful property stemming a stream: It could not be Locke, for a lock dams the splasher; It could not be Bacon, that makes sailors rasher. It is not Sir Isaac the vessel that urges, Though certainly eyes ache when looking on surges: Descartes sounds more like it; for Gallican art Moves over the waves by assistance des cartes : No! now I remember: the man who by toil Of noddle, and midnight consumption of oil, First hit upon steam, was Philosopher Boyle.

"This learned discussion has made me forget: Proceed we to sing of our voyage from Margate. As the clock sounded eight, I myself and my maiden (Having coffee'd at Broadstairs), with bandboxes laden, Both spurning the pier, and the coast out of reach of (If spurning a Peer should be privilege breach of, Keep this to yourself, and if sworn on the Bible, Lest the Lords, in a rage, should commit for the libel), Embark'd on the main, which, erst tranquil and steady, Soon heaved, like the tragical chest of Macready. One Mr. MacDonald on board also came (Related, I'm told, to the lord of that name), And Smith, christened James : of the whole of the crew, These twain were the only two people I knew.

 The Queen Caroline. This poetical epistle is not dated ; but, as Lady Blessington was not living in St. James's Square after 1822, nor previous to 1816, the epistle must have been written in the interval. 268

#### LINES ADDRESSED TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

I straight introduced both these voyagers with 'Mr. Smith, Mr. Mac-Mr. Mac, Mr. Smith ;' We then talk'd a trio, harmonious together, Of Naples, and Spain, and the queen, and the weather, Of Margate, its windmills, its balls, and of raffies, Of misses in curls, and of donkeys in snaffles : In gay sprightly pace, though I sing it in dull verse, Then pass'd the two steeples they call the Recuivers, When, finding Dan Phoebus preparing to unshine, We entered the cabin and ordered a luncheon. But ere we went down, I forget to inform Your ladyship, Jupiter pour'd down a storm. Smith raised his umbrells, my kid leather shoes, Unused to such scenes, were beginning to coze, When a German, who look'd at me, all in a float, Most civilly lent me his wrapping great-cost. Thus muffied, while Iris poured rain from her window, I looked like a sylph keeping watch on Belinda. I laugh'd at the tempest this tunic of drab in, But laid it aside when we enter'd the cabin. There hanging my straw bonnet up on a peg. Sitting down on a stool with a rickety leg, And doffing my shawl to sit down to my meal, I flatter myself I look'd rather genteel. Smith sat with each leg on the side of a column, Which check'd him in eating, and made him look solemn. So, hastily quitting our seats when we all had Sufficient cold lamb, beef, potatoes, and salad, I went upon deck, and when seated upon it, I put on again my drab wrapper and bonnet. A woman and daughter had borrowed the streamer That floats, red and white, from the stern of the steamer ; This form'd a deck-tent, and from Jupiter's thunder it Guarded us safely ; 'twas nothing to wonder at, For 'non mi ricordo' that any slept under it ! When qualms (not of conscience) seized one of the crew, To a berth near the chimney I quickly withdrew, And beat with my right foot the devil's tattoo. Of one of our minstrels, an Irish Pandgan, I asked if that ocean was call'd the Ægean ; If it was not, old Guthrie was born to confound me. For Ill swear that the cyc-lades\* circled around me. We pass'd on our left the four hanging Lascars, Who peep at the moon and keep watch at the stars;

\* Two sick ladies.

## NOTICE OF COUNT ALFRED D'ORSAY.

Just opposite South-end we plump'd on a porpoise, Uncommonly like Stephen Kemble in corpus; In temper like Gerard, whose surname is Noel, In swimming like Twiss, and in color like Powell. And when we were properly soak'd, at the hour Of five, anchored safely athwart of the Tower.

"The scene that ensued when we swung by a cable, The mixture of voices out-babeling Babel— What scrambling for bandboxes, handkerchiefs, caskets, Trunks, carpet bags, brown paper parcels, and baskets, While the captain stood quietly wetting his whistle, Must all be reserved for another epistle, For my paper scrawled o'er is of no further service.

"Adieu, your affectionate ever,

# CHAPTER XIII.

# NOTICE OF COUNT ALFRED D'ORSAY : HIS ORIGIN .- SOME AC-COUNT OF HIS EARLY LIFE, THE CLOSE OF HIS CAREER, AND OB-SERVATIONS ON HIS TALENTS AND THE APPLICATION OF THEM.\*

ALFRED GUILLAUME GABRIEL COMTE D'ORSAY was born the 4th of September, 1801. His father, Albert Comte D'Orsay, who was considered one of the finest-looking men of his time. carly entered the army, and served with great distinction under Napoleon, who was wont to say of him that he was " aussi brave que beau." His mother, a woman no less remarkable for her wit, and noble and generous disposition, than for her beauty, was a daughter of the King of Wurtemberg by a marriage which was good in religion, though not in law. The family of D'Orsay was a very ancient one, and formerly held large possessions both in Paris and in the provinces. The grandfather of the late Comte D'Orsay was one of the most liberal patrons of art of his day. His collection of pictures and statues was singularly fine and valuable. Several of the latter, which were seized in the first revolution, that disastrous period when he lost nearly the whole of his fortune, now form a part of the statuary which decorates \* For a large portion of the details of this memoir, extending to the period of

Por a large portion of the details of this memoir, extending to the period of D'Orsay's last sojourn in Paris, I am indebted to a lady very intimately acquainted with the count in his brighter days, as well as in his latest moments.

269

E. P-

#### NOTICE OF COUNT ALFRED D'ORDAY.

the Place Louis Quinze and the gardens of the Tuilleries. The fact of their belonging to the house of D'Orsay was admitted by subsequent governments. Louis Philippe, only a short time before his expulsion from France, was in treaty with Comte D'Orsay to pay an annual sum to retain the statues in their present places, having refused to restore them. After the abdication of Napoleon, General D'Orsay entered the service of the Bourbons.

The eldest son of the general having died in infancy, the family consisted of two children—Alfred and a daughter, Ida, the present Duchease de Grammont, a year younger than her brother. From his earliest infancy, Alfred D'Orsay gave token of the remarkable physical and mental superiority which distinguished his manhood. As a child and boy, his remarkable comeliness, strength, and adroitness in all exercises, ready wit and intelligence, facility of acquiring knowledge, high spirit, the frankness of his nature, the chivalrous generosity of his disposition, made him a general favorite with young and old.

At a very early age he entered the army, and somewhat later, very unwillingly, the garde du corps of the restored Bourbon sovereign. All his sympathies during the whole of his life were with the Bonaparte family. The ardent enthusiasm inspired in his boyish mind by Napoleon (whose page he was to have been) kept possession of his mind in after years. So far was the feeling carried, that at the entrance of the Bourbons into Paris, though but a mere boy, he betook himself to a retired part of the house, that he might not see or hear the rejoicings that were made for the downfall of Napoleon and his empire, and gave vent to his feelings in tears and strong expressions of repugnance to the new regime. When in the army, he was greatly beloved by the men, whose comforts and interests he looked to with the utmost care. Their affection for his person was equaled only by the admiration excited by his feats of strength and superiority over his comrades in all manly exercises.

Some of the traits of his garrison life, though trifling in themselves, are too characteristic to be left unnoticed. At the provincial balls, where his repute as a man of fashion, of family,

## NOTICE OF COUNT ALFRED D'ORSAY.

and of various accomplishments had made itself known, and rendered him a leading object of attention; he used to be jeered by his brother officers for his apparent predilection for persons not remarkable for their personal attractions, as he made it a practice to single out the plainest girls present to dance with, and to pay the greatest attention to those who seemed most neglected or unnoticed. There was no affectation of any kind about him; whatever he did that appeared considerate or amiable was done simply from natural kindness of disposition.

On one occasion, living out of barracks, he lodged at the house of a widow with a son and two daughters; the son, a young, robust man of a violent temper and of considerable bodily strength, was in the habit of treating his mother and sisters with brutality. Comte D'Orsay, one day while in his room, hearing a loud noise and tumult in the apartments of his hostess and her daughters on the ground floor, descended to ascertain the cause, and finding the young man offering acts of violence to his mother, fell upon him, and notwithstanding the powerful resistance of his formidable opponent, whose rage had been turned against him, inflicted such severe chastisement on him that quarter was soon called for. The count then, with his characteristic quietude of manner in the midst of any excitement or turmoil, ended the scene by assuring the subdued bully that any repetition of his violence on his family would meet with punishment far exceeding in severity that which he had the trouble of bestowing on that occasion.

Comte D'Orsay's first visit to England was in the year 1821 or 1822. He came in company with his sister and her husband, then Duc de Guiche, who, in the previous emigration, had been educated and brought up in England, had served in an English regiment (of dragoons), and who had a sister married to the Viscount Ossulston, now Earl of Tankerville; consequently, the Duke de Guiche already held a position in English society calculated to insure the best reception for his brother-in-law in the first circles of London society.

In that visit, which was but brief, the young count, accustomed to manners and customs of a world of fashion differing very

## NOTICE OF COUNT ALFRED DOBSAY.

materially from that of London, formed that hasty judgment of English society, erroneous in the main, but in its application to a portion of it not without a certain basis of truth. Byron's eulogistic expressions on the perusal of the journal could not fail to be very gratifying to the writer of it. But the riper judgment and later experience of the count led to the formation of other opinions, and induced him to destroy the diary, and the reason given for its destruction was "lest at any time the ideas there expressed should be put forth as his matured opinions." Byron, in a letter to Moore, dated April 2, 1823, thus refers to the arrival at Genoa of the Blessingtons and the Count D'Orsay, a French count, " who has all the air of a *cupidon déchainé*, and is one of the few specimens I have ever seen of our ideal of a Frenchman before the Revolution."

## To Lord Blessington his lordship writes :

" April 5th, 1823.

"MY DEAR LORD,-How is your gout ! or, rather, how are you ! I return the Count D'Orsay's journal, which is a very extraordinary production, and of a most melancholy truth in all that regards high life in England. I know, or knew personally, most of the personages and societies which he describes ; and after reading his remarks, have the sensation fresh upon me as if I had seen them yesterday. I would, however, plead in behalf of some few exceptions, which I will mention by-and-by. The most singular thing is, how he should have penetrated, not the facts, but the mystery of the English ennui, at two-and-twenty. I was about the same age when I made the same discovery, in almost precisely the same circles-for there is scarcely a person whom I did not see nightly or daily, and was acquainted more or less intimately with most of them-but I never could have discovered it so well, Il faut être Francais to effect this. But he ought also to have been in the country during the hunting season, with a 'select party of distinguished guests,' as the papers term it. He ought to have seen the gentlemen after dinner (on the hunting days), and the soirce ensuing thercupon, and the women looking as if they had hunted, or rather been hunted ; and I could have wished that he had been at a dinner in town, which I recollect at Lord Cowper's-small, but select. and composed of the most amusing people . . . . . Altogether, your friend's journal is a very formidable production. Alas! our dearly beloved countrymen have only discovered that they are tired, and not that they are tiresome ; and I suspect that the communication of the latter unpleasant verity will not be better received than truths usually are. I have read the whole with great uttention and instruction-I am too good a patriot to say pleasure-at least I won't say so, whatever I may think. I showed it (I hope no breach of confi-

## NOTICE OF COUNT ALFRED D'ORSAY.

dence) to a young Italian lady of rank, tres instruite also; and who passes, or passed, for being one of the most celebrated belles in the district of Italy where her family and connections resided in less troublesome times as to politics (which is not Genoa, by-the-way), and she was delighted with it, and aays that she has derived a better notion of English society from it than from all Madame de Staël's metaphysical disputations on the same subject in her work on the Revolution. I beg that you will thank the young philosopher, and make my compliments to Lady B—— and her sister.

"Believe me, your very obliged and faithful, BYRON."

In subsequent letters to Lord Blessington, Byron repeatedly returns to the subject of the count's English journal. One written on the 6th of April (the very day after that before quoted), to condole with the Earl of Blessington on the death of his only son, thus concludes : "I beg my compliments to Lady Blessington, Miss Power, and to your Alfred. I think, since his majesty of the same name, there has not been such a learned surveyor of our Saxon society." Again, on the 9th, "I salute the illustrious Chevalier Count D'Orsay, who, I hope, will continue his History of His Own Times. There are some strange coincidences between a part of his remarks and a certain work of mine now in MS. in England (I do not mean the hermeticallysealed memoirs, but a continuation of certain cantos of a certain poem), especially in what a man may do in London with impunity while he is à la mode." And in a letter which Mr. Moore did not print at length, Byron said of D'Orsay, "He seems to have all the qualities requisite to have figured in his brother-inlaw's ancestor's Memoirs"-alluding to the famous Memoirs of Grammont.

Byron's approbation of D'Orsay's diary was given in the following characteristic terms :

"April 22, 1823.—My dear Count D'Orsay (if you will permit me to address you so familiarly), you should be content with writing in your own language, like Grammont, and succeeding in London as nobody has succeeded since the days of Charles the Second, and the records of Antonio Hamilton, without deviating into our barbarous language, which you understand and write, however, much better than it deserves. 'My approbation,' as you are pleased to term it, was very sincere, but perhaps not

very impartial; for, though I love my country, I do not love my countrymen—at least, such as they now are. And besides the seduction of talent and wit in your work, I fear that to me there was the attraction of vengeance. I have seen and *felt* much of what you have described so well. I have known the persons and the réunions described (many of them, that is to say), and the portraits are so like, that I can not but admire the painter no less than his performance. But I am sorry for you; for if you are so well acquainted with life at your age, what will become of you when the illusion is still more dissipated ?"

The illusion was wholly dissipated, but only a few months before D'Ormay's death.

On the 6th of May following, his lordship writes to Lady Blessington:

"I have a request to make my friend Alfred (since he has not disdained the title), viz., that he would condescend to add a cap to the gentleman in the jacket—it would complete his costume, and smooth his brow, which is somewhat too inveterate a likeness of the original, God help me !"

The diary of Count D'Orsay, illustrative of London fashionable life, which was pronounced by such competent authority to be equal to any thing Count de Grammont has left us about contemporary frivolity, is said by others to have surpassed the memoirs of the latter in genuine wit and humor.

The Duchesse de Grammont has the papers of Count D'Orsay, and a portion of the effects; most of the latter were sold to pay debts. His journal was burned by himself some years back.

It was on the occasion of D'Orsay's first visit to London that he made the acquaintance of Lord and Lady Blessington, not in garrison in France, as has generally but erroneously been stated; neither is the assertion true that it was to accompany them to Italy that he abandoned the intention of joining the expedition to Spain, there being no question of his doing so at the period of that visit.

At the earnest desire of Lord and Lady Blessington, the young Frenchman became one of the party in their tour through France and Italy. During their journey and prolonged sojourn in the

latter country, the companionable qualities, and that peculiar power of making himself agreeable, which he possessed to a degree almost unequaled, so endeared him to his English friends, that a union was at length proposed by Lord Blessington between the count and one of his daughters, both of whom were then in Ireland with Lady Harriet Gardiner, the sister of Lord Blessington.

This proposition meeting the approval of the count's family, it was finally decided that Lady Harriette, the younger daughter, should become his wife, and she was accordingly sent for to Italy, where the marriage was celebrated.\*

After a long Continental tour, and a sojourn of some years in Italy, Lord and Lady Blessington, with the Count and Countess D'Orsay, came to reside in Paris, where, in 1829, Lord Blessington died of apoplexy.

During the Revolution of 1830, the events of which are related by Lady Blessington in the "Idler in France," Count D'Orsay, during the most dangerous moments, was constantly abroad in the streets; and on more than one occasion, when recognized, though known to be the brother-in-law of the Duc de Guiche, one of the staunchest of the Legitimists, he was greeted by the people with shouts of "Vive le Comte D'Orsay !" Such was the influence which his mere presence produced. One of the proofs of the effect on others of his insinuating manners and prepossessing appearance was the extreme affection and confidence he inspired in children, of whom he was very fond, but who usually seemed as if they were irresistibly drawn toward him, even before he attempted to win them. The shyest and most reserved were no more proof against this influence than the

\* We find in the "Annual Register" for 1827 an account of the marriage ceremony having been performed at Naples by the chaplain of the British embassador. "At Naples, in December 1827, Count Alfred D'Orsay, only son of General Count D'Orsay, to the Lady Harriette Anne Frances Gardiner, daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Blessington." Of this unhappy marriage an account has been given in the preceding memoir, and the sentiments of the author in regard to it have been expressed there. Of the greatness of the calamity of that union, and the grievous wrong done by it to one almost a child in years, experience, and understanding, the author has nothing more to say than has been already said by him on that painful subject.—R. R. M.

most confiding. Children who in general would hardly venture to look at a stranger, would steal to his side, take his hand, and seem to be quite happy and at ease when they were near him. The same power of setting others perfectly at their ease in his presence extended to his influence over grown-up persons.

In society he was agreeable, attentive, kind, and considerate to all; no one was too humble, too retiring, too little *as fait* in the modes of living, acting, and thinking of those among whom he might be accidentally thrown, to be beneath his notice, or beyond the reach of his extraordinary power of finding out merit, devising means of drawing out any peculiar talent the person might possess, or of discovering some topic of interest to the party on which he could get into conversation with him. Men of all opinions, classes, and positions, found themselves at home with him on some particular question or other; and this not from any effort or any unworthy concession on his part, but from a natural facility of adapting himself to the peculiarities of those around him. His active mind sought and found abundant occupation in such conversational exercise. He often said that "he had never known the meaning of the word *ennui.*"

No matter where or with whom he might be, he found means to employ his mind and his time more or less usefully or agreeably. The dullest country-town had for him as many resources as Paris or London. Wherever he went, he was disposed to find every thing interesting and good in its way, and every body capable of being made amusing and agreeable. To the last, when time, grief, and disappointment, the loss of fortune, friends, and nearly all he loved best on earth, might well be supposed to have soured his disposition, this happy turn of mind yet remained unimpaired as in his early youth.

Arrogance, and affectation, and purse-proud insolence alone found him severe and satirical: on these his keen wit and remarkable powers of raillery were not unfrequently set, and perhaps his only enemies were those who had fallen under his lash, or who were jealous of the superiority of his talents.

Some months after the death of Lord Blessington, Lady Blessington and the Count and Countess D'Orsay returned to England.

Shortly before the death of Count D'Orsay's mother, who entertained feelings of strong attachment for Lady Blessington, the former had spoken with great earnestness of her apprehensions for her son, on account of his tendency to extravagance, and of her desire that Lady Blessington would advise and counsel him, and do her utmost to counteract those propensities which had already been attended with embarrassments, and had occasioned her great fears for his welfare. The promise that was given on that occasion was often alluded to by Lady Blessington, and, after her death, by Count D'Orsay.

A variety of painful circumstances, which have no place in the present memoir, led to a break-up of the establishment of Lady Blessington in Paris, after the death of Lord Blessington. On her return to London, Lady Blessington took a house in Seamore Place, and Count D'Orsay one in Curzon Street; from thence they removed to Kensington Gore—Lady Blessington to Gore House, Count D'Orsay to a small dwelling adjoining it; but finally they both occupied the former place of abode till the break-up of that establishment in April, 1849.

The count returned to his native country after a residence of nineteen years in London. In Paris he was joined by Lady Blessington and her nieces, the Misses Power, shortly after his arrival; and in the following month of June he met, in her loss, an affliction, from the effects of which he never thoroughly recovered.

The ensuing year he realized a plan he had formed and often spoken of in happier days. He hired an immense studio, with some smaller rooms connected with it, attached to the house of M. Gerdin, the celebrated marine painter. Here he transported all his possessions (consisting chiefly of his own works of art, easels, brushes, paints, &c.), and with the extraordinary taste and talent for arrangement that constituted one of his gifts, a large waste room, with naked loft, became transformed into one of the most elegantly fitted up and admirably disposed studios of Paris, and, at the same time, a habitable salon of great beauty, combining requisites for a museum *en miniature*, and objects of *virtù* and art sufficient to furnish a small gallery. In this salon

he might be said to be domiciled. Here he lived, here he daily received the visits of some of the greatest celebrities of Europe; statesmen, politicians, diplomatists, men of letters, and artists, were his constant visitors and frequent guests.

The ex-roi Jerome continued to be one of the most faithful and attached of his friends. The paternal affection of the good old man, with the warm regard of his son, the Prince Napoleon, formed a remarkable contrast to the conduct of others, which fully bore out the observation, "There are some benefits so great that they can only be paid by the blackest ingratitude." The ex-king Jerome never swerved in his affection for Count D'Orsay, and his earnest desire was to see him elevated to a post worthy of his position, and talents. This hope, however, was destined to be defeated. The President of the Republic had nothing in common with the exile and prisoner of Ham ; he who had long and largely served, counseled, and aided in various ways the latter, through good report and evil report had been a faithful friend to him, was looked on with coldness and aversion when he proved too independent and high-spirited to be a mere servile, opinionless partisan of the most astute as well as successful conspirator of modern times; and as his presence recalled obligations in private life, he became an object of jealousy, his services a disagreeable souvenir. The poor count pined away, long expecting an appointment, but expecting it in vain. His health broke down, and when it was completely broken down, Louis Napoleon conferred on his friend of former days, already struck by the hand of death, the nominal post of Director of Fine Arts, the duties of which office he was no longer able to perform. The prince imagined, by the tardy act of gratitude, he had screened himself from the just reproaches of all who knew their former connection.

Count D'Orsay was struck to the heart by the ingratitude of Louis Napoleon, but his generous nature was incapable of bitterness, and no sentiment of animosity was engendered by it; he suffered deeply and long in silence, but the wound festered, and at times it was evident enough how much it galled him.

From the period of Lady Blessington's death, the count had

given up general society, and during the last two years of his life he confined himself almost altogether to the house, receiving in his studio-salon morning visits of his family and a very small circle of intimate friends. Lady Blessington's nieces, the companions of his happy and prosperous days, his attendants in those of sickness and sorrow, some members of his family, his beloved sister, the *ex-voi* Jerome and his son, Rmile de Girardin, Dr. Cabarrus, his school-fellow, the son of the celebrated Madam Tallien, and the well-known Monsieur Ouvrard, Madam de C----, the Comtesse of D----, were among the last in whose constant society he found repose and pleasure when that of others had lost its charm.

In the spring of 1852, the spinal malady which finally proved fatal declared itself, and then commenced a long series of sufferings, which ended but with his life—sufferings endured with fortitude, patience, uncomplaining gentleness, a manifest absence of all selfishness, and consideration for those attending on him, which none but those whose painful task it was to watch by his couch could form any idea of.

In the month of July he was ordered to Dieppe as a last resource, and thither he was accompanied by Lady Blessington's nieces. From the time of his arrival in Dieppe he sunk rapidly; at the end of the month he returned to Paris dying, and on the 4th of August, 1852, breathed his last, surrounded by those whose unremitting care had been the last consolation of his declining days.

During his illness he had more than once been visited by the excellent Archbishop of Paris, though a comparatively late acquaintance, who entertained for him a warm regard.

Two days previous to his decease, the archbishop had a long conversation with him, and at parting embraced him, assuring him of his friendship and affectionate regard.<sup>\*</sup> The following day, the last of his existence, he received the consolations of religion from the *curé* of Chambourcy. For the church of this good pricet he had done a great deal: he had restored many

\* "J'ai pour vous plus que de l'amitié, j'ai de l'affection," were the archbishop's words.

of the pictures, and bestowed the original picture of the Mater Dolorosa, which had been painted by himself expressly for the church, the lithograph of which is well known, and is sold under the title of the Magdalen, though why thus called it would be difficult to say.

Thus terminated, at the age of fifty-one years, the existence of this highly-gifted man, when hardly beyond the prime of life.

An innate love of all that was beautiful in nature and excellent in art, a generous, chivalrous nature, strong sympathies with suffering, ardent feelings, a kindly disposition, elegant tastes, and fine talents, capable of being turned in almost any pursuit to an excellent account, these were the distinguishing characteristics of Count Alfred D'Orsay.

Many gifts and advantages, natural and intellectual, were united in him. To remarkable personal comeliness were added great strength and courage, which nothing could daunt, and an adroitness which enabled him to excel in every thing he attempted. He was one of the best horsemen, the best shots, the best fencers, and the best boxers of his day. His talents as a painter and sculptor, though wanting cultivation and study, were of the first order ; he had an excellent ear, and some taste for music, with a tolerable tenor voice, which, however, he very rarely exercised. His wit was keen and brilliant, his taste in all matters of dress, furniture, and equipage, as well as in art, excellent. In his mind and his manners there was a singular mixture of refinement, simplicity, warmth, and frankness, very productive of strongly pleasing impressions. Generous to lavishness, frank to indiscretion, unsuspicious to credulity, disinterested to imprudence, his defects were, in the eyes of his ardent friends, the excesses of his noble qualities. He has been often heard to say that he would prefer being deceived a hundred times rather than suspect another unjustly. He had a great horror of scandal, and possessed chivalrous feelings, which led him always to take the part of those who were violently assailed, absent or present, known to him or utter strangers.

During his residence at Gore House he was a generous benefactor to those of his nation who required alms, encouragement,

assistance, introductions, hospitality. From Louis Napoleon to the poorest exile, his services were rendered with a frank, earnest good-will, and a considerate delicacy and sympathy for misfortune, that increased the value of his assistance. He founded the Société de Bienfaisance, still existing in London, for the benefit of his distressed countrymen, nor was his aid ever withheld from the poor or suffering of his adopted country, for his admiration for England ended only with his life.

In his temper, either in sickness or in health, he was never irritable nor morose. Those who were about him and in attendance on him said, "They never knew any one so easy to live with, so little given to find fault."

But there was one thing in his demeanor and carriage of a very marked and distinguished character; the high bearing, proud spirit, and strong energy of a nobly constituted man were mingled with the gentleness, the sensibility, self-devotion, and tenderness of a woman's nature. Frank and open in all his dealings, the idea of deceiving or condescending to stoop to any sophistry in conversation never entered his mind. This ingenuousness of mind and natural excellence of disposition were admirably associated with external advantages, and set off by an appearance of no ordinary comeliness, which in its perfections united excellence of form, coloring, and expression, Wit, genius, and generosity, thus gracefully presented, and graciously recommended in his person to observation, it may not be much wondered at, were admired; nor need we doubt that Alfred D'Orsay was regarded by many with sentiments of regard and esteem, and by some with stronger feelings of affection than may be easily reconcilable with the prevailing opinion of his faults and his defects.

Many of the preceding observations have been written by one most intimately acquainted with Count D'Orsay, and devoted in her attentions to him in his last illness, and up to his last moments; one who had known him long and well in the full force and vigor of life and health in happier times, in the brilliant circle in which he moved, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form;" who had seen him in gay salons, the delight of all

around him, and in splendid equipages, witching also the world of fashion in Hyde Park "with noble horsemanship," "the observed of all observers," there and every where he came. They were written by one who had seen him in a few months reduced from a high position, surrounded with all the luxuries of life, from health and happiness to comparative obscurity and indigence, to wretchedness and weariness of life, utterly broken down in health and spirits. They were written with the warm feelings of elevated kindness and of unfailing friendship of a woman's heart, ever most true and faithful when the object of its solicitude stands most in need of pity and of care.

In this notice we must not look for a close and scrutinizing search for frailties and errors; and we may fairly presume, however truthful the account may be which is given to us of the many excellent qualities of this gifted man, that he had his faults and imperfections; and happy may it be for him and most men if the amount of evil is counterbalanced to some extent by that of good.

The nearest and dearest living relation of Count D'Orsay, who cherishes his memory as one of the objects in this world most precious to her, makes no concealment of her conviction that Count D'Orsay's ignorance of the value of money-the profuse expenditure into which he was led by that ignorance, the temptation to play arising from it, the reckless extravagance into which he entered, not so much to minister to his own pleasures as to gratify the feelings of an inordinate generosity of disposition, that prompted him to give whenever he was called on, and to forget the obligations he contracted for the sake of others, and the heavy penalties imposed on his friends by his frequent appeals for pecuniary assistance, were very grievous faults, and great defects in his character. In other respects, it can not be denied that great wrongs were inflicted on one entitled to protection from him; that public opinion was outraged by that career in London which furnished slander with so many plausible themes; and, however groundless may be the innumerable rumors prejudicial to character that had been industriously propagated in relation to them, that great imprudence had been com-

mitted, and grave suspicions had been incurred by that imprudence.

Those who deal rigorously with the defects of other people may be very conscious of being exempt from the failings they discover in eminent persons filling a large space in the public view like the late Count D'Orsay; but before they exult overmuch in the fullness of their sense of superiority over others less perfect than themselves, and in the abundance of their self-complacency give thanks to God they are not like those other frail and erring people, let them be well satisfied they have no frailties themselves of a different description, and that they are in possession of all the good qualities that may belong even to their erring brothers; let them be well assured that, had their own position in early life, and at the commencement of their career in society, been surrounded by unfavorable circumstances and evil influences, as those of the persons who are condemned by them may have been, their own virtue was of such exalted excellence that it would have triumphed over all those unfortunate circumstances and influences which had militated against the happiness and good repute of others.

The following facts need no comments, and render any further statements unnecessary on the subject I have referred to, of lavish extravagance.

Soon after the count separated from his wife, an agreement was executed, in 1838, whereby he relinquished all his interest in the Blessington estates, in consideration of certain annuities amounting to £2467 being redeemed, or allowed to remain charged upon the estates (the sum then necessary to redeem them was calculated at £23,500), and also in consideration of a sum of £55,000 to be paid to him; £13,000, part thereof, as soon as it could be raised, and the remaining £42,000 within ten years. These latter sums were not paid until the estates had been sold, namely, in 1851, when with interest they amounted to about £80,000, and that entire amount was paid to parties to whom the count had given securities on the estates; so that with the annuities, the actual amount paid to his creditors out of the estates was upward of £103,500. During his residence

284

in England he had an allowance from the Court of Chancery in Ireland of £550, and Lady Harriet £400 a year.

D'Orsay's embarrassments, from the years 1837 and 1838 to the close of his career, were continuous. In 1841, some efforts were made by his friends to extricate him from them. It was the honorable motive of turning his talents to a profitable account which subsequently led him to devote himself to art with the idea of ultimately increasing his income by his pursuits as a sculptor and a painter, and to cultivate the friendship of artists, with the view of deriving advantage from their several excellences in their pursuits.

Most of his works of art are well known. His portrait of Wellington, who had so great a regard for him that it was sufficient to mention Count D'Orsay's name to insure his attention and interest even when otherwise occupied, was, he believes, the last for which the duke ever sat. At its completion his grace warmly shook hands with the noble artist, exclaiming, "At last I have been painted like a gentleman! I'll never sit to any one else." In Paris he executed a splendid bust of Lamartine, on which the poet wrote some fine verses ; one of Emile de Girardin, the boldest, the ablest, and the last open supporter of liberty against oppression; one of Napoleon Bonaparte, the son of Jerome; a picture of Sir Robert Peel; various other sketches and medallions; and, shortly before his death, he had completed the small model of a full-sized statue of the ex-king Jerome, ordered by government for the Salle des Maréchaux de France, and had commenced a colossal statue of Napoleon.

The following article respecting the merits of Count D'Orsay as an artist appeared in the "Presse" newspaper of the 10th of November, 1850 (written by Monsieur de la Guerronniere), on the occasion of the exhibition of a bust of Lamartine executed by the count. The lines which follow the article, composed by Lamartine, are not the least admirable of the celebrated poet.

LE BUSTE DE M. DE LAMARTINE, VERS A. M. LE COMTE D'ORSAY.

"M. le Comte D'Orsay est un amateur de l'art plutôt qu'un artiste. Mais qu'est-ce qu'un amateur? C'est un volontaire

parmi les artistes; ce sont souvent les volontaires qui font les coups d'eclat dans l'atelier comme sur les champs de bataille. Qu'est ce qu'un amateur ? C'est un artiste dont le génie seul fait la vocation. Il est vrai qu'il ne reçoit pas dans son enfance et pendant les premières années de sa vie cette éducation du metier d'où sort Michel Ange, d'où sort Raphaél. Il suit moins les procèdés, les traditions, les secrets pratiques de son art; mais s'il doit moins au maitre, il doit plus à la nature. Il est son œuvre. C'est elle qui a mis le ciseau et le maiilet du scalpteur entre les mains élègantes et aristocratiques de Mme. de Lamartine, de Sernesie, de M. de Nerewerkerke et de M. ie Comte D'Orsay.

"M. D'Orsay est d'une famille où l'on doit avoir, plus que dans toute autre, le culte du beau dans l'art. Il est le fils d'un général de nos années héroiques, aussi célèbre par sa beanté que par ses faits d'armées. Il est le frère de cette belle Duchesse de Grammont, dont le nom rappelle toutes les graces et toutes les délicatesses d'esprit de la cour de Louis XIV. Lui-même. avant d'avoir la célébrité d'artiste et d'homme lettré, est l'hinttration de la nature : il fut un type de noblesse et de dignité dans les traits. Il exerca dans les salons de Paris et de Londres la dictature Athénienne du gout et de l'élégance. C'est ou de ces hommes qu'on aurait cru préoccupé de succes futiles-parce que la nature semble les avoir créés uniquement pour son plaisir -mais qui trompent la nature, et qui, après avoir reguenit ies légères admirations des jeunes gens et des femmes de leur åge, échappent à cette atmosphère de l'géreté avant le temps ou ils laissent ses idoles dans le vide, et se transforment par l'étude et par le travail en hommes nouveaux, en hommes de ménite acquis et serieux. M. D'Orsay a habité longtemps l'Angleterre ou il donnait l'exemple et le ton à cette société aristocratique, un peu raide et deforme, qui admire surtout ce qui lui manque, la grace et l'abandon des manières. Mais il s'y était rendu recommandable aussi et surtout par le patronage intelligent et infatigable qu'il exerçait envers les Français de toutes les casses dénués de ressources dans ce désert de Londres. Une des plus admirables institutions de secours pour les Français ses compatriotes, lui doit son nom et sa prospérité.

"De cette époque, il commença à jouer avec l'argile, le marbre, le ciseau. Liè par un attachement devenu une parenté d'esprit, avec une des plus belles et des plus splendides femmes de son époque, il fit son buste pendant qu'elle vivait ; il le fit idéal et plus touchant après sa mort. Il moule en formes après, rudes, sauvages, de grandeur fruste, les traits paysanceques d'O'Connell. Il soulpta la viellesse toujours vorte et calme de Lord Wellington. Ces bustes furent a l'instant vulgarises en millieres d'aremplaires en Angleterre et à Paris. C'étaint des créations neuves. Rien de factice ; rien de convenu ; rien de l'art, excepté le souverain art, celui qu'on ne sent pas et qui ne laisse sentir que l'homme.

"Ces premiers succès lui en presageaient de plus complets. Il cherchait un visage. Il en trouva un. Lord Byron, dont il fut l'ami et avec lequel il voyagea pendant deux ans en Italie, n'était plus qu'un souvenir aimé dans son cœur. Il retrouva ailleurs le génie de la poésie uni a la grandeur du caractère et à la noblesse du courage. Il fit le buste de Lamartine. Il le fit de mémoire, sans que le modèle lui-mème en fut instruit. C'est devant ce buste, bientôt exposé au salon, que nous écrivons ces lignes, en demandant pardon à M. Theophile Gautier, notre spirituel collaborateur, d'anticiper sur sa critique, et de venir dans son gracieux domaine, nous profanes, qui sommes des pionniers de la politique dans un champ si rude à labourer....

"Le buste de Lamartine était très difficile a sculpter, selon nous dira t-on. Ses traits sont simples, regulières, calmes, vastes; cela est vrai. Mais c'est que, dans leur simplicité, dans leur regularité, dans leur calme, ils ont des expressions fugitives et très diverses. Or, comment être à la fois un et divers, pour un artiste qui se donne la tâche de reproduire ce type ? Là était le problème. Le Comte D'Orsay l'a résolu.

"La nature, qui no se plie pas à nos dissections, fait quelquefois des hommes que nous pourrions appeler des hommes multiples. Elle en faisait bien davantage dans l'antiquité, qui n'avait pas nos sottes jalousies, nos ridicules préjugés à cet êgard, et qui permettait à un homme d'être à la fois-si Dieu l'avait fait tel-un poète, un orateur, un soldat, un homme

d'etat, un historien, un philosophe, un homme de lettres. Athènes et Rome sont remplies de ces hommes-là, depuis Solon, jusqu'à Périclès et Alcibiade, depuis Ciceron jusqu'à César. Il n'y avait point alors ce système de caste dans l'intelligence et dans le caractère, qui défend aujourd'hui en France, comme cela est défendu dans l'Inde, d'exorcer plusieurs metiers, ou plusieurs génies, ou plusieurs caractères à la fois. Cette castration morale de l'homme n'était pas inventée. Voilà pourquoi les hommes de cos temps nous paraissent si grands. C'est qu'ils sont entiers ? Aujourd'hui ce n'est plus cela. Si vous avez touché une lyre dans votre jeunesse, il vous sera defendu de toucher à une épés plus tard. Vous serez rangé, bon gré mal gré, dans la caste des poètes. Si vous avez revètu un uniforme, il vous sera interdit d'être un écrivain. Si vous avez été un orateur, il vous sera impossible de revetir un uniforme et de commander une armée. Si vous avez écrit l'histoire, il vous sers reproché de toucher aux choses qui seront l'histoire à écrire par d'autres un jour. C'est notre loi. C'est ce que nous appelons la division du travail. C'est ce j'appellerai plus justement la mutilation des facultés humaines. Mais enfin, il n'y a rien à dire à cela chez nous. C'est un fait ; c'est convenu.

"Or, il arrive quelquefois que la nature se révolte contre ces distinctions arbitraires de notre société et de notre temps, et qu'elle donne à un même homme des facultés très diverses quoique très complètes.

"Voici Lamartine posant devant M. D'Orsay! Evidemment il y a la plusieurs Lamartine. Lequel choisira le sculpteur? Est-ce le Lamartine des Méditations poétiques, des Harmonies religieuses et de Jocclyn? Est-ce Lamartine de la tribune? Estce le Lamartine de l'Hôtel de Ville haranguant les multitudes pour désarmer la Révolution du drapeau de la Terreur, la poitrine découverte, haletant, les habits déchirés? Est-ce le Lamartine à cheval et au feu des journées de mai et de juin, marchant à la tête des colonnes de la garde mobile et de la garde nationale, contre la Place de Grève ou contre les barricades des faubourgs insurgés? Est-ce Lamartine vaincu, désarmé de son pouvoir et

de sa popularité, se refugiant de la politique dans les lettres, et demandant à son travail solitaire et à la lampe de ses nuits des travaux qui épuisent la jeunesse d'un écrivain ? Bh bien ! non, ce n'est ni celui-ci, ni celui-la que M. le Comte D'Orsay a voulu choisir. Il n'a pas choisi ; il a mieux fait : il a fait le Lamartine de la nature, le Lamartine tout entier. Celui des poésies, celui de la tribune, celui de l'histoire, celui de l'Hôtel de Ville et celui de la rue, celui de la retraite et du travail.

"Voilà pour nous et pour l'avenir l'incomparable supériorité de cette œuvre. Ce n'est pas tel ou tel homme, telle ou telle partie de la vie de cet homme, c'est l'homme, l'homme divers, l'homme multiple, l'homme comme la nature et le hasard des circonstances l'ont fait.

"On jugera de cette cenvre de vie au salon. On pourra critiquer tel ou tel coup de ciseau, tel ou tel muscle, telle ou telle ligne du bronze ou du marbre. Mais on vorra vivre un homme. On dira ce qu'un de nos amis a dit en voyant pour la première fois cette epreuve : C'est le buste de feu sacré. Béranger, si grand juge, est sorti plein d'admiration de cet atelier. Ami du modèle il lui appartenait plus qu'à personne de prononcer sur le talent du sculpteur.

"Au reste, il paraît que le modèle lui-même a été pressionné par son image, car cette impression lui a rendu sa voix de poète qui s'est tue dupuis si longtemps au tumulte d'autres pensées et d'autres actes. En recevant à Mâcon, il y a quelques jours ce buste qui lui était envoyé par le statuaire, il a adressé, et comme improvisé dans l'instant même à M. le Comte D'Orsay, les strophes suivantes que nous devons à l'obligeance de celui qui les a reçues. Nos lectures y retrouveront la voix qui nous remuait dans notre jeunesse, et que le temps, au lieu de la briser, a rendu plus virile, plus grave et plus pénétrante que jamais :

# "A MONSIEUR LE COMTE D'ORSAY.

"Quand le bronze ecumant dans ton moule d'argile. Léguera par ta main mon image fragile A l'œil indifférent des hommes qui naitront, Et que, passant leurs doigts sur ces tempes ridées.

Comme un lit dévasté du torrent des idées, Pleins de doute, ils diront entre eux : De qui ce front ?

п.

"Est-ce un soldat debout frappé pour la patrie ! Un poète qui chante, un pontife qui prie ! Un orateur qui parle aux flots seditieux ! Est-ce un tribun de paix soulevé par la honlle, Offrant, le cœur gonfié, sa poirrine à la foule, Pour que sa liberté remontât pure aux cieux ? III.

"Car dans ce pied qui lutte, et dans ce front qui vibre, Dans ces lueurs de feu qu'entr'ouvre un souffle libre, Dans ce cœur qui bondit, dans ce geste serein, Dans cette arche du fianc que l'extase soulève, Dans ce bras qui commande et dans cet œil qui rêve, Phidias a pétri sept ames dans l'airain.

"Sept ames, Phidias ! et je n'en ai plus une ! De tout ce qui vécut je subis la fortune. Arme cent fois brisée entre les mains du temps, Je sème des trames dans ma route vers la tombeaux Et le siècle hébété dit : 'Voyez comme tombe A moitié du combat chacun des combattans !'

"Gelui-là chanta Dieu, les idoles le tuent ! Au mépris des petits, les grands le prostituent : Notre sang, disent-ils pourquoi l'epargnas-tu ? Nous en aurions tachè la griffe populaire ! Et le lion couché lui dit avec colère : Pourquoi m'as-tu calmè ? Ma force est ma vertu.

"Va, brise, ô Phidias, ta dangereuse épreuve; Jettes-en les débris, dans le feu, dans le fleuve, De peur qu'un foible cœur, de doute confondu, Ne dise en contemplant ces affronts sur ma joue, 'Laissons aller le monde à son courant de boue, Et que faut d'un cœur un sidele soit perdu !'

VII.

"Oui, brise, ô Phidias! dérobe ce visage A la postérité, qui ballotte une image De l'Olympe à l'égout, de la gloire à l'oubli. Au pilori du temps n'expose pas mon ombre ! Je suis las des soleils, laisse mon urne à l'ombre. Le bonheur de la mort, c'est d'être enseveli !

Vot., L-N

VIII.

" Que la fanille d'hiver au vant des muits samés, Que du coteau natal l'argile encore aimée Couvrent vite mon front moulé sous sen linesul ! Je ne veux de vos bruits qu'un souffie dans la briss, Un nom inachevé dans un cour qui se briss ; J'ai vécu pour la fouls, st jé veux dennir seul.

"A. DE LAMASTING."

"Il y a encore une strophe plus touchante et aussi grave que les autres. Mais nous ne nous croyons pas permis de la copièr. L'auteur ne les écrivait pas pour le public, mais pour un cœur. Nous obéissons à la discretion qu'il nous aurait sans doute demandée.

"On est heureux de pouvoir inspirer de pareils vers ! Plus heureux sans donte d'avoir pu les écrire en quelques minutes, au milieu des préoccupations des affaires et des difficultés du temps. Nous en félicitons M. D'Orsay et M. de Lamartine. L'un a une belle page en vers ; l'autre a une belle page en marbre. Ils sont quittes l'une envers l'autre. Mais nous ne le sommes pas envers eux, car nous leur devons une double émotion, et nos lecteurs la partageront avec nous.

"A. DE LA GUERONNIERE."

There are some excellent remarks on D'Orsay's talents as an artist, though a little too eulogistic perhaps, in an article in "The New Monthly Magazine" for August, 1845.

"Whatever Count D'Orsay undertakes seems invariably to be well done. As the arbiter elegantiarum, he has reigned supreme in matters of taste and fashion, confirming the attempts of others by his approbation, or gratifying them by his example. To dress or drive, to shine in the gay world like Count D'Orsay, was once the ambition of the youth of England, who then discovered in this model no higher attributes. But if time, who 'steals our years away,' steals also our pleasures, he replaces them with others, or substitutes a better thing; and thus it has befallen with Count D'Orsay.

"If the gay equipage or the well-appareled man be less frequently seen than formerly, that which causes more lasting sat-

isfaction, and leaves an impression of a far more exalted nature, comes day by day into higher relief, awakening only the regret that it should have been concealed so long. When we see what Count D'Orsay's productions are, we are tempted to ask, with Malvolio's feigned correspondent, 'Why were these things hid ?'

"But we are glad to see that they are hidden no more, and the accomplished count seems disposed to show the world of how much he is really capable. His *croquis de société* had long charmed his friends, and his great skill in modeling was bruited abroad, when the world began to ask, 'Is it true that in the man of fashion exists the genius of the sculptor and the painter ?' Evidence was soon given that such surmises were true.

"Count D'Orsay's statuettes of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington, and his portraits of Dwarkanauth Tagore and Lord Lyndhurst, exhibited capabilities of the first order, and satisfied every inquiry. Additional proof of his powers has been afforded by the publication of the engraving of his portrait of Lord Byron.

"It is certainly a highly interesting work of art, and, in point of resemblance, we are assured that one who knew him, perhaps best of all, has declared that, until now, there never existed a likeness which completely satisfied the mind. Certain traits of that thoughtful and intelligent countenance were wanting in other portraits, but in this they are all happily united.

"Count D'Orsay has represented the noble bard where most he loved to be, on the deck of his own vessel. He is sitting in sailor's costume, leaning on the rudder, with his right hand under his chin, and his head elevated. In his fine large eyes is an expression of deep thought, and a pensive character marks his firm, but femininely-cut mouth. His noble expanse of forehead and fine contour of head are drawn with a free and vigorous pencil. If we did not know whose likeness was intended, we should still call this portrait an exceedingly fine study; but our interest in it is increased by the fidelity of the resemblance. The portrait is well engraved by Lewis.

"We understand that his grace the Duke of Wellington is so well pleased with the statuettes to which we have alluded, cop-

ies of which he has given an order to be executed in silver, that he is now sitting to the count for his portrait also. We therefore look forward with a very pleasant anticipation to another likeness of the hero of a hundred fights—and pictures too."

Haydon, in his Diary, 31st of June, 1838, makes mention of D'Orsay: "About seven D'Orsay called, whom I had not seen for long. He was much improved, and looking the glass of fashion and the mould of form; really a complete Adonis, not made up at all. He made some capital remarks, all of which must be attended to. They were sound impressions and grand. He bounded into his cab, and drove off like a young Apollo with a fiery Pegasus. I looked after him. I like to see such specimens.""

Again, in his Diary, 10th of July, 1839, Haydon observes: "D'Orsay called and pointed out several things to correct in the horse (the Duke of Wellington's charger), verifiying Lord Fitzroy's criticism of Sunday last. I did them, and he took my brush in his dandy gloves, which made my heart ache, and lowered the hind-quarters by bringing over a bit of the sky. Such a dress—white greatcost, blue satin cravat, hair oiled and curling, hat of the primest curve and purest water, gloves scented with eau de Cologne or eau de jasmine, primrose in tint, skin in tightness. In this prime of dandyism he took up a nasty, oily, dirty hog-tool, and immortalized Copenhagen (the charger) by touching the sky."<sup>†</sup>

A friend of D'Orsay's, in a notice of the count's death in the "Globe" newspaper, has truly observed :

"Unquestionably one of the celebrities of our day, the deceased man of fashion, claims more than the usual curt obituary. It were unjust to class him with the mere Brummels, Mildmays, Alvanleys, or Pierreponts of the Regency, with whom, in his early life, he associated, much less the modern men about town who have succeeded him; equally idle were the attempt to rank him with a Prince de Ligne, an Admirable Crichton, or an Alcibiades; yet was he a singularly gifted and brilliantly accomplished personage."

\* Memoirs of B. R. Haydon, vol. iii., p. 86. † Ibid., vol. iii., p. 105.

A writer in the "Annual Register," in another notice of the count's death, thus speaks of his talents and acquirements :

"Few men in his position have shown greater accomplishments. His literary compositions were lively and imaginative. His profile portraits of his friends (of which many have been published in lithography) are felicitous and characteristic, and his statuettes are not only graceful, but possess greater originality of conception than is evinced by the majority of professional artists. In his general intercourse with society, Count D'Orsay was distinguished not merely by true politeness, but by great amiability. He was kind and charitable to his distressed countrymen, and one of the most assiduous supporters of the Societé de Bienfaisance.

"In England the count became acquainted with Prince Louis Napoleon, and soon after the arrival of the prince in France, he fixed his own residence in Paris. His name was designated several times for diplomatic office, but it was rumored, and generally believed, that the prince was too dependent upon his personal advice and assistance to spare his society. We are now told (by M. Girardin, in 'La Presse') that, before the 2d of December, nobody made greater or more reiterated efforts for a policy of a different course and of the highest aspirations; after the 2d of December, no man exerted himself more to assuage the stroke of proscription. The President of the Republic had not a more devoted and sincere friend than the Count D'Orsay, and it is at a moment when the prince had attached him to his person by the title and functions of Superintendent of the Beaux Arts that he has lost him forever."

Count D'Orsay's connections with English families of distinction, and relations with eminent persons of his country residing in England, had made him well acquainted with London and its society before his intimacy with the Blessingtons.

In 1828, Lady Blessington speaks of the General and Countess D'Orsay as having taken up their abode in Paris, and their recent arrival from their chateau in Franche Comté.

No mention, however, is made in that portion of her journal,

. This appointment was announced only a few days before his death.

nor, indeed, in any previous part of the "Idler in Frames," of their son Count Alfred D'Orasy. "The Counters D'Orasy," Lady Bleasington observes, "had been a celebrated beauty, and though a grandmother, still retains coasiderable traces of it. Her countenance is no spirituelle and piquant that it gives additional point to the elever things ahe perpetually utters; and what greathy enhances her attractions is the perfect freedom from any of the airs of a belle seprit, and the total exemption from affectation that distinguishes her.

"General D'Orazy, known from his youth as Le Bean D'Orsay, still justifies the appellation, for he is the handsomest man of his age that I ever beheld. It is said that when the emperor first saw him, he observed that 'he would make an admirable model for a Jupiter,' so noble and commanding was the character of his beauty. There is a calm and dignified simplicity in the manner of General D'Orazy that harmonizes with his lofty bearing."

Elsewhere Lady Blessington observes, "I know no such brilliant talker as she (the Countess D'Orsay) is. No matter what may be the subject of conversation, her wit flashes brightly on all, and without the slightest appearance of effort or pretension. She speaks from a mind overflowing with general information, made available by a retentive memory, a ready wit, and inexhaustible good spirits."<sup>†</sup>

The customary transmission of intellectual power in the maternal line, and of striking traits of physical conformation from sire to children, were not deviated from in the case of the children of the brilliant countess and the beau D'Orsay.

The mother of the Countess D'Orsay, Madame Crawford, was a person of singular endowments. The King of Wurtemberg had been privately married to this lady; but on the legal marriage of the king with a royal personage, which his former wife considered as an act of injustice to herself and her children (a son who died young, though grown up, and a daughter, afterward Madame D'Orsay), she went to France, and fixed her abode there. She subsequently married a Mr. O'Sullivan, an Irishman

\* The Idler in France, vol. i., p. 238. † Ibid., vol. ii., p. 33.

of large fortune in India, and after his death, Mr. Crawford, a member of an ancient Scotch family, and also possessed of large property. She survived him, and died at the age of eighty-four.

In India, the personal attractions of this lady obtained for her the title of "La Belle Sullivan." On her return, one of her countrymen addressed the following jeu d'esprit :

ON SENDING & SMALL BOTTLE OF OTTO OF ROSES TO MRS. SULLIVAN.

"Quand la 'belle Sulivan,' quitta l'Asie, La Rose, amoureuse de ses charmes, Pleura le depart de sa belle amie, Et ce flacon contient ses larmes."

Madame Crawford, in 1828, was residing in Paris. "Her hotel," says Lady Blessington in her diary, "is a charming one, entre Cour et Jardin; and she is the most extraordinary person of her age I have ever seen. In her eightieth year, she does not look to be more than fifty-five, and possesses all the vivacity and good humor peculiar only to youth. Scrupulously eract in her person, and dressed with the utmost care as well as good taste, she gives me a notion of the appearance which the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos must have presented at the same age, and has much of the charm of manner said to have belonged to that remarkable woman. It was an interesting sight to see her surrounded by her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, all remarkable for their good looks, and affectionately attached to her, while she appears not a little proud of them."

Lady Blessington, in referring to the fascinating powers of this elderly gentlewoman, and comparing them with those of Ninon de l'Enclos some seven-and-twenty years later, might have found an elderly gentlewoman verging on sixty, nearer home, possessing the extraordinary attractions she alluded to in the case of the old French lady, who had a violent attack of youth every spring for upward of half a century.

Ninon de l'Enclos, at the age of fifty-six, inspired the Marquis of Sevignè with the tender passion.

Bordering on her seventieth year, she inspired a Swedish nobleman, a bold baron, with feelings of admiration and affection.

Her last conquest was at the age of eighty : " Monsieur l'Abbé Gedouin fut la derniere passion."

But the last-named abbé, it would appear, was not the first abbé who had felt the power of her attractions, even in her mature years. The Abbé Chaulieu, descanting on the loveliness of this remarkable old woman, said, "L'amour s'est retirê jusque dans les rides de son front."

Ninon preserved not only her beauty, but her sprightliness of fancy in her advanced years. She had the art of saying good things promptly and appropriately on proper occasions in a natural manner, and the good sense never to violate the decencies of life in conversation. She made no affectation of prudery, however, and even declaimed much against prudes. "Elles etoient les Jansenistes de l'amour."

The late Duke de Grammont, father of the present duke (brother-in-law of Count Alfred D'Orsay), is described by Lady Blessington as " a fine old man, who has seen much of the world, without having been soured by its trials. Faithful to his sovereign during adversity, he is affectionately cherished by the whole of the present royal family, who respect and love him, and his old age is cheered by the unceasing devotion of his children, the Duke and Duchesse de Guiche, who are fondly attached to him."<sup>†</sup>

\* Lettres de Ninon de l'Enclos, &c., avec sa Vic, 16mo, London, 1782, tome 1., p. 31.

<sup>4</sup> The celebrated Duchesse de Grammont, who perished on the scaffold in the French Revolution, was the sister of the famous minister, the Duke de Choiseul. In 1751 we find the Duchesse de Grammont thus described by one of her cotemporaries: "She never dissembles her contempt or dislike of any man, in what, ever dearce of elevation. It is said she might have supplied the place of Madame de Pompadour if she had pleased. She treats the coremonies and pageants of courts as things beneath her. She possesses a most uncommon share of understanding, and has very high notions of honor and reputation." This celebrated lady possessed a very uncommon share of courage and magnanimity, which she was called on some thirty years later to exhibit—not in gilded salons or brilliant circles of wit and fashion, but before the Revolutionary tribunal and on the scaffold. The duchesse, when brought before the judges of that murderous tribunal, with an energy and eloquence that even struck the judicial assassins of that iniquitous court with surprise, pleaded for the life of her dear friend, the Duchesse de Chatelet, but plead for it in vain. They died on the same scaffold.

The parents of the present Duke of Grammont accompanied the royal family in their exile to Scotland. The mother of the duke died in Holyrood House in 1803.

In October, 1825, " the remains of the Duchess of Grammont, which had lain in the royal vault of the chapel of Holyrood since the year 1803, were transported in a hearse from the palace to Newhaven, to be embarked on board a French corvette at anchor in the roads. The lord provost and magistrates, the lord advocate, the lord chief baron, Sir Patrick Walker, Sir Henry Jardine, &c., attended, and followed the hearse in mourning coaches to the place of embarkation, as a testimony of respect for the memory of the illustrious lady, who died while sharing the exile of the royal family of France. The original shell had previously been inclosed in a coffin of a very superb description, covered with crimson velvet, and gorgeously ornamented. The plate bore the following inscription :

> "Louise Françoise Gabrielle Aglae De Polignac, Duchesse de Grammont, née à Paris le 7 Mai, 1763; morte le 30 Mars, 1803."\*

Lady Tankerville, sister of the present Duke of Grammont, is a native of Paris. Her position in early life, belonging to one of the first families in France, and one of those the most devoted to the Bourbons, added to her great beauty, rendered her in the old régime an object of general attention and attraction at court. The Duke de Berri, before his alliance with a Neapolitan princess, wished much to marry Mademoiselle de Grammont. On the downfall of the elder branch of the Bourbons, her family having suffered severely in the Revolution, she came to England, and during her residence in this country in quasi exile, married the Earl of Tankerville. This lady possesses all the vivacity of her nation, and graceful, sprightly manners.

Charles Augustus, Lord Ossulston, the present Earl of Tank-

\* Annual Register, 1825, p. 148.

N 2

erville, the 28th of July, 1826, married Corisande de Grammont, daughter of Antoine, Due de Grammont, and Aglae de Polignas.

Another sister of the present Duke de Grammont married. General, afterward Marshal, Sebastiani, who, though an habitual invalid, was sagaciously chosen by the King of the Barricades to represent the armed majesty of France at the court of St. James, immediately after the "three glorious days" of 1830."

He was a man of profound reflection, though of no pretensions to talent of any kind. He had the art of exerting influence without exciting envy or raising opposition. At an interval of thirty years he married two ladies of the highest rank in France-a. Coigny and a Grammont.

In a letter of the Due de Grammont, then Due de Guichas (without date), to Lady Blessington, he says, "My sister is gone to London as embassadrice de Ls. Pe. Is it not strange? But what will appear to you still more so is, that this extraordinary change at their time of life is the operation of love, by which influence no couple of sixteen have been ever more subdued. I, who feel daily old age creeping on, I hope that some like occurrence will in twenty years' time set me up again. I, however, trust that, through our numerous acquaintances and connections with English society, she will be *bien reque*, and that people will remember the *Comtesse Sebastiani est née* Grammont. Believe me, my dear Lady Blessington, ever faithfully your attached friend, (Signed), GUICHE."

Count D'Orsay was a year younger than his sister, the present Duchess of Grammont. Shortly after the death of the count, by the desire of that lady I visited her at her seat at Chambourcy, near St. Germain en Laye. Her resemblance to her brother is striking. A more dignified and commanding, but, withal, amiable-looking lady I have seldom met. Though her face and noble form had been touched but recently by the hand of sorrow and of sickness, the remains were still there of surpassing loveliness and beauty, and in her conversation there were ample evi-

\* Byron speaks of meeting General Count Sebastiani, " a cousin of Napoleon," in London, in 1816. "Sebastiani," he observes, is " a fine, foreign, villainouslooking, intelligent, and very agreeable man."

dences of a high order of intellect, and of exalted sentiments of a religious kind. Five-and-twenty years previously she was described by Lady Blessington as the most striking-looking woman she ever beheld. Tall and graceful, her commanding figure, at once dignified and perfectly symmetrical, was in harmony with her noble features, their lofty expression of superior intelligence, and the imposing character of her conversational powers.

With respect to Count D'Orsay's sentiments on the subject of religion in the latter part of his life, I have a few words to add.

I visited my poor friend a few weeks before his death, and found him evidently sinking, in the last stage of disease of the kidneys, complicated with spinal complaint. The wreck only of the *beau* D'Orsay was there.

He was able to sit up and to walk, though with difficulty and evidently with pain, about his room, which was at once his studio, reception room, and sleeping apartment. He burst out crying when I entered the room, and continued for a length of time so much affected that he could hardly speak to me. Gradually he became composed, and talked about Lady Blessington's death, but all the time with tears pouring down his pale, wan face, for even then his features were death-stricken.

He said with marked emphasis, "In losing her I lost every thing in this world—she was to me a mother ! a dear, dear mother ! a true, loving mother to me !" While he uttered these words, he sobbed and cried like a child. And referring to them, he again said, "You understand me, Madden." I understood him to be speaking what he felt, and there was nothing in his accents, in his position, or his expressions (for his words sounded in my ears like those of a dying man) which led me to believe he was seeking to deceive himself or me.

I turned his attention to the subject I thought most important to him. I said, among the many objects which caught my attention in the room, I was very glad to see a crucifix placed over the head of his bed; men living in the world, as he had done, were so much in the habit of forgetting all early religious feelings. D'Orsay seemed hurt at the observation. I then plainly said to him, "The fact is, I imagined, or rather I supposed, you

had followed Lady Blessington's example, if not in giving up your own religion, in seeming to conform to another more in vogue in England." D'Oraay rose up with considerable energy, and stood erect and firm with obvious exertion for a few seconds, looking like himself again, and pointing to the head of the bed, he said, "Do you see those two swords?" pointing to two amallswords (which were hung over the crucifix crosswise); "do you see that sword to the right? With that sword I fought in defense of my religion. I had only joined my regiment a few days, when an officer at the mess-table used diagusting and impious language in speaking of the Blessed Virgin. I called sa him to desist; he repeated the foul language he had used; I threw a plate of spinach across the table in his face; a challenge ensued; we fought that evening on the rampart of the town, and I have kept that sword ever since."

Whatever we may think of the false notions of honor, or the erroneous ones of religion which may have prompted the encounter, I think there is evidence in it of early impressions of a religious nature having been made on the mind of this singular man, and of some remains of them still existing at the period above named, however strangely presented.

On this occasion, Count D'Orsay informed me that Lady Blessington never ceased "in her heart" to be a Catholic, although she occasionally attended the church of another persuasion; and that while she was in Paris, she went every Sunday to the Madeleine, in company with some member of his family.

And here I may observe, that on one occasion, when I visited Lady Blessington on a Sunday, after her return from church, I found her with several visitors, discussing the merits of the sermon she had just heard preached. Her ladyship inveighed strongly against the sermon, and the style of preaching in England.

A young man observed, he should hardly have expected such severe censures on their pulpit from a person of such high church principles as her ladyship.

Lady Blessington said, very calmly, and more deliberately than usual, "The doctrines of the Protestant Church never appeared

to me better than those of the Catholic Church. I was educated in the doctrines of that church. When I married I got into the habit of accompanying my husband to his church, and I continued to go there from the force of habit and for convenience, but never from conviction of its doctrines being better than those of the Catholic Church."

I think there were seven or eight persons present when this startling avowal was made.

But perhaps I ought to have observed, fully two or three years before that period, I had taken the liberty of an old and privileged friend to write a letter to her ladyship, venturing to remind her of the faith she had been born in, to point out the hollowness of the pleasures of that society in which she moved, of the insufficiency of them for her true happiness, of the day that must come, when it would be found that religion was of more importance than all the fame, or glory, or delight that ever was obtained by intellectual powers, or enjoyed in brilliant circles. And though that letter has no place among her papers, I have reason to know it did not pass altogether out of her memory.

The death of D'Orsay was thus noticed by "La Presso," edited by Emile Girardin, of the 5th of August, 1852 :

"Le Comte Alfred D'Orsay est mort ce matin à trois heures.

"La douleur et le vide de cette mort seront vivement ressentis par tous les amis qu'il comptait en si grand nombre en France et en Angleterre, dans tous les rangs de la société, et sous tous les drapeaux de la politique.

"A Londres, les salons de Gore House furent toujours ouverts à tous les proscrits politiques, qu'ils s'appelassent Louis Bonaparte ou Louis Blanc, à tous les naufragés de la fortune et à toutes les illustrations de l'art et de la science.

"A Paris, il n'avait qu'un vaste atelier, mais ou quiconque allait frapper au nom d'un malheur à secourir ou d'un progrès à encourager, était toujours assuré du plus affable accueil et du plus cordial concours.

"Avant le 2 Décembre, nul ne fit d'efforts plus réitérés pour que la politique suivit un autre cours et s'élevât aux plus hautes aspirations.

# NOTICE OF COUNT ALFRED BORSET.

"Après la 2 Décembre, nul ne s'employa plus activement pour amortir les coups de la proscription : Pierre Dupont le sait et peut le certifier.

"Le Président de la République n'avait pas d'ami à la fois plus dévoué et plus sincère que le Comte D'Orsay; et e'est quand il venait de la rapprocher de lui par le titre et les fonotions de surintendant des beaux-arts qu'il le pard pour toujours.

"C'est une perte irréparable pour l'art et pour les artistes, mais c'est une perte plus irréparable encore pour la vérité et pour le Président de la République, car les palais n'ont que deux portes ouvertes à la vérité : la porte de l'amitié et la parte de l'adversité, de l'amitié qui est à l'adversité ce que l'éclair est à la foudre.

"La justice indivisible, la justice égale pour tous, la justice dont la mort tient les balances compte les jours quand elle ne mesure pas les dons. Alfred D'Orsay avait été comblé de trop de dons-grand cœur, esprit, un goût pur, beauté antique, force athlétique, adresse incomparable à tous les exercices du corps, aptitude incontestable à tous les arts auxquels il s'était adonné : dessin, peinture, sculpture-Alfred D'Orsay avait été comblé de trop de dons pour que ses jours ne fussent pas parcimonieusement comptés. La mort été a inexorable, mais elle a été juste. Elle ne l'a pas traité en homme vulgaire. Elle ne l'a pas pris, elle l'a choisi."

Among those who attended the funeral of Count D'Orsay were Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, Count de Montaubon, Count de Latour du Pin, the Marquis du Pradt, M. Emile de Girardin, M. Clesinger, the sculptor; M. Charles Lafitte, M. Bixio, M. Alexandre Dumas, Jun., M. Hughes Ball, and several other English gentlemen. The Duke de Grammont, brother-in-law of Count D'Orsay, being confined to his bed by illness, Count Alfred de Grammont and the Duke de Lespare, nephews of the deceased, were the chief mourners. No funeral oration was pronounced over the body, but the emotion of the persons present was great, and the sadness of the scene was increased by the appearance of the Duchess de Grammont, sister of the deceased, who, with her husband, had assiduously attended him during his illness.

"The Bulletin de Paris says, 'When the news of the death of Count D'Orsay was communicated to the Prince President, he exclaimed that he had lost "his best friend." 'The same journal states that the large model of the statue of Napoleon, which Count D'Orsay was making from a small one, executed by Mortimer, which was seen at the London Exhibition, was nearly terminated at the time of his death, and that M. Clesinger was formally charged by him to finish his marble statue of the exking Jerome.""

The Prince President, we are told, exclaimed, when he heard of the death of Count D'Orsay, that he had lost "his best friend." The Prince President may have said these words, and the day may come when he will feel that Count D'Orsay was one of his very best and truest friends, when he raised his voice, not once or twice, but frequently, it is asserted, against the meditated act of treason to the government he, the Prince President, had sworn to maintain.

The relations that existed at Gore House between Count. D'Orsay-something more than a mere leader of fashion in London-the intimate friend of statesmen of all parties, of political people of great eminence in Parliament, of editors of newspapers, mighty men of influence of " the fifth estate of the realm ;" of the foreign ministers at the court of St. James's, and the secretaries of the several legations; and though last, not least in importance, the intimate and confidential friend of the lady at whose réunions in Gore House of the celebrities of all political parties and of all intellectual pursuits in London-and the proscribed Prince Louis Napoleon, the twice discomfited conspirator, and still conspiring refugee in England, were such as might have been expected ; they were most intimate, cordial, and confiding. To those relations, it may be truly said, without exaggeration or fear of contradiction, the proscribed conspirator was indebted for the position in society, the opportunities of acquiring influence, of obtaining an early and timely knowledge of passing events in foreign courts, and especially in the court of France, and in the diplomatic circles in London; and also of

. Gentleman's Magazine, September, 1852, p. 308.

promoting his views in France by the co-operation of Count D'Orsay's immediate friends and influential connections, which ultimately secured for him the presidency of the French Republic.\*

But the cosp d'état, which was accomplished at the expense of personal honor, and the cost of perjury and blood, put an and to the relations of amity that had subsisted hitherto between Count D'Orsay and Prince Louis Napoleon. D'Orsay, with all his faults, was a man of chivalrons notions as to the obligations of solemn promises and sacred oaths ; he believed the President of the Republic had violated those obligations, and D'Orsay was not a man, for any consideration on earth, to refrain from expressing his opinion of the dishonor of such a violation. Verv shortly after the coup d'état, a friend of mine, Monsieur du P-----, dined in Paris at the house of a French nohleman of the highest rank, where Count D'Orsay was present. There were about twenty or two-and-twenty persons present, persons of distinction and of various political sentiments. The all-important topic of the coup d'état was discussed for some time with all due prudence and reserve. D'Orsay at length coming out with one of

\* On the 9th of April, 1849, the Duke of Wellington wrote a letter to the Count D'Orsay, in which the following passage occurs : "Je me rejouis de la prosperité de la France et du succès de M. le Président de la République. Tout tend vers la permanence de la paix de l'Europe qui est necessaire pour le bonheur de chacun. Votre ami très devoué. WELLINGTON."

This singular letter of one of the most clear-sighted, far-seeing men of modern times, was written after the election of Louis Napoleon to the presidency of the republic. Not ofter the cosp d'état of December, 1851. A few dates of remarkable occourrences in the latter part of the career of Louis Napoleon will enable us to form a better idea of the views expressed in the communication above referred to.

Louis Napoleon was elected President of the Republic the 10th of December, 1848. His coup d'état, the arrest of the leading members of the Chamber of Deputics, and the downfall of the republic, took place the 2d of December, 1851. His presidential powers were prolonged for ten years the 20th of December, 1851. He was proclaimed emperor the 2d of December, 1852, then in his forty-third year, being born the 20th of April, 1808.

From the time of the Chartist demonstration in London in 1848, when the Prince Louis Napoleon (then in exile) was sworn in as a special constable for the preservation of the peace in the metropolis of England, to the period when he was proclaimed Emperor of the French in December, 1852, there was an interval of about four years and a half.

his customary notes of preparation, "à bas !" made short work of the reserve and prudence of the discussion. He expressed his opinion in English in a deliberate manner, speaking in a loud tone, but emphatically and distinctly, these words : "It is the greatest political swindle that has ever been practiced in the world !"

My friend, who was deeply interested in the welfare of D'Orsay, was dismayed at "the indiscretion of this explosion of opinion." It was like a bomb-shell in the circle. There were persons present who might be supposed to have to advance their fortunes by the prince's favor; there were several servants in the room at the time, moreover, and it might be reasonably feared at that period the police were not remiss in making themselves acquainted with the servants of all persons of political influence and importance in Paris.

It must be borne in mind that D'Orsay at that time was wholly dependent on the favor of the prince for his future position in his own country. He had left England utterly ruined in his circumstances, and came to France counting on the friendship and gratitude of his former friend at the head of the French republic, to whose elevation he had certainly very largely contributed. He was well received by the prince, and proffers of public employment adequate to his expectations and his talents were made to him. But after the period of the coup d'état and the dinner above referred to - post or propter that entertainment - the friendship of the prince for the count cooled down from blood heat to the freezing point, and eventually to zero. The man with the heavy eyelids, and the leaden hand of care and calculation pressing them down, when he imposed on himself the weight of empire, could not see his former friends without looking down on them, and D'Orsay was not a man to be looked down on, or coldly at, even by an emperor. For eighteen months before his death his relations with Louis Napoleon had wholly ceased.

The prince at last, when D'Orsay was laboring under the illness which soon after consigned him to an early grave, allowed himself to be persuaded, by urgent and pressing friends of the poor count, that his former friend had some claim on him. The

emperer deigned to recognize the claim. His impedal mejesty appointed Count Alfred D'Orsay "Director of Fine Arts." Of all things it can not be said truly "better late than never." This thing, that was meant to look like an act of kindness and of gratitude, was too late to be of any use. No one was bettered or deceived by it.

I spoke with some surprise of similar acts of the same exakted personage to Lamennais, not long before his death; the abbé, with the quiet look, the cold, unimpassioned expression of the bright, clear gray eyes of his, observed, "Voyez vous mon cher Monsieur Madden, cette homme là, n'a pas le sentiment ni du bien, ni du mal—il n'a pas de sentiment que de soi même." English history, as well as French, will yet have to ratify the opinion of the Abbé Lamennais.

Among the papers of Lady Blessington I find some very remarkable lines by a very remarkable man, one of the master spirits of original mind of his age—lines which might be read with advantage by all " swimmers in the stream of politics."

\* SOME ADDITIONAL LINES FOR A POEM, ONE OF THE THEMES OF WHICH IS THE QUEST OF HONOR.

> "The swimmers in the stream of politics, That keep each other down where none float high But who are rotten, shouted in my ear, 'Come hither ! here is honor, on this side ; He hates the other.'

I passed on, nor look'd, Knowing the voices well: they troubled me Vociferating: I searched for willow wand To scourge and silence the importunates, And turned me round: lo! they were all upon The farther bank, and, basking in the sun, Mowed at me, and defied me to cross o'er, And broke their cakes, and gave their curs the crumbs, Weary with wanderings."

In bringing this sketch of the career of Count Alfred D'Orsay to a close, a summary notice of his most remarkable qualities, his talents, and the application of them, is given, that the reader may be able to form a just estimate of his character and abilities.

One was reminded not unfrequently, by the wit combats at

Gore House, of the days of the Chevalier de Grammont, when Dorset, Sedley, Ethelridge, Denham, Killigrew, " and all the whole band of wits"<sup>e</sup> diverted the beau monde with *bon mots*, sarcastic repartees, quaint observations, humorous sallies, and sharply-pointed epigrams, brought to bear on striking peculiarities of absent acquaintances, or well-known persons of quality within the category of " precieuses ridicules."

"The wits" of the age of Horace Walpole were pretty much the same as those of the times of Holland House and Kensington Gore intellectual gladiatorship. The wit combatants of both in the arena of fashionable literary circles are composed of various grades of competitors for celebrity and pretenders to distinction, and success in sprightly conversation, in lively correspondence, and occasional written drolleries in prose and verse; the efforts of all are to amuse and to be distinguished, and for these ends they must exhibit a keen perception of the ridiculous, a facility for catching salient points in conversation, and combining apparent similitudes of things ludicrous in themselves with ideas of subjects naturally grave or serious; they must evince a strong sense of the obligations imposed on vivacity of mind and liveliness of imagination by the patronage of people à la mode or a favored position in society ; they must submit to the necessity, in short, of amusing its magnates by a felicitous expression of quaint, jocund, and striking thoughts opportunely brought forth and without apparent effort. In this strife of highly-excited intellectuality, mere pleasant conversationalists jostle against story-tellers and retailers of anecdotes of more or less celebrity, humorists at table after the cloth is taken away, and only then at home in broad and farcical jests, and in impromptu double entendres come in contact with the pet poets of the salons, who figure in albums, and compose vers de société on the spur of the occasion, previously expected or anticipated, furnish parodies and burlesques to order, conveyed in an invitation to dinner, and sit down deliberately to load their memories in private, and with malice in their wit aforethought, and come charged into company with sarcastic epigrams, to be fired off in public

. Memoirs of Grammont, p. 169.

at the peculiarities of absent friends, or the failings or absurdities of the celebrities of other circles. In this sharp encounter of keen wits, the mere punster, endowed with great natural powers of impudence, and a large stock of animal spirits, whose whole laborious leisure is devoted to the amusement of playing upon words, is to be met cheek by jowl at the same tournament with one like Curran, not always, however, to be found in the most brilliant circles of fashion, or salons of ladies of literature *à la mode*, whose wit is "as keen as his sword, but as polished as the scabbard," which relies on its success neither on flippant sarcasms, or vulgar scoffing in society at high principles or heroic actions, or sneering humorous observations on sacred or on serious subjects, but on its own bright light of intellectuality, condensed and capable, when called into action, of irradiating every subject on which it glances even for a moment.

When the mind of genius is charged with intellectual electricity, we have sparkles of intelligence flashing from the assimilation of dissimilar ideas, which have been suddenly, and apparently accidentally, brought into collision; and these fitful gleams of bright thoughts, felicitously expressed, constitute what is called wit.

But we have as many kinds of these bright emanations of intellectuality as we have of atmospheric meteors in all the varied forms of electrical phenomena.

Perhaps the highest order of wit exhibited in our times (the keenest wit combined with the greatest powers of eloquence) was that which was displayed by Curran in public and in private.

Of Curran's conversational powers, Byron, in his memorandum-book, has spoken in terms of no stinted praise : "Curran' Curran! the man who struck me most. Such imagination ! There never was any thing like it that I ever saw or heard of. His published life—his published speeches, give you no idea of the man—none at all. He was a machine of imagination ; as some one said of Piron, that he was an epigrammatic machine."\*

Elsewhere in his memoranda he said, "The riches of his "Moore's Life of Byron. p. 304, 8vo ed., 1838.

(Curran's) Irish imagination were exhaustless. I have heard that man speak more poetry than I have ever seen written, though I saw him seldom, and but occasionally. I saw him presented to Madam de Staël. It was the great confluence between the Bhone and the Saone."

The wits of Horace Walpole's day, Sir George Selwyn, Sir Hanbury Williams, Bubb Doddington, Charles Townsend, and their associates, it is difficult to judge of at the distance of a century from their times. But it would appear their wit was of the social, unpremeditated, conversational character, in which Sydney Smith, Talleyrand, Hook, and Barham particularly excelled in our times.

For conversational humor and drollery in the composition of quizzical verses, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, the protegé of Sir Robert Walpole (if his contemporaries speak truly of him), can hardly have been excelled by any modern humorist. The social character of the clubs, taverns, or coffee-houses of those days was favorable to the development of conversational talent.\*

Selwyn, the man renowned for social wit, was utterly deficient in the gift of oratory. He sat forty years in Parliament for Gloucester, and never spoke on any question. He was always torpid as well as silent in the House.

Sir Hanbury Williams, the celebrated sayer also of bon mots, and composer of pointed epigrams, a man of astounding audacity in turning sacred subjects into ridicule, and treating the most solemn subjects with flippant jocularity and revolting levity, sat in the House of Commons a silent member, rapt in gloom, which terminated in insanity and suicide.

"Sayers of good things," in general, are not men of great powers of eloquence. Wits who can set the table in a roar, and give utterance to *bon mots* of remarkable drollery, may be incapable of delivering twenty consecutive sentences on any serious subject before a number of people prepared to listen to them.

<sup>\*</sup> Count D'Ormay was a member of Crockford's as long as it lasted, and afterward of the Coventry. An attempt was made to get him into "White's," but it was discovered there were some parties who were determined to exclude him, and consequently his friends withdrew his name before the ballot took place.

# NOTICE OF COUNT ALFRED D'OBBAY.

D'Orsay was no exception to the rule. He abounded in rich humor, and excelled in repartee. There was an air of aristooratic nonchalance in the grave irony of his conversational sallies. He gave vent to his wit in the quietest tone, and with the most immovable features possible. He was an adept in the art of quiszing people who were at all ridicalous with singular composure of mien and manner. His performances in this line were gone through with case and elegance, but the gift of eloquence was not bestowed on him.

Of D'Orsay's rich humor and repartee, it might be said, like Selwyn's :

> "His social wit, which, never kindling strife, Blazed in the small, sweet courteness of life; Those little supplires round the diamond shons, Londing soft radiance to the richer stone."

It would be difficult to convey in words any precise idea of D'Orsay's wit and powers of facetiousness in conversation. A mere report would be in vain of the *bon mots* he uttered, without a faithful representation of his quiet, imperturbable manner, his arch look, the command of varied emphasis in his utterance, the anticipatory indications of coming drollery in the expression of his countenance, the power of making his *entourage* enter into his thoughts, and his success in prefacing his *jeu d'esprit* by significant glances and gestures, suggestive of ridiculous ideas.

The literary artist who could describe these peculiarities must be no ordinary word-painter.

D'Orsay had made a study of the wit of Talleyrand, and he became a proficient in that species of refined conversational *esprit*, combining tenseness of language, and neatness of expression, and certitude of aim, with the polish of the shaft and the sharpness of the point of an intellectual weapon of rare excellence.

The macaronis of a century ago, the bucks, bloods, and beaus of a later period, represented by the fops, exquisites, or dandies —the inane exclusives—the ephemeral petits maîtres of our times, are not the tribe which furnish men of fashion of D'Orsay's stamp. D'Orsay was a fop in attire and appearance, but

## NOTICE OF COUNT ALFRED D'ORSAY.

his foppery was only a spice of vanity, superadded to superior intellectual powers, which condescended at times to assume a dandyish character.

D'Orsay's fine taste was particularly exhibited in the construction and turn-out of those well-known, elegant vehicles of his and Lady Blessington, which used to attract so much attention in Hyde Park a few years ago. D'Orsay, like Grammont, has left reminiscences of promenade achievements—" *à cheval et en voiture*"—in that favored locality, but of a very different character.

In the time of Grammont, "Hyde Park, as every one knows, was the promenade of London." In 1659 it was thus described to a nobleman of France :

"I did frequently, in the spring, accompany my Lord Ninto a field near the town, which they call Hide Park; the place not unpleasant, and which they use as our course, but with nothing of that order, equipage, and splendor; being such an assembly of wretched jades and hackney-coaches, as, next a regiment of carr men, there is nothing approaching the resemblance. The Park was, it seems, used by the late king and nobility for the freshness of the air and the goodly prospect," &c. . . .

In these latter days Hyde Park makes a different figure in the pages of Mr. Patmore. The scene he describes is the ring, and the writer of the sketch is supposed to be lounging there, gazing at the brilliant equipages as they pass, and the celebrities of fashion who figure there.

"Observe that green chariot, just making the turn of the unbroken line of equipages. Though it is now advancing toward us, with at least a dozen carriages between, it is to be distinguished from the throng by the elevation of its driver and footman above the ordinary level of the line. As it comes nearer, we can observe the particular points which give it that perfectly distingué appearance which it bears above all others in the throng. They consist of the *white* wheels, lightly picked out

\* A Character of England, as it was lately presented to a Nobleman of France, 12mo, 1659, p. 54. Ap. Grammont's Mem.

# NOTICE OF COUNT ALFRED DOBSAY.

1

with green and crimson; the high-stopping action, blood-like shape, and brilliant manège of its dark bay horses; the perfect style of its driver ; the height (six feet two) of its alim, spiderlimbed, powdered footman, perked up at least three feet above the roof of the carriage, and occupying his eminence with that peculiar air of accidental superiority, half petit maître, half plow-boy, which we take to be the ideal of footman perfection ; and, finally, the exceedingly light, airy, and (if we may so speak) the intellectual character of the whole set-out. The arms and supporters blazoned on the centre panels, and the small coronet beneath the window, indicate the nobility of station; and if ever the nobility of nature was blazoned on the ' complement extern' of humanity, it is on the lovely face within-lovely as ever, though it has been loveliest among the lovely for a longer time than we dare call to our own recollection, much less to that of the fair being before us.

"But, see! what is this vision of the age of chivalry, that comes careering toward us, on horseback, in the form of a stately cavalier, than whom nothing has been witnessed in modern times more noble in air and bearing, more splendid in person, more distingué in dress, more consummate in equestrian skill, more radiant in intellectual expression, and altogether more worthy and fitting to represent one of those knights of the olden time, who warred for truth and beauty beneath the banner of Cour de Lion. It is Count D'Orsay, son-in-law of the late Lord Blessington, and brother to the beautiful Duchesse de Guiche. Those who have the pleasure of being personally intimate with this accomplished foreigner will confirm our testimony that no man has ever been more popular in the upper circles, or has better deserved to be so. His inexhaustible good spirits and good nature, his lively wit, his generous disposition, and his varied acquirements, make him the favorite companion of his own sex ; while his unrivaled personal pretensions render him, to say the least, 'the observed of all observers' of the other sex. Indeed, since the loss of poor William Locke, there has been nobody to even dispute the palm of female admiration with Count D'Or-88.Y. 170

\* My Friends and Acquaintances, &c., vol. i., p. 194.

# NOTICE OF COUNT ALFRED D'ORSAY.

D'Orsay's position in English fashionable society was not due to rank, wealth, or connections, or to his generally admitted excellence of taste in all matters appertaining to attire, equipage, the adornment of saloons, "the getting up" of liveries, the training of his tigers, or the turning out of cabs, tilburies, chariots, and other vehicles remarkable for elegance of form or lightness of construction.

It is very evident that the individual was something more than a mere fop and man of fashion, or "a compound even of Hercules and Adonis," who could count among his friends the Duke of Wellington, Marquis Wellesley, the Lords Brougham, Lyndhurst, and Byron; and such men as Landor, Forster, D'Israeli, the Bulwers, &c.

The foreigner could be no ordinary person who figured in the society of the most eminent men of England for nearly twenty years, and who, in circles where genius, as well as *haut ton*, had its shrines, "claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed."

D'Orsay's celebrity was undisputed as a man of fashion a noble-looking, classically-moulded, English-mannered young Frenchman "of the vielle cour"—a beau monde gentleman, at once graceful, dignified, frank, and debonnaire, full of life, wit, humor, and originality—an "exquisite" of the first water in brilliant circles—an admirable rider, fit "to witch the world" of the Parks of London "with noble horsemanship;" a keen sportsman, a capital boxer for an amateur, a good swimmer, an excellent swordsman, a famous shot, a celebrated cricket-player; at one time a great collector of classical rarities, "far gone (like Horace Walpole in his youth) in medals, lamps, idols, prints, and all the small commodities of antiquity;" at another time a zealous partisan of a great conspirator, and great promoter of his plans to effect a revolution.

Alfred D'Orsay figured, in his day, in all these characters; but, alas! of what avail to his memory is the celebrity he obtained in any of them ?

All the celebrity which his true friends may desire to be coupled with his name is that which he derived from the exercise of his fine talents as an artist, and of his kindly feelings

Vol. I .-- 0

## NOTICE OF COUNT ALFRED DORSAY.

314

as a man naturally disposed to be benevolent, generous, and open-hearted.

In Dickens's "Household Words" (No. 176, p. 536) there are a few kind words spoken of poor D'Orsay, in some allusions made to the former occupants of "the little stucsoed houses" of Kensington Gore, contiguous to Lady Blessington's : "At number 5 lived Count D'Orsay, whose name is publicly synonymous with elegant and graceful accomplishments ; and who, by these who knew him well, is affectionately remembered and regretted as a man whose great abilities might have raised him to any distinction, and whose gentle heart even a world of fashion left unspoiled."

Mr. Patmoro, in his recent work, "My Friends and Acquaintances" (vol. i., p. 230), alluding to one of the chief difficulties of Count D'Oraay's social position in England, and the anomalies in the constitution of fashionable society there, says: "And yet it was in England that Count D'Orsay, while a mere boy, made the fatal mistake of marrying one beautiful woman, while he was, without daring to confess it even to himself, madly in love with another still more beautiful, whom he could not marry because, I say, under these circumstances, and discovering his fatal error when too late, he separated himself from his wife almost at the church door, he was, during the greatest part of his social career in England, cut off from the advantages of the more fastidious portion of high female society by the indignant fat of its heads and leaders."

A man in his twenty-seventh year can hardly be designated as a mere boy, nor can the circumstance of his separation from his wife "almost at the church door" be accounted for in any manner that will appear excusable to the friends of the young deserted wife, or the fastidious portion of high female society in England or elsewhere. This marriage was not only a great misfortune for those who were married, but a great crime on the part of those who promoted that marriage, and were consenting to it.

If any comment must be made on this unfortunate union and its results, might it not be better to summon courage, and, taking

# NOTICE OF COUNT ALFRED D'ORSAY.

counsel of Montesquieu, to speak out a solemn truth on an occasion that can be best served by its enumeration ?

"Religion, good or bad, is the only test we have for the probity of men."

There is no dependence to be placed in probity or purity of life without the protection of religion. Human honor is inadequate to the security of either. There is an amount of indigence at which honor, long resisting, will stagger in the end; there is a degree of temptation at which honor will suffer vice to approach her in the mask of innocent freedom, and will dally with it till infamy itself becomes familiar to her bosom. But respectable folks, who figure in good society, solemn-faced sages and literary celebrities, will say it is false : honor is alone sufficient to regulate the minds of educated men, and to prevent all disorders in society. It is to libel honor to say that it is sufficiently strong to bind respectable members without religion, and that the latter is only needful for the happiness of people in another world. Nevertheless, there is not one of those people who does not know in his own breast that such is not the case-that in his own character and conduct the assertion does not hold good, and in very few of those of the individuals with whom he is best acquainted. There is no dependence on any man's probity or any woman's virtue whose reliance is not placed in religion.

Nothing more can be said with profit or advantage on this subject, except that it is deeply to be lamented this marriage was forced on Count D'Orsay, and that he consented to contract a marriage with a young lady for whom he entertained no sentiments of love or kindness.

It would be very unjust to D'Orsay, with all his errors, to place him in the same category with his profligate countryman De Grammont, and still more unjust to set him down on the same list with the Dukes of Buckingham, Wharton, and Queensberry, and the more modern antiquated libertine of exalted rank and vast possessions, the Marquis of Hertford.

In one very essential matter he differed from most of them. Though practically not living in the world of fashion under the

## NOTICE OF COURT ALFRED DORSAY.

restraints of religion, all the influences of an early recollection of its sacred character were not lost, and these, which, in the midst of a wild and thoughtless career, sufficed at least to show that all respect for that character had not been wholly abandoned, and that they were still faintly perceptible in some of the noble qualities possessed by him, at the close of life were strongly manifested, and made the mode of his departure from it the best, the only consolation taken that could be given to a sister eminently good and spiritually minded.

The close of that career, and the ministrations on it, form a strong contrast with the termination of a life of an English duke, and the attendance on a death-bed, of which Sir N. Wraxall, in his Memoirs, has left a remarkable description.

"When Queensberry lay dying, in December, 1810, his bed was covered with billets and letters to the number of at least seventy, mostly, indeed, addressed to him by females of every description and of every rank, from duchesses down to ladies of easiest virtue. Unable, from his attenuated state, to open or peruse them, he ordered them, as they arrived, to be laid on his bed, where they remained, the seals unbroken, till he expired."

If the sordid homage paid to the wealth of the expiring debauchée had been offered only by the ladies of casiest virtue, there might be little to be surprised at; but what is to be said or thought of the ladies of reputed virtue, of exalted rank, who manifested so much sympathy for the old libertine of enormous wealth, and still more enormous wickedness?

Society suffers little from charity toward its erring members, but morality suffers a great deal when habitual vice and dissoluteness of life of persons in high places or regal station, which never has been abandoned or repented of, find sycophants and slaves to pander to them, and people, forgetful of the dignity of their position or their pursuits, to lend their services to palliate them.

Count Alfred D'Orsay died in Paris, the 4th of August, 1852, in his fifty-second year, having survived the Countess of Blessington three years and two months. His remains were laid in the same sepulchral chamber in which hers were deposited.

# PRELIMINARY NOTICE, ETC.

The monument erected to her memory at Chambourcy had been hardly finished, when it became the resting-place of all that is left of the accomplished, highly-gifted, generous-hearted Alfred D'Orsay :

"Pulvis et umbra, nomen, nihil."

## CHAPTER XIV.

# PRELIMINARY NOTICE OF THE CORRESPONDENCE OF LADY BLESSINGTON.

THERE is one thing well worthy of observation, and that must strike every person who looks over the extensive correspondence of Lady Blessington, namely, the implicit trust that was put in her judgment and integrity by the most eminent men of her time in politics, literature, and art. Statesmen of great renown for wisdom, judges and grave lawyers, men of letters and science devoted to philosophical pursuits, seem to have had entire confidence in her honor, discretion, and common sense and kindness of heart. They communicated with her with the utmost freedom, and evidently with a firm conviction that their confidence would never be abused. In their letters it is plainly to be seen how fully sensible they were the only account that confidence would be ever turned to by Lady Blessington would be to promote peace where strife had sprung up; to make people who had been estranged think less unkindly of one another; and those who were at variance disposed to consider that the state of nature in their several pursuits was not a state of war.

Lady Blessington's correspondents were not of one class, or country, or profession, or pursuit; they were of all orders of high intelligence, of all lands, of all positions ennobled by genius, of every science, art, or walk in hiterature, or in public life distinguished for talent, or descrving in her opinion to attain any distinction in it, and there were to be found among them likewise persons who had no pretensions to intellectual gifts, or remarkable abilities of any kind, but who possessed amiable qualitice, honorable principles and kindly feelings, bookish people

### FRELIMINARY NOTICE OF

not pedantic, amateurs of art without the airs of *dilettenti*, travelers more at home in a desert than a drawing-room, who had seen outlandish places, and could be drawn out a little on the subject of their peregrinations on rare occasions.

Among the correspondents of her ladyship we find princes and princesses, authors and authoreases of all lands, rich and poor, generals and critics, poets and politicians, publishers and diplomatists, play-actors, novelists, and ministers of state, lord chancellors and literary ladies, peers of the realm, nabobs of India, natives of Hindostan, hidalgos of Spain of "thirteen grandfathers," descendants of ancient Irish kings, and gentlemen, in fine, of no ancestors at all, renowned in literature, art, or science.

The lady who was engaged in this extensive correspondence could be no ordinary person. It was carried on for a long series of years with many of the master-spirits, not only of England, but of the world.

The qualities of mind and of disposition of this gifted lady, the influence of that goodness of heart that was diffused over every act and word of hers, the fascination of her manners, and all the collateral allurements of her external beauty, could surely be of no common order, that could procure for her not only the admiration and esteem of passing observation, but such longenduring friendship and affectionate regard as we see, by this correspondence, she enjoyed to the close of life at the hands of many of the most eminent persons of our age.

There are many difficulties of an editorial kind to be dealt with in the present undertaking; and one of the most serious that presented itself was that of the arrangement of the correspondence.

The natural and usual course would be to introduce the letters generally in the order of their dates, and not those of each correspondent consecutively There was, however, a disadvantage in such a course as this to be considered, and a very great difficulty to be surmounted.

Lady Blessington's intercourse with eminent persons distinguished in literature, art, science, and politics, and her literary career, had three phases : one of these was included in the pe-

# THE CORRESPONDENCE OF LADY BLESSINGTON. 319

riod between her marriage and her departure for the Continent —her early London life from 1818 to 1822; another was the period of her Continental tour and sojourn chiefly in Naples her Italian life from 1823 to 1829; and, lastly, that which includes the period between her return to England, her residence in Seamore Place, and the break-up of her establishment at Gore House, from the end of 1831 to the spring of 1849, a few weeks before her decease in Paris—the period of her second London career of nearly ninetecn years.

Each of these phases in the life of Lady Blessington was distinct from the other, in the composition of the society in which she moved, in the development of literary tastes, the progress of intellectual culture, the nature of her literary pursuits, at one time engaged in solely on account of the delight taken in them, at another for sake of distinction, and finally with a view to gain.

Her correspondence partook of the nature of those differences and distinctions, and the value of it seemed to consist, to a great extent, in that distinct individualism which belonged to the letters, and the style and subjects of them in such numerous instances, that to separate and scatter the several letters of each writer over different portions of the work would have been to break up the interest taken in the several subjects, and the connection between matters frequently referred to in the letters of the same writers.

The difficulty above referred to, in the way of arrangement according to dates, was, in fact, insuperable. Literary men and artists are singularly prone to forgetfulness in regard to dates and addresses in their correspondence. A vast number of the letters addressed to Lady Blessingfon are without date or place of residence; a great many have the date of the week specified but not of the month, and where both are to be found the year is seldom mentioned. In many cases the dates are determined by the post-marks, but in many more, where the letters have been written prior to the general use of envelopes, there is no clew whatever to the date, and the period can only be approximately arrived at by knowledge of the place where Lady Bless-

# PRELIMINARY NOTICE OF

ington was reading at the time such letters were received by her, or derived from matters referred to in them.

For the above-mentioned reasons, and some others which may readily suggest themselves to the reader, I have, as a general rule, inserted the letters of the different correspondents consecntively, as they appear to have been addressed by Lady Blessington.

In the notices prefixed to the letters, I have endeavored to bring before the readers of these volumes the correspondents and friends of Lady Blessington, and the acquaintances especially of her ladyship during her sojourn in Naples and Rome, in a way to make them recognizable, and to recall the particular traits of character which belonged to them.\*

In the letters of Lady Blessington, it will be in vain to seek for those excellencies in the art of epistolary correspondence, graces of style and composition, vivacity, esprit, and epigrammatic power of expression which are to be found in the correspondence of Madame de Sevigné, and more or less in that of the Marquise du Deffand, Madame Geoffrin, our own Lady Mary Wortley Montague, or Madame D'Arblay.

But, in one respect, the letters of Lady Blessington were not inferior to those of any of the above-mentioned letter-writing celebrities, namely, the manifestation in her letters of kindly feelings, as ardently expressed, as generously and unselfishly entertained. The best actions of mankind are the worst recorded facts of history and biography. Of the many generous acts of Lady Blessington, we find few records in her correspondence, but we shall find in her letters evidences enough (undesignedly furnished by her) of that natural and unaffected goodness of heart, which manifested itself in an affectionate interest in the welfare of her friends, an enduring, unselfish regard, that was never influenced by any change in their position or accident of

\* The want of a slight thread of descriptive illustration of the position, character, or peculiarities of persons whose correspondence is introduced into the biographies of well-known persons has been often felt and complained of. A brief notice of the principal productions or characteristics, traits of originality or remarkable qualities of many of those whose letters form a part of this correspondence, will be found prefixed to the letters of several of the writers.

# THE CORRESPONDENCE OF LADY BLESSINGTON. 321

fortune. It mattered not to her an iota, in her estimation of their worth and merits, however altered for the worse might be the condition of friends she had known long and well, however depressed by adverse circumstances, and fallen on that account in the opinion of the world, they were never forsaken by her the feelings of Lady Blessington toward them were unaffected by any change in their fortunes. There was no "feigning of generosity" in the uniform kindness of this steadfast friendship —the same in adversity as in prosperity—no affectation of benevolence in this manifestation of genial feelings—these were part and parcel of a noble disposition naturally turned to goodness.

It has been truly observed that, "in addressing even a common acquaintance (in a letter), there is a kindlier feeling, a courtesy, which tends to endear and to familiarize; but in addressing a friend, there is evidence that one never loves one's friends half so well as when writing to them! Every act of kindness, every amiable quality, rushes on the memory and the imagination, softened by the real absence, and heightened by an ideal presence.

"This constant sense of the presence of her correspondent is the greatest charm of that queen of letter-writers, Madame de Sevigné. We feel throughout that every thought, every word, is addressed to one individual, and to one only—the daughter, the idolized daughter, who filled that warm heart.""

Lady Blessington did not write to her friends for effect—she reserved that object for her conversation. She sat down in her dressing-room to talk on paper naturally and familiarly with good-natured familiar friends, as if it was a relief to her to give expression unreservedly to thoughts *en deshabille*, and to feelings for which no domino of affectation was required. She wrote to those friends carelessly and affectionately, as if she felt that every trifle would interest, every slight allusion would be understood, every sprightly fancy would amuse, every word of kindness would be appreciated, and every expression of pain or sorrow, or reference to her own cares or anxieties, would meet with sympathy.

\* New Monthly Magazine, vol. ii., 1821, p. 143.

## SIR WILLIAM GELL.

No attempt at fine writing is to be met with in the letters of Lady Blessington. There was too much heart in her epistolary correspondence, and too little disposition to enter into discussions in letters to her friends on any topics but those which related to her own immediate affairs, and which concerned the interests or happiness of others, to give a literary character to her correspondence in general that would interest the public in it.

For this reason, out of a vast number of the letters, or rather notes of Lady Blessington, none have been selected for publication except those which came within the limits of the last-named category. The number of her ladyship's letters is not large, but the few that are presented to the public will be found to give a favorable opinion of the writer's sound common sense, clear conception, kindly feelings, and amiable disposition.

I have rejected a vast number of letters of mere compliment on ordinary subjects of correspondence between friends, inquiries after health, references to private matters, intimations of intended visits, and apologies for long silence, non-appearance at parties, &c.

Sir William Jones, in one of his lectures, said, "For what 1 have produced I claim only your indulgence : it is for what 1 have suppressed that I am entitled to your thanks."

### CHAPTER XV.

### SIR WILLIAM GELL.

THE name of Gell will recall to many minds very pleasing reminiscences of Rome and Naples—his small classic house at Rome, fitted for a scholar's home, that might have served for the abode of Petrarch, with its adoraments far from costly, but its arrangements elaborately tasteful, with its pleasant gardens and trellised walks; his place of residence, too, at Naples in the latter years of his life—its picturesque locality, his drawingroom, library, studio, museum, all combined in one very moderately-sized apartment, with such a store of rarities, old folios in vellum, modern topography, and illustrated travels richly

## SIR WILLIAM GELL.

bound, caricatures, charts, maps, and drawings; the light guitar, which he had recourse to so often, in moments of torture, and for whose sweet remedial influences he had "thrown physic to the dogs"—not, however, to the well-bred animals of the canine species who had the entrée of his salon, and the privilege of his best chairs and sofas—so many models, too, of ancient structures, so many curious things in so small a space,

> "that still folks wondered Gell Had one small room could hold so much so well."

In 1814, when her royal highness, the Princess of Wales, left England, and proceeded to Milan, via Brunswick, her establishment consisted of Lady Charlotte Lindsay and Lady Elizabeth Forbes, maids of honor; Mr. St. Leger, Sir William Gell, and the Honorable Keppel Craven, chamberlains; Captain Hesse, equerry, and Dr. Holland, physician. Mr. St. Leger remained at Brunswick. Shortly after her royal higness's arrival in Milan, Bartholomew Bergami was taken into her service as courier and valet. The princess and her suite set out for Rome and Naples the latter end of October, and arrived in the latter city on the 8th of November, 1814. King Joachim Murat was then sovereign of Naples. Her royal highness gave a fancy ball to his Neapolitan majesty, in which she appeared in three characters; first as a Neapolitan peasant, secondly as "The Genius of History," and thirdly as a Turkish peasant, in costumes by no means cumbersome, though not quite in accordance with the notions of some persons of her English suite. The princess remained in Naples till March, 1815. She then took her departure for Rome, Genos, and Milan, leaving four of her suite, Lady E. Forbes, Sir W. Gell, Mr. Craven, and Captain Hesse, in Naples. Lady Charlotte Lindsay had previously left her royal highness at Leghorn. At Genoa she was joined by Lady Charlotte Campbell, who remained with her only two or three months. After her return from Palestine, Sir William Gell accompanied her from Naples to Rome, and continued with her there in attendance upon her as chamberlain while she remained in Rome.

The following year he was again about three months in attendance on her at Frascati and Rufinello; and again, on the

## SIE WILLIAM OELL.

eccasion of her last visit to Bome, he attended herefor some days.

In his evidence on the trial before the House of Lords, Sir William swore that it was on account of an attack of gout he had quitted her royal highness's service; and, "notwithstanding the opportunities he had of observing the conduct of the queen and Bergami toward each other, never saw any impropriety pass between them upon any occasion."

Nevertheless, the opinion of Sir William of his royal mistress's habits, modes, and manners was not more favorable than those of Lord Malmesbury, of which he has left a curious resord in his diary.

In 1815 and 1816, we find Gell, in his letters, under various signatures — "Blue Beard," "Adonis," "Anacharsis," "Gellius (Aulus)," and while still retaining the title, and occasionally filling the office, of chamberlain to the Princess of Wales, indulging in his sarcastic propensities — playing the part of a male gossip, conveying little bits of scandal in humorous passages, and making fun of his royal mistress for the sport of the fair Philistines who had once been maids of honor and friends of her royal highness.

But even at that time Sir William was a martyr to gout and rheumatism. In December, 1816, he wrote from Bologna that he was then reduced to the necessity of confining himself to his fireside; but, in giving the account of his ailments, he could not help having a fling at his royal lady's orthography:

"To a person of my romantic disposition, reduit by di dizette of legs and now of arms to the fireside, it is a great comfort to have escaped from the land of wine, houses, and carts, and wooden shoes, and neckless children (France), and to find one's self once more in Italy, and to be able to leave my painful leg or arm for a moment out of bed without finding it frostbitten.""

Sir W. Gell and the Honorable Keppel Craven are mentioned in Moore's diary of August, 1820, as being "on the way from Naples to England as witnesses for the queen." "Gell still a coxcomb, but rather amusing—said the Constitution of Naples

. Diary and Times of George the Fourth, vol iv . p. 123

### SIR WILLIAM GELL

came in a gig (corricolo)—told some ludicrous things about the Duchess of Devonshire's sway at Rome: her passion for Gonsalvo, her admiration for the purity of the Roman government." (Memoirs, vol. iii., p. 137.) Moore's compendious opinion of Gell as "a coxcomb, rather amusing," if relied on, would give not only a very unfavorable, but a very incorrect notion of his character and his acquirements. He was a man of much erudition and artistic talents, and of great humor. Sir William Gell's literary tastes were chiefly devoted to antiquarian researches.

For the last twenty years, Naples was his head-quarters. There he was universally known and respected, and terminated his earthly career.

Sir William Gell was a man of very amiable character, extremely amusing and lively, fond of the society of young people, with much singularity of mind, and originality of character, manners, and ideas.

His indolent easiness of temper had something in it of a philosophical calmness of an Epicurean character. The common objects of men's ambition to him were not worth the trouble of the pursuit. He was at once indifferent, apathetic, and unimpassioned in the society of men struggling for wealth, glory, or exalted dignities. He smiled serenely at the inordinate trouble they gave themselves, at all their great cares for little ends, at all the great weaknesses of little men of large desires. And yet this pococurante gentleman had many difficulties to encounter to secure for himself "les douceurs d'une vie privée et oisive," and many little harmless vanities and weaknesses of his own to make him singular and eccentric, of which, however, he was entirely unconscious.

All his tastes were of a literary and artistic turn, and all were of a refined, scholar-like, and some of them rather of a Sybaritic kind. Like Sir William Temple, "he loved painting, and music, and statuary, and gardening," and *embellishing buildings*. Health, and case, and fine weather were the constituents of his happiness: Temple wrote, "Le seul homme que j'envie dans le monde c'est Milord Falconbridge, que son embassade va conduire dans un si beau climat, ou il va gouter tous les charmes

# SIR WILLIAM GELL

attachés aux delicates et spirituelles conversations d'Italié. Il trouvera les jours et les esprits egalemens purs et brillants."

Though a martyr to gout, Sir William Gell's natural gayety and good humor were little affected by his natural sufferings; and with the most profound knowledge and information he combined the utmost simplicity and playfulness.

Some of his topographical books were illustrated by himself, as, for instance, his Pompeii, Greece, and other descriptive productions of an antiquarian kind—works acknowledged to be the best of their several sorts and classes.

In June, 1834, referring to a conversation at Lady Blessington's, Willis, in his "Pencilings by the Way," 3d edition, London, 1849, refers to some valuable notices of Sir William Gell, illustrative of an interesting portion of the latter part of Sir Walter Scott's career:

"She (Lady B.) had received from Sir William (sell, at Naples, the manuscript of a volume upon the last days of Sir Walter Scott. It was a melancholy chronicle of weakened intellect and ruined health, and the book was suppressed ; but there were two or three circumstances narrated in its pages which were Interesting. Soon after his arrival at Naples, Sir Walter went with his physician and one or two friends to the great museum. It happened that on the same day a large collection of students and Italian literati were assembled in one of the rooms to discuss some newly-discovered manuscripts. It was soon known that the 'Wizard of the North' was there, and a deputation was sent immediately to request him to honor them by presiding at their session. At this time Scott was a wreck, with a memory that retained nothing for a moment, and limbs almost as helpless as an infant's. He was dragging about among the relics of Pompeil, taking no interest in any thing he saw, when their request was made known to him through his physician. 'No, no,' said he, 'I know nothing of their lingo. Tell them I am not well enough to come.' He loitered on, and in about half an hour after he turned to Dr. H. and said, 'Who was that you said wanted to see me ?' The doctor explained. 'I'll go,' said he ; 'they shall see me, if they wish it ;' and, against the advice of

### SIR WILLIAM GELL.

his friends, who feared it would be too much for his strength, he mounted the staircase, and made his appearance at the door. A burst of enthusiastic cheers welcomed him on the threshold ; and forming in two lines, many of them on their knees, they seized his hands as he passed, kissed them, thanked him in their passionate language for the delight with which he had filled the world, and placed him in the chair with the most fervent expressions of gratitude for his condescension. The discussion went on , but, not understanding a syllable of their language. Scott was soon wearied, and his friends, observing it, pleaded the state of his health as an apology, and he rose to take his leave. These enthusiastic children of the South crowded once more around him, and, with exclamations of affection and oven tears, kissed his hands once more, assisted his tottering steps. and sent after him a confused murmur of blessings as the door closed on his retiring form."

The scene is described by Sir W. Gell as one of the most affecting he had ever witnessed

His career of authorship commenced so early as 1804, when he published "The Topography of Troy," folio. Subsequently appeared "The Geography and Antiquities of Ithaca," 4to, 1808, "The Itinerary of Greece"—"Travels in the Morea"—"The Topography of Rome"—and, finally, his "Pompeiana," the most interesting and extensively known of all his works.

Sir William resided in Italy since 1820; occasionally at Rome, but chiefly at his beautifully situated and elegantly arranged villa in Naples, in the society of his crudite friend, Sir William Drummond, and that of his old friend and amiable companion, the Hon. Keppel Craven. After the death of Sir William Drummond at Rome in 1828, his friendship with Craven appeared to have become more closely cemented than ever, and it went on increasing in strength to the period of his death.

Gell's notions of authorship were of a very aristocratic nature. All his works were brought out on so large and extensive a scale as to be out of the reach of that class of readers for whom his topographical and antiquarian researches would have been especially useful—for travelers in those countries whose remains

### SIR WILLIAM ORLL.

were described by him. But it was the minfortune of this enlightened and accompliahed man to be an aristocrat in all things, and to mar his attainments by *hankering* after great people— "patricians born to greatness," or parvenus having "greatness thrust upon them"—thrust on "good society," and admitted there par droit de richesses ou lieu de naissance.

Sir William Gell, it must be admitted, frittered away his time and talents for upward of twenty years on the fashionable fribbles of the little cotories of English traveling aristocracy that customarily wintered in Bome, and passed the spring or autumn in Naples or its vicinity.

Every one delighted in his society; in his conversation and correspondence he was equally amusing and agreeable.

When Sir William Gell died, Lady Blessington might have truly said, "J'ai perdu en lui mon meilleur causeur."

There is an admirable sketch of Gell in a letter of James Ramsay, Esq., a resident merchant of Naples, an old and valued friend of mine, addressed to the Hon. Richard Keppel Craven in the spring of 1836, soon after the death of Sir William Gell, urging on Mr. Craven the task of composing a biographical sketch of his deceased friend, and eventually signifying his intention of writing such a memoir:

"I frequently urged," says Mr. Ramsay, "our inestimable friend to compose his biographical memoirs; to bequeath to posterity the 'personal narrative' of a career in which the pursuits of science were so happily blended with the lighter occupations and brilliant attractions [distractions] of society. I said it would be a great pity if the rich fund of observation and anecdote which he had accumulated should be lost with him, and that it might be screened from public view until the writer should be 'removed beyond the reach of criticism or of ridicule." He sometimes appeared to be half inclined to adopt my suggestion, and owned that he possessed materials sufficiently 'piquant,' if he should determine to employ them. Will you forgive me for insinuating that the task which he failed, or rather neglected to accomplish, seems naturally and gracefully, when time shall have in some degree moderated the more poignant emotions of

regret, to devolve upon you? upon you, his juvenile companion, the friend and fellow-traveler of maturer years, the depositary of his inmost sentiments, and probably of many of a series of letters in which events and opinions have been faithfully recorded.

"Though enjoying Sir William's acquaintance and intimacy during a considerable period, I can not presume to hope that I could furnish any important contributions toward such an undertaking, otherwise I should be most ready to co-operate with those who are so much better qualified. His correspondents would, I, dare say, willingly communicate his letters, or extracts from them, and the names of these correspondents are doubtless known to you.

"There is a peculiar charm in the unguarded effusions of eminent persons, when, casting off the artificial garb with which rank or other adventitious circumstances may have invested them, they paint their natural character and feelings without any other reserve or restraint than those which discretion prescribes.

"Hume and Gibbon have left us interesting, though very different memorials of this description, and the familiar letters of Munro, of Collingwood, of Mackintosh, and of such as resemble them, will be fondly cherished when their public achievements are perused with historical indifference. But I beg pardon for detaining you with remarks so obvious.

"If, on the one hand, it is to be regretted that Sir William did not finish his novel of 'Julia di Gonzaga,' it may, on the other, be permitted to doubt whether or how far such a work would have added to his literary fame. Of his powers of imagination and invention I had no adequate opportunity of judging; but, though the novel might have contained some lively scenes, some striking descriptions, some sparkling dialogue, I should be inclined to question—yet by no means conclusively—whether a profound knowledge of the human heart, of the intricate mazes and complicated workings of passion, and feeling, and sentiment, were among his distinguishing attributes.

"He had not made a study of composition, and, in the confu-

### SIE WILLIAM GELL.

aion of foreign languages, the purity of his own had still become considerably impaired. These observations, dictated by an affectionate and jealous attachment to his memory, are hazarded with diffidence, as they are with deference submitted to your taste and judgment.

"I am aware that the scope of the memoir would be chiefly limited to private circulation; and at a time when the novel and the romance usurp, if not the honors, at least the emoluments of literature, the noble-minded author would seek and find his reward in another disinterested offering on the altar of friendship. I am, &c. J. R.".

# A SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF SIR WILLIAM GELL, BY JAMES RAMSAY, ESQ.

"The merits of Sir William Gell as an author, chiefly on subjects of antiquity and topography, are already sufficiently known and appreciated by the public. The fruits of much patient research, of ingenious conjecture, of great personal activity and industry, with admirable graphic illustrations, his works are valuable helps to the student, and an accurate guide for the traveler. In attempting the more difficult task of delineating his general and private character, as deduced from an intercourse of many years, if I am conscious of any bias, it must be in favor of one with whom I have spent so many delightful hours, unalloyed by the recollection of even a passing cloud; for to me he was uniformly kind and attentive. Yet I will endeavor to be impartial, though at the hazard of incurring the reproach of being rather severe.

"Nir William started in life with the advantages of a handsome person—of a fine, open, placid countenance—of a prepossessing manner—of a remote ancestry, and of an extensive connection with the best society. He traveled at a period when travelers were rare, and thus early acquired a distinction which he continued to maintain. Possessing general, though superficial information, both literary and scientific, including some acquaintance with the Oriental languages and hieroglyphics, he sketched beautifully, had a taste for and some knowledge of mu-

# SIR WILLIAM GELL.

sic, and excelled as an easy, off-hand, unaffected correspondent; indifferent, indeed insensible, to the graces of composition, yet universally courted for a style of *naïveté* ' beyond the reach of art.' Although, however, led by the course of his studies into classical inquiry and reference, the character of a profound scholar will not be assigned to him, notwithstanding his general reading; he had little taste for literature, and never seemed to feel the beauties of poetry. I should say, indeed, that, in other respects, his tastemeaning by this term a delicate and just perception of the beautiful—was far from being refined, and that that defect was apparent in all, even his personal decorations, by a preference for gay, gaudy colors, striking contrasts, and meretricious ornament.

"To depth of thought Sir William would have no just pretensions. He rarely made a general reflection or observation; all his conclusions were particular. On many of the important questions by which the world is now agitated, he had no steady, fixed opinions; he had neither the boldness to form, nor the courage to avow his sentiments, which were very liable to be temporarily influenced by the last speaker, the last writer.

"In his political principles he was decidedly aristocratical, with a strong predilection for 'rank, fortune, and fashion,' our besetting sin !

"But it is in a companionable, sociable point of view that the memory of Sir William Gell will be most fondly cherished, his loss most deeply lamented by his surviving friends and acquaintances; for there he shone without a rival, with a charm peculiarly his own. To a considerable share of wit and humor—to a natural tact and penetration, improved by a long intercourse with the great world, to the habits and bearing of a 'high-bred gentleman,' Sir William added an unceasing flow of lively, playful language, sparkling dialogue, and brilliant repartce upon every topic which formed the subject of conversation, and this, his great forte both in company and *tête-à-tête*, was endless. Placing people of all classes on a footing of easy familiarity, and thus unlocking their confidence, he drew from them a perpetual supply of materials for his own combination — ' toujours varièes toujours renaissantes'—his house became the resort of all ranks,

## SIR WILLIAM GELL

ages, and sexes, and his mornings one continued levee. The equanimity of his temper under the pressure of bodily infirmity, often of acute suffering, enhanced the value of a cheerful, humane, benevolent, charitable disposition, and even the shafts of sarcasm and of ridicule, in which he occasionally indulged, left no sting, because it was felt that they were the offspring of no malignant spirit. With all his resources, however, Sir William languished in solitude; he breathed only in the atmosphere of society; even his literary and other occupations were sometimes earried on in company, while conversing with those around him.

"He was fond of being looked up to as a patron and protector, and somewhat jealous of the ascendency which he thus sought to preserve.

"It has been said that, as in thinking, so in feeling, he was a stranger to any great depth; and certainly he seldom betrayed much emotion, or even expressed much interest in the fate of others. It is a remark of his friend, Lady Blessington, in one of her books, that 'persons the most remarkable for general kindness are those who have the least feeling.'

"Emulous of fame, he aspired after notoriety and display; and the latter was sometimes evinced by introducing subjects with which his auditors were very imperfectly conversant, in order, as it seemed, that he might excite their surprise and command their applause.

"In an argument he was easily vanquished; in a forward remark as easily checked; by superior powers painfully eclipsed. Sir William liked to be the presiding genius. In his acquaintances, visitors, guests, with a few exceptions, he preferred variety, novelty; and when these had lost the power of pleasing, he willingly resigned them, 'like the last month's magazine,' for others more attractive.

"Hence he was deemed by some people rather selfish, not quite sincere, and not sufficiently mindful of past favors; but in endeavoring to exhibit the various traits of a distinguished character, we ought always to bear in mind that they include many from which no human being is entirely exempt.

" Amid a boundless acquaintance, it may be questioned wheth-

er Sir William Gell had many really and truly attached friends. his affections were infinitely subdivided, frittered away; but he was a kind and indulgent master.

"He seemed to be a great favorite with the fair sex. They gathered—flocked around him; they confided in—they confessed to—they consulted him as a superior being! Yet all the youth, beauty, grace, accomplishments, whose homage he was constantly receiving, did rarely, in my hearing, call forth an admiring, never one enthusiastic, one impassioned sentiment. They might be 'well-looking,' 'well-mannered,' 'a pleasing person,' that was all. I often asked him who was the most beautiful woman he remembered to have met with? He replied that 'he thought he should say Lady Blessington.' Still, his behavior, attentions to, correspondence with ladies, were excellent, polite, and kind. In estimating character, we judge partly from what people do and say, and, which frequently escapes them, from what they do not do and say !

"In these peculiarities and other foibles we have, alas! only to recognize the imperfections from which none are free; but the verdict of an immense majority will decide in favor of the amiability, the charms of the character of Sir William Gell, and will confess he has left a blank which it will be difficult, if possible, to supply."

\* There are several busts of Sir William Gell, but none of them a good likeness. With the exception of a less aquiline nose, he bore a strong resemblance to the statue, said to be of Aristides, in the museum of Naples.

## CHAPTER XVI.

# LETTERS OF SIR WILLIAM GELL TO LADY BLESSINGTON."

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,-A most horrid affair has taken place at Pestum, Mr. Hunt and his wife having been murdered by robbers. Three

\* The Blessingtons arrived in Naples in July, 1823. They established themselves at the Vills Belvidere, on the Vomero, about the 23d of the same month.

333

" Naples.

parties were at Postum-Mrs. Benson and daughter, the Husts, and a pasty of officers from 'The Revenge.' Mrs. Benzon was returning to Naplas, and about two miles from Pastum met four robbers, who with threats demanded and took all their money. They seem not to have ill treated them otherwise. Mrs. Benzon gave the alarm at Salerno, and sent gens d'armer. About a quarter of an hour after came Mr. and Mrs. Hunt by the same place. They tore off the vetturino and the servant from the box, and were ill treating the servant for having no more money while Mr. Hunt was descending from the casriage. Mr. Hunt seems to have remonstrated in violent terms at this, and one of the thieves said he would shoot him if he continued. Mr. Hunt seems to have continued, and to have said he dared not aboot him : this the enraged thief did with two balls, both of which passed through his body, and he fall from the step. One of the balls took a side slant, and went through the bady and lungs of Mrs. Hunt also. The thieves, seeing what they had done, immediately fled without any booty. The husband and wife, the first almost insensible, were carried back to Pastum. The husband died at half past seven o'clock of the same day. The act took place about one. Mrs. Hunt was carried to Mr. Belelli's, a decent house, and seemed for some time better, and the officers, sending Mr. Thompson here for assistance, remained with her. Dr. Watson went last night, about twelve o'clock, to see if he could do any good. It is almost certain Mrs. Hunt can not live. I have written this in a great hurry, having merely had time to give you an outline, but a correct one, of the facts, which I heard from Mr. Thompson himself. I have sent certain documents to Lord Blessington about Lady Falkiner, which the judge wishes you to see, because he says you are the person who knows most about the business. With kindest regards to the count and the 'Lady Julia,'\* believe me most truly yours, dear Lady Blessington, W. GELL

"'A sua Eccellenza la Contessa di Blessington, Villa Belvidere, Vomero."

" Naples.

"Do your excellencies dine at home to-day? If you do, I purpose an ascent to the Belviders. You are in danger of being rivaled with the archbishopt by Mrs. Beaumont and her three daughters, for whom he has conceived a passion. Most truly yours, WILLIAM GELL."

" Naples.

"When I had read Lord Byron, which I found very interesting, but most particularly the revengeful poem, which must have been written after some conversation with you about his wife, I found myself rather forlorn; but, recollecting my charge of the letters, I thought for some time what I should do

They remained there till March, 1825, and about the 25th of the latter month removed to the Villa Gallo, where they remained till February, 1826, when they left Naples for Rome.-R. R. M.

\* The Lady Julia was Lady Blessington's sister, Miss Mary Anne Power.-R. R. M. † The venerable Archbishop of Tarento.-R. R. M.

with them, so I took the liberty of going into the drawing-room, and, after some consideration, I put them carefully into a large red portfolio on the count's table, with a red ribbon, where pray go and take them, having made my apology for taking such a liberty with him. I am sorry Miss Power is angry with me, but I have nothing on my conscience. No Casorano came. I kiss your feet, and am ever yours, W. GzLL."

#### " Naples.

"The devil has upset his inkstand in the clouds, and I think it therefore better to postpone my visit, as you were kind enough to say I might, if the world went upside down. Dr. Doratt, having engaged me to write, sent also yesterday to say he had forgotten his engagement to the Hamiltons, brute that he is for his pains. I will come when the weather changes, and, not to disturb you, will send the same morning to ask if it suits you. Kind compliments to your party. Perhaps you have got another Museum or other book. WillLIAM GELL."

"Naples.

"I lost no time in consulting the doctor, all the way down the hill, and as far as he goes there would be no difficulty, except his engagement with Sir William Drummond. He said, at the same time, what a fool he should look like if Sir William D. died in ten years, and he found himself without a shilling. It was resolved, therefore, to talk to Sir William, and the consequence was, a declaration that five years was to him the same as his whole life; that he would give the other hundred a year which I stated to be necessary for the present, and that he had left Dr. Watson £200 and some other things."

"He said at the same time, that if Dr. Watson wished it, he was at liberty, and such a resolution should have no effect in changing his good intentions toward him.

"However, of course, seeing that Sir William listened to the reason of the case (which he always does when properly explained), the doctor would be very unwilling to give him any pain on the subject.

"You see you have been the cause of good, so let us console ourselves, and pray believe me, most truly and affectionately, W. GELL."

" Naples.

"According to your orders, I have told Mr. Craven that he has to appoint an early day to go to the Belvidere, and he will come on Wednesday.

"That being fixed, I have to inform your ladyship that the weather scemingly consenting to relent, Dr. Watson and I have an idea of a trip to Pompeii to-morrow, and having had a sort of half agreement with your aniable party, I think perhaps you may not be disinclined to the excursion.

\* Dr. Watson, the medical attendant of Sir W. Drummond, one of the most eminent linguists of Europe.-R. R. M.

## LETTERS OF SIR WILLIAM ONIA.

"Suppose we say we will meet there at or about twelve, and bring our dimmers in our pochets, and dins either in the quarters at the great table, or my where else about three or four, for later it may be cold, but about three will be very agreeable, the place being summy and sheltered. You can diss either in the villa at the end of the tombs, in the Triclinium of the tombs, or on that of the Actson, in the centre of the town, or in the Forum, which hast will be summy and warm, just as you please. If you accede to these propositions, let me know what diah or diahes I shall bring in my pocket for the public good.

"Would you be so good as to ask Count D'Oreay to let me have my camera lucida, as without that I am not fitted out for my labors.

#### " WILLIAM GRLL.

"I think I myself will begin at the soldiers' quarters, and so ramble by degrees toward the Forum and the new excavations there. Thus we shall meet without doubt or difficulty, even if you begin from the tombs, which is much the most striking, and consequently the best beginning.

"A. S. E. Madamigella M. A. P. & cam dei Conti di Elamington, Palamo Negroni."

"Naples.

"If I waited longer I might get a better piece of paper, but I have no patience, so this is just to let you know, madam, that your carnival pranks have all been watched, and that I have observed your tricks for the last five days. "Tremble, then, when you see the handwriting of your jealous

"LAWFUL."

#### "Rome, April 5th, 1824.

" I really did arrive at Rome on the 12th of last month, having guitted your city on the 8th, and having experienced on the way every possible misfortune except being overturned or carried into the mountains. In short, I know nothing to equal my journey except the ninety-nine misfortunes of Pulicinella in a Ncapolitan puppet-show. I set out without my cloak in an open carriage ; my only hope of getting warmer at St. Agata was destroyed by an English family, who had got possession of the only chimney. I had a dreadful headache, which, hy-the-by, recollecting to have lost at your house by eating an orange, I tried again with almost immediate effect. Next morning one of my horses fell ill at the moment of being put to the carriage, and has continued so ever since, so that I have had to huy another, which is so very (what they call) good that it is nearly as useless as the other, so that I never go out without risking my neck. When, at length, I got to Rome in a storm of sleet, I found a bill of one hundred and fifty dollars against me for protecting uscless lemon-trees against the frost of the winter, which, added to the expense of the new horse and the old one, have ever since caused the horrors of a jail to interpose themselves between me and every enjoyment, and so much for the ugly side of the question.

"In other respects I am in very good health and spirits, and go out every day to dinners, of which the chief givers have hitherto been Lady Mary Deer-

hurst, Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, Lord Dudley, Lord Kinnaird, Torlonia, Mrs. Beaumont and Co., and others, besides the same company, Mr. Irving or Irvine, Mr. and Lady Selina Robinson, Lord C. Fitzroy, Lord Ashley, Captain Southill, His Highness the Prince of Mecklenburgh, Dr. Wilson, a most agreeable Scot, fresh from Egypt, Jerusalem, and all the East, and very talkative, Mr. Hare, Mr. Dodwell, and your humble servant, to which lately we add Sir William Drummond and Dr. Quin. Do not, therefore, imagine that in dinners or dinner company we are at all behind you at Naples, though all the strangers are supposed to have left this place, the Lord rest their souls. Since my arrival we have had nothing but misfortunes; first, the sad affair of Miss Bathurst,\* and, secondly, the death of the Duchess of Devonshire. Miss Bathurst's death really made every body unhappy, having been one of the principal delights of the society here while living, and really beloved by every body. Lord Aylmer does not appear to be recovered yet as to spirits, and it seems that the idea still recurs to him every instant ; at first his exertions in the water, and the agitation he underwent, seemed to threaten his senses for some days.

"Mr. Mills has been of the greatest use to him, having at length succeeded in persuading him to talk about the fatal business till he acquired by degrees a little calmness and fortitude. Mills eats his breakfast as usual, and desires your ladyship may be informed of the circumstance, adding, he will give you a breakfast at the Vigna Palatina, as he has done to Lord and Lady Aylmer almost every morning for the last fortnight. They go away in a day or two to meet the unhappy Mr. Bathurst at Genoa.

"The poor duchess had every possible consolation at her death. By the most lucky chance, the duke and Mrs. Ellis were here, and Dr. Quin, coming here for a frolic, sat up with her eight nights, so as to have hurt his own health. He describes her as dying in the most calm and amiable manner possible, and the physicians having permitted her to see her friends when they had no longer any hope, the duke, Mr. Ellis, the Duc de Laval, and Mr. Artaud went to see her, to take leave of her, as well as Dr. Nott or Knott, who had a conversation with her very satisfactory to him on matters of religion, showing that she did not die a Catholic, and would have taken the sacrament, but the doctors would not permit it on account of her weakness. Dr. Quin had been desired by the Duke of Devonshire to be present at the embalming of the body, which is to go by land to England. It was discovered that an ossification of the arteries had commenced, so that in a short time she would probably have died from that cause, had not an accidental cold, neglected by herself for too long a period, thus destroyed her. And now I will give you no more of the miseries of this life. I hope you have at length had better weather. Mr. Morritt says that for two months the thermometer has been seven degrees higher in London than Rome this winter. What will Lord

\* The lamentable death of Miss Bathurst, who was drowned in the Tiber in February, 1824 .-- R. R. M.

Vol. I.-P

Hearington say to an Italian climate ofter this! but when I recollect that I have been able to breakfast in my leggis, in a hot sun overy meaning, except, perhaps, ten during the winter, I shall not be easily persuaded that we are not better off. I found two letters from Lady Westmoreland, who has already got at Malta £300 worth of things prepared for her voyage to and in Egypt, where she will probably never go. I have answered her with my own prejects, hat do not build much on the negotiation.

"In the mean time, they say the Pacha of Egypt has declared himself independent; and others state that he is going in person to attack the Morea, which hast is a folly he never will be guilty of, as the government of Constantinople would then catch him in a trap. If he quits the country, alies to traveling there, and so says Mr. Wilkinson at Cairo, from whom I have another latter, saying the pasha has now 20,000 men armed and disciplined in the European manner, with which certainly he might hid defince to the Potte, if the opinion or religion of the multitude be sufficiently changed for than to resist an imperial order to lay down their arms before the standard of the Prophet.

"Lord Dudley will set out for Naples the first fine day. I don't know whether Dr. Watson has had any success with the volume of Dr. Richardson lent to Sir William Drummond ; his illness and his usual carelessness seem to have been our great enemies. I don't know what to do about it, except to pray that as Lord Blessington had the goodness to send for a copy for me. he will possess himself of that, and leave the other at Naples. I am so much ashamed of my neighbor's conduct, that I never will be responsible for him again. Alas! he is so accustomed to losing and destroying books, that he feels no shame himself on the occasion, and swears, though he conversed frequently about the book, he never saw it in his life. Indeed, he never does read a book except for the first five minutes. He seems in very good health and spirits, and his trip to Rome has already done him good. I am quite sorry you all hate this place so much, for I find myself better amused in general than at Naples, where there is nothing but eternal Toledo, Chiaja, and San Carlo. There can be no doubt that this is preferable for society ; but for me, I think one great motive of preference is a large and shady garden, where I can hobble among and under my own trees of my own planting. I have already been on one, and I intend to go on several excursions to different parts of the country, where I make observations for the making of a map of the neighborhood. Every body seems inclined to go on these excursions, so my researches appear as if they would become the fashion in the shape of morning rides and drives, with cold dinners brought to the point of rendervous. 1 fear you see little or nothing of Craven, who seemed to me, when I left him, as if he was established for life, tacked to his mamma's apron, without benefit of clergy.

"I hope you will let me hear how you all go on, and what you are all doing, and that you have given up that tour in Sicily, where you will have more

------

than the inconvenience of Egypt, with very little of the entertalmment or profit. If the Egyptian journeys can not be contrived, I have a sort of faint idea of a tour to Como, and the northern Italian lakes. I hiss your hand and feet ; and with the kindest regards to the count and the great Mathews, believe me, my dear Lady Blessington, your affectionate and faithful

" WILLIAM GELL."

## CHAPTER XVII.

LETTERS OF SIR WILLIAM GELL TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Rome, 4th July, 1884.

"I was going on in much too flourishing a state of health and jack-ass riding when I received an unlucky letter from Dr. Watson, congratulating me on the same, and singing the praises of Dr. Neiker, who he says has cured him of his infamous headache.

"This was a sort of triumph old Nick could not allow, so the same day, having invited Dedwell to dine under the trees in my garden in order to concert an expedition to Soracte, &c., which would have taken up three days, after which I meant immediately to throw myself at your feet, I was obliged to be carried to my post, and have never, since the 27th of June, made a single pace on my own feet, nor till this evening in any other manner. In the mean time I have really very little pain, though I have been so bewildered that I could not even sit up for two days—a great inconvenience, as it deprives one of so many amusements. At present I am better, or the scene is shifting, which it makes no scruple of doing between both feet, both knees, and a dozen or two of the elbows and fingers; and thus you have had a long and dull account of my enemy and myself.

"I have been, since I wrote last to your ladyship, doing nothing but living in the country houses of the Romans. We had a week at Tivoli, at the Villa Santa Croce, after we returned from Bracciano. We next borrowed the palace of the Duke of Tagerolo of that ilk, and thought that though the thieves were already strong in the field, a population of four or five thousand souls, with the ducal palace in the centre, would render the neighborhood safer for us ; and indeed so we found it, having the good fortune to assify all over the country in all directions unassailed. Lady Mary Deerburst, who is the lady of the castle on all these excursions, carries the whole household, children, tutor, governess, dogs, and the rest of the royal family, so that we made some show even in the largest of these mansions, that at Zagarolo being really a magnificent pile, and the place where the pope of those days sent the learned men to consult on the best Catholic edition of the Bible, since published, and called the Vulgate. Here we were joined for some days by Lords Kinnaird and Dudley, and Mr. Hare, to say nothing of Mrs. Dalton, and two beaux, Mr. Bacon and Mr. Stevenson, whom Lady Mary found out one day by chance

as she was riding through Valmontone, the whole party and I believe three carriages having only mistaken their way a little, and traveled through the whole territory of the thieves by Monte Casino, thinking they were going by the Terracina road, much as the lovely Bess Caldwell went half way to Vienna in her way from Brussels to Paris.

"When we had seen every thing in that country we returned again to Rome, whence we fitted out several little expeditions for the day, and discovared several cities with good old Greek-looking walls of large blocks, which the wags and antiquaries had no idea of.

"Probably the lost cities taken by Romulus and the Tarquins will all be found in time, if we all live and are well, which, as you very wisely observe, is doubtful.

"I shall only give you one more of our tours in search of Cures, the ancient city of the Sabines, whence came Mr. Smith's cousin, King Tatins, and all the Quirites to Rome. We found the place, though there are but few remains, near the modern village and river Correse, a charming trout stream, running through the most beautiful country we had ever seen. Between the high range of Monte Gennaro (Lucretili according to Mathews) and the Tiber is a country perhaps eight miles in width, interspersed with villages at short distances, perched on the most romantic spots, perfectly defended by nature, but beautifully picturesque, with the remains of the ancient fortifications of the baronial houses. We had the palace of Prince Sierra at Monte Libretti, one of those villages, and though we had it not enough to ourselves to be very comfortable, we managed to make our excursions with effect. Nothing can give you an idea of the infinite beauty of the country, which, generally speaking, seems an eternal forest of oaks and spina Christi; yet every now and then, and just when you wish it, opening into a little cultivation, either in corn, flax, or gardens. Every half mile, in crossing the direction of the great mountains which bound the whole, you have a descent by a precipice into a deep woody dell, with its little stream, sometimes with a patch of cultivation, and forcing its way through the rocks ; but I will say no more, lest you should think the gout is got into my head. How sorry you will all have been for Lord Byron. We have a little medal here of him, but it might as well have been of Casar, to my eye. They should have sent to Count D'Orsay for a profile. It is really a sad loss to literature, and an immense deficit of interest from the Greek cause. I am afraid the said cause is not very flourishing, as we begin to receive letters from ruined families of the Greeks, saying that, having lost almost all they had by the revolution, and no law existing, they fled with the little remainder, and now solicit your excellency's support. In the mean time, Lady Westmoreland, who had been nearly famished during the late scarcity of 'cases,' is quite set up again by Mr. Battier's case, and the death of Lord Byron before he had time to reform ; and with these two she is now exercising her eloquence, first at Venice, and since at Vicenza, and other towns in the north of Italy, where Mr. Craven met her. Craven writes from

the Lake of Wallensee on the 16th, and Munich the 17th of June. He finds no attempt at pease, or even salad. At Wallensee several patches of snow down to the water's edge. The elder flowers not come out. The apple-trees yet in early bloom, and a sharp frost every evening. Two days before, he was eating over-ripe cherries in Italy.

"I wish I could send you a good account of the robbers, but nothing has been heard of them lately, except that they are living like fifty prodigal sons at Montellano on the product of the last ransom. When that is spent, of course they will send for more ; and if I get well by the time they begin to infest the road, I must really take the liberty to escape by sea, for to be beaten to death because I can not walk into the mountains, or, being taken on an ass. to have to pay the greater part of my fortune for a ransom, would neither of them be advisable cases. I hope, at least, the earl now likes the Belvidere better than in the winter, when the window curtains sometimes insisted on becoming part of the dinner company at the table. Speaking of a gun, do any of you want a groom, named Crispin, who has been all over this country with Lady Mary, but which Lady Mary is now gone to Leghorn with only an English groom for her riding-horses, and, in consequence, the man is left in my hands to dispose of? Now for a description. Crispin is of middle stature, slim, active, intelligent, and much in appearance like a real slang English groom ; in feature like a baddish caricature of K---- Dut into an oven till his hair was singed. Born at Viterbo, aged about thirty, and I suspect concerned in divers serenades, sung in a high key, and not remarkable for precision, which I sometimes hear in the street. If any of the family of Belvidere want for themselves, or can dispose to their neighbors of a person so eminently qualified, he is now to be had cheap. I hope you will be able to read my writing, as it has only just occurred to me that I am obliged to sit in a posture which I can not do myself, with my feet in the air. I have no news from England. A friend wrote to me in the greatest haste to help him to a peerage, that of Darcy of \_\_\_\_\_.\* I gave him his answer, and told him Darcy of Navan was what he had a claim to, and no other of that name. Yet I have had no answer, so conclude he has died of it, as it is now above three months ago. They say the Aberdeens are coming here, instigated, if true, I suppose, by Captain Gordon. We have long been without a single milord of any sort or kind, but I believe there yet remain many of a tribe of both sexes, who are in want of money to go away the next day to England with a very pitiful story, which they take round every winter, without ever quitting for an instant the Holy City.

"We have yet had not a hint on the subject of the learned 'Faustus.' I hope and trust she has been exorcised long ago, and does not mean to be ill any more, but to be a nice little neat sort of a tidy discreet old sort of a body as usual, when fate allows me to come clumping like a parrot into her pres-

\* Word illegible .- R. R. M.

ence. I kiss the henes of your garments. I salute the whole company, and am most affectionately and faithfully, W. G."

"Roms, October Id, 1884.

"I am sitting in my garden, under the shade of my own vines and figs, my dear Lady Blessington, where I have been looking at the people gathering the grapes, which are to produce six barrels of what I maspect will prove very bad wine; and all this sounds very well till I tell you that I am positively sitting in a wheelbarrow, which I found the only means of conveying my crazy person into the garden. Don't laugh, Miss Power. The fact is, that all those feelings which I had for two days at your house most kindly contrived to resolve themselves into a fit of the gout on the very morning of my departure, so that I got into the carriage in torture, and was obliged to be borne out by two porters at Capus, since which time till to-day I have never put a foot to the ground. I considered, at Capua, that if I let Sir W. Drummond tura back, as he wanted to do, it was most probable he would fall ill before I was well, and he would be thus disappointed of his tour, so I was carried again to the coach, and, after a drive of thirty-five miles to San Germano with the same horses, through a most beautiful country, and not very bad road, we found ourselves compelled at sunset to mount two wretched asses, and climb by a steep zigzag road for an hour and a half to the monastery of Monte Casino. All this, with a fit of the gout, was certainly rather an undertaking, but I was carried by some very good people of the jackasses up five hundred steps and forty corridors, and laid upon a bed, where the holy fathers, the very nicest of Thingumberrys in the world, were so kind to me that I could have been nowhere better. They gave us a fine supper in the next room, as I found by the number of good plates they brought, and tried to persuade me to eat. Sir William Drummond seemed quito pleased with them, and talked till a late hour, and they, on their parts, seemed equally delighted with him. The next morning, Tuesday, they took him to see their library, which is very good, and their archivio, or room of manuscripts ; and finding I was not in a movable state, they were se kind as to send five or six of their most curious MSS. to me. Among them was the MS. Virgil, which has all the lines filled up (by the Lord knows who) which Virgil had left unfinished in his hurry to dic. We remained there till Saturday, when I descended the mountain in a sedan chair, and we renowed our journey. On Friday, the fathers insisted on my seeing their wonders in the said sedan; and I went into the church to hear the celebrated organ, which, in the shattered state of my nerves, only served to make me cry. The church is really the most beautiful thing ever scen. It is entirely incrusted with the finest marbles, and neither stone nor mortar appears in any part of it. The pilasters are inlaid in beautiful arabesques of verd-antique, porphyry, and serpentino ; and the whole so clean, so new, and so polished, that, till I had seen it. I had no idea of the effect which might be produced by colored marbles. The floor is also equally beautiful and simple.

and the ceiling gilt and painted in the gayest and most elegant manner. Under the dome is the abbot's throne, and in the chancel the stalls are of carved oak, of the most elaborate and astonishing workmanship. When the first effect of the organ had passed off. I found it was really more like an orchestra than any thing I had over heard, and the organist was never tired of playing. and of setting it off to the best advantage. These people are really learned monks, and we found, out of ten, three or four who were good scholars, and had even got as far as the Hebrew. In former times they had great revenues, and more than one hundred residents. They have now 16,000 ducats, or about £3000 per annum. Nothing could exceed their kindness to us, and we did our best to repay it, by showing them the sextant, camere lucida, and all we possessed, which might be new to them in science or literature. Quitting these good souls, we began our adventures, intending to go to Rome by the nearest way. We set out, therefore, with a vetturino for Ceprano, the first town in the Roman States. We found, near St. Germano, the remains of an amphitheatre; and we spun along a fine new road, past Aquino to below Rocca Secca, for two hours or more, with the greatest success, and there met with the River Melfa, almost dry, but at the bottom of a deep, rocky dell, over which a bridge is building-to get over the stream; it was therefore necessary to diverge to the right, and in about twenty minutes we regained the good road, only to quit it forever on the left, and wander for the rest of the day in the wilds and vineyards, without roads or any fixed direction. It appears that, if ever five miles of the road be made, there will be no difficulty in reaching Ceprano in a direct line. As it is, however, the fine road runs to the right to Sara, and we were condemned to hunt our fortune in a large coach and four, and at last to make nine or ten miles out of the five. There were few absolute dangers, particularly as the weather had been dry, but it began to rain in the afternoon, and we passed a sort of devil's bridge between two precipices of slippery earth, which was not quite agreeable. We reached at length the little village of Isolatta, and soon after got into the Roman States, where we found a road, and a very good new bridge over the Liris, by which we entered the little town of Ceprano. Here we lodged at the house of a surgeon, to whom our friends of Monte Casino had recommended us, and we were treated as well as, under a very humble roof, we could expect. In the morning of Sunday we set out again, and, passing by a very decent but tiresome road, eternally mounting and descending, but in a well-cultivated and pretty country, through Frosinone, Ferentino, and Anagni, cities of Latium, with great remains of antiquity, we arrived at night at Valmontane, having gone forty-four miles with the same horses from Ceprano. As we came late, though the inn is very large, it was occupied, and, after a good deal of waiting and trouble, we got two corn-chambers, with damp beds to sleep in. Sir William could not sleep, but in the morning we proceeded to the Holy City, twentyfive miles, and arrived at two o'clock, having performed our journey through the whole of the thieves' country without any sinister accident. Lord Kin-

naird we saw on our arrival, and Mr. Mills came the same day. Mr. Millingen was also here, and is gone on to Paris. Lady Mary Desrinant came yestenday, and I expect her in my garden every minute. Craven arrives to-merrow, and the margravine is hourly expected : a most wonderful coincidence of travelers. My companion voted me too crasy to accompany him to Albano, where he thinks he is going to ride about on the mountain, so I am sent to grass for a few days at my own casino on the Quirinal. I expect in lass than a week to be summoned to Albano, and so to return to Naples, when, as I already begin to hobble, I expect to be quite well-in my way, and where I hope to hear of you on my arrival ; for I will not let you write, as I am most uncertain in my motions. I think I am the only person who sets out at the beginning of a fit of the gout on a party of pleasure, but I think it has succeeded, as I should not have been well any where ; and I can say that, except starting, the pain of the gout seems to have very much worn itself out, or to have been conquered by Dr. Neiker. You will know poor Miss Bathurst's body was found the day we arrived. A flood seems to have removed the sandbank which had covered it, near the scene of the accident. Having been always under water, the flesh had become like spermaceti, and the hat, veil, drc., were perfect; even the mouth was recognizable. I beg my kindest regards to the earl, count, Mousey, Mathews, and all your party. W. GELL."

" Naples (1834).

"' The doughty Douglass' could not come because he was going away so soon, but will wait upon you in St. James's Square.

"I intend to come to-day, and will bring a specimen of the Royal Letters, and Mademoiselle Demont's journal, if you will be at home." Your slave, "W. GELL."

\* On the queen's trial in 1820, Louisa Demont was examined. Said she was a native of Switzerland, of the Pays de Vaud, a Protestant; engaged with her royal highness as first femme de chambre at Lausanne. Her testimony was the most damaging to the princess of all the evidence of the crown witnesses. September 1st, 1820, on her cross-examination, said she had been in England thirteen months, and could not speak English. Was discharged by the princess in 1817 for saying something which was, in fact, untrue. Did not go into other service, because in Switzerland she had funds of her own sufficient to live upon.

A letter of hers, after her departure, was read to her sister, another servant of the princess, named Mariette, dated 8th Feb., 1818, in which this passage occurs : "You can not think, Mariette, what a noise my little journal has made." In this letter she says she spoke in her journal in the highest terms of the princess. The whole evidence of this witness showed her to be a very unacrupulous, intriguing, cunning, clever person, not deficient in education. Lord Brougham said of her, "This woman was the most perfect specimen, the most finished model of the complete waiting-maid."-R. M.

"Naples.

345

"I have been thinking of your learning Italian, and think at last I could teach you in two hours to read; and as you are professor of Pausanias already, would willingly have a set-to at a little bit of it with you; there can be no doubt that no modern language is equal to it, and when you have it, Latin, Spanish, and Portuguese (to read) will be easy. I shall therefore bring Pausanias on Sunday and hope you will not have company who will prevent my lesson. With kindest regards to the count and Lady Julia,

"WILLIAM GELL."

In a letter of Sir William Gell's, addressed to Lady Blessington, 1824, at the Villa Belvidere, the following observations on mythological emblems, ornaments, instruments, and vesture are inserted, in the hand-writing, I think, of Mr. Craven, probably transmitted in compliance with the wishes of Lady Blessington, communicated to Gell :

"Certain wreaths were peculiarly given as rewards to the winners in particular games. Wild olive was the recompense in the Olympic games, laurel in the Pythian, parsley in the Nemean, and pine twigs in the Isthmic games. The diadem or fillet, called Credemnon, was among the gods reserved for Jupiter, Neptune, Apollo, and Bacchus, and among men it was regarded as the peculiar mark of royalty. The radiated crown, formed of long sharp spikes, emblematic of the sun, and represented as issuing from the head of that deity, was first worn only on the tiaras of the Armenian and Parthian kings, and afterward became adopted by the Greek sovereigns of Egypt and of Syria. A wreath of olive-branches was worn by ordinary men at the birth of a son, and a garland of flowers at weddings, on festivals, and at feasts; in order that the scent might be more fully enjoyed, the wreath was often worn round the neck. As a symbol of power, gods, sovereigns, and heralds carried the sceptre, or hasta, terminated by the representation of some animal or flower instead of a point. As the emblem of their mission, Mercury and all messengers bore the caduceus twined round the serpent.

"The car of each Grecian deity was drawn by some peculiar kind of animal or bird : that of Juno by peacocks, of Apollo by griffins, of Diana by stags, of Venus by swans or turtle-doves, of Mercury by rams, of Minerva by owls, of Cybele by lions, of Bacchus by panthers, of Neptune by sea-horses. The Gorgon's head, with its round chaps, wide mouth, and tongue drawn out, emblematic of the full moon, was regarded as an amulet against incantations and spells, and is for that reason found not only on the formidable ægis of Jupiter and of Minerva, as well as on cinerary urns and in tombs, but on Grecian shields and breast-plates, at the pole-ends of chariots, and in the most conspicuous parts of every other instrument of defense or protection to the living or the dead. The prows of Greek galleys or ships of war were ornamented with

the chemiscus, frequently formed like the head and nack of an aquatic bird, and the poop with the spinstrum, shaped like a sort of homeywackie. Two large oyes were generally represented near the prew, as if to make the vessel like a fish, to see its way through the waves. In religious processions of the Greeks, masks were used as well as in their theatres, and in order to represent the attendants of the god who was worshiped. Thus, in Baselsanalian processions (the endless subjects of ancient bas-reliefs and paintings), the forms, satyrs, and other monstrous beings are only human individuals masked ; and in initiations and mysteries, the winged genii are in the same predicament ; and the deception must have been the greater, as the ancient masks were made to cover the whole head. Of these masks, which, together with all else that belonged to the thesize, were concerned to Bacelsus, there was an infinite variety. Some represented abstract feelings or characters, such as joy, grief, laughter, dignity, valgarity, masked in the comie, tragic, and satyric masks, others offered portraits of real individuals, living or dead. The thyraus, so frequently introduced, was only a spear, of which the point was stuck in a pine cone, or wound round with ivy leaves. Afterward, to render the blows given with it during drunkenness harmless, it was made of the reed called ferrie

"Of musical instruments, the phormins, or large lyre, was dedicated to Apollo, and was played upon with an ivory instrument called plactrum. It was usually fastened to a belt hung across the shoulder, and sometimes suspended from the wrist of the left hand, while played upon with the right. The *cithara*, or smaller lyre, was dedicated to Mercury, and when the body was formed of tortoise-shell, and the arms composed of a goat's horns, it was called *chelys*. This was played upon by the fingers. The *barbites* was a much longer instrument, and emitted a graver sound. The *trigonium*, or triangle, an instrument borrowed by the Greeks from Eastern nations, much resembled the harp. Besides these instruments with chords, the Greeks hill beveral wind instruments, principally the double flute and the *syrinx*, or Pan's flute. To these may be added a certain instrument for producing noise, the *tympanon*, or tambourine, chiefly used in the festival of Bacchus and of Cybele : the *crembala*, or cymbals, formed of metal cups, and the *crotals*, or castanets, formed of wood, shaped like shells.

"In attire, the chlamys, a short cloak, was a garment of gods and heroes, fastened over the shoulder or upon the chest. Such is the mantle of the Apollo Belvidere, and many of the statues of Mercury. Wreaths of oak leaves were consecrated to Jupiter, laurel leaves to Apollo, ivy and vins to Bacchus, poplar to Hercules, wheat ears to Ceres, gold or myrils to Venns, fir twigs to the fauns and sylvans, and reeds to the river gods.

"The peplum was a sort of mantle worn by the Greeks; the tunic a loose robe. Venus is the only one of the goddessee that is represented without a peplum, and Diana is generally represented with hers forlad, and down tight over the shoulders and round the waist, forming a girlin, while the anis dif-

ing down in front. The peplum had small metal points attached to its corners, in order to make them hang more straight and even."

#### " Rome, 23d March, 1825.

"I shall never have the pleasure of ' whipping the family all round most severely' again, if it be true that poor old Parr is really dead, as I see it announced in the newspapers. I am always for those living longest who contrive to be content with the world, and endeavor to make the best of it ; and he was really one of those. I conclude he was by no means young, but it is a pity that two such scholars as he and Porson should have departed without having left something of more consequence behind them to perpetuate their fame. I continued to mend in my hobbling as I approached the Holy City, and for some days after my arrival ; but, as fate would have it, all my friends lived up one hundred and fifty stairs, and I ruined myself by my premature activity so effectually, that, though without pain, I have been forced to be carried by two people, one of whom is the great Pasquale, till three days ago. It would be natural that I should have therefore seen very few persons, but the good Lady Manvers, who protects me most especially, is so popular, that, seated in her wheeling chair, I have seen almost all the good company at Rome, Lady Bute excepted, who threatens me with a visit in my garden to-day, as she does not attempt stairs. I have no doubt Dr. Neiker could cure her of that also. We have Sir George Talbot, who gives great and good dinners as I am told, for I was not well enough to go when invited. We have Lady Davy, who lives in the right horn of the moon, in the Valdombrino palace, up five hundred steps, who gives agreeable little dinners neither great nor good. We have Anna Maria Starke, who gives parties and misereres, if you are fond of music ; Lady George Seymour, who has a very pretty daughter, and a very nice girl; Mr. Rose, the man of Greek inscriptions; a rich Mr. Ferguson, with one or two others, last from Persepolis and Bagdat ; a Baron Uxecull or Oxscull, from Finland, last from Egypt and Syria, with a collection of drawings; William Burrell, with a new waistcoat and neck-handkerchief of real Cashmere (or do you spell it Cashemire) shawl for every day in the year, and a gold toilet; Mr. Dodwell, who has just cut open a mummy in public, and found it to be a lady of fashion three thousand years old, and his pretty wife, who has a party every Sunday, and I dine with them to remain at it; Mrs. Singleton, nee Upton, and Miss Upton, unmarried ; Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, very nice people, from Ireland ; Dr. and Mrs. and Miss Hall, the Dean of Durham, from Naples, who seem good people, and a variety of others, fathers and mothers unknown. A little while ago, every body was engaged in companies, like Anglo-Mexican miners, to make excavations in secret ; as nobody got any good by these speculations, the taste seems at present all gone into the miserere line, and there really are arrived many pilgrims, and even prelates, who do penance, much as I think I could do it myself, by arriving here in a coachand-four, and under their oil-cloth dress and cockle-shells are clothed in real

cloth of gold and fine lines. I believe the Duke of Lucca is also a pilgrim, and, in abort, from what I understand, the plot begins to thicken, and the desert of Rome to be peopled. I can not help thinking it would entertain you all exceedingly to make a trip for a week, particularly as hely years do not occur every day of one's life, and we shall and with an illumination and fireworks of the most brilliant kind.

" I wish I could say I would lodge, clothe, and feed you if you would come ; but for amusement, the people, the quaintness of every thing, and the air of general decadence, are, after the bustle of Naples, things to pender upon, and could not fail to strike you at the time, and to prove a source of recollections and reflections afterward, not to mention the queer things you would pick up for the adventures in your new romance. I wish you would engage me in that to-be-celebrated work. Have you read the 'Travelers,' a book with some such name, with anecdotes of all the robberies, real or supposed, in the way between Rome and Naples ! Have you got 'the Inheritance,' by the author of 'Marriage !' It is excellent, and very interesting. Think of poor Colonel S- hanging himself, and the shocking affair of Lord Shaftasbury's son at Eton. The world is gone crazy. Lady Mary Deenhurst I see often, and she will come to Naples in May. She wants to send her son to school in England. Our spring is very backward, but nevertheless I find my garden, which is full of evergreens, in considerable beauty. When the weather is warmer I shall begin my geographic excursions with Lady Mary and Messrs. Graham and Dodwell. We purpose going up Mount Soracte among other things, and to hire all the diligence, and go in it to Civita Vecchia, and thence to Corneto or Tarquinium. You will most likely think us all very crasy, but as Lady Charlotte Campbell said, if it be not right, it is at least very agreeable. Lord Kinnaird is by no means well, and it is supposed he must quit Rome. I hope Mesdames Lucrezia and Letizia continue to be the ornaments of their profession, and to draw the great coach with success. I beg to be most kindly remembered to my lord and 'Lady Julia.' Pray tell the count his particular friend Dr. Wilson has sent Lady Mary also some oranges, so he must not think the protection exclusive. I don't hear whether he called her ' Mary' in his letter, or added her title. I kiss your hands. WILLIAM GELL."

"Drummond has given his word of honor to close his gates to the abbot," and told Craven and Scarfe to announce it to the world. Captain Scarfe was a witness, and Craven says, quite eloquent. and without compliments.

"There does not appear to be any sympathy for the abbot at present any where. Reilly seems a sort of helper, and S— in the worst scrape as to the figure he makes, for he has unsaid and has to reunsay. Most truly and sincerely, W. GELL."

\* The well-known Abbe Campbell .- R. R. M.

"Naples.

"I could not answer your last kind letter, as I was wofully beset by banker's business at the moment, but I intended to have sent a letter this morning, when your man arrived. I must come to-morrow, as I don't like to refuse Craven at this moment, just after the tidings of Lord Craven's death. I will come on Wednesday to dinner, and at seven, if I do not hear that your hour is changed, if you can see me, and think then, with assistance, I shall be able to do without my chair, as to-day I can stand alone. I am quite well, but with such legs (in their best state), I am long in recovering the little use of them which remains.

"A nasty man, Mr. R.—.: he has gone and bought a house in Piccadilly, on which I had £4000, or rather an annuity of £400 a year, which has thrown my money, or rather the interest of it, into a sad state.

"With kind regards to the Lady Julia and the count,

" WILLIAM GELL."

"Naples.

"How do you do after your star-ganing ! and have you got your treasures safe, and has the count been angry at me for slipping them into his portfolio ? for I am anxious to know all these circumstances. After waiting some time, I recollected that Lord Blessington said you were to wait for the moon, and that I might have remained many centuries listening for the wheels of your chariot ; so I departed, hoping that I should meet you somewhere on the road to the studio, where you turned off to the observatory. I doubled up my note as curiously as I could, that no one might dare to open it, and learn where I had placed the letters, and I hope I succeeded.

" VERSES BY PAYNE ENIGHT'S CHOST TO ME. SOTREBY :

" Dear Botherby, let me alone,

For as asses still acratch one another, Every mortal that hears of your moan

Will imagine that I was a brother.

Bad verses I wrote, but no cant ;

Was a scholar and wit, as you know it ; While, in spite of pretension and rant,

You're a quack and a prig, but no poet.

"Most truly yours,

W. GELL."

" Naples.

"It is so many centuries since I heard of you from yourself, that I have thought it better to write than to go on longer in darkness. I have heard, however, that poor Miss Faustus" is going on well, from Dr. Doratt; pray let me hear how she is to-day. It is so cold for the last three days that I think of giving up the ghost myself, and Sir William Drummond is not yet quite

\* One of the numerous appellations Sir William was in the habit of giving his fair friend Miss Power.-R. R. M.

### LATVING.OF. SIR WILLIAM CTLL.

recovered. I fear you will have also suffered from the winter, which, in your exposed situation, must have been more serious then here. Novertheless, I have always breakfasted on my terman, for the abovinable wind done not blow have till twolve or one. I expect Cruves to-morrow evening, who has escaped with difficulty from his constituents, the asters at Rome, for they are quite rained by his departure, and expest no more good benafits. Lady Drammond thusatens us with a masked ball, and Mrs. Hamilton with another, at the end of the mouth. M. Do Same gives a ball this evening, and Count Jenisso, who is just as fat as ever after the liquidaton of his blood, according to Bass Caldwell, gives another in a few days. I shall certainly be danced quits off my legs. What de you think of my dining with the archbishop yesterday, at what he calls three, and not ending till seven, which made nine at night appear like twelve ! Ha had two new dandy counts from Sweden, one of which was a Count Hamilton, to dianer, and I took the Angelle with me to show his pracious sculptures. The archbishop says you are all most cruel people to come like an apparition, and then, after swearing sternal friendship, to come no more ; however, he has turned off the Beaumont girls, and says he will deliver himself up to you, body and coul, if you are inclined to return to his embraces and charities. In the middle of dinner the Angell put down his hand by accident, which was immediately seized and scratched by the great black cat 'Othello,' who lies watching for such opportunities. He only climbed upon my knee once by setting his claws into my pantaloons.

"I faar we shall end by falling into the arms of Mr. and Mrs. Montefore, Mr. Rothschild's brother and sister-in-law, for our Egyptian voyage. They are now waiting at Rome, and mean to get a ship from England in September.

"Pray let me hear how you all do; and with best regards to the earl, the count, and all the party, WILLIAM GELL."

"Naples, August 6th.

"I really don't think it would be fair to attack you a third time by the post, having already, as you ordered, first addressed you at Turin, and then at Geneva, particularly as, before this arrives at Florence, you will probably be in Ireland. First, his lordship was very kind and very gracious about the map, which I wrote him word I accepted with pleasure, and his name, as the Mecsmas, is already inscribed in the title; and I wrote by the same post to put off Lady Ruthven, who was likely to have been the map's protectress. Moreover, I wrote to his lordship again to say that, as he told me, I had, through Torionia, made a sort of draft on Messrs. Ransom at a long dats—I think three months—as the map was almost finished. I have put down in the title at once that his munificence was the cause of the publication, for it seems better to write the real truth. So it begins, 'Munificentia Exc. Viri Carolus Johannes Comitis Blessington,' and set forth properly in capitals.

\* Mr. Angell was an eminent English architect.-R. R. M.

Nobody can be offended at the puff, and his lordship's modesty will net, and can not be alarmed. I have also twice written to say my d-d £1000, which I have in London, is not yet cleared from certain houses on which it is secured; and since then I have from Oraven a letter, to say the time is by no means fixed when it will be forthcoming.

"Ye gods, how hot it is! Mr. Lambton's vessel is here, and the sailors wanted to take the Nespelitan frigste, where it was launched the other day, because the English flag was placed the lowest, except the Algerine. There is spirit for you! W. G."

#### "Nuples, 15th April, 1898.

"It was very silly of me not to ask one of you to send me one line from Florence, as I have been thinking ever since of the displeasure I should receive from losing a letter to you. However, I will proceed on the supposition that you are really gone on to Venice, unseduced by the wiles of Messre. Strangways and Co. to detain you at Florence. Oh, what peas and paper one meets with in Dodwell's house ! but I have mended it, for there I am waiting for dinner at four o'clock on the 15th day of April, 1826.

"You left us in great tribulation at your departure, and the next day it seemed as if you had been gone a week, so heavily did the time pass. I immediately fell to map-making with great vigor, and it is positively engraving on a great plate of copper weighing thirty-six pounds, and costing the Lord knows what. The said plate arrived when I was out, and Squintibus, te whom I had mentioned my wish to put a metal plate behind the fire, mistook it for that, and was on the point of sacrificing my new copper to that purpose. I made the tour proposed with Measure. Dodwell and Nibby, and the Conta di Monte Vecchio, laat Monday ; but, having wisely selected the only rainy day ever seen, we did nothing but fence off the bad weather with unbrellas, and after getting up at five to set out at seven, we dined at twelve in a cottage, at a place called Buccea, twelve miles from Rome, and returned without being much the wiser for our pains.

"On Tuesday next we set out for Antinm—that is, Dodwell, Mills, and I, in two carriages; as Mills goes on a plant expedition only, and we go to flatter ourselves in vain, we shall find Corrioli with Caius Marcius and John Kemble on the wall. Sir William Dry arrived the day before yesterday, having deladed Lady D—to stay a fortnight longer in Naples. I have not seen him yet, but go to-night at eight, after dining at Dodwell's. He has brought Dr. Watson to take care of him, for he is by no means right, having a hind leg out of order; but he is getting well. They don't know how long they stay, or whither they are bound, except that they think Paris will be somewhere in their journey. I have a letter to-day from Champollion, who has found treasures at Leghorn, in Salt's collection, which the French government have sent him to examine and pack up. He has found, among other things, the great Queen of Egypt, NRoeris—not that of Babylon—and is very ingenious

on the subject, having really a splandid talant at making silken purses out of nows' ears. Manethe, or Emtosthemes, I forget which, says the name Nitoacis meant the victorious Minerva; so Champellien's queen begins with the signs of Neith, the goddess answering to Minerva, and of the rest of the characters after Neit or Neith he makes the word victory in Coptic, of which I believe every word (like a goose, you will say), and quite worship the knowladge united with the talent he possesses. He says he will come here on the 16th of May, and certainly will be a great acquisition to me-

# "The Strabo informs os."

"Miss Power has long ago left the room, I conclude ; but, as she does not yet know Champellion, she can only call him a bore. Moore is really gone to Naples, and so is every body I ever heard of, except the licentious people who go by a vetturino to Vienna to meet 'my lawful.' My nasty friend has ended by declaring that he can not give the £400 he promised me two years ago, and I have yet £1500 of my capital which my friends have not disposed of at Naples, and which grieveth the financial boas of my carebellum full sore.

"I was sent for by Princess Garace as I quitted your house, and abe told me --The Sagan woman was most uncommonly civil to Nelly, and last Saturday set out for Vienna with the Potocka girl. I saw for a moment the margravine's memoirs at Torlonia's. In the middle of them is a long essay on Etruscan art, written by the editor, Mr. Brett, out of Winkleman, a book I have often seen in his hands. The said lady has ordered C- never to invite Luttrell to dinner again, because he never spoke to her. Mills says he is glad the receipt is at last discovered. Please to tell Miss Power that the Mr. Demetri, her friend, I have at last found out to be a person whom I never saw but once in my life for a moment, and not a bit a certain Athenian that I really did know. Mrs. Dodwell has agreed to take a box at the Theatre de Buratini, or Theatre of Puppets, next Saturday. This has long been a fashionable amusement at Rome; but they have now got up, with splendid scenery and dresses, Iphigenie in Tauris, and other heroic pieces, which are said to be very entertaining, particularly when the machinery goes wrong, and the heroes, instead of striking a blow with their swords, thrust them through the train of their own robes. This operation is so long deferred on account of their journey to Antium, about which you have heard so much, and probably care so little. This letter is concluded the 16th of April, when I have had a long tes-party with Sir William Drummond, and very long discussions on divers points of history, and particularly that of Rome, by Niebuhr, the ex-Prussian minister here, which if you over meet with in French, pray get it, as it is very curious. You have probably been overtaken by 'Puss in Boots' at Florence; at all events, last Friday he determined to set off, but I think my letter may overtake him yet, as he goes by a vetturino. The world is grown very wide-I mean, there is quite room enough for those remaining in Rome-and to-day I have seen no one but Dr. Watson, Nibby, Mr. Petre.

and Mr. Sykes, the first bound for Naples, and the latter for England, where Pussey will wend for the sake of buying horses.

"I have now sent you a very long and very ugly letter; but Lady Westmoreland says little queer letters are the only ones which arrive safe. I have neither announced myself in France or Portugal yet, in the persons of their embassadors, not having had time, or perhaps the courage which sound legs inspire ; but I will do so next week, that I may not be in that dinnerless condition described by Hare at Florence, which, in the present dearth of company, seems not impossible. By this time Miss Power may be returned, hoping my dull letter may be finished; but no, you have yet the loves of the Contessina Dodwell, who says you are all sympathetic-sympatics ; of Mills, who loves you tenderly; and Dodwell, who eagerly asks every day for information I can not give him. Pray let me hear from you ere long, not a letter, but a line to say how you all are, and whither bound. Dr. Robertson came a day or two after you went, and seemed sorry not to have caught you. I salute you all with a kiss a little warmer than Dr. Parr's holy kiss on the stairs. W. GELL."

"Your ladyship's slave,

#### " Rome, June 7, 1897.

"I am gone to bed at nine, having a dozen gouts and as many agues, besides swelled glands, and every other species of agreeable sensation. It rained yesterday furiously, on account of which Lady Westmoreland gave a fete in a villa at Rome. Now I had no idea that Lord B---- was with the rest of the family, imagining that he had departed some fortnight ago for the purpose of appearing in Parliament; and, on this supposition, I ventured to ask the count whether the mention of the map would be an imprudence or not. His lordship has solved my doubts in a very agreeable manner ; so I shall, according to his order, consider him as the Mecanas of my map, and he must figure away with arms, coronet, and supporters, with a sort, I think, of Latin dedication in one corner, according to the custom of the modern Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Depend upon it I will contrive the thing in a few words, saying the truth, that his lordship is the cause of its appearance, by his munificent protection of the engraving. What I wish him to do is to tell the Ransoms to answer my drafts for a sum not exceeding 400 dollars (and I hope not 300), which was the way settled with Lord Kinnaird by his own desire ; and let me beg of him not to think of dying as he did, for it puts me in a fright, now the map is nearly engraved, quite indescribable. The next thing is the business of the £1000. Last year I was in high quest of a person to whom I might lend on annuity that or somewhat a larger sum ; but it was disposed of to a certain Signore Pietro, lord of the manor of Porto, and, after Torlonia, the greatest proprietor here, who pays one twelve per cent. for the same ; and £500 more I lent to a friend on the same terms, that is, when I die, adieu to my rent. Now I have another £1000 in London, settled on houses for three lives at ten per cent., but I can leave that in my will ; more-

#### LAND DOT DRIVELAND

own, the experied the house has delegal payments own since the Pountieneyaffair-that is, he ower me fills at this summary and my longer has ordered, the cents to be paid to him instead of to the spid populator, and it is public long to expect my around and my principal seen.

"All the people-lase gay on the first of soury much, which is very convariant, and they paper their hards and houses. Measures, there is an officein which you examine whether the solid houses and lands have been parced before; and if the thing he not registered there, the suggermant would be the last to be discharged; if the unrary absolid in Sutherning, I will immediately be his lookship inser; and an Oraven is in Lindstor, it is not impossible that I should have suggistered the initiation of the suggermant would be the same land last suggestion of the initiation of the suggermant would be the same land last suggestion of the initiation of the suggest of the state of the second of the state of the state

"The Pope will now be content to receive him as deputed to a temporal monarch, without talking of his divinity. Manage that, and you shall be my Magnus Apollo.

"Dr. Goodall, the Provost of Eton, is here, and we are such friends that he sends me Latin verses on myself, which I shall put I don't know where to be seen, they are so flattering. When you see the Galt, do sak him what he can do about books, and when you have time let me know. W. GELL."

#### "Rome, 29th June.

"Most ILLUSTRIOUS,---I wrote according to your orders to Turin, but as it is by no means impossible that by delaying your journey, or changing your route, you may forget that my letter exists at Turin for you, so I shall recapitulate the marrow and pith of the same. First, I have caused his excellency's name to be inscribed on the map in a way that can not offend his modesty, being only the simple truth in classical language, which runs somehow thus :

3......

# MUNIFICENTIA EXC. VIRI. Comitis Blessington, Hoc Testamen, Geographicum, Exhibens

Latium Vetus Et Hodiernum, &c., &c., &c. Rome Kal. Sexti Anno. Mpccoxxvii.,

showing that his lordship's munificence is the cause of the production of the map. Please to tell Messrs. Ransom about it as soon as you can, so that when I draw through Torlonia, it may be all right. Now for the second proposition about the £1000 and the annuity. I have no money at this moment not disposed of, but I expect £1000 to be paid me by a certain Mr. Baxter, settled on houses in Carmarthen Street. Whenever it comes, I will fire you a line; but I am not at all certain when that may be, yet I should say soon. Most truly and affectionately yours, W. GELL."

#### 14 Rome, June 6th, 1828.

"Any decent person—I mean, any person with decent legs—would have got up and got a good sheet of paper, instead of writing to you on two leaves of a book of MS. sermons. But I have given my people so much trouble in setting out the breakfast for two German professors, who have just brought me a diploma, creating me member of the Academy of Thuringis, that I don't wish to call them again.

"Where the deuce is Thuringia ! say you. Why, I hardly know myself, except that in the diploma I see it is in Sarony, and, if literally translated, it would seem the employment of the society should be digging up the graves of their ancestors, to see what sort of fellows they were. I beg you would have and feel a proper respect, in common with 'my lawful,' for my new and budding honors. Moreover, the Prussian Academy has sent to say they thank mes for my book on Walls, and will take care it shall be published with due care and honor.

"Now what have you all been doing in the mean time ? I have been twice or thrice ill, and between the acts to the Torionias, at Castell Gandolfo, and the Comptons at Frescati.

"I have got by Cavaliere Bunsen, the Prussian minister, just returned (and worth all the rest put together), the Hars and the Thirlwall's translation of Niebuhr's History of Rome. There is a good deal of information in the work, and several jokes and vulgarities not proper for history; but that is the author's fault; the translators seem to have been two Frenchmen. What think you of this! 'It were a great thing if I might be able to scatter, for those who read me, the cloud that lies on this most excellent portion of ancient story, and to spread a clear light over it.' Pray set 'my lawful' to turn it into English, with her well-known grammatical accuracy. One can make out what it means, but scatter instead of disperse is not pretty, and Julius Hirsutus\* can never have revised his work.

. Mr. Julius Hare .- R. R. M.

"Poor Mrs. B—— has lost her son, which I fear will go nigh to lose her, poor soul! She got the news before she reached England, where or whither ahe was going post haste. Lady Mary is going on the 10th to Naples, over the mountains—of China; so that Dodwell and I shall have the town to ourselves, as well as the Villa Borghese. But Beas Caldwell, by the way, who has been to see an old place which she calls by a name which she mistakes for castellated, is to replace all deserters. Craven writes that he leaves England soon.

"I have a letter from Black Fox, at Naples, to-day; he has been hunting antiquities in Samnium with great success. I wish, when you get to Paris, you would desire the count to send for Champollion, in my name, to dine with you. He may say, by way of introduction, that I have charged him to announce that I have received from Cairo for him Burton's 'Excerpta Hieroglyphica,' which I will send by the first opportunity. He is a great friend of mine, certainly one of the most marked men of the time, and agreeable in many ways, and lively in society, and I know they will be mutually glad to have seen each other. I never know whether my letters reach you. Cover the people with affectionate kisses for me, not forgetting my dear tormentor, who I am sure will find no one to make such silly faces, say such foolish things. or sing without knowing the words or having a voice, so readily as their slave in the Negroni, W. G.

" P.S.-I have found a great resource in Mr. Manning, the Chinese scholar, since you went ; he knows every thing by sheer study. Imagine that he does not know a note on any instrument, but has studied music out of a book -Chambers' Dictionary. I make him sing from the notes backward and forward, base and treble, at sight. I tried him in a difficult canzon, and he sung it all right the first time, singing la la instead of words, which he had never tried-a most curious instance of application ; but he must have a good ear. The Barings at Florence have brought him for the summer. I hope with him I shall have concluded the Chinese museum for Naples. Since you went also, I have entirely painted my room, and you will think me crazy when I tell you that people really come to see it-I mean, people I don't know. I have done it in all the bright staring colors I could get, a sort of thing between Etruscan and Pompeii; and the son of the Duca di Sermoneta, much the most clever and agreeable person in Rome, but whom I never got an opportunity of introducing at Blessington Castle, has had the patience, kindness, and ability to come and stand on the steps of a ladder till he had finished, with much spirit. a frieze of one hundred men, women, horses, and chariots round the apartment.

"I beg to say few people possess rooms adorned by the hands of a duke, descended from the Lombard conquerors of Italy, or with an estate ten miles long by fifteen, producing twopence a year. 'Adieu, my duck,' says the Moore; love to you all.

"Once more, ever yours,

W. G."

The following letter, signed E., inclosed in a letter of Sir W. Gell to Lady Blessington, is thus addressed :

# "FROM THE BEST BERKELY HUNDRED CHEESEMAKER.

"Naples, 4th April.

"LA DEA CONSOLATEICE, — Your poetry is the best I have ever seen, and made us all laugh, while I admired the style. I am much better than I was, but not quite well, nor shall I be till these barbarous March winds are over, and I have taken some baths. Keppel has a bad cold. It is quite a disagreeable thing to have you at Rome while I am here. I heard last night at the Opera that Baily goes off for Rome to-morrow, and so I shall send this. I hope you have better health than we have, and better pens; this is the sixth new one I try to write with. Yours most affectionately, E."\*

#### 44 Naples, July 5th (1828).

"I am resolved to write to you, though my hand refuse its office, and will probably be shared by its less practiced fellow before I have filled my sheet. I have been attacked with an abominable rheumatism, beginning in the shoulder, and, having well established itself in the neck, so as to produce the most excruciating pains, sending a colony to establish itself in the elbow, wrist, and hand in the shape of the gout, that I have passed an entire week in purgatory, whence I am now only beginning to escape, with the loss of the little remaining hair, known by its 'couleur mouchicide,' as the count used to say of it. Let 'my lawful,' therefore, prepare her spirits for the reception of her bald admirer, and no longer expect those beautiful ringlets which Lord Blessington so well remembers. Bless me ! I have given you a whole page of my own misfortunes, when I only intended to say I have been and still am ill, but in the mean time have taken the measures for removing the remains of my person to the Holy City, to partake of the corner of the heterodox at the pyramid of Caius Cestius.

"So.I have stolen from myself, therefore, the necessary money for the journey, and in wishing to lend my house to a most excellent person and friend of mine, Miss Whyte, in my absence, have found a tenant who insists upon paying rent whether I will or not, and with whom I can leave my goods and chattels all at sixes and sevens, just as they are, without any trouble or preparation. The gentleman Lord Blessington calls the training groom has the politeness to be just as ill, or rather worse than I am, all the time; so that, having been forced to give up going out, we are obliged to dime at home, much assisted by the frequent appearance of Fox, who, having found out that the groom knows a trick or two besides training, has long courted his society.

"I am sometimes astonished by the wonderful knowledge of my companion

It is possible this letter, signed E., in the hand-writing of a very aged person, is the production of the Margravine of Anspach, whose Christian name was Elizabeth.—R. R. M.

### DETTINES OF SIR WILLIAM OFLI.

on all political subjects, and do not depend on my own judgment, which has not been exercised that way, but on that of Fox, who is in every respect capuble. I fear I shall loss my said friend at Rome, and then Lord Blessington will not have the trouble of being civil, though, if you continue to repeat the kind things the groom has said of Lord B-, that may perhaps effect a ahange. The news here is, that the Holy City is so fall of factious and fractions John and Mary Bulls, that the whole herd is split into four or five sections, and one party abjures the other. The universal complaint is, however, that there are two houses so much more pleasant than the rest, that the genthemen of taste and intellect won't go to the others, which are comparatively deserted, and these houses are yours and Lady Mary's.\* Here you have the sum and substance of all the letters from Rome to friends at Naples, and perhaps this may give you the first idea of what you are doing, which I dare say you were not aware of. I have a letter from Miss Agnes Berry at Paris, with snow and sleet, and the other 'agremens' of the season, and they return to England to be with poor Mrs. Dorner, when they think failing, and who wants them, otherwise they would have been at Rome with the Hardwickes. They write that they mean to be at Lucca baths with Lady Charlotte Lindsay in the summer, and vow I shall go, whether I will or not ; while I, like a goose, feel more than half inclined.

"Matthias desires kind things to you—'God bleas my soul !' I have just got a letter from Egypt, where my friend Wilkinson has found at Thebes a whole list of kings not yet known, painted and carved on three sides of the room. He announces twenty-seven queens, ladies of high fashion in their time, two of whom were black, and one very ill-tempered. How he finds out their disposition I can not tell. My nephew is, I find, arrived at Rome, and I conclude will be in acrapes, if he can not get some body to take care of him. I fear he would be of little use to you; but if you should feel compassion for his youth and innocence, order him to wait upon you, and say I did it, but I will not force him on your charities. When I have settled my affairs, I shall let you know the day when, after breakfasting at Albano, I shall hope to rejoice in the sunshine of your eyes once more. W. GELL.

"'A sua Eccellenza la Signora Contessa di Bleasington, Palazzo Negroni, Roma."

"Naples, December 19th, 1829.

"I have put off writing to you so long, day after day, that I almost feel ashamed at last of addressing you. One of the causes was the delay of 'my unfaithful spouse,' who has been for six months in my debt a letter ; and another, that where no good can be done, one feels averse to mentioning the many subjects you must have encountered of an unpleasant and afflicting nature. I beg only to assure you that, though absent and distant, I have never ceased to think of you with regard and affection, and to have mest anxious-

\* The house of Lady Mary Deerhurst .- R. R. M.

↑ A favorite exclamation of poor old Matthias, the author of the Pursuits of Literature .-- R. R. M.

ly inquired of all travelers from France concerning your welfare and proceedings.

"Nevertheless, till the unexpected arrival of Colonel Stewart, I had never been able to make out any thing satisfactory about you; for, though Mills seems to have known, yet a tour which he made to England seemed to put an end to his power of writing; and even Craven, who was in the habit of hearing from him, heard no more. Lately, I have an account of you from Mr. Hamilton, who sent me a Mr. Chester, to whom I was to give certain introductions to persons in Egypt. Since I saw you, I have, I think, written two or three books, none of which have as yet appeared in public. One is a little treatise on the walls and military architecture of the Greeks, with a view to the question about Cyclopean walls, with about thirty plates, which I have dedicated and given to the Royal Society of Berlin, out of gratitude for their unsought protection and election of myself when I was as yet young and unknown.

"This, I believe, they are publishing at Berlin. The other is a second series of Pompeiana, which was thought of when you were in Italy, but which is now enlarged to more than eighty plates, and is in the hands of Mr. Jennings, a bookseller in London, who begins to publish it in the spring. In the mean time, I recommended to him the propriety of sending me £500, which he says he was very glad to do, and which I regret is now in a fair way of dissipation, having, however, stopped in its progress the mouths of my creditors, occasioned by Mr. Fauntleroy. I shall request that you will accept a copy of the new work on Pompeii, as a companion to that which used to be on your table.

"I suppose we shall soon hear some advertisement on the subject, so pray do not send for it if you feel so disposed, as I will order you to be served with one of my own copies. I did not much like the secount I sent Count D'Orsay about his Sicilian money. The people are such thorough-bred cheats, that they have made a roundabout plot to throw it upon the shoulders of the govsrament, who are not troubled with a propensity to payment. We have fewer milords than usual this year, and at Romè there is also a deficiency.

"The Normanby plays at Florence seem to make that place the favored residence. Here we have the Langford, Brookes, and Townley Parkers of Cheshire, very admirable people, and I don't know that I ever remember the society so pleasant as it has been for the last two years. Bess Caldwell was at Rome last year, and she seemed very much taken up with going every day to examine the Duke of Buckingham's exhalations. It is supposed she meant excavations. When she heard of poor Sir William Drummond's death, she asked whether that was not the man that died writing a history of oranges; by which she meant 'Origines.' She is a great loss, but I suppose you will have her at Paris this year. I was pleased and displeased to see by the papers that the count had won a race. I am always in a fright at all sorts of sporting for money; and effen one small sum won causes the loss of thousands.

"I fear you will none of you over come into Italy again, unless you can contrive to ruin yourselves. The Roman disturbances are ended, and even Lady Sandwich has been to dime with Lady Mary. What geess people are, to say no worse of the trying to pull all one's neighbors down to get into their places. The poor archbishop is by no means right; he has lost his favorite Annetts, which is a severe blow to him, poor man! in his eighty-sixth year. Otherwise, I don't think he was more changed than his age would warrant. He always asks very kindly about you all.

"I saw the Filangierá the other night; he told me his wounds were breaking out afreeh, and giving him pain. The Ricciardis spend their lives in getting up plays, but as it has rained three months, and now begins to anow, who can go to them 1 I must apologize for my horrid paper, the baseness of which I did not detect till it was too late to retract. Do you know old Le Chevalier, the anthor of the voyage to the Troad 1 He was formerly a great friend of mine, as was Barbia de Bocage, the Barber of the Grove, but he is dead, and, I fear, Le Chevalier is by this time grown old; but he is a very good man, and of the old school.

"My health is, I think, much the same, or perhaps, on the whole, improved. Pray let me hear all about yourself, and remember me most kindly to the fat doctor, Sir Manly, and the count—most kindly, poor little souls! to those two children. W. GELL."

"Sir William Drummond's book goes on slowly, on account of the writing. As to such drawings as you are kind enough to admire, they cost but little trouble, and have no value; but being taken from the antique, or being of places difficult of access, as you say, we shall be bound in calf together, with great éclat. Speaking of art, M. Ternite has at length seen the new pictures at Pompeii, and says of that of Achilles and Briseis, "Ah, c'est unique." Moreover, he swears that, compared to it, all that modern painters have ever done are, in comparison, daubs. I really believe I shall be old fool enough to see it before I go to Rome, which must take place, whether I will or no. I fear the poor abbé has lost £500 by the failure of B— and Company.

"W. GELL."

"Naples, March 20th, 1832.

"You have been on my conscience for at least the last six months, that is, I have been purposing to myself to write to you for at least so long a time; but I have been so much occupied in writing like a steam-engine for my bread, that I have been obliged to neglect every thing else, till I could finish a work on the Roman Topography, in which there is nothing about Rome, but a great deal about the country, and which the Society of Dilettanti are undertaking, and for which I now expect, perhaps in vain, at least £500, to satisfy the claims of the Torlonias, who give one enough of credit to be one's ruin.

"Among the misfortunes of the age, cholers, reform, and rebellion, the poor

dear old Countess Ricciardi, of Camaldoli, has been a terrible loss to her family and friends; she had the measles (which the Italian doctors do not know how to treat, when of the kind called confluent) ; and just as the poor Princess of Butera died a year ago, our poor friend was killed, by the disease being thrown inward by some imprudent exposure to air, and the total want of knowledge of the doctors. She died about two days ago. The unhappy husband left the house, and retired to that of Coriati, whose daughter married one of the Ricciardi's sons. I can not tell you any more of the consequences, but every body was sorry for her, poor soul! and regretted her loss. You remember Mr. H----'s sudden attachment to her, and they have continued great friends ever since, and seen one another often, as he lives at the Belvidere. He is only yesterday returned from Persano, where he was pretending to shoot, by way of getting over the fetes of the Carnival. We have had a very bad winter-that is, it has never been very cold, but always too cold, and it has rained much more than usual. Even now it is not at all the climate for enjoyment, and the spring is three weeks later than it is in general. I hope you got, and continue to get, the new work on Pompeii ; if not, let me know, I beg, that I may arm you with full powers against the publisher, Mr. Jennings.

"The world here is much altered since you left it. I should say, the society last year was better than ever, but I was prevented, by the probability of the *Trastoverini* sacking Rome, from going there. I intend to go this year, if they do not get up another riot between the French and Austrians, which seems not unlikely. In the mean time, the world is grown much more luxurious and expensive, for one is asked every day to dinners of sixteen and twenty, instead of ten and twelve, and there seems to be a ball, even in Lent, nearly every night, only not with fiddles.

"Yesterday I was invited to three dinners, Lord Hertford, Lady Drummond. and Sir George Talbot, and to an assembly at the two first, and another at Count Lebrettern's, the Austrian minister, so that the world here is really going on swimmingly. We are to have an omnibus expedition to Pompeii on Monday next, under the auspices of Lord Hertford. It carries twentyfour, and I think so great will be its fall, that I intend going in a carriage of my own, if I can. You know we have Sir Walter, and he is in much better health ; in short, I should say recovered, and all the better since his arrival here. I took him to Miss Whyte's, in the way to Pestum, and I see him almost every day, and dine with him to-morrow. He is very agreeable in a drive or tele-d-tele, but lost in parties of twenty, to which he is invited. I took him to the archbishop's" to dine, and any to go again this week. The archbishop is quite well, except an inflamed eye, which Dr. Hogg says they are treating ill, and which might be cured in a few hours ; but he has recommended a proper cure to the canonico, who will, I hope, persuade the Neapolitan doctor to apply it. Sir Granville Temple told me last night Champollion was dead. It is a great loss, as I believe he has no successor, unless Rosellini of

. The Archbishop of Tarento.

VOL. I.-Q.

Pisa may be so called. Our last accounts of your London cholera are alarming, but I trust untrue. Pray remember me kindly to the count, and all who are faithful to you—to your sister of the long cyclashes, the Contessa — , for I never can remember the name, pray also remember me. On the whole, Italy is quiet and uncholeric for the present, and I can not but think you would be at least as happy here as among the turbulencies of Lord Grey and Co.

"W. G.

"P.S.—Among the curiosities, I was delighted to see Miss Skeene, who is the 'Miss Pratt' of the novel called 'Inheritance.' You remember, she comes to Lord ——'s house in a hearse. I asked Sir Walter, before I saw her, if the character was like. He said, 'Well, I believe it may be, with a little ill nature added to her.' She seems the very person. I was near calling her Miss Pratt twenty times."

# CHAPTER XVIII.

# LETTERS OF SIR WILLIAM GELL TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

" Naples, October 26th, 1832.

"I am become so much of a coffee-house, that I really have been two days beginning to write to you, and even now I begin with two people talking to me, so that it is not likely I should indite any thing coherent. You are right in saying I have been long obeying your order to write. The besetting vice, after vanity of this world, is putting off, just as hell is said to be paved with good intentions. I have certainly put off writing for the last three months, having all the time suffered my duty to sit as an incubus upon my conscience. I have now, however, received your kind present and your beautiful picture. Without compliment, it is a most lovely portrait, and, except the expression, is like you ; there is something about the mouth which is not you ; and what is singular is, that most of the people who see it on my table exclaim at the likeness to Lady Augusta Coventry, who is grown up into a beautiful girl, and makes many conquests among the heathen. The picture by Mr. Uwins is, I think, like me, but it is a little more unhappy than the original. Nevertheless, I must have a melancholy cast of countenance, for a Mr. Uwins, at Rome, has taken a small waxen profile of mc, which has the same character ; and it would not be extraordinary, after thirty-two years of illness, if some twinges had taken a permanent lodging in some of my features. I am, however, except the loss of most of my hair, not so much worse than when you quitted Italy as might have been expected, and Lord Hertford's plan has saved me for the last eighteen months from the same degree of torment which I have suffered for the last ten years. I was in hopes your letter would have told me when you intended to revisit these countries; but your house, as Craven tells me, is so exquisite in all respects, that he thinks it impossible any thing can ever tempt you to move again. Mr. Powell, who scems a

most agreeable person, I have already seen twice, and am to meet to-morrow at dinner at Craven's. He gives a good account of yourself, and tells me that the affairs of Count Alfred will soon be arranged to his satisfaction. I am delighted to see that the spirit of order which you always possessed, and which has done so much good on other occasions, has enabled you to take care of such of your friends as have less foresight than yourself. My preaching has the peculiar advantage of coming from a person who is always in debt, and always in the last stage of poverty himself. Either the cholera or the reform has so fettered the booksellers in London, that, though the Dilettanti Society have engraved a map for me at their own expense, yet £300, which I want to get for the book accompanying it, from a bookseller, do not seem at the moment to be easily forthcoming. You say Mr. Uwins has given you my picture. Do you mean that you have not got my last Pompeiana, second series ! If not, it is not my fault, but your own, for decidedly Messrs. Chaplin and Jennings, in Fleet Street, have long ago put down your name as one of my copies sent. Pray send immediately about it, for I dare say all the booksellers will fail on the first opportunity. I am sure I sent you the order very long ago. By-the-by, I wish there were any means of seeing your Byroniana here, where nothing over arrives till five years after its birth. You are probably, by this time, an arbiter of the fate of more than one bookseller. Jennings told Craven that nothing sold but what would go into one of the annuals. It is very disagreeable to a poor author to write without a certain way of disposing of his works. I have at present about seventy paintings from Pompeii, &c., which are colored from the originals, and form a very beautiful and useful history of the art among the ancients. I wish I could find a bookseller to undertake it. Should you see any means of furthering my interest with your man of books, pray nail the said bookseller, if you can do it without inconvenience to yourself. I think I could make an interesting work on the Arabs of Spain, interspersed with translations of some of their postry, which would suit one or any of the annuals, but I must have introduced some views of the Alhambra, to make it more interesting.

"If I ever come of age, and am not obliged to write for money, I shall certainly, at all events, give the public an account of the Moors, with the Alhambra as an embellishment, as the last and most exquisite of their works. I have got notes without end on the subject, which I think would make a very interesting book. Our mountain goes on burning, and, I think, seems inclined to continue ejecting lavs, till a little cone, which has grown out of the centre of the crater, you remember, shall be as high as the highest peak of the hill.

"November 2d. I dined at Craven's with Mr. Powell and his companion, Mr. Harcourt. They are going, under the protection of Lord William Fitzgerald, to Cumm, on Saturday, and I was asked to meet them at dinner on their return. In short, they go about sight-seeing, and they seem to have little occasion for any assistance from me. I shall try to get them a footing at Lady Coventry's, who keeps open house every evening both here and at

Rome, and under whose anspices they may see all the world without trouble. I have already told you Lady Augusta is grown up one of the prottiest girls possible, and one of the best-educated and well-informed, and mamma has taken her to court ; and, in short, she is come out, and the house is on a better footing, and has more company in consequence. We have Lord Ponsonby arrived as minister, but Mr. Hill is yet at the Belvidere on the Vomero, for Lord Berwick is expected not to survive twenty-four hours. It is true has rallies perpetually, but by the time this reaches you, you may consider Mr. Hill to have become Lord Berwick. You were very kind in remembering my servants, and they were very much struck with your goodness when I told them, and desired to kiss your hand. Craven desires also a thousand kind remembrances. He is in bad humor, as he thinks he is more deaf than usual, but I think it only imagination. Nevertheless, he would soon become a sort of hermit if he had not some one to keep him always in agitation. The young captain seems disposed to keep him in hot water every now and then ; but it is a very agreeable, genteel youth, and he acts quite without a rival both in French and English. We are to have private theatricals this winter, and I dare say shall do very well for company, though the characters supposed to be coming from England are, as yet, not named. A family of Colonel Vyae have settled in the Palazzo Paterno, one of the most agreeable that ever came to Naples, in my opinion. They are numerous, but seem to be rich, so as to have all in due proportion. It is said many are come to Rome, but I can learn no names. The Torionias go on just as usual. You would acarcely know the father was defunct, except that you don't hear his tremendous cough when you go there. I suspect my finances are, however, arrived at that state which will render my visits to Rome more rare and more difficult. Mrs. Dodwell is at last by no means so ill off as we feared ; in short, every thing considered, I hope she will be in a better state of finance than nine tenths of the Roman nobility. Mr. Mills, who is gone to Sicily, and myself, were left her trustees, and I think, between coaring and scolding, her affairs are in a fair way of being settled, insomuch that we have relinguished the business, our agency being no longer required. Pray remember me most kindly to Colonel Stewart, who has been expected here for the last three years by many. For my part, I conceive that Dr. Potter, who hates Naples, will not bring him here again. I hear of the ex-Lady Gell, La Comtessa di St. Marsault," sitting with a disdainful air in a high fly-cap in a corner of the room. My blessing upon her. The archbishop, who has got your picture, and is delighted with it, has been ill, but is now flourishing, aged ninety. Matthias is younger than ever, and more discontented.

"The Ricciardis I will see or send your measage to, with all speed. They have not recovered their loss. My dog family consists of Ticati, who is my companion, his son and heir, Mours Que, a youth of promising talents. I

\* The countess was the youngest sister of Lady Blessington, lately the Miss Mary Anne Power whom Gell used to call "my lawful."-R. R. M.

have also a white terrier, Monsu Bo, of Craven breed. My house is really become quite pretty at the expense of £100 two years ago, and when finished, and I called for the account, I found it had been paid by Lord de Ros; Sir Charles Monck also gave me a fine organ, so you would not know the place. My kind regards to Count Alfred, and pray continue to believe me very affectionately yours, W. G.

"P.S.-Ladies are so used to writing criss-cross, that perhaps you will not be displeased at this for your Byronian, and may put it in your own terms if my short note suits you. Lord Byron had once a vis-a-vis ; I used frequently to drive out with him in it. One day, passing the Alfred Club, he asked if I were a member. I said some one had put me down, but as I had never been there, I was going to take my name out. 'Oh,' says he, 'on no account take out your name.' 'Why !' said I. 'Because there are nine hundred candidates waiting for admission, and I should have taken out my own name, but that I found it would make one of these expectants happy. Only imagine,' said he, 'if you took yours off also, there would be two of these wretches delighted, and that would be really too much.' He then, as we had no auditors, laughed at his own affected misanthropy, which was only put on for the purpose of making the world in general believe there was something extraordinary about him, and which he found for many years a great recommendation in that sort of highly-refined society, which is in perpetual want of new and extraordinary excitation. I believe I mean excitement. Adieu. W. G.

"I fear my letter is stupid, and has too much parish business, but I hope my next will be more entertaining."

" Naples, April 4th, 1833.

"I scarcely know why I have been so long in answering your amiable letter, and thanking you for your kind attention about books and booksellers ; for, though I have been frequently ill, and have passed the winter, which has been here remarkably cold, rather comfortably, I have somehow or other written a great deal, and when your letter arrived had just been employing myself, by the desire of the family, in writing those very same memoirs of Sir Walter Scott's residence in Italy which you recommended to my attention. I have made use of the letter from the bookseller you had spoken to so far as to direct Mr. Hamilton's attention to him with regard to the disposal of my 'Roman Topography,' but I have not as yet heard the result. Not that I have, indeed, any great hopes of any thing favorable, for he writes that the booksellers are absolutely ruined, and that even [-----] has been twice in danger of bankruptcy. M-, however, offers to print my book, and to give me half the profits, which is not what I want, as such profits, though guaranteed by the Society of Dilettanti, are never likely to be great to an author abroad. The odd circumstance is, that though the book was written at the desire of the said society, and they profess high satisfaction at its execution, they do not offer me the £300 which I want, and take the profits to themselves as they arise. Miss Scott wrote to me, by the desire of Mr. Lockhart, to beg I

would send him my reminiscences of Sir Walter, because I was 'the last of his friends.' The fact is, that I had generally the care of him while he was in Italy, and though I thought I was going to write only a page or two, I soon found myself writing my twentieth and thirtieth pages, without approaching the end of my materials, which finally reached a fiftieth page, and, considering all circumstances, the whole is by no means so barren of interest as I thought it would have been when I begun the narrative. It contains, even to a certain degree, information as to his future literary projects, which could not have been recorded, I believe, by any other means.

"I shall send you a little bit of it with regard to Lord Byron, which I forgot to send you before, and you can mention it or not, as it suits your purpose. Your house at the Belvidere is just become vacant by the retreat of Lord Berwick, who is going to England. He wishes to buy it, and the price is only about £3000, so it is quite wonderful it is not already sold, as the windown have been renewed. The dowager queen has bought and beautifully fitted up your Villa Gallo, and the Duke of Gallo himself died some two months ago, having left his family not ill provided for. It is hoped Diego Pignatelli will marry the widow. Of the Ricciardis, there is nothing new; they are well, and always ask most kindly about you. Naples has the advantage of Rome this year in point of company; but after the Holy Week we are to change sets. To-day is the holy Thursday, when carriages are not permitted in Naples, so I am going on an ass to dine with Lord Hertford at the next house to the Paterna, and I hear he has either juggles or phantasmagoria at night. My pension as vice-chamberlain seems about to be granted, under the protection of the lord chancellor-that is, it would seem so, for the claim is established, and he promises his assistance; but I am not to be deluded by appearances, and Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who says she backed her application with a roasted turkey and a bottle of well-iced champagne, says she is aware, like Lord Duberley, that 'fine words butter no parsnips.' The acknowledgment of my claim proves that I ought to have arrears, and if they did not acknowledge my claims, it might in the end be worse for their own people, and would serve as a precedent to cut them off. Nevertheless, I shall only believe in my pension when I see it. I have written all this while obliged to talk to company, who sit upon me. a penance to which I am very much subjected ; and my house is really become so pretty by the expenditure of only £100 upon it, which has built a portico, and made all the rooms communicate in a suite, besides a fine organ which Sir Charles Monck gave me, that I am become a sort of coffee-house for the idle and the nothing-to-doarians of the place. I believe I shall not get to Rome this year, as my journey depended on the £300 for my book arriving, and that seems cut off.

"Now for Sir Walter: I accompanied him to the convent of La Trinita della Cava, and in going he repeated to me the poem or ballad of Jock of Hasledean. In returning I desired him to let me hear it again, and on expressing my surprise at the clearness of his recollection, he told me he had a most

remarkable memory, and had astonished many by it. On his first introduction to Lord Byron, some one (whose name I forget) was looking on with wonder at the apparent correctness with which he spoke, and the singular changes in Lord Byron's countenance as he proceeded. He was repeating to the great poet the whole of the poem of Hardyknute, which he then knew by heart, and which proved so highly interesting to his lordship. My notes also refer to a conversation I had with Sir Walter as to why he had left off writing poetry. When I asked this question, he said, 'Because I found Byron beat me; but I shall now try again.' These anecdotes, which may amuse some, are all found in my contribution, which I have sent to Hamilton to give to Mr. Lockhart; for as the family had requested them of me, I could not well dispose of them to my own advantage, which I was told I might easily do.

"I keep a copy, however; and if Mr. Lockhart does not use my materials, which I think he can hardly reject, as I have taken care to give due honor to his hero, they may appear hereafter separately. I have lately been very idle as to writing; for the penny magazines afford no encouragement to booksellers, nor they, in consequence, to me. I hear I am made a member of the French Institute, and so is Millingen, who is just come into my room, and sends his best respects to you. I hear of Count Alfred in the newspapers as hunting in Leicestershire: pray give my kindest regards to him. I have also lately seen a print of him on horseback, which is good. Lady Augusta Coventry and Henry Fox are to be united in the holy bands of matrimony immediately, at Florence, whence they proceed northward. She is become a very pretty girl, and he has at present a very bad fit of the gout at Rome. The houses at Castelamare are already taken for the summer. Lord Ponsonby was on the point of embarking for Constantinople in the Acteon, when, tho day before yesterday, so violent a storm arose that he is yet on shore.

"My servants, who all cherish your memory, hearing me ask about the means of sending this letter to you, desire to kiss your hands, according to the custom of the country. My dogs, horses, and every thing else, remain just as you left them, except that I inherited the margravine's landau, which is more convenient for my disabled legs. My kind regards to the Contessa de St. M——, whom I have heard of sitting silent in a corner in a high cap. "WILLIAN GELL."

" Naples, Nov. 19th, 1833.

"Your friend, Mr. Bulwer, I have received safe, with his friends; but not so your book, which, in a box with several things of their own, they have contrived to lose on the way; so I must put off the gratification I should have had in reading it till somebody here gets it, which may not be for months to come, for books are ages before they arrive in this country. Mr. Bulwer seems, indeed, all you have described; for, though he has only been here some three or four days, yet we have contrived to get very well acquainted in a very short time. I asked them to breakfast the morning after I received your

letter, and they brought me one at the same time from Lady S—— at Rome, by which I found they were fond of dogs; so that the first thing I heard in my outer room, and before I saw any person, was the arclamation, 'Oh, you dear creature !' addressed to my dog, who went to see whe was come. We got on very well, and they size maccaroni with great success, and positively bought a dog of the same species as mine before they went home, of a black color, which they christened Lusio, and carried off to their lodgings. I have had a note from each of them since, and on Sunday I am to meet them at dinner at Mr. Craven's, for whom I believe you gave them also a letter. I have also told Lady Drummond to invite them to dinner, which abe has premised to do ; and thus, so far, I hope they will feel satisfied with my little attentions, bestowed according to your order.

"I have made every inquiry as to the sale of books by a bookseller here, and, not trusting to my own exertions, I have employed such of my friends as are most fitted for the purpose. There is nothing in the shape of booksolling in this town ; the libraries are only just tolerated, and their owners can hardly exist. No bookseller here has a correspondent in London, that I can find ; nor do I hear of any purchase of such a book as yours, except the Duke of Cassorano, in the whole city. He immediately thought of making such a book himself, and filling it with princesses of Centola, Tre Cose, Monte Yago, &c., &c. ; but he could give me no assistance, and certainly Naples is not a place for the advancement of literature, so I am unable to execute your commands. You had heard that I was in bad health, and so I am certainly; but I think not much worse than when you were in Italy, only that my hair is fallen off, and I shall be reduced to baldness or a wig in the course of another year, if I live so long. Here is Terrick Hamilton just arrived, but going shortly to Rome. He is well and merry ; but when I meet him at dinners, where I die of cold, he is always complaining of heat, and is very amiable. Here, also, is Dr. M'G-, author of the last novel I read, called 'The Parson's Daughter.' At this moment I received a little work of a few pages from the archbishop upon cats, on the occasion of a cat's mummy brought for him from Egypt by a friend of mine, Dr. Hogg, who is just come from that country. The good old soul is really very little altered since you saw him, though he is now ninety-two; but I can not imagine how the machine is to go on much longer. He desires one thousand loves to you, and I am to take the Bulwer to dine with him shortly, though I fear, if he is not quick at Italian, he will scarcely become very intimate, as I observed Walter Scott and Monsignore did not make it out very well together, for the archbishop will not take the trouble to talk much or long together in French. By-the-by, I observed to you that my life of Walter Scott in Italy, which I wrote by the desire of Miss Scott, was very entertaining in its way, and I sent it to Mr. L. by Mr. Hamilton. He has never, however, thanked me for it, nor even acknowledged the receipt of it, nor sent me Sir Walter's works, which he ordered for me with almost the last sentence he uttered that was intelligible ; and if it

does not appear in the work, it will be really worth publishing, and I shall send it to you.

"November 27th. I went with the Bulwer to the archbishop's to dine yesterday. The good old man would be very polite, which I told him to submit to. He showed us several curiosities, and put off the dinner till four by so doing. We coaxed his cats, and Bulwer seemed much pleased with him, as he seemed with Bulwer. There was nobody but Cavaliere Venorio, the chief of the botanists here ; and he seemed, also, to get on very well with the Bulwer, who is this day gone to Pompeii, luckily with fine weather. At this moment, in comes the Baron de Billing, the French secretary of embassy, who wishes to know Mr. Bulwer, and I have given him a note of introduction, as I promised. The Baron de Billing has been ten years in London, and is a very clever person, and I think it probable you know him. The Craven's mother has bought and fitted up beautifully your old Villa Gallo, but your other house, the Belvidere, remains untenanted since Lord Berwick departed, and will want repairs, as I hear, before it can be habitable again. It is to be sold for only £3000, and Lady Drummond has given over £10,000 for the villa, or cake house, of Mr. Dupont, on the Capo di Monte. We have three or four of the Yacht Club here, with their ships, which help to enliven the scene, and we expect Lord Anglesey with his. I have seen Lady Harriet and her sister, as also, another day, her aunt ; she is so altered since I knew her as a girl that I really should not have known her. They live at Brettagna, but in such retirement that I have never seen any of them out. The Acton Palace is so far finished that they receive company, and give dinners and balls with great success. It is quite astonishing how many people come to Naples, and how the people, whom I knew when I was a young man in London, appear yet unexhausted, so that I have very often my whole morning taken up by visitors. Matthias, aged eighty-one, is rather younger than ever, but complains that he sees nobody. Craven had him to dinner, and remarked how clever he was at contriving to ask questions without ceasing, yet never to profit in the least by the answer. The canonico is well and merry, and the Ricciardi in a good state. Cariati and Casarano desire mille choses to you.

"W. G."

"Naples, January 29, 1834.

"I am now roasting myself close to a large fire in my own house, waiting dinner for Dr. Hogg, a portentous name, you will say, but belonging to an exceedingly benevolent and amiable physician, who, after residing here for some years, is just returned from a tour in Syria and Egypt, with your friend Mr. Baillie. Though I am roasting, the necessity for it is only produced by my own cold nature, for a finer summer's day was never seen than this has been, and Doctor Watson, who is just arrived from Paris, where he has been five or six years, says he had no idea of the difference till he found himself again in Italy. He says that, except the three 'glorious days.' he has never seen

# LATTERS OF SIR WILLARD OFTAL

the weather so fine since he left Naples. But that was not at all the thing I intended to say. My first object was to tall you that my man, Gennarino, who is only just saved by the English doctors from death, has been twice to me the boy in question, and that he is quite well and happy. He has fine, light-colored hair, which could scarcely be seen for the magnificent cap, made ornamental, which he wore on his head. He appears shout six or seven years old, and is very lively, and they say very clover, and learns every thing with quickness. He is, moreover, remarkably clean and well clothed, and, as Gennarino suys, is treated quits like a signore di qualite e perla Francese, and is so well satisfied with his present treatment, and with those who have the care of him, that he ran away and hid himself when he found the inquiries were made for himself, for fear that my man might be sent to take him away. There is always a drawback to every story, and it appears that the little boy has some sort of defect in one leg, which may be perhaps in the hip joint, but is called in the foot, and it is mid that Ischia waters will cure him. I confess, from the account, the cure seems to me doubtful, but in the mean time the boy is perfectly well in health, and by means of a shoe with a thicker sole, 'fatto dal meglio scarpayo di Napoli con molta cura,' he runs about just as well as any other boy of his age. As far as call goes, therefore, he has all you can wish, and his health is perfect. A letter is just arrived for his mother from the family, which I shall direct and send, as the letters sent before had probably failed from want of superscription.

"So much, therefore, for your commission, which I hope you will find satisfactory. I have consulted Casarano about the sale of your book here, and I find any attempt would be quite useless, as nobody has any money for books in the whole kingdom, nor will any one buy a book of any kind. I have heard only of four persons any where who read or buy. Two live in the mountains of the frontier, and thus smuggle into the state the few books they can obtain; the third is a Neapolitan cavaliere, who receives books of classic learning from Germany; and the fourth is the prefect of a provincial town, who longs in vain for books, but is forced to go without them. I shall keep a sharp look-out for Colonel Hughes, who, I suppose, is one of Lord Dinorben's family.

"You have done me a great kindness by sending me the 'Conversations,' of which I have hitherto seen only detached portions, which, by-the-by, are so full of talent and of skrewd observation, that I can not help congratulating the memory of Lord Byron on the fortunate circumstance which left his ideas in such good keeping, that they have been matured and perfected before they saw the light. There were brave men before, as a Roman poet observes, but no Homer to celebrate them. The truth is, you see things in a much better, and fairer, and juster light yourself than Byron ; you know more of the world than he did ; and, moreover, it is not part of your system to make yourself seem in ill humor when you are not so.

"I beg to observe that, in 'The Conversations,' I reverence you infinitely

\$70

more than the poet ; indeed, as I have more respect for Homer than for Agamemnon, I have had this in my mind whensoever I have read the extracts from your work, but you have probably had the same feeling repeated many times, and better explained by a hundred literary admirers. As to Mr. L-, I fear much that he is not good for much, and I am certain he got the work, for I sent it to Mr. William Hamilton, who gave it with a request that he would not omit a word of it in printing. I kept a copy of it, however, and I will send it to you. There are no remarks except such as tend to explain away and render less ridiculous the total want of classical taste and knowledge of the hero, in a situation full of classical recollections, and which I have added, that I might not seem insensible to his real morits. They were written for the family, and by the deaire of Miss Scott herself, and therefore nothing offennive could have been inserted ; and when I had finished the anecdotes, I was surprised myself at the number of circumstances I had recollected, and perceived that the account of the last days of so distinguished a person was really interesting, when told with strict regard to truth. The circumstances of his illness having changed his mind, or deprived it of its consistency, which I myself much doubt, might be judged of from his way of treating the subjects of conversation which presented themselves, and this alone would be of consequence to his numerous friends.

"I think it scarcely possible that any of those most attached to him could be displeased at my manner of representing him, and, at all events, I have repeated what he said, and related what he did in Italy, in a way that satisfied every one here who was the witness of his sayings and doings. However, I shall send the copy to you, and if the Life is published by the said L...., without use and acknowledgment of my papers, the best way will be to sell it to the bookseller, and to let it come before the public. I will affix, or rather prefix, Miss S....'s request that I would write it, and will suppose that the original has been lost or mislaid, in consequence of her premature decease. In this case, I shall beg of you to make the most advantageous bargain you can for a poor suthor under your protection.

"I dine with the archbishop to-day, who is well and merry, and sends his love. Lady H—— is leaving Naples for Rome immediately. I suppose, at the end of March, I shall see her again at Rome. WILLIAM GELL.

"Mrs. Dodwell is really become Counters Spaw, or Spanker, and is Bavarian Incericato, and is to be minister at Rome. She will now have a fair chance in life; her last husband was quite crasy during the latter part of his life."

# " Naples, 30th Jawanry, 1894.

"I have scarcely had time to overlook a copy of my Scottians before Mr. Bulwer sets out for England. It is written by the Sticchini mentioned therein, who does not understand English, and therefore I fear blunders may have escaped me and him. I have an abominable headache, so that I can scarcely sit up to write, and I can say little more than what occurs to me as right.

"With regard to the MS., if Mr. L.— has got the original, and has used it entirely in his Life of Sir Walter, nothing is to be done, I suppose; but if he has not got it, has lost it, and does not publish it instanter, I am for selling it to the highest bidder. In my own copy I have the portrait, most fuckily like, in a good sense, and two Roman caricatares mentioned.

"The Galera, which I took when there with you ; a view of the Castle of Bracciano, which I took while sitting talking with Lord Blessington ; a view from the window of the lake, which I took while talking with Sir Walter ; and the stair-case in the court, which I did for him : But these I do not send, as I hear London booksellers can no longer deal with plates.

"I am too headachy to write more.

WILLIAM GELL.

" Lady Harriet is gone to Rome."

#### "Naples, March 9th, 1834.

"I feel as if I were going to write you a long letter, and to become very troublesome. Since you wrote to me on the 17th of February, you will have received from Mr. Bulwer the MS. of the notes on Sir Walter Scott, and may have, perhaps, disposed of it to some bookseller in London, so that it no longer rests with me to decide on what should be its fate. I was asked, on the day I sent the original, why I sent it to Mr. L.—! and I answered, because Miss S— had asked me to write it; but that I was totally unacquainted with the gentleman, or he with me, and we had no friend in common.

"The truth is, that he ought to have been thankful for the information, and as the conversations chiefly took place in a carriage, these circumstances can not possibly have been learned from any other quarter. I dare say he thanked Mr. Hamilton, but as he thinks he has better information elsewhere, it is doing him no harm to keep my information for my own use; and when I consider that the whole about Rhodes can only have been said to me, and that I am the only person who could have given Sir Walter the information he wanted on that subject, I must think that interesting, and I could mention many other things in the MS. that could only be related by myself.

"However, I will beg of you to make a few changes, which I will write on a separate sheet, for I do not wish to offend any body, begging of you to wafer

into the MS. at the proper places the few words about the publication at the beginning and end, and a few anecdotes which have recurred to my memory since the notes were written. I can not but imagine that you will be disappointed on reading the work, because it will be found so much shorter than you expected, the whole being purposely as much condensed as possible. You will therefore not be surprised if it does not produce in the market the respectable sum you have imagined as its value. I am not at all surprised at the wish to print it as if from another supposed hand, for I have seldom, out of the sixteen or seventeen publications I have made of maps and books, succeeded in securing to myself the fame of any merit they may possess.

"You would be surprised at the catalogue of literary thefts by which I have suffered. Yet, 'per grazia del cielo,' I find myself very frequently cited, both in England and on the Continent, wherever the subjects I have discussed are touched upon; and so much for that business. One shall be a great man among the little boys some years after one's death.

"Mr. Craven, with whom and the *Paterno*, and the Satriano Filangieris, &c., I have been to dine with Miss Whyte to-day at Portici, says he will get ready for you by the time appointed a story for your 'Book of Beauty.' Pray tell me whether a translation of a very queer old Portuguese book, 'The Travela of the Infante Don Pedro to the Seven Quarters of the Globe,' would not do for your work ! It is very strange, and quite original, and the prince goes, among other places, to the court of Prester John of Abyssinia. It might be divided, perhaps, into two or three parts, if it be too long, which I really think it is. Would you like some of the old Spanish Moorish ballads translated ! for example, any addressed to the 'beautiful Zayda,' as yours is a 'Book of Beauty !'

"I had once an idea of publishing such things when I was younger and more romantic, before age and infirmity had put an end to all poetic illusions.

"Mr. Rothwell, by-the-by, the great painter who was sent to me by Lord S-, and whom I have sent in a letter to you this morning, says, on looking over my book of the Alhambra, that a Moorish Annual or Album would be one of the prettiest things in the world, and might, with good engravings, become a successful work; and in such a case, the Moorish ballads would come in well. Nothing, certainly, would be half so picturesque or so beautiful ; but, like every thing of the kind, it could not be carried on with interest for more than two or three years. I shall see, in your 'Book of Beauty,' what sorts of subjects are fitted for it, and hope to be able to do something in some way or other to suit it. A little bit of an adventure, a journey in Asia Minor, would perhaps not be amiss ; but we shall see. I don't think myself capable of exciting much interest without having recourse to the pencil to aid my muse, whether poetic or historic. Lady H--- is gone, but it is possible I may see her at Rome, where I think of being on the 1st of April, and of remaining till the 1st of June. My house there is let to the 25th of March to Mr. Brooke Greville, who is perhaps known to you. We have floods of com-

pany, and sometimes, between Ludy Strachan and Ludy Acton, two private plays in a week. We had three Italian comedies, like the French vaudevilles, last night at Ludy Acton's, and they were got up by Neapolitans with very great success.

"The young Duke of St. Theodoro, as a shy lover, won great applanse, and Donna Olympia Colonna, and the mistress of the house, the Duchess of Miranda, and the Duchess of Cajanello, with many others, showed much talent in the French plays. Oraven is the only Englishman engaged, but his son is expected soon. The family of La Feronays, as usual, form the heroes and heroines of all the French pieces, and sing and act in perfection.

"The king and all the court generally come to all these great entertainments, and, besides being very expensive, they last till about two hours after midnight. Besides those amusements, we have tremendous dinners at Lady Drummond's and Lord Hertford's, with assemblies in the evening, to most of which I go in my wheeling chair, by way of seeing the world in my old age, and must say I find every one as kind and compassionate as one can have either right or hopes to expect in these hard times. Craven, as you know, has bought a large convent in the mountains, near Salerno, which he has fitted up with every sort of convenience, and where he receives in the summer all comers, four or five ladies at a time, with gentlemen to match, and is really very hospitable both to strangers and natives. If you ever return to this country, you will be amused by a trip to his valley.

"I have sent you, as I said before, Mr. Rothwell, the new Sir Thomas Lawrence, and I think a very clever person ; so much so, that he is quite big enough to help himself in the world. But I mean to send you a most benevolent and good sort of person, not much known to fame, with the ugly name of Dr. Hogg, who has been here some years, and is just returned from Egypt and the Holy Land, ' where saints did live and die.' He makes the most wonderful faces, and has the strongest action with his hands you ever saw, and Mr. Hill used to ask him to dinner to witness them ; but he will tell you how the world goes on here better than most people, and as you have round you many men of rank and fashion, you will not dislike, for a change, to see a traveler without pretensions, whose merit consists in a kind heart, and a very benevolent disposition to do all he can for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. Speaking of which, Gennarino is become a great friend of the family, and the child in Strada di Chinja, and sees them almost every day. He says they are all very well, and seem pleased at his coming to see how well the boy is taken care of. I forgot to say that Doctor Hogg will not torment you much, as he is only going to England for a short time on business. Our Duke of Derbyshire is in Sicily, and very much recovered from his lameness. He is very kind-hearted, and is the only person I have seen for years who knows any thing of my family, which I don't believe flourishing. My nephew, that hopeful youth, is at Milan, and, as Count Metri told me at the archbishop's (who is quite well, and salutes you), he is not very flourishing. How glad you must

be my paper is ended, for curiosity will lead you to read the whole of my let-So, with kind regards to the count, and thanks to Lord Durham, &c., ter.

" ANACHARSIS.

"Lady Blessington is requested to insert in my MS., after the last of the notes on Rhodes, the following record of a conversation with Sir Walter respecting the Stone of Odin :

"On our return to the Palazzo Caramanico, we passed Mr. Laing Mason in the street, and this brought to Sir Walter's mind the refutation of the antiquity of Macpherson's Ossian by Mr. Laing, who had shown that the names of the heroes were taken from the map, I think, of the channel between the Isle of Skye and the main land. 'One of these names,' said he, 'happens to have been given in the last century, and the date of that is well known.' Mr. Laing knew those countries well, and his proof was striking and satisfactory. I think he said Mr. Laing came originally from Orkney, and he added, 'I once went to see him, and carried over in my boat a fagot of sticks for the peas in his garden, which were reckoned there a great curiosity.' He said, however, that elders would grow, and that the face of the country might be improved by them. From this he was led to compare the once flourishing state of those islands with their present forlorn appearance, and observed that, 'to a people from the farthest north, these might perhaps have seemed the abodes of the blessed. They were certainly,' said he, ' esteemed holy, and there was a great circular building like Stonehenge not far from Kirkwall, which proved the importance of the place.' Saying this, he searched for and presented to me a pencil drawing of the temple, which I preserve, and highly value. It is entitled, 'Standing Stones of Stenhouse in Orkney,' and has on the back inscribed the name of J. Keene, Esq., by whom it was probably drawn. Sir Walter mentioned another pillar, called the Stone of Odin, which is perforated, and afterward descanted on the ordeal by which persons accused of crime were deemed innocent if capable of passing through this species of aperture in very remote ages.

"Lady B. is requested to insert the following passage where Sir Walter has been speaking of his acquaintance here :

"Before Sir Walter Scott guitted Naples, he made the acquaintance of Mr. Ball, a gentleman advantageously known to the society of that city as the author of two poems, of which the baronet was pleased to express his approbation. His amiable feeling, on every occasion, led him to assist and encourage all younger authors, and he seemed totally devoid of every spark of that littleness and jealousy which sometimes actuates even the most illustrious and established literati."

" March 10 (1834).

"I have just received a letter from Mr. Bulwer, who writes that his first visit in London was to Ottley and Saunders, booksellers, and that he has succeeded in selling them my work, called 'Roman Topography.' How very good-

natured of him to have attended to my wants before he had settled himself, and rested from the fatigues of his journey. He writes me a kind letter to thank me for my little attentions at Naples. I did for him what you orderedthat is, set him a going, by presenting him to the best people, or praising him as he deserved ; after which he made his own way, of course, with succass. I wish my means permitted me to be more useful. By-the-by, a Mr. Reynoids sent by you seems very angry with me, but I can not help it. I have no legs to go a visiting, and never go out but home by two servants. So, if you send me any one in a letter, pray tell them that I am a cripple, and can only be useful to them if they will take the trouble of coming to my house, as I can not make calls. It only makes enemies, if the people will not recollect that I am lame. I have got another passage, which, I think, ought not to be omitted, about Sir Walter, and don't be angry at all the trouble I give you. I believe I can say that Craven has already begun something in verse for your work. He will, I have no doubt, do it well as to execution, and as to story, he knows the history of all the odd things which have happened in Italy from the most remote period of the darkest ages. I have just discovered that I must have a little separate slip of paper for my last Scott aneodote, as the list about Odin's Stone does not come at the end.

"March 12. Your maid's child is well and merry, but is to be taken to Ischia in the summer for this defect in the joints; he is very well taken care of, and delighted to see Gennaro. The archbishop is quite well, and not a day older than when you left him. W. G."

#### " Naples, June Sil, 1894.

"Here I am again, just returned from Rome, and agreeably surprised to find a long letter from you, which I expected the less, as I had not answered that which Measrs. Errington and Lyne Stevens, or Stephens, brought for me to the Holy City; for there I have done all that could be done under the existing circumstances, when all the 'milords' and 'my ladies' wore disappearing, and leaving Rome and the Colosseum to their own resources. The best thing I could do for them was to sell them to Lady Coventry, with a request that they might be treated on a par with the most favored nations, and to see that she executed her part of the treaty. I believe they will tell you I was as good as a grandmother to them, and I think it ended by their becoming guests 'at Coventry' almost every day in the week. Moreover, I dare say Lady Goodwin will arrive at Naples in a few days, and take them again under her protection here, and as she keeps open house at both places, they find her a very useful and a very agreeable acquaintance.

"I told you it had not rained for three months at Rome, and till the last few days I spent there, every thing was as yellow and burned up as if it had been August instead of May.

"I find this kingdom quite green, and every thing in a most flourishing condition, after that worm-out, misgoverned, unfortunate representative of the

mistress of the world. I found here Craven, on the point of setting out for his convent of Penta; and I have scarcely seen any of my acquaintance yet, though Mr. Temple invited me for to-day, and I shall dine with the archbishop to-morrow. I have been so perpetually ill at Rome, that I am inclined to desert it, and as books will no longer sell in my line, it will be quite as well for my finances.

"You have had a great deal of trouble in fishing for a decent escape from the business of Mr. L-, and I thank you for it. I do not wish myself to do any thing disagreeable to the family, but I think it very ill-judged of them not to place every thing in its true light, especially when I had suppressed every thing which might have been put in a ludicrous light, out of respect and regard to Sir Walter. They can not revoke his two last novels, so it will be out of their power to get rid of the facts, while they lose all the merit they might claim for stating the case as it was. Besides, the whole philosophy of the business becomes tainted by that want of candor which spoils their book, without hiding the truth. They have shown the man as he was in his glory (we will suppose); it was equally their duty to the public and to posterity to show him in his decline. The whole is a dull piece of affected piety, which vitiates whatever they may publish of him ; but, as far as I am concerned, I only care about it as having taken the trouble to recollect and write down what was so little worth recollecting or writing, except as the sequel to something of more consequence, and the winding up of the story. I believe I discovered, during the time I was writing, that any biography of any contemporary must be amusing. And this brings to my mind your recommendation to write an autobiography of Sir William Gell. There is no doubt, if one dared to write all one knew and all one had witnessed, the book would indeed sell, and be a great favorite for a time ; but I doubt whether the author would find himself in a very agreeable position in society after the publication. By living partly in London and partly abroad, I have certainly met with, and have known a great variety of personages, not to mention Dr. Parr, and the queen, of whose life and manners I could certainly make very good fun and much amusement; but I must treat them in a very different manner to that which I measured my account of Sir Walter for the inspection of his family. I have a neighbor who often desires me, and urges me, to write my life, but I really do not see the possibility of making it true and entertaining without committing half my acquaintance. I have some sixty or seventy letters of her most gracious majesty, Queen Caroline ; and, 'Mein Gott !' what curious things they are, and how rightly it would serve the royal family, supposing they had not quarreled with her, to publish their wife and cousin's correspondence, as they have cheated me out of my pension. By no means, however, publish my 'Scottians,' as you seem to think that L- is inclined to behave well about it, though his reasoning is poor, and false, and inconclusive, as a history of Rome would be which finished at the Antonius's, or one of Bonaparte which ended at the taking of Berlin. Speaking of which, I dined in company with

the Prince of Musignano, at Rome, the other day, who married a cousin, a Miss Bona arte, which wife seemed as dull as the prince himself seemed animated and interested in every subject. And so my paper is ending before I have finished my story. I will find a Spanish, or Arabian-Moorish historicoromantic ballad for you, and I will set about Matthias to-morrow, who will disclaim all knowledge of poetry in Italian, but who will most probably end by sending you what you want. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Errington and Co. are here, for they overtook me at Mola, as they traveled post, and I with my own horses. So we dined together, and set out together the next morning ; but as my said horses had only been at Naples some twelve hours before, they have been indulged in rest, and I have not seen your friends here yet. Mr. Errington said he had written to you. Lady H-I saw at Rome with Lord B---- 's aunt. Our warlike king has taken the city by capitulation, and has spared the sacking of it, which would have taken place had it been taken by storm. Mr. Mills I left at Rome, but going to the lakes of Lombardy. Not a soul, except William Petre, will be left at Rome.

"The Torlonias are well. Kind regards to the count, and pray believe me affectionately yours, Artus (Generation).

"P.S.—I don't know whether you knew poor Mr. Coote, a young man of Wiltshire, and son of Sir Eyre. He had a yacht here, and is just returned from a voyage to Greece. After this, he would steer his ship in a storm of rain to Pæstum, and then dine in his wet clothes; the consequence of which was, that he died in a few days."

"Naplea, July, 1834.

"Your two books of Byron and of Beauty are at length arrived, and I return you my most hearty thanks for the kind present.

" I see by the book that the ladies are sometimes only very slenderly attached to the letter-press, like the unpaid attaches of an embassy, so that as far as that goes, one of my Arab or Spanish ballads may be attached to the next lady you have in an Oriental costume, who may be called Zayda, as well as by any other name equally sweet-smelling. This reflection gives me some hopes that what I have written may be of use to you, though it is terribly prosaic, because I want to prove that the world is deceived in calling the whole of that a romance which is in great part true, and of which the circumstances are very peculiar. I think I have proved what I wished, and that, as it all ends in specimens of Spanish and Arab poetry, it is not too heavy for your work. It is also very poor in style ; but if you knew how many people that have nothing to do call upon me in a day, so that the prose is all written in talkative company, and the verse with a pencil, as one takes an evening drive in a carriage on the Strada Nuora, you would pity rather than condemn the most humble of your slaves. Besides this, I am scarcely a day in tolerable health between gout and headache, though my spirits keep up most marvelously, and I am just as merry as my more fortunate neighbors. I know not

when my letter was begun, but this day, July 15th, I have finished all I mean to write for you, and given three or four romances in limping verse, and I end with an anecdote about a king who sent his enemy with a letter of recommendation, which authorized the receiver to cut off the bearer's hands and feet, and to bury him alive.

"If I had thought it sufficiently serious, I would have terminated by a parallel passage in my own life which I suggested. I received a letter thus: 'Dear Gell, I send you my friend Mr. ——; you will find him the greatest bore and the most disputations brute you ever knew. Pray ask him to dinner, and get any one you know of the same character to meet him.' This was brought me by the man himself, and I found him in every way answering to the character. Pray add or subtract any thing you like from what I send you. I see plainly that it is not quite right, though the intention is good, and I have given a full proportion of love, mixed with a proper degree of bloodshed, which the genius of the time requires. Pray also correct in the verse, according to the fashion of the day, the words oppress or oppress'd, and such like words, to your taste, and if you think it all a bore, as very likely you may find it, you may put it in the fire altogether, with my compliments.

"I have no doubt, however, Craven will send you some sort of Italian story of the Middle Ages worth having. He is at Penta, his country house, and can have nothing else to do, when tired of gardening. I have written to him to have it ready, and my chief object in writing this, and sending it by the post, is, that you may know that you are sure of some thirty pages of my little scribble, and something from Craven also.

"Mr. Temple being with the count for some days at Palermo, I have no means of sending you so large a packet as my Arabo-Spanish lucubrations will make, so I only send this to apprise you that we have executed your commands. Young Craven vows a contribution from himself or his wife, Mdlle. Pauline la Feronays, but he is so much engaged in making love that I dare say he will write nothing. They are to be married in September, or sooner, if possible. As to that gay man, Matthias, now in his ninety-third year, he is as obstinate as twenty pigs, and vows he will never write another line, as it is time, he says, to leave off making himself a fool in public. I thought at first I could persuade or bully him into it, but he is too resolved for the present. If he relents, he will put his sonnet into the 'Book of Beauty' for the year 1867, when Mr. Irving says the millennium is to begin. Here is my neighbor Mr. Ramsay, who writes much, but it is all on the corn-laws and political economy, so he can not help us much. They say Don Miguel is coming here, but in the mean time is consoling himself by feasting and making merry with the Duke of Lucca. I have been forced to give up my Roman establishment, as I could afford it no longer, and I believe Dr. Watson is going to live there instead of at Paris. You remember how it amused you that I had begun to take the necessary steps when I thought I was ruined by the hanging of Fauntleroy, since which my finances have always kept me in a state of alarm.

"Mr. Mills is gone toward Switzerland for the summer, and Mrs. Dodwell, now Countees Spaw, and Bavarian minister at Rome, is just brought to had with a fine boy at Albano. I beg you will remember me most kindly to the count, who, I hope, did not lose his own money, but that of his neighbor, at a shooting match, which I may an account of the other day in the newspaper. I can not make out as yet who brought your two books, for which I thank you. Mr. Lyne Stephens is gone, but has left Mr. E— in the good graces of Miss M—, so that they go gallivanting all over the country. I have not seen them lately. I hope your friends will tell you that I set them a going with all my might when they first appeared. They are very anialas children. Love to your sister the contestina. W. Guzz."

"Nuples, August 6, 1804.

"I have written to you so often lately that you will begin to think me a nuisance. But I now write on business, to introduce to you my little Essay on the 'Romantic History of Spain,' which will, I believe, be presented by my friend John Auldjo, Esq., celebrated for his excursion to the summit of Mont Blanc, and as much celebrated for the interesting and unaffected account which he has published of his ascent and descent, which makes you think you know the mountain as well as he does. He will give you an account of all that is going on at Naples, what we are doing, and who is going to be married. The Ricciardi send their loves to you. I saw the two girls at old mother R----'s, at the Villa Rugina, on the Vomero, the other night, where they sang, and two nights ago I saw them again, and had a long conversation with their father at a ball, concert, and supper, given by Dominico Catalano, the great lawyer, on St. Dominic's day, at which all Naples was present. There Madama Nicolas, who yet seemed to retain all her beauty, sang, but with perhaps less voice than formerly. The other sister has become a regular large dowager, and did not sing : so I conclude her voice has departed like a mist on the hills of Morven. The whole world came from Palermo the other day-the St. Theodoros, Actons, kings, princes, and queen ; so that Naples, which had been deserted, begins to be inhabited again ; and at Catalano's there seemed to be between three and four hundred persons, many of whom jigged away just as if the thermometer had not been up to eighty, and afterward ate as if there had been no fear of an hereafter. Coriali, Pepe, Filangieri, are well and merry.

"Torlonia, now Duca di Ceri, was to have been married to a granddaughter of the Paterno, a Mdlle. de Moncada, but they quarreled, and broke off the match. Craven is living at Penta, and receiving company, having established a house with twenty beds, stables, and all that tends to reception. I have been there once this summer, and am going again with Lady Coventry. The archbishop is very well, perhaps better than usual, but paler and more bent, and desires loves to you. I go and dine there about once in ten days.

"The Actons have finished their house, and live very hospitably and agreeably in it, and give balls, dinners, and plays. Young Craven marries Mdlla.

Pauline Is Feronays on the 28th of August. The happy couple have each a rent-roll of trois mille france, but K. Craven will give £800 a year, so they will have about £900 to begin with, and I hope they will contrive and be prudent with it. Your old Belvidere is to be sold, and the queen will, if you like also, sell you the Villa Gallo: the Belvidere for about £3000. I could find no earlier method of sending you the Spanish Arabic article, but I hope it will be in time. I have got a most beautiful lady really, the Princess of Monte Vago, in Sicily, who would do for Zayda's picture, if you wanted a new face for your book, and if you are in want I would contrive to send it for engraving. Mr. Auldjo has in his Constantinople journal a beauty or two of that country, whose faces he copied with an instrument, and they are not only good in themselves, but very different from any thing European, and might consequently be very useful in your book, and prevent a sort of nationality that will be observed when all the artists are from one country. Lady Coventry gave the archbishop a copy of your 'Book of Beauty,' which delighted him much.

"You may cut down my dissertation or print it all, just as you like; change, burn, or otherwise destroy what you don't like, or the whole together, and put my name, or that of any one else, just as you find it convenient. I lent it to Captain Basil Hall to review, and he says it should have my name; but judge for yourself. Craven has got an Italian story for you, and I am sure you will have it soon. Augustus Craven has something else, and I should not wonder if one of the Stewarts sent you something also. What is become of that most amiable Stewart, the colonel of Killymoon? Not to intrude more on your time, and having the gout myself, I must stop, but with love to La Comtessa de St. Marsault and Count Alfred. Yours, &c., WILLIAM GELL.

"Gennaro sees your maid's child very often, and he is well."

"Pents, June 23d, 1835.

"It was not so much because I had been ill myself, as because I had heard that you were ill, that I have delayed writing so long. I trusted that I should get some fresh intelligence about you, and from day to day put off writing accordingly. I conclude, from your silence on the subject, that you have not been much indisposed; though it is not for me, who have been six months laid up, to glory in the strength of my constitution, which broke up, like the ice on the Neva, about the middle of November last, and left me a prey to alt the diseases into which gout has been known to resolve itself when it is fairly tired out with the common symptoms and pains. Among these, dropsy is generally the most prominent and the most fatal; and the next is asthma, with which two agreeable companions I have, since November, passed my time; sometimes suffering from one, and often both the complaints united.

"I found my talent for sleeping in company much improved, and I can give you no better specimen of it than these two last lines, where you will observe the —— words united and very much disguised by having fallen asleep three

# LETTERS OF SIR WILLIAM GELL.

times while I was writing the following sentence: "I had turned up the shortest road to Penta."

" I will lot it stand as it is, for it will explain to you why I could not write bafore, and why I might as well not have written now. I cause writing, or write nonsense, or the pan goes on scribbling, but I can not guide it. I will now begin again, three hours later. Well, the symptoms of asthma and dropsy continued, and I could not lie down horizontally for fear of suffocation. Nevertheless, with four doctors-Dr. Strange, Dr. Heath, Dr. Knight, and Dr. Watson-I am alive, and one might almost may recovering, as fast as possible, from the physic and the disease. The most curious symptoms are the going deed asleep all at once, and the dreaming, when wide awake, about eating, and helping my friends to estables. I gave Lord Aberdeen a large alice of cold ham this morning about five o'clock, but when I came to repeat it, I found he had no plate. I rung the bell, and by the time the servant really came, I was sensible there was neither ham nor any other catable in the bed. This sort of thing happens twenty times in the twenty-four hours, and sometimes produces the most ridiculous combinations. However, the other day I was alone at Mr. Temple's, looking, as I believed, at some prints in a book, when, falling asleep, I pulled over my chair in trying to save myself, and fell on the pavement in a manner which makes the idea of a repetition of my gambols frightful. Not having had time to save myself with my hands, I fell with my weight on the floor-a most abominable crash-and the hip-bone, of course, and all that side, suffered most severely ; nor am I well of that accident, which has much retarded the cure of the original illness. The only wonder was that it was no worse.

"I was ordered to move about a little, which I do with grief and pain ; and am now at Craven's, at Penta, thirty-five miles from Naples, to which place I came on a sort of trading voyage, beginning with a visit of four days to Lady Barbara, who is at Castelamare. I stay here four days, and then take two more with the Ponsonbys, and then, after some four days at Naples, shall do the same over again, changing Lady F. Barbara for Mrs. Locke or her daughter, ..... perhaps at Castelamare. I give you the history of my life, as it is a good way of letting you judge of my health. You see that I might do tolcrably well were my one hundred and forty diseases curable. Dr. Heath, who is with the Ponsonbys, seems, I think, to be satisfied that I shall shortly be better, and possibly much better than usual; and that my grand climscteric, which usually falls at the age of sixty-three, has been hastened by length of illness, and fallen upon me at fifty-eight instead, after which the constitution might change for the better. I thought, till now, that the age of sixty-three was required for the change, but he says no. So you see, my dear Lady Blessington, I have given you a long statement of my case, and the results, as far as we know them. You tell me of your bad weather, and if this be in due proportion, you ought yet to be in Siberia, for I have at this moment a tolerable fire, by which I am too cold; and without, it is raining cats and dogs,

# LETTERS OF SIR WILLIAM GELL.

and seems likely to continue to do so. The consequence is, the most wonderful verdure I ever beheld, the vines in unusually large leaf, and the Indian corn, flax, and hemp shooting into thickets below them. I never saw any thing so vardant as the world is here, whenever we have an hour or two of sun to enjoy so green and beantiful a scene. What is become of the English I know not; the spring was forgotten, the season for summer is half over, and the winter yet remains, and the milords seem to have forgotten to come to Italy. There may be three families of no note at Sorrento, and about as many threaten to come to Castelamare for the month of July, so that the houses are for the present empty. The Salsa has, however, worked herself into Dorchester House, as the papers say; and as far as her own account of things goes, she finds no difference, but all goes on well; at all events, she is not the person to cry stinking fish, and would say that harmony existed as long as possible.

"We have at Craven's a tremendous large old convent, with cells for as many as can be got to fill them; and Craven himself, out of perverseness, is as hospitable and as open to all comers here, as he sometimes appears the contrary at Naples, where society might be had without the trouble or expense of maintaining it. I am glad you have seen Dr. Hogg; he writes remarkably well, and will, I doubt not, make a pretty book from very scanty materials. When he was here he used to go crazy on the subject, which. I hope, will not be the case in London. Pray order him to return here directly, and tell him that he would find plenty of room to practice, if so disposed.

"Mr. Wilkinson I am glad you admire, for he must by this time be one of the most learned men in Christendom.

"You say people speak kindly of me. I assure you, since I have been so ill, I have found great consolation in observing how far the world in general exceeds in kindness what one had any right to expect from it.

"As to that ugly old abbot, I suppose he had imbibed a false impression, and never could get rid of it."

"My romance has not advanced a step. I thought, during my illness, I could at least have written that; but that is *historia*, and requires facts and dates; and I never could guide my pen, as you will have said many times before you get to the end of this long and dull letter. A thousand kindnesses to Count Alfred, and the young lady, your sister. I hope your young friend will return pleased with Naples. Faithfully yours, W. GELL.

"I got both your novels by Mr. Stanley, and thank you much. I think I was most entertained with the "Repealers," and you certainly speak out. Poor Matthias is very well, but is querulous and old, and thinks himself deserted—so much so, that nobody can undertake his society, he is so discontented and curious.

"The archbishop is as well as ever, and dined with me a few days ago when he laughed and was as gay as ever.

\* The Abbé Campbell, I presume, is alluded to .- R. R. M.

#### LETTERS OF SIR WILLIAM GELL

# "The Riversite are doing well also,"\*

\* This remarkable letter was the last, I believe, which Sir William Gell addesmeed to Lady Bleasington. The date of it is shout nine months before his ' dash. The singular account of the breaking up of his mental powers, of the up.'solutions of their failure, and of these waking dreams of his when he imagined'himself in the society of old friends then far distant, and fancied himself dissourcing with them as if they were present—in painfully interesting. Before taking leave of poor Gell, perhaps a letter of introduction, addressed to the Admiral of the Egyptian fleet, of his, and one very characteristic of him, which he furnished me with when I was asting out for the East in 1894, will not be found '' mirplaced in this collection.

"HIO CARO ARICO GRAND' ARMIRANLIO SI' ESTUTO,-Con questa V. mando un amico mio, il Signore Mohion, chivurge, di gran taleste, il quais va viaggiare in Turchin, per sist servare tatto qualle che al izvva di balle o di movo nalla sua arie, o per mostrure quintito o izvvo se stanco tella operatione di abirurgio. Trovarete no avote l'ocomicono neuel capace, e farce, docome ve no sono tanti medici ma pochimitati di veri chivurgi sera quanto signore di grando milito a sua Alsuna il Pasha o el armate pei terre o mare. Dunque vi prego anere quanto poteto utile duranto la sua dimora zella terra dei Museniman.

"Pensal tutto quest' anno fare il viaggio d'Egitto, ma fra l'incertezza della guerra con Algieri, la guerra Greca, ed il non avere basilmento sicuro per trasportament ad Alemandria di Misir, sono qui per ora, e veramente non vedo mezzi, al momento, a fare il tragetto com commodo e siccurezza, al essendo Zoppo, ed alquanto in vecchiato doppo il nostro celebra viaggio nella vostra fregata L'Africa, non vale per me la pena viaggiare pe non con commodo e siccurezza. Elo gran desiderio andare per qualche giorne a Gerusalemme ed a pessure l'inverno in Egitto se abou Gosh ed il Diavolo me permettessero, ma quando questo sura non so.

" Se avete l'occaggione e sapeta di qualche bastimento che viene in questi paesi vi prego scrivermi e far me sapere como vanno gli affari vostri e quelli d'Egitto perché da vero qui va ne sono certe volte delle conte ed istorie faisi, che non ci permettono sapere il vero.

"Non so se il figlio resta anchora in Malta altrimentri da lui potrei lo recevere una vostra lettera. Spero che voi riuscite in ogni cosa che vi locca personalmenie, e che sarote gia diventato il piu ricco della famiglia di Giblachtar. Non so se avete in compagnia fin ora il vostro fedele Turcomanno, ma supponzo che il Teneute Osman non resta piu in vorta equipaggio. Hassan Bey di Rhodi sento esser morto. Mi fara grandissimo placere quel giormo che posso rivederat.

"Spero al fine vederui, un altra volta in questo mondo, siccome non essendo Turco il vostro grand Profeta non permette che lo andarse al settimo cielo nel altro.

"Wilkinson ha fetto grande progressi nello studio delle antichita d'Egitto. Sento che la povera città di Atene e tutta distrutta e tutti quanti gli amici miei morti tanti Greci quanti Turchi, Oaman Moltah Ibrahim Aga e Compagnia. Vi prego futta la pace e non mazzata piu gente, e trattata i vostri prigioneri con clemenza por l'amor di Dio e su Profeta.

"Credstami sempre, cariasimo Amaraglio, amico e servitore vostro fedelissimo,

"GELL."

### SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

# CHAPTER XIX.

In the preceding letters of Sir William Gell there are some persons referred to, of whom a more detailed account may be desirable than can be given in the limits of foot-notes. Of some of these persons, moreover, frequent mention is made in the Diaries and Letters of Lady Blessington, which have reference to her sojourn in Naples, and the acquaintances she formed there and in Rome.

The brief notices now introduced will enable the reader to comprehend more easily and fully observations on passing occurrences, only slightly glanced at in those letters, and allusions to persons which may only suffice to excite curiosity, and leave a desire to know something more in relation to them.

### SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

The Right Honorable Sir William Drummond, a Privy Councilor, formerly H. B. M.'s Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of the Two Sicilies, and subsequently at the Ottoman Porte, died at Rome the 29th of March, 1828.

His first work was published in 1794, "A Review of the Governments of Sparta and Athens," 8vo. In 1798 he published "The Satires of Persius," translated; in 1805, "Academical Questions," 4to; in 1810, in conjunction with Robert Walpole, "Herculanensia," &c., containing a MS. found at Pompeii; in 1811, in 4to, "An Essay on a Punic Inscription found in the Island of Malta;" in 1818, in 4to, "Odin," a Poem; and in 1824, "Origines, or Remarks on the Origin of several Empires, States, and Cities," 2 vols. 8vo. Ho also printed, but not for sale, a remarkable work, entitled "Edipus Judaicus," of very anti-Christian tendencies, reducing Scriptural histories to mere astronomical allegories.

In 1811, Byron, in a letter to his friend Hodgson, says: "I have gotten a book by Sir William Drummond, printed but not

VOL. I.-R.

#### SIE WILLIAM DEUMMOND.

published, entitled 'Œdipus Judaicus,' in which he attempts to prove the greater part of the Old Testament an allegory, particularly Genesis and Joshua. He professes himself a Theist in the preface, and handles the literal interpretation very roughly."

Byron was then in his twenty-third year, and no doubt the veteran Theist's erudition was not thrown away on the young, impressible mind of Byron. How much unhappiness may not the author of the erudite infidel work of this accomplished writer have to answer for, even in the single instance I refer to ?

Lady Blessington makes frequent mention in her letters and diaries of Sir William Drummond as a profound scholar, whose classical lore was united with scientific knowledge of various kinds in modern literature, mineralogy, chemistry, and astronomy. His conversation was not only erudite, but brilliant and playful. He had the imagination of a man of original poetical genius; a capacity fit for a philosopher, a statesman, or a metaphysician. He was a polished, high-minded gentleman, moreover, with all the *politesse de la vielle cour*.

Sir William Drummond and his lady were of very opposite tastes. He passed his days, and the greater portion of his nights, in reading or writing. The tables, chairs, sofas, and even the floors were loaded with books. "He seldom saw Lady Drummond except at dinner," says Lady Blessington, "surrounded by a large party. She passed, as she passes still, her time in the duties of an elaborate toilet, paying or receiving visits, and playing with her lap-dog. A strange wife for one of the most intellectual men of his day! and yet this dissimilarity produced no discord between them; for she was proud of his acquirements, and he was indulgent to her less *spirituelle tastes.*"†

It might be a question difficult to answer whether "the most intellectual man of Europe" benefited his species more by erudition turned against Christianity, than the lady "of less spirituelle tastes," though occupied occasionally with the duties of an elaborate toilet, but habitually devoted to works of charity, profuse in her liberality, and making use of her vast wealth, as she

<sup>\*</sup> Moore's Life of Lord Byron, p. 157, 8vo ed., 1838.

<sup>†</sup> The Idler in France, vol. i., p. 148.

# SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

did in Naples, for the relief of the poor and the distressed, served her fellow-creatures.

When Lady Blessington met Sir William for the last time at Rome, he was then evidently verging fast toward the close of his career. Ill as he was, however, he came to see her at her hotel. His death-stricken, pallid features, the utter feebleness and extraordinary emaciation of his frame, shocked her. He was taken from his carriage in a chair by his servants; and as he was thus conveyed into her *salon*, she was forcibly reminded of the sitting statue of Voltaire, executed shortly before his death, which is placed in the vestibule of the Theatre Français at Paris. His mental faculties remained unimpaired. His conversation was the same as ever—delightful to listen to.

"He is conscious," says her ladyship, "that the King of Terrors is fast approaching, and awaits his presence with all the dignified composure of a philosopher of old. He spoke to me of his approaching end with calmness; said he should have liked to have had time to finish the work in which he is engaged; and observed that it was a blessing for which he was penetrated with gratitude to the Most High, that his mind still survived the wreck of his body, and enabled him to bear, if not to forget, the physical sufferings entailed by disease.

"Speaking of his approaching end, he said, 'There is something in Rome, with its ruins, and the recollections with which it is fraught, that reconciles one to decay and death. The inevitable lot of all things seems here so strongly brought before one, that the destiny of an individual is merged in that of the scene around him.'""

It was not long before Lady Blessington's fears for her friend were realized. In May, 1828, she visited his grave in the English burying-ground in Rome. The massive pyramid of Caius Soxtus cast its shadows over the resting-places of Shelley, Keats, and Drummond; but the remains of Drummond were to be removed to Scotland in the course of a few months. The fair pilgrim who visited his grave thought of the happy hours passed in his society, the brilliant conversation of that highly-gifted

\* The Idler in Italy, Par. ed., 1839, p. 391.

man, the deep reflections she had heard from these lips that were now silent forever.

# THE ABBE CAMPBELL.

"The English in Italy," from 1820 to 1829, sequainted with Naples, the resident Inglesi of Naples especially, can not fail to remember the celebrated abbate, an ecclesiastic not renowned for his learning, remarkable for amenity of manners, or agreeableness of appearance or address ; not venerated much for sanctity, or sought after for the excellence of his example, the purity of his morals, and the influence of his life and conversation before men in his spiritual character, but distinguished for a sort of mysterious prestige-an apprehension of his power over people in high places, in several courts, and in various Continental capitals-a nondescript influence seldom exercised for any good-natured purpose, and courted even in the best society on account of the fear with which the unbridled license of his tongue inspired it. The abbé had to be petted, caressed, abundantly fed. and propitiated with good dinners by all new-comers of distinction and of discretion.

In Naples particularly, and in some other Continental courts of absolute princes, he was without a rival among partness and hangers-on of great men in power or authority.

There was nothing in his education, his natural position, his antecedents, or his habits, to conciliate men's favorable opinion of his companionable qualities. In the latter part of 1821, when I first met him, he was, I think, upward of sixty-eight years of age, low of stature, exceedingly bulky, unwieldy, and ungainly in his movements. His features were large and heavy, coarse and vulgar; his complexion was of an obfuscated, lurid red, with a predominance of the purple of the grape in it. The expression of his face was all animal. His look was cunning, and there was a leering, frolicksome twinkle always in it after dinner, that contrasted unpleasantly with his age and dilapidated appearance. His head was enormously large; and his neck, extremely short and thick, was always buried in a profuse quantity of cravat of a dingy hue. The head and trunk merging into

one, with so little of intervening neck, reminded one of the conformation of some of the larger lizards. His clothes, generally bedaubed with snuff, hung on his large person as if they had been pitched about him casually and carelessly by an old servant of his—Pococurantd, as great an oddity as his master.

In Naples, his intimate relations of friendship with the minister Medici, and the terms of acquaintance on which he was with the old king Ferdinand, gave an importance to his "undefined and undefinable position in society," which contributed very much to an influence exercised over it by him that was certainly one more of fear than love. The abbé was said to have a pension from the Neapolitan government, and an annual stipend also from some official source in England, and for some public services that were of a very private nature.

He had been, at a very early age, a chaplain to a Neapolitan embassador in London about the time of the marriage of the Prince Regent with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and rumor assigned the perilous duty of the performance of the marriage ceremony to the young chaplain of the Neapolitan embassador.

I have heard this rumor mentioned in the presence of the abbé, and it remained not only uncontradicted by him, but so far acquiesced in, at least, as to leave an impression that he knew the priest by whom the marriage was celebrated.\*

In the second volume of "The Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox," by Lord John Russell, we have the principal circumstances related of the Prince of Wales's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert. First comes a letter of Mr. Fox to the prince, in the strongest terms dissuading him from the rumored intention of the marriage, dated Dec. 10, 1785; next follows a reply of "the true prince" and truth-loving heir-apparent, dated the 19th of the same month, solemnly denying the rumor that "there not only is, but never was, any ground for these reports which have of late been so maliciously circulated." Then comes Lord John Russell's statement, that ten days only after this solemn averment his royal highness had married Mrs. Fitzherbert.

\* When Mrs. Fitzherbert was married in 1785, the abbé, who was born about 1754, must have been rather more than thirty years of age.

The marriage, it is stated by Lord John, was performed in private by a clergyman of the Church of England, in the manner prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer, and the certificate, dated December 21, 1785, was attested by two witnesses. This is only half the truth. It would have been no satisfaction to Mrs. Fitzherbert's scruples to have had the marriage ceremony performed by a clergyman not belonging to her church, unless the ceremony had been previously performed by a Boman Catholic clergyman; and I have been assured by the late Mr. Thomas Savory, of Sussex Place, Regent's Park, the confidential and long-loved friend of the Duke of Sussex, that he knew of a certainty that the ceremony had been performed by a Roman Catholic priest who was connected with one of the foreign embassies in London, and who thought it prudent to fly the country after the marriage ceremony had been performed.

Lord Brougham, in his "Historical Sketches" (George IV.), says, "Mrs. Fitzherbert was a Roman Catholic; sincerely attached to the religion of her forefathers, she refused to purchase a crown by conforming to any other; and the law declared that whoever married a Catholic should forfeit all right to the crown of these realms, as if he were naturally dead. This law, however, was unknown to her, and, blinded by various pretenses, she was induced to consent to a clandestine marriage, which is supposed to have been solemnized between her and the prince beyond the limits of the English dominions, in the silly belief, perhaps, entertained by him, that he escaped the penalty to which his reckless conduct exposed him, and that the forfeiture of his succession to the crown was only denounced against such a marriage if contracted within the realm."

And his lordship adds, in a note, "Some affirm that it was performed in London at the house of her uncle."\*

The abbé's recollections were no less vivid than entertaining, and some gravely interesting, of Lord Nelson and of Lady Hamilton, of his social intercourse with the latter, and of the admirable old port (rarely to be met with in Naples), which gave a particular charm to her dinners, the pleasures of which were

\* Historical Sketches of Statesmen of the Time of George III., p. 222.

generally of a prolonged description, and extended sometimes far into the night.

The abbé was at Naples at the time of the execution of Carraccioli and his associates, and was cognizant of many of the circumstances relating to that infamy — the court intrigues, the connection with them of Lady Hamilton, and the unhappy influence that lady brought to bear on Nelson.\*

The abbé stated that some days after the execution (which he spoke of, to his credit, with reprehension, though all his sympathies were with Cardinal Ruffo and his party), the body of one of the persons executed, said to have been that of Carraccioli, was found floating under the stern of Nelson's frigate, and was visible to the admiral from his cabin windows. On one occasion of a controversy on this subject, the abbé said, He knew for a certainty that Nelson had seen one of the bodies of the executed men, some days after the execution, floating near the stern of his ship, with the face upward, and he knew that Nelson was shocked at the spectacle, and well he might be.

The abbé was on terms of close intimacy with the late King of Hanover and with the Duke of Cumberland, and seldom visited England that he did not enjoy the duke's hospitality.

It was something more than amusing to hear this old man, of an obscure origin and humble rank, of no very prepossessing appearance or courtly manners, vaunting of his intimacy and terms of familiar intercourse with kings, and princes, and ministers of state : "My friend Cumberland;" "My old acquaintance, the King of Sardinis;" "Mio Caro Amico Medici," &c.

In Naples, after the abortive attempts at revolution in 1821, there was a very strict surveillance of the police over foreigners, especially the English, in Naples. Their letters were opened

\* "The 20th of April, 1799, Cardinal Ruffo, at the head of the Neapolitan Royalists and some Russian auxiliaries, entered Naples. Soon after, a confederate force of English, Russians, Italians, Portuguese, and Turks, entered the port under a convoy of Lord Nelson, and invested the Castle of St. Elmo; Capus and Gaeta were afterward taken by the assistance of the English. A severe vengeance was afterward inflicted, in contravention of a solemn treaty, on the Neapolitan patriots, with the culpable connivance of Nelson, acting under the influence of the profligate wife of the English embassador, Sir William Hamilton."-British Chronology, by Wrde. ed. 1939, p. 615.

and examined at the post-office by authority. The services of an Englishman, or of some one well acquainted with the English language, were required for this private duty of foreign correspondence examination, and on more than one occasion the abbé was openly charged with the performance of this duty. Secrets became known to him which could only be obtained from this source of information. They might certainly have been communicated to him by his confidential friend Medici, and the direct duty of opening the letters might have been performed by some other person. My own opinion is that such was the case.

Sir William Gell for some time adopted a formula for the more speedy transmission of his letters through the post-office; the following words, in larger characters than the rest, were usually written at the top of the page of every letter of his: "When the Abbé Campbell has read this private communication, and replaced the broken seal, he is requested to send on the letter to its destination."

This was a dear joke to Gell; it was the cause of a deadly feud in English society in Naples, a feud in which, on one side, was ranged the redoubtable abbé, and occasionally, and at a convenient distance, an ally worthy of a better cause, Charles Reilly, the well-known surgeon of the Chiaga; and, on the other, Sir William Drummond, Sir William Gell, Keppel Craven, the Count D'Orsay, Dr. Watson, the celebrated linguist, and, on the confines of the field of battle, Ridgeway, the secretary of Sir William, and "the Master of the Horse" of Lady Drummond.

Ridgeway was a man of worth and integrity, of a remarkably staid and solemn aspect. He had the soul of a "gentleman usher of the time of Elizabeth," penetrated with solemn conviction of the grave importance of old ceremonials, and set formulas, and stately etiquettes.

In flinging dirt, the Abbé Campbell was an incomparable belligerent. There was nothing in the shape of an offensive missile too foul or too heavy for his hands. The abbé was a ferocious hater, savagely sarcastic, and strangely jocular in his furibond movements. There was something terrible in his rancor

when he was drunk with passion, and in his revelry, when he was inebriated, as he was "wont to be of an afternoon," with wine.

Few people could tell the place of birth, parentage, or antecedents of the abbé. He passed for an Englishman with Englishmen, a Scotchman with Scotchmen, and any thing but an Irishman with Irishmen in general. To Reilly and myself, Dr. Quin, and one or two more, he was known to be an Irishman, a native of the north of Ireland.

He was pleased to promise me, on divers occasions, when in "the superior condition," the inheritance of his papers, and, among the rest, some fragments of a Memoir of his Life, which he had written some years previously, and had condemned to the flames—no doubt very judiciously, when the Carbonari had got the upper hand in Naples.

In attempting to destroy the MS. in a place suitable enough for it, a sudden puff of wind scattered the burning papers about the abbé, and, according to his humorous account of this *autoda-fé* of his Memoirs, he was in danger of suffering death by his own life.

The few pages that were unconsumed the abbé was obliged to carry off, and to take beyond the frontier with his own valuable person.

Lady Blessington observes, "It is not easy to imagine how the abbé's influence is acquired, for his talents are of a very mediocre kind, his manners coarse, and his reputation not honorable; mais n'importe, he preserves his ground, and is received, though abused, in every great house in Naples.

"This is one of the many extraordinary instances one often witnesses of a man rising from a low station without one quality to justify his ascent or maintain it, yet whose presence is tolerated by those who decry him.""

The "German prince," Puckler Muskau, whose travels in Germany, Holland, and England were published in 1831, makes mention of a celebrated wit of a sarcastic turn, "once a patentee of puns," whom he had met in one of the first circles of fashion-

> \* The Idler in Italy. R. 2

able life in London, whose every word was extravagantly admired and extolled, though the liking for the facetious cynic was feigned and pretended to, out of fear of the waspish tongue of the sarcastic humorist. "I have a mortal hate," says the prince, "for the whole tribe of such wits, especially when, like this person, they combine a repulsive exterior with gall and sarcasm unredeemed by grace of any kind. In human society they appear as poisonous insects, whom people, out of a pitiful weakness, help to nourish with the blood of others to save their own."

The abbé's head-quarters at Naples, in the latter years of his life, were on an eminence called Capo di Monte, and occasionally at the Albergo di Crocelle, in the Chiatamone. He made yearly journeys to England, and sometimes more frequently visited London, and during his stay there (often a very prolonged one) installed himself in the house of my old friend, Thomas Field Savory, in Sussex Place, Regent's Park. On one occasion of a visitation there he had dined out, and done ample justice to the viands and the wines of his entertainer. He sallied forth at a late hour, after some unsuccessful attempts to procure a hackney-coach for him. He had ordered a vehicle, which was not to be found. There was a large party at a house adjoining his entertainer's, and there was a long line of carriages in front of the house, and among them a solitary sedan chair, of large dimensions. The drivers of the coaches and the bearers of the sedan chair were probably regaling themselves. It was a wet night in every sense of the term. The unfortunate abbé no sooner espied the sedan chair than some unaccountable impulse sent his great bulk of body bundling into the ancient vehicle, and no sooner had he plopped down and was seated than he fell fast asleep, snoring loudly.

The bearers, on their return, found a fat snoring gentleman in the sedan, whom it was impossible to rouse or to eject by any exertion of their lungs or efforts of their arms. A crowd collected : among them, some mischievously-minded individual, an anticipator of the hydropathic system, pointed to a spout, from which torrents of water were pouring down from the roof of a

\* Travels of a German Prince.

neighboring house. In an instant the poles were thrust into their places; the sedan chair, with its enormous burden, was uplifted, borne to the spot, and placed under the spout; the head was then lifted, and the abbé was suddenly awakened, drenched, bewildered, and dismayed, imagining the end of the world was come, and another deluge was taking place.

A compassionate jarvey, seeing the prospect of getting a good fare, contrived to elicit from the thoroughly-soaked gentleman his address. He was conveyed home, cool, but not comfortable, and not in a very seraphic state of mind.

The abbé, on various occasions, had given Savory to understand that nearly all he possessed should go to him (Savory) at his death. He held out solemn promises also to the nephew of that gentleman, Mr. John Savory, that he would find his name had not been forgotten in the disposition of the property of Henry Campbell.

He broke all his promises to the elder Savory, to whom, for many years, he had given a vast deal of trouble about his pecuniary and other private affairs; but he kept faith with Mr. John Savory (the present head of the firm of Savory and Moore, of Bond Street). A short time before he left London for the last time, and about three or four months previous to his death, in the early part of 1830, having made some arrangement of his affairs, he called on Mrs. Savory, and with some signs of emotion, and marked solemnity of manner, placed a small package in her hands, and spoke of his tender regards for her husband. He went away very much affected, and never was seen more by his kind friends. The small but precious package was opened with all due care when he was gone, and some twenty yards of old Mechlin lace were taken from the paper and laid on the table.

The next news from Naples brought the intelligence of the abbé's death ; and a very lamentable account it was of the close of a career that was in keeping with the whole of its bad course. While the wealthy, friendless, dying man was still conscious of what was passing around him, his servants were plundering his house, ransacking the room, even where he lay dying, for objects of any value that he kept there.

#### OHARLES REILLY.

At his death, his money was found lodged in several hands, with bankers and others. He had left no regular account, showing how his property was placed. Mr. Thomas Field Savory discovered that there were several thousand pounds of his lodged in the bank of Messrs. Wright, of Henrietta Street, which his representatives had no knowledge of. A young gentleman who had been acknowledged by the abbé to be his nephew inherited the whole of his property—about £16,000—and in a few years managed, I believe, to get through the greater portion of it.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### CHARLES REILLY, ESQ., SURGEON, R. N.

Or all the medical men in Naples of the *forestieri*, Charles Reilly, a native of Ireland, a retired medical surgeon, who had accompanied the Oxford family to Naples in the capacity of traveling medical attendant, and had settled down in practice in that city in the time of King Joachim, was in the highest repute when I was there, in the latter part of 1821, 1822, and 1823, and the spring of 1824.

Reilly was, in every sense of the term but one, a thorough Irishman. He was full of humor, jocose, good natured, with something of a lachrymose expression in his serious, businesslike, corrugated features, till some odd fancy would flash across his mind, or some ridiculous object present itself to his eye, or droll expression meet his ear, and then that lugubrious physiognomy, with all its deep traces of worldliness, would brighten up as if by magic, and beam with hilarity, that literally made every feature of his face glow with joyousness. Reilly's humor and gayety were peculiarly Irish, and as "racy of the soil" he had abandoned some twenty or thirty years previously to the period I refer to as if he had only quitted it the day before.

Reilly was not only funny himself, but he was the cause of fun in others. He was as essential to the jollity of the old Abbé Campbell as the jolly abbé was indispensable to Reilly when-

### CHARLES REILLY.

ever he exercised the rights of hospitality, which was seldom less than twice a week. On these festive occasions, Reilly was to the abbé what Boswell was to Johnson, in some respects. He tickled the great bear, and jumped with his humor. He bore with an odd growl from him, and an occasional cuff of his big paw, as if he was complimented by the notice of the great animal he had the care of.

The abbé loved Reilly as much as it was in his nature to love any body. He never failed to perform his awkward gambols at those weekly entertainments. Gulosity and gayety went hand in hand at them.

Some years before Reilly's arrival in Naples with Lady Oxford's family, while serving as assistant surgeon on board a vessel of war at Lisbon, an adventure occurred in the vicinity of that city of a very profligate nature, which was attended with calamitous results. A first lieutenant, of the name of S-----, and the surgeon of the ship, made the acquaintance of two ladies in a convent at Belem, adjoining the city, who consented to leave their nunnery, the means of escape having previously been devised and prepared for them.

The first lady, who descended from a window by a rope ladder to the street beneath, reached the ground without accident, and was carried off by the lieutenant. That lady I was in company with about ten years later, at a ball in Naples, the wife of the officer just referred to—then a post-captain in the navy; and Mrs. S——, the mother, at that time, of three or four children, bore the character of a most exemplary wife and mother.

But the other lady, who attempted escape on the same night, had fallen from the frail ladder to the ground from a considerable height and broken her leg. The cries of the unfortunate person were heard in the convent; people came to the spot; she was discovered, and carried back to the convent. The gentlemen who had occasioned this disaster field to the boat that was in waiting for them, a little way below the convent, and effected their escape, leaving the wretched victim to her doom, whatever it might be.

Reilly's acquaintance with Naples in the time of Murat, when

# CHARLES REILLY.

Lady Oxford and her lovely daughters<sup>6</sup> were the bright stars round which revolved, not only the fashion, but the political intrigues of King Joachim's court, was fraught with reminiscences highly interesting, and was a never-failing subject of conversation with him.

Having ceased to be the traveling medical attendant of the Oxford family, he commenced practice in Naples, and proved so eminently successful in it as to have realized a very large fortune so early even as 1821.

He had married in Naples an English woman in affluent circumstances, a very thrifty and money-making person, but withal amiable and kindly disposed, the widow of the maitre d'hôtel of the Duke de Gallo. This lady, far advanced in years, had two children—a son named Marzio, a young man of good talents, a fiery temperament, and ungovernable disposition, and a daughter, an amiable and pretty girl, who grew up to womanhood a highly-accomplished and attractive person (the belle of the Chiaja), who eventually became the bride of a young English surgeon, the successor of Reilly in his professional business.

Reilly and his wife (and his daughter, I believe), a second wife also, whom he had married about ten years ago, all have passed away; and of the English, Irish, and Scotch—not a few remarkable persons, I may add—whom I remember in the habit of frequenting that pleasant and hospitable house of his, with two exceptions—those of Dr. Quin, now established in his profession in London, and my worthy old friend, Mr. Ramsay, living in Mordaunt College, Blackheath—none, I believe, are in being.

\* The Right Hon. Edmund Harley, fifth earl of Oxford, born in 1773, married, in 1794, a daughter of the Rev. J. Scott, vicar of Ichen, near Southampton, and had issue three sons and four daughters. 1. Edmund, Lord Harley, born in 1800, died in 1828. 2. Alfred, Lord Harley (the present earl), born in 1809, married Miss Nugent in 1831. 3. Jane Elizabeth, married, in 1835, to Henry Bickersteth, now Lord Langdon. 4. Charlotte Mary, married to Colonel (now Genersteth, now Lord Langdon. 4. Charlotte Mary, married to Colonel (now General) Bacon, a distinguished officer in the service of Don Pedro, of Portugal. 5. Anne, married, in 1835, to an Italian gentleman, the Cavaliere San Giorgio. 6. Frances, married, the same year, Henry Vernon Harcourt, Esq. 7. Madeleine, who died in infancy.

### DR. QUIN.

#### DR. QUIN.

In 1821 my acquaintance with Dr. Quin commenced in Naples. He was then a young, rising medical practitioner, in great vogue with all fashionable English visitors and sojourners in Naples, full of life and spirits, of excellent address, with a keen perception of the ridiculous, and a great zest for merriment. But Quin had solid worth and good sound sense to bring to the aid of his professional talents, though some of the invalids of Naples, accustomed to grave, lugubrious doctors, seemed to think the philosophy of Heraclitus was more becoming physicians than that of Democritus. We are told by old Burton, that when Hippocrates came to Abdera, he found Democritus " busy in cutting up several beasts to find out the cause of madness and melancholy." And while he pursued his studies, he laughed ever and anon, and the public thought he was mad. But when Hippocrates conversed with him, he discovered there was a great deal of philosophy in his laughter. And he told the Abderites, though the little man laughed more profusely than other people, "that Abders had not a wiser, a more learned, a more honest man, and they were much deceived to say that he was mad."

"Thus Democritus was esteemed (drolly) of the world in his time; and this was the cause of his laughter, and good cause he had.

"Olim jure quidem, nunc plus Democrite, ride

Quin rides uita hec nunc mage ridicula est.""

Three-and-thirty years have had little effect in subduing Dr. Quin's high spirits, or making inroads on his vigor of body or vivacity of mind. The same quickness of apprehension and observation, unfailing humor, ready wit and repartee, characterize the most eminent homeopathic physician of London of the present day, that distinguished the young traveling physician of the Duchess of Devonshire in those early days of his and mine, which I look back to with feelings of pleasure, and

" Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, ed. 1827, vol. i., p. 34.

#### BR. QUIL

recall among the reminiscences of times and scence the mast

In his profession Dr. Quin is sealous and discreet, mindful of the sanctity of the sick chamber, and of the obligations is imposes on the physician. In private life he wins and retains the confidence and esteem of those with whom he becomes acquaintsed. His practice is chiefly among the aristocracy. The present King of the Belgians reposed the highest confidence in his skill. The late Duke of Cambridge left no means untried to induce him to accept the post of physician to his family on allopathic principles, but those efforts were in vain. Yet I remember when the doctor made a *burls* of Hahnemann and the infinitesimal dose system. At an early period of his career in Naples, professing to write against homeopathy, he went to Germany to inquire into the system; and he who went to scoff remained to study, and to become a convert to the new theory of medicine.

Those persons are not likely to forget Dr. Quin who remember Naples and its society in the time of Sir William Drummond, Sir William Gell, the Honorable Keppel Craven, Sir Frederick Faulkner, the Margravine of Anspach, the well-known Abbé Campbell, the Blessingtons, Sir Richard Acton and his lady ; Dr. Watson, the celebrated linguist; Ramsay, the Scotch merchant, with his elegant tastes and classic lore ; Cottrell, the wine merchant, of Falernian celebrity, renowned for his lachrymackristi, and his efforts to rival Francis, and to render Horace into better English than all previous translators; Reilly, the true Hibernian; Dr. Milne, the skillful Scot and accomplished gentleman of the Chiatamone ; old Walker, of the Largo Castello, the expatriated Manchester reformer, who, in the good old times of William Pitt and George III., was tried for sedition, and narrowly escaped the fate of his reforming brethren, Muir and Palmer; and, though last, not least deserving of remembrance and of honorable mention in the list of worthies from foreign lands who figured in Neapolitan society some thirty years ago, the venerable commandant of the Castello D'Ovo, General Wade, the old Irish warrior, one of the brave old souls of the Brigade,

# SIR FREDERICK FAULKNER.

renowned for his hospitality, and beloved by all who knew him, English, Irish, and Italian." Maurice Quill should have lived in Naples in those days, and Lever should have recorded all the extraordinary scenes and ridiculous occurrences, the reminiscences of which are connected with the names of Reilly and the abbé, Quin, Mahon, the redoubtable Milesian; Thornton, the Irish tutor of the Duchess of Eboli; Ridgeway, the secretary of Lady Drummond; young Edward Molyneux and his friend, the incipient surgeon, in those days of nature not unfit for scenes of gayety and humor, nor unfamiliar with them.

### SIR FERDINAND RICHARD E. D. ACTON.

One of "the celebrities" of Neapolitan society in 1823 and 1824 was Sir Ferdinand Richard Edward Dalberg Acton, the seventh baronet of Aldenham Hall, in Salop. He was the eldest son of Sir John Francis Edward, the sixth baronet, for some years prime minister of the King of Naples, by Mary Anne, daughter of Joseph Edward Acton, Esq. Sir Ferdinand Richard, in his tenth year, succeeded to the title in 1811 (in which year his father died at Palermo). He married in Paris, in 1832, the only child and heiress of the Duc de Dalberg, by which marriage he obtained large possessions in Austria. He died in Paris, aged thirty-five, in January, 1837.

#### SIR FREDERICK FAULKNER.

Those who were acquainted with Naples about thirty years

\* General Wade, in all probability, was a member of a Westmeath family of that name, which gave a field marshal to the British army in the reign of King William. That distinguished officer had gained his first military honors at the battle of Aughrim, in 1691, and commanded in the Highlands, as a general officer, from 1726 to 1737, during which period he had caused roads to be made through mountainous districts previously impassable for troops, for which works he was immortalized by a Scotch post in the verse,

" Had you traveled these roads before they were made,

You'd lift up your hands and bless General Wade."

The grandfather of the field marshal had considerable grants of land in the neighborhood of Tyrrell's Pass, conferred on him by Cromwell in 1653. The field marshal of Westmeath, who died in 1748, aged seventy-five, reposes in Westminster Abbey. The field marshal of Meath, who died in 1852, rests, after the labors of eighty-four years, in St. Paul's.

# SIR FREDERICE FAULENER.

ago will remember an Irish gentleman, tall and portly, a fine specimen of one of the old school of Hibernian gentility, of prepossessing appearance and elegant manners, degagéss et deboaseires, and free from all restraint; who was exceedingly poor, and might have been extremely rich; who lived from day to day by borrowing from all his friends, and yet made an appearance in society; dined out a great deal, and passed for an Irish landlord ever on the brink of prosperity, sure to get rents which never came to hand, and in daily expectation of remittances which were always coming, but, alas! which came not. Sir Frederick Faulkner was this unhappy gentleman — a person abounding in anecdote, most agreeable in society, and singularly inconsistent in his character.

Gell talked of founding a hospital at Rome for genteel persons of decayed purses, and discontented, disappointed, agreeable people.

Sir Frederick would have been a most agreeable inmate of such an institution.

Nothing could induce Sir Frederick to violate his public principles, but in private life his principles were violated every day; his poverty, but not his will, consented to the violation. He borrowed daily, without any prospect of being able to pay what was lent him. He made solemn promises day after day, which were invariably broken by him.

For many years previous to the Union this gentleman was a member for the county of Dublin,<sup>\*</sup> and one of the most strenuous opponents of that measure, though in very straitened circumstances, and having had divers overtures made to him of a very tempting nature for his support. He terminated a career rendered miserable by pecuniary embarrassments, in Naples, by suicide, in 1822. Sir Frederick married, in 1798, Miss Anne Frances Gardiner, daughter of Sackville Gardiner, second son of the Right Hon. Luke Gardiner, the grandfather of the late Earl of Blessington.

\* In 1807, at the general election, we read in the papers of Mr. Frederick John Faulkner, the former member for the county of Dublin, being defeated by Mr. Talbot, of Malahide.

# DUKE DE LAVAL MONTMORENCI .- MISS BATHURST. 403

# THE DUKE DE LAVAL MONTMORENCI.

This antique remnant of the ancient aristocracy of France was embassedor at the court of Rome in 1825, when Lady Blessington had taken up her abode in the Palazzo Negrone. The duke, whom I had subsequently met in Rome, on several occasions, at their abode, was a remarkable person in society. Occasionally lively and spiritual, frequently and suddenly somnolent, and always, when awake, extremely gallant and complimentary to the ladies. But his compliments and eulogies were generally *mal-apropos*. All his senses, and a few of his faculties, were defective; some impaired by age, one naturally imperfect. In these particulars he resembled an old Chancery barrister, Bell, whom Lord Eldon used to commend, though he could neither talk, walk, think, or write like any other man.

The duke's talent for diplomacy was said to have outlived all his other capabilities. He was respected, however, by all who knew him, for his sterling worth and his generous conduct, especially to Pius VII. when in France, whose wants were liberally supplied by him.

The name of this gentleman is connected with a very melancholy occurrence, frequently referred to in Lady Blessington's Journal and Correspondence, which took place in Rome in the month of February, 1824.

### MISS BATHURST.

Miss Bathurst was a granddaughter of the late venerable and excellent Bishop of Norwich. Her father, some years previously to the calamity above referred to, in his travels in Germany, unaccompanied by his family, had disappeared, and was never more heard of by them, leaving a young widow and two infant daughters to deplore his loss. Miss Bathurst, the subject of this brief notice, grew up to womanhood—a lovely girl, strikingly beautiful. She was traveling in Italy, and sojourning in Rome, in 1824, with her uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Aylmer. She had gone out, on one occasion, on horseback, escorted by Lord and Lady Aylmer and the French embassador, the Duke de

### MISS BATHURST.

Laval Montmorenci. The groom of Miss Bathurst had been sent back to Lord Aylmer's on some message, and when they approached the Pont Motte, over the Tiber, the Duke de Laval took them by a path he was in the habit of riding along on the banks of the Tiber. Finding this path difficult, the party were in the act of retracing their steps, when Miss Bathurst, in turning her horse, approached too near the edge of the bank, and, in an instant, horse and rider were plunged into the river. Lord. Aylmer made two ineffectual attempts, though unable to swim, to rescue the young lady." The Duke de Laval was incapable of affording any assistance. Miss Bathurst managed to keep her seat after the horse fell into the river till his violent plunging caused the girths to burst, and then she lost her seat and sunk, but rose once more to the surface, and then disappeared to rise no more. The remains were not discovered for months : they were interred in the English place of burial in Rome, where the ashes of Shelley and of Keats are deposited. The vast sepulchral pile that stands there in honor of the memory of Caius Cestius excites less interest than the small marble monument, of snowy whiteness, well fitted to recall the purity of that fair creature, whose melancholy fate it commemorates. The monument erected to the memory of Miss Bathurst is the work of Sir Richard Westmacott, and alike worthy of the mournful subject and of the skillful sculptor.

From W. S. Landor, in relation to the death of Miss Bathurst :

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I have just requested Mrs. Paynter to let me send your ladyship what Lord Aylmer says about the drowning of Miss Bathurst, which shows that Mills is not quite correct. Lord Aylmer is remarkably so on all occasions, and is a most amiable and most intelligent man, greatly (of course) hated and injured by the people in power.

"W. S. LANDOR.

"Kindest regards to Miss Power and Count D'Orsay."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF LORD AVLMER REGARDING THE DEATH OF MISS BATHURST.

"When at Bath, it did not occur to me to mention to Mr. Landor an error, \* Lord Aylmer died in 1830, in his seventy-fifth year.

#### PLAZZI.-D'ESTE.

into which Lady Blessington has been led, in her 'Idler in Italy,' when describing a certain dreadful event at which Louisa and I were present at Rome.

"She says that I was prevented by Louisa from rendering any assistance to that poor girl who there perished, to our indescribable anguish; whereas you know I made *two* distinct attempts to save her, and was very nearly drowned myself in doing so, more especially in the last, when I gave myself up as lost. Do you think it worth while to mention this to Mr. Landor, who is, I believe, in habits of intimacy with Lady Blessington ! Avistant."

#### PIAZZI,

#### THE DISCOVERER OF THE PLANET CERES.

Joseph Piazzi, President of the Royal Society of Sciences of Naples, of whom mention is made in Lady Blessington's Italian Journals, died at Naples in July, 1825, in his eightieth year. He was born in the Valteline in 1746. He entered into the order of Theatines in 1764; and after enjoying the professorship of Astronomy at Malta, he was made professor at Palermo in 1781. In 1787 he made several observations, in conjunction with Lalande, at the Parisian observatory; and afterward he visited England to purchase instruments. It was on the 1st of January, 1801, that he discovered the planet Ceres, which led to the discovery of Pallas, Juno, and Vesta. In 1814 he printed a catalogue of 7500 stars, a work which gained for him the medal founded by Lalande. In 1816 he published at Milan the first volume of the "History of Sicilian Astronomy," and completed his "Elements of Astronomy."<sup>8</sup>

#### SIR AUGUSTUS D'ESTE.

The Duke of Sussex, in 1793, married the Lady Augusta Murray in Rome. A few months later, the marriage was resolemnized in London, and the year following, in 1794, it was declared invalid in the Court of Arches, being contrary to the Royal Marriage Act. The union, however, was uninterrupted till the year 1806, when a separation took place, and the ill-used lady took the name of Madame de Ameland, and the two children by this marriage took the name of D'Este, after that of the

\* Annual Register, Appen., 1826, p. 269.

# CAPTAIN HESSE.

illustrious family of Ferrara, which was nearly connected with the house of Branswick.

The eldest child, Sir Augustus D'Este, entered the army, and obtained a commission in the Royal Fusileers; he served at New Orleans in 1814, and at length obtained the rank of colonel. He retired on half pay in 1824. In 1830 he was appointed Knight Commander of the Bath by King William, and in the same year he claimed succession to the titles and honors of his father, the Duke of Sussex. He had previously memorialized the king on the subject. The matter was brought before the House of Lords, and a judicial committee finally decided against his claim. Sir Augustus traveled extensively on the Continent, and in 1828 was sojourning in Florence, in very impaired health, where I had the honor of making his acquaintance. He died, unmarried, in 1849.

His sister, Miss Ellen Augusta D'Este, married Sergeant Wilde in 1845.

# CAPTAIN HESSE.

The following account is given by Lady Blessington of a young military officer, of much notoriety in Naples, as a man of gallantry and extraordinary adventures in royal circles, at the period of my residence there some thirty years ago.

This account is taken verbatim from one of the commonplace books of Lady Blessington, entitled "Night Thoughts," which I have had occasion already to refer to.

It may be well to observe that Captain Hesse was one of the gentlemen attached to the household of Queen Caroline, who left her majesty's service and remained in Naples after the departure of the queen in 1820.

"Captain Hesse," says Lady Blessington, " was the son of a Prussian merchant, who acquired great wealth by various contracts, and more especially for clothing the Russian army.

"When a youth he was sent to England, to be educated under the auspices of the Margrave of Anspach, then residing in this country. Being a good-looking, lively youth, he was taken much notice of by the margrave and margravine (formerly the

# CAPTAIN HESSE.

celebrated Lady Craven), and was invited to pass his short vacation with them. His education being completed, he returned to Berlin, where his father, then become a banker, lived in considerable splendor, and was expected to leave his son a large fortune. Napoleon's campaign against Prussia blighted these prospects; for the banker Hesse having contracted to clothe the Prussian army, their defeat, and its consequent result, precluded the king from paying Hesse, and occasioned his ruin. Under these circumstances, young Hesse was sent to England, in the hope that, through the influence of the margravine (the margrave was then dead), some situation or provision could be obtained for him. A letter, detailing the ruin of the family, and entreating the commiseration of the margravine, was dispatched to her; and, with great good-nature, she received young Hesse beneath her roof, and so successfully used her influence in his favor, that the Duke of York granted him a cornetcy in a dragoon regiment (I think the 18th), and the margravine and her son, the Honorable Keppel Craven, fitted him out for joining his regiment in a suitable manner.

"The Duchess of York, herself a Prussian, and knowing his family, felt interested for her youthful countryman, and spoke in his favor to her kind-hearted husband. Meeting, at the margravine's, the most distinguished persons, young Hesse was received into good society. Gay, amusing, good-looking, a good horseman, and with an easy address and manner, he soon rendered himself conspicuous by a certain coxcombry in dress, originating in his besetting and only sin-vanity. This weakness induced him, when scandalous reports assisted to account for his good fortune in England, to allow it to be believed that he was the son of the margrave and the margravine previous to their marriage, rather to encourage than discountenance the rumors. The calibre of his mind could not be better proved than by his preferring to have it believed that he was the illegitimate child of persons of high rank rather than the legitimate son of a respectable banker at Berlin. His dashing appearance, and his desire to attract the attention of the fair sex, drew him into notice ; and when sent with a portion of his regiment to the neigh-

# CAPTAIN HEBBE.

bothood of Bognor, where the Princess Charlotts of Wales was then staying, he attracted her attention by riding constantly in front of her window, until the youthful and self-willed girl, exptivated by his appearance and horsemanship, condescended first to bow to him, and then to write to him. The correspondences was supposed to be carried on through the medium of the Countess de F....., then Miss M. E., though afterward several letters were conveyed to the princess through General Garth, who was imposed on, and led to believe they were from the mother of the princess. Portraits were exchanged, and young Hesse, vain. and elevated, was perhaps less cautions than he ought to have been, and the matter got talked of, and reached the ears of the royal family.

"The princess was scolded, watched, and guarded. Hesse was sent to Spain with his regiment, where he was wounded : and it being discovered that he still possessed the letters and portrait of the princess, an awkward thing, when her marriage with some princely suitor might soon be looked for, the margravine and Mr. Keppel Craven were applied to to use their influence with Mr. Hesse to have the letters and portrait returned : the application came from the princess. The margravine and Mr. Keppel Craven, justly offended at Hesse's having encouraged the false reports of his being the son of the formera report which their great kindness had given a color to-had marked their displeasure to him, and more especially as the romantic interest attached to his position as the supposed son of a prince and an English countess had greatly influenced the girlish fancy of the Princess Charlotte in his favor. Hesse, when applied to, was very reluctant to return the letters and portrait, but at length yielded to the representation of Mr. Keppel Craven on the impropriety of retaining letters which the writer reclaimed; he sent Mr. Craven an order to have the sealed box containing them (which had been left with a friend, with injunctions that, should Hesse die, the box and its contents, unopened, should be consigned to the flames) delivered to Mr. Craven. The latter gentleman living out of England, the box was transferred to the Countess de F----, in whose possession the letters still are, as that lady assured Mr. K. Craven a year ago.

# CAPTAIN HESSE .- CAPTAIN GARTH.

"Gratified by Hesse's surrender of the letters, the margravine and Mr. K. Craven, when he returned from Spain, overlooked his former folly, and received him into favor. The Princess Charlotte, at a ball at Carlton House, saw the unmarried sister of Mr. K. Craven, whom she had never previously met, and walking up close to her, said, 'I am glad of an opportunity of seeing you, and I request you will tell your brother, Mr. Keppel Craven, how truly obliged I feel to him. He will know to what my obligation refers.'

"This, with Hesse's after-scrapes at Naples in royal circles, was told me at my house, on the evening of the 31st of August, 1846, by the Honorable Keppel Craven. M. B."

### CAPTAIN GARTH.

General Garth, the father of Captain Thomas Garth, Colonel of the 1st or Royal Regiment of Dragoons, was a grand-nephew of the celebrated Sir Samuel Garth, physician in ordinary to George the First. Some unfortunate circumstances, about thirty years ago, made the marriage of General Garth with a royal princess of the house of Hanover a matter of notoriety. The issue of that marriage was Captain Thomas Garth. The general died in London in 1830, in his eighty-fifth year.

Captain Garth was one of the foreign celebritics of Naples about 1821 and 1822, and made his sojourn there sufficiently remarkable.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

# THE HONORABLE RICHARD KEPPEL CRAVEN, AND MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

MR. R. K. CRAVEN was the third son of William, sixth Baron Craven, by his marriage, on the 18th of May, 1767, with Elizabeth, daughter of Augustus, fourth Earl of Berkeley (born in 1750), by whom he had issue several children.

#### THE HON. KEPPEL GRAVEN,

that Lady Craven had been so cruelly treated by her hubbled that her friends were obliged to interfere to effect a separation: This event took place in 1781. The succeeding ten years were spent by Lady Craven on the Continent and in the Levant. In 1789 she published, in 4to, "A Journey through the Crimen to Constantinople."

Horace Walpole, in November, 1786, wrote to Lady Oraven. then scouring the Continent and the Levant, sharving over Italy, Germany, Poland, Russis, Turkey, and Greece, on the difficulties she had occasioned her friends by the rapidity of her movements, and the impossibility of finding out "in what quarter of the known or unknown world she might be resident or existent at any particular time." On receiving a note from her at Strawberry Hill, offering to call on her for a moment, he tells her, " A whirlwind, I suppose, was waiting at your door to carry you to Japan, and as balloons have not yet any settled post-office in the air, you could not, at least did not, give me any direction where to address you, though you did kindly reproach me with my silence." In his justification he observes, "I heard from you from Venice, then from Poland, and then, having whisked through Tartary, from Petersburgh, but still no directions. I said to myself, I will write to Constantinople, which will probably be her next stage. Nor was I totally in the wrong, for there came a letter from Constantinople with a design mentioned in it of going to the Greek Islands, and orders to you at Vienna, but with no banker or other address specified ...... You had been in the tent of the Cham of Tartary! and in the harem of the Captain Pacha, and, during the navigation of the Ægean, were possibly in the terrible power of corsairs. How could I suppose that so many despotic infidels would part with your charms ?"

Shortly after Lord Craven's decease, his lady, in 1791, married the Margravine of Anspach and Bayreuth. This prince, some years after he had gained the hand of the English lady, disposed of his German principality to the King of Prussia, and retired to England, where he died in 1806, at Brandenburg House, Hammersmith. The festivities and fashionable divertissemens follatres

# AND MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

of Brandenburg House attracted no little notice in their day." A private theatre was fitted up in this palace of pleasure, and many dramatic pieces, written by the margravine, were produced on this stage. Some of these had been written previously to her separation from Lord Craven.

"The Sleepwalker," a comedy, printed at the Strawberry Hill press in 1778, and "The Miniature Picture," a comedy, written in 1781. "Nourjad," a French comedy, was written by her ladyship during her residence in Anspach, and printed there in 1787. She published a translation of Cibber's comedy of "She would and she would not." Also a very singular composition, a satirical piece, in 1779, in 12mo, entitled "Modern Anecdotes of the Family of Kinkvervantotsdarsprakengotchderns," a tale.

The letters of Lady Craven addressed to her son, translated into French, are noticed in Grimm's Memoirs (of the year 1788.)† Grimm observes that "a superior intelligence, and sentiments the most just and delicate, are obvious in the lessons which this enlightened mother gave to her son, with regard to the consideration due to the sensibility of the sex."

In 1802 she published also "The Soldier of Dierstein," an Austrian story, in 8vo.

Boswell speaks of Johnson's "dining with the beautiful, gay, and fascinating Lady Craven." Ah! if the admiring lexicographer could have looked at the same lady through a telescope of sixty years' power of looking into futurity, how he would have been astounded at the haggard old woman, wrinkled and withered as she was in her latter days, retaining nothing of the former belle but the sprightliness of her nature, and that vivacity contrasting very painfully with the wreck of pristine beauty and comeliness.

During the latter years of her life the margravine resided altogether in Naples.

\* The margravine, in her Autobiography, alluding to the magnificence of her establishment at Brandenburg House, says, "We had thirty servants in livery, with grooms, and a set of sixty horacs. Our expenses were enormous, though I curtailed them with all possible economy."

† Memoires par le Baron le Grimm, vol. iv., p. 164, 8vo, London, 1813.

### THE HON. KEPPEL CRAVEN,

Her well-known villa in the vicinity of Pausilippo, on the Strada Nuova, was furnished with taste and elegance; the grounds were laid out with great care under the immediate direction of the margravine.

I have seen her, a few years before her death, working in her garden, spade in hand, in very coarse and singular attire, a desiccated, antiquated piece of mortality, remarkable for vivacity, realizing the idea of a galvanized Egyptian mummy, or one of the weird sisters working at "a charm of powerful trouble." She died in Naples in June, 1828, in the seventy-ninth year of her age.

Lord Charles Murray, who had known the margravine in Rngland, was in Naples in 1822. A short time previously to my first acquaintance with him in that year, he had been seized with fever in Sicily, which malady was followed by temporary insanity. He was brought to Naples, and there a great improvement took place in his health of mind and body. When his lordship was beginning to recover, he was in the habit of making excursions, suitably attended, in the vicinity of the city.

Lord Charles, on one occasion, had begged me to accompany him to the residence of the Margravine of Anspach, as he was desirous of paying his respects to the old lady, whom he had formerly known in London. Unfortunately, the margravine did not receive us in her house, or in such costume as ladies usually receive visits in. Indeed, her costume and appearance would have suited admirably for the character of one of the weird sisters in the scene of Macbeth, where the witches are introduced performing incantations dire.

We were conducted to her in the garden, where she was in the act of digging, and we found her attired in a manner not calculated to encourage gravity, or keep an excited person's mind long in an undisturbed condition. For a few minutes after introduction and recognition, things went on very agreeably. The margravine made many inquiries after old friends, and Lord Charles answered them with all possible courtesy.

But at length a cloud began to gather on his brow, when he surveyed the poor old lady, in her singular costume, from head

# AND MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

to foot. I endeavored to hasten our departure for Naples, but all my efforts were in vain; Lord Charles burst out into a perfect hurricane of reprehension, calling up reminiscences of a disagreeable nature, rumors of strange occurrences in various quarters of the globe, on which he enlarged with extraordinary vehemence and volubility, to the great amazement of the margravine, till such time as I found an opportunity of explaining the unhappy illness under which his lordship had been lately laboring. It was with no small difficulty I brought the unpleasant interview, at length, to a termination.

The margravine accompanied us to the gate of the villa, and there a new scene was in store for her. Lord Charles insisted on showing her a new mode of entering a carriage, which he recommended her particularly to adopt; he then made a rush toward the carriage door, and, putting his hand on the window frame, made a jump of that kind which harlequins and clowns are wont to make in pantomimes, through panels representing clocks, and fairly launched the upper part of his body through the window, leaving his long legs on the outside, kicking furiously in all directions.

The consternation and astonishment of the margravine was beyond description. I succeeded, with a great deal of trouble, by opening the opposite door of the carriage, to get his lordship's legs dragged in where the rest of his person was sprawling; and, not without a great deal of violence on his part, ending in the demolition of all the glass in the vehicle, managed to get him back to Naples.

That access of mania appeared to me to have been produced mainly by the margravine's strange aspect and apparel. I thought I could read Banquo's inquiry in poor Lord Charles's searching gaze when he first set his eyes on her:

"What are these, so withered, and so wild in their attire,

That look not like the inhabitants of earth,

And yet are on't ! Live you, or are you aught

That man may question ! You seem to understand me

By each at once her chapping fingers lying

Upon her skinny lips."\*

\* Poor Lord Charles perfectly recovered his reason ; about two years later I

# THE BON. REPAIL ORANGE.

The present Dowager Duchess of Athel was the motion of two children, Lady Catherine, who died young, and Lord Charles Murray, who, having volunteered in the cause of Greak independence, died at Gastonini, in Greece, August 11th, 1824, aged twenty-five. The circumstances of his decease are recorded in vol. xeiv., p. 465, of the "New Monthly Magazine." The following particulars are taken from a later number of the same periodical.

"Lord Charles Murray, an amiable and benevelent young man, who had been bred up in luxury and ease, underweat every species of fatigue, and submitted to every possible privation, in order to encourage the Greeks by his example, and to be able to furnish them with means from his far too limited income. Nothing seemed to him degrading that could contribute a mite to the cause, and the noble son of a lofty Scottish Thans has been seen, day after day, giving lessons of the broad-sword to a pack of ragged Greeks! So active was this young nobleman's charity, so little did he care for self, that, after an inflammatory disorder, brought on by his constant exposure to an unhealthy climate, and under a burning sun, he expired on a solitary pallet, far from all his friends and connections. An Englishman, who had arrived just in time to close his eyes, on taking an inventory of his effects, found them to consist of nothing more than two old shirts, a pair or two of stockings, a brace of pintols, a sabre, and a Bible. Every thing had gone to assist the impoverished Greeks and the distressed Frank volunteers in their ranks. The gentleman who had paid him the last sad offices had, a few months before, owed him his life. Lord Charles, though at the time a perfect stranger, waited unremittingly, with the care of an affectionate brother, at his bedside, until he saw him rise from it with recovered health."

Some interesting particulars of Mr. Craven's early history are given in a publication to which literary men who have to treat of their contemporaries are more largely indebted than to all other periodicals of their times—"The Gentleman's Magazine."

met him at Marseilles, quite restored. He was then about to embark for Greece where he died a little later.

### THE HON. KEPPEL CRAVEN.

"When Keppel Craven was about three years old, his father took leave of Lady Craven, never to see her more; and when she shortly afterward returned to France, she was allowed to take Keppel (being her youngest child) with her, but it was under a promise to return him to his father when he was eight years of age. This condition was not fulfilled; but she afterward placed him at Harrow, under a feigned name.

"'While Keppel was at Harrow,' says his mother, 'a lady saw him in the master's private library, and when she was stepping into her coach, she asked the master who the boy was. He answered, "A German." "It is the image of Lady Craven," she said. Keppel, who at this time was about thirteen years old, spoke English perfectly, without any accent, although he had been so much abroad. The lady's remark struck the master forcibly, who went back to the child immediately, and told him he suspected he was Lord Craven's son, and it was better that his uncle, Lord Berkeley, who was left to direct his brother, then at Eton, should know where he was; and, after his first confusion was over, the child consented to it.' In consequence, Keppel passed the next vacation with his brother Berkeley, in Dorsetshire.

"Mr. Keppel Craven, however, was not, by this incident, permanently estranged from his mother, who shortly after came to reside in this country with the Margrave of Anspach, to whom she had been married in 1799. After the margrave's death in 1805, he fixed his residence with her at Naples."

When her royal highness, the Princess of Wales, set out in 1814 on her foreign tour, she was accompanied by several English gentlemen and two English ladies in her suite. The princess quitted Naples in March, 1815; her two chamberlains, Sir William Gell and Mr. Craven, and her only remaining maid of honor, Lady Elizabeth Forbes, stayed behind, as did likewise her royal highness's equerry, Captain Hesse.

Mr. Craven, in his examination on the queen's trial in 1820, said he was in the queen's service as one of her chamberlains in 1814, but left it at the expiration of six months, in conformity

\* The Gentleman's Magazine, October, 1851, p. 492.

#### THE BON, REPPEL GRAVIES.

with previous arrangements; was sware of the principle of a spy from England, whose business it was to watch the conduct of the queen at Milan or Naples, or improper familiarity on the part of Bergami. He (witness) left her at Naples, and proceeded to England.

Mr. Craven, having fixed his abode in Naples, became intimately acquainted with Sir William Gell.

Their tastes, habits, pursuits, and inclinations were identical. There never were friends more united in sentiment and affection.

Mr. Craven was a good classical scholar, had an encollement taste for drawing, was a great lover of books, and had all the feelings, refined manners, and the gentle, winning, easy address of an accompliahed gentleman.

One of the earliest and most highly-esteemed acquaintances made by Lady Blessington on her arrival in Waples in July, 1823, was the Honorable B. Keppel Craven.

Mr. Craven (says Lady Blessington) possesses a highly-cultivated mind, manners at once dignified and graceful, and exercises an elegant hospitality, that renders his house the most attractive here.

She speaks of him in her letters and diaries of 1823 and 1824 as "one of the most agreeable persons in Naples," "a person of the greatest versatility of knowledge," "a scholar," "a musician," "a draughtsman of much merit," "a comic actor of considerable ability."

In 1821, Mr. Craven published in 4to, "A Tour through the Southern Provinces of the Kingdom of Naples," to which is subjoined an Account of the Revolution. This work is embellished with views from his own sketches.

Mr. Craven's principal work is "Excursions in the Abruzzi and the Northern Provinces of Naples," in 2 vols., published in 1837. In that excellent work, worthy of the taste for art and antiquarian lore of his old friend and companion, Sir William Gell, there is one description, which alone would render the "Excursions" of no ordinary value; the detailed and most interesting account of the Benedictine monastery of Monte Casino

# THE HON. KEPPEL CRAVEN.

(the original foundation of St. Benedict), and its valuable library, and precious archives, diplomas, chronicles, and monastic records, and its innumerable documents illustrative of the early history in those regions of the Lombards and Normans; the original copies of Leo Ostienses and Richard of San Germano, as well as rare manuscripts of the works of Homer, Virgil, and Dante; and, lastly, the celebrated vision of Alberica, a monk of this fraternity, from which that poet is supposed to have taken the first idea of the "Divina Commedia."

Mr. Craven died at Naples in June, 1851, aged seventy-two, the last of a triumvirate of English literati, scholars, and gentlemen of refined taste in art and excellence in antiquarian pursuits, who resided for so many years in Naples in the closest bonds of friendship—Drummond, Gell, and Craven.

The respect and affectionate care paid by Mr. Craven throughout his whole life to his mother was one of the most remarkable and amiable traits in his character. No amount of eccentricity, or waywardness, or restlessness on the part of the margravine made the slightest difference in the undeviating and uniform dutifulness and tender devotion to her of this favorito child of hers.

She was fully sensible of this kindness, and returned her son's affection to some extent. I have never observed, except in a single instance—that of the filial homage, affectionate regard, and dutifulness of Sir Moses Montchore to his venerable mother —the same deference, honor, and child-like love shown by a man advanced in years to a parent, as was exhibited by Keppel Craven to his mother. And in this particular case the merit of the son's conduct was certainly enhanced by a great deal of eccentricity on the part of her whose happiness and comfort were the chief objects of his care.

Mr. Augustus Craven, the only son of the Honorable R. Keppel Craven, was attached to the mission at Naples in the latter part of 1830, and to that at Frankfort in 1833; was appointed paid attaché at Lisbon in 1836, at Brussels in 1839; was made secretary of legation at Stuttgardt in 1843.<sup>•</sup> He acted, for a

<sup>\*</sup> Foreign Office List for 1854, p. 54.

## 418 LETTERS FROM THE HON. KEPPEL CRAVEN.

short time, as privato secretary to the Marquis of Normanby at Paris in 1846, and resigned his post at Stuttgardt in 1852. A little later, he was a candidate, on the liberal interest, for the representation of the county of Dublin, and was defeated.

#### LETTERS TO LADY BLESSINGTON FROM THD HON. REPPEL CRAVEN.

#### "Pente, near Salerno, August 29th, 1825.

"Your last kind letter, and the very flattering expressions it contained, ought to have received an earlier answer than I have bestowed upon it, but I am not the less grateful; and you will admit the validity of an excuse for elence when I inform you that it has been protracted from a desire of giving you a better account of our friend Gell than I could have done two months ago. Then, indeed, his state of health was such as to excite considerable alarm, but about the beginning of August a crisis appears to have taken place, and a considerable improvement has been the consequence; he is now here, where he has been staying a week; but that would prove nothing in favor of his anneaded condition, as even at its worst period his courage and activity of mond never drouped, and he went out just as usual.

"I wish I could add to this that I am free from all apprehension; but as lang as a tendency to someolency continues, the only symptom which has not desappeared. I feel uncasy. This affection is considerably diminished, that is, modified in its form and periods, but still it exists to a degree that must undergo great alteration before his friends can find their minds totally peasanted with regard to the consequences; that this may occur I am assured by his physicians is probable, and Heaven knows I am but too well disposed to believe them. In addition to this fund of uncasiness, I have had some occupations of an annoying nature in the uncertainty which arose and hung over my son's departure, who, with his wife, is gone to France for some mently. This had been decided some time back, but the approach of the cholera southward urged them to anticipate their intended departure, for fear at finding themselves shut in to the north of Italy, and surrounded on all sides with southary cordons.

• I have just heard from them in date of Milan, and there seemed no obstacle to their having reached Switzerland in safety, so their difficulties are at an end. With regard to the malady itself, there seems no doubt that it has declared itself at Nice, Genoa, Corsi, and Leghorn, but it has not been very violent, and seems just now to be suspended. Measures are taking in this kingdom to present obstacles (if that is possible) to its approach, and to attend to it in the most effectual manner if it does come; but the panie it had caused at first appears to have subsided, and its effects seem confined to the inskeepers and laquais de places, who foresee a sterile winter for them, as it is not probable that, as long as any lurking remains of the malady are supposed to exist in any part of Italy, strangers will voluntarily select it for their next.

### LETTERS FROM THE HON. KEPPEL CRAVEN. 419

winter's residence; at present there are very few, who will most likely soon depart. I have been staying here ever since the beginning of June, occupied much as usual, with additions and improvements, which, however, have somewhat changed their form, as I begin to reap the enjoyments of past labors instead of undertaking new ones. I have had some visitors, enough to break upon the unwearied tenor of my usual habits, but not too frequently to prevent the resumption of them. The summer has been variable, therefore, for this climate, cool; and now, heavy rains and thunder-storms seem to give us a foretaste of the equinox a month before its natural time.

"I ought before this to have thanked you for your offer of assistance with regard to the publication of my last journey, a proposal which I should most gratefully avail myself of should circumstances favor its appearance; it is now completed, and copied out in a fair, legible hand, therefore accessible to the inspection of any bookseller, who, of course, will choose to examine it before any stipulations are made. I will seek an opportunity of forwarding it to England, and if I find one, will take the liberty of addressing it to you as its guardian; in the mean while, I may as well state the nature of the work and its contents, which are the result of various excursions in the northern provinces of this kingdom, that is, the Abruzzi ; to these are added others less extended, in the district of Samnium and Basilicata, and other less remote parts, but certainly not better known. The whole would form a quarto volume about the size of the last I published relative to the South, and, as far as I can judge, written in the same manner-that is, in that of an Itinerary, principally useful to such as are inclined to examine those regions, but not arriving at any details of science or statistics. There are some drawings annexed, but I would leave the expediency of adding them to the work to the publisher's decision, though I think they would add considerably to the effect, as they are selected from many, represent spots entirely unknown, and of some interest, as well from their locality as their picturesque accompaniments, all which I state, in case any previous inquiry should be made as to the general nature of the work. Gell, in whose room I am now writing, requests his kindest regards to you; may I beg you will add mine to Count D'Orsay, and believe me, dear Lady Blessington, yours most obliged and sincerely,

"R. KEPPEL CRAVEN."

"Naples, April 17, 1836.

" I hope you will not judge of the impression your last kind letter produced upon me by the tardiness I have observed in replying to it; but for this I shall offer no apology; acquiescing in all your friendly expressions regarding the loss I have sustained" is but a poor way of denoting my thanks, and I deferred offering them till I could at the same time inform you with some certainty of my intended movements for the summer, which I now can do, hav-

\* The death of Bir William Gell .- R. R. M.

#### 20 LETTERS FROM THE HOR. KINTER COMPANY

ng determined to leave this very early in the on as rapidly as a weary-opent and not a very robust state of health a me, resting only a few weeks at Paris, so that I hope to he in London in the first week of June, when I need not say you will be very shortly appeles my arrival. I have been very busy in arranging the memorials I pe na affi our excellent friend, so as to have them constantly under my imp a Te know that there are various ways of finding relief, which differ are or 8a the disposition and habits of the sufferer in similar cases, and I own that Sping from, or destroying every record which recalls the person has not appear (to ms at least) an efficacious mode of obtaining consolution m; for surely it does not require such tangible measuress of departed an remind one of an irreparable loss, the conviction of which will intrade its No. all times, and through every eircumstance of social or military life. I has therefore, amalgamated the books of which I have possession with my even. in a manner that no eye but mine can detect ; and they serve to adars, m give additional value to, the spartment I always inhabit. The dowings D have placed in two cabinets, in drewers, except those forming a esties of him 'Travels in Greece,' which I know he wished to be finally bestowed upon the British Mussum ; these are all in one case, with his initials, and at my dentity shall be removed to that destination, more worthy, perhaps, of their marine than their present position, but not more honored by the owner.

"We had a beautiful month of March, which has been followed by an April reminding us of January, the rigor of which still endures in the shape of cold winds, stormy showers, melted snow, and other irregularities, as ill suited to the season as to the latitude.

"There are numerous arrivals from Rome, but few of name or note. S. Carlo is closed altogether, and the season more than usually dull in every respect. I fear your friend, Count Matuschewitz must be singularly struck with it, but he seems in high good humor, and does not complain ; he has favored me with his company to dinner a few times, and I find him every thing you describe; he has taken the Palazzo Fernandina, and is getting it. There could not be a better selection, and I have no doubt he will find it UD. so; but he is still at the inn, the house not being yet ready for him. The king is at present enjoying the honors of a camp composed of about a third of his forces, near Salerno ; this is an amusement he was much inclined to in his early days of celibacy, but latterly his growing attachment to his poor young wife appeared to have absorbed his attention ; however, after three months' mourning, he has had recourse to this object, either to resume his bachelor's avocations, or perhaps by way only of a little dissipation. There are already reports of his having the intention of traveling to seek a worthy successor of the late queen ; and they are not without probability. To the questions you put, and which appear to me but too natural, respecting Gell's last days, or rather weeks, I find it rather difficult to return a positive answer, more especially as to his own feelings respecting his state. I think

## LETTERS FROM THE HON. REPPEL CRAVEN.

that at times he was quite aware that his system had received a blow from which it could never recover, and that as far back as this time twelvemonth : but he had continued so many months under the impression of repeated somnolence, of somnolence totally free from bodily suffering, that I don't apprehend he considered himself worse at the end of the year than last spring. He was not aware of his increasing debility ; and as the functions of his stomach continued unimpaired until within but two days before the sad event, when a general and rapid decay of all the vital functions occurred, I don't think that his reflections dwelt upon his dissolution as being very near. Nevertheless, his last will, about which he was very anxious, was executed little more than a week before his decease, and occasionally he would allude to the event itself in an indirect manner; for on receiving some books about a month before it happened, and my asking him to lend some to me, he said, ' You had better read them when they are your own-and you are not likely to wait long.' I find in his daily journal, in which he noted observations on his health, about Christmas, these words-' May consider myself well.' He had rallied to what appeared a very improved condition about three weeks before the catastrophe ; but it was principally in the suspension of the lethargic affections which had so long oppressed him that this was evident, and the consequence was, that, having much longer intervals of clear consciousness and reflection, he was undoubtedly more awake to his situation, both morally and physically ; for he then complained of bodily ailings much more than during his whole malady, though to all appearance they had ceased. He never ceased, I don't say for an hour, but an instant, to have a book open before him ; and though he sometimes could not fix his eyes for two minutes at a time on its contents, he nevertheless understood it, and could afterward talk of the work in a manner which proved that, while his mental powers were awake, they were as strong as ever-more especially his memory ; but the state he was in caused much confusion in his ideas of time and distance, of which he was sware, and complained of.

"I cannot end my letter without thanking you for your very kind offer of receiving me at Gore House, and conferring on me the many advantages such a residence must insure; but I fear my stay in England will be too short to allow me to accept them more extendedly than in as frequent visits as it will allow me to pay. Toward these I look forward with real satisfaction and anticipated gratitude. R. K. CRAVEN."

"Monday evening, June 27th, 1830.

"You have my best thanks for the two numbers of the 'Athensum' you were so good as to send me; the article you so obligingly bestowed is the same I had read in its most valuable parts; the other having only some additions relative to our friend's descendants and family. I feel very thankful for what you have stated of me, though I flatter myself it is no more than the strict truth in all that regards my affection for one so deserving of it. By

#### THOMAS JAMES MATTURS MADE TTO

what you my of him, I um still more grateful, for it does justice to him explicit qualities in the most concise and yet the most elegent memory. "R. Known, Chavme."

## CHAPTER XXII.

#### THOMAS JAMES MATTHIAS, ESQ., F.R.S., F.S.A.

Ma. MATTHIAS took the degree of B.A. in Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1774. The following year he gained the meanbers' prize for the best dissertation in Latin prose; the next year he gained one of the prizes as senior bachelor. Shortly after taking the degree of M.A., he quitted college, and obtained an office at the court, that of clerk to the queen's treasurer, and subsequently that of treasurer of her majesty's household. The rampant Toryism which prevailed about the court of George the Third soon and strongly infected the young Cantab official. He became a political satirist and a poetical politician, and devoted to party the noble talents which were given for mankind.

In 1781 he published " Runic Odes," imitated from the Norse tongue, in 4to.

In the controversy concerning the authenticity of the Rowley poems, assisted by Dr. Glynn, he espoused the cause of Chatterton, and expended a great deal of energy in vindicating the young literary impostor in a brochure "On the Evidences, internal and external, relating to the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley," in Svo, in 1783.

In 1794 he published the first part of an anonymous poem, "The Pursuits of Literature," which was eventually compiled in four parts.

This work attracted universal notice, chiefly on account of the extensive and erudite notes, which abounded with evidences of varied learning and scholastic attainments, combined with a bitter spirit of sarcastic criticism, arrayed against every thing liberal in politics or religion, under the guise of a constitutional and Christian zeal against revolutionary principles, and infidel or unorthodox opinions.

The leading Whigs of the times were castigated by Mr. Mat-

## THOMAS JAMES MATTHIAS, ESQ.

thias with merciless rancor, but with signal ability. The chiefs of Toryism, on the other hand, were incensed, till the atmosphere around them reeked with eulogistic vapor, and the swing of the censer became monotonously wearisome and *ennuyant*. Several other works appeared in succession from 1794 to 1832.\*

Matthias had some peculiarities of an amusing character, or petits ridicules, which Lady Blessington has duly recorded in her Italian diaries. His memory was peculiarly tenacious at dinner-time in regard to dates, of early productions of vegetables, the first appearance of certain meats in the season; he was reminded, at the first sight of green peas on the table, of the particular day on which he had partaken of them the preceding year. It was the same with spring fowl, game, asparagus; and as each entremet was offered to him, he invariably exclaimed, "God bless my soul! what a delicious dish! God bless my soul!"

Another of poor Mr. Matthias's peculiarities was a terror that had got possession of his mind of being driven over by the corricolos which dash along the streets of Naples.

He has been often seen posted at the corners of streets for a considerable time, anxiously looking out for a favorable opportunity to make a dart across the street with security to his person, trying to muster courage to make the dreaded rush, or waiting for some charitable passenger to give an arm to him; and frequently, when half across, he has been known to make a sud-

\* In 1704 he published anonymously, "The Imperial Epistle from Kien Long to George the Third;" in 1795, "The Political Dramatist of the House of Commons;" in 1796, "Letter to the Marquis of Buckingham, chiefly on the subject of the numerous French Emigrant Pricets," by a Layman; in 1798, "The Shade of Alexander Pope on the Banks of the Thames," a satirical poem, occasioned chiefly, but not wholly, by the residence there of the Right Hostorable Henry Grattan; in 1798, "Odes, English and Latin" (new edition); in 1802, "Componiment lyrici di piu illustri Poetici d'Italia," in 3 vols. 12mo; in 1802, "Commentari intorno all' Istoria della Poesia Italiani," per Grescimbeni, 3 vols. 12mo; in 1805, "Canzoni e prosa Toscane;" in 1808, "Agguinta al componimenti lyrici de pue illustri Poeti d'Italia," 3 vols. small 8vo; in 1809, "Saffs-Drama lyrica tradotto dell' Inglese de Mason," in 8vo; in 1812, "Licidi, de Giovanni Milton, tradotta dal Inglesc," in 8vo. Mr. Mathias edited in 1803, Tiraboschi, "Storia della Poesia Italiana;" in 1806, "Della Ragion Poetica, di Gravina;" in 1814, "The Worka of Thomas Gray, with his Lufe, and additions."

## THOMAS JANKS MATTERN, MAG.

den retrograde movement, and to have the ball to the statistics of his corner, exclaiming, "God bless my soul!"

To Sir William Gell the petits ridicules of Matthias were invaluable foundations for ludicrous aneodotes. On one counsists he dined in a restaurateur's in company with Matthias, what 's very heavy shower of rain was pattering against the Venetian blinds; and observing a cat and a dog making their appearance in the salon, Gell exclaimed, "It is raining cats and dogs!" Whereupon Matthias, catching a glimpse of the animals that had just entered, said gravely, "God bless my soul! so it does! so it does! S'il n'etait pas vrai au moins c'est bien trouvé."

The author of the "Pursuits of Literature," the translatur of several of the pieces of our first authors into Italian, the composer of many original Italian sonnets, and author finally of the elegant little collection of poems entitled "Lyrie Poetry" (a new edition), privately printed in 1832, comprising the latest of his compositions, for the last twenty years of his life resided wholly in Naples. Those who remember that city in 1821, 1822, 1823, and 1824, as the writer of these notices remembers it in those years, will not readily forget the literary recluse of the old palace of the Pizzofalcone, the distinguished scholar and elegant writer, then verging on old age, not yet absolutely in the sear and yellow leaf of life, but with that air and aspect of senility which bookish habits of an inveterate nature, and their influence on health, seldom fail to impart to misen and manner of men of literary pursuits.

Mr. Matthias was a man of small stature, of fine, intelligent features, but of a sarcastic expression. Had he been more attenuated, more animated, yet somewhat paler and more thoughtful, his eyes larger and more fit for reserving light to flash out in the excitement of animated conversation, he might be said to resemble Lamennais—at least, as the abbé looked for the last ten or twelve years of his life.

The climate and the literature of Italy had become indispensable enjoyments to Mr. Matthias; he lived by himself and for himself in those enjoyments. Those who knew him well held him in something approaching to esteem; those who did

### JAMES MILLINGEN, ESQ.

not, looked on him, in the literary and elegant foreign society of Naples, in which he allowed himself occasionally to be drawn from his old Italian books and poetic reveries, as an ungenial old man (for he had the look of age at fifty), with no kindness in his nature, and no sympathies with his fellow-men who were not devoted to Italian literature, and familiar with his "pursuits" in it.

Mr. Matthias died in Naples in August, 1835.

## LETTERS OF THOMAS JAMES MATTHIAS, ESQ., TO LADY BLESS-INGTON.

"74 Monte d'Iddio, Pirso Faicone, May 13, 1825. "MY DEAR MADAM,—As I have heard lately that you have given much application to the language of Italy, I am induced to hope that you will oblige me by accepting a little volume lately printed in Naples. You are well acquainted with 'The Minstrel' of Dr. Beattie, and he is now desirous of claiming your ladyship's attention in a Tuscan instead of his Highland dress.

"Believe me, my dear madam, your ladyship's sincere and obedient servant, T. J. MATTHIAS."

" Naples, November 3.

"I hope to do myself the pleasure of accompanying Sir W. Gell, on Sunday next, to dine with you. I should have written before, but I understood that you would have the goodness to expect me if I said nothing to the contrary. I am sorry, however, that I did not write. T. J. MATTHIAS."

"Naples, Feburary 7.

"The inclosed little volume has just been printed in Naples, and I have a pleasure in thinking that your ladyship will do me the favor to accept it as a mark of the regard with which I am, my dear madam, &c.,

"T. J. MATTHIAS."

#### JAMES MILLINGEN, ESQ.

This celebrated classical antiquary died at Florence the 1st of October, 1845. Mr. Millingen was the eldest son of Mr. M. Millingen, formerly of Queen's Square, Westminster. From early life he distinguished himself among archeologists, and was particularly fitted for his antiquarian pursuits by his intimate acquaintance with Greek literature and history, his critical acumen, and refined taste, and solid judgment. He published numerous works on fictile vases..." Ancient Unedited Monuments,"

## LETTERS FROM JANES MELAINGEN, ESQ.

"Painted Greek Vases," "The Medallie History of Mapdetalait" and on "Numismatic Subjects connected with Rome," " Hisris," "Gracia Magna," &c. Mr. Millingen anjoyed a small pension of £100 a year from the British government. He left two sons; one of them, formerly physician to Lord Byron at Missolonghi, was recently physician to the Sultan; the other is an the retired list of the medical department of the Rast India Company.

For several years this eminent antiquarian carried on his favorite pursuits in Rome, Naples, and Florence. His profound knowledge of numismatics, and of antique gems, and Etruscan vases, had rendered him the first authority in his day in these matters. When I had the pleasure of knowing him in Naples, in 1821 and 1822, he was far advanced in years—a mild, gentlemanly, accomplished person, courted in all circles of literary and refined people, whether English or Italian.

#### LETTERS FROM JAMES MILLINGEN, ESQ.

" Florence, October 94, 1894.

"I met with an accident on the road, and escaped being robbed and carried up to the mountains. Though safe for a time, I should advise, however, any person to take great precaution between Naples and Rome, as the banditti, who are now desperate, and concealed very much, make an attack when least expected.

"You have heard, without doubt, of the discovery of the unfortunate Miss Bathurst's body; it was the general subject of conversation for two or three days, and one not at all calculated to dispel my disposition to gloominess.

"What a contrast between its state at the moment of the fatal accident, and that to which it was reduced by remaining so long in the water-six months and ten days! It would, perhaps, have been better for her parents and friends if the discovery had not been made, as it renews all their grief.

"It is surprising how much interest the Romans of all classes expressed on the occasion. It was, in fact, an event highly deplorable and tragical.

"Pray tell Alfred that I saw Mr. A — at Rome, who will be most happy to show him every possible attention on his arrival; he recollects having seen him, when a very fine child, at his grandmother's.

"With regard to your books, he says that the best mode would be to take those that are prohibited in your carriage, and to send the others, especially the English, to Mr. C., by the *procaccio* wagon.

" Previously to my quitting Rome, I left with Mr. Freeborn a copy of my work on vases, which I beg you will have the goodness to accept, and honer

#### EDWARD DODWELL, ESQ.

with a place in your library. I hope the label on the book may sometimes catch your eye, and recall me to your recollection.

"I never can express to you, my dear lady, how much I am sensible of all the kindness which I have received from you since I had the happiness to make your acquaintance, nor can I ever forget the agreeable moments I passed in your society. I regret much that I could not enjoy them longer. I must go to England : I have hopes of seeing you. J. MILLINGEN."

#### "Paiazzo Calabrella, Friday morning.

"I do not know how to thank your ladyship sufficiently for your kind note, and for the interest you are so good as to take in my convalescence.

"I am quite confused at your eulogies of my productions, and must ascribe them solely to your indulgence and kindness. As such, they are highly grateful to me. J. MILLINGEN."

## EDWARD DODWELL, ESQ.

This eminent and erudite topographer and traveler, having spent a large portion of his life in traveling, took up his permanent abode in Rome, and in 1826 was enjoying there his literary ease and leisure in a very dignified manner, surrounded with all the elegances of modern luxury, and a great many of the rarities of ancient art. Mr. Dodwell is known principally in the literary world by his "Travels in Greece," a work of considerable erudition and research.

Mr. Dodwell, at about the age of sixty, married a young Roman lady of a noble family, of great beauty, who was young enough, in common parlance, to be his daughter. The old English antiquarian and his blooming Italian bride were no less disproportioned in age than dissimilar in tastes; but they lived most happily together. Lady B——, on one occasion, when he was descanting with enthusiastic ardor on the rare perfections of an Egyptian mummy of some princess, whose flesh had blood in it, and her bones marrow in them upward of three thousand years ago, could not help giving a glance at his beautiful young wife standing by him, "offering in her own person one of the most faultless models of loveliness ever beheld, while the arch smile that played round her lips seemed to say that living beauties might be found to compete with the dead ones."

Mr. Dodwell ended his career in Rome in 1832, while engaged in his favorite archeological pursuits, making researches

### THE ARCHBISHOP OF TARENTO.

among the ruins of the Eternal City on the subject of Cyclopean architecture.

#### LETTER FROM EDWARD DODWELL, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON. "Friday morning.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I am very sorry I shall not be able to have the pleasure of dining with you to-day, as I have got an eruption of Vesuvius on my forshead, which is not only painful, but unseemly, and Miss Power would never admire my beauty again, were she to see me with such a patch, and in such a plight.

"Believe me, most truly and faithfully yours, EDWARD DODWELL."

### THE ARCHBISHOP OF TARENTO.

This venerable prelate is well described by Mr. Willis in his "Pencilings by the Way:"

"A friend, whom I met at the same house, took me to see the Archbishop of Tarento yesterday. This venerable man, it is well known, lost his gown for his participation in the cause of the Carbonari (the revolutionary conspirators of Italy). He has always played a conspicuous part in the politics of his time, and now, at the age of ninety, unlike the usual fate of meddlers in troubled waters, he is a healthy, happy, venerated old man, surrounded in his palace with all that luxury can give him. The lady who presented me took the privilege of intimate friendship to call at an unusual hour, and we found the old churchman in his slippers, over his breakfast, with two immense tortoise-shell cats, upon stools, watching his hand for bits of bread. and purring most affectionately. He looks like one of Titian's pictures. His face is a wreck of commanding features, and his eye seems less to have lost its fire than to slumber in its deep socket. His hair is snowy white; his forehead of prodigious breadth and height; and his skin has that calm, settled, and yet healthy paleness, which carries with it the history of a whole life of temperance and thought.

"The old man rose from his chair with a smile, and came forward with a stoop and a feeble step, and took my two hands as my friend mentioned my name, and looked me in the face very carnestly. 'Your country,' said he, in Italian, 'has sprung into existence like Minerva, full-grown and armed. We look for the

## LETTERS OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF TARENTO. 429

result.' He went on with some comments upon the dangers of republics, and then sent me to look at a portrait of Queen Giovanna, of Naples, by Leonardo da Vinci, while he sat down to talk with the lady who brought me. His secretary accompanied me as a cicerone. Five or six rooms, communicating with each other, were filled with choice pictures, every one a gift from some distinguished individual. The present King of France had sent him his portrait; Queen Adelaide had sent a splendid set of Sevres china, with the portraits of her family; the Queen of Belgium had presented him with her miniature and that of Leopold; the King and Queen of Naples had half furnished his house; and so the catalogue went on. It seemed as if the whole Continent had united to honor the old man."<sup>se</sup>

Lady Blessington speaks in enthusiastic terms of the archbishop's comeliness of person, the imposing aspect of this beau ideal of a venerable father of the Church—his pallid, thoughtful face; his eyes soft, and full of sensibility, like those of a woman; his long white hair and attenuated figure; the suavity of countenance and address, benevolence of disposition, attractiveness of manner, and refined politeness.

He appeared to regard Gell with the affection of a brother. He took the warmest interest in his antiquarian pursuits, and in all matters relating to literary or scientific subjects.

This venerable prelate died about 1839.

## LETTERS FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF TARENTO TO LADY BLESS-INGTON.

"Potrei sperare, mia cara contessa, di festeggiare l'anno novello Giosedi prossimo ? La mia gran festa sarebbe di pranzare colle due sorelle, e col mio Alfredo, e se vi piasesse anche col bravo medico. L'ora destinata sarebbe la vostra solita, cio e dopo le cinque, poiche io prendo qualche doze medicinale con una zuppa verso il mezzo giorno e quindi nulla soffro fino a quel momento. Che ne dite ! Volete sellevare—Il vostra VECCEIO TARENTO.

"Dal Vecchio Tarento."

" lo son sicuro mia cara contessa, che voi mi amata e per cio vi direi che la mia salute potrebbe risentirne danno nel venire al Vomero con questo caldo, nun roglio, direste, non voglao.

. Willis's Pencilings, &c., p. 46.

# COUNT HATUSCHEWITE ? - RN'LI

"Dangan per nen opporni al vostro comanio di unguto di line edittiti nella riozrama della vostra anarita e vi progo di gradita l'anne queschio poiché un vecchio non poò dar coss nuove: Vi proge sellente di gianedarvi di me allorché la distanza ci avad divisi. A colai che anne i sonei, al migraro conte al graziono copite ed all'amabile D'Oray, il bacio sinouro dalla vosti amicisia L'anvico Paston Tanza."

" Napali, 2 prms. 7krs, del 1084."

" Bergebite "

"La salute dell'antico Tarento si sostisme a fronte dall'oblio della Madamna Il canonico va meglio ma sempre fra le tenebre. Il Conte Alfreda e pregato di rimettere il Volume del Viaggio Pittoresco, poiché par la mente dell'ottimo Denon si deve diriggere à Parigi una notizia di qual travaglio, mil quale obbe parte quel bravo litterato.

" Magail, il 10 Maggie, 1086."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

#### COUNT MATUSCHEWITZ.

COUNT MATUSCHEWITZ played an important part in the great diplomatic performances of the northern powers some thirty years ago. He was a brother actor of Count Pozzo di Borgo, Prince Paul Esterhazy, Metternich, and the Baron Bulow, on some memorable occasions at a later period.

On the accomplishment of the French Revolution of 1830, which came like a thunder-clap on the courts of Europe, the capital of England became the head-quarters of the councils of the diplomatic representations of the principal great powers With a view to the restoration of the balance of power, or the regulation at least of the recent disturbance of the European system, Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, Esterhazy, Matuschewitz, and others, occasionally met at Baron Bulow's, whose opinions, it is said, ultimately prevailed in the diplomatic councils, which a little later took the title of the Hollando-Belgian Conferences

Count Matuschewitz was a native of Poland, of noble birth, who had been educated in France, and was a distinguished pupil of the Polytechnic School. When the Emperor Alexander and Napoleon were on terms of amity, the former requested the services of two of the pupils of the Polytechnic of most merit.

### LETTERS OF COUNT MATUSCHEWITZ.

Matuschewitz was one of the two pupils chosen by Napoleon to correspond to the wishes of the autocrat.

In the Russian civil service he bore out fully the high reputation he had gained at the Polytechnic, not only as a distinguished scholar and proficient especially in the abstract sciences, but in diplomacy. But he was a lover of pleasure, and his ruling passion is said to have been for the chase. He sometimes, at the seat even of diplomatic conferences, made his appearance on horseback, uniting in his costume and character the modern Nimrod with the Russian Nestor of diplomacy.

In the diplomatic career which this gentleman pursued in the service of the Emperor of Russia at the court of Stockholm, his reputation for astuteness, penetration, tact, and ability stood extremely high with the other European ministers. He had spent much time in England, and acquired the tastes, habits, and manners of an Englishman. He is said to have largely enjoyed the confidence of the Emperor of Russia, to have been deeply versed in the secrets of Russian policy, and in all great emergencies of state in which relations with foreign powers were concerned to have been consulted by the autocrat. Bearing in mind the position he occupied, and the advantages it bestowed on him, his letters will be read with interest. The high character of the count for honorable principles and integrity, his easy manners and gentlemanlike deportment, his cultivated mind and tastes, made him a welcome guest in the best society of every country he visited.

LETTERS FROM COUNT MATUSCHEWITZ TO LADY BLESSINGTON. "Stockhoim, Nov. 5, 1839.

"How kind and amiable of you not to have allowed Alfred's letter to depart without the addition of a few lines in your hand-writing, to satisfy me that I still live in your friendly recollection. Depend upon it, your remembrance is not thrown away on me. I should consider it the climax of ingratitude were I not most anxious and impatient to revisit good old England, and to find myself once more under the roof of Gore House, that hospitable roof, under which I am certain to receive a hearty welcome, and to meet a most instructive variety of eminent characters, who move round you as it were by magic, each happy, each contributing his quota to a general conversation and harmony which, I believe, was never known to exist among them

#### LETTERS OF COURT MATCOCONTENS

me, for a time at least, if not yet for good, to these friends from wi now so sincerely to be separated, and to those social anjoys for to a am here a perfect stranger. There never was a compty (the igh as teresting in some respects) so devoid of society as this one. I live all h solitude, and my happiness, if happiness it is to be called, is only the any rational being ought to carry with and within himself. Unit constances, it is real Christian charity in my friends to do occasion ally wh you have done now with so much kindness. Well may I say that the a est donation will be gratefully received. If, therefore, you over have this wi ter a few minutes to spare, let me hope that I will hear once more from ye Another year will not be ushered in without some channing publication to a pear under your patronage. A copy of it would beguile my solitade, and if inscribed with your name, it will prove, of course, doubly valuable. Know political news are gloomy. Some of my friends appear more sanguin others are of the sume opinion with you. I, for one, perceive in the his quarters a turn of mind which I can not sufficiently deplore.

"Now, my dear Lady Blessington, I have most unscrupulously transgressed on your time and indulgence; but I know you will forgive me, and readily believe that I will always remain yours very sincerely,

" MATUSCHEWITZ.

"When you see Lord Lyndhurst and Mr. Bear Ellice, will you be so good as to remember me particularly to both ?"

#### " Stockholm, Fabruary 8th, 1860.

"I can not tell you how fond I am of your 'Belle of the Season.' The engravings are beautiful, the poetry charming. If I was Prince Albert, I would have offered to the queen, on the day of my marriage, those delightful lines, in which you have contrived, though in one of your richest veins, not to overdraw her picture, and, keeping as near as possible to reality, you have only clothed it in admirable language. I have not finished yet your 'Governeens,' but it is une excellente peinture de maure in every room and story of a Londom house. Now that you have delineated to life, and with such success, Ireland in your 'Repealers,' and England in your 'Governees,' Scotland is awaiting your pencil. You really ought to make an excursion north of the Tweed in the course of this autumn. It will amply repay your trouble, and, being drawn from a recent and personal observation of nature on the spot, your description will be, if possible, still more graphic and vivid.

"Now for a word or two of politics. We have here the English papers only to January. Poor Prince A ——! What an inauspicious political start he has made! The Commons curtail his allowance with an overwhelming majority against him; the Lords seem determined to take away from him unanimously the precedency he was to have obtained. Upon my word, I don't know that I would have ventured to C —— under similar circumstan-

#### LETTERS OF COUNT MATUSCHEWITZ.

ces, and left the little island and its ministers to hunt out a more popular prince.

"When you wrote to me in the latter end of December, appearances were so much against the government, that no one could have insured its existence at any price for another month ; but it strikes me that since the opening of Parliament they look rather stronger. The last elections had turned against the Conservatives, and some unaccountable ' presentiment' whispers into my ear that the government majority on the motion of want of confidence will have been such as to enable them to live on. Next post will enlighten us on this most important subject. You have no idea how anxiously I do expect that post. The privilege question is also a very curious one. I hope that, acting with the wisdom of the Romans and the Albans of old, the Commons and the court of justice will contribute three champions to fight out their quarrel in mortal combat, Eglinton presiding over the lists. Fancy our having here a Parliament annulled, and a triumphant opposition, and a little po-Old Bernadotte is at great discount just flow, and will have a litical crisis. hard time of it. No greater misfortune in this world than to live too long.

"Adieu, my dear Lady Blessington. My kindest remembrances to Alfred. If ever you have another minute to spare, let me hear again from you. You have no idea what pleasure it is in a remote corner of Europe, and with such feelings as those. MATURCHEWITZ."

#### "Naples, May let, 1834.

"I will not allow Mr. Keppel Craven to leave Naples for good old England without availing myself of his kind offer to take over a letter to you. Indeed, I can not mention his name, and not return you once more my most sincere thanks for the way in which you have been so kind as to recommend me to him. He is no less agreeable than well-informed, no less obliging and indulgent than interesting and instructive in his conversation. You will have undoubtedly the greatest pleasure in seeing him in England, but we can not well spare him here; and as you abound in resources of pleasant society. which are extremely scanty at Naples, I trust you will not charge me with egotistical cant and unfriendly feelings if I candidly declare that, upon this occasion, what will give you satisfaction gives me unfeigned regret. I have found Naples in mourning for the young queen, without any thing like social amusements, or even social spirit-without even St. Charles's Theatre, which is shut up, or the usual mildness and beauty of the climate ; added to which, my bankers here have failed, and stripped me of a good sum of money ; part of my establishment has been shipwrecked, and at the moment I am writing to you, reminiscences of yours come again upon me. It is not consistant, therefore, with human nature that I should feel the least prepossessed in favor of Naples. Still, I have experienced considerable pleasure in admiring its beautiful situation, in visiting its very picturesque environs, and especially in examining those wonderful monuments of antiquity, which, independent of their mag-

VOL. I.-T

## LETTERS OF COUNT MATUSCHEWITZ.

nificence and exquisite taste, carry one two thousand years back so completely and so magically as to make one fancy one's self a contemporary of the most powerful nation that ruled the world in ancient times. Hence I shall always maintain a journey to Naples to be a delightful one, and some stay in that country not only to be pleasant, but necessary to complete one's classical education, and one's notions of former grandeur with all its peculiarities, customs, and usages. But, much as I esteem and delight in Craven, I could not, like him, fix investif at Naples. There is no native society to be found ; one is therefore thrown back forcibly upon foreigners, and too often obliged to live, as it were, in a sort of anteroom to London, Paris, Vienna, or Petersburgh. Even in the best years, good society is but transient ; and it stands to reason, that when one has to associate with strangers to the country, it is next to impossible to form long friendships or durable connections. Under these circumstances, you will not be surprised to hear of my not intending to take root. among the Lazarones, and though I don't know yet how long I shall stay with them. I feel much more inclined to shorten than to protract my sojourn in the south.

With you the Whigs seem to have it all their own way ; I could never understand upon what foundations the Conservative papers had foretold, about three months ago, the present administration's immediate downfall; and I verily think the Conservatives, since they can not upset it, had much better try, by a timely coalition, to rescue the ministers from the necessity of looking for occasional support to the Radicals, and of framing some measure for that purpose. Every danger might be averted from the country by such a course ; too disinterested, perhaps, to be expected from any political party, but still, in my humble opinion, the safest and wisest to follow. There is a great deal of natural conservatism growing out from the possession of power, and growing the more as that possession is lengthened and confirmed Besides which. crcept upon one question, the real differences of opinion do not seem to be very considerable, and though no ministerialist, I can not help thinking the ministers would not hesitate between Peel and O'Connell. Stanley and Hume, and feel much more inclined to come to a rational compromise with the former, than to endanger perpetually their own authority by yielding to the destructive impulses of the latter However, you will perhaps consider my observations as the more effect of the distance at which I am writing, and not the least applicable to the actual state of affairs. I shall therefore drop the subject, not without begging you to remember me to E. Ellice, with whom I got more thoroughly acquainted in Paris, and whose kindness to me I shall always most gratefully recollect. Will you tell Alfred that I do shake him by the hand most sincerely." MATUSCHEWITZ."

Copy of a letter from Count Matuschewitz, under the signature of Matthew :

PRINCE SCHWARTZENBERG.

" Stockholm, March 0th, 1840.

"When I wrote to you last, I had just only gone over the two first chapters of the 'Governess,' and was yet a stranger to many of its best characters, and not aware of the sympathy and interest these characters, as well as the very natural and simple, but extremely attaching progress of the story would excite in me. When I resumed the book, I found it impossible to lay it down without having read the last words in the last page; and I can assure you, that for many a day, ay, many a year, I have not been so thoroughly charmed with a novel, to say nothing of the governess herself, who will impress every one with a strong feeling of love and regard. I dote upon the old Quaker, I am excessively partial to Lord Oxminster. You have extricated your heroine very cleverly from the toils of a 'wicked earl,' who gets baffled, as the real one invariably is; added to which, the infusion of humor in several parts of the novel is excellent, the picture of manners, high and low, to the life, and the language remarkable for vivacity, purity of taste, and elegance.

"The Conservative opposition have at last published a missive war manifesto against the government. The sole fact of such a declaration of uncompromising hostility must prove a considerable addition to the cabinet's previous and constitutional weakness. I doubt more than ever that, situated and assailed as they are now, the ministers should pull through the session; but whether their downfall will be productive of good or evil in the first instance, at least with the evident bias of the court and its personal feelings, is more than I can venture an opinion upon at so great a distance. I wonder what our friend the *Bear* says to all this ? Will you be so kind as to remember me most friendly to him, and to give my best love to Alfred ! Matriagw."

### THE PRINCE SCHWARTZENBERG.

The Prince Schwartzenberg, whose correspondence with Lady Blessington shows the intimate terms of friendship which subsisted between him and her ladyship, was the person who figures in the correspondence under the "nom du guerre" of Capitaine Wolff. That he was an Austrian nobleman, had been employed in most important diplomatic situations, had an accurate knowledge of passing political events in Italy, was not a great admirer of the Metternich régime, may be inferred from his letters. There can be very little doubt that the prince stands in the same relation to a recent prime minister of Austria that Capitaine Wolff did to the prince some fifteen or sixteen years ago.

Schwartzenberg is supposed to have been in early life initiated in the mysteries of the secret political societies (Burschen-

## PRINCE SCHWARTZENBERG.

schaften), which promulgated political ideas with sufficient astuteness, while violating existing laws, to propagate their opinions in spite of all despots, and to have abandoned his early opinions.

The Prince Jean Adolphe Frederick C. Schwartzenberg, Landgrave of Klegau, chamberlain of the Emperor of Austria, succeeded his father, the Prince Joseph, who died December 19th, 1833. He married, in 1830, a daughter of the Prince of Lichtenstein, by whom he had two children." I presume this person is the brother of the correspondent of Lady Blessington.

Mr. Charles Pridham, in his "Kossuth and Magyar Land" (London, 1851, page 38), in his account of an interview with the prince in 1849, when prime minister, says, "If you search Enrope through, you will scarcely find a man of nobler bearing or a more majestic mien. To say that he is the first gentleman of the Continent is only his due, for out of England such men are seldom or never to be met with; in fact, his aspect is essentially English, perhaps from his having so long dwelt among us. He is now far advanced in years, yet he is scarcely less energetic than ever; and, judging from his remaining attractions, you cease to wonder at the love conquests of his prime."

In April, 1852, a stroke of apoplexy deprived the Emperor of Austria of the most able, gifted, and devoted of ministers. None greater than Prince Schwartzenberg ever wielded with a masterhand the destinies of the Austrian empire, or influenced, by the superiority of his genius and the purity of his principles, the political condition of Europe.

Prince Schwartzenberg was a most successful minister. An article appeared in the "Times" shortly after his death, acknowledging his great merits as a minister, and stating that from the depths of the disasters of 1848-9 he had rescued the German empire, and replaced it on a secure basis. He was almost the only man fitted to uphold the dignity of the state. But the prince, according to the "Times," was of an overbearing and arrogant temper, and he relied, to an absurd extent, on military force as the mainspring of his government.

\* Almanach de Gotha pour l'Année 1854, p. 178.

Another writer, perhaps more intimately acquainted with German state matters (Mr. W. B. Maccabe) than most foreigners, speaking of the prince, observes:

"From the days of the imperial despot and irreligious 'reformer,' Joseph II., the Catholic Church in Austria had been in a most degraded condition. It was hampered by the state in every way. When power was placed in the hands of Prince Schwartzenberg, he saw the demoralizing, infidelity-spreading results of the *Josephian* system upon the great masses of the population. The Prince Schwartzenberg, as prime minister of the Austrian empire, was invested with absolute power, and the first use, it may be said, that he made of that absolute power was to free the Church from the shackles which the Emperor Joseph had imposed upon it — to make it free — to separate Church and state."

To no Austrian minister is the liberty more indebted which allows men to worship God according to their conscience than to Prince Schwartzenberg.

## FROM THE PRINCE SCHWARTZENBERG (UNDER THE SIGNATURE OF CAPT. WOLFF).

" Constanthople, August 26, 1825.

487

"Vous seres etonnés, madams, de récévoir cette lettre des côtes du Bosphore, du coin opposé de l'Europe. Elle portera l'empreinte incontestable de son origine Orientale par les marques des précantions sanitaires que l'on aura prisés, et en cela elle rappellers le caractère et la teinte locale de ce beau pays, ou les femmes sont voilées, et ou il n'est permis qu'a la peste de montrer sa face cadavereuse et découverte. Il faut qu'il soit hien beau ce pays, ce climat, ces souvenirs, pour que l'on parvienne à oublisr ce qui l'habits. El bien, malgré peste, chats, chiens, rats, punaisses, et mosquites, malgré absurdités de tout geare, on s'attache à cette contrée, et l'on prend un interet veritable à sa destinée.

"Depuis le massacre des Janissaires, catastrophe d'un tragique sublime, l'Orient est refoulé en Asié. C'est là qu'il axiste encors avec sa poesie, ses pompes, ses mœurs patriarchales, postiques, ses opinions, ses traditions, tantôt sublimes, tantôt absurdes.

"Ici au porte des redingetes bleus, on fait l'exercise à l'Européenne, et l'on n'a gardè de l'Orient que la contume de noyer les femmes quand elles sont trop sensibles, et l'insouisance quand on doit mourir de la peste.

"Toutefois cette axistence est completement differente de la vie d'une exp-

itale Européenne, et elle exerce une influence marquée sur nos goute et nos dispositions. Je passe une partie de ma vie à cheval ou sur la mer; et il y a toujours une scene teinte d'aventure en tout ce que l'on entrepend. Car ou vous allez est au risque de vous noyer; à *pied* en évitant chaque passant à crainte da rapporter le peste; et si vous sortez à *cheval* pour vous éloigner dans les compagnes, je vous conseille d'oublier plus tôt votre mouchoir que vos pistolets.

"J'ai vu en un marché d'esclaves, une jolie femme couter entre 4-5000 piastres; à peu près 1000 francs. A Paris elles sont meilleurs marchées. Ce sont des marchandes qui les aménent ordinairement, de Trebisonde, j'en ai va arriver avec leur cargaison.

"Au reste l'esclavage n'est nullement odieux en Orient. C'est le moyen de devenir grand fonctionnaire au sultane. En Orient l'esclave devient membre de la famille, en Amérique il est animal domestique.

"J'ai vu le grand seigneur entouré d'une nombre de soldats habillés à moitié à l'Européenne. C'est une figure ordinaire, quoique assez expressive, l'exterminateur des Janissaires a même une sorte de sourire bienveillant.

" Du reste, un pays ou chaque intrigue d'amour fait encourir la bastonnade, et ou l'on ne boit le vin que par contrebande, ne saurait être de mon gout. Je voulais continuer mon voyage en Syria et en Egypte, mais pour cette fois je me contente de ce que j'ai vu, et me depecherais d'autant plus de rétourner en Europe, ou ils preparent des évenements qui sont d'un grand interet.

" J'espère milady, peut être avoir le bonheur de vous voir cet hiver, et certainement, en touchant le sol de l'Angleterre, cela sera pour moi une des felicités les plus grandes. Gardez moi un peu de votre souvenirs, avez de l'indulgence si je ne puis cesser de le reclamer. Si vous saviez comme il est difficile de vous oublier ! Si vous saviez comme il est penible de se croire oublié de vous !

"Dans quelques jours mon cheval, mon Tartare, pistolets, seront prèts et je parcourrais le Roumélie et le Servie. Je rencontrerais peut être dans cette course aventareuse quelque tableau digne de vous fournir une esquisse. En tout cas je ferais usage de mon privilege, qui me permet de vous cerire en comptant sur votre indulgence. Ici, dans ce pays, ou les souvenirs agissent si paissamment, ou les etoiles brillent sur en firmament d'azure comme les heures de bonheur se rédéchissent de l'imagination, ou les vagues de Boephore se brisent sur le rivage comme l'echo des sensations évanouies, ici, ou on est pour ainsi dire au milieu de deux mondes, entre deux siecles, et entre deux génerations, ou, bien des fois j'ai fait passé devant le lanterne magique de ma memoire, les impressions de ma vie, et toujours votre image est venue, entre toutes ces apparitions, comme une fre gracieuse, comme un bel astre, me concilier avec le reste de cette fantasmagorie qui me representait une foule de caracteres ridicules, de faces insipides ou de fantomes hideux !

"Milady! je baise, et vous me l'avez permis, cette main charmante que vous me tendites à mon depart! Envoyez moi de grace, celle de marbre.

peut être le rechaufferais-je avec mes làvres ! Daignez m'ecrire, si ce n'est que deux mots, car quelquefois j'ai peur de vous avoir trop ennuyée en abusant de votre indulgence. Sans être par trop timide, j'avoue que vous m'avez toujours imposé. Daignez vous reasouvenir avec bonté et amitié de votre devoué CAPITAINE WOLFF."

#### "Quarantine de la tour rouge et Transylvanie, ce ler Nov., 1633-35.

"Permittez vous, milady, qu'un de vos admirateurs les plus sinceres vienne, du fond des gorges et des abymes de la Transylvanie, se representer à votre souvenir? Oui je suis certain que vous l'accueillerez avec bonté, car vous savez combien il vous sime.

"Avez vous reçu ma lettre que je vous ecrivis le 2 Mai, une autre que j'expédiais par Mr. Trager à Vienne le 29 Mai, et une troisieme de Constantinople du 26 Aôut ? Je désirerais pour cause qu'elles ne fussent pas egarées.

"Voila un mois que j'ai quitté Constantinople. J'ai dit adieu à l'Orient, pays de voiles et de mystères, aux fleurs et au ciel d'axur. J'ai vu le grand seigneur et la peste; j'ai nagé dans le Bosphore et parcouru les montagnes de l'Anatolie, et pour le moment j'en ai assez. J'ai encore un Fez, bonnet Turc sur la tête, les cheveux rasés, je m'asseois par terre avec une longue pipe et une tasse de café sans sucre mais j'aimerais tout autant être assis sur une chaise sur le boulevard des Italiens à Paria, fumer mon cegare, manger des glaces et voir passer des femmes sans voiles.

"Pourtant cette existence Orientale a un certain charme qui agit sur beaucoup de monde qui y a vécu, et qui parfois la fait regretter au milieu de notre monde Européen, ou toute les ressorts de la vie sont agités et usés par les passions et les differents interets, comme par une mécanique à vapeur, et ou la vie ne se balance pas, comme en Orient, comme une barque sur une rivière, mais roule comme une voiture à vapeur sur une route de fer artificielle; monde ou il n'y a plus ni individus, ni actions, mais societés et principes; ou l'absolu a englouté toute specialité, ou l'homme individuel disparait de l'interet de la masso; monde ou il n'y a plus ni amour ni religion ni poesie; monde essentiellement industriel, et qui est en train de remplacer même le bon Dieu par quelque machine electrique, calorifique, galvanique !

"J'ai traversé à cheval les plaines de Roumélie, les montagnes de la Bulgarie, les steppes de la Valachie. Je me suis arreté à Adrianople, j'ai visité les positions militaires de Balkan et du Danube, et enfin me voilà. Malade et fatigué je subis l'emprisonnement de la quarantaine avec resignation. C'est un sacrifice qu'il faut porter au bien être de la societé Européenne, un prison comme tout d'antres, ou l'on se trouve au cachet sans trop bien savoir pourquoi.

"Au milieu de cette solitude, su fond d'un gorge et montagnes ou je n'apperçois que deux pieds gravès de ciel je vis avec mes souvenirs donc en excellente societé, et vous, madame, venez bien souvent, sans le savoir, me visiter dans mon isolement et me consoler dans ma captivité. Oui! j'aime à me rappeler votre apparition ravissante, et les heures que j'ai passées près de vous

### LETTERS OF PRENCE SCRWARTERS

une samblent qualquellés un têve l'Je servie blen housette de voue nondir que jour l

"Ma quarantaine finira le 4me. Alors j'croise à Hernamstell, et pousselverais ma route par Ared, étc.

"Pesto et Vienne, voyage fatiguant, ennuyant et long. Deignez me denner de vos nouvelles na serait co qu'avec dix lignes qui m'autorissent à veus écaise plus souvent. J'ai annel quelques griffoneges qui me retracent qualques sonnes de la vie sventureuse que je menzie autrefais, et pour lequille veus avez bien voule prendre quelque interet. Si vous le veulez je vous les sumettrais.

"Doux lignes, avec une troisieme qui dit-Marguerite-me realizant blan heureux. Que le ciel vous protége, chire danse, et que minus le dishie vous donne un potit coup de main, si vous en avez besoin. Carranan Wessy."

"Qui je vons suis reconnaissant, madame, de voirs houne lettre du mais d'Avril. Enfin, en voila une, qui parle pourtant un peu de vons mâme. Il y a un siècle que je vive annei cloigné de vous, comme el vous vivies en Parsa et moi à Japon, et pourtant il y a des instants ou je me seus ai près de vous qu'il me semble que mon ame pourrait toucher la votre.

"Je vous ai envoyé quelques pages contenant l'histoire de ce voleur nommé Habacuk, dont une fois je vous contais l'exécution. Je me suis seulement tenu aux faits et l'ai traduit litteralement de mon journal. Pardonnez les definits du style, en faveur de la couleur locale. Pour celle là, elle en porte l'empreinte. Davantage que j'avance en âge, je vois ressortir les impressions de ma jeunesse un peu agitée à la verité, mais riche en emotions vives. Bien des illuzions depuis ce temps là out éte tués et ensevelis dans ma poitrine, et s'il y a du repos c'est celui d'un cemetière.

"Il fut un temps où une carabine à la main, la croix sur le schelo, les ains de Korner à la bouche je croyais combattre pour une belle idèe, je voyais renaitre de ces cendres une nation Germanique ! Qu'en est il resulté ; une diete de Francfort, MM. Rothschild, des Princes de Coburg, Rioss, Schlig," des petites conversations tracassieres et des chambres que presentent plutôt l'interieur d'une maison de mauxis gaugots qu'une representation national. Voila mon rêve de liberté et de patrie realisé en trente deux, petites portions, si infiniment petites qu'il faut beaucoup d'erudition geographique pour savoir le nom de la nation, à laqu'elle on appartenait et pour l'independance de la quelle on combattait à Lutzen, à Leipzig, à Brienne, &c., &c., &c. Voila pour le politique !

"En amour c'etait encore pire. La digne dame etait si belle qu'elle m'oubliait, et je crus voir au ciel ouvert, dont elle était l'ange guardien. A peine osais-je approcher du seuil de ce paradis. Heureusement pour moi et heureusement pour elle, j'avais un ami que j'aimais beancoup, qui est fort beau

\* Name hardly legible .- R. R. M.

garçon, et qui svait le regard plus clair que moi ; lui ne s'arrete pas sur le marchepied, et un beau jour je perds mon ange, et mon ami. Voila pour l'amour et l'amitié !!!

"Enfin je crois encore, à un avenir et à un bon Dieu indulgent, puisque il a su la patience de ne pas nous noyer vingt fois depuis le Deluge, et de se contenter du destruction axécuté à Sodome et Gomorrha; même à un ciel, où ceux et celles qui out quelque chese d'angelique de leur nature retrouveront leurs siles, qu'on leur a coupé sur cette terre, et je suis curieux si ces rêves et espèrances là s'accompliront devantage que les autres.

"Je ne suis pas encore decidé comment je dispeserais de cet été, ei l'an ne dispese pas de moi, ce qui m'eviterait l'embarras du chein. Croyer que par tout où je seis, votre souvenir me restora toujeurs bien chère. Daignez m'ecrire quelques lignes qui me prouvent que l'absence et le temps ne brisent contre votre caractère si noble et si vrai ! Vous n'êtes pas camme les autres fammes !

"Quand vous voulez bien m'envoyer votre belle main en offigie, je le baiserais avec tout l'enthousianne de souvenir, malgré que être pendu reellement est autre chose que de l'être en effigie. Venillez l'adresser à l'embassade à Londres, d'où en me le fait toujours parvenir. Bientôt, madame, je vous ecrirais quelques folies et reveries. Vous savez que vous m'avez permis de pleurer et de rire devant vous. Continues à m'y autoriser en me justifiant de temps en temps par quelques bonnes lignes. CAFTTAINE WOLFT."

"Presburg, 25th June, 1640.

441

"MILADY,--Après un si long nilence puis j'ai encore esperé ne pas être entièrement effacé de nos bons souvenirs ? Je n'osai au milieu d'une vie agitée et orageuse vous importuner du recit de mes aventures, que n'aurait servi qu'à troubler les images calmes et paisibles qui vous enteurent ; et depuis rentré dans ma existence deuce et tranquille mais monotons, je voudrais ancore moins vous ennuyer par la description de mes simples et pacifiques occupations, après une époque poetique mais sombre de ma vie à une prese tranquille et raisonnable.

"J'espere, milady, vous retrouver un jour encore, j'en compte sur la dure de vos bons souvenirs, et si au coin de votre fin hospitalier vous daignes m'econter en balançant votre belle main sur ces beaux cheveux que j'admirais tant, je vous racontersis ma vis et mes aventures.

"Toutefois je n'ai pu me priver de l'occasion qui se presente de me rappeler de votre memoire par la personne qui vous porte cette lettre. C'est le Compte A. Deperffy un de mes amis les plus intimes que j'ose vous recommander instamment, et qui m'a demandé expressament cette lettre, desirant particulièrement être introduit chez une dont le genie et la beauté ont rendu le nom celebre jusqu'an Mants Raipaths et anxrives de la ------\*.comme au

> • Ward illegible. T 2

## LETTERS OF THE DUKE D'OSSUNA.

Rocky Mountains, et aux bouches de l'Oronoco. Je l'envis trop pour ne pas acceder à sa demande, et j'espère ne pas abuser de la permission que vous milady donnez en vous le presentant. C'est un des membres les plus influents de notre Diête, et il a joué un rôle éminent au derniers sessions de notre Parlement. Ses Conversations sur la Litterature Européenne vous interesseront. Il voyage en Angleterre pour observer et examiner quelques institutions administratives que l'on veut imiter en Hongrie, et en outre veut etudier parmi les habitans de votre patrie milady, qui est le pays modèle, et serait le ciel pour moi, si il etait habité pas beaucoup d'anges comme vous.

"Mais je ne veux pas vous enrager en vous repétant ce que tant d'antres vous auront certainement deja dit, mais ce que je crois sentir plus, ou an moins aussi profondement qu'aucune autre. Je finis donc en vous recommandant mon ami, qui, j'espère, aura le bonheur, de vous convenir sous touts les rapports, et en vous prinnt, milady, de me conserver vos bons sentiments que je crois meriter parceque je vous admire, aime et cheris dans l'absence comme tous ceux qui vous voyent sans cesse ! FERDERICK SCHWARTERNERS."

### CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE DUKE D'OSSUNA.

THE present and the former Duc D'Ossuna were both intimately known to the Countess of Blessington. The family of D'Ossuna is one of the oldest, noblest, and richest in Spain. There, and likewise in Belgium, their territorial possessions are very great. The late duke, an accomplished, intelligent, and amiable young man, died seven or eight years ago, in Belgium, about the age of thirty. The present duke has inherited all that was his brother's except his intelligence. This duke bears the title also of Count de Arcos, de Gandia, de Lerma, Marquis de Terra Nova, &c., &c.

#### LETTERS OF THE DUKE D'OSSUNA.

#### " Poris, 24th Janvier, 1844.

"Je vois avec le plus grand plaisir que le petit cadeau que j'ai remit pour vous à M. le Comte D'Orsay vous a été agreable et c'est à moi maintenant à vous témoigner toute ma reconnaissance de tant de choses aimables, comme vous voulez bien me prodiguer dans votre charmante lettre, et surtout pour l'assurance d'une amitie à la quelle j'attache le plus grand prix.

"On a dit, il est vrai, dans le monde, que j'etais nommé embassadeur à Naples, et même a Paris et à Londres, mais il n'en est rien, et jusqu'à present

#### LETTERS OF THE DUKE D'OSSUNA.

je me suis toujours refusé à representer le gouvernement Espagnol, qui à mon avis, n'est pas encore representable.

"L'Espagne est menacée de grande boulversements, et je suis convaincu que pour lui rendre une tranquilité durable, et pour y etablir un gouvernement solide, national, et completement independant des influences de la France, il n'y a qu'un seul moyen, c'est de marier notre jeune Reyne Yasbelle avec le fils ainé de Don Carlos, qui pourraient regner ensemble tous deux comme en temps de Ferdinand et Yasbelle la Catholique dans nos beaux jours de gloire. "J'ai l'intention d'aller faire un voyage en Ytalie pour revenir à Paris au mois d'Avril et rentrer en Espagne à la fin de Mai.

"Veuillez milady dire bien de choses aimables à vos charmantes nieces, et agréer je vous prie l'assurance de tous mes sentimens sinceres et devoués. "D'Ossuva."

" Vendredi Chuteau de Banhek, par Tubias, Balgique.

"Permettez moi, milady, de rappelér à votre souvenir un pauvre ami pour lequel votre aimable accueil a été si précieux cette année, il y est certes en premier rang dans les bons souvenirs que je garde de l'Angleterre. J'ai revu mon pauvre pays. J'ai failli meme aller passer une semaine à Paris, les Provinces sont loin d'etre aussi animé que la capitale, à Lille même dans une si grande ville ou ne se croirait pas au milieu d'une ai ardente revolution.

" Je suis ici dans un château au milieu des terres à cinq lieu de Bruxelles, chez un ancien militaire Français, entouré de ses enfants que j'ai presque vus naitre.

"Je ne puis que foiblement vous donner idée de la vie calme et de la bonne humeur de tout ce monde là. Outre le père et la mère, la famille se compose de quatre filles et d'un garçon, l'une d'eiles à vingt-un ans, est veuve, et a la tête d'une grande fortune, elle est receuillé chez son père ; la seconde sœur est aux environs, nous la voyons toutes les semaines, au este deux jeunes filles et un garçon de vingt ans ; ces bonnes petites personnes sont chargés des pauvres du pays, et je n'exagere pas en vous disant qu'elles ont chaque jour affaires à plus de vingt individus. Les pensions de chacune, l'argent destiné à mille petits choses de luxe, tout y passe, et tout cela si gaiement et si naturellement.

"Je crois en verité qu'une long tems passé dans pareil séjour de paix pourrait me rendre meilleur. Nous dessinons toute la journée. Même le soir à neuf heures la prière avec les domestiques, à dix heures tout le monde se couche : à cette heure qu'il est (onze heures) ma bougie que est sur ma table est certainement la seule lumière de toute la maison.

"Nous allons souvent diner à deux liens chez le gendre du aitre de la maison, là dans un vieux salon devant une grande cheminée ou l'on met presque des arbres entiers, nous causons chasses et chevaux en bonne compagnie d'excellents cigarres. Je me demande quelquefois s'il n'est pas coupable de se laisser être si heureux quand à cent lieux de distances ses pauvres

### LETTERS OF THE DUKE DOSSUNA.

amis et ses compatriotes, sont livrés à toutes les angoisses de l'inquidtude et du désespoir.

"Vonlez vous bien, milady, vous charger des plus aimables souvenirs pour cette charmante Miss Power. J'ai parlé souvent à mes petites amies d'ici de votre bonne hospitalité, à force de me questionner elles sont tout à fait au courant de ma vie de Londres, aussi si l'on voit mon front desempseur un peu on dit aussitôt, il pense à Gore House, à Lady Blessington et à ses jolies nièces.

"Adieu, milady, je me fais une grande fête d'aller bientôt vous faire ma course. J'espere être libre avant la fin du mois.

"Agreez le nouvel hommage de mes sentiments le plus respectueux et les plus devoués. Aug. LERMA."

"Madrid, os 2 Septembre, 1844.

"A Madame la Comtesse de Blessington :

"MADANE LA CONTESSE, — La douleur qui m'accable est si affreusse que je reclame toute votre indulgence pour m'excuser de ne pas vous annoncer de ma propre main la mort prematurée de mon pauvre frère ainé, le Duc D'Ossuna arrivé le 29 Aôut dernier à 9 heures du matin.

" Je suis persuadó Madame la Comtesse de l'affectieusse amitié dont je vons suis redevable, et sais d'avance la part que vous prendrez à ma peine.

"Veuillez agréer Madame la Comtesse l'hommage de mes sentimens distingués avec les quels j'ai l'honneur d'être, MARQUIS DE TEREANOVA."

"Monsieur le Duc D'Ossuna Comte Duc de Benavente et de l'Infantado de Arcos de Bejar de Gandia de Lerma de Pastrana de Medina Comte d'Ureña, Marquis de Terranova de Peñafiel et autres titres Grand d'Espagne de la première eclasse, Colonel de Cavalerie, Chevalier de l'Ordre Militaire de Calatrava, &<sup>2</sup>., &<sup>2</sup>., &<sup>3</sup>.,

<sup>11</sup> A l'honneur de vous faire part de la perte douloureuse qu'il vient defaire en la personne de Monsieur le Duc D'Ossuna, Comte Duc de Benavente et de l'Infantado, &<sup>2</sup>., &<sup>2</sup>., &<sup>3</sup>., son frère, décédé à Madrid le 29 Aôut, 1844, à 5 heures du matin, à l'age de 35 ans muni des sacrements de l'Eglise.

" DE PROFUNDIS."

#### " Madrid, el 17 Octobre, 1844.

"CRÈRE CONTESSE,—Vos deux aimables lettres datées du 18 et 25 Septembre. m'ont fait un bien sensible plaisir, comme toutes celles que vous voulez bien m'addresser, et qui dans les circonstances ou je me trouve m'ont apporté une bien douce emulation, et un grand adoucissement à ma douleur : je viens m'informer dans toutes vos aimables lettres les sentiments si affectucux et si sincere que vous portiez à mon malheureux et très cher frère, et que vous voulez bien me presenter à moi meme. Je veux donc vous exprimer dans ces lignes, toute ma reconnaissance pour tentes vos bontés infinies envers moi, mais j'espere que bientôt je pauvais de parole vous temoigner ce que

### LETTERS OF THE DUKE D'OSSUNA.

ma plume me suffit de faire, et je suis persuadé que seulement auprès de si bons et si chers amis, je pourrois trouvér les soulagements dont j'ai tant besoin dans une grande douleur.

"J'ai été bien reconnaissant à l'extreme bonté de vos aimables et charmantes nièces, Mesdemoiselles Power, d'avoir bien voulu se rappeler de moi en m'adressent les deux aimable lettres que vous avez en la bonté de me faire parvenir, et aux quelles je prend la liberté de repondre, en vous prient de vouloir bien leur remettre les ci jointes lettres.

"Les occupations graves et nombreusses qui m'ont occupées pendant ces derniers jours, m'ont empoché de pouvoir repondre aussitôt que je la voulois à vos deux dernières et aimables lettres. Je compte sur votre indulgence Madame la Comtesse, pour me pardonner cette faute involontaire.

" Je vous remercie mille fois, Madame la Comtesse, pour tout l'interêt et le soin que voulex hien prendre pour ma santé qui est toute ansai bonne qu'elle peut l'être après tants et si graves desagremens que j'ai epreuvé depuis le jour ou j'ai quitté Londres. La reflexion, et les consolations de l'amitié, sont les seuls soulagements que je peux recevoir dans ce moment et si permi cela que tont autre graves affaires me le permettaient je compte partir de Madrid, et aller à Londres, ou je trouverois auprès de vous et de voir simable et si chérie famille toutes les consolations qu'ici je ne penserois avoir jamais.

"Je vons prie chère comtesse, quand vous écrivez à Lady Canterbury, de vouloir bien lui presenter mes respects, et de lui dire combien je suis reconnaissant à son bon et aimable souvenir pour moi.

"Je ne puis encore vous dire pour quelle epoque je pouvois me trouver à Londres, mais je compte m'y rendre le plutôt possible, st dans l'etist ou je me trouve, mon esprit a bien besoin de trouvér quelque scalagement, et ansei de ceremettre un peu de tout ce travail qui presse sur moi, et qui à peine me laisse libre de la journée, et bien de fois le soir aussi je suis obligé de travailler presque sans retache dans la nuit ; mais tout cela j'espere finira bientôt.

"Permittez moi, chère comtesse, de terminer cettre lettre, ma prochaine sers plus longue, et en attendant venillez quelque fois me faire l'honneur de m'adresser de von nouvelles, sinsi que de votre chère famille si aimable et si chère de la quelle je vous pris de vouloir me rappeler en vous assurant qu'aucune consolation peut m'être plus agreable, que celle de recevoir vos aimables lettres.

"Vouillez chère contesse assurer mes sinceres smitiés à vos aimables et charmantes nièces, ainsi qu'à Monsieur le Comte D'Orsay.

"La Duc D'Ossuna."

#### "Paris, ce Lundi, Novembre 24, 1845.

"Ma CRÈRE CONTESSE, —J'ai appris l'affreuse malheur qui vient de nous arriver, et qui comme à vous à frappé de douleur toute notre chère famille. Je n'essayerais de vous adresser des consolations, car malheureusement je suis par une bien triste et recente exparience que pour cette douleur il n'y a

#### EUGENE SUE.

point de soulagement. Vous devez être parsundé ma chère et ainmhis comtesse de toute la part si sincère que je prend à votre malheur, car vous suvez tout l'interêt et reconnaissante amitié que je vous porte.

"J'ai pensée avoir en le bonheur de vous revoir cet autonne, mais malheureusement il m's été impossible d'avoir ce plaisir toujours si grand pour moi par ma santé qui s été bien chancelante tout ce derniers temps, et par un nomination.

"Je me suis obligé à aller en Espagne pour quelque temps ; mais je compte avoir ce plaisir au printemps prochain, car je me propose d'aller à Londres vers cette epoque, et avant si je le peux.

"Je ne veux pas abusér de notre bonté plus long temps, car je me figure bien toute la tristesse de vos moments : et ma prochaine lettre sera plus longue.

"Veuillez en attendant offrir mes humbles hommages à vos aimables et charmantes nièces Misses Power, et mes amitiés sinceres pour le cher Comte D'Orsay, et vous Madame la Comtesse assurez vous je vous prie du respect, et sincere attachement que vous porterer pour la vie.

" Votre tout devoué et reconnaissant serviteur et ami,

"DUC D'OSSUNA ET D'ABCOS."

## CHAPTER XXV.

### MONSIEUR EUGENE STE.

MONSIEUR EUGENE SUE, a native of Paris, the author of "Les Mystères de Paris," " Mathilde," " Le Juif Errant," " Mémoires d'un Valet-de-Chambre," "L'Art de Plaire," "Delevtar." "La Vegre de Hoat-ven," "Therese Dunoyer," " L'Institutrice," &c., is a strange compound of credulity and imposition ; a man of strong Republican principles, united with the most luxurious tastes. His manners in society, like those of many keen observers, are reserved, and generally retiring. His sentiments are, for the most part, generous, and, in many cases, his judgments are just, but, like many of his order, not guided by fixed principles of religion and morality. He sees clearly, and describes graphically, the evils and disorders of a corrupt state of society, without being able to discern the true cause of the evil, or to indicate a remedy for them. He ever dallies, however, with some new political theory, that is ultimately found to be impracticable and Utopian. To human will and human wisdom alone he looks for the removal of all the ills that belong to poor

EUGENE SUE.

humanity. For some years he held the first place in public opinion among the novel-writers of his day and nation. His "Mystères de Paris" and "Juif Errant" abound with evidences of genius, but, unfortunately, with evidences also of another kind; the first-mentioned work with ample proofs of tendencies to inflame and to excite the passions, while pretending to promote philanthropical objects of reform, social and administrative; while the obvious aim and settled purpose of the other production is to foster the prevailing opinions of two large classes of his countrymen, the literary and philosophical Badicals and the Socialists, against religion and its members generally, and the members of one of the religious orders in particular.

Though still in the prime of life, his latter works, strange to say, are below mediocrity. The character and peculiarities of the Count D'Orsay furnished the author with the idea of the hero of his production, "Le Viscomte de Letocère, ou L'Art de Plaire." He has entirely abandoned Paris, where he formerly resided with great extravagance, and now lives wholly retired from the world, in the territory called La Soligne, near the Lake d'Annesy. The descriptions in Sue's "Mystères de Paris," like the scenes in "The Monk," by Lewis, " ought to have been written by Tiberius, at Caprea; they are forced—the filtered ideas of a jaded voluptuary."

Before he commenced the metier of a literary social reformer --substituting sensualisme effrence for liberty of conscience, and the rant of an infidel philosophy for religion-Monsieur Sue wrote some stupid books, which no one read or bought; and among these a "History of the French Navy," which nearly ruined his bookseller. The Socialists, in 1848 and 1849, foolishly imagined they had found a powerful ally, and sincere adherent to their cause, in the author of "The Mysteries of Paris" and "The Wandering Jew." Some clap-trap passages in those works in favor of Communist doctrines procured him a seat, in 1849, in the French National Assembly. Universal suffrage was at once dishonored and deceived by the selection of the sensualist literati in the domino of a Socialist. Monsieur Sue

\* Byron's Diary, December 6, 1813.

#### EUGENE SUE

had promulgated a doctrine which rendered him extremely popular: "No one had any right to superfluity while any one was in want of necessaries."

A theory so plausible and so plainly enunciated it was imagined must be a practical truth, demonstrated by the propounder in the frugal simplicity of his mode of life. The poor Socialists were deceived by the author of "Les Mystères de Paris." The sensualist had mystified the Socialists.

Monsieur Auguste Johanet, in a brochure entitled "Verities Sociales, Inconnues ou Meconnues," has given us a description of Eugene Sue's mode of living, and of his mansion in the manor and park of Des Bordes:

"It is impossible to convey an idea of this luxury, of the sumptuousness of those caprices, of those whims of all kinds: here a dining-room, where the sideboards display plate, porcelain, and crystal, with pictures and flowers, to add to the pleasures of the table all the pleasures of the eyes; then an inner gallery, where pictures, statucttes, drawings, and engravings reproduce subjects the most calculated to excite the imagination. Here is a library full of antiquities, whose book-cases contain works bound with unheard-of luxury, where objects of art arc multiplied with an absence of calculated affectation, which appears as if wishing to say they came there naturally. A daylight, shaded by the painted glass windows, and curtains of the richest stuff, gives to this place an air of mystery, invites to silence and to study, and produces those eccentric inspirations which M. Sue gives to the public. A desk, richly carved, receives sundry manuscripts of the romance-writer, the numerous homages sent to Monsicur, as the valet expresses himself, from all the corners of the globe, and which the faithful servant enumerates with the most scrupulous care. Every where may be seen gold, silver, silk, velvet, and soft carpets. Every where taste and art tax their ingenuity in a thousand ways to produce effect, ornament, and domestic enjoyments. A vast drawingroom, furnished and decorated with all imaginable care, exactly reproduces that of one of the heroines of romance of Monsieur Eugene Sue; and there have been carved on the wood-

EUGENE SUE.

work of a Gothic mantel-piece medallions representing the Madeleine falling at the feet of our Savior, who tells her that her sins will be forgiven her because her love has been strong. An immense looking-glass connects this *salon* with a greenhouse, filled with exotic shrubs and trees, and it is lighted at night with magnificent lustres. The walls are highly decorated, and gold and silver fish are seen swimming in marble basins. In addition to the lustres, there are candelabra for *bougies*, mixed with the foliage of the trees and plants, to increase the effect when the place is lighted up. A small gallery, lined with odoriferous plants, leads to a circular walk, which surrounds a garden cultivated in the most expensive manner, and there is a fine piece of water, with numerous swans on it.

"The walk is a chef d'œuvre of comfort, for it is alike protected from the wind and the rain, being covered with a dome. It is inclosed with balustrades, covered with creeping plants of the choicest nature. It is a sort of a terrestrial paradise in the bosom of the Salogne, and beyond it is a park, admirably laid out with kiosques, rustic cottages, elegant bridges, and a preserve for pheasants, which secures myriads of birds for the shooting excursions of the illustrious communist, whose keepers exercise a severe look-out to prevent any person from touching the game. The out-buildings show the same elegance. There is a splendid court-yard leading to the stables for carriage-horses, one of which has his name, ' Paradox,' marked over his stall. The woodwork is richly painted and varnished, with an infinity of brass ornaments. Near this place is a box, exclusively devoted to the favorite mare of citizen Eugene Sue, the famous Good Lady;' it is furnished with even more elegance. The harness is kept in the finest order, and there is a communication from the harness-room to the green-houses. The dog-kennels are in the same luxurious style as the stables. Many workmen would think themselves happy to have such habitations. In a walk round the reserved grounds, we convinced ourselves that the walks were carefully kept, and here and there are banks of moss for the author to repose upon in his meditations; but the tenants of the environs do not appear to derive any advantage

## LETTERS OF EUGENE SUE.

from the vicinity of the great apostle of progress and amelioration. Several of the houses are badly roofed, and the walls are cracked, and the houses are on a level with the marshy soil, covered with manure, which gives the inhabitants the ague during two thirds of the year. On the other hand, however, there is a profuse distribution of little books, such as the 'Berger de Kravan,' and other Socialist publications."\*

Madame de Staël's observation to a lady on visiting her in a villa very much decorated, and rather too sumptuously furnished, "Ma chère, vous avez trop de luxe," might have been addressed to Eugene Sue on entering his splendid mansion, and likewise to Lady Blessington in every abode of hers, from the period of her second marriage to the time of the break-up at Gore House.

The poor Socialists and true Republicans who had applauded the generous sentiment of Monsieur Eugene Sue, "No one had any right to superfluity while any one was in want of necessaries," might well say to their theoretical champion, "Mon cher Sue, vous avez trop de luxe: donnez nous qui sont en la misère, de ces superfluites, à lesquelles vous n'avez aucune titre."

## LETTERS FROM MONSIEUR EUGENE SUE.

" Je ne saurais vous dire, madame, combien j'ai été touché, non seulement de les trop aimables lettres que vous m'avez bien voulu cerire, mais encore de ce que vous avez pris la peine de me l'cerire en Français. Sous ce rapport elle m'a été doublement precieuse. Croyez, madame, que je sais trop la valeur de vos encouragements et de votre approbation pour la demeriter, et que je tiendrai desormais en bride une assez mauvaise tendance à la licence qui en effet m'a bien souvent et trop souvent prive d'une foule de charmantes connaissances et cela a mon grand regret, car je ne sais rien de plus ravissant au monde que de songer à cette espece de communion ou vous met votre cœur avec de pures et fraiches ames de candides jeunes filles-mais Helas! souvent le diable me tente et je succombe. Heureusement votre lettre, madame, me sera une infaillible talisman pour ne plus retomber dans les cearts. Mille fois merci encore, madame, de vos bontés pour mon ami Pleyel que vous avez je vous assure bien juge et qui est digne de tout ce que vous avez daigne faire pour lui, du moins par sa profonde reconnaissance. Adieu, madame, crovez je vous prie à mon respectueux dévouement. EUGENE SCE."

\* Men of the Time, p. 401. London, 1853.

#### LETTERS OF EUGENE SUE.

"Mille et mille pardons, madame, de ne pas vous envoyer comme j'esperais par notre cher Alfred la petite nouvelle que vous m'avez permis de vous adresser. 'Ouvre Poètes' c'est plutôt une biographie vrai qu'aura peut etre assez d'interêt, comme contenant, au milieu d'une si elegante composition de livres charmant qui emprunte son plus grand beauté au reflet de votre nom. J'avais l'honneur de vous faire parvenir le manuscrit au plus tard le trois ou quatre Juillet, il est terminé; mais j'ai beaucoup à revoir et à corriger. C'est une si bonne et belle fortune pour moi de paraître sous vos auspices, madame, que vous m'excuserez de ce petit retard occasioné par le soin que je met à revoir ce travail. Je quitte Alfred avec une vraie tristesse, plus je le connais, plus j'apprecie ce bon ce vaillant cœur, si chaud, si génereux pour ceux qu'il aime. Tout mon espoir est de le revoir bienôt, avec vous, madame, et de pouvoir enfin vous dire, combien je suis profondement touché de vos bontés pour moi.

"Agreez, madame, l'assurance d'une estime la plus respectueuse, &c.

"EUGENE SUE."

"MADANE,—Ce sont de nouveaux remerciments que j'ai encore à vous adresser, pour les deux livres merveilleux que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'envoyer, et surtout pour les lignes si flatteuses qui les accompagne. Ma seulo ambition (et elle est grande) serait de meritér ces eloges accordés avec une grace bienveilleuse, et un caprit, qui doublent encore le prix.

"Notre excellent ami me rassure un peu en me disant que vous êtes, madame, satisfait de mon pauvre Voyageur Eternel qui se voit à peu près exilé de tous les pays Catholiques, ce qui reduit singulièrement sa promenade de touriste. Heureuse pour lui l'Angleterre est plus hospitable, et cels j'aime à la croire, guidèe à l'exemple de Gore House, qui a souffert pour lui donner droit de cité. Merci donc encore, madame, au nom de mon pauvre proscrit, excommunié, danné, que l'autorité de votre nom et de votre grand esprit a si genereusement defendu et protégé.

"J'ai ecrit à Alfred, et je tiens à avoir l'honneur de vous le repeter, madame, que d'après l'an prochain, pouvoir vous adresser quelques pages plus dignes de vos admirable livres, c'est presque un droit que j'ai acquis, et je m'en montrerai toujours tres jaloux.

"Adieu, madame, veuillez croire à l'assurance de mon respectueux dévouement. Eugene Sue."

"MADAME,-Je suis sure davance que vous daignez accepter ce livre avec cette bienveillante indulgence que vous m'avez toujours témoigné. C'est donc seulement une occasion que ja saisis avec empressement de me rappeler à votre bon souvenir.

"Agreez, madame, l'assurance de mon respectueux dévouement.

" EUGENE SUE."

## LE VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT.

## MONSIEUR LE VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT.

Vicomte D'Arlincourt (Victor Prevost) was born in 1789, at his father's chateau, De Merantais, near Versailles. His father, Charles (*Fermier General*), perished on the scaffold, as did likewise his grandfather, Adrian, in 1794. They had lent the enormous sum of four millions of francs to the royal family in 1792: a million and a half to the aunts of Louis the Sixteenth, then in Bome; half a million to the brothers of the king, emigrants in Germany; and two millions to the king himself, previously to the disastrous 10th of August.

The present viscount commenced his literary career in 1818. by the publication of his poem, "La Caroleide," of which Charlemagne is the hero. "Le Solitaire" appeared in 1821; "Le Renegat," in 1822 ; "Ibsibo," in 1823 ; "L'Etrangère," in 1825 ; "Le Siege de Paris," in 1826, which was performed thirty nights consecutively at the Theatre Français; "Les Rebelles sous Charles V.," in 1831, a romance in verse ; "Les Ecorcheurs, ou l'Usurpation et la Peste," published in 1833 ; "Le Brasseur Roi," in 1834 ; " Le Double Règne," in 1835 ; " L'Herbagère," in 1836 ; "Les trois Châteaux," in 1840 ; "Ida," in 1841 ; "Le Pelerin," in 1842; "L'Etoile Polaire," in 1843; and his great work (if the author's opinion of its merits be well founded), "Les Trois Royaumes," of a later date. The Viscount D'Arlincourt made a starring tour of Europe in 1840, 1841, 1842, providing for the translation of his works, and attributing to his success "les riches cadeaux des puissances du Nord.".

The viscount has traveled much over Europe, and wherever he has been, his position in society, in literature, and the political affairs of the elder branch of the French Bourbons has obtained for him a flattering reception. He was much about the court (and in the councils, he gives us to understand) of Louis the Eighteenth and Charles the Tenth. Their dynasty went down, but the attachment to it of the viscount remained unehanged, and the light of his loyalty he has not allowed to remain hid under a bushel, or, indeed, any of the shining lights

\* Annuaire Biographique Descriptif, p. 5, Paris ed., 1843.

## LETTERS OF VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT.

which adom his intellectual character. The viscount has written many works, feeling impelled to write by the cravings of an appetite quite insatiable for praise. He is the author of several ephemeral articles, literary and political, and some dramas, which are dead and d-d.

In principles the viscount is an uncompromising legitimist; in literature he is a sort of La Bruyère. He mingles the characteristics of both in his works rather successfully. He possesses considerable shrewdness and finesse, sarcastic wit, and a natural penchant for romantic incidents. The intensity of his vanity, personal and literary, does not prevent his according praise liberally, or rather profusely, to others in the upper regions of literary society. His works have a certain interest, derived, perhaps, to a great extent, from the combination of a taste for imaginative fiction and romance, remarkable astuteness, and wisdom of a worldly kind, advantageously exhibited in them. This was particularly the case in his earlier productions, at a time when light and imaginative literature in France was much rarer than it now is, and possessed also less vigor than at present. His works generally, if they made their appearance now, would hardly obtain the character they have acquired. The viscount, however, it must be admitted, is a graceful writer, with a great facility of expression, and an epigrammatic turn that gives a terseness to his descriptions and observations. In conversation he is amusing, and if pointed in his remarks, polished at the same time in his delivery and manner. He possesses an immense fund of anecdote, and relates well. Altogether, the viscount is looked upon by those intimately acquainted with him as a good and rare specimen of the accomplished gentleman of the old French school, of amenity dignified by mental culture and enlightened by liberal pursuits.

From Vicomte D'Arlincourt :\*

"Aiz-la-Chapelle, Oct. 22, 1843.

"AIMABLE ET MADELLENTE AMES,-J'ai reçu votre charmante lettre du 16 Octobre, qui m'a prouvé que la bonté et le talent sont inseparable chez vous. Combien je suis reconnaissant des peines que vous vous êtes donnés pour

\* I doubt if there is in any language a more remarkable specimen of intense literary vanity and consummate self-conceit than these letters afford.--R. R. M.

### LETTERS OF VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT.

454

moi. Pourquoi faut il que votre eloquence ait en ai peu de prise auprès de celui que vous daignez appeler vous entendre.

"Avant tout je desirerais savoir quel prix il donnerait de mes deux volumes, en admettant le cas qu'il daigne en être satisfait. Je parle de monseigneur le libraire.

"Puis : dites moi s'il entend par *édition Anglaise* une traduction ; je suppose que cela veut dire, une edition publié à Londres en Français. Cependant il faut s'expliquier.

"Enfin, si jo me déterminais à envoyer un specimen je demande imperieusement qu'il ne se compose plus que d'un tiers de volume. Ce sera bien assen pour juger : surtout si ce monsieur a une intelligence en harmonie avec ses prétensions, et à la hauteur de ses arrets.

"Conseillez moi, almable dame ! Pensez vous qu'il puisse être prudent d'envoyer courir un manuscrit par mer et par terre ! C'est plus que par monts et par cullées : de quelle façon faudroit il s'y prendre pour qu'il ne lui arrivât pas mal-aventure !

"Pardon de tout de détails ennuyeux : mais c'est à un sœur que je les adresse, et cela me rassure un peu.

"Votre jolie nièce, a t'elle pensée ou petit travail que j'attends de son obligeance ! la nomenclature de vos charmants ouvrages. Je lui demande aussi le titre des principales celebrités litteraires et artistiques de Londres, et avec un mot sur le merite et les succès de chacun d'eux. Sont-elle connu pour y songer !

"Sur le petit note qu'elle m'a donnée, il y a un nom que je ne lis pas bien : c'est celui d'un peintre : est-ce bien Edwin Landseer : je n'en suis pas sur.

"Adieu chère et belle comtesse ! je vous adresse ici une lettre bien matérielle, une lettre à fastidieux détails, mais votre génie repliera ses ailes un instant pour reprendre après un plus brillant essor.

"Mille amitiés a mon hon Comte D'Orsay; et croyez moi tous deux pour la vie. Votre tout devoué, Le Vicoarte D'Arlincourt.

" P.S.—Tout reflexions faite, s'il faut se resoudre à envoyer un specimen, autant vaut un demi volume qu'un tiers. C'est à quoi il faut s'arreter c'est à la manière de l'envoyer, puis, avant tout, il faut savoir si le prir qu'il pourrait donner vaut le sacrifice qu'il exige."

. Word ille able

### LETTERS OF VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT.

"Janvier 19, 1844.

455

"AIMABLE SEUS EN AFOLLON !-- Voyez combien je compte sur vos bontés pour moi. Voici une 50aine de prospectus des Trois Voyageurs que mon éditeur de France me supplie de vous adresser pour les donner à Monsieur Murray, et à les confrères en librairie (sans oubliér Monsieur Dulon.)

"Me pardonnerez vous cette importunité ! Oh oui : car vous êtes la grace et l'obligeance même, mais c'est un frère qui en appele à l'affection et au génie.

"D'ici a peu de jours, chère milady (vous me permettez ce doux nom : n'est-ce pas)! Je vous enverrais plusieurs beaux feuilles de mon premier volume pour remettre à Mr. Murray comme specimen, après les avoir lus, il vous dira quels sont ses offres! Je desire vivement qu'elles soient avantageuses. Arrangez cela pour moi, comme si c'était pour vous, et croyes à ma vive reconnaissance.

" J'ai ici un traducteur (le gendre de M. Kenyon) qui a du vous écrire. Il offre de traduire mon livre, et sous mes yeux, de manière à être pret le jour même ou je paraltrais à Paris.

"Vous pouvez dire à Mr. Murray que je retarderais ma publication, pour que le traduction Anglaise soit en vente à Londres lorsque l'edition Française paraltra à Paris. Mais il faut que Mr. Murray m'offre un prix convenable. Je compte à cet egard sur vos bons offices.

"Il faudrait faire mettre s'il est possible, un extrait du prospectus dans quelques Journaux Anglais notamment dans le 'Morning Post' et le 'Courier de l'Europe.'

"Il faudrait aussi en envoyer à Dublin et à Edinburg.

" Je vous en adresserai encore par l'ambassadeur d'Sardaigne. Mais en vérité je suis honteux et confus de tous les egoismes de cette lettre. Je no vous parle que de moi. Vous m'y avez autorisé, et cependant je ne saurais me le pardonner.

"Mille amitiés à mon cher Comte D'Orsay. Je regrette bien de ne l'avoir pas vu à Paris quand il y a passé. J'ai pris une vive part à la perte qu'il a faite, et ou chagrin qu'il a du ce rapporter.

"Vous savez sans doute le brillant cadeau que m'a fait l'Empereur de Russie, après avoir lu l'Etoile.

"Veuillez ma aimable sœur agréer les expressions bien senties de ma tendre dévouement, et de ma profonde gratitude. Votre tres humble et tres obeissant serviteur, La Vicourz D'Allincourz."

" 29 Mai, 1844.

"CHÈRE CONTRESA, — Voici une petite nouvelle qui, si l'affair vous sera agréable, et pourra plaire à voe lecteurs *in the Book of Beauty* : lorsque vous l'aurez traduite, et que vous l'aurez revêtue des charmes de votre style, elle auraun mérite de plaire : Vous lui donnerez un nouveau charme.

"Je suis vraiment heureux de trouver une occasion de vous être agréable.

#### LETTERS OF VIOLETE D'ARLINGOUDED

Disposan de mel en toute occasion, et croyas à men dévenuent indimnide ; il vous est acquis pour la vie.

"Mille remerchanne de votre charmant article du Genet Journel. Man Boup \* Les Trois Royammes,' est sans donte, en ce moment publié à Loudres. Il aura commencé sa carrière, et, protégé par vous, il a du faine san estate donne le monde avec de grandes chances de sucche. Continues ini voire seconse, eimable sour ! Soutenes ses pas sur la terre étrangene, et tenus mai en esquent, de ses destinées.

" Pattenda impatiemment les journeux qui en rendent compte à Londrun. Quant à coux de Paris, ils l'out comblé d'eloges.

"Mes Trois Royausses obtiennant ici en ce moment un grand ensechs de vogue. C'ast le livre à la mode, et il me donne ici de vive jezissances. Disse vauille qu'il en soit de même à Londres ; et à cet effort je sompte sur la buillante \_\_\_\_\_\_\* qui a bien voulu être son ange tutelaire.

"Adieu, ma houns sour, ditas au Comte D'Ormy les choses les plus afficitueuses pour moi ; je me recommande toujours à lui, et je suis à tout,

"Votre tendre et reconnaissant, Viocerre D'Animosune."

"Paris, op 13 Mint, 1864.

"CRÈRE ET EXCELLENTE ANDE, J'al enfin terminé avec Mondeur Bmais non pas comme je l'avais desiré, néanmoins si son edition Anglaiss a de succès, et s'il est honnete homme, mon traité pourre me rapporter quelques bénéfices.

"Voici ce qui a été convenu. Mr. B—paye tous les frais de traduction, d'impression et de publication, paye tous les frais nombreuses, il partage avec moi les bénéfices de la vente. Le livre paraltra à Londres en même temps qu'à Paris.

"Il résulte de cet arrangement, que je puis n'avoir pas grand chose, mais qu'il y a chance de gain s'il y a succès.

"Or donc, c'est un succès qu'il faut obtenir ; et qui mieux que vous, simable sœur ! peut y contribuer ! Parlez du livre ! faites en parler ! protégé par vous, il aura de la vogue.

"Dès que l'edition Française sera prete je me haterai de vous onvoyer un joli petit exemplaire, hommage de dévouement et de reconnaissance.

"Mille tendresses à mon cher Comte d'Orsay, je me recommande à lui ansai pour mettre mes Trois Royeumes à la mode, Le Morsing Post, Le Courier de l'Europe, et tous les journaux qui vous admirent devraient bien m'accorder quelques lignes do bienveillance à votre sollicitation.

"J'aime à y compter; car il me sera bien doux de vous exprimer ma gratitude et mon affection. Laissez tomber quelques rayons de votre gloire sur mon humble ouvrage en ce moment à vos pieds; et sa route sora brillante, et son pere vous benira.

"Veuillez agréer, chère sour, les nouvelles expressions d'amitié fidèle de votre tout dévoué, . Le Viconte D'Allincover.

· Word illegible.

### LETTERS OF VICOMTE D'ARLINCOURT.

"Oserai je vous prier de revoir Mr. B----, et de vous concerter avec lui pour le succès des 'Trois Royaumes.'

"Le Baron D'Haussez m'a dit qu'il avait été fort content de Mr. B----, lorsque celui-ci édita la traduction Anglaise de son livre.

"Si je le sais aussi, Mr. B-et moi, nous pourrons parler -----\* d'autres affaires : le tout depende de succès."

#### " 19 Fevrier, 1844.

"AIMABLE ET CHÈRE CONTESSE, Je ne saurais vous exprimer combien je suis touché de votre bonté. J'ai vu le 'Court Journal,' et je l'ai lu avec une vive reconnaissance. M. M. doit avoir pris maintenant une decision ; et grâce à l'interêt que vous me portez, je ne doute pas qu'elle ne soit convenable. On m'a dit qu'il avait fait deja annoncer dans les journaux que le livre parattra chez lui. On m'a sussi assuré que C — était désolé de ne s'en être pas rendu acquireur. Tout cela promet une heureuse fin et c'est à vous que je le devrais.

"J'ai reçu la jolie petite lettre de votre charmante nièce, et je le remercie vivement. Je corrigerai les erreurs que vous me signalez.....

"A mon traducteur Monaieur M— travaille toujours avec activité. Je vous envoye par une occasion sure huit feuilles qu'il vient de terminer. Si Mr. Murray s'arrange avec vous il pourra commencer de suite à imprimer la traduction; car on attend impatiemment mes '*Trois Royaumes*' et il serait facheuse de trop retarder la publication.

"Laissez-moi vous repeter ici les expressions de ma gratitude. Je serai heureux d'aller vous les porter moi même à Londres, et si je puis ici vous être utile, disposéz de moi, comme le frère le plus tendre et le plus devoué.

"Mille amitiés à mon bon Comte D'Orsay. Quel regret j'ai eu de ne pas le voir à Paris pendant son court sejour ; je compte sussi sur vos soins et son affection.

" Croyez moi toujours pour la vie, tout à vous de plume et de cœur.

" LE VICONTE D'ARLINCOURT."

### "Rue Canmartin, Paris, 17th Mai.

"AIMABLE ET CHÈRE SCEUE, --- Mes Trois Voyageurs veut paraitre à Londres et à Paris, en deux, trois ou quatre jours. Soutenez les! protégéz les! Qu'une des palmes qui ceignent votre front s'etende sur eux comme un talisman de protection. Son plus grande gloire aura été d'être sous votre égide.

"Les journaux vous les parleront sans doute de mon livre. Surtout s'il a un beau succès. Je voudrais bien avoir quelques un de vos articles pour le faire reproduire dans les Gazettes Français.

"Les dernières pages du 2e volume sont toutes politiques : Elles parlent de Mr. le Duc de B-, et vous comprenez la colère que j'aurais de y mettre. Tachez d'en faire parler, dans notre opinion, par le Morning Post, le

\* Word illegible.

VOL. I.-U

### CASIMIR DELAVIGER,

Court Journal, dec., et toutes les ganettes qui quagathieuxt avec in quant. Je ferais repondre ici leurs articles et leurs reflexions politiques, et cals genermit être utile ici à moi et sux notres. Je regarde cels courses important de hien des choses et sous hien des rapports.

" Pespers vous envoyer prochainement l'exémpleire Français qui vous ant destiné, accasilles le avec voire bosté accoutumé ; et est hommage de seconnaissance vous dira combien je suis heureux et fier de voire illestre patrenage.

" Je n'ai pas besoin de vous recommander mes interôts sons le repputi peeminire. Je ne doute pas que vous soyen bonne à cat egard comme en isant le reste ; esperons que Monsieur B---- montre de l'honneur propre à en agir noblement avec moi ; nous pourrons faire quelques autres affaires ensemble, si je suis content de lui.

"Adiou, ma excellente amis. Je vais attendre impatismment des neuvelles de Londres, le moment décisif est venu.

"Croyez moi pour le vie chère sœur, votre reconnaissant et dévoué surefteur, Vicourus D'Animoosure.

"Mille tendresses à mon bon Comte D'Orsay, je compte annei sur son amitić, sur ses soins, sur son credit, et sur son talent, il a, à la fois tant d'obligeance et tant de bonté," étc.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

### CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

LADY BLESSINGTON made the acquaintance of this distinguished writer in Naples. She speaks in high terms, in her letters, of the simplicity and naïveté of his character. His unaffected manners and amiable disposition made a strong impression on her mind. His conversation appeared to her interesting, full of poetry, but devoid of all manifestations of morbid sensitiveness and vanity.

Casimir Delavigne died at Lyons, in his fiftieth year, in December, 1843.

For a considerable time he had been in delicate health, the result of his unremitting literary labors for many years. Monsieur Jules Janin published an interesting memoir of this eminent poet and dramatist in the Debats newspaper. His dramatic productions have long kept possession of the French stage, and still retain all their original popularity He died without

### LETTERS OF CASIMIE DELAVIGNE.

pain or suffering, in the full possession of all his faculties, and unconscious, it would appear, of any immediate danger. When he breathed his last, his wife was in the act of reading to him Scott's novel of "Guy Mannering;" and living in illusions, the poet died in them. His son, a boy of ten years of age, was present when he expired.

### LETTERS FROM CASIMIR DELAVIGNE TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"MADAME,—Je ne saurais trop vous remercier du présent que vous avez bien voulu me faire. Vous demandez en revanche des vers de moi ; après ceux que je viens de lire. J'ai quelque honte d'envoyer les miens cependant je dois obeir, ils n'auront d'autre merite que de vous rappeler très imparfaitement dans une imitation Française une des plus sublimes images du 'Gisour.' Je vous dois de nouveaux remerciéments pour l'espérance que vous nous avez donnée de vous revoir en France. C'est alors que mieux inspiré dans ma patrie je pourai vous adresser à vous même des vers qui par le sujet seront moins indignes de l'honneur que vous voules leur faire en les plaçant près de ceux de vos grands poetes.

"Recevez, madame, l'hommage de mon respect.

"En quittant Napoli, 22 Janvier.

" CASINIE DELAVIGNE.

"Je prie Monsieur le Comte D'Orsay d'agréer mes complimens les plus affectueur."

> "Contemplez une femme avant que le linceuil En tombant sur son front brise notre esperance Le jour de son trépas, ce premier jour du deuil Où le danger finit, où le néant commence : Quelle triste douceur ! quel charme attendrissant ! Que de mélancolie et pourtant que de grace. Dans ses levres sans vie où la frâleur descend ! Comme votre ceil aride admire en fremissant. Le calme de ses traits dont la forme s'éfface, La morne volupté de son sein palissant ! Du corps inanimé l'aspect glass votre âme. Pour vous même attendri, vous lizez vos destins Dans l'immobilité de ses beaux yeux éteints Ils ont séduit, pleuré, lancé des traits de flamme, Et les voils sans four, sans larmes, sans regard ! Pour qu'il vous reste une doute il est déjà trop tard ; Mais l'espoir un moment suspendit votre crainte, Tant sa tête repose avec séronité ! Tant la main de la mort s'est doucement empreinte

### CONTE ALFRED DE VIGNY. "!

#### 

### COMTE ALFRED DE VIGNY.

The name of this gentleman stands high in French literature. His popularity as a poet, a novelist, and miscellaneous writer, a few years ago, was hardly surpassed by that of any other French author. His "Cinque Mars," an historical novel, possesses great interest and merit.

His "Chatterton" also was greatly admired in its day, and several of his minor tales and poems still maintain a high places in public opinion.

I have met this gentleman in the best literary society in Paris about ten years ago. His highly-cultivated mind, elegant tastes, polished manners, and amiable disposition, were not more worthy of observation than his remarkable modesty and simplicity of character.

"Alfred de Vigny," observes Lady Blessington, " is a man of fine feelings as well as genius, but were they ever distinct? I like to think they can not be, for my theory is, that the feelings are to genius what the chords are to a musical instrument—they must be touched to produce effect."

#### FROM COUNT ALFRED DE VIGNY TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

" 18ieme -, (1840), Paris.

"Moi qui me souviens, milady, de vous avoir trouvé une soir si profondement affecté de la mort d'une amie, je puis mesurer tout la peine que vous avez éprouvée à la perte de Lord Durham. J'aimais toujours à me figurer que je le retrouverai à Gore House à coté de vous, et je ne puis croire encors qu'en si peu de tems il ait été enlevé à ses amis. Je ne crains point avec vous de parler d'une chose deja ancienne, comme ou dirait à Paris, car je sais quel religieux souvenir vous gardez à ceux qui ne sont plus, et qui vous furent chers.

" Je regrette dans Lord Durham tout l'avenir que je me promettais de sa vie politique, et le developpement des idées saines et larges, que, chez vous il m'avait montrée. Si je ne me suis trompé sur lui, l'alliance de la France lui semblait précieuse à plus d'un titre, et il connaissait profondement les vues de

\* These lines would have served well to describe the marvelous beauty that supervened on death, the revived loveliness of Lady Blessington, as it was in the bloom of youth, that manifested itself in the remains of that lady a few hours after her decease.—R. R. M.

### LETTER FROM SIGNORE LUIGI CHIAVE.

la Russie. S'il tenait à cette géneration de vos hommes d'etat qui prirent part aux plus grandes luttes, il était pourtant jeune d'esprit et de cœur, et un homme de passé et d'avenir à la fois sont bien rares.

"Vous pensez à voyager in Italy, y songez vous encore, milady, je le voudrais puisque Paris est sur le chemin, et je suis assuré par tout la grace avec laquelle vous m'avez ouvert Gore House, que vous ne seriez point affligée de me voir vous porter en France l'assurance du plus sincére et du plus durable dévouement. Alfrage de Viewr."

From Signore Luigi Chiave, on the death of the Duke Torlonia :

"Rome, March 14, 1829.

661

"DEAE LADY BLESSINGTON,-We were all in the deepest affliction for the severe loss of our dear Duke Torlonia when your letter from Paris of the 14th ult. reached me; you will, therefore, excuse my delay in answering the same, and the slowness of my reply.

"The duke's death is a great loss to our family, although he had made his will, providing for every one of his family very magnificently, and for Alexander in particular. The house of commerce goes on just the same as before; just now all are very busy, which causes to us some distraction; but my poor mother, who has not the same advantage, feels the loss still more, and has experienced a great blow.

" I am sure, Lady Blessington, that you and all your party will sympathize with us in our profound grief, and will take a kind interest in our situation.

"This has been a dreadful winter—deaths without end: more than the half of the Roman society is in mourning, not for the Pope, for whom nobody has mourned either exteriorly or internally. His death puts an end to all the gayeties of the Carnival, and then the others followed, till our own calamity befeil us, and every thing was at an end. There were all the appearances for a most brilliant Carnival, and the day on which the poor duke died was to be our bal masqué. What a change ! I see that all the world is not equally unfortunate. I rejoice with Count D'Orsay for the happy accouchement of his sister the Duchesse de Guiche, which I have seen in the newspaper, as also with you for your sister's marriage."

"I remain, dear Lady Blessington, ever yours sincerely,

" LUIGI CHIAVE."

\* In 1815, the authoress of the Diary of the Times of George the Fourth, referring to the assembly at Torionia's in Rome, and his two palaces, the old for his banking business and his money-bags, the new for his festas, observes, "It would be unjust not to acknowledge that the Duc de Torionia, though purse-proud and a parvenu, is a very useful and hospitable person, and his family render themselves equally serviceable and agreeable to all strangers who visit Rome, especially to the English."—Diary of the Times of George the Fourth, vol. iii., p. 7.

The writer goes on to say, that the wealthy banker, whom Bonaparte made a

#### THE BABOO DWAREANAUTE TABORE.

### THE BABOO DWARKANAUTH TAJORE.

This enlightened and opulent Hindoo claimed descent from one of the five renowned Brahmins of Bangal, who settled in that country many centuries ago. He inherited vast estates in Castach, and property in houses and land in and adjoining Calousta. At an early age he showed a strong predilection for European society and manners, and commercial enterprise. He built indigo factories, bought and chartered ships, and obtained from government a high office, that of the head Dewan of the malt department. His munificence was unbounded to all the charitable and scientific institutions of Calcutta. He first visited England in 1842 for a few months. He proceeded to the Continent, studied the language and institutions of that country, and again returned to England, but much impaired in health.

Among the many friendships he formed in London with distinguished persons, that in which he seemed to take most pleasure was the close intimacy he had contracted with Lady Blessington and the Count D'Orsay. Some proofs were given of the value he set on their acquaintance in the shape of Cashmere shawls and other precious objects of great value.

Count D'Orsay's portrait of his Hindoo friend was one of the happiest efforts of his pencil. The Baboo died at his residence, St. George's Hotel, Albermarle Street, on the 1st of August, 1846, aged fifty-one. His remains were interred in Kensal Green cemetery, in the unconsecrated portion of the ground. No religious service was performed over the body. The son of the deceased attended the funeral, attired in an Indian costume, composed wholly of black cloth.

### LETTER FROM THE HINDOOSTANEE PRINCE, DWAREANAUTH TAJORE,

"Calcutta, 15th February, 1844.

1104 122

"MY DRAR LADY BLESSINGTON,-Your highly esteemed favor of the 16th of December, 1842, with the no less esteemed gift which accompanied it, reach-

duke, purchased the Princess of Wales's most valuable jewels; and that some pearls of priceless value, which belonged to her royal highness, decorated the ample bosom of the citizen's wife.-R. R. M.

#### LETTER FROM DWARKANAUTH TAJORE. '

ed me only on the 8th instant, after wandering for upward of a year in the wide world, and visiting Mauritius, Madras, &c., where the ship was subjected to many detentions.

"An unlooked-for gift, however, is never too late to be thankfully received; and I only regretted the circumstance, because my not acknowledging the favor within a reasonable period must have made me appear very ungrateful in your eyes. I now lose not a moment to assure you that the sight of your hand-writing was truly acceptable, and, according to our Eastern notions, as much as half a visit.

"The two Annuals I have perused with great pleasure, more especially the contribution by yourself, and others of the highly-gifted circle with whom I have passed so many pleasant hours at Gore House.

"You remind me of my promise to revisit England—a promise which I can never lose sight of so long as its many attractions continue, and which would have been fulfilled ere now, had I not considered it necessary, in the first instance, to make myself better acquainted with such objects of interest in my own country as I had not before visited. This I have now accomplished, having but lately returned from an extensive tour in the upper part of India, in the course of which I visited the Holy City of Benares, Agra, Delhi, and many others, abounding with works of art far surpassing my most sanguine expectations, and presenting, at the same time, the most romantic associations, which would be better suited for your poetical genius than my prossic pen.

"The Tai Mehal of Agra, built upward of 200 years ago by the Emperor Sha Jebaun, as a tomb for his beloved wife, Noor Mehal (the 'light of the harem'), is a work which has no equal in the world, and is truly beyond description. No words, no idea, no drawing, no model, nothing indeed but the Tai itself, can show what the Tai really is. The symmetry of the whole, and the proportions of the component parts, the materials of which it is built, the mosaics, and the endless variety of detail in the friezes, acreens, pavements, and belustrades, are all alike worthy of the highest admiration, and in so perfect a state, that one can scarcely believe that they were not the work of yesterday.

"The pure white marble of which the tomb is built is still as transparent and beautiful as it was at the time of the erection, and the exquisitely-finished inlaid work, composed of precious stones, and representing the most beautiful flowers, is in no less perfect a state of preservation.

"I must, however, conclude my letter, and defer giving you any further description of the many palaces and other works I have visited until we again meet in England, which I hope will be at no very distant period.

"Kindly present the inclosed letter to Count D'Orsay, and remember me to your fair niece, and the other kind friends who have been inquiring after me, and believe me, my dear Lady Blessington, ever most sincerely yours

"DWARKANAUTH TAJORE."

## 464 LETTERS FROM HASSUNA D'GHUBA -- MANUE PACHA.

LETTERS FROM HASSUNA D'GHIES TO LADY MURSEINGTON.

"33 Alemanie Soust, -----, 1981. "Haasuma D'Ghies presente ses complimens respectasuses à my Lord et my Lady Blessington, et leur temoigne ses regrets de ne pouvoir pas avais l'honnour d'accepter leur simable invitation pour aujourd'hui, passague il se trouve engage, et leur doit la même obligation.

" D'Ghies les pris de recevoir de nouvesux l'assurance de son parfinit camnideration.

"Mercredi à quatre beures."

#### "22 Albemarie Street, 4th July, 1888.

"My Lary,-Having received a small shawl from my country, I take the liberty of asnding it to your ladyship, in hopes you will favor me by accepting it; though not sufficient for your merit, neither for my gratitude, yet as a mark of esteem for all the civilities I have received from your ladyship.

"Receive, my lady, the expression of my high consideration.

"I have the honor to be, your obedient servant, HASSUMA D'GHTES."

#### LETTER FROM NAMIZ PACHA TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

" Carlton Hotel, 16th May, 1835.

"My LADY,-Je regrette infinement de ne pouvoir pas me rendre chez vous pour prendre congé. Depuis ce jour dernier, que je dois quiter l'Angleterre un indisposition me tiens dens le chambre.

"Je vous remette un livre sur medecine, et la note de music que sa hautesse le sultan a composè que je vous prie d'accepter, en attendant et dans l'espoir de revoir l'angleterre bientôt à fin de pouvoir vous exprimer de nouveau madame tout l'estime et la sincere amitié que je vous porte, je veux que vous m'envoyez aussi, madame, le portrait charmant qui m'a été gratuitement offert.

"Agreez, madame, l'assurance de ma sincere amitié, NAMIZ."

### LETTER FROM GENERAL COUNT D'ORSAY TO LADY BLESSINGTON. "Rue de Bourbon, Paris.

"Chère Lady Blessington, ma femme m'a dit qu'un bureau, pareille à celui que j'ai donné à Alfred conviendrait à Lord Blessington : faites moi le plainir de lui offrir celui ci de ma part et de le prier de l'accepter comme souvenir de son ami.

"Ce petit cadeau en passant par vos mains ne peut que devenir plus agrecable, vous savez si bien en votre amabilité s'accoutumée faire valoir les plus petites choses, que vous saurez mettre un nouveau prix à cette bagatelle et malgré les rarétes que possede le cher lord daignez le faire entendre que les souvenirs de l'amitié ne doivent point être appreciés par le magnificence.

"Homages et amities sinceres. A. C.

A. COMTE D'ORSAY."

### LETTERS FROM R. WESTMACOTT, ESQ.

### ROBERT WESTMACOTT, JUN., ESQ.

The "young sculptor of much promise," who made the acquaintance of Lady Blessington at Naples in 1824, had been studying in Rome, and had already executed, during his residence there, several works of great merit. Lord Dudley and Ward had been one of his earliest and most zealous patrons.

Few artists were held in higher regard by Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay than this eminent sculptor, and accomplished and amiable gentleman. To his professional talents, refined taste, and judgment, he added literary abilities far above mediocrity. He wrote prose and verse with grace and facility, and conversed with case and effect. His high moral character and worth, mental culture, and amiable disposition, made him an estimable member of society, and an especial favorite of Lady Blessington, both in Italy and at home.

## LETTERS FROM ROBERT WESTMACOTT, ESQ., TO LADY BLESS-INGTON.

"Mr. R. Westmacott presents his compliments to Lady Blessington, and does himself the pleasure to inclose a copy of the lines of Mrs. Hemans he spoke of last evening.

"He hopes Lady Blessington will think as well of them as he does. He is quite vain for the share he has had in calling forth so sweet a song.

"He takes advantage of being in good company to send some wildish lines, written 'on the spot,' as authors say, that is, in a storm literally.

" Monday evening."

"Thursday.

"I only returned to town last night, or I should have had the pleasure to answer your ladyship's inquiry sconer, or, rather, to acknowledge your note, for, I am sorry to say, neither my Italian nor I can remember the date of Miss Bathurst's death, and I fear I have destroyed every memorandum (excepting a cast of the relievo I executed in Rome) connected with the event.

"RICHARD WESTMACOTT."

### LETTER FROM SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND TO LADY BLESSINGTON. "Capo di Naplis (Naples).

"I am ashamed of having been so long answering your ladyship's kind letter, but I could not get the decision of Prince Stiliano Colonna till the night before last, and the death of one of my own horses yesterday made me uncertain whether I could go to Capo di Monte or not to-morrow. It is, however,

### LETTER FROM JOHN AULDJO, BROLA

now settled that we are to have the honor of waiting on you. I have taken the liberty of asking the prince's brother, who lives with him.

"W. Destances,"

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### FROM JOHN AULDJO, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

" Nuples, September 25, 1985. "My DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,-I have been somewhat remiss in not answering you kind letter sooner, but the wish to see the end of a story of Bonuccio's in 'The Omnibus' (a weekly publication), in which you are one of the principal characters, has kept me from writing to you till I could tell you what you do and say at Pompeii, in company with Scott, Byron, and many other great persons of this great era. This and has not yet appeared ; but I cam no longer delay in thanking you for your kindness to my humble self, and I am much afraid that it is owing to your good nature that you have read my trivial tour with an eye closed to its defects, and praised what you ought to have condemned. Nevertheless, I am extremely flattered by your good opinion, which, in truth, I value more than the accumulated encominms of a thousand critics, could so many of those dread arbiters of an author's fate be found to give me a favoring word. Besides, I feel honored by your promise of the Book of Beanty, which I look forward to with anticipations of no hitle pleasure. If you will direct it to be sent to Messrs. Bingham and Richards, King's Arms Yard, Coleman Street, addressed to me, it will be forwarded to me by the very first opportunity.

" I am glad to find that Mrs. Torre Holmes's poem meets your approbation. I am certain she will feel delighted by your attention, and will be tempted to place at your disposal many such offerings, even of greater beauty than the present one : her address is, Mrs. Torre Holmes, care of F. Mangles, Eeq., Down Farm, near Guildford, Surrey. With regard to any contribution of my own, I am almost afraid to tempt my fate among the beautiful and well-wrought tales which your magic wand calls forth ; yet I fain would answer the spell, and will send you, before the end of January, one, the scene of which is in Naples, in the stormy times of the ' conspiracy of the barons,' and if it should not meet with approbation, you will only have to treat it with a short process and throw it into the fire. And now let me analyze Signor Bonuccio's curious story. You are accused of visiting Pompeii by moonlight, with Scott, Byron, Madame Recamier ; and the author, Bonuccio, describes himself as waiting for your arrival, sitting on the steps of the Temple of Fortune-the moon, rising in all its southern beauty and softness from behind the mountains over Amalfa and Salerno, Vesuvius, with the red glare of an eruption on its summit, strives to contend with its silver rays for possession of the sacred spot,

### LETTER FROM JOHN AULDJO, ESQ.

and illumines one side of the temples and statues of the Forum with its murky red, while the other is under the dominion of the silver tint of the glorious orb. On one side the sky is darkly, deeply blue; on the other, thick volumes of sulphuric smoke roll up and shroud the face of heaven. Of course he is in a reverie, from which a well-dressed page startles him, and announces the arrival of his expected guests; he hurries toward the entrance, and meets you by the Theatre; but he observes that the Day of Algiers, with a vast train of odalisques, a beautiful sultana, almehs, and singers, was reposing under the weeping willow of the Forum, and can not be stirred from his pipe, his dances, and his songs, rapt up in their enjoyment, and with true Eastern feeling, heedless of the treasures of Pompeii and the beauty of the ladies of your society. He leaves the dey to his pleasure, and with you under his care, leads the party through the city of the dead. Walter Scott hobbles for a time, and facile a gentile idioms glis era affatto ignota.

"He was sulky because he was Zoppo, like Byron, Bulwer (what will he say to this libel ?), Chateaubriand, and Canning. However, poor Sir Walter takes little notice of any thing, being buried, as it were, in his own past dreams, and was as one called from the grave, and only kept with them by the enchanting smiles of the beautiful genius who hung upon his, the delighted author's arm ! Well, you wander about till near dawn, but, faith ! not a word does he repeat of what you said, or indeed any of the party. But you do wander about till near dawn, and arrive at the Basilica, where the first rays of the rising god of day disclose a beautiful sight-the whole Bay of Naples. Naples, Castelamare, the coast of Sorrento, the plain all awakening into life under the warm influence, and all are struck with the amazing loveliness of the scene. But these first rays disclose another sight still more enchanting-a table covered with the rarest flowers, and spread with all the delicacies of the season, from India, Persia, America; the dishes of gold and silver. What fairy has done this ! "Tis by the munificence of the Duke of Casarano, who, as the darkness cleared away, was discovered at the head of the table, waiting to do the honors of the feast. Your ladyship sits on his right hand ; the attendants hand round the flowers and fruits, when lo ! they are found to be all sorbetti, and you the queen of beauty, after a long conversation about the ancients and the moderns too (but all of which instructive conversation is unfortunately suppressed). conclude by declaring that Italia was ever the classic land of taste, of the arts, of politeness, and that the Duke of Casarano is the great representative of all three ! Here the story stops, and I anxiously look for the next paper, when I hope we shall learn how you got home after this dainty feast. It would be a pity to deprive you of the end of so beautiful a tale, and I shall take an opportunity of transmitting it to you when it appears. But now I suspect you will be sadly tired of all this nonsense ; yet I trust you will excuse my obliging you to wade through this short abstract, instead of sending you several sheets, had I transcribed the whole.

### DE. JOHN WILLIAM POLIDORI, M.B.

"It was with grant pain that I received an invitation from Illing, 50, join Lord Durham and himself at Malta, and go to Constantinople, Odama, and Mosecow; but, unfortunately for me, Ellice wrote so shortly before they left London, and the process our letters undergo at various frontisen to know cholera out of them delay them so long on the read, that I only get it in times to be disappointed, for I could not have reached Malta by any contributes bafore they got there, and luckily decided on not trying to do so, for I have since learned that they did pass before I could have got to Memina.

"Poor Sir William Gell is very far from being in a convalement state, and I am afraid the approach of winter will be too much for him. Instead of rallying, as we expected, with the summer, he gradually grows weaker, and, are long, the fitful dream must be over ; he is in good spirits, and is very gradual for any attention. The archbishop, though so much older, is likely to live much longer than his friend, and the Ricciardis are the great supporters of a new singing, acting, dancing society called the *Filarmonics*. The second sum is liberated, but is very little seen in society. Jonn Arrane."

### DR. JOHN WILLIAM POLIDORI, M.D.

In April, 1816, when Byron set out on his second tour, he was accompanied by a young Italian physician in the capacity of his traveling medical attendant. Polidori was a young man of considerable talents, wild and ill-regulated, exceedingly eccentric, vain, capricious, and irascible, but of honorable principles, an outspeaking, original, independent thinker. He was the son of a person of high character and respectability, who had been in early life a secretary of the poet Alfieri. Had his abilities been well directed, and time given for the exercise of them and the cooling down of his excessive ardor and enthusiasm, he might have become very eminent in his profession or in the pursuits of literature. He took a pleasure in provoking his indulgent patron, Lord Byron, sometimes even practicing acts of rudeness which another might not have ventured to attempt with impunity.

In 1816, Mr. and Mrs. Shelley were living at Secheron, on the borders of the Lake of Geneva, with Lord Byron, and some time after, when Byron removed to Diodati, the Shelleys were again guests of his lordship. On each occasion Polidori was an inmate of his lordship's abode.

While at Diodati, during a week of rain, the party had agreed

### DR. JOHN WILLIAM POLIDORI, M.D.

to amuse themselves with reading German ghost-stories, and composing pieces in that style.

Polidori commenced his tale of "The Vampire," and repeated one evening the sketch of the story. Mrs. Shelley's wild and powerful romance of "Frankenstein," Moore observes, was "the most memorable result of this story-telling compact." But another remarkable result of it was the transformation of the slight sketch of the story dashed off at Diodati by Polidori, into a strange novel entitled "The Vampire," allowed to go forth, though not avowedly, with all the appearances that could be given to it, to foster the supposition that it was the production of Lord Byron.

In 1817 Byron and Polidori parted. His lordship found it impossible to bear any longer with the annoyances he suffered from the intolerable vanity and extraordinary caprices of this eccentric young man.\* Besides, his lordship had quite enough

\* One of Polidori's escapades at Milan is referred to in Moore's Diary, in some allusions made to Lord Byron's occasional fits of ungovernable choler :

"Okeden mentions having seen Lord Byron in a state of great excitement. On one occasion he made an effort to restrain himself, and succeeded ; on the other, he gave full vent to his violence. The former was at Copet, when, on coming to dinner, he saw unexpectedly among the guests Mrs. Harvey (Beckford's sister), whom he had not seen since the period of his marriage, and who was the person chiefly consulted by Lady Byron, I believe, on the subject of his proposals to her. He stopped short upon seeing her, turned deadly pale, and then clinching his hand, as if with a violent effort of self-restraint, resumed his usual manner. The other occasion was at Milan, when he and Hobhouse were ordered to quit the city in twenty-four hours, in consequence of a scrape which Polidori had brought them into the night before at the Opera, by desiring an officer who sat before them to take off his cap, and on his refusal to do so, attempting to take it off himself. The officer, upon this, coolly desired Polidori to follow him into the street, and the other two followed, ripe for a duel. The officer, however, assured them he had no such thing in his contemplation; that he was the officer of the guard for the night ; and that, as to taking off his cap, it was contrary to orders, and he might lose his commission by doing so. Another part of his duty was to carry off Polidori to the guard-house, which he accordingly did, and required the attendance of Byron and Hobhouse in the morning. The consequence of all this was, that the three were obliged to leave Milan immediately, Polidori having, in addition to this punishment, 'bad conduct' assigned as the reason of his dismissal. It was in a few minutes after their receiving this notification that Okeden found Lord Byron storming about the room, and Hobhouse after him, vainly endeavoring to tranquillize his temper. Must ask Hobhouse about this."

### LETTER OF LORD STROK. ....

to do to manage his own scrapes, without having to be invulsied by the police about the escapades of his physician.

Polidori went to England in 1817, well recommanded by Byron to his friends in London. The young doctor's intention them was to go to the Brazils, to exercise his profession under the anspices of a Danish consul. This idea, however, was relimquished. Polidori remained in London for a considerable time, published his extraordinary novel, was lionized for a season er two, made the acquaintance of many distinguished personsamong others, of Lady Blessington-fell into pecuniary difficulties, and eventually terminated his existence.

On the subject of Polidori's novel, and the false impression made on the public mind as to the author of it, Moore marely observes, that, "under the supposition of its being Lord Byron's, it was received with much enthusiasm in France," and alludes to some French writer's having asserted that it was this work (believed to be his lordship's) which first attracted attention in France to the genius of Byron, and publishes a letter of Byron to Murray, dated Venice, May 25th, 1819, in which there is the following passage : "A few days ago I sent you all I know of the Vampire. He may do, say, or write what he pleases, but I wish he would not attribute to me his own compositions."

But Moore makes no mention whatever of a very remarkable letter which Byron addressed to the editor of Galignani's paper, denying the imputed authorship of the Vampire. I am not aware whether that letter was published or not in Galignani's paper, but having obtained a copy of it from a Mr. Armstrong, an acquaintance of Lord Byron's in Italy, who received it from his lordship shortly after it was written, it is here given, as far as I know, for the first time to the public.

## LETTER FROM LORD BYEON TO THE EDITOR OF GALIGNANI'S MESSENGER.

" Venice, April 27th, 1819.

"Six,-In various numbers of your journal I have seen mentioned a work entitled 'The Vampire,' with the addition of my name as that of the author. I am not the author, and never heard of the work in question until now. In

\* Moore's Life of Byron, p. 394

#### LETTER FROM AUGUSTUS F. HARE.

a more recent paper I perceive a formal annunciation of 'The Vampirs,' with the addition of an account of my residence in 'the island of Mitylene,' an island which I have occasionally sailed by in the course of traveling some years ago through the Levant, and where I should have no objection to reside, but where I have never yet resided. Neither of these performances are mine, and I presume that it is neither unjust nor ungenerous to request that you will favor me by contradicting the advertisement to which I allude. If the book is clever, it would be base to deprive the real author, whoever he may be, of his honore ; and if stupid, I desire the responsibility of nobody's dullness but my own.

"You will excuse the trouble I give you; the imputation is of no great importance, and as long as it was confined to surmises and reports, I should have received it, as I have received many others, in silance.

"But the formality of a public advertisement of a book I never wrote, and a residence where I never resided, is a little too much, particularly as I have no notion of the contents of the one nor the incidents of the other. I have, besides, a personal dislike to 'Vampires,' and the little acquaintance I have with them would by no means induce me to divulge their secrets.

"You did me a much less injury by your paragraphs about 'my devotion,' and 'abandonment of society for the sake of religion,' which appeared in your Messenger during last Lent—all of which are not founded on fact ; but you see I do not contradict them, because they are merely personal, whereas the others in some degree concern the reader.

"I know nothing of the work or works in question, and have the honor to be (as the correspondents to magazines say), your constant reader, and very obedient, humble servant, BYROR."

### LETTER FROM DR. POLIDORI, THE PHYSICIAN OF LORD BYRON, TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Signona Contessa, —Chi ha avuto una volta la sorte di conoscerla non può scordarsi di lei. A farme prova à me vengono adesso questi tre piccoli tomi i quali spero ch'ella non sdignerà d'accettare e d'onorarli d'un posto nella sua libreria. Forse s'ella gli trova degni di suoi sguardi, le potrà venir fatto di menzionarli in quelcuno di suoi scritti lo che saria un favore distinto ch'ella mi farebbe ed io le ne sarei infinitamente obbligato.

"Sono Signora Contessa, suo servitore, E. Polibori."

LETTER TO LADY BLESSINGTON, FROM THE REV. AUGUSTUS F. HARE, ADDRESSED TO LADY BLESSINGTON WRILE LIVING AT THE PALAZZO NEGRONI IN ROME.

"DEAE LADY BLESSINGTON,-The poem of Wodin, or Odin, is, I hope, a great deal better than the MS. which I have been just perusing, and in which I have taken the liberty of putting a pencil mark opposite the few lines (there

### LETTER FROM AUGUSTUS FORAER.

are only five of them) that struck me as having some mark. The fact line I have marked is picturesque; I think the second and third use neatly expressed; the fourth and fifth are perhaps pretty. All the rest of all the pound I consign to your ladyship's most critical indignation.

"Such is my opinion of the MS., and I write it, though I have know why ; if it is right, you know it already ; if wrong, you had better not here it at all. The truth is, I wish to say a word on that ' black hole,' which comtrasts so strangely with a guess of mine, that the ancients dreaded death ; last that we, thanks to Christianity, only dreed, if saved, dying. Nothing can be more opposite than Sir William's lines and my remark ; and yet, parhages, all things considered, the first confirms the last. To be sure, the lines on death have an odd appearance, coming so immediately as they do after the Pintsnist. To be told in one page that hoxes are nothing, holes are nothing, the world itself is nothing but a make-believe ! and to find the very mant page filled with horror (horror so sincere it almost makes one shudder) at the thoughts of what ! of an imaginary confinement in one of those imaginary holes, within one of those non-existent boxes ! Is not such philosoph .... this like a 'nick man's dreams !' Poor Sir William, I would not have such dreams for all his horses and all his learning, nor even for Lady D-to heat The truth is, and the more I think, the more thoroughly I am convinced of it, there are but two consistent opinions in the world-Christian\* Atheimn and Catholic Christianity; and whoever halts between the two must, sooner or later, find unrest. I began with a criticism, and have ended with a sermon.

"You, perhaps, when you see me, will reverse the matter, beginning with a sermon for writing at all, will conclude with a criticism for having written nonsense. Well, be it so—a most clerical conclusion—so long as I may subacribe myself your ladyship's most obliged and very obedient servant,

" Wednesday."

"ACGUATOS F. HARE.

This admirable letter of a most estimable as well as erudite man, whom I had the pleasure of knowing at the outset of his professional career—unfortunately one too brief for all who came within the sphere of his duties or the circle of his acquaintance —it will be perceived, was in relation to a volume of MS. poems, written by Sir William Drummond, the philosophy of which was, to the Christian mind of Mr. Hare, "like a sick man'a dreams," and which he consigned to Lady Blessington's " most critical indignation." How strangely and, it must be added, how sadly, does a letter of Lady Blessington to Sir William Drummond on the same subject contrast with the foregoing communication of Mr. Hare !—R. R. M.

\* An almost illegible word, written over another that had been erased .- R. R. M.

### LETTER OF LADY BLESSINGTON.

### LETTER FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND. "Villa Gallo (Naples), April 24th, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND,—The perusal of your beautiful poem, 'Odin,' has delighted me so much, that I can not deny myself the gratification of expressing my thanks to its author, and, at the same time, demanding why so exquisite a poem remains unfinished. It is cruel to your readers and unjust to England to leave such a work incomplete : it is like the unfinished statues of Michael Angelo, which no hand has ever been found hardy enough to touch, for I am persuaded that we have no living poet who could write a sequel to 'Odin.'

"Do not think me presumptuous for venturing to give my opinion on poetry; I have studied it from my infancy, and my admiration for it is so enthusiastic that I feel more strongly than I can reason on the subject. With this passion for poetry, you may more easily imagine than I can describe the delight that 'Odin' gave me. I have copied many, many passages from it into my album, under different heads, such as Contemplation, Love of Country, Liberty, Winter, Morning, Meditation on a future State, Immortality of the Soul, Superstition, Vanity of Life, Jealousy, and many others, too numerous to mention; and they are of such transcendent merit as to be above all comparison, except with Shakspeare and Milton. In the sublimity and harmony of your verses, you have equaled, if not surpassed, the latter; and in originality of ideas and variety, you strikingly resemble the former; but neither can boast of any thing superior to your beautiful episode of 'Skiold and Nora.'

"Hitherto, my dear Sir William Drummond, I have looked on you as one of the first scholars and most elegant prose writers of the present day ; permit me to say, that I regard you as the first poet. When I have been charmed with the productions of writers who were either personally unknown to me, or, unhappily, dead, how have I regretted I have not been able to pour out my thanks for the pleasure they have afforded me ! In this instance, I rejoice that I have the happiness of knowing you, and of being able to express, though feebly, the admiration with which your genius inspires me, and of offering up my private prayers that you may be long spared to adorn and to do honor to the age, which is, and ought to be, proud to claim you. In writing to you, I abandon my pen to the guidance of my heart, which feels with all the warmth for which such hearts are so remarkable. A poet can understand and pardon this Irish warmth, though a philosopher might condemn it ; but, in addressing you, I forget that I am writing to one of the most eminent of the last class, and only remember that I am talking of Odin to the most admirable of the first.

"I am at present reading 'Academical Questions,' which, if I dare take possession of, should not again find their way to Chiaja. 'Odin' I shall most unwillingly resign, as I find it belongs to Lady Drummond; but if you have

### LETTER OF LADY BLESSINGTON.

any other works by you, will you have the goodness to had them to me ? Pray name what day you will dine with us, accompanied by Mr. Stewart, \* to when I owe my best acknowledgments for having lent me 'Odin.' Believe me, my dear Sir William, to be, with unfeigned esteem, sincerely yours,

"MABOURNESS BLIMMENTON."

\* Mr. Thomas Stawart was a nephew of Sir William Drammond, and insuffice of the present Sir William Drammond Stewart, of Grandtally, County Peach. Shortly after the date of the preceding letter, Mr. Stewart became a Roman Catholic, and eventually a clergyman of that Church, and a dignitary of it in the kingdom of Naples. He was assassinated some years ago, while in the act of basiing—I think on the coust of Calabria ; and, as I was informed by an Italian servant who was in attendance on his master at the time of this catastrophe, the murder was committed by some desperatoes for the suke of a valuable gold watch he was known to carry with him.—R. R. M.

#### No. I.-INTRODUCTION, p. 13.

#### A BRIEF NOTICE OF LORD AND LADY CANTERBURY.

THE Right Honorable Charles Manners Sutton, son of the most Reverend Charles Manners Sutton, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, was born in 1780. Being destined for the profession of the law, he was placed at an early age at Eton, where he passed some years, and completed his education at Trinity College, Cambridge, and having taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1802, he entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1805. For some years he practiced in the Court of King's Bench. He entered Parliament in 1807, for the borough of Scarborough, which he represented till 1832, when he was returned for the University of Cambridge. He was appointed Judge Advocate in 1809. In 1817 he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, on the retirement of Mr. Abbott. A perfect knowledge of the forms of the House, admirable capacity for business, fairness in the discharge of his duties, acknowledged by all parties ; a noble, prepossessing, and commanding appearance, a fine, clear, sonorous voice, an air of hilarity, and appearance of bonhommie, and excellent temper, were the distinguishing characteristics of the new speaker ; and with these advantages, and the possemion of the respect and regard of all parties in the House, though chosen by a Tory Parliament on two successive occasions, he was proposed by a Whig administration for the speakership. On November 2, 1830, on the meeting of the new Parliament, the Duke of Wellington being prime minister, the Right Hon. Mr. Manners Sutton was again chosen Speaker of the House of Commons. The celebrated Reform ministry, Lord Grey being first Lord of the Treasury, was installed in office on the 22d of the same month.

Mr. Sutton occupied his office from 1817 till 1885, when Mr. Abercrombie was chosen by a majority of ten.

A little later, he was called to the Upper House, and shortly after appointed to the office of High Commissioner for adjusting the claims of Canada, but resigned the office without entering on its duties.

In 1811, Lord Canterbury married a daughter of John Dennison, Esq., of Ossington, Nottinghamshire (who died in 1815), by whom he had issue,

1. Charles John, the present viscount, born in 1812.

2. John Henry Thomas (formerly Under Secretary of State for the Home Department), born in 1814.

 Charletts Matilda (who married Richard Sandarom, Eng., M.F., in 1999). His lordship married secondly, the 6th of December, 1998, Ellen, dangleter of Edmund Power, and widow of John Home Purves, Eng., of Purves Hall, N. B., and by her had issue,

1. Frances Diana, born in 1829.

2. A son, born in 1831, who died in infancy.

His lordship was seized with apoplexy while traveling on the Grant Wastern Railway, and conveyed to Paddington in a state of insemalaility. He was removed to the house of his younger son, in Southwick Creasent, where, having lingered in the same unconscious condition for three days, he died, in his sixty-sixth year, in July, 1945. His remains were interred at Addington, with those of his father, the late architabop.

Probate of the will of the late Viscount Canterbury was granted to his eacond son, the Hon. H. T. Manners Satton, one of the executors, on the 18th of February, 1846. His lordship directed, at the death of the viscounties (who survived him only four months), the sum of £30,000, the dividends of which constituted her jointure, should be divided in four parts; his ablest daughter taking first therefrom £1000, appropriating to his two sums can fourth part each, and the remainder to his youngest daughter. He directed also the sum of £75,000, settled on him for life on his first marriage, should be equally divided among his two soms and eldest daughter, the issue of that marriage. All other property not specially disposed of, to be divided into four parts between the viscounters, the two sons, and youngest daughter. Of Lady Canterbury a few words remain to be said.

Ellen, the third daughter of Edmund Power, of Curragheen, and younger sister of Lady Bleasington, was born at Knockbrit, in the county of Tipperary, in 1791.

She was one year, at least, younger than her sister Marguerite, and in early life surpassed the latter in beauty and gracefulness, though not in intellectual powers. Miss Ellen Power grew up to womanhood, surrounded by the same unhappy influences and unfavorable circumstances in her father's house as her sister had to contend with, and often spoke of in after-life in terms of regret, and even of reprobation.

In 1806, Mr. Edmund Power having been prosecuted by Mr. Bagwell, of Kilmore, for a libel published in the "Clonmel Gazette," written by Solomon Watson, a Quaker merchant of Clonmel, in favor of the views and interests of Lord Donoughmore, a verdict was given against Power for £500 damages. This occurrence brought the embarrassed affairs of Power to the verge of utter ruin. Ultimately Lord Donoughmore was induced to do something, in conjunction with Watson, toward indemnifying Power. From that period Lord Donoughmore was a constant visitor and a favored guest at the house of the uearly ruined editor of the "Clonmel Gazette."

The necessity of feasting his lordship and his friends led to renewed and augmented extravagance in the way of entertainments.

Mr. Power's house became, in fact, the resort of the young squirearchy of the vicinity, the professional people of Clonmel, who were the adherents of the Hutchinson family and that of Lord Llandaff, and of the military officers stationed in the town.

Miss Ellen Power's personal attractions had rendered her at a very early age an object of general admiration. She was in the habit of accompanying her sister to balls and parties in the town of Clonmel and its vicinity, and to a sort of subscription soirées, which were given at particular seasons in the town of Tipperary, and were called "Coteries." There are persons living who remember meeting the beautiful Misses Power at those parties, and recall the pleasures they experienced in dancing with them.

A Mr. Scully has a vivid and pleasing recollection of the "Cotories," and his fair partners from Clonmel. Miss Margaret Power was an admirable dancer: the excellence of her taste and dress, and the elegance of her costume, were never equaled at the "Cotories," even by her sister. But Miss Ellen Power surpassed all the belles of those parties in the symmetry of her slight form, and the quiet, simple beauty of her calm, marble-like features, which had all the repose and perfection of outline of a finely-sculptured bust of a Grecian divinity.

Yet her sister Margaret, then far less beautiful, had the art of withdrawing attention from surrounding competitors for admiration, of engaging observation, and entertaining as well as retaining admirers.

The difference in the manners of the two fair sisters is described as being remarkable by persons who have a lively recollection of them at the period referred to. Margaret always manifested that desire to please, which gave a piquant character of agreeable coquetry to her agrèmens of conversation and deportment in after-life, and which reminds one of a distinction she drew, in one of those aphorisms which she was in the habit of setting down in the "Night Thought" books, between coquetry and a laudable desire to please:

"The desire to please half accomplishes its object, and is in itself praiseworthy, when self-gratification is not the aim or end of it. Yet has it often been mistaken for coquetry, from which it totally differs. The first extends to our own sex as much as the other, while the second is addressed peculiarly to the male. The woman who desires to please spreads a charm over the circle in which she moves; the coquette merely gratifies the vanity of men by evincing her wish to attract them."

And elsewhere, in one of the same MS. books :

"A desire to shine proceeds from vanity, but a desire to please proceeds from *bienveillance*. Without the latter disposition, no woman was ever loved, or man was ever popular."

Ellen Power manifested neither the desire to shine, nor an anxious solicitude to please. She seemed conscious of being entitled to admiration, and in receiving it sometimes seemed as if it would have cost her no great effort to spurn it

All persons who remarker the daughters of kineted linear form; 1986 to 1807 concer in the observation that it was surploing to see glain, on Matter indebted to the advantages of education, rank, and fishion in couldry, in their manners, carriage, and attire appear on a per with ladies of the highest rank..." there was a natural gentility and refinement about them, which had no air of affectation whatsoever in it."

Miss Ellen Power had no lack of admirant, however, and of effers of manriage, some of which had been declined by her, or by her family, about the period of her sister's separating from her husband.

Among the admirers of Miss Ellen Power was the lieutenant colonal of the Tyrone militia, Colonel William Stewart, of Killymoon, near Cookstewn, in the county of Tyrone, who had made her acquaintance between 1806 and 1807. The colonel was a large landed proprietor, an intimate friend of the young Lord Mountjoy, whose Tyrons property was adjacent to the Killymoon estates.<sup>6</sup> But the colonel was not a marrying man. He lived and died in single blessedness.

When Mrs. Farmer was residence of some months at her father's in Cloumel, Miss husband, and a residence of some months at her father's in Cloumel, Miss Ellen Power visited her sister, and remained with her at Fethard, but for hew long a period I am unable to state.

When Mrs. Farmer went to reside in England, she was also invited there by her sister; and while sojourning with her, about the year 1813, first made the acquaintance of John Home Purves, Esq., a Scotch gentleman of good family, and at one period an expectant of the baronetcy, at the desth of his father, during the absence of an elder brother, who had been long absent from his native land.

Mr. John Home was the son of Sir Alexander Purves, of Purves Hall, county Berwick, who succeeded to the baronetcy in 1761. Sir Alexander married four times; by his first marriage he had issue one son and three daughters. By his second marriage he had issue four sons and four daughters. By his third marriage he had issue two sons and one daughter. By his fourth marriage he had issue an only son.

Sir Alexander Purves died in 1813, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir William, born in 1767 (the step-brother of John Home Purves, Esq.). Sir William, who had assumed the additional surname of Campbell, died in 1833, leaving an only child, the present baronet, Sir Hugh Hume Campbell.

Persons who have a remembrance of Mr. John Home Purves when on a visit at Mountjoy Forest, in the county of Tyrone, in 1816, speak of this gentleman as "Major Purves," and several have an impression in their minds that he held that rank in the Scots Greys, which I believe to be erroneous. The

<sup>\*</sup> The same fate was reserved for the large properties of Colonel Stewart as for those of the Earl of Biessington. The estates of both have passed into the hands of strangers. The Colonel died in 1850. Killymoon and its noble manufor were old in the Encumbered Estates' Court

acquaintance of Mr. Purves\* with Miss Ellen Power was probably not anterior to the year 1813.

Circumstances led to Mr. Purves separating himself from his family in the year 1829. He obtained the office of British Consul at Pensacola, and there he died, from the effects of the climate, in 1827.

In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for that year, part ii., p. 573, we find the following notice of his death :

"At Pensacola, on the 20th of September, 1827, aged forty-two, John Home Purves, Esq., for the last four years British Consul at that place. He was eldest son of Sir Alexander Purves, the fifth and late baronet of Purves Hall, in Berwickshire, by his second wife, Mary, daughter of Sir James Home, of Blackadder, and was consequently half-brother to Sir William, the present baronet of the Purves family, who assumed the names of Hume Campbell on the death of the late Earl of Marchmont."

Mrs. Purves, who had remained in England, was left with five children :

1. Louisa, married to J. Fairlie, Esq., died in April, 1843, aged about thirtythree.

2. Mary, died unmarried at Cheveley.

8. Margaret, married Augustus Tollemache, Esq.

4. John, an only son, unmarried.

5. Ellen, married - Arkwright, Esq.

In the latter part of 1828, Mrs. Purves married the Speaker of the House of Commons. The "Annual Register" for that year thus records the marriage: "The 6th of December, 1828, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, Mrs. Home Purves, widow of the late John Purves, Esq., to the Right Honorable Charles Manners Sutton, Speaker of the House of Commons."

Moore, in his "Diary," speaks of Mrs. Manners Sutton and the speaker's residence at Westminster: "Amnaed to see her, in all her state, the same hearty, lively Irishwoman still. Walked with her in the garden, the moonlight on the river, the boats gliding along it, the towers of Lambeth on the opposite bank, the lights of Westminstor bridge gleaming on the left, and then, when one turned round to the house, that beautiful Gothic structure, illuminated from within, and at that moment containing within it the council of the nation, all was most picturesque and striking."<sup>4</sup>

The same ruin that at a later period came on the fortunes of the proprietors of Gore House, was destined for those of the mistress of the establishment, ' with all its state, at Westminster, which Moore refers to.

Lord Canterbury held the office of speaker for eighteen years. When he retired in 1835, on his retiring pension of £4000 a year, his circumstances were involved in difficulties of an extensive nature, and a very large portion of them were not created by him.

\* A Lieutenant John Purves (Adjutant), of the Royal Wagon Train, appears in the Army Lists from 1804 to 1800, when he appears to have been promoted, and continued in the rank of captain in that corps till J81? \* Moore's Memoirs, vol. \*1. p. 32.

### AFPENDIX.

The lass of the speakenkip was poorly comparented by the penders and the peakers in 1825. Lord Canterbury's difficulties in a short time because emiswhething. The latter years of Lady Canterbury's life www displayed and encionaly troubled by these embarraneous, and the very stratement elemenstances which were the result of the loss of the speaker's office and its impoenciuments. But, to the honor of this lady be it stated, no effect was half untried by her to adapt her mode of life to the altered circumstances of ther husband, and with the utmost cheerfulness abe gave up all these invaries to which also had been accustomed; may, even comforts that people in middle life deem almost necessary in their families. She laid down her cardings, parted with ornaments of value, and objects precious in themselves or firm the recollection of these from when they had been received, and lived only to cheer the drooping spirits and to watch over the impaired health of her antiable and kind-hearted husband.

Lady Canterbury survived her husband only four months ; after a helef ma idence on the Continent, ahe had returned to England, quite broken down in health and spirits. Her sister, Lady Blessington, by whom she was tamiler loved, was frequently with her in her last illness, and at the moment of her death. An attached servant of Lady Blessington, a person of respectability, excellent character, and superior intelligence, who had lived with her Ladyship fifteen years, Mrs. Cooper, was also in attendance on Lady Canterbury in her last illness. She states that her ladyship's strong sense of religion was manifested in the most edifying manner through her entire illness, and on many occasions by carnest and fervent prayers that her sister Marguerite might be turned to the consideration of the things of eternity, and that her thoughts might be taken away from the turmoil of the things of time, and the vanities of life by which she was surrounded. This amiable and once beautiful woman died at Clifton, in the fifty-fourth year of her age, on the 16th of November, 1845. The remains of Lady Canterbury were interred with those of her husband in the crypt of Clifton church.

The late Viscountess Canterbury by her will left a valuable service of porcelain china, formerly belonging to Archbishop Sutton, to the present viscount; to her son, Captain J. Home Purves, of the Guards, all her plate which had belonged to her previous to her marriage with the late viscount; and to her daughters Mary and Ellen, all the furniture and books, and to her daughter Frances the contents of her two jewel boxes deposited at her banker's. Bequests to the amount of  $\pm 6000$  she left between her three daughters, Margaret Home Purves, Ellen Home Purves, and Frances D. Manners Sutton. The residue of her property, real and personal, she left to the same parties. Specific bequests were made to the Homorable Mrs. Sanderson, Lord Auckland, and her ladyship's sister, the Countesa of Blessington.

#### MRS. FAIRLIE.

The favorite niece of Lady Blessington—the eldest daughter of her sister Ellen, can not fail to be well and most advantageously known to the correspondents of Lady Blessington, and those who enjoyed the friendship of that lady. Lady Blessington seemed to take a particular delight in speaking of Louisa Fairlie and her interesting child, "the beautiful mute," whose mind it was the greatest of all Lady Blessington's enjoyments to see gradually developed.

Mrs. Fairlie had married at an early age a gentleman not of large fortune, John Fairlie, Esq. She endeavored to add to those scanty resources by literary labors, and it is to be feared she impaired her delicate health by them.

Mrs. Fairlie was a contributor to Lady Blessington's Annual, "the Keepsake," and to other similar periodicals, and eventually became the editor of one of them, entitled "The Children of the Nobility." Many of her poetical pieces evince considerable talent, and all her compositions singular purity of mind and unaffected religioumess of feeling. This disposition to piety was manifested in her whole life and conversation; and in the few letters of hers which are given to the public, the feeling will be found expressed in such amiable, gentle, and graceful language, in all simplicity and naturalness, as can not fail to render devotional sentiments powerful in influence and effect. A few months before her decease she lost a child of extraordinary intellectual powers, though deaf and dumb from her birth. This interesting little girl was and Gore House some twenty years ago, and was the theme of many admirable verses in praise of the loveliness and mental qualities of the beautiful mute.

LINES OF B. D'ISRAELI, Bag.,

TO A BRAUTIFUL MUTE, THE ELDEST CHILD OF MES. FATELIS.

1.

"Tell me the star from which she fell,

Oh! name the flower

From out whose wild and perfumed bell, At witching hour,

Sprang forth this fair and fairy maiden, Like a bee with honey laden.

#### 2.

They say that those sweet lips of thine Breathe not to speak ;

Thy very ears, that seem so fine, No sound can seek.

And yet thy face beams with smotion, Restless as the waves of ocean.

Vol., I.-X

### APPRIDEL

3.

"The well ; thy face and form again? I would not have fair. I would not that this child should be

As others are;

I love to mark her in derision Smiling with sursphic vision

۰.

"At our poor gifts of valgar sense, That can not stain

Nor mar her mystic innocence, Nor cloud her brain

With all the dreams of worldly folly, And its creature melancholy.

5

"To thes I dedicate these lines, Yet read them not. Cursed be the art that e'er refines Thy natural lot; Read the bright stars, and read the flowers, And hold converse with the bowers."

Lady Blessington was greatly attached to her sister Lady Canterbury and her children, but her affection for Mrs. Fairlie was stronger perhaps than for any member of her family, and the interest she took in that lady's eldest daughter Isabella, the singularly intellectually gifted child, though deprived of the faculties of speech and hearing, can only be imagined by those who have heard her speak of her "darling Isabella."

The following letters and lines of Mrs. Fairlie will give some idea of the amiable character and spiritual mind of this accomplished and most excellent lady.

Letter from Mrs. Fairlie, on the last illness of her daughter Isabella, the subject of D'Israeli's lines, "the Beautiful Mute."

"MY DEAREST AUNT,-How much longer it will last, God only knows ; she is very patient, and she looks like herself. I have been with her all day yesterday. I said on my fingers, 'Jesus wants you! will you go?' she nodded.

"To-day she turned and said, 'I want to die.' I fancy she will live till near Thursday. Oh, this is indeed a trial! but God be praised, he supports me, as he promised in his holy word. God bless you! and do, dear aunt, think serioualy, and turn to the Lord while he may be found!"

From Mrs. Fairlie :

"MT DEAREST AUNT,--I was in her room till near five yesterday, from ten in the moraing. I came in to tes, and we saw no change; she dozed. At seven, being sadly fatigued, I went to bed, hearing she was the same. At about twenty minutes past seven, she told White she wished to be moved from the bed to the soft, and John assisted to do this. Two minutes after, she was dying; John came and carried me in, and I saw my first-born die

pescafully-no groan, no struggle. She had lived to show forth the power and glory of God, and she died, knowing that but for Jesus she could not be saved.

"On Saturday morning, at five, John and Somerset purpose leaving this, and the funeral will be at Marylebone Church at twelve, and they return by the half past three train.

" I cut off Isabella's pisits, and send you one just as it is. Oh, how mercifully God supports me ! May you, my own darling aunt, learn to feel the power of religion.

#### From Mrs. Fairlie :

"Your fond Louiss."

\*\*\_\_\_\_\_, 1843.

" MY DEAREST DEAR AUNT,—I was glad you were where I fain would have been yesterday; you were mistaken in thinking I wished to deprive you wholly of the dear little note. I return it. I only wanted it yesterday; the day week it was written. I have borne this wonderfully; but God promises his strength, and he gives it.

" I am not so well as I have been ; but still, no one could expect me to be half so well as I am.

"if you knew all the worry about the coffins, and the outer one-wach an affair at last, only ready on Friday. But it matters not. The inner one (under the lead), so large, and long and deep, we had to use a mattress pillow, sheet, and wadding to fill it and keep the body from moving.

"Auckland tells me he wanted to attend the funeral, and was at the church, but missed the hour, which we understand, as you were there an hour or more behind time.

"How I bless God for the loan of that precious child, and for his aid in enabling me to train her in the ways of piety. How boldly she ever rebulsed ain. Do you remember how it pained her that you should, in any way, profane the Lord's day by visitors or driving out ? At her baptism she was 'signed with the cross, in token that she should not be ashamed to confass the faith of Christ crucified, but manfully fight under his banner against the deril, the world, and sin, and continue his faithful soldier and servant unto desth.' She did so continue, God be praised !!!

" If Johnnie comes this week, could you spare dear Elly for a few days ? Her address 1 inclose. That will be but a very short visit, but then, perhaps, Mag giewill come and visit me. I am very tired now, so end all in a hurry.

"Your own fond and most anxious Louisa.

" I hope you will read the book I sent by White."

The note of the dear child referred to in the preceding letter of Mrs. Fairlie :

"MT DEAR AUNT,----I am so pain in my breast, and cough a deal. I thank you for a barley-sugar and large cake. Papa gave me a flower paper. I am writing in bed, at night : how kind you are to bring what I wani. Mamma send me large round barley-sugar, not like you give me. Give my love to Alfred, Margery, Ellen, from I. L. F."

#### ENDORSED.

"Written by my blessed grand-niece, Isabella Louisa Pairlie, on Saturday night, the 28th of January, 1843. She expired on the 31st, at twenty minutes before eight in the evening, resigning her pure spirit without a groan or struggle. M. B."

#### LINES WRITTEN BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

" May 12, 1849.

" I used to place my happiness

In scenes of youthful mirth,

And think that I could never tire Of this small speck of earth.

"Then years flow on : I placed my heart On one well worth its love :

#### APPENDER.

He and my habes had every firming a star on a bar date

But now, O these long-sufficing Geef? Then truly art ador'd; Husband and babes are fondly loved, But more I love these, Lord.

### DIALOGUE

### BT RRS. PAIRLIE.

" Old man, thou art poor, and thy house of clay Must soon fall to ruin : Oh hast thou, say, No friend who will cheer thy gloom !"

" Oh yes, gentie maid. I've a pow'rful friend, His patient affection will never end,

It will last beyond the tomb."

"Then why does he never thy cottage cheer? Old man, I have never seen him here. Does he give thee fire or food ?"

"Oh, lady, my friend is my constant guest ; He connects, upholds me, and gives me rest ;

He's long-suffering, gentle, good.

"If I eat his food I shall never die,

It will nourish me eternally;

And in his bless'd abode

A place is prepared for me, and I long To join the blissful and ransom'd throng, Who surround the throne of God."

"Old man, it now is made plain to me, What ever has been a mystery;

The cheerful look amid pain.

I'll call on this friend, I will seek the Lord-"

" Do, lady, and trust thy Redeemer's word,

That none shall seek in vain." L. F., May 12, 1842.

Mrs. Fairlie died at Cheveley, near Newmarket, in April, 1843, after a protracted illness. She survived her beautiful and interesting child little more than two months. That sweet child had gone before her angelic mother to a fitting home on high, the 31st of January, 1843.

#### No. II.-INTRODUCTION, p. 13.

#### THE FATE OF THE SHEEHYS IN 1765 AND 1766.

THE maternal grandfather of the Countess of Blessington, a Roman Catholic gentleman of an ancient family in Tipperary, and in comfortable circum-



stances, Edmund Sheehy, Esq., was one of the victims of the murderous spirit of religious rancor which prevailed about the middle of the eighteenth century. Young Mr. Sheehy was persecuted to the death by the Terrorists of Tipperary of those times, on a charge of White Boyism, and executed at Clogheen, near Clonmel, on that charge, the 3d of May, 1766. A cousin of his, the Rev. Nicholas Sheehy, was likewise sacrificed at the same period, on a charge of White Boyism, with one of murder superadded.

The Rev. Mr. Sheehy was a man of unblemiahed character; a pious, zealons clergyman, earnest in his andeavors to promote religion and justice in his parish, and to protect his parishioners from the extortions of tithe proctors and church-rate collectors. In the parish of Newcastle, he had denounced some rapacious proceedings of the extortionist farmers of these imposts; and for this crime of interference between the people and their exacting masters, he was soon "a marked man," and in sue time a persecuted one.

"The Dublin Gazette" of the 16th of March, 1765, announces that, "About aight o'clock on Wednesday night, Nicholas Sheehy, a popish priest, charged with being concerned in several treasonable practices to raise a rebellion in this kingdom, for the apprehending of whom government offered a reward of £300, was brought to town guarded by a party of light horse, and lodged by the Provost in the Lower Castle Yard." It was not till the 10th of February, in the following year, that he was brought to trial in the Court of King's Bench. The Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, then, was the Right Honorable John Gore; second justice, Mr. Christopher Robinson; third justice, William Scott, Esq. The indictment charged the prisoner with acting as a leader in a treasonable conspiracy, exercising men under arms, swearing them to allegiance to the French king, and inciting them to rebellion. The witnesses produced were a man of the name of John Toohy, a prisoner in Kilkenny jail, committed on a charge of horse-stealing; a woman of the name of Mary Butler, and a vagrant boy named Lonergan.

It would be difficult to comprehend the nature or extent of the wickedness exhibited in these proceedings, without referring to the circumstances which rendered Sheehy and others more obnoxious to the magisterial conspirators than other persons of his persuasion in the neighborhood, who had the good fortune to escape being similarly implicated. The inclosing of commonage in the neighborhood of Clogheen in the winter of 1761-2 had inflicted much injury on the parishioners of Father Sheehy.

About that time, the tithes of two Protestant clergymen, Messrs. Foulkes and Sutton, in the vicinity of Ballyporeen, were rented to a tithe proctor of the name of Dobbyn. The tithe farmer instituted in 1762 a new claim on the Roman Catholic people in this district, of five shillings for every marriage celebrated by a priest. This new impost was resisted by the people, and as it fell heavily on the poor of the parish of Father Sheehy, it was publicly denounced by him. The first "risings" in his neighborhood were connected with their resistance to this odious tax.

The various informations and indictments framed against the obnoxious priest show plainly enough, differing as they do in the most material particulars, yet concurring in one point, the influence of Sheehy over his parishioners, that his persecutors were casting about them at random for evidence of any kind or character that might rid them of the annoyance of a man of an independent mind, and, by his implication, give additional color to the pretended popish plot.

For several months previously to Mr. Sheehy's surrender, he had been in concealment, flying from house to house of such of his parishioners as he could confide in. He had been frequently obliged to change his abode to avoid the rigorous searches that were almost daily made for him. At length, terror and corruption had exerted such an influence over his own flock, that he hardly knew whom to trust, or in whose house to seek an asylum. Indeed, it is impossible to wade through the mass of informations sworn to against him by persons of various grades, without wondering at the extent and successfulness of the villainy that was practiced against hus His last place of refuge at Clogheen was in the house of a small farmer, a Protestant, of the name of Griffiths, adjoining the church-vard of Shandrahan, where his remains now lie. The windows of his house open into the church-yard, and there Father Sheehy was concealed for three days, hid during the day in a vault in the latter place, and during the night in the house, when it was necessary to keep up a large fire, so benumbed with cold he used to be when brought at nightfall from the place that was, indeed, his living tomb. The house is still standing, and inhabited by the grandson of his faithful friend, and one not of his own creed, it is to be remembered.

The last service rendered to him at Clogheen was likewise by a Protestant, a gentleman in the commission of the peace, Mr. Cornelius O'Callaghan, and to whom he surrendered himself. This gentleman gave him one of his horses to convey him to Dublin, and the sum of ten guineas to bear his expenses.

Mr. O'Callaghan's high rank, his character for loyalty, his position in society, were not sufficient to secure him from the malignity of the magisterial conspirators. Mr. O'Callaghan was denounced by Justice Bagwell as a suspected person; Lord James Cahir, the ancester of Lord Glengall, was likewise declared to be on the black list of this gentleman, and of his associate, the Rev. J. Hewetson. Both these gentlemen had to fly the country to save their lives, and the noblemen who are their successors would do well to remember how necessary it is to keep the administration of justice in pure hands, that rapacions villainy may be disconfited in its attempts to promote its interests by the inculpation of men who have broad lands and local influence to be deprived of by convictious and confiscations.

One of the earliest charges of White Boyism brought against Father Sheehy stands thus recorded in the indictment and information book in the Crown Office 1

\* The above domanda, and all the others of a + notur kind, which are here given, were

"Nicholas Sheehy, bailed in £2000; Dennis Keane, £1000; Nicholas Dogherty, £1000. A true bill. Clonmel General Assizes, May 23, 1763, before Right Hon. Warden Flood and Hon. William Scott. Nicholas Sheehy, a popish priest, bound over in court last assizes, trial then put off by the court, indicted for that he, with divers others, ill-disposed persons and disturbers of the peace, on the second day of March, in the second year of the reign of George III., at Scarlap, did unlawfully assemble and assault William Ross, and did wickedly compel him to swear that he would never discover any thing to the prejudice of the White Boys, &c. William Ross bound over in £100, estreated; James Ross, £100, estreated."

At Clonmel Summer Assizes of 1764, Nicholas Sheehy was again indicted, and seven other persons, out on bail, were included in the same indictment, wherein it set forth, "That they on the 6th of January, in the fourth year of the king's reign, at Shanbally, did assault John Bridge, against the peace."

At the same assizes, a true bill was found against Edward Meehan, Nicholas Sheehan, Nicholas Lee, John Magan, John Butler, and Edmund Burke, charging them with "compassing rebellion at Clogheen, on the 7th of March and 6th of October, second year of the king, and unlawfully assembling in white shirts, in arms, when they did traitorously prepare, ordain, and levy war against the king;" and bound to appear as witnesses, Michael Guynan, Thomas Lonergan, and Mary Butler.

On the 19th of November, 1764, Denis Brien, of Ballyporeen, was bound over before Mr. Cornelius O'Callaghan, to appear at the following assizes, "to answer all things brought against him by Michael Guynan, John Bridge, or any other person, concerning the late disturbances."

The number of informations sworn to against all the leading Catholic gentry of the county, by the Lonergans, Guynan, Toohy, a horse-stealer, and two abandoned women, of the names of Butler and Dunlay, between the years 1763 and 1767, would fill a good-sized volume. The names of the magistrates before whom these informations, in almost every instance, were sworn, were John Bagwell, Thomas Maude, and the Rev. J. Hewetson.

At the general assizes held at Clonmel, the 16th of March, 1765, before Chief Baron Willes and Mr. Justice Tennison, the following bills, found at the former assizes, were brought before the grand jury. Some of the trials were put off, all the parties admitted to bail, or allowed to stand out on heavy recognizances; and the names of the persons who bailed the prisoners are deserving of notice, for it will be found that to enter into sureties for a man marked out for ruin by the Clonmel conspirators was to draw down the vengeance of these conspirators on those who dared to come forward as witnesses, and stand between the victims and their persecutors.

I doubt if anything more terribly iniquitous than the proceedings which I have traced in these official records is to be met with in the history of any modern conspiracy.

collected by myself, and copied from the original official documents in the Crown Office of Cloningl, many years ago

The high sheriff in 1765 was Sir Thomas Maude ; the foreman of the grand jury, Richard Pennsfeather, Esq. The following are the persons named as having been formerly indicted and held to bail :

"Edmund Burke, of Tullow, bail £500; his sureties, John Hogen and Thomas Hickey, of Frebans.

" John Butler, innkeeper, Clogheen, bail £500 ; his sureties, George Everard, of Lisheenanoul, and James Butler, of Gurranne, county Cork.

"Edward Mechan, Clogheen, £500; his sureties, Pierce Nagle, of Flamingstown; John Butler, of Mitchelstown; James Hickey, of Frehans; John Bourk, of Rouska.

"Nicholas Sheehy, surrendered; James Buxton, Patrick Condon, and Patrick Boar, out."

The proceeding details sufficiently explain the views and objects of the prosecutors, and their temporary defeat by the terms entered into by Father Sheehy with government, by which a trial in Dublin was secured to him.

The trial, which took place on the 10th of February, 1766, in the Court of King's Bench, was impartially conducted; the conduct of the "managers," who got up the evidence, at every turn of the testimony, bore on its face the evident marks of subornation of perjury. The vile witnesses broke down, and after a trial of fourteen hours' duration, the persecuted priest was honorably acquitted. He had redeemed his pledge to the government, he had given himself up, stood his trial, and proved his innocence. But no sooner was the verdict pronounced, than the faith of government was broken with him. The unfortunate man was informed by the chief justice that a charge of murder was brought against him, and on this charge he must be committed to Newgate. He was accordingly taken from the dock, removed to the prison, and, after two or three days' imprisonment, was put into the hands of his merciless persecutors, to be forthwith conveyed to Clonmel.

The first intimation of the new charge against him was given to him in Dublin, a few days previously to his trial, by a person named O'Brien, who had accompanied him from Clogheen. Martin O'Brien, on account of his intelligence and prudence, had been chosen by the friends of the priest to accompany him to Dublin, and he gave some proof of his fitness for his appointment by strongly urging on him, a few days previously to his trial, to quit the kingdom. Father Sheehy was then at large : he had been confined for a few days after his surrender in the provost in the castle-yard. He was placed under the charge of Major Joseph Sirr, then town-major, and father to the person of less enviable notoriety in the same office at a later period. His innocence was so manifest to Mr. Secretary Waite and to Major Sirr, that he was relieved from all restraint, and the latter held himself responsible for his appearance at the time appointed for his trial.

While he was at large, he was informed by O'Brien that a person had brought him an account from Clonnel, that no sconer had the news of Father Sheehy's surrender been received, than a rumor got abroad that a charge of

murder was to be brought against him. He recommended Father Sheehy not to lose a moment in getting out of the kingdom, and urgently pressed him to put himself the same day on board a packet for England.

O'Brien several years afterward stated to my informant, that Sheehy smiled at the proposal. He said, "The rumor of Bridge's death was raised only to frighten him out of the country, but he would not gratify his enemies, and if they brought such a monstrous charge against him, he could easily disprove it. Sheehy's arrival in Dublin, it is to be borne in mind, was only five months after the alleged murder, and at the time of his departure from Clogheen, it is positively affirmed by Magrath, on the authority of O'Brien, that Father Sheehy had then no knowledge of the murder; and the probability is, that it was in Dublin a fugitive named Mahony, when about quitting the kingdom, had made the revelations to him.

Sheehy was conveyed on horseback, under a strong military escort, to Clonmel, his arms pinioned, and his feet tied under the horse's belly. While in confinement in the jail of Clonmel, he was double bolted, and treated in every respect with the utmost rigor. In this condition he was seen by one of his old friends, and while this gentleman was condoling with him on his unfortunate condition, he pointed to his legs, which were ulcerated by the cords he had been bound with on his way from Dublin. He said, laughing, "Never mind, we will defeat these fellows;" and he began humming a verse of the old Irish song of "Shaan as guira."

On the 12th of March, 1766, Sheehy was put on his trial at Clonmel for the murder of John Bridge. Most of the witnesses who gave evidence on the former trial were produced on this occasion.

Nicholas Sheehy was indicted on the charge of having been present at and aiding and abetting Edmund Meighan in the murder of John Bridge. Mr. Sheehy had a sister, Mrs. Green, who resided at Shanbally, in the vicinity of Clogheen; and at this place, according to the evidence, the murder of Bridge, Lord Carrick, Mr. John Bagnell, Mr. William Bagnell, and other persons obnoxious to them, was first proposed by Mr. Sheehy to a numerous assemblage of White Boys; and by him, all those present were sworn to secrecy, fidelity to the French king, and the commission of the proposed murders, and subsequently the murder was committed by one of the party, named Edmund Meighan, of Grange, in the month of October, 1764.

Sheehy and Meighan were tried separately. The same svidence for the prosecution was produced on both trials. The notes of one of the jurors, taken at the trial of the latter, were communicated to the editor of "The Gentleman's and London Magazine," with a view to establish the guilt of the accused parties; and, therefore, the account is to be taken as one, the leaning of which was certainly toward the prosecutors, and in support of the finding of the jury.\* .There is evidence, however, on the face of this report, of the innocence of the prisoners. John Bridge, the man alleged to have been

\* Gentleman's and London Magazine, June, 1766, page 370.

#### APPENDER

meridand, you a simple, harmlass creature of weak intellect, and were account toned to go about the country among the small formers, with where he was a favorite, and was looked on by them as a good-material poor fellow, when having no friend or relatives, had some claim to their kindeses. When the hasd-quarters of the Earl of Drogheds were at Clegioses, he look been taken up on suspicion of White Boyism, or for the purpose of obtaining information from him ; he was flogged with great severity, and under that torture made disclosures which were supposed sufficient to implicate several persons to the meighborhood of Cloghem.

The discovery of the remains of a man alleged to have been immediated; any the trial of the persons charged with his murder, it might have been immediately would have been a matter of some importance. But the fact of the perting who swore they had been present at the murder and interment of the bedy having failed to substantiate the latter part of their statement by the discovery of his remains was of no advantage to the accused.

Dr. Curry, in his pamphlet, the "Candid Inquiry," alludes to a latter w Sheehy wrote to Major Sirr the day before his execution, wherein he add that the nurder of Bridge had been revealed to him in a manner he could a avail himself of for his own preservation ; and that the murder had been or mitted by two persons, not by those sworn to by the witnesses, and in a different manner to that described by them. Curry admits this letter was written by Sheehy, but he does not insert it; and in his subsequent work, "The Review of the Civil Wars," there is no mention at all made of it in his account of these proceedings. Having obtained a copy of this letter, the first point to ascertain was, if the letter was written by Sheehy, or fabricated by his enemies. The result of my inquiries was to convince me that the letter was genuine. It was declared to be so by the successor of Father Sheehy, in the parish of Clogheen (Mr. Keating), to Mr. Flannery, another clergyman, hving in the same place, at a later period. Dr. Egan, who then administered the diocese, had likewise declared it to be genuine. The present parish priest of Clogheen, a relative of Edmund Sheehy, believes it to be genuine. One of the Roman Catholic clergymen of Clonmel, who takes the deepest interest in the fate of Father Sheehy, has no doubt of its authenticity. Every surviving relative of either of the Sheehys with whom I have communicated entertains the same opinion ; and lastly, I may observe, the document bears the internal evidence of authenticity in its style and tone.

The following is a literal copy of this document :

# "TO JOSEPH SIRE, ESQ., DUBLIN.

# " Clonmel, Friday morning, March 14, 1766.

"DHAR SIR,—To-morrow I am to be executed, thanks be to the Almighty God, with whom I heps to be for evermore: I would not change my lot with the highest now in the kingdom. I die innocent of the facts for which I am sentenced. The Lord have mercy on my soul! I beseech the great Creator that for your benevolence to me he will grant you grace to make such use of your time here that you may see and enjoy him hereafter. Remember me to Mr. Waite, the lord chancellor, spenker, and the judges of the Kine's

Bench ; may God bless them ! Recommend to them, all under the same charge with me ; they are innocent of the murder ; the prosecutors swore wrongfolly and falsely ; God forgive them. The accusers and the accused are equally ignorant of the fact, as I have been informed, but after such a manner I received the information that I can not make use of it for my own preservation ; the fact is, that John Bridge was destroyed by two alone, who strangled him on Wednesday night, the 24th of October, 1764. I was then from home, and only returned home the 28th, and heard that he had disappeared. Various were the reports. which to believe I could not pretend to, until in the discharge of my duty one accused himself of the said fact. May God grant the guilty true repentance, and preserve the innocent ! I recommend them to your care. I have relied very much on Mr. Waite's promise. I hope no more priests will be distressed for their religion, and that the Roman Catholics of this kingdom will be countenanced by the government, as I was promised by Mr. Waite would be the case if I proved my innocence. I am now to appear before the Divine tribunal, and declare that I was unacquainted with Mary Butler, alias Casey, and John Toohy, never having spoken to or seen either of them, to the best of my memory, before I asw them in the King's Bench last February. May God forgive them, and blass them, you, and all mankind, are the carnest and fervont prayers of, dear sir, your most obliged, humble servant, "NICHOLAS SHEERY."

The witnesses stated that the murder was committed the 28th of October. 1764. Father Sheehy says it was on the 24th. The number of persons implicated in it by the former was considerable; by the latter, only two were concerned in it. In the mode of committing it, the discrepancy of the accounts is no less obvious.

The question arises, When was this confession made to Father Sheehy, and with what object ! Amyas Griffith speaks of the disclosure thus made under the veil of confession as "no new method of entrapping credulous priests."

Curry treats the disclosure as a snare laid by the enemies of Sheehy for their own purposes. The purposes to be served by having recourse to the infamous proceeding of deceiving the unwary priest, and of making the functions of his sacred office subservient to the designs of his enemies, could only be the following. If resorted to previously to trial, by the disclosure of the alleged murder to deter him from adducing evidence of the man's existence; or, if subsequently to it, to leave it out of his power to make any declaration of his ignorance of the fact of his alleged death.

The attempt for the accomplishment of either object was not too unimportant for the character of the prosecutors; nor can it be deemed too infamous to be beyond the compass of their wickedness when we find them holding out offers of pardon to their three next victims, on condition of their nuking a declaration that "the priest," in his last solemn protestation of innocence, "had died with a lie in his mouth."

Bridge had been sought out, at the commencement of the persecution of the Sheehys, as a fit person to be worked upon by the influence of terror and the infliction of corporal judgment.

This man, having been tortured, made whatever disclosures were suggested to him or required of him; and he was bound over to appear as a witness when called on. He made no secret of the punishment he had received or the disclosures he had made, and some of the people implicated by him were

## APPERDIE.

desirents to get him out of the country ; others, in the week in the second state of the second state of the intension to have the country in the second state of his testimony, by implicating him in this part of his testimony, by implicating him in this part of his testimony, by implicating him in this part of his testimony. I.et

The church plate, challes, d.c., of a small Roman Catholis place of would be at Carrigvistall, near Ballyporean, usually kept for better scentify at the listener of an inn-keeper of the name of Sharlock," adjoining the chupel, were station or said to be so, and concealed on the premises, with the Innovemipe, it is who leged, of the owner of the house. The facts now mantimed have not been published hereioficre, and the importance of their bearing on the character of these proceedings rendered it necessary to be well assured of the grounds there were for attaching credit to them before coming to a determination to give them publicity. The sublegity on which they are now given these attagood grounds for relying on. The result of these inquiries as to the treath of the statement of one main fact respecting the facts of Bridge coincides with the opinion of every surviving friend and relative of the Sheehyn, and the other innocent men who suffered in this business, with whom I have communication on the subject.

The remor of the stalen church plate was seen circulated in the country, and Bridge, being in the labit of frequenting Sherlock's house, was pointed out as the person suspected of having stolen it. The double infinity new sttached to Bridge's character of being an informer and a sacrilegious person. He was advised to leave the country; and at length he made preparations to do so. On their completion, he took leave of his acquaintance; and the last time he was seen by them was on his way to the house of an old friend of his, named Francis Bier, for the purpose of taking leave of him. It was known that he intended calling on another of his acquaintances, named Timothy Sullivan, a slater. Sullivan and a man of the name of Michael Mahony, better known in his neighborhood by the name, in Irish, for "wicked Mahony, better known in his neighborhood by the name, in Irish, for "wicked Mahony's flight, and his reasons for it, were known for a long time only to his friends. The body of the murdered man was thrown into a pond at Shanbally.

Mahony fied the country; Sullivan remained, and lived and died unsuspected by the authorities, though not unknown as the murderer to one individual at Clogheen—an inn-keeper of the name of Magrath, who had been one of the innocent persons sworn against by Mary Dunlea, and had undergone a long imprisonment in Clonmel jail. On his liberation, Magrath, then suffering under a rheumatic complaint, the effect of his confinement, seeing Sullivan passing his door, said to a person who stood by him, "There goes the man to whom I am indebted for these aching bones." Sullivan turned pale as ashes, quickened his pace, and took no notice of the words, which had been spoken sufficiently loud, and with the intention that they should be heard by him.

\* The name of Sheriock occurs in some of the informations against the White Boys, aworn to by Toohy and Bier.

The persons by whom this account was given appeared to be ignorant of any communication respecting the murder made by Father Sheehy to Major Sirr. The circumstance of the coincidence of both accounts, with respect to two persons only having been engaged in the commission of the crime, deserves attention. By one of those guilty persons, Sheehy says the statement was made to him.

Sullivan was a Protestant, Mahony a Catholic. If the crime was perpetrated and revealed by either, the disclosure must have been made by Mahony.

From the time of Bridge's disappearance till this disclosure in the confessional, Father Sheehy states that various rumors were afloat, but which of them to believe he knew not. In concluding this part of the subject, I have only to observe, if the shadow of a doubt remains respecting the fate of Bridge, none whatever can be entertained of the innocence of those who were the victims of one of the foulest conspiracies on record.

"On the day of his (Sheehy's) trial," we are told, "a party of horse surrounded the court, admitting and excluding whom they thought proper; while others of them, with a certain baronet (Sir Thomas Maude) at their head, scampered the streets in a formidable manner; forcing into inns and private lodgings in the town; challenging and questioning all new comers; menacing the friends, and encouraging the enemies of the priest. Even after sentence of death was pronounced against him, which one would think might have fully satisfied his enemies, Mr. S — w (Sparrow), his attorney, declares that he found it necessary, for his safety, to steal out of the town by night, and with all possible speed to escape to Dublin."<sup>4</sup>

The prisoner was found guilty of the murder of John Bridge, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and on the 15th the sentence was carried into execution at Clonmel. The head of the persecuted priest was stuck on a spike, and placed over the porch of the old jail, and there it was allowed to remain for upward of twenty years, till at length his sister was allowed to take it away, and bury it with his remains at Shandraghan.

Beside the ruins of the old church of Shandraghan, the grave of Father Sheehy is distinguished by the beaten path, which reminds us of the hold which his memory has to this day on the affections of the people. The inscriptions on the adjoining tombs are effaced by the footsteps of the pilgrims who stand beside his grave, not rarely or at stated festivals, but day after day, as I was informed on the spot, while the neglected tomb of the ancestors of the proud persecutor, William Bagnell, lies at a little distance unhonored and unnoticed by them. The inscription on the tomb of Father Sheehy is in' the following terms: "Here lieth the remains of the Rev. Nicholas Sheehy, pariah prisest of Shandraghan, Ballysheehan, and Templeheny. He died March 15th, 1766, aged 38 years. Erected by his sister, Catherine Burke, alias Sheehy."

An attempt on a large scale was now made to implicate the leading Roman \* Candid Inquiry, &c., p. 9 and 10.

Catholic gentry of Tipperary in the alleged popish plot of 1766, after the necessary arrangements had been completed for the disposal of Father Sheehy.

The rescue of some prisoners in the county of Kilkenny, and the murder of a soldier (as in Keating's case, at a previous period), was the principal charge on which Edmund Sheehy, James Farrell, and James Buxton were first arrested. They were sent to Kilkenny, to be tried at the assizes; but after they had been arraigned, the nature of the evidence affording no grounds for expecting a conviction, the proceedings were stopped, and they were sent back to Clonmel jail on the 4th of April, where new charges were to be preferred against them at the special assizes, which opened on the 8th of May, 1766.

Edmund Sheehy, a second or third cousin of Father Sheehy, was a gentleman of moderate independence, connected with several of the most respectable Catholic families in the county, of a generous disposition, of social habits, and had lived on good terms with the Protestant gentry of his neighborhood. His personal appearance was remarkably prepossessing. Persons still living have a vivid recollection of his frank, expressive features, his fine, athletic form, of his intrepid demeanor on his trial; and on his way to execution, they speak of his personal appearance as that of a man in the prime of life, and the maturity of manly vigor. He was a married man, and had five children, the youngest under two years of age. He was well known in the country as "Buck Sheehy," a term which at that time was commonly applied to young men of figure, whose means were good, and who were looked on in the country as sporting characters.

Buxton was a man in good circumstances, the poor man's friend in his neighborhood, popular with the lower orders, and, as a matter of course, disliked by their oppressors.

Farrell was a young gentleman in affluent circumstances, who moved in the best society, and, on his mother's side, was connected with Lord Calár. He was about thirty years of age, had been recently married, and, like his friend Sheehy, his taste for field-sports had procured for him the appellation of one of the bucks of Tipperary.

The friends and relatives of the unfortunate priest. Sheehy, appear to have been especially marked out for ruin. The design of corroborating the guilt of Pather Sheehy, by involving his immediate friends and relatives in the crime they laid to his charge, is evident, not only in these proceedings, but in others which were adopted at a later period.

True bills having been found against Edmund Sheehy, James Farrell, and James Buxton, they were put on their trials, before the Right Honorable Chief Justice Clayton and two assistant judges. They were tried separately

Edmand Sheehy was tried on the 11th of April, on a similar indictment to that on which Buyton and Farrell were tried on the two following days.

The substance of the indictment, which I have taken from the crown book, contains six counts. The first sets forth that Edhaund Shechy, James Buxton, and James Farrell were present at, and aided and abetted in, the number

of John Bridge; and that Pierce Byrne, Darbey Tierney, Dan Coleman, John Walsh, Peter Magrath, Thomas Magrath, John Butler, Thomas Sherlock, Roger Sheehy, John Coughlan, John Cruttie, Hugh Kean, John Byrne, John Springhill, William Flynn, J. Dwyer, John Bier, S. Howard, Michael Landregan, John and Edward Bourke, Edward Prendergast, Philip Magrath, Michael Quinlan, William O'Connor, and James Highland, being also present, aided and abetted likewise in the murder. The second count sets forth their swearing in John Toohy, to be true to "Shaune Meskell" and her children, meaning the White Boys. The third count charges them with tumultuously assembling at Dromlemman, leveling fences, waging rebellion, &c. The fourth and fifth count, with the same offense, at Cashel and Ballyporeen. The sixth, with taking arms from soldiers.

The same wretches who were produced on the former trial, John Toohy, Mary Brady, *alias* Dunlea, and John Lonergan, were brought forward on their trials; and two new approvers, Thomas Bier and James Herbert, to support the sinking credit of the old witnesses.<sup>s</sup> Herbert was the man who had come to the former assizes to give evidence for the priest, and who, to prevent his appearance, had been arrested on a charge of high treason, lodged in jail, and, by the dextrous management of the prosecutors, was now transformed into a crown witness.

Bier was included in the indictment of the prisoners, but had saved his life by turning approver. Previously to the arrests of Edmund Sheehy, Buxton. and Farrell, he sent notice to them that their lives were in danger, and he recommended their making their escape. They had the temerity, however, to rely on their innocence, and they paid, with their lives, the penalty of their folly. The evidence for the prosecution in no material respect differs from that brought forward on the trials of Meehan and Nicholas Sheehy. A detailed narrative of it will be found in the "Gentleman's and London Magazine" for April, 1766. It is needless to weary the reader with its fabrications. It is sufficient to say, the evidence of these witnesses was all of a piece, a tissue of perjuries clumsily interwoven, without a particle of truth, or a pretext for regarding the reception of it as the result of an imposition practiced on the understanding of the jurors.

The principal witness, whose testimony Mr. Sheehy relied on for his defense, was a Protestant gentleman, Mr. James Prendergast, "perfectly unexceptionable," says Curry, "in point of character, fortune, and religion."? This gentleman deposed, "That on the day and hour on which the murder was sworn to have been committed—about or between the hours of ten or eleven o'clock

\* 13th of August, 1766, at Clonmel assizes, Bier, up to that time retained in the service of the Tipperary persecutors, was called to plead to the indiciment preferred against him several years before, for the murder of John Bridge, when he pleaded the king's pardon, and being used out as a witness, he was paid of. This unfortunate man, driven by terror into the commission of so many crimes against innocent men, died a natural death at Bruges.

I Review of the Civil Wars .- Curry, vol. II., p. 279.

on the night of the 28th of October, 1764-Edmund Sheehy, the prisoner, was with him and others, in a distant part of the country. That they and their wives had, on the aforesaid 28th of October, dined at the house of Mr. Joseph Tennison, where they continued till after supper, which was about eleven o'clock, when he and the prisoner left the house of Mr. Tennison, and rode a considerable way together, on their return to their respective homes. That the prisoner had his wife behind him, and when they parted, he (Mr. Prendergast) rode direct home, where, on his arrival, he had looked at the clock, and found it was twelve exactly. That as to the day of their dining with Mr. Tennison (Sunday, the 28th), he was positive, from this circumstance, that the day following was to be the fair of Clogheen, where he requested that Mr. Sheehy would dispose of some bullocks for him, he (Mr. Prendergast) not being able to attend the fair."\* This was the evidence of Mr. Prendergast. Another witness for the prisoner, Paul Webber, of Cork, butcher, swore that he saw Mr. Sheehy at the fair of Clogheen on the 29th of October, 1764, and conversed with him respecting Mr. Prendergast's bullocks, which he subsequently bought of Mr. Prendergast, in consequence of this conversation with Mr. Edmund Sheehy. Another witness, Thomas Mason, shepherd to the prisoner, confirmed the particulars sworn to by Mr. Prendergast as to the night and the hour of Mr. Sheehy's return home from Mr. Tennison's house.

Bartholomew Griffith swore that John Toohy, his nephew, had falsely sworn on the trial that the clothes he wore on the trial had been given to him by him (Griffith); that Toohy, on the 28th and 29th of October, 1764, was at his house at Cullen.

One of the grand jury. Chadwick, volunteered his evidence to blunt the testimony of Griffith. He swore that Griffith, "on that occasion, was not to be believed on his oath." The next witness swore that Toohy lived with his master, Brooke Brazier, Esq., six weeks, where he behaved very ill. Mr. Brazier, another of the grand jury, was then called, and he declared that Toohy was not known to him, but that a person was in his family for that time, and was of a very bad character. The managers of the prosecution had Mr. Tennison then examined by a crown lawyer. This gentleman swore "that Sheehy had dined at his house in October, 1764;" but "he was inclined to think it was earlier in the month than the 28th." This evidence was received as a triumphant contradiction of Prendergast's testimony.

Now, as far as character was concerned, that of Sheehy's witness stood fully as high as that of Mr. Tennison. But with respect to the statement of the particular fact of the prisoner having dined on the particular day specified by Sheehy's witness with Tennison, the evidence of Prendergast went positive to the affirmative, while that of Tennison amounted only to a supposition that it was on an earlier day in the month than that specified that the prisoners dined at his house. "He was" only "inclined to think" that it was earlier in the month, but Prendergast "was positive," from a particular circumstance,

\* A Candid Inquiry, p. 12.

that it was on the Sunday, the day before the fair at Clogheen, he dined there. There was no other witness produced to corroborate the supposition of Mr. Tennison. There were two witnesses called to confirm the positive statement of Prendergast with regard to the particular night and hour of Sheehy's return from Tennison's house. So much for the evidence. It is now necessary to show that it was not relied on alone for the conviction of the prisoners.

The managers who had on the previous trial surrounded the court with a military force, on this occasion crammed it with their adherents, whose minds had been inflamed by public advertisements previous to the trial, in which the leniency of the former measures of government was reproduced.

"The baronet (Sir Thomas Maude) before mentioned published an advertisement, wherein he presumed to censure the wise and vigilant administration of our last chief governors, and even to charge them with the destruction of many of his majesty's subjects for not having countenanced such measures with respect to these rioters as were manifestly repugnant to all the rules of prudence, justice, and humanity. Nor did his boldness stop here; for, naming a certain day in said advertisement, when the following persons of credit and substance, namely, Sheehy, Buxton, and Farrell, and others, were to be tried by commission at Clonmel for the aforesaid murder, as if he meant to intimidate their judges into lawless rigor and severity, he sent forth an authoritative kind of summons 'to every gentleman of the county to attend that commisson.'"\* With such arrangements for inflaming the public mind, for influencing the jury, for intimidating the judges, the doom of the prisoners was sealed before they were put into the dock.

The unfortunate Edmund Sheehy was convicted, and sentence of death, with its usual barbarous concomitants in these cases, drawing and quartering, was pronounced upon him. His wife was in the court when that dreadful sentence was pronounced, and was carried from it in a swoon. The two other acts of the judicial drama were duly performed; the packed juries discharged the duties required or expected of them by the managers of the prosocutions. Buxton and Farrell were found guilty, and were sentenced, with Sheeky, to be executed on the 3d of May.

Eight other persons were placed at the bar, who were charged with the same crime as the prisoners who had been convicted. Another Sheehy was on the list of the managers, but the jury was instructed to acquit the prisoners, Roger Sheehy, Edmund Burke, John Burke, John Butler, B. Kennelly, William Flynn, and Thomas Magrath; but no sooner were they acquitted, than several of them were called on to give bail to appear at the ensuing assizes, to answer to other charges of high treason.

A memorial was drawn up by Edmund Sheehy, and addressed to the judges who presided at the trial; and the following copy is taken from the original draught:

\* A Candid Inquiry, &c., p. 10.

- "To the Right Honorable Lord Chief Justice Clayton, the Honorable Edmund Malone, and Godfrey Hill, Esq.,
- "The humble petition of Edmund Sheehy, an unhappy prisoner, under sentence of death, in his majesty's jail at Clonmel,

## "Most humbly showeth,

"That at the last commission of Oyer and Terminer and jail delivery, held at Clonmel the 11th of April inst., your petitioner was convicted of the murder of John Bridge, and accordingly received sentence to be executed on the 3d of May next.

"That your petitioner was transmitted from the city of Kilkenny to Clonmel on Friday, the 4th of April inst., four days only before the said commission of jail delivery was opened.

"That from the short time your petitioner had to prepare for his trial, which he apprehended was by order postponed until the next summer assizes, and the confusion he was in, he was not able to procure all his material witnesses to attend on said trial, or to make that just defense that he would have been able to make if he had had more time to prepare for it, which is manifest from the want of recollection in Travers, the butcher, produced on behalf of your petitioner, who, on the very next day after the trial, perfectly recollected, and is now ready to swear he saw your petitioner and the bullocks at the fair of Clogheen. Nor had Mr. Tennison sufficient time to recollect himself, supposing him quite free from the influence of those who managed the prosecution, who were the said Tennison's allies; circumstances that did not appear to your lordship and honors, of whose mercy, humanity, and justice your petitioner has a due sense, which he shall retain unto death, whatever his fate may be.

"That your petitioner has a wife and five small children, the eldest about nine years old, who, together with an aged father and three sisters, principally depend upon your petitioner's industry as a farmer for support.

"That your petitioner forbears stating the nature and circumstances of the evidence which appeared upon your petitioner's trial, but refers to your lordship and honors' recollection thereof. However, from the nature of your petitioner's defense, in part supported by the positive evidence of James Prendergast, Esq., who is a gentleman of unexceptionable good character and of a considerable fortune, notwithstanding the prejudices that were entertained • by some against the persons who were to be tried, your petitioner, from the evidence and a consciousness of his own innocence, entertained hopes that he would have been acquitted. But in regard that he was found guilty,

"Your petitioner most humbly implores your lordship and honors to take his unhappy case and the character of the several witnesses into consideration, and to make such favorable report of your petitioner and his family's case to his excellency the lord lieutenant as to your lordship and honors shall seem meet.

" And he will j . ...

EDMUND SHEERY"

"Notwithstanding," Curry states, " that frequent and earnest solicitations were made by several persons of quality in favor of the prisoners, who, being persuaded of their innocence, hoped to obtain for them, if not a pardon, at least some mitigation of their punishment, by transportation or reprieve-the chief and most active of these worthy personages was the Right Honorable Lord Taafe, whose great goodness of heart, and unwearied endeavors, on all occasions, to save his poor countrymen, add new lustre to his nobility, and will be forever remembered by them with the warmest and most respectful gratitude-it is no wonder that their solicitations were vain, for the knight (baronet) so often mentioned (Sir Thomas Maude), Mr. ----, &c., had been before with the lord lieutenant, and declared that, if any favor were shown to these people, they would follow the example of a noble peer, and quit the kingdom in a body. The behavior of the prisoners at the place of execution was cheerful, but devout, and modest, though resolute. It was impossible for any one in their circumstances to counterfeit that resignation, serenity, and pleasing hope which appeared so strikingly in all their countenances and gestures. Conscious of their innocence, they seemed to hasten to receive the reward prepared in the next life for those who suffer patiently for its sake in this.".

In the "Gentleman's and London Magazine" of May, 1766, there is "an authentic narration of the death and execution of Messrs. Sheehy, Buxton, and Farrell, with their declarations attested and carefully compared with those in the hand of Mr. Butler, sub-sheriff of the county Tipperary, who received them from these unfortunate people at the place of execution."

These documents I have likewise compared with copies of the same declarations, furnished me by some of the surviving friends of these unfortunate gentlemen; and, except in the omission of a few names, I find no material difference.

The following is the narrative given in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for May, 1766, Appendix, p. 113:

"The sheriff, who proceeded with decency, called upon the prisoners early in the morning of the 3d instant, so as to leave the jail of Clonmel for Clogheen about six o'clock, to which place he was attended by the regiment of light dragoons, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Harcourt, and two companies of Armiger's foot : these the commander had previously made ready for the purpose by an order from government. Edmund Sheehy and James Buxton were put on the same car, James Farrell on the next, and the executioner on another, with his apparatus, and the gallows so contrived as to be immediately put together; they thus proceeded in awful procession to Clogheen, where they arrived about twelve o'clock, the distance being above eleven miles.

"In the most open part of the village the gallows was erected, and that in a very short time, while the prisoners remained at a small distance in devotion with their prices for about two hours, when it was thought necessary to exe-

\* A Candid Inquiry, p. 13, 14.

٠

is declaration, and afterward h for remaining some time, they were tied up, and in their situation each read nere then all three put upon one car, and down under the gallows, where, on the law of their country had dee anded it to the sheriff. and them to maker. I

"Shashy not his fits with the most undamted courage, and delivered his declaration with as much composure of mind as if he had been repeating a payer; when this swfal scene was finished, they were turned off, upon a signal given by Sheeky, who assumed in a sort of exultation, and sprung from the car; he was deed immediately; and after the eriminals had hung access odies, which were delivered to their respective friends." so, they were out down, and the executioner sevened their boads from their

prejudice of their families. and let not the imputation of the fathers' misfortunes be remembered to the They were all buried the evening of that day, as particularly requested themselves, where we hope they rest, having made atcassment for their crime tragic scene yet reme "Shaolay's intropid behavior, set off by an engaging person, attracted much ply and companies from all present; but the most oppressive part of this tragic scene yet remains to be told, when I say that Sheeky has left a widow with five children to bemoan his unhappy fain, Burion three, and Farrell, who ad not been married more than three months, has left his wife programt Your constant reader, dcc. ted by

"Cambel, May 28, 1706,"

" THE DYING DECLARATION OF MR. EDNUND SERRIT :

through the passion and sufferings of my Redeemer, to be forgiven the many God, I sincerely forgive the world, I forgive my judges, jury, prosecutors, and every other who had a hand in spilling my innocent blood; may the great crimes and offenses which I have committed against so great and merciful a of Christ, soon to enjoy. God forgive them, bless them, and may they never leave this world without sincerely repenting, and meriting that felicity which I hope, through the wounds "As I am shortly to appear before the great tribunal of God, where I expect, great

"I think it incumbent, as well for the satiafaction of the public as the ease of my own mind, to declare the truth of every crime with which I was im-

peached, from the beginning to the day of my conviction. "First. As to the meeting at Kilcoran, aworn by James Herbert, and the murder of John Bridge, sworn to by him and the rest of the informers

several other meetings and treasonable practices, at all which I was sworn to "Second. The meeting at Ardfinan, sworn by Guinan in October, 1763, and

of the present happy Constitution. ing walls, and many other strocious crimes against the peace and tranquillity his orchand, taking arms from soldiers, burning Joseph Tennison's corn, levelbe present as the principal acting person. "Third. That I had a hand in burning John Fearise's turf, and extirpating

\* The statement is incorrect with respect to the heads of Burton and Farrel.-R. R. M.

" 1st. I now solemnly declare that I did not see a White Boy since the year 1763, and then but once or twice ; and that I never was present at the leveling at the Rock of Cashel, or any other wall or commons in my life, nor even gave counsel or advice to have it done, or ever had any previous knowledge of such intentions, nor do I know to this minute any one man that was at the leveling of the said wall.

"2dly. I declare that I never saw Herbert until the day of my trial, and that I never was at a meeting at Kilcoran; never heard an oath of allegiance proposed nor administered in my life to any sovereign, king, or prince; never knew any thing of the murder of Bridge until I heard it publicly mentioned; nor did I know there was any such design on foot, and if I had, I would have hindered it, if in my power.

"3dly. As to the battle of Newmarket, for which I was tried-I declare I never was at Newmarket, nor do I know there was a rescue intended; nor do I believe did any man in the county of Tipperary.

"4thly. I declare that I never meant or intended rebellion, high treason, or measure, or ever heard any such wicked scheme mentioned or proposed, nor do I believe there was any such matters in view, and if there was, that I am wholly ignorant of them.

"5thly. I declare that I never knew of either French or Spanish officers, commissions, or money, paid to those poor ignorant fools called White Boys, or of a man held in the light of a gentleman being connected with them.

"I was often attacked, during my confinement in Kilkenny, by the Rev. Lawrence Broderick and the Rev. John Hewson, to make useful discoveries, by bringing in men of weight and fortune, that there was an intended rebellion and massacre, French officers, commissions, and money paid, and by so doing, that would procure my pardon, difficult as it was.

"The day after my trial, Edmund Bagwell came to me from the grand jury, and told me that if I would put those matters in a clear light, that I would get my pardon. I made answer that I would declare the truth, which would not be heard. Sir William Barker's son and Mr. Matthew Bunbury came to me the same evening with words to the same purpose, to which I replied as before. Nothing on this occasion would give sufficient content without my proving the above, and that the *pricet died with a lie in his mouth*, which was the phrase Mr. Hewson (Hewetson) made use of. I sent for Sir Thomas Maude the day of my sentence, and declared to him the meeting at Drumlemmon, where I saw nothing remarkable, but two or three fellows, who stole hay from Mr. John Kesting, were whipped, and sworm never to steal to the value of a shilling during life. I saw Thomas Bier there, which I told Sir Thomas and Mr. Bunbury, and begged of them never to give credit to Herbert, who knew nothing of the matter except what Bier knew.

"I do declare I saw Bier take a voluntary onth more than once, in the jail of Clonmel, that he knew nothing of the murder; nor do I believe he did. May God forgive him, and the rest of those unhappy informers, and all those who had a hand in encouraging them to swear away innocent lives.

" I further desize, that I have endowneed, as much as we in my power, to suppress this spirit of the White Boys, where I thought or suspected the least sperk of it to remain.

"The above is a sincere and honest designation, as I expect to ass God; nor would I make any other for the universe, which must be clear to the gentieness who offered me my life if I would comply. May the grant God forgive them, and incline their hearts to truth, and suffer them not to be biased, nor hurried on by party or particular pequidices, to persevere any longer in falsely representing those metiges to the best of kings and to the humanest and best of governments, which I pay God may long continue.

"I dis, in the 33d year of my age, an unworthy member of the Church of Rome : the Lord have mercy on my soul! Amen ! Amen !

" I was informed that Mr. Tennison's corn was burned by one of his own servants, but accidentally, and that since my confinement; I thought so always. " Signed by me this 3d of May, 1766.

" Encome Samery.

" Present-James Buxton, James Farrell."

## " A COPY OF THE DYING DECLARATION OF JAMES BURYON, OF ELECOBAN, IN THE COUNTY OF TIPPEBABY,

tried for the alleged murder of one John Bridge; John Toohy and Thomas Bier, prosecutors; God forgive them. Whereas I, the said James Buxton, was arraigned at my trial for having sided and assisted, and committed many flagrant crimes against his majesty's law and government since the rise of the White Boys, upon the information of Michael Guinan and John Toohy, I thought it proper to disabuse the public by this declaration, which I make to God and the world concerning my knowledge of these matters.

"First, as to the murder of John Bridge, I solemnly declare, in the presence of God, before whose holy tribunal I shortly expect to appear, that I neither consulted nor advised, aided nor abetted, nor had I the least notion of any one that did, to the killing of John Bridge; nor did my prosecutor, John Toohy, ever serve me an hour since I was born; neither did I sver, to the best of my knowledge, lay my eyes on him but one night, on the 18th of September last, when he lay at my house, and went by the name of Lucius O'Brien. He was pursued next morning by one William O'Brien, of Clonmel, whom he robbed of some clothes two days before, and was taken in Clogheon for the same robbery, and said O'Brien's clothes and other things were found upon him, for which he was committed to jail, and then turned approver.

"As to every other thing that Michael Guinan and said Tooby swore against me, I further solemly declare, in the presence of my great God, that I neither did any such thing, nor was at any such meeting or leveling as they swore against me, except Drumlemmon, and upon the word of a dying man, neither of *them* was there. Nor was any man, upon the same word of a dying man, that was yet apprehended or suffered, in my belief concerned in the murder

of Bridge; and that I verily believe and am persuaded that no prosecutor that yet appeared was present, or any way concerned in that murder, though Thomas Bier, God forgive him, swore that he and I were within two yards of John Bridge when he was murdered by Edmund Meeban with a stroke of a bill-hook.

"Secondly. I solemnly declare and protest, in the presence of my great God, that I never heard or ever learned of a rebellion intended in this kingdom, nor never heard of, nor ever saw any French officers, or French money coming into this country, nor ever heard that any merchants supplied or intended to supply any money for the White Boys, or for any other purpose; nor ever saw, heard, or could discover that any allegiance was sworn to any prince or potentate in the world but to his present majesty, King George the Third; and I further declare, on my dying words, that I never knew nor discovered, nor even imagined, that any massacre whatsoever was intended against any person or persons in this kingdom. And I declare, in the presence of the foregoing treacherous or treasonable combinations were to be carried on, I would have learned or heard something of them.

"Thirdly. That last Lent assizes, in Kilkenny, where I stood indicted and was arraigned for the battle of Newmarket, that the Rev. John Hewetson and Rev. Lawrence Broderick tampered with me for six hours and more, setting forth the little chance I had for my life there at Kilkenny; and though I should, that I would have none at all in Clonmel, but that they would write Lord Carrick immediately to procure my freedom if I would turn approver, and swcar to an intended rebellion, treasonable conspiracies, and a massacre, against the principal popish clergy and gentlemen of my county, whose names they had set down in a long piece of paper; but wanted me particularly to swear againt Squire Wyse, Philip Long, Dominick Farrell, Martin Murphy, Doctor Creagh, and Michael Lee, and that I should also swear the Pricet Sheehy died with a lie in his mouth. Likewise, that I was at the battle of Newmarket, and received a letter from one Edmund Tobin to be at said battle. and this in order to corroborate the informer Toohy's oath and the oaths of three of the light-horse, who swore they saw me there. One, in particular, swore he broke his firelock on my head. Now, as I expect salvation from the hands of God, I neither received a message or letter, nor heard or discovered that this battle of Newmarket was to occur, nor any circumstance regarding it until it was advertised. And I further declare, in the presence of my great God, that I never was nearer this place they call Newmarket than the turnpike road that leads from Dublin to Cork, for I never was two yards eastward of that road. As to the schemes of the White Boys, as far as I could find out in the parish of Tubrid, where I lived, I most solemnly declare, before Almighty God, nothing more was meant than the detection of thieves and rogues, which the said parish was of late remarkable for ; an agreement to deal for tithes with none but the dean or minister whose tithe was of his or their immediate

living ; as to leveling, that I never found out any such thing to have been committed in sold parish of any consequence but one ditch belonging to John Griffin, of Kilesran; nor was I ever privy to any wall or ditch that ever was leveled by White Boys in the county of Tipperaty or any other county.

"I also declare, that I never approved of the proceedings of levelers, and that my constant admonition to every person whom I thought concerned in such vile practices was to desist, for that the innorent would suffer for the

\* Given under my Innel, this Ni day of May, and the year FUR: contained the second sec

## THE DOCLARCING OF LANSIN BARRIES.

<sup>2</sup> " As I an shortly to appear before the great Godi Witter I support, through the passion of our door Redormer, to be forgiven the miny enhance and editates which I have consulted against so great and just a God, I now downed for-give the world in general, and in particular them that have been the concer of wrongfully spilling my blood.

" 1st. The crime for which I am to die is the murder of John Bridge, and swearing at Kilcoran.

"2dly. The burning of Joseph Tennison's corn, John Fearise's turf, and all other things that belonged to the White Boys.

"Sdly. The battle of Newmarket, which I stood a trial for in Kilkeeny—I now declare to the great tribunal that I am as innocent of all the aforesaid facts which I have been impeached with as the child unborn, in either counsel, aiding, assisting, or knowledge of said facts. I therefore think it conscionable to declare what the following gentlemen wanted me to do, in order to spill innocent blood, which was not in the power of any man in the world to perform.

"These are the gentlemen as follow: the Rev. John Hewsteen, John Bagwell, Matthew Bunbury, Mr. Toler, William Bagnell, Edmund Bagnell, and some of the light-house officers. The day I was condemned, they came along with me from the court-house to the jail, where they carried me into a room, and told me it was in my power to save my life. I asked them how. If I swore against the following persons, they told me they could get my parden.

"The people are as follows : Martyn Murphy and Philip Long, both of Waterford, and some other merchants of Cork ; likewise Bishop Creagh and Lord Dunboyne's brother, and a good many other clergymess ; likewise James Nagle, Robert Kesting, John Purcell, Thomas Doherty, Thomas Long, John Baldwin, Thomas Butler, of Grange, and Nicholas Lee, with a great many others of the gentlemen of the county and responsible farmers, to be encouraging French officers, enlisting men for the French service, to raise a rebellion in this kingdom, and to distribute French money.

"4thly. If in case they should get a person to do all these things, it would

not do without swearing to the murder of John Bridge, to corroborate with the rest of the informers, and strengthen their evidence.

"5thly. I solemnly declare to his divine Majesty I was never present at the leveling of a ditch or wall in my life, nor ever was at a meeting belonging to the White Boys in my life.

"6thly. I likewise declare that I had neither hand, act, nor part in bringing James Herbert from the county of Limerick, and also declare, to the best of my knowledge, he swore not one word of truth, and, in particular, what he swore against me was undoubtedly false.

"The great God bless all my prosecutors, and all other persons that had hand, act, or part in spilling my blood innocently, which the Divine tribunal knows to be so.

"Given under my hand, this 30th day of April, 1766.

"JANES FARRELL.

"They also wanted me to swear against Thomas Butler, of Ballyknock, Edmund Doherty, and Philip Hacket.

"In the presence of us : Edmund Sheehy, James Buxton, Catherine Farrall."

The wretched wife of Edmund Sheehy, immediately after his conviction, proceeded to Dublin with the hope of procuring a pardon for her husband. His enemies were, however, beforehand with her. Their pernicious influence was exerted in every department at the Castle to frustrate her efforts. They prevailed, as they had hitherto done there, whenever the favor or the anger of the Moloch of their faction was to be propiliated or appeased, by handing over to them their defenseless persecuted victims. Some idea may be formed of the promptitude with which the foul proceedings against these gentlemen were followed up, when it is borne in mind that their separate trials commenced on the 11th of April; and the following official notice is to be found in the record of these proceedings. "Crown warrant for Edmund Sheehy, James Farrell, and James Buxton, given to F. Butler, sub-sheriff, 15th April, 1766."

Mrs. Sheehy, on her return to Clonmel, after a fruitless journey, had not even the melancholy satisfaction of finding her husband in prison. On her arrival there in the morning, she learned that he and his companions had been taken from the jail a short time before, and were then on their way to Clogheen, the place of execution. This wretched woman, worn down with affliction, with the previous conflict between hope and fear, with the shock she had received on her return at finding her last hope frustrated of beholding her beloved husband, and of bidding him farewell, had yet sufficient strength, or the kind of energy which arises from despair, to hurry after that mournful cortège. About half way between Clonmel and Clogheen she overtook it, and, rushing forward, passed through the soldiers, and threw herself into the arms of her husband.

The scene was one which the few surviving friends of this unhappy couple Vol. I.--Y

speak of as causing the very soldiers who surrounded them to weep and solt alond. This scene took place about two hours before the execution. Before they separated, Shochy resumed his former apparently unmoved demeanor, and addressed a few words, expressive of his last wishes, with extraordinary firmanes of tone and manner, to his distracted wife. He told has "to remeasber also had duties to perform to her Gul, to herself, to their children, and to his memory ;" and then proving that heaven might pour down all its blessings on her head. In two himself from her embrace, and the procession moved on. The officers, soldiers, sub-aberiff, all around them, were in tears during this melancholy interview ; and at their separation, Sheeby himself, evidently struggling with his feelings, enderward to suppress any appearance of emotion, recovered his self-possession, and from that time seemed to be unnerved.

The day before the execution, Mrs. Kearney, an ansi of Edmand Sheeky, applied to one of the efficers who was to be on daty the next day to save his unfortunate family the pain of sceing his head placed on a spike, over the entrance of the jail, in the High Street, in which it was altuated. Her interference was not ineffectual : he told her he had no power to interfere with the rivil authorities ; but when the head was separated from the body, if any persea were in readinese to beer it off, the soldiers probably would not be overpashous to prevent its removal.

For this act it was wisely thought that the resolution and premptitude of a woman would be likely to prove most successful. Ann Mary Betler, a person devoted to the family, and in her attachment to it incapable of faur and insemsible of danger, was selected for this purpose. The head of Edmund Sheahy was no sconer struck from the body, than this woman suddenly forced her way through the soldiers, threw her apron over the head, and fied with it, the soldiers as the approached opening a free passage for her, and again forming in line when the executioner and his attendants made an effort to pursue her, and thus the military prevented their so doing.

The woman, at the place appointed at the cross-roads, near Cloghern, mat the funeral (for the mutilated body had been delivered over to the friends for interment), the head was put into the coffin, and was buried at a country church-yard about three or four miles from Clonmel, attended by a vast concourse of people. The executions took place on a temporary scaffold, in an open space called the Cock-pit. The heads of Farrell and Buxton were brought to Clonmel, and, together with those of Father Sheehy and Meehan, were spiked and placed over the entrance to the jail, where, for upward of twenty years, these wretched trophies of the triumphant villainy of the Maudes, Bagwells, Bagnells, and Hewsteons continued to outrage the feelings of humanity and justice, and to shock the sight of the surviving relatives of the murdered men every time they entered the town or departed from it.

The thirst for Catholic blood was not yet appeased. Another batch of Catholic gentlemen, charged with treason, with acting as leaders in the Munster plot, were brought to trial at Clonmel in the month of March the follow-

ing year (1767). Mr. James Nagle, of Garnavilla, a relative by marriage of the celebrated Edmund Burke, Mr. Robert Kesting, of Knocka, Mr. Thomas Dogherty, of Ballynamona, Mr. Edmund Burke, of Tubrid, and Measrs. Meighan, Lee, and Couglan, all charged with high treason, and aiding and abetting White Boyism.\* For some of these gentlemen, when first arrested, bail to the amount of several thousand pounds had been offered and refused. They had lain in jail for several months proviously to the trial, and the charge that eventually was attempted to be supported against them by the same miscreant who had sworn against Father Sheehy was completely disproved. The "managers" of the prosecution had omitted no means to procure evidence of the right sort. In the middle of July the preceding year (1766), ample encouragement for new perjury was held out in the public papers. It was there in stated that "the reward promised for prosecuting and convicting the other rioters, the sum of £300, had been paid."<sup>†</sup>

Several of these gentlemen were of the most respectable families in the county. Messrs. Keating and Dogherty were persons who moved in the best circles of society, and whose descendants still hold a prominent station in it. The two latter owed their asfety to a circumstance which came to the knowledge of one of the friends of Keating while he was in jail. One of the dismounted dragoon soldiers, then doing duty in the jail, saw the well-known Mary Dunles privately introduced into the prison by one of the active magistrates in these proceedings, and taken to a window where ahe had an opportunity of seeing Messrs. Keating and Dogherty without being noticed by them. This was for the purpose of enabling her to swear to persons whom ahe had never before seen.

On the morning of the trials, the friends of the prisoners, keeping a watchful eye on the movements of the same woman, saw her in a doorway in front of the dock, and Mr. John Bagwell in the sct of pointing out the prisoners. The friend of Keating lost no time in hurrying to the dock, and telling them to change their costs. They did so, and the costs were identified, but not the men. The witness, on being asked to point out Keating, singled out Dogherty ; and the manifest ignorance of the witness of the persons of those two prisoners was mainly instrumental in causing all to be acquitted.

The trial of these gentlemon, on account of the great number of witnesses examined, lasted from ten o'clock on Wednesday morning until four o'clock on Thursday morning. The jury, after much deliberation, brought in their verdict, "Not Guilty," upon which the prisoners were enlarged. "Not, however, without the flactious, bold, and open censures and secret threats against the humans and upright judge who presided at the trial (Baron Mountney), so enraged were they to find the *last* effort to realize this plot entirely frustrated.";

\* Dublin Gassette, April, 1767; and Saunders' Newsletter, July, 1787.

f A Candid Inquiry.

1 A Parallel between the Plots of 1679 and 1762, p. 39; Saunders' Newsletter, July, 1767.

Curry is mistaken in terming it the last effort. Two other attempts were subsequently made before Judge Edmund Malous and Prime Sergeant Hutchinson. John Sheshy, John Burke, E. Prendergaat, and several others, were tried and acquitted on the same charge and evidence. On the 5th of September, 1767, once more, "Mr. Boger Sheshy and six others were tried on an indicatent of high treasen, for being concerned with the White Boys, on the testimony of Tooby, who, prevaricating, as we are told by Curry, in his testimony from what he had sworn nearly two years before, Mr. Prime Sergeant desired the jury to give no credit thereto, upon which Sheshy was acquitted."\*

This terminated a most foul conspiracy against the lives of innocent men. The name of Sheehy's jury became a term of reproach in the south of Ineland, that was applied to any inquiry that was conducted an principles at variance with truth and justice, and which made an indictment tantamount to a conviction.

A passage in Sir Richard Musgrave's history throws some light on the implication of Mr. Nagle, whose name is mentioned on the list of prisoners at the former trial in March, 1767. "When the enormities," says Sir Richard, " committed by the White Boys were about to draw on them the vengeance of the law, and some time before Sir Richard Aston proceeded on his mission to try them, Mr. Edmund Burke sent his brother Richard (who died recorder of Bristol), and Mr. Nagle, a relation, on a mission to Munster, to levy money on the popish body for the use of the White Boys, who were exclusively papists." The obvious drift of this passage can hardly be mistaken ; but, as Sir Richard Musgrave appears to have had some misgivings as to the success of the attempt to cast suspicion on the loyalty of Edmund Burke, he added the following passage in a note, in type sufficiently small to afford a chance of its escaping observation : " I have no other proof that these gentlemen were employed by Mr. Burke than that they declared it without reserve to the persons from whom they obtained money. In doing so, he might have been actuated by motives of charity and humanity."

The extraordinary judgments which fell on the persons who were instrumental to the death of Father Sheehy are still fresh in the memory of the inhabitants of Clonmel and Clogheen. Several of the jury met with violent deaths, some dragged out a miserable existence, stricken with loathsome and excruciating maladies; madness was the fate of one, beggary the lot of another, recklessness of life and remorse, I believe it may be said with truth, of the majority of them.

This is no overcharged account. On the contrary, it falls short of the reality. One of the jury, named Tuthill, cut his throat; another, named Shaw, was choked; another, named Alexander Hoops, was drowned; the last survivor of them was said to have been accidentally shot by Mr. Sheehy Keating, in Rehill wood, on a sporting excursion. Ferris died mad. One of them dropped dead at his own door. Another, at a gentleman's house,

\* Freeman's Journal, September 8, 1767.

olio

where he spent the night in company with Mr. Pierce Meagher, the brotherin-law of Edmund Sheehy, was found dead in a privy. Dumville, by a fall from his horse, was frightfully disfigured. Minchin was reduced to beggary ; and of all I have heard only of one, named Dunmead, who died a natural death, that was not signally visited with calamities of some kind or other.

Sir Thomas Maude, the ancestor of a noble lord, died in a state of phransy, terribly afflicted both in mind and body. In his last moments his ravings were continually about Sheehy, and the repetition of that name became painful to his attendants. Few death-bed scenes, perhaps, ever presented a more appalling spectacle than that of Sir Thomas Maude is described to have been.

Bagwell, of Killmore, was reduced to a state of fatuity for some time before his death. His eldest son shot himself in a packet going over to England; his property became involved, and a miserable remnant of the wreck of it is all that is now left to one of his descendants living in a foreign land.\*

#### No. III.-INTRODUCTION, p. 18.

#### BERNARD WRIGHT, OF CLONMEL.

Ar the assizes in Clonmel, March 14, 1799, the trial took place of an action brought by Mr. Bernard Wright, a teacher of the French language, against Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald, Esq., late sheriff of the county of Tipperary. The damages were laid at £1000. The trial took place before Lord Yelverton and Judge Chamberlain. The first witness examined, William Nicholson, Esq., deposed that he knew both plaintiff and defendant ; plaintiff, on hearing the high sheriff had expressed an intention of arresting him (Wright), immediately went to surrender himself to a magistrate. The magistrate not being at home, witness accompanied plaintiff to the high sheriff. Witness told the latter Wright had come to surrender himself; on which the high sheriff said to Wright, " Fall on your knees and receive your sentence, for you are a rebel, and you have been a principal in the rebellion : you are to receive five hundred lashes, and then to be shot." Whereon "Wright prayed for time, hoped he would get a trial, and if he was not found innocent, he would submit to any punishment." Defendant answered, "What ! speak after sentence has been passed !"

(The Hon. Mr. Yelverton, in the House of Commons, in his report of those proceedings, stated the words used by Fitzgerald were, "'What, you Carmelite rascal! do you dare to speak after sentence !' and then struck him, and sent him off to prison; and next day the unhappy man was dragged to a ladder in Clonmel Street to undergo his sentence.")

The witness, Nicholson, swore that he endeavored in vain to persuade the high sheriff to have the plaintiff tried, and to convince him of Wright's innocence, "whom he had known from his childhood, and had always known to be a loyal man."

Solomon Watson, a Quaker, affirmed that on the 29th of May, 1798, the high

\* Madden's Introduction to Lives and Times of the United Irishmen, 3d Saries.

sheriff told witness he was going to whip a set of mbels. "Saw Wright brought to the labler under a goard—had his hands to his face, seemed to be proying—sow him on his knees at the ladder. Defendant, the high sheriff, pailed off Wright's hat—stamped on it—dragged him by the hair—struck him with his eword, and kicked him—blood flowed, and then dragged him to the ladder. Selected some strong men, and aried, "Tie up Citizen Wright! the up Citizen Wright!""

Witness further deposed that Wright begged to have a clergyman, but his request was refused ; then the flogging begun. " Defendant ordered first fifty lashes. He pulled a paper, written in French, out of his pockst, gave it to Major Riall as furnishing his reasons for flogging Wright. Major Riall read the paper, and returned it. Defendant then ordered fifty lashes more, after which he mited how many haber Wright had received ; being answered one hundred, he said, " Cut the waisthand of the rascal's breeches, and give him fifty there.' The lashes were inflicted severely ; defendant asked for a ropewas angry there was no rope-desired a rope to be got ready, while he went to the general for an order to hang him. Defendant went down the street toward the general's lodgings. Wright was left tied up during this time, from a quarter to half an hour. Could not say during this time whether the crowd had loosed the cords ; if not, he remained tied while defendant was absent. When defendant returned, he ordered Wright back to jail, saying he would flog him again the next day; saw Wright sent back to jail under a grand."

Major Riall being examined, deposed that he did not arrive at the place of carrying the flogging into effect before Wright had received fifty hashes. The high aheriff produced two papers, one of which, being in French, he (the high aheriff) did not understand, but gave it to him to read, as containing matter that farmished ground for the flogging. Witness read the paper, and returned it, saying it was in no wise treasonable; that it was from a French gentleman, the Baron de Clues, making an excuse for not keeping an appointment, being obliged to wait on Sir Lawrence Parsons (subsequently Lord Rosse). Wright, however, was flogged after witness had explained the mature of the letter to the high sheriff. Witness then went away. Next day he accompanied the high sheriff to see Wright in the jail. "Saw him kneching on his bed while they were speaking to him, being unable to hie down with soreness." Witness further deposed that he knew of three innocent persons being flogged whom he believed to be innocent, of whom Wright was one.

(Solomon Watson had previously deposed, in his evidence, to his knowledge of the defendant having flogged some laborers on account of the kind of waistcoats they wore. He had known defendant knock down an old man in the street for not taking off his hat to him, and he saw a lad of sixteen years of age leap into the river to escape a repetition of a flogging from him.)

The high shariff, "in an animated speech," which took nearly two hours

to deliver, defended the practice of flegging generally, as a means of obtaining discoveries of treasonable searcts; that he had flogged a man named Nipper, alias Dwyer, who confessed that Wright was a secretary of the United Irishmen, " and this information he could not get before the flogging." He insisted on the utility of his efforts to obtain confessions from suspected traitors, when every other means of discovering the truth failed; " he had a right even to cut off their heads."

This mode of arriving at truth rather disturbed the gravity of the court.

The Rev. T. Prior, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, being produced to prove the moral and loyal character of plaintiff, deposed that "he had known Bernard Wright from his earliest youth, and that he had always conducted himself as an orderly, loyal, and moral man."

Judge Chamberlain, in charging the jury, said, "The jury were not to imagine the Legislature, by enabling magistrates to justify their acts under the Indemnity Bill, had released them from the feelings of humanity and the obligations of justice in the exercise of power even in putting down rebellion."

The jury retired, and found a verdict for the plaintiff for £500, and 6d. costs. On the 16th of March, 1799, J. Judkin Fitzgerald petitioned the House of Commons, "praying to be indemnified for certain acts done by him in the suppression of the late rebellion." The acts specified were the infliction of corporal punishment, of whipping, on many persons of whose guilt he had secret information, but no public evidence. Petitioner said, not being able to disclose the information on which he acted, "the learned judges who had presided at a late trial (Wright s. Fitzgerald) were of opinion, in point of law, that unless petitioner produced information on oath of the ground on which he had acted, that his case could not fall within the provisions of the Indemnity Act passed last session."

Mr. Secretary Cooks bors testimony to "the national services performed by the petitioner."

A Bill of Indemnity was passed in the Irish Parliament, in accordance with the prayer of the petitioner, and immediately after an application was made on the part of Mr. Fitzgerald, in the Court of Exchequer, to set aside the verdict obtained against him by Mr. Wright, which application was dismissed, with full costs.\*

In the Parliamentary proceedings, "on the petition of J. J. Fitzgerald, Esq., praying for indemnity for certain acts done by him in the suppression of rebellion," April 6th, 1799, Lord Matthew supported the petition, and hore testimony to the conduct of Mr. Fitzgerald—"he was an extremely active, spirited, and meritorious magistrate."

The Hon. Mr. Yelverton opposed the petition on the ground of "there not being found a scintilla of suspicion against the plaintiff, Wright, to justify the unparalleled cruelties exercised on him."

Mr. Yelverton, in stating the facts of the case, read the letter in the French \* Report of the trial Wright v. Fitzgerald.

language which had been shown to Major Riall by the all-mighty sheriff of Tipperary as a justification of the scourging of a respectable gentleman, a peaceable mum of literary habits and pursuits, who was designated a scoursdred, whom the sheriff would be justified in flagging to death, and which letter Mr. Yelverton said had been translated in these words to Mr. Fitzgerald by Major Riall on the spot, at the place of execution, in one of the intervals of the flogging :

" Siz, --I am extremely sorry I can not will on you at the hour appointed, being unavoidably obliged to attend Sir Laurence Parsons. Yours, Banos Churs. " To R. Wright, Esq."

The Hon. Mr. Yelverton proceeded to state, that, "notwithstanding this translation, which Major Riall read to Mr. Fitzgeraid, he ordered fifty lashes more to be inflicted, and with such peculiar severity, that, horrid to relate, the intestines of the bleeding man could be persuived convulsed through his wounds ! Mr. Fitzgerald, finding he could not continue the action of his cat-o'-nine-tails on that part where he was cutting his way into his body, ordered the waisthand of his breeches to be cut open, and had fifty more lashes inflicted there. He then left the man bleeding and suspended, while he went to the herrackz to demand a file of men to come and shoot him; but being refused by the general, he ordered him back to prison, where he was confined in a small dark room, with no other furniture than a wretched pallet of straw without covering, and there he remained six or seven days, without any medical assistance.''\*

The Indemnity Bill passed through the Irish houses of Parliament, and received the royal sanction with all due speed, in time to save "the all-mighty sheriff of Tipperary" from the consequences of another action for false imprisonment and ill usage, brought against him by a com-merchant of Carrickonsure, of considerable wealth, a Mr. Scott, a man whose large means for a great many years had been freely expended in promoting industry among the lower classes of the community.

Mr. Scott had been dragged from his bed by the high sheriff, charged with being a traitor, heavily ironed, and cast into prison, without any evidence of guilt, and was finally released by General St. John on bail.

The trial, presided over by Judge Yelverton, was going on, when a special courier made his appearance in the court, and delivered a package into the hands of the counsel for Fitzgerald. The counsel handed up a document to the judge—an official notification of the Bill of Indemnity having passed into law. The judge, Baron Yelverton, read the document, tore it, and threw down the fragments, saying to the jury, "Gentlemen, a Bill of Indemnity has been passed, which sets justice at defiance, and makes it incompetent for you to vindicate the present outrage on it."

#### \* Report of the trial

# No. IV .- INTRODUCTION, p. 27.

## COPY OF MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF LADY BLESSINGTON WITH CAPTAIN MAURICE FARMER.

Obtained by R. R. MADDEN from Mr. LEGGE, Parish Clerk and Registrar of Marriages in Clonmel, the 8th of August, 1854.

1804. MARRIAGE Solemnized at the PARISH CHURCH, in the PARISH OF CLON MEL, in the COUNTY OF TIPPERARY.

When married.	Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the Time of Marriage.
1804.	Maurice Farmer.	Captain 47th Regiment.	Clonmel.
March 7.	Margaret Power.		Clonmel.

Married in the Parish Church, according to the Rites and Ceremonies of th United Church of England and Ireland, by license, by me,

(Signed),

WM. STEPHENSON.

## No. V .- INTRODUCTION, p. 29.

#### CAPTAIN MAURICE FARMER.

REFERENCE has been made in the Introduction to a letter published in Dublin newspaper by a brother of Captain Farmer, denying certain statement made in a Memoir of Lady Blessington respecting Captain Maurice St. Lege Farmer. In fairness to the friends of that gentleman, I feel myself bound t insert the letter at length, without any omissions whatsoever; although, with out calling in question in the slightest degree the veracity of the writer, I mus observe there are several statements in that communication of opinions which are entirely at variance with my impressions of facts, and some, I may add at variance with the impressions of a gentleman who was present at the may mage of Captain Farmer with Miss Power. It is very natural for the brothe of that gentleman, actuated as he must be by feelings of fraternal regard an affection, to form favorable opinions of one so nearly connected with him, an to entertain unfavorable sentiments regarding one whose relatives have publicly expressed sentiments which can not be otherwise than disagreeable, and in his opinion, unjust to the memory of his relative.

But in all matters of this unfortunate kind, it is not from the immediat friends of the persons who have been disunited that we ought to expect a fair and full statement of both sides of the question at issue—one that would do equal justice to each party, to the views of each, and the merits of the cas on either side.

I feel once more bound to state my conviction that the following statemen is not one which answers to the expectations I have just referred to; an that, if I felt myself at liberty to appeal to the recollections of two very distin guished personages who were present at that marriage, and well acquaintes with the parties—one of those persons now commander-in-chief of the Britisl

impy, and the other commander of the forces in Ireland-that conviction would be confirmed.

## "TO THE SDITHS OF THE STERING PAULET.

19 Smar-2 will gentering that your internets is you with give, in your providence to the accompanying reply to Miss Payment, ministrationents, in her appling saying of Lody Hanington's life, as connected with my brother, the Into Captain Furnity, Weberther, Payments, Statements, Weberther, Payments, Statements, Statements,

#### "1 Hoytakany Stanet, inisity of Poplar Hall, Ballingre, county of Kilders."

"Sta,--- I have seen in your paper of the lift instant of the Oceanius of Biomington, contributed in the Prof. ----70 no' by b a, Miles Power, in which, to exception sti intritic play antail Sty and f of her h nt fein to made rent soting her S in Pr m minutese ions a 10 red to a er of that a a I may be al a as follows n, I he

al that you will kindly give them equal publicity. "So far as my brother and Capitals Hurry lawing bitling us to the halv. ore to be true ; but that she preferred my here nie be nie W ted flost, inc match as that it was in every sense a love-match between than, as suttanned i had by my brother or his family ; for my fither, having sown other con amout being made or promidered th **1, 0** at in the purchase of all his stops he had ressived his share, but she lady's father promised his daughter a fortune of £1000, a shilling of which was never paid; but, counting on it, the young couple contracted debts, and Captain Farmer, finding his inability to meet them, was shifted to sell his commission to pay said debts. He unbacquestly accepted a commis-sion in the East India Company's survice, and wished his wife to accompany him there, which also declined doing. With a view, however, to her independence and happiness in his absence, he divided with her the surplus amount remaining after paying his debts -namely, £1000, that is, £500 each. Having been my brother's schoolfellow and constant companion, I can assert that, as boy or man, he never showed any symptoms of inemity up to this period ; and such I can prove by many parties still alive, and particularly through the very respectable members of the Society of Friends, living in and around Bellitore, in the county of Klidare, his native place, where my father resided. That such a statement might have been made by Captain Murray may be true, though certainly without having had any effect on the lady or her parents, for he at all times evinced great hostility in my brother ; and immediately after my brother sold out of the army, having met en other at Blackroak, near Dublin, warm words ensued, which caused Captain Murrey, who was in uniform, to draw his sword. My brother, having a stick, quickly disarmed him, and broke the sword ; the result was a duel with pistols, when Captain Murray was seriously wounded. A considerable time afterward, my brother went to India, and Mrs. Farmer came to Ballitore. From the reports current as to her misconduct, of which Captain Farmer, from his absence, could not be aware, my father would not ses her, and objected to my doing so. I called upon her notwithstanding, when she told me she had letters from my brother, pressing her to go out to India, as he had made comfortable provision for her ; but she dealined to do so, fearing the elimate might disagree with her constitution ; thus by her own words disproving the charge now brought up, that their asparation was caused by his insusity. I would rather not refer to her conduct from that period, nor do I think the memair either should go farther ; but \* . . It is a notorious fact, that her conduct, coupled with the effects of a cosp de soleil while in India, often induced my brother, when he went into company, to exceed, as was then too much the custom, and to such was his death to be attributed His host on this occasion, an old brother officer, having unfor-Innately locked the door on his company in their then state of mind, my brother, in trying to get from the room, endeavored to do so by the window, and fell, which was the cause of his death. A reference to the Times newspaper of that day, containing the report of the coroner's inquest, animadverts strongly on the conduct of his brother officer for so acting,

#### in.

and regrets the loss to the service of a brave officer, who had previously done good service for his country. W. F."

## No. VI.-INTRODUCTION, p. 22.

PROCEEDINGS ON INQUEST ON THE BODY OF JOSEPH LONERGAN (SHOT BY EDMUND POWER, ESQ., J. P., THE 21st OF APRIL, 1807). EVIDENCE AND FINDING OF JURY-BILL OF INDICTMENT AND SWORN INFORMA-TIONS:

Copied verbatim from the original documents existing in the Crown Office of Cloumei.

County of Tipperary-to Wit : The names of the jury to try and inquire how, and in what manner, Joseph Lonergan, late of Mullough, in said county, farmer, came by his death. Taken before Richard Needham, Esq., D. Mayor of Clonmel, and Edmund Armstrong, one of the coroners of said county, at the jail of Clonmel, 23d of April, 1807.

Wm. Sargeant,	1.	John Farrell,	7.
John Lindop,	2.	Peter Hinds,	8.
Wm. Harvey,	8.	Dennis Madden,	9.
Patt Phelan,	4.	John Mulcahy,	10.
Joseph Hudson,	5.	James Mara,	11.
Henry Julian,	6.	Bernard Wright,	12.*

Gentlemen, your issue is to try, and inquire how, and in what manner, Joseph Lonergan, now lying dead in the jail of Clonmel, was killed, and by whom, when, and where, and upon what occasion.

We find that Joseph Lonergan came by his death by a gun-shot wound, and from circumstances, we believe that said shot might have been fired by Edmund Power, as magistrate of this county in his own defense, and the execution of his office, and under the authority of the secretary of the lord lieutenant.

Signatures of the jury follow.

Evidence taken on an inquest held on the body of Joseph Lonergan, on the 23d of April, 1807, in the jail of Clonmel.

First witness, John R. Phillips, of Clonmel, surgeon, deposeth and saith that he was called upon, about five or six o'clock on the evening of the 21st of April instant, and saith that in about a quarter of an hour after deponent examined Joseph Lonergan, the deceased, in the jail of Clonmel, and saith he found he had received a gun-shot wound, which wound was the occasion of his death, and saith that the said Lonergan died about eleven o'clock on the JOHN R. PHILLIPS, Surgeon. ensuing morning.

RICHARD NEEDRAM, D. Lieut. Clonmel.

· EDWARD ARMSTRONG, Coroner.

Second witness : Mary Kirwan deposeth and saith that she saw a shot fired at the deceased Joseph Lonergan, but does not know who fired it, but it was fired by a gentleman on horseback ; saith she saw deceased, after the shot was fired, stretched on the ground; saw a good many people gathered at the place

\* Bernard Wright was the editor of Mr. Power's paper, "The Clonmel Gazette," the same person who was flogged by Sir John Judkin Fitzgerald .- R. R. M.

where the shot was fired ; saith the person who fired the shot was on a small mad, and the deceased was at the other side of the ditch ; saith the deceased did not throw a stone, and that he could not without deponent seeing him ; the gentleman was standing on a ditch at the opposite side of the place where the first shot was fired, when he fired the second shot. Sow a gun in his hand, and saw him charge the gun after the second shot was fired.

MANY KIEWAN, her × mark.

Truly read by me, Enwann Anasynova, Coroner RICHARD NEEDIEAN, D. L.

Darby Dwyer, of Gananey, third witness, deposeth and suith he knew Joseph Lonergan, the deceased : deponent suith he does think that the person who fired the shot was not on horsehack ; did not see any one fire the shot, but deponent heard it ; saw the above-named Mary Kirwan at the place before deponent went for Mr. Power's horse, and saw Mr. Power there ; deponent is not related to the decensed, nor is Mary Kirwan : heard only one shot ; does not know who the first shot was fired by ; saw a gun in Mr. Power's hand.

DARBY DWYRE, his × mark.

Truly read by EDWARD ABNSTRONG.

RICHARD NEEDRAM.

Bridget Hannahan, widow, of Mullough, fourth witness. Deponent saith she heard a shot fired, on which deponent came up and saw a man on the ditch with a gun in his hand, and saw Joseph Lonargan lying on the clay ; saith she does not know Mr. Power, and being called upon to identify his person, said she could not do so ; saith the person who had the gun in his hand said he would shoot her if she came farther ; and saith that the man on the ditch was forty yards from the deceased when deponent came up, and saw no other person with a gun. BRIDGET HANNAHAN, her X mark.

Truly read by EDWARD ABMSTRONG.

RICHARD NEEDBAH.

John Everard, of Mullough, farmer, fifth witness, deposeth and saith he knew Joseph Lonergan, the deceased: saith he was not present at the beginning of the transaction, but came up a good while afterward, and deponent met Mr. Power, who came up toward the place where deponent was, and deponent and Mr. Power met each other ; saith he saw a shot fired by Mr. Power, at which time Joseph Lonergan, the deceased, was running away from Mr. Power, and deponent asked Mr. Power why he fired at the deceased, and he answered witness that the villain had thrown a stone at him, upward of two pounds' weight, which Mr. Power produced to witness, and that he hit him with the stone ; the deceased got into the house of Mr. William Lonergan, of Mullough, and Mr. Power asked Lonergan if the second shot he fired had hit him ; he, Lonergan, said it did not; on which Mr. Power said, "I am glad of it, for it was at your back I fired, and if it had hit you, it would have killed you." I know that Mr. Power is a magistrate for the county of Tipperary. Heard that after the prisoner was taken away there was a mob collected ; mith he believes

that Mr. Power, upon the occasion aforesaid, was acting in the capacity of a magistrate for said county. JOHN EVERAD.

RICHARD NEEDHAM.

#### EDWARD ARMSTRONG, Coroner.

Mr. Jephson, sixth witness, saith he is a magistrate of the county of Tipperary, and saith there were informations sworn before deponent, as a magistrate of the county of Waterford, against the deceased, for a capital felony, which informations were lodged by a person in the jail of Waterford, who turned approver, and saith that the crime was so very serious, and the parties concerned therein notorious, that deponent wrote to the lord lisutenant and secretary, who by letter informed deponent that he might offer a reward of £100 for the apprehension of any of the gang concerned, and saith the deceased was at the head of that gang ; deponent saith that he gave Mr. Power the information to copy, with direction to him to act under them, and to apprehend any one of the said gang, particularly three of them, one of whom was the deceased. L. H. JEPHSOR.

RICHARD NEEDHAM, D. L. Edward Armstrong, Coroner.

## COPY OF A BILL OF INDICTMENT AGAINST EDMUND POWEE, ESQ., J. P., OF CLONMEL, FOR THE MUEDEE OF JOSEPH LONEEGAN.

County of Tipperary-to Wit : The jurors of our lord the king, upon their oaths do say and present, that Edmund Power, of Clonmel, in the said connty, esquire, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for said county, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, on the twenty-first day of April, in the forty-seventh year of the reign of our sovereign lord, George the Third, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, and so forth, with force and arms, at Mullough, in the county of Tipperary, in and upon one Joseph Lonergan, a true and faithful subject of our said lord the king, in the peace of God of our said lord the king then and there being, willfully, feloniously, and of his malice prepense, did make an assault, and the said Edmund Power a certain gun, of the value of five shillings sterling, which he, the said Edmund Power, then and there, in both his hands, had and held, the said gun then and there being charged and loaded with gunpowder and leaden shot, willfully, and feloniously, and of his malice prepense, toward and against the said Joseph Lonergan, did then and there discharge and shoot ; by means of the discharging and shooting of which said gun, so charged and loaded as aforesaid, he, the said Edmund Power the said Joseph Lonergan, in and upon the right side of the body, near the right breast of him the said Joseph Lonergan, then and there, with the leaden shot aforesaid, out of the gun aforesaid, so by him, the said Edmund Power, discharged and shot as aforesaid, by force and explosion of the gunpowder aforesaid, so discharged and shot by him, the said Edmund Power, out of the gun aforesaid, then and there

#### APPENDER.

willfully, felculeusly, and of his malice prepares, did stelles, pa wound, and then and there gave unto the said Joseph Lenaryan, with the loadon shot aforesaid, so discharged and shot by him, the said Edmand Power, out of the gwn aforemid, one mortal wound of the length of two inches, and of the depth of three inches, of which said meetal wound ha, the said Joseph Lonergan, then and there instantly longuished, and, languishing, lived from the said twenty-first day of April until the day next following, and then, that is to say, on the twenty-second day of April, in the said fosty-seventh year of the reign of our said lord the hing, the suid Joseph Lonergan, of the mortal wound aferemid, at Cleamel, in the county aforemid, "died ;" and so the jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths aforesaid, do suy and present, that the said Edmund Power the said Joseph Lonergan, with force and arms aforemid, at Mallough aforesaid, in the county of Tipperary aforesaid, the day and year aforesaid, in manner and form aforesaid, willfally, faloniously, and of his malice prepense, did kill and murder, against the peace of our said lord the king, his crown and dignity, against the form of the statute in that case made and provided.

True bill for self and fellow-jurors,

#### J. A. PRITTIR.

INFORMATION OF PATRICE LONERGAN (BROTHER OF THE DECRASED).

County of Tipperary-to Wit: By one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the said county.

The information of Patrick Lonergan, of Mullough, in the western division of the barony of Iffa and Offa, and parish of Mullough, in the said county, farmer, who came before me this day, and being duly sworn and examined on the Holy Evangelists, deponent saith he was in the employment of William Lonergan, of Mullough aforesaid, esquire, on the 21st day of April instant, where deponent's brother, Joseph Lonergan, late of Mullough, deceased, had been, and that he was also on the lands of Mullough aforesaid, and in the actual act of doing the business carefully appointed for him on said day by William Lonergan aforesaid, with this deponent, when then and there Edmund Power, of Clonmel, in said county, esquire, came on horseback, and on seeing the said Joseph Loncrgan, deceased, in distance from him about thirty-three yards, did instantly, willfully, and feloniously present a gun directed at the said Joseph Lonergan, deceased, and discharged the contents thereof, with design to kill the said Joseph Lonergan, and did hit him with a ball, which was the cause of the said Joseph Lonergan's death ; deponent saith he also saw the said Edmund Power discharge a second shot at the deceased Joseph Lonergan ; deponent saith said Edmund Power, Michael Power, and another man, whose name is yet unknown to deponent, did unmercifully take the deceased Joseph Lonergan, and him then bleeding in his wounds, put him on homeback, and carried and guarded him to the jail of Clonmel, in the said county ; deponent saith he did not know any cause that commissioned said Edmund Power to kill or murder the deceased, or commit him to the jail of

Clonmel, wherein the said Joseph Lonergan died on the morning of Wednesday, the 32d instant; also saith the said Joseph Lonergan, decessed, made no defense, opposition, resistance, or rescue, against any authority or order then in the hands or power of said Edmund Power against him, the said Joseph Lonergan, decessed; deponent saith it was the aforesaid shot which he, the said Edmund Power, fired on him which caused his death; therefore desires justice, and at trial he will make more fully appear. Sworn before me, this 29th day of April, 1807. THOMAS PRENDERGART.

Informant bound to the king in the trust sum of £20 to prosecute the above information at the next general assizes, to be holden at Clonmel for said court.

PATRICE LONEBGAN,

his × mark.

We certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the information, &c., in the case of the King v. Edmund Power, tried at the summer assizes, 1807, for the willful murder of Joseph Lonergan. Dated this 9th day of August, 1854. PRDEZ AND CARMICHARL,

per M. Harvey,

Clerk of the Crown, County Tipperary, L. R.

The long and arduous search for the above-mentioned documents, which led to their discovery, was made in my presence, the 8th of August, 1854, subsequently to the account given in the Introduction of this work of the atrocity they refer to.

On perusing these official documents, it can hardly fail to strike the reader with surprise how little variance there is between the accounts of a transaction which occurred forty-seven years ago, derived from the recollection of various parties, and the judicial records above referred to in relation to it.

The only discrepancies between them of any importance I have to notice, are the following :

By the depositions, it appears that the deceased Joseph Lonergan had a brother, who was present when Mr. Power fired at the former, not once, but twice, taking deliberate aim at him, when he was in the act of running away from his assailant; that no provocation had been given by the deceased, but that he was employed, at the moment he was fired at by Mr. Power, on his lawful business.

By the evidence of Mr. Evenard, of Mullough, farmer, it appeared, immediately after he saw the shot fired by Mr. Power at Lonergan, who was in the act of running away, the deponent asked Mr. Power why he fired at the deceased, and Mr. Power replied, "The villain had thrown a stone at him of two pounds' weight."

Mr. Power never said a word about having any warrant for his apprehension; but subsequently the defense of Mr. Power was made on such grounds.

Mr. L. H. Jephson, a brother magistrate of Mr. Power, was produced at the inquest, who deposed "that there were informations sworn before deponent

nst the decreased for a capital folony" (but Mr. Jephson did not state what folony was); "that they were lodged by a person in the jail of Waterford, had turned approver" (but the name of the party was not given); "that rime was so very serious, and the partice concerned in them so notorious, deponent wrote to the lord lieutenant and secretary, who by letter informed ment he might offer a reward for any of the gang concerned, and deponent the deceased was at the head of that gang, and that he gave Mr. Power information to copy, with directions to him to act under them, and to apaend any one of the soid parties, particularly three of them, one of whem he deceased."

a simple facts of the case were these: Mr. Jephson refers to a communetation he made to the government, stating some grave crimes which were said to have been committed in his neighborhood. It is very plain neither he nor the government knew who the offenders were, for the government found it necessary to offer a reward of £100 for the discovery of them, "for any of the gaug concerned."

Mr. Jephson having been thus authorized, obtained some information which caused him to instruct Mr. Power to take measures for the arrest of some persons suspected to be of the gang concerned. And Mr. Power's act having rendered it necessary for him to attach suspicion to the unfortunate young man, whom in his phrensied recklessness he shot, had evidently given such reasons for those suspicions to his brother magistrate, that Mr. Jephson, at the period of the inquest, was satisfied that the deceased was one of the suspected parties belonging to the gang concerned in the unspecified outrage he referred to. But it is quite clear, if the evidence of the farmer, Everard, can be relied on, that Power's sole complaint against Lonergan was, that he had thrown a stone at him.

## No. VII.-INTRODUCTION, p. 19.

PROSECUTION OF EDMUND POWER FOR LIBEL ON JOHN BAGWELL, ESQ.

Extracts from Angell's Report of the Trial, Bagwell v. Power, before Lord Norbury and a special jury, at Clonmel, county of Tipperary, Summer Assizes, August 11th, 1804. Published by Edmund Power, Clonmel, printer and publisher of "The Clonmel Gazette, or Munster Mercury."\*

The counsel for the plaintiff were the solicitor general, William Lankey, Esq., Charles K. Bushe, Esq., Thomas Prendergast, Esq., Peter Burrowes, Esq., Hon. W. H. Yelverton, John Campbell, Esq., Richard Going, Esq., Edward Pennefeather, Esq., George Grace, Esq., Dennis O'Brien, Esq.

The counsel for the defendant, John Philpot Curran, Esq., Henry Deane Grady, Esq., T. Driscoll, Esq., Morgan Dwyer, Esq., John Lloyd, Esq., Dennis Scully, Esq.

\* In one of the preceding references to this trial, there is an error in the date, which is stated 1806 instead of 1804, and in the amount of damages, which is set down at £500 instead of £400,-R. R. M.

The damages were laid at £5000.

Peter Burrowss, Esq., counsel for the plaintiff, stated that his client, John Bagwell, Esq., was colonel of the Tipperary militia; had been mayor of Clonmel, and represented the county in Parliament, and possessed in fee the town of Clonmel, and in virtue of that property had a control and direction over the tolls and customs of the town. The libels were published in the Clonmel Gazette, in December, 1808, in the shape of letters, signed "Cives," "An Inhabitant," "Contrastor," and "Hibernicus." One of them, making allusion to the colonel, not to be mistaken, and mentioning "impositions practiced on the tolls and customs of Clonmel, and in the weights," said,

"Who can expect that the forestaller, the bloodsucker of the poor, and the enemy to every class of society alike, will remain inactive ?" Another paragraph speaks of "unprivileged ruffians, who incur the penalties of the law, while the delegated guardians of those laws incurred guilt of a deeper shade."

Another letter, still more outrageously libelous, alluding to Colonel Bagwell, but without naming that gentleman, in his capacity of commanding officer of his regiment, directly charged him with appropriating to his own uses the moneys he had obtained for bounty, intended by the government to be paid to the men enlisting in his regiment. The words of the libel were : "What say the patriot and the soldier! That a person honored by a commission long sought from the most gracious and glorious sovereign in the world, seeks to weaken the loyalty of those under his command by withholding that sovereign's bounty."

In another passage of a letter similarly directed, the following words occur :

"I would direct the enmity, the passions, every known and latent stimulus to hostility, against the common enemy, the indiscriminating desolator."

Thomas Quin, Esq., J. P., examined by plaintiff's counsel, proved that defendant was printer and publisher of the Clonmel Gazette. On cross-examination by Mr. Grady, said, "It was only within these two or three years that Mr. Power commenced the business of a printer. He believed Mr. Power to be a very honest, industrious man, of a respectable family, and had a number of children.

Did not believe him to be a malicious man.

Did not think him capable of telling horrible lies.

Believed him to be of too much integrity to do so.

Did not believe he would set forth any thing in his paper he did not believe to be true.

John Malcolmson, a Quaker (a brewer of Clonnel), made his affirmation. Believed the libels alluded to Colonel Bagwell.

On cross-examination by Counselor O'Driscoll, witness said, "There were reports about two years previously that some (bounty) money had been withheld from the soldiers, and the complaints had been the subject of a court of inquiry, and the result was, that some of complainant's accounts were settled, and the balances due to some of the men were paid."

He did not know who presided over that court.

Did not know whether Lieutenant Colonel Bagwell or Colonel Bagwell.

Knew his own name was Malcolmson. He might be the son of his mother, but may be the son of Malcolm, or any other.

His business was that of a brewer. Counsel closerved, then some grains of allowance aught to be made for his memory.

Witness considered Power acted in the number of the publication of these letters free from malice. He believed Power supported Mr. Bagwell in a late contested election, and had accompanied the latter to Dublin relative to his petition to Parliament origing out of the contested election. There had been a great friendship subsisting between them. He knew of one of the defendant's witnesses, Sergeant Hogan, having been at Marifield, the seat of Gelonel Bagwell, some days before the assizes ; heard that Hogan had played billiardis there.

- Qouncel school, Dhi ha hdar Heigen had gat his our Gauetha Winters said. In heard he did.

Counsel mixed, Did he hear that Surgrant Hogan peaketed the column? Witness answered, he heard that one peaketed the other, but did not know which. He only know the colonel played with him, but could not say whether the sargeant played the winning or the losing game.

The libelous letters were read in evidence, and the plaintiff's case closed.

Henry Deane Grady, Esq., on the part of defendant, proposed to plaintiff's counsel to withdraw a juror, and each party to pay his own costs. The proposal was refused by the solicitor general. Counselor Grady rested his defense on the two pleas put in by the defendant—a denial that the letters complained of as libelous were false and malicions, and justification of the statements made therein. He complained that three of the witnesses, on whom defendant mainly relied to prove the bounty money that they were estilled to on joining the Tipperary militia, had been trepanned into the camp of the ensuy at Marifield by his attorney. It would, however, be preved in evidence, he said, that the colonel did receive £1200 for raising two hundred and forty men, at the rate of £5 each man, and it would be proved the bounty money had been withheld from the men.

(The evidence only in three cases appeared to hear out this allegation.)

Mr. Curran, for the defendant, speaking to evidence, said, when he considered the circumstances of the present time, he felt oppressed and heartstricken; but he trusted the jury would have some recollection of what they had been, some little remembrance of the spirit of departed liberty, before the few remaining privileges of a free country—those of a free press—were consigned to the grave and extinguished forever. This was an action of a rich man against a poor one, in whose person the liberty of the press was to be punished and put down. Would the jury wish to see its annihilation ! Would they walk in procession to the grave of its freedom, at the command of Colonel Bagwell, and, having buried is, then bemonen its non-axistence ! Was it the

wish of the plaintiff to extinguish in Ireland the race of printers! He had seized on one of them—caught him; but having entrapped, he would not destroy him like a rat, although he would burn him in part, singe him on the back, and then send him slinking away among the other terrified creatures of the press, to warn them against publishing in future any similar productions. If the plaintiff's views against the press were to be carried out, there would be an end of all security against wrongs, all disclosures of abuses. Mr. Angell, the reporter, then in court, might cease to take his notes, and at once take his flight to heaven. If the printers of public journals were restricted in their publications, newspapers then would only contain the current prices of fairs and markets, and the arrival and departure of the judges to and from the assize towns, an account of their splendid retinue, and the sheriff's liveries, and the time of high water at Dublin bar.

The solicitor general replied to Mr. Curran at considerable length, arguing that the poverty of the plaintiff should be no bar to the infliction of a heavy punishment in the way of extensive damages for a malignant libel. "No man abould come forward with a dagger in one hand and his rags in the other."

Lord Norbury, in summing up the evidence, strongly expressed his opinion that the action was maintainable in point of law, and the jury had a good foundation to find a verdict for the plaintiff. The jury retired at a quarter past three o'clock on Sunday morning, and in about a quarter of an hour brought in a verdict for the plaintiff—four hundred pounds damages and sixpence costs.

At the Summer Assizes of Clonmel, August 19th, 1806, the extraordinary case of M'Carthy against Watson was tried before Mr. Justice Daly, and lasted three days and a half. The damages laid in the declaration were heavy, but the sum sought to be recovered, on special grounds, was £602 5..., being the amount of the execution obtained by Colonel Bagwell against Mr. Power, formerly printer and publisher of the Clonnel Gazette, for a libel in that paper, and which sum it was alleged Mr. Watson had promised to pay a Mr. M'Carthy, of Spring Mount, in consequence of his advancing that sum, in discharge of the execution, and on the ground that Mr. Watson had been the author and instigator of the libel. Some of the family of Mr. Power were examined as witnesses on this trial. The jury brought in a verdict for £316 2s. 6d., being exactly one half the amount demanded.\*

## No. VIII .- Page 121.

## CERTIFICATE OF BURIALS OF MEMBERS OF THE BLESSINGTON PAMILY.

DILIGENT search has been made in the Registry Book of Burials in St. Thomas's Parish, Dublin, from 1769 to 1854. The following are recorded : \* Vide Dablin Evening Post, August 19, 1800.

524 Date

1769, Nov. 17. Right Han. Charles Gardiner, Esq., aged 49 years.

1781, Sept. 21. Master Luke Gardiner, an infant.

Sec.4

1783, Nov. 25. Mrs. Elizabeth Gardiner, aged 32 years.

1786, March 20. Florinda Gardiner, aged 12 years.

1791, Feb. 1. Hon. Elizabeth Gardiner, aged 8 years.

1798, June 15. Lord Viscount Mountjoy, aged 52 years.

1814, Sept 17. Right Hon. Mary Campbell, Viscountess Mountjoy, aged 28 years.

1823, March 29. The Han. Luke Wellington Gardiner, Viscount Mountjoy, aged 9 years and 4 months.

1829, Juno 20. Charles John, Earl of Biessington, aged 46 years, Gardiner. 1849, March 27, The Hon, Harrist Gardiner, aged 73 years. Rutland Square.

No. IX .- Page 123.

The Annuities, Mortgages, Judgments, and other Debts, Legacies, Sums of Money, and Incumbrances, charged upon or affecting the Estates of the said Charles John, Earl of Blessington, at the time of his Decease.\*

#### Mortgages.

1783, March 1. To Miss Margaret Croft (since deceased), now vested in Michael Lambton Este, Esq	£ 2,769	4	4.7
1817, Oct. 31. To Conyngham M'Alpine, Esq. (since de-			
ceased), now vested in Lieutenant Colonel James M'Alpine	11,076	18	5
1821, Dec. 1. To the Westminster Insurance Company	25,000	0	0
1825, Dec. 1. Ditto	5,000	0	0
1823, Jan. 1. To Edward Bailey, Richard Saunders, and Ex-			
ecutors of Thomas Tatham (balance remaining due)		0	0

£47,846 3 0

19.5 6.7

## Legacies.

## Emilie Rosalie Hamilton Gardiner, now the wife of Charles

Whyte, Esq	18,461	10	9
To Count D'Orsay, Assignees of		1	61
Luke Norman, Esq., Executors of	923	1	61
Alexander Worthington, Esq	923	1	6
Robert Power, Assignees of	923	1	61
Mary Anne Power, Assignces of	923	1	6
Michael M'Donagh	92	6	2
Isabella Binny		6	2
John Bullock	92	6	2
	£23,353	16	111
* Fourth ashedule commided to the net for the role of the Blandanter and			

Fourth schedule appended to the act for the sale of the Elemington estates, 9 Vict., cap. 1.

٩.,

	545
Legacy to the Hon. Harriet Gardiner, principal sum to be r only in the event of her marriage	raised £ s. d.
1827, Nov. 2. Settlement executed by the Earl of Blea on the marriage of his daughter, Lady Harriet Anne Frances Gardiner, with Count D'Orsay	Jane
. Annuities.	
1811, March 25. To William James M'Causland. For the	e Lifo

1813, Dec. 8. To the same. For the Life of Abraham Mocatta,		15	5 <del>1</del> 6
tham, Esq. For her own Life	526 520	13 15	6
<ul> <li>1813, Dec. 8. To the Globe Insurance Company. For the Life of George Carr Glynn, son of Sir Richard Carr Glynn, Bart.</li> <li>1813, Dec. 8. To the same. For the Life of Abraham Mocatta, son of Daniel Mocatta, of Goodman's Fields, London</li> </ul>	526 520	13 15	6
of George Carr Glynn, son of Sir Richard Carr Glynn, Bart. 1813, Dec. 8. To the same. For the Life of Abraham Mocatta, son of Daniel Mocatta, of Goodman's Fields, London	520	15	
1813, Dec. 8. To the same. For the Life of Abraham Mocatta, son of Daniel Mocatta, of Goodman's Fields, London	520	15	
son of Daniel Mocatta, of Goodman's Fields, London		6	0
		6	0
1819 Dec 8 To the same For the Life of William Coles and	510	10	
	510	10	Call III
the second second of the second s		10	0
1813, Dec. 8. To the same. For the Life of David Hunter, son			
	527	10	0
1813, Dec. 8. To the same. For the Life of Maria Blair, daugh-			
ter of Thomas Blair, of Welbeck Street	617	5	0
1814, July 26. To Anthony Angelo Tremonando. For the Life			
of Richard Frederick Tremonando	880	0	
1815, May 2. To Maria Black. For her own Life	46	3	1
1816, Feb. 13. To Alexander Nowell. For the Lives of Fran-			
cis Stracey, Henry Josias Stracey (since deccased), and the			
Rev. Thursby Whitaker 1,	,000	0	0
1816, Mar. 18. To Henry Fauntleroy and John Watson. For			
the Lives of John Fauntleroy, William Watson, and James			
Watson	500	0	0
1817. To Martha Anderson. For her own Life	9	4	71
1817, Sept. 1. To Charles Gardiner (since deceased) and his			
wife, now Mrs. Hay. For Joint Lives of himself and wife	221	10	9
1829, May 25. To Margaret, Countess of Blessington. For her			
own Life	000	0	0
1829, May 25. To the Hon. Harriet Gardiner. For her own			
Life	461	10	9
1829, May 25. To Mrs. Isabella M'Dougall. For her own Life	92	8	2
£7	,887	5	91

525

000			
Judgmonte.			
1889, Easter Term :	2		
George Hill, Assignees of	1,848	3	1
Rev. Claudius Crigan	461	10	9
Robert Power, Assignses of	1,846	3	1
Margaret Viscountees Mountjoy, Executors of	933	1	6
Ditto	923	1	61
Ditto	184	12	4
Rev. Joseph Ralph Worthington, Beresford Worthington,			
Amignee of	376	18	5
Ditte	1,846	3	1
Ditto	461	10	9
Thomas Worthington	369	4	71
Owen Lloyd and Alexander Worthington		7	8
Eleanor Worthington, Alexander Worthington, Executor of	1,107	13	10
The like	309	4	71
Elizabeth Dudgeon	93	6	
Ē	13,300	1	61
Bond Debts.			
· 영향은 것, 같은 것, 방법 것, 같은 것, 같은 것, 같은 것이 같은 것이 같은 것이 같이 나라. 것 같은 것 같이?			

#### Bond Debts. 1

			_
1	18,900	1	6
Bond Debts.			
1783, June 17. To Miss Margaret Croft, now vested in Mi-			
chael Lambton Este, Esq		18	5
1797, August 1. To John M'Evoy, now vested in the Rev.			
Claudius Crigan		3	1
1806, Sept. 12. To John M'Farland	92	6	2
1810, May 14. Marsh, Stracey, and Company, Assignees of	2,233	14	11
, Nov. 1. To Archibald Jehnston, Administrators of	92	6	2
1817, August 15. To William Moore	200	0	0
The like	200	0	0
The like	201	16	1
1819, July 17. To David Ellis, now vested in the Assignees			
of Henry Fauntleroy	545	14	6
1826, March 4. To James Newton		0	0
, April 1. To Charles Winser, Executrix of, on foot of			
three several bonds	4,768	9	10
T.	10,357	9	2
Promissory Notes, Letters of Acknowledgment, I. O. D	. a, Ac.		
1808, April 8. William Scott, Executors of	92	6	2
1816, Nov. 23. John Ort	184	12	4
1825, August 3. George Hill, Assignee of	153	16	11
, June 1. Count D'Orsay, Assignees of	1,280	0	0
-, Nov. 1 John Cather, Executors of	316	17	8
Carried forward	£2,027	19	1

# 536

.

Brought forward £2,027	18	1
1825, Nov. 1. John Cather, Executors of		
1826, June 21. John Orr 55	7	8
1828, Nov. 1. Hodgkinson and Company 500	0	0
1829, Jan. 1. John Irvine, Executors of 1,800	0	0
, Jan. 29 Rev. Claudius Crigan 461	10	9
	10	9
	0	0
£10,122	19	11

Simple Contract Debts due, or claimed to be due, by the said Charles John, Earl of Blessington. £ s. d

Earl of Blessington.	£	8.	4.	
Robert Power, Esq	792			
Alexander Campbell, Executor of	38	11	11	
Hugh O'Neill, Assignee of	158	10	0	
Thomas Branson	40	0	0	
Countess of Blessington	518	0	0	
John Cather, Executors of	44	8	10	
Charles Scott		0	6	
William Taylor	500	0	0	
John Jarman		18	0	
Smyth and Nephew	710	19	9	
Colnaghi and Co	208	2	0	
Benjamin Weale	83	3	0	
Barker and Company	437	17	6	
Alexander Vincent	44	16	0	
Jones and Yarrell	24	8	0	
Count D'Orsay	199	1	0	
George Barlow	10	5	8	
Henry Lees	63	2	3	
John Howell	1,723	0	0	
Launcelot Burton	100	0	0	
Thomas Hodgkinson	349	8	9	
George Hill, Assignee of	90	17	6	
James Newton	100	1	7	
James Andrews		6	0	
Executors of William Webb	65	9	6	
Richard M'Henry		0	10	
Gallanty Brothers	75	7	6	
George Roduart		12	10	
Madame Theux	79	4	2	
Antoinette Valearinghi	44	5	0	
Joseph Hallmarke and William Mason	78	12	0	
	FS	mit	h	

The FIFTH SCHEDULE referred to in the foregoing Act, containing the Mostgages and Sums of Monsy which have been charged by the Lady Harrist. Anne Jane Frances, Counters D'Orany, upon the Estates comprised in the Second and Third Schedules to this Act :

1837, May 11. Mortgage to Miss Emilie Rosalie Hamilton	2	2.	14
Gardiner, now the wife of Charles Whyte, Esq	5,509	0	0
1839, March 30. Mortgage to Simon Jaques Rochard	2,100	0	0
1640, March 25. Ditto to Messre. Hopkinson and Co	3,500	0	0
	5,000	0	0
1843, April 24. Ditto to John March Case	1,600	0	0
	1,950	0	0
	434	0	0
1844, July 7. Ditto to Joanna Dowling			
1845, July 17. Ditto to Charles Hopkinson	700		0
Ditto to James Fiddes	000	0	0

#### No. X .- Page 123.

RENTAL OF THE BLESSINGTON ESTATES. FROM THE SCHEDULES OF THE ACT OF PARLIAMENT FOR THE SALE OF THE ESTATES, OF THE 19TH OF JUNE, 1846.

ESTATES situate in the county of Tyrone, in the manors of Newtown Stewart and Rash, situate in the baronies of Strabane and Omagh. Quantity in English acres, 30,221 A., 1 R., 8 P. Present rent (1846), £8265 16s. 3d.

Estates situate in the barony of Dungannon, held by lease from the crown. Quantity in English acres, 2053 A., 1 R., 32 P. Present rent (1846), £1066 15s. 11d.

Estates situate in the county and the city of Dublin :

Part 1, comprising the lordship of St. Mary's Abbey, and Grange of Clonliffe, and other parcels of ground, situate in the county and the city of Dublin, held under lease. Present rent, £9730 12s. 6d.

Part 2, comprising the lordship of St. Mary's Abbey, and Grange of Clonliffe, in the county and the city of Dublin, let to yearly tenants. Present rent, £1764 10s. 7d.

Part 3. comprising Barrack Street, Tighe Street, George's Quay, Mercer's Dock, Poolbeg Street, and North Strand, the lands of Glasmainogue, and a leasehold interest. Present rent, £1827 15s. 7d.

#### SUMMARY OF THE BLESSINGTON ESTATES BENTAL.

All the estates situate in the county and the city of Dublin, comprising parts 1, 2, and 3. Yearly rent, £13,322 18s. 8d.

Property situate in the city of Kilkenny. Yearly rent, £62 3s. 9d.

Total of rental of all the properties, including the Tyrone estates above-mentioned, in 1846, estimated at £22,718 14s. 7d.

# No. XI.—Page 180.

# GORE HOUSE.

Gozz Housz occupation has had many vicissitudes. The predecessor of Wilberforce was a stingy, money-scraping government contractor, "who would not lay out a penny to keep his gardens" in order. The mammonworshiper, who meditated in those neglected grounds on the delights of parsimony, was succeeded by "the saint," who thus spoke, in his Diary, of his perambulations in the vicinity of his new residence: "Walked from Hyde Park Corner, repeating the 119th Pealm, in great comfort" (the Pealm of 176 verses); and who thus refers to the house itself: "We are just one mile from the turnpike gate at Hyde Park Corner . . . having about three acres of pleasure-ground around my house, or rather behind it, and several old trees, walnut and mulberry, of thick foliage. I can sit and read under their shade, which I delight in doing, with as much admiration of the beauties of nature (remembering at the same time the words of my favorite poet, 'Nature is but a name for an effect whose cause is God"), as if I were two hundred miles from the great city."\*

A new meditator, but not so much on the beauties of nature as those of art and literature, one who was more *spirituelle* in *salons* than spiritual in Wilberforce's sense of the word, "the gorgeous Lady Blessington," became the proprietor of Gore House. Illustrated annuals and fashionable novels were the result of her meditations in "those pleasure grounds" which served Wilberforce for solitudes, for meditations on Psalms.

Lady Blessington was succeeded by Monsieur Soyer. Another species of composition was carried on at Gore House—sauces constituted the chief glory of it. The culinary line had replaced the literary; and every one, during the Great Exhibition, had the entrie of those salons, once so celebrated for intellectual society, who had a few shillings to expend on a dinner d la mode. The glory of Soyer, and his soups and sauces, passed away in a short time, and Gore House was turned into a temporary crowded receptacle of ornamental cabinet-work and studies from the School of Art.

A new destination is now about to be given to Gore House and its pleasure-grounds. "The estate purchased by the commissioners for the site and grounds of the new National Gallery includes those just described, which consists of about twenty acres, and it will probably, when completed, approach to a hundred."

#### No. XII.-Page 303.

#### COUNT D'ORSAY AND THE PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Tπz intimate relations that subsisted between the present Emperor of the French when a refugee and a proscribed conspirator in England, and the Count D'Orsay in the palmy days of his London fashionable life, may render

\* Dickens's Household Words, No. 178, p. 590.

VOL. I.-Z

a brief notice of the family and fortunes of Louis Napoleon of some interest in connection with a memoir of the Count D'Orasy.

In March, 1939, Lady Blessington made the acquaintance, at Rome, of Madame Hortense, ex-queen of Holland-the Duchesse de St. Leu.

Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie had two children by her first marriage with General Alexander Vicomte de Beanharnais, who was gailletined in 1794. Of the two children, Prince Eugens, the subsequent Viceroy of Italy, and later Duke of Leuchtenberg, born in 1781, died in Munich in 1894; the second, Hortense—perhaps the only being whom Napoleon could be said to have truly loved—was married to the brother of Napoleon, Louis, King of Holland, and, after many vicinsitudes, died in 1838, universally leved and regretted. This excellent lady was highly gifted and accompliabed, and, alike on the throne and in private life, her enlightenment, varied takents, and benevolent disposition shed a lustre around her, and rendered her at ones the most fascinating and amiable of women. Her marriage, however, was an unhappy one; she lived apart from her husband except, at three very long intervals, for a very short term on each occasion of a sort of reconciliation, that was not destined to be of long duration. They finally separated in 1807.

Lady Blessington while residing in Italy, makes frequent mention of this illustrious lady in her letters.

The time, she says, always passed away rapidly and most delightfully while listening to her conversation and hearing her sing those charming little French romances, which were written and composed by herself. She was equally fascinating in her manners and appearance, though not beautiful. She was of the middle stature, slight and delicate, and well formed ; her carriage graceful, and of imposing deportment and address. Her complexion was fair, and the expression of her countenanco mild and pensive, but when she entered into conversation her features were full of life and vivacity; she was quick of apprchension, possessed a clear insight into character, and regulated her conversation and bearing toward people in society by the opinions she formed, and usually with excellent judgment and good sense. She was highly accomplished, a good artist, highly skilled in drawing, spoke several languages, was well versed in history and the literature of various countries. But more than for all her accomplishments, Lady Blessington admired the ex-queen of Holland for her kindly disposition, her generous and noble nature. This amiable woman lived much in Italy in her latter years.

The contrast which Lady Blessington drew in some of her letters between the cx-queen Hortense and the cx-queen Maria Louisa was not very favorable to the latter.

The ex-empress Maria Lousia, Archduchess of Parma, formerly wife of the Emperor Napoleon, died at Parma, December 17, 1848, aged fifty-six. In 1810, when this princess was in her nineteenth year, she became the bride of the great soldier-sovereign of France, Italy, Holland, and Belgium.

The scandalous repudiation of the generous-minded, noble-hearted Jose-

phine never appears to have disturbed the apathy of the Austrian princess. Four years of imperial grandeur shared with the Emperor of France—the tie of a child, born to her in that period, and the claims of that child's father on her affection, or the cold feelings even of duty, were matters of no consideration when Napoleon's star was waning. Maria Louisa sought not to share the fortunes of her husband in the mild banishment of Elbs. She left her son a hostage in the hands of her father—she left her husband a captive in the hands of his enemies, to entertain his fate alone.

The body of the Archduchess Maria Louisa was conveyed to Vienna, and deposited in the imperial vault, in the church of the Capuchins, by the side of that of her son, the Duke of Reichstadt.

She died without honor, dignity, respect, or esteem.

January the 11th, 1838, the funeral ceremonies in memory of the late Duchesse de St. Leu, ex-queen of Holland, were performed in the church of Reuel, near Paris, with great magnificence and solemnity. Three months later, in April, 1838, the Duke de St. Leu, ex-king of Holland, was married in Florence to the Signora Strozzi. The church of Reuel was crowded to overflowing. Seats were occupied by the Comtesse de Lipona (ex-queen of Naples, the widow of Murat), the Prince of Musignano (son of Lucien Bonaparte), the venerable Marquis de Beauharnais, brother to the first husband of Josephine, General Count Tascher de la Pagerie (once Governor General of Frankfort), cousin to Queen Hortense, and other distinguished persons. A catafalque was raised near the tomb of the deceased's mother, the Empress Josephine, whose statue of marble was covered with a black veil. The pall was borne by the Marquis de Beauhamais and Count de Tascher. The attendance of the clergy was very numerous, and detachments of troops of the line, and national guards of Reuel, added to the pomp of the scene. Many of the persons involved in the prosecution for the attempt at Strasburg were present.\*

Louis Bonaparte, ex-king of Holland, bearing the title of Count of St. Len, the reputed father of the present Emperor of the French, was born at Ajaccio in 1778. He entered the French army at an early age, and accompanied his brother Napoleon to Italy and Egypt. He was aid-de-camp to Napoleon when the latter, seizing a standard, rushed upon the bridge of Arcola, on which occasion Louis placed himself in front of his brother, between him and the fire of the enemy. From that period he was employed by his brother in several diplomatic and confidential employments of high importance to Napoleon's interest and designs. In 1802 he married, "malgre lui," Hortense Fanny de Beauharnais, daughter of the Empress Josephine. After various honors, dignities, and high offices had been conferred on him, in 1806 he was placed, "malgre lui," on the throne of Holland by Napoleon. In 1810 he abdicated his crown from a sense of duty to his subjects, refusing to be the tool of his brother's tyranny in respect to the commerce and trade of the Dutch people. Holland became then united to the smpire. Louis retired to

\* The Athensom, Jan. 20, 1838.

Grats, in Styris, where he resided for three years in honorable self-imposed exile, resisting all perminny offers, an spanage, either for himself or his oblidren, made by the Response of France.

In 1813, when France was menaced with invasion, he offered his services to the Emperer, by whom they were accepted; but, netwithstanding their acceptance, having proceeded to Switzerland, he remained there unsurployed. After the restoration of the Bourbons, he retired to the Papel States, and there devoted himself chiefly to literature and antiquarian pursuits. He published several works-a novel, Historic Documents on Holland, a treatise on Versifestion, an opera, a tragedy, a collection of Poems, and same comments on Sir W. Scott's History of Napoleon. He died at Leghorn, the 23d of Jense, 1845, leaving a request that his body and that of his son, who was killed at Forti in 1831, in the insurrection of Romagna, might be taken to France, and buried at St. Lou, near Englises, with the remains of his fither and his first son, who had been buried there, which wish was fulfilled in September, 1847, with great peup, and an attendance (very significant) of upward of ten thouand persons from Paris, a distance of about eighteen miles from St. Leu, and five hundred of the veteran soldiers of the empire, wearing the uniforms of the Old Guard, and several other corps, brought together on that occasion to attend the funeral. Among the attendants were Jerome Bonaparte, ex-king of Westphalia, " and Doctor Conneau, the friend of Louis Napoleon, who was confined in Ham."\*

The third son of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, the Prince Louis Bonaparte, who died in 1831, left a widow, the Princess Charlotte Bonaparte, daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, who died at Florence the 3d of March, 1839. The sister of this most aniable and highly accomplished lady married Charles Lucien Bonaparte, a son of the Prince de Canino.

In March, 1828, when Lady Blessington made the acquaintance of the exqueen of Holland, her second son, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte (now Emperor of the French), then living with his mother, was in his twentieth year. Lady Blessington says she never witnessed a more devoted attachment than subsisted between them. "He is a fine, high-spirited youth," she observes in one of her letters, "admirably well educated and finely accomplished, uniting to the gallant bearing of a soldier all the politeness of a presz chevalier; but how could he be otherwise, brought up with such a mother ! Prince Louis Bonaparte is much beloved and esteemed by all who know him, and is said to resemble his uncle, the Prince Eugene Beauharnais, no less in person than in mind, possessing his generous nature, personal courage, and high sense of honor."

Prince Napoleon Louis was born in Paris in April, 1808. In 1831, both he and his elder brother took part in the Italian insurrection, which had for its aim the establishment of a republic and the downfall of the papal government. His eldest brother was killed, and he himself narrowly cacaped the

\* Annual Register for 1847, p. 634.

same fate. Five years later, the prince made an attempt to overthrow the government of Louis Philippe—failed, and was captured at Strasburg—was pardoned on account of his supposed imbecility, and conveyed to America. He wrote a letter extelling the generosity of the king, and his gratitude for it. Four years had not elapsed when he made another attempt against Louis Philippe's throns and government. The 6th of August, 1840, he made a descent upon Boulogne with about sixty followers disguised as French soldiars, and very much the worse for accessive tossing the previous night, fired a single shot at an officer, wounded another person, and then fied.

The fugitive prince was taken, tried by the Chamber of Peers, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. He was confined in the fortress of Ham for five years, and finally escaped from it disguised as a stone-mason, and sought refuge in England in 1845. During his captivity the prince composed some works that manifested sympathy with the laboring classes and the progress of industrial pursuits.

In the various political escapades which made it necessary for the prince to seek a refuge in England, the house of Lady Bleasington—her much-needed, but most ill-requited hospitality—her most useful influence in his favor with the persons of the first importance in political circles and in the government —the unfailing friendship of Count D'Orasy—his untiring exertions for the prince and his cause, in the press, in the clubs, in all quarters where an impression was to be made for him, were to be counted on, and were made use of by this refugee. The base return which Louis Napoleon made for these generous services will be found noticed elsewhere in this work; and in the minds of many, his ungrateful and ungracious conduct to D'Orsay in his latter days, when he had lost fortune, friends, health, and spirits, will appear as dark a stain on his private character as any that attaches to his public conduct, except such as have been left by blood.

In February, 1848, Louis Philippe's throne was swept away, the republic substituted for the monarchy of 1830, and among the foremost to hail the young giant of democracy was the Prince Louis Napoleon. In the following September he was elected a deputy, took his seat in the National Assembly, not without much distrust of his intentions, and abundant cause for suspicion in his speeches and public communications.

The 20th of December, 1848, the Constituent Assembly of the French Republic declared Prince Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte duly elected President of the Republic from that date until the second Sunday in May, 1852.

On that momentous occasion, a solemn oath was sworn with all due solemnity and sacred form in these words : "In the presence of God and servers THE FRENCH PROPLE REPRESENTED BY THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, I SWEAR TO REMAIN FAITHFUL TO THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC, ONE AND INDIVISIELE, AND TO PULFILL ALL THE DUTIES IMPOSED ON ME BY THE CONSTITUTION."

The new president, not content with the oath he had just taken, added to it a voluntary declaration of fealty to the republic. He addressed the Ascem-

bly, and the last sentence of his speech was to this effect : " I shall regard as the enemies of the country all who seek to change, by illegel means, that which entire France has established."

The new Constitution, to which the president swore fidelity, guaranteed the inviolability of the persons of representatives of the people, and declared it to be high treason for the president to abrogate, annul, or suspend the privileges and functions of the National Assembly. In three years, lass by three weaks or thereabout, on the 2d of December, 1851, the Prince President absolved himself from his eath, dissolved the Assembly and Council of State, arrested the principal deputies, substituted a military government, administered by himself, for that of the republic, under the regime of a popular representation.

Two days later, the Prince President at the Elysée pronounced these decisive words to General Roquet : "Qu'on execute mes ordres," to put an end to all hesitation or remonstrance on the part of his generals ; and on the 4th of December, when buricades began to be thrown up in some parts of the city, eight hundred people were butchered by his orders, in cold blood, in the streets of Paris, by the troops of the republic, and the great majority of the slain were persons who had taken no part whatever in the buricades, while a vast number of people were slaughtered in their own houses — old men, women, and children, who were indiscriminately sabred and shot down.

This man-mystery, the depths of whose duplicity no (Edipus has yet sounded, is a problem even to those who surround him. I watched his pale, corpselike, imperturbable features, not many months since, for a period of three hours. I saw eighty thousand men in arms pass before him, and I never observed a change in his countenance, or an expression in his look which would enable the by-stander to say whether he was pleased or otherwise at the stirring scene that was passing before him, on the very spot where Louis XVI. was put to death. He did not speak to those around him except at very long intervals, and then with an air of nonchalance, of ennui, and eternal occupation with self: he rarely spoke a syllable to his uncle, Jerome Bonaparte, who was on horseback somewhat behind him. It was the same with his brilliant staff. All orders came from him-all command seemed centred in him. He gave me the idea of a man who had a perfect reliance on himself, and a feeling of complete control over those around him. But there was a weary look about him, an aspect of excessive watchfulness, an appearance of want of sleep, of over-work, of over-indulgence too, that gives an air of exhaustion to face and form, and leaves an impression on the mind of a close observer that the machine of the body will break down soon, and suddenly, or the mind will give way, under the pressure of pent-up thoughts and energies eternally in action, and never suffered to be observed or noticed by friends or followers.

The man who had the shrewdness and discretion to profit by the stupidity of the democracy when in power, to avoid the blunder of associating republicanism with hatred to priests and hostility to religion, who had the good sense to remember that the masses of the people believed in their religion.

that the sacerdotal power was a great element of influence in a state (I do not say who had any sincere regard for the interests of faith or morals, or the ministers of religion), it is in vain to represent as a "vulgar, commonplace personage, puerile, theatrical, and vain," as one "who loves finery, trinkets, feathers, embroidery, spangles, grand words, and grand titles—the sounding, the glittering, all the glass-ware of power."\*

I should be more disposed to regard him as a man originally well-intentioned and well-disposed, of good qualities, wrongly directed in his studies, strongly imbued with feelings of veneration for his imperial uncle, taught to conceal them in the times of the reverses of his family; in his tender years, trained to dissimulation; who had grown up to manhood accustomed to silence, secrecy, and self-communion — *peu demonstratif*, an ambitious, moody young man, with a dash of genius in the composition of his mind, and a tinge of superstition in his credence in the connection of his fortune with the dispensations of divine Providence, that give a permanent color of fatalism to his opinions, in keeping with the impulses of an immoderate ambition, which may have perturbed to some extent his imagination.

A man whose life is all interior (not spiritually so, but wholly worldly-minded), who lives for himself, in himself, and by himself, whether in a state prison or on a throne, can not long remain in a state of mind either safe for himself or the confidence that others may place in his stability of purpose, policy, or promises.

The author of "Idées Napoliennes," of a work on artillery, which Victor Hugo even acknowledges "well compiled ;" of several treatises, written either in prison or in exile, on "The Extinction of Pauperism," "The Analysis of the Sugar Question"-" Historical Fragments," " Political Reveries," can not with justice be called "a vulgar, commonplace personage, puerile, theatrical, and vain." He is a man of considerable talent, of measureless ambition, and of no moral principles, of one fixed idea-a belief in the destiny of his elevation to supreme power, and the sufficiency of his own abilities to maintain it-a fatalist working out a destiny that is desired by him - a projector on a grand scale of plans for the promotion of selfish objects, wrapped up in traditions of the empire and its glory, without sympathies with other men, without confidence in any man, a speculator on the meanness, the imbecility. and sordid dispositions of all around him, silent, self-sufficient, self-confident, self-opinioned, self-willed-in the words to me of one of the deepest thinkers and closest observers of France, "A man of no convictions of good or evil -all rapt up in self."

Let us see how he allows himself to be spoken of by an able writer who is within reach of his commissaries of police.

The following is the character of the President of the French Republic, as drawn by M. de la Gueronnière, late editor of "La Presse," and now editor of the "Pays:"

535

· Napoleon lo Petit.

"Louis Napoleon is a superior man, but with that superiority which conceals itself under a doubtful exterior. His life is altogether internal-his words do not indicate his inspiration-his gesture does not show his undacity -his glance does not intimate his arder-his demeanor does not reveal his resolution. All his moral nature is, in a certain manner, kept under by his physical nature. He thinks, and does not discuss ; he decides, and does not deliberate ; he acts, and does not make much movement ; he promeances, and does not assign his reasons. His best friends do not know him-he commands confidence, and never seeks it. The day before the expedition to Boulogue, General Montholou had promised him to follow wherever he led, Every day he presides in silence at his council of ministers-he listens to every thing that is said, speaks but little, and never yields-with a phrase, brief and clear as an order of the day, he docides the most disputed questions. And that is the reason why a Parliamentary ministry is almost impossible by his side. A Parliamentary ministry would want to govern, and he would not consent to abdicate. But with that inflexibility of will there is nothing abrunt or absolute in the form. Queen Hortense used to call him the mildly obstimate ; and that judgment of the mother is completely true. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte possesses that goodness of heart which tempers and often conceals the workings of the mind. The somewhat English stiffness of his person, manners, and even language, disappears under an affability, which, with him, is only the grace of sentiment. Many are deceived by that appearance, and take his goodness for weakness, and his affability for insincerity. At bottom he is completely master of himself ; and his kindest movements enter into his actions only according to the exact measure he has determined on. Easily roused, he can not soon be led away; he calculates every thing, even his enthusiasm and his acts of audacity; his heart is only the vassal of his head. Does that inflexible judgment constitute an active will ! I hesitate not to reply no; and it is here that I have to touch on one of the shades the most essential and most delicate of his character. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is endowed with an incontestable power of resistance-of vis inertia; but what he wants, in the very highest degree, is the power of initiative. He believes too much that the empire is to be, and is apathetic. He is not sufficiently impressed with the maxim that the head of a government is bound not only to resist the impulse of the parties which desire to lead him away, but that, to properly fulfill all his mission, he ought to have an impulse of his own, to march firmly forward, and to make himself the guide of the public mind. In closely examining the acts of the president of the republic since he has been in power, we perceive that he has freed himself from every one, but led no one after him. It would seem that he must become an instrument in the hands of this man or of that. But he has served no ambition, and has very adroitly withdrawn from all the conjoint responsibilities which impeded or constrained him. All would have been exceedingly well if, after having had sufficient energy to achieve his personal independence, he had possessed suf-

ficient resources to constitute his political importance, and to connect his individuality with a great movement of opinion. It is that which he has not done. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is at present the free and incontestable head of the government, but he is not the head of public opinion; he has, without doubt, behind him many reminiscences which his name arouses, much enthusiasm which his blood produces, many sympathies generated by his character, and many interests reassured by his government, but he has not under his hand those great currents of opinion which men of real strength produce and direct, which carry their fortune with that of their country. Is that his fault 1 I am inclined to think it is."

#### No. XIII.-Page 55.

#### THEATRICAL TASTES OF LORD BLESSINGTON'S FATHER.

LORD BLESSINGTON'S passion for theatricals was an hereditary one. His father had his private theatricals in the Phœnix Park, when he filled the office of Ranger. "The Right Honorable Luke Gardiner, member for the county of Dublin, and keeper of the Phœnix Park, had a great love for the stage, and had crected a most elegant theatre in the Park. Captain Jephson's tragedy of Macbeth, and the farce of the Citizen, were thrice performed there in January, 1778, and the character of Macbeth was most brilliantly supported by Captain Jephson." The captain died in 1803; he was the author of "The Count of Narbonne," "Braganza," "The Campaign," an opera; "Love and War," "The Conspiracy," "The Servant with two Masters," "Two Strings to your Bow."

#### No. XIV .- Page 21.

#### DUEL BETWEEN MICHAEL POWER, ESQ., AND CAPTAIN KETTLEWELL.

Ow the 19th of September, 1806, a duel was fought near Two-mile Bridge, in the vicinity of Clonmel, between a Lieutenant Kettlewell (now Colonel Kettlewell) and Michael Power, Esq., the eldest son of Edmund Power, when, after the discharge of two shots each, the affair was amicably settled by the interference of the seconds. Captain Armstrong, of the Artillery, was friend to Lieutenant Kettlewell, and Mr. O'Connell, of Clonmel, was the second of Mr. Power.\*

#### No. XV .- Page 523.

#### M'CARTHY v. WATSON.

"A REPORT of the trial which took place at the Clonmel Assizes, for the county Tipperary, on Thursday, the 4th of August, 1806, wherein Charles M'Carthy, Esq., was plaintiff, and Solomon Watson, banker, of Clonmel, was \* The Dublin Evening Post, 23d September, 1806.

defendant," published by Graisberry and Campbell, 10 Back Lane, Dublin, 1807, was, with great difficulty, recently presared for me.\*

The following is a summary of the report of those proceedings.

This cause was brought for trial at the Waterford Assizes in the spring of 1806. The jury having differed, a jurer was withdrawn by consent. New proceedings were adopted.

The venue was changed to the county of Tipperary on the application of Mr. Watson's counsel, and the ease was tried at Cloaned, the 14th of August, 1806, by a special jury, viz., Sir John Oraven Carden, Sir Thomas Jackin Fitzgerald, John Palliser, Sminel Perry, Thomas Geing, Kingemilis Pennsfeather, William Armstrong, William Latham, Thomas Pennefeather, John Roe, William Nicholson, and George Robins, Esque.

Counselor Driscol, for the plaintiff, stated the case. His client, Mr. Charles McCarthy, at the instance and request of Mr. Watson, had advanced a sum of £632, the smount of damages for libel and costs incurred in 1808 by Edmund Power, editor of the Clonnel Garette, at the suit of Colonel Bagwelt. The libels for which Power was preserved had been concerted and propagated by Watson, and were printed only on Watson promising to indemnify Power against all consequences.

The execution for the damages was not delivered to the sheriff till 1805. Power, accompanied by Mr. M'Carthy, proceeded to Watson, and demanded the indemnification promised him. Watson made some objection, on the ground of committing himself if the money was paid by him, but suggested Mr. M'Carthy drawing a check for it on his bank, where he had funds, and engaged to make good the amount to M'Carthy. The check was drawn by the latter for £632, and Watson was apprised by M'Carthy, a few days later, of the fact by a letter. In reply, Watson wrote to M'Carthy repudiating altogether the transaction referred to, denied all knowledge of it, and said he never knew of any money transactions which might have occurred between him (M'Carthy) and Mr. Power. The present action was the result of this correspondence.

Defendant and his friends now began to vilify the character of Power "as one of the greatest villains on earth," and a circumstance occurred which had been taken advantage of by them to effect this object. Power had got an order from the foreman of a grand jury upon the county treasurer for the amount of a presentment, without any endorsement on the order, but with the avowed purpose and direction to receive the money and keep it for him.

Power, having occasion to pay the amount of an execution against him,

<sup>\*</sup> This very rare report, one which has evidently been bought up with a view to its suppression, I have only received from J. Luther, Esq., at the request of C. Bianconi, Esq., since a preceding note, in reference to the trial, was printed. I am indebted on the present secasion, as well as on former occasions, for valuable and energetic aid in literary researches to Charles Bianconi, and also to John Luther, Esq., of Clonmel; and I may take this opportunity likewise of returning thanks for similar services to Alderman Hachett of the same place, and to R. Purceil, Esq., of Ress House, county Tipperary.

had endorsed the man's name and received the money. Upon this, Watson had Power arrested on a charge of forgery, from which arrest, however, he was admitted to bail; bills were sent up against him for this offense at the next ensuing assizes, but were thrown out.

Previously to the former trial in Waterford of this case (M'Carthy v. Watson), one Reynolds, who had been a printer of Power's at the time of publishing the libels, made an affidavit before a magistrate that Watson was not the author of the libels on Bagwell. This proceeding counsel for M'Carthy said was at the instigation of Watson.

The first witness examined was Edmund Power.

He had known Solomon Watson for fourteen or fifteen years. Watson frequently came to his house at the time of the appearance of the libels "to give the heads of them" to him (Power). He published them at Watson's instance, on receiving promise of indemnification. Reynolds, the printer, used to be present when Watson furnished the materials. Reynolds took them down from Watson's dictation. Mr. Charles M'Carthy paid the amount of the execution for the damages and costs against him on account of those libels.

He (Power) went, on the 4th of June, 1805, with M'Carthy to Watson; he told Watson that M'Carthy, whom he had brought in order to be present at their conversation, was a man of honor; and if he doubted his honor, he (M'Carthy) would pledge himself on oath to keep their conversation secret. Watson, addressing M'Carthy, said that no one could settle that business so well as he could, and prevent any suspicion attaching to him (Watson) as the person paying the damages; and therefore if he (M'Carthy) would be so good as to give an order on the bank for the amount, he (Watson) would give an engagement in writing, if he doubted his word, that he would repay him (M'Carthy) in a day or two. M'Carthy said he would take Watson's word, came sway with him (Power), drew a check for the amount, and gave it to the sheriff.

Cross-examined by the attorney general :

Witness said his intimacy with M'Carthy commenced about a fortnight or three weeks, but not a month, before the execution had been laid on. He did not consider himself bound to repay M'Carthy; he (M'Carthy) had executed a release to him for the £632. Watson was at first apprehensive of Reynolds, the printer; but he swore him to secresy in his (Power's) parlor. He had not mentioned that circumstance at the former trial in Waterford.

He (Power) had been once tried for an assault, and wrongfully found guilty. He did not want money at the time of the trial for the libel. He had a family—two daughters and a son grown up, and a younger son and a younger daughter.

He had at the present time (August, 1806) a property of four hundred a year, and had it before his paper stopped, and at that time there was £1400 due to him on it. He applied to Watson for the loan of money to fee lawyers in the libel case. Watson refused to lend money on his (Power's) own

note. He (Power) owed Watson, as a banker, money equal to the amount of the damages and costs. He did not call on Watson to indemnify him after the trial, because he did not think Bagwell would pram for payment. But Watson, in the interim, issued execution against him for the amount he (Power) owed the bank.

He (witness) was now very intimate with M'Carthy ; that gentleman was not domesticated in his family, but was there very frequently ; had been much abroad, and was a gentleman of fashion.

George Lidwell, high sheriff, examined :

Said he recollects being in Clonnel immediately previous to the trial for libel. Power, then speaking of the ensuing action, said Watson had agreed to indemnify him on the part of all the Quakers of Clonnel. Believed Power entitled to credit on his oath.

Similar evidence as to the promised indemnification by Watson was given by Counselor O'Dwyer, who had been advocate for Power in the likel case, and also by the Hon. Captain I. H. Hutchinson.

William Duckett (attorney) examined :

Said he was joint attorney of Mr. Power with Mr. Hill, in the case Bagwell r. Power. While preparing the briefs, saw Watson come into the office and examine the draughts more than once. He was the only person, except those immediately concerned, who was permitted to see the briefs. He was considered as a friend of Power. He had been previously told, he thinks by Power, that Watson was the author of those libels. Watson on one occasion came in and gave instructions, or rather assistance, by suggestions in making out evidence. He suggested summoning as witness for Power against Bagwell a Lieutenant Garrett, of the Tipperary militia, who, he said, would swear that he raised nearly four hundred men, under a stipulation that he was to enlist the men as cheap as he could, charging government the full bounty allowed for recruits, and that he and Colonel Bagwell were to divide the savings. The effect of Garrett's evidence, however, on the trial was to serve Bagwell rather than Power.

Mrs. Ellen Power examined: Said she is the wife of Edmund Power; remembers the action for libel; met Watson shortly after, and had a conversation with him. Watson came to the house; she received him very coolly. They spoke about the execution being in the hands of the sheriff for the damages. She spoke of interceding with Mrs. Bagwell for her husband. Watson advised her not to do so. Bagwell must be spoken to alone by him and his friends, and they must come upon him unawares, for he was as cute as a fox; but they would soften him, for he was a soft man, after all. Watson told her that before the trial Bagwell cried down salt tears, and said that he had fought three duels, but nothing ever touched him so much as that affair. But when he found there were only three witnesses to be brought against him, he became greatly relieved, as he said he could buy them off. She had spoken to Watson one day when these publications were going on, and when Ned

Power was out, against the attacks on Colonel Bagwell; she did not wish him to be meddled with, he was a man of too much consequence; and in gratitude alone she wished to avoid offending him, as Colonel Bagwell had lately very much served one of her family.

Miss Ellen Power being examined, said :

She was the daughter of Edmund Power; saw Watson with Reynolds very often at her father's house, and together, at the time of the publications against Colonel Bagwell. It was very lately the intimacy took place between Mr. M'Carthy and her father. Mr. M'Carthy was an agreeable, pleasant man.

In reply to the question, Was he not often at evening parties at her father's house with the boys and girls ! witness answered yes.

Was he not a good-natured man ! Witness answered, I think he is; at least, he showed himself so to Mr. Watson.

On examination by Sir T. Judkin Fitzgerald, witness, said she knew none of the compositions referred to—believed Mr. Watson did. Saw him one day take out a paper, and rubbing his hands, he said, "This is the best of all." "The Patriot and the Soldier!" and subsequent to that, the publication of the libel signed "Contrastor" appeared; the words were used on entering the door, and the place is a thoroughfare; her father looked up at her, and shock his head at her. On her coming down, her father met her, and asked her what she heard, and she told him.

Witness being asked by Sir T. Judkin Fitzgerald, Then why did your father not bring you to Waterford ? replied, I suppose he forgot it. She never heard from her father that Watson was to indemnify him.

Thomas M'Carthy, Esq., examined : Said he was the brother of Charles M'Carthy, Esq., and was with him at the Globe Hotel, in Clonmel, in June, 1805; met Edmund Power there one day after dinner. He knew Power at that time; his brother did not; spoke to Power of the execution. Power said he had been to Watson that morning, and hoped the matter would be settled. He, Thomas M'Carthy, had advised Power to have a friend present when he next communicated with Watson, and had suggested his brother being that person, having a suspicion of Watson's insincerity.

On cross examination, witness said his brother had been in the habit of visiting frequently at Power's; was there on a friendly, not on a familiar footing. Witness had met them last year at the watering place of Tramore. His brother Charles had spent seventeen or eighteen years in the Imperial service; he had moved in the best society on the Continent, and had been engaged, like other men of fashion, in play, and had won and lost large sums at billiards. He had heard his brother lent Mr. John Denniss money, many years ago, in England, when in deep distress; had won money from him since at billiards, for which he had passed securities; he had now refused to pay, being a gambling transaction.

He thought his brother would as soon poison him (witness) as bring an unjust claim against another.

R. Butler H. Lowe, Esq., examined :

He know Charles M'Carthy many years, and balleves him as little expension as any man in the world of making an unjust claim, and thinks no inducement in the world could bring him to resort to perjury.

William Minchin, Esq., oramined, gave similar testimony.

Here the case for the plaintiff closed.

The court adjourned on Tuesday evening, at a late hour, to the next day. Friday, 15th August, 1806. The court met pursuant to adjournment.

The Attorney General, the Right Hoz. W. C. Plunkett, stated the case for defendant.

The question was one fermally and nominally for the recovery of 2003, but virtually one that involved the same and character of the defindent. If a verdict should be found against him, Solomon Watson, that verdict would, and must, stamp him with eternal infamy. Watson, at the tara of sixty, knowing the world, does not send to Power's newspaper an anonymous letter, of which no second person on earth could know the author ; he, a good husband, a fond father, a mild relative, an honest friend, a moral man in all the relations of life, makes an unnecessary exposure of his malignity against one who believed him to be a bosom friend. He, Watson, is represented as saying of a particular libelous article, "It was the best of all"-that in which the words occurred, "What say the Patriot and Soldier !" If Watson could be such a fool as to make such a proclamation, Providence, at the same time that it robbed him of his honesty, had deprived him of his senses. It was, however, a painful task, but it was a necessary duty, to call upon the jury to say that a fair face and an artless manner could cover a mind capable of flippingly violating the laws of God and man. It led to the reflection, that when ruin of fame and fortune arrives, which penalty Providence has allotted to persons for misconduct and vice, the visitation of the offense was not confined to the offender, but spread itself among his nearest and dearest connections ; and the best and kindliest dispositions are pressed into the service, and involved in the consequences of guilt and infamy. When Miss Power was pressed on the inconsistency of selecting two words in the middle of the production, she said, "Oh, no, gentleman, that is the beginning of the libel." The jury would see the part of the libel set forth in the first part of the declaration, and of course, though in the middle of the publication, when every one took part in the publicity of the transaction, these words were the common topic of conversation, and the daughter, whom you must consider as knowing nothing of the business, was brought forward to tell a ready-made tale, and fastening on two or three words, she spoke as if the name of the production was "The Patriot and the Soldier." This young, volatile, beautiful, and giddy girl tells you that she learns this at the beginning. Did she tell it to her mother ! Clearly not ; for the mother, when she went to Colonel Bagwell to solicit recompense of his claims, did not know that Watson was the author, and she, Miss Power, knowing that Bagwell would abandon the

prosecution on giving up the author, and knowing that Watson was the author, and having heard the declaration of Watson, never appealed to her mother to give up the author. Why, this miraculous behavior betrays a sedateness of intellect fitting her to become prime minister to the potentate in the world most requiring secresy. At the trial in Waterford, where her father and mother went to give evidence, she, who could prove the authorship of the libel and the proclamation of its title by the guilty culprit, never appeared there, and never was heard of in the cause, until that second desperate effort on the credulity of a jury. The jury would consider these matters as an assortment of circumstances so irregular, that in a romance he, the attorney general, would blame the suthor for combining things so discordant.

The jury were told of Watson going into the office of Power's solicitors during the prosecution for libel, and looking at the briefs on the table. The opinion that he, the attorney general, formed of Watson, was this: that he was a very curious, gossiping kind of man, fair in his dealings, honest in his engagements, but intermeddling, and, as it was observed by one of the solicitors, taking up every brief that he could lay his hands on, cackling over it, and thrusting his nose into every business that did not concern him ; and he, the attorney general, candidly owned he did not think that he, Watson, showed that resentment that his friendship for Colonel Bagwell should have made him feel at such a system of elander. . . I suspect Solomon Watson did not think this article ill written, and I candidly aver to you that I can not say any thing in praise of a man who can relish a pleasure in a malignant libel against a friend. But the question was not whether he was indignant at the libel, and incensed at the libeler, but whether he was the author or instigator of the libel ! The jury, in fine, were called on to decide between characters ; they had to consider the antecedents of Solomon Watson, and their incompatibility with the sudden adoption of the trade of a libeler; and likewise the peculiarities and refinement of a gentleman of fashion, like Captain M'Carthy, brought up in courts and camps, whose intellect had been sharpened in the frozen climate of the North, and his morality mellowed in the kindlier regions of the South. They had to consider the interest inspired by that gentleman's acquaintance, though very short, with the family of Power. The jury would see the father was a jocose, hospitable, dashing, and probably, what is called in the world, an honest fellow; the mother a good-humored, good-natured, pleasant woman. The gay and gaudy tulip that had been presented to them could not have escaped observation ; but flowers of that description might be, and were very often, obtained at a price much too high. [A great deal of similar invective, unwarranted and unwarrantable, was included in by Mr. Watson's conneel].

First witness for defendant, James Reynolds, printer, examined.

Witness said he was the conducting printer of Mr. Power when editor of the Clonmel Gazette. He recollected the several libels prosecuted by Colonel Bagwell; Mr. Watson was neither the author nor corrector of them.

None of the facts mentioned in those libels ever came directly from Watson ; never was sworn to secresy respecting them by Watson. He know the amthor of them—a man of moderate talents. He did not part amicably with Power. He was falsely accused, after he had left Power's employment, of breaking open a lock, that of the printing-office door. The house was a thosoughfare to many people. None of Power's property, not so much as a sheat of paper, was removed by him. He never received any peomisty consideration from Watson for his evidence. His expanses from Waterford to Clammel alone were paid. Had no intercourse with Watson till he new him in Waterford. Knew Miss Power ; she was a very young girl when these articles were written.\* He never knew any thing of her to her diadvantage. He knew Mrs. Power pretty well. He never though till of her at any time. He believed, since the trial at Waterford, Power was not to be helieved on his eath. He thought the same now as to Mrs. Power, nince her tastimany at Waterford.

Witness was asked his opinion of the credibility of Miss Power on her oath. He said,

"When I knew her in Clonmel, my opinion was certainly to her advantage, and I have heard nothing to alter it now."

Witness knew Edmund Dwyer; says he is a bad man. He did not recollect saying in Waterford that Dwyer was a good man; his expression was, when asked if he thought Dwyer would be guilty of perjury, "Not yet." He, witness, had changed his opinion since that trial. He had told Dwyer who the author of the libels was.<sup>†</sup> The witness, on examination by Sir T. J. Fitzgerald, was pressed to name the author.

Colonel Bagwell, who was in court, engaged, if the author was named, not to prosecute him; whereupon Reynolds said, "I uses the author." He had received some information, on which he acted in one of the articles, from persons of the names of Hogan, Murphy, and Mangles

Richard Sparrow, Esq., examined :

Said he knew Watson as long as he can remember ; does not believe, if he undertook to indemnify Power, he would decline doing so. Watson was a very wealthy man ; derived part of his wealth from a Mr. White. Through Colonel Bagwell's influence, he, Watson, got the office of Clerk of the Peace and Crown. He was of the people called Quakers. He is now a Protestant of the Established Church, and is pretty regular in his attendance at church. He went to the Quaker's meetings for three or four years after getting the appointment of Clerk of the Peace. On the remonstrance of the society as to the incompatibility of his tenure of office with their tenets, he resigned that office. He, witness, did not consider it compatible with Quaker's tenets to

\* They were written in 1803 ; she was then hardly thirteen years of age .- R. R. M.

† There is every reason to believe that the witness, James Reynolds, was the author of the libels, and that some of the facts contained in them had in conversation been given to Power by Watson, and had been communicated to Reynolds by Power.-R. R. M.

keep arms, yet knew that Watson kept them at the time of the rebellion, and was obliged to use them for his defense while living in the country.

Colonel Bagwell examined :

Said he intimately knew Watson three or four-and-twenty years. Had spoken to Watson in 1805 about those libels, and said he thought it incumbent on him (Watson) to exculpate himself, and that if he (witness) were in his place, he would give £1000 to Reynolds to give up the author. He believed Watson utterly incapable of the baseness ascribed to him. Watson had complained to him (witness) of many acts done in the collection of tolls which the corporation highly disapproved of, and which were corrected. As to Power's circumstances, matters had come to his knowledge the winter before last which showed that he was an extremely distressed man. He did not think Mr. M'Carthy capable of extorting a sum of £632, though he did not know him personally, but could not think any gentleman of honor capablo of such an act. He had heard Reynolds was a man of good character, and therefore could not be purchased by a sum of £1000.

Dean Bagwell examined :

Said Watson came to him with a letter from Charles M'Carthy, dated 4th of June, for his advice. Watson informed witness of Power and M'Carthy having been at his house, and from circumstances that occurred, he strongly suspected a combination was formed to implicate him in the liabilities of Power. Witness recommended him to write the letter, which he addressed to M'Carthy ; on cross-examination, said M'Carthy had got warm and angry, and said that he would pay the money, for reasons of his own ; and that he had an utter abhorrence and detestation of Colonel Bagwell and his whole family, because the father of Colonel Bagwell had been the cause of hanging Sheehy,\* and had offered, the night before Sheehy's execution, to procure him his pardon, provided he would turn informer against the persons named on a list, at the head of which was M'Carthy's father.

Mr. Burrowes, as counsel for the defendant, spoke to evidence, and was followed by Mr. Hoare at considerable length. In summing up the merits of the evidence on the part of the plaintiff, Mr. Hoare said,

Mr. Power was a gentleman of high descent, independent in propertyhonored with the commission of the Peace for the counties of Tipperary and Waterford—of a character irreproachable in every respect but one, and in this one only reproachable because of its contact with the impurity of Watson.

He appealed to the jury whether Power's testimony was not, throughout, clear, consistent, and manly; and this after as severe a scrutiny as ever witness endured, in the longest and most trying examination he had ever witnessed. He swore positively to the share Watson had in the manufacture and publication of the likel. Watson's visits and closetings with Power and

Query: the pricet, Father Nicholas, or Edmund Sheehy, the father of Mrs. Power! for both were hanged, in consequence of the measures taken for that end by old John Bagwell. --R. R. M.

Reynolds, during the periods of the publication, were accurately described by Mrs. Power and her daughter. And yet the modest deportment of that respectable matron, the innocence and integrity that marked her clear, consistent testimony, and her conduct in the transactions which she deposed to, yet. she could not escape a little gently insinusted animadversion from the coursset of the defendant, suggested, it must be presumed, by Mr. Solomon Watson himself. Did the defendant suppose that his cause was to be benefited by showing the jury that he still delighted in the trade of defamation ! that peither venerable age nor artiess youth could, even in the face of the court, he protected from his rancor ! Did he flatter himself that unfounded insinuations, thrown out with as little regard to decency as to truth, would recommend himself or his cause to such a jury ! and that their verdict could be insured by no other means than the unmanly attempt, the scandalous endeavor, the diabolical effort, to blacken with his breath the purity of unsullied innocence, to visit with contumely that which should be cherished by airs from Heaven, to wither the dearest object of man's care and protection, the temberest of all flowers-female reputation ! If he so thinks, he deceives himself -the truth is not in him. Oh ! shame to manhood ; can he be a man ! Oh ! disgrace to Ireland; can he be an Irishman ! Base in his meditated fraud upon the plaintiff, baser in his information against his best friend, basest of all in his disgusting aspersions upon the loveliest and the most respectable of the softer ser.

Hear this wariest, and at another time weakest of mankind, speak by the admission of his counsel, and by the mouths of his witnesses for himself, and he will use an intelligible and unsophisticated language.... Hear the last speech and dying words of this trader in discount and defamation — as his learned and eloquent advocate bewailed the fate of his client, anticipating your cruel verdict. Will it be deemed too presumptuous of the plaintiff's advocate to add a little to what his learned friend began ?

# Here lies Watson, Who perished by the breath of Power;

and many other witnesses, who disclosed to a just judge and an honest jury the not vulgar baseness, though more than common turpitude, of his manifold iniquities. He was dismissed with the ignominious sentence he deserved, and this he survived many years, his heart being alike dead to virtue and inscnsible to shame.\*

The judge, in summing up the evidence, said, in every view of this mysterious case there were difficulties to be met with, and the verdict of the question to be decided by the jury was one which involved the guilt and baseness of one or other of the parties to this suit. If the plaintiff's case could be es-

\* Solomon Watson survived this violent and virulent denunciation many years. He died largely engaged in banking concerns, and in the possession of wealth and of a fair reputation.-R. R. M.

tablished, the defendant must be a designing knave—a slanderer of his friend Colonel Bagwell—and intentionally a swindler of Mr. M'Carthy. On the other hand, if it should appear that M'Carthy and Power had conspired to defraud the defendant, then perjury and fraud must be inevitably fastened alike on the plaintiff and Power.

The jury, after a long and protracted deliberation, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £316 2s. 6d. (the exact half of the sum of the amount sought).

END OF VOL. I.

÷

# THE

# LITERARY LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

# OF THE

# COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

nY

# R. R. MADDEN, M.R.I.A.,

AUTHOR OF

"TRAVELS IN THE EAST," "INFIRMITIES OF GENIUS," "THE MUSSULMAN," "SHRINES AND SEPULCHERS," "THE LIFE OF SAVONAROLA," ETC.

"L'homme marche vers le tombeau, trainant après lui, la chaine de ses esperances trompées."

> IN TWO VOLUMES. VOL. II.

# NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, 329 & 381 PEARL STREET, PRANKLIN SQUARE.

1855.

Google

1486.14 (2) ~ B н UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Google

# CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

k.

CHAPTER I.	
The Countess Guicciola Correspondence with Lady Blessington	eran 1
CHAPTER II.	
Miss Landor	39
CHAPTER III. Miss Landon.—Correspondence with Lady Blessington	55
CHAPTER IV.	
The Countess America Vespucci.—Mrs. Sigourney.—Miss Louisa Sher- idan.—Mrs. Abell.—Miss Emma Roberts.—Mrs. Isabella Romer	
CHAPTER V.	
Walter Savage LandorLetters from Lady Blessington	99
CHAPTER VI.	
Letters of Walter Savage Landor to Lady Blessington	117
CHAPTER VII.	
John ForsterLetters from Lady Blessington	142
CHAPTER VIII.	
Marquess Wellesley Letters to Lady Blessington	149
CHAPTER IX.	
The Duke of Wellington.—Letters to Lady Blessington.—The second Duke of Wellington	
ant a material and	

#### CHAPTER X.

# CHAPTER XI.

Isaac D'Israeli Benjamin	D'Israeli Charles	Dickens Lett	ers to
Lady Blessington			204

-Guogle

# CONTENTS.

## CHAPTER XII.

Lord AbingerLetters from	Lord Durham.—I	.ord Brougham	Various
Letters Lord Stangford	-Letters from F.	B., etc	230

# CHAPTER XIII.

Dr. Parr Sir Thomas Lawrence Thomas Moore Thomas Campb	ell.	
-Barry Cornwall		257

# CHAPTER XIV.

## CHAPTER XV.

Captain MarryattAlbany FonblanqueJohn GaltN. P. Willis	
F. M. Reynolds	310

## CHAPTER XVI.

Dr. Beattie .- Correspondence with Lady Blessington and Dr. Madden 340

#### CHAPTER XVII.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

Epistolary Curiosities...... 396

### CHAPTER XX.

# APPENDIX.

### No. I.

Correspondence of Count	D'Orsay Letters to Landor, Forster, Math-	
ews, and others	4	29

#### No. II.

# CONTENTS.

٧

No. III.	
Correspondence of Count D'OrsayLetters to Dr. Maddan	459
No. IV	
Letters from Dr. Madden to Count D'Orsay	462
No. V.	
Works of Art of Count D'Orsay	463
No. VI.	
Dedicatory Letter of Sir E. B. Lytton to Count D'Orsay	465
No. VII.	
Memorandum of Lady Blessington respecting the expected Appointment of Count D'Orsay	
No. VIII.	
Count D'Orsay and Richard J. Lane	467
No. IX.	
Count D'Orsay's first Visit to London	471
No. X.	
The Duke de Grammont	472
No. XI.	
The present Duke de Grammont	472
No. XII.	
Marshal Sebastiani	473
No. XIII. Lord Mountjoy and Lord Edward Fitzgerald	474
No. XIV.	
Letters to and from Lord Blessington	480
No. XV. Letters of Sir William Gell to Dr. Quin	488
No. XVI. Lines to Lady Blessington by Walter Savage Landor	497
No. XVII.	
Rev. Thomas Stewart	498

A

.

Google

# CONTENTS.

# No. XVIII.

Statuary, etc., of Count D'Orsay, confiscated in 1793, and claimed by       44         Count Alfred D'Orsay in 1844       45         No. XIX.       50         Count D'Orsay's Gore House Picture       50         No. XX.       50         Lord Byron's Yacht, subsequently the property of Lord Bleesington       50         No. XXI.       50         No. XXI.       50         Notices of Lords Holland, Grey, Lansdowne, Erskine, and Mr. Perry       50	43.
No. XIX. Count D'Orsay's Gore House Picture	00
Count D'Orsay's Gore House Picture	96
No. XX. Lord Byron's Yacht, subsequently the property of Lord Blessington 50 No. XXI.	
Lord Byron's Yacht, subsequently the property of Lord Blessington 50 No. XXI.	01
No. XXI.	
	01
Notices of Lords Holland, Grey, Lansdowne, Erskine, and Mr. Perry 50	
	03
No. XXII.	
Madame Du Deffand and Madame Geoffrin	04
No. XXIII.	
Edward Rushton, of Liverpool	07
No. XXIV.	
Notice of Eugene Sue's Wandering Jew 51	0
No. XXV.	
Notices of Friends and Correspondents of Lady Blessington	11
No. XXVI.	
Thomas Moore	35
No. XXVII.	
Miss Landon	38

-Google

vi

# A MEMOIR

#### OF THE

# LITERARY LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF THE

# COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

# CHAPTER I.

LA CONTESSA GUICCIOLI, NOW MADAME LA MARQUISE DE BOISSY.

THIS lady is the daughter of the Comte Gamba, descended from one of the first families of Ravenna.\*

Teresa Gamba was born at Ravenna in 1802. She was educated at a convent, and was removed from one by her father, to be married, at the age of sixteen, to an old nobleman of considerable wealth and very extensive landed property on the borders of Ancona and Bologna—the Comte Guiccioli, a friend in early life of Alfieri. The comte was not only old enough to be the father of this young lady (who was his third wife), but was even some years older than her father.

Youth, beauty, and intellect, united with age, ugliness, and mindlessness, proved an incongruous combination of jarring elements : antipathies, aversion, discords, and separation were the result of this ill-starred, ill-assorted union.

\* The Countess Guiccioli descends from a long line of illustrious ancestors. Her grandmother, a celebrated beauty in her time, was daughter to the Marquis di Bagno, of Mantua; and her mother, who died in childbirth only a yess or so after the young countess's marriage, was a very handsome lady, and daughter of the Contessa Macherelli, one of whose sisters married the Count Cobentzel, of Vienna, and by another sister the family became allied to the noble houses of Erdeddi, Nadasti, and Esterhazy.—Diary in Italy, vol. ii., p. 53. Byron first beheld Madame Guiccioli at Venice, at the house of the Countess Albrizzi, in the autumn of 1818, two days after her marriage with the old noble of large possessions and small worth, then bordering on his grand climacteric. It was not, however, till the spring of 1819 that he became acquainted with the fair lady, at an evening party in the same city, and from that time daily meetings—" the despotism of a strong passion" on the part of one, " a profound impression" on the heart of the other, an attachment that endured during the life of Byron, and that subsists to this hour in the guise of a sort of *culte* for the memory of a man of transcendent talents in the breast of the surviving lady—were the result.

About this period, in June, 1819, Lord Byron, after a residence of upward of two years at Venice, began to grow weary of the gloomy aspect of a great city falling into decay and dilapidation: "To see a city die daily, as Venice does, is a sad contemplation," said his lordship. He accordingly abandoned Venice, and betook himself to Ravenna, where he renewed his acquaintance with the Countess Guiccioli.

The countess had been obliged to quit Venice for Ravenna, with her husband, about the middle of the preceding April. Soon after her arrival, her mother died in giving birth to her fourteenth child.

In July, 1819, Byron wrote from Ravenna to Mr. Hoppner, saying, "I greatly fear the Guiccioli is going into a consumption, to which her constitution leads. Thus it is with every thing and every body for whom I feel any thing like a real attachment—'War, Death, or Discord doth lay siege to them.' I never even could keep alive a dog that I liked, or that liked me."

Four years previously, Byron had met with some loss, which he made the subject of lines of much beauty and pathos, that are not to be found in his collected published works. These lines throw some light on the apparent indifference which Byron was in the habit of exhibiting on occasions of separation by death, or other causes, from those he loved, and especially on the occasion of his parting with Madame Guiccioli at the period of his embarkation for Greece.

a. 61002 C

## LA CONTESSA GUICCIOLI.

#### STANZAS,

#### BY LORD BYRON.

I heard thy fate without a tear, Thy loss with scarce a sigh; And yet thou wert surpassing dear, Too loved of all to die. I know not what hath seared mine eye; The tears refuse to start; But every drop its lids deny Falls dreary on my heart

#### 2.

Yes, deep and heavy, one by one, They sink and turn to care; As caverned waters wear the stone, Yet dropping, harden there; They can not petrify more fast Than feelings sunk remain, Which, coldly fixed, regard the past, But never melt again.\*

The Guiccioli Palace at Ravenna, in which Byron resided for several months, is a large building, with spacious apartments, and a grand staircase. Like the majority of old Italian palaces in towns and cities of secondary importance, it has a dilapidated, gloomy appearance. Here, however, a canto of Don Juan was written, and also his finest drama, Sardanapalus.

The rooms which were occupied by Byron had been decorated by him, and one of the salons had been painted in fresco from pictures by one of the old masters.

The Guicciolis proceeded to Bologna in August, and were soon followed by Byron.

The latter end of that month Count Guiccioli, accompanied by his lady, left Bologna for his Romagnese estates. Byron fell

\* The above lines were obtained from the late Mr. R. A. Davenport, compiler of a Dictionary of Biography, and author of several works, who had the kindness to communicate them to my publisher, with a note, wherein he said,

"These lines are in Lord Byron's own hand-writing. I received them from him, along with another poem, in 1815. I add the scal and post-mark in confirmation of my statement. R. A. DAVENPORT."

<sup>1.</sup> 

into a state of melancholy, became reserved and exceedingly dejected, and solaced himself, in the absence of the countess, by going daily to her house at the former usual hour of visiting her, entering her apartments, turning over her books, and writing in them. In one of those visits he fell into a profound reverie, and was found weeping bitterly, brooding over the idea that had taken possession of his mind—that it was fatal to be loved by him.

In a copy of the countess's "Corinne," on the 25th of August, 1819, he wrote some lines in the last pages, the concluding passages of which evince plainly enough the violence of his unhappy passion : "My destiny rests with you, and you are a woman seventeen years of age, and two out of a convent. I wish that you had stayed there, with all my heart, or, at least, that I had never met you in your married state. But all this is too late. I love you, and you love me—at least you say so, and act as if you did so, which last is a great consolation, at all events. But I more than love you, and can not cease to love you. Think of me sometimes when the Alps and the ocean divide us; but they never will, unless you wish it.""

In September the Countess and Lord Byron were for some time in the free enjoyment of each other's society at Bologna (the count being on business elsewhere); they proceeded together to Venice, and there, at his lordship's villa of La Mira, they passed the autumn, and were visited by Moore.

In his Journal (vol. iii., page 971), Moore speaks of having met Byron at Venice in October, 1819. He makes mention of the Count Guiccioli applying to Lord Byron for the loan of £1000 at five per cent.; "that is, to give it to him, though he talks of giving security, and says in any other way it would be an *avilimento* to him."

Lady Blessington describes the personal appearance of the Countess Guiccioli as highly prepossessing, her manners distinguished, and her conversation spirituelle and interesting. "Her face," observes Lady B., "is decidedly handsome—the features regular and well proportioned—her teeth very fine, and her hair

\* Life of Byron, ed. Svo, p. 407.

- GOO2C

of that rich golden tint which is peculiar to the female pictures by Titian and Giorgione. Her countenance is very pleasing; its general character is pensive, but it can be lit up with animation and gayety, when its expression is very agreeable. Her bust and arms are exquisitely beautiful, and her whole appearance reminds one very strikingly of the best portraits in the Venetian school."

This account, in several particulars, corresponds with Mr. Hunt's earlier representation of her appearance; but in one respect it is entirely at variance with the latter; and, from my own observation, though at a later period than that of either Lady Blessington's or Mr. Hunt's acquaintance with Madame Guiccioli, I am fully persuaded the description of her appearance as that of "a kind of buxom parlor boarder" is very far from being correct.

"Her appearance," says Mr. Hunt, "might have reminded an English spectator of Chaucer's heroine :

> "'Yelothed was she, fresh for to devise; Her yellow hair was braided in a tress Behind her back, a yard long I guess, And in the garden (as the same uprist) She walketh up and down, where as her list."

"And then, as Dryden has it,

" ' At every turn she made a little stand, And thrust among the thorns her lily hand."

"Her hair," observes Mr. Hunt, "was what the poet has described as rather *blonde*, with an inclination to yellow—a very fair and delicate yellow, at all events, and within the limits of the poetical. She had regular features, of the order properly called handsome, in distinction to prettiness or piquancy, being well proportioned to one another—large rather than otherwise, but without coarseness, and more harmonious than interesting. Her nose was the handsomest of the kind I ever saw; and I have known her both smile very sweetly and look intelligently when Lord Byron has said something kind to her. I should not say, however, that she was a very intelligent person. Both her wisdom and her want of wisdom were on the side of her

## LA CONTESSA GUICCIOLI.

feelings, in which there was doubtless mingled a good deal of the self-love natural to a flattered beauty. \* \* \* In a word, Madame Guiccioli was a kind of buxom parlor-boarder, compressing herself artificially into dignity and elegance, and fancying she walked, in the eyes of the whole world, a heroine by the side of a poet. When I saw her at Monte Nero, near Leghorn, she was in a state of excitement and exultation, and had really something of this look. At that time, also, she looked no older than she was; in which respect, a rapid and very singular change took place, to the surprise of every body—in the course of a few months she seemed to have lived so many years."

I have seen Madame Guiccioli thirty-three years after the period at which Mr. Hunt says this "rapid and very singular change" had taken place, and most assuredly, even at this day, there is nothing in the appearance of this fascinating person that would indicate that early change, or indeed any subsequent one, more than the hand of time, most leniently laid on that beautiful face and form, might have been expected, in his most sparing mood, to have made.

The Guiccioli's loveliness was of a kind to which Byron's lines on the Venus de Medicis, in the Florentine Gallery, might be well applied :

> "We gaze and turn away, and know not where, Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart Reels with its fullness."\*

As to the maudlin affectation ascribed to her by Mr. Hunt, and anxiety to parade her attractions, and the influence of a heroine of romance, the account is wholly at variance with the notices of other writers of her habits and tastes at different periods, not only during the lifetime of Byron, but since that event.

With respect to the deficiency of intelligence, rather hinted at by Mr. Hunt than asserted, it may be observed, in decrying this lady, Lord Byron's taste and judgment were to be depreciated (morality was not taken into account), and altogether an unfavorable impression of the person who was most favorably looked on by the offending poet was to be effected.

\* Childe Harold, c. iv., st. 59.

- GOOVIC

Lord Byron says the education of Madame Guiccioli had been carefully attended to, and her reading had been extensive. "Her conversation is lively without being frivolous; without being learned, she has read all the best authors of her own and the French language. She often conceals what she knows, from the fear of being thought to know too much; possibly because she knows I am not fond of blues. To use an expression of Jeffrey's, 'If she has blue stockings, she contrives that her petticoats shall hide them.'"

The disinterestedness of the Countess Guiccioli is fully established by the testimony of Hobhouse and of Mr. Barry, the friend and banker of Lord Byron, and the statements of Moore, in the preface to the second volume of the first edition of his "Life, Letters, and Journals of Lord Byron." When Byron went to Greece, he gave Mr. Barry orders to advance money to Madame Guiccioli; "but that lady would never consent to receive any." He had also stated to Mr. Barry that he intended to bequeath £10,000 to her. "He mentioned this circumstance also to Lord Blessington; but his intention had not been carried into effect, and it was fully ascertained that Madame Guiccioli had discountenanced the intention, and dissuaded his lordship from fulfilling it."\*

In Moore's diary of July, 1824, we find, in an account of a conversation with Mrs. Shelley regarding Lord Byron and his affairs, these words: "The Guiccioli has refused a settlement from him (ten thousand pounds, I think)."

The 2d of April, 1823, Byron wrote from Genoa that he had just made the acquaintance of the Blessingtons; and on the 2d of June following, he wrote a farewell letter to Lady Blessington, who was then on the eve of departing from Naples, and on the 13th of the next month he embarked for Greece. Lady Blessington's intimacy with Byron was only for a period of two months, and during those two months, I am informed by the Countess of Guiccioli (now Marquise de Boissy) that the interviews between Lady Blessington and Byron did not exceed five or six : and that the feelings of friendship entertained by his

\* Moore's Life, &c., of Byron. Pref. to vol. ii., first edit., p. xiz.

A 2

lordship were not of that very ardent nature which would have prevented him from indulging in his favorite propensity of bewildering his *entourage* by giving expression to satirical observations, even on a friend on whom he had written such eulogistic verses as he had composed for the Countess of Blessington.

Madame Guiccioli at different periods visited England, and on each occasion found at Gore House a hospitable mansion, where she was occasionally domiciled or entertained. There was great intimacy between Lady Blessington and Madame Guiccioli, and a demonstration of affection in their correspondence that might have denoted friendship of a very cordial kind; but I doubt if a very sincere, ardent, and disinterested attachment existed between them. Madame Guiccioli seemed to feel that she was lionized by Lady Blessington, and Lady Blessington appeared to remember that the Guiccioli claimed a property in the memory of Lord Byron which was not altogether compatible with the feelings of the author of "Conversations with Lord Byron." Lady Blessington courted the society of Madame Guiccioli, it is true, showed her great civility, and made a great deal of her in the salons; but any little peculiarities of the Italian lady were seized hold of eagerly, and made the most of in society, and laughed at in it.

Like most Italian women, Madame Guiccioli has very little comprehension of badinage or irony in conversation. The Guiccioli could not understand any thing like a joke; she could bear with any neglect, or even a slight, provided it extended not to Byron's memory. Lady Blessington, who delighted in certain kinds of mystification in a sportive humor, mischief making of a playful sort, used sometimes to take advantage of Madame Guiccioli's simplicity and amusing peculiarities, her exaggerated ideas of Italian superiority in all matters of refinement, her invincible persuasion that Italians exceeded all other Europeans in genius, virtue, and patriotism, to enter into arguments at variance with her notions, and to propound strong opinions unfavorable to the people, culture, and climate of Italy.

At the commencement of 1820, Count Guiccioli having arrived in Venice, after some negotiations, menaces of legal proceedings

with a view to a divorce, and a formal agreement, by which it was covenanted that all communication with Lord Byron should cease n the part of the countess, the lady consented to accompany her lord to Bavenna. The covenant was not long kept; letters soon passed between the countess and Byron, with complaints of coldness on one side, protestations on the other, and intimation of intended departure from Italy, and farewells forever.

The intended departure was soon relinquished. Early in January, Byron was again established at Ravenna; and in July of the same year (1820), a formal separation was pronounced in Rome between the Count and Countess Guiccioli, the lady and her friends having demanded it. The countess was ordered to go back to her father's house, and a maintenance was decreed from her husband's property.

The allowance made to her was 22,000 crowns a year, her husband's income being 120,000 crowns a year.

Byron says on this occasion he offered any settlement, but it was refused. The "dama" went to reside at a villa of Count Gamba, fifteen miles distant from Ravenna, and there she was occasionally visited by Byron.

In July, 1821, the old Count Gamba, and his son, Count Pietro Gamba, the father and brother of Madame Guiccioli, as suspected chiefs of the Carbonari, were ordered to quit Ravenna, where the countess was then residing. The two Gambas proceeded to Florence, and there were joined by the countess. In the following month-of August she was established at Pisa, in the Casa Lanfranchi, an ancient palace which had been just taken by Byron. In the latter part of September, 1822, Lord Byron and the countess removed to Genoa, and took the Villa Saluzzi at Albaro, one of the suburbs of the city.

On the 13th of July, 1823, his lordship embarked for Greece. On the morning of that day Madame Guiccioli parted with him, never more to behold him.

Of that parting no particulars are to be found in the "Memoirs," by Moore, the "Conversations," by Lady Blessington, or, indeed, in any other account of Byron and his affairs in Italy.

Byron had lashed his imagination into a sort of romantic phrensy and enthusiasm on the subject of the struggle of the Greeks for their liberation from Turkish tyranny. He had a generous feeling of devotion to the interests of liberty in all lands. But at this particular juncture he was becoming tired of Italy, and had just witnessed the hopelessness of an attempt there for freedom, and the ruin which that unsuccessful attempt had brought on many of his Italian acquaintances and allies of his political opinions. A few months before, he had spoken of quitting Italy for England, and bidding farewell forever to one who had been the delight of his existence there ; but then, when the time for departure came, his courage failed, he could not separate from "La dame de ses pensées." It was the same, in some respects, on this occasion ; he talked for a long time to her of this romantic expedition, he descanted on its pleasure, its perils and excitement, and sometimes half seriously, half ironically, of its glories. He persuaded her to allow her brother, Count Gamba, to accompany him to Greece; he told her he was resolved, in a few months, to return to Italy, ritornaire a l'Italia (to her, as it was interpreted, for what was Italy then to Byron without her?); but Madame Guiccioli says, "Notwithstanding all this, every person who was near him at the time can bear witness to the struggle which his mind underwent (however much he endeavored to hide it) as the period fixed for his departure approached.""

In the evening of the 13th of July, when all the preparations were made, and the persons of his suite who were at the Saluzzi, and were to accompany him, had been sent on, Byron, who had been busily engaged in superintending those preparations, with manifest effort endeavoring to appear composed, indifferent, wholly rapt up in Greece and liberty, and affecting to be jaunty in his air and lively in his conversation, took his last leave of the person who for him had abandoned every thing in this life that should be held dear to woman.

His lordship embarked the evening before the intended departure; he and his whole party slept on board the Hercules, the vessel chartered for the expedition. Byron's latest dream \* Moore's Life of Byron, p. 590.

12

- Google

of love had been dreamed out; and that last vision of his life's romance past and gone, nothing now remained for him but a vague, undefined object, looked at through a refracting medium that tinged its imperfect outlines with bright hues, and invested them with glorious shapes and classical poetic illusions.

In that work, which Byron told Mr. Murray, in July, 1821, "at the particular request of the Contessa G-----, he had promised not to continue"-Don Juan, there are some farewell lines of the Donna Julia which might have been appropriately addressed to the author of that poem by the Donna Teresa Guiccioli, on the occasion of his departure from Genoa:

> "My breast has been all weakness, is so yet, But still I think I can collect my mind : My blood still rushes where my spirits set, As roll the waves before the settled wind. My heart is feminine, nor can forget— To all except one image madly blind; So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole, As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul."\*

Byron, at the time of his departure from Genoa, was in his thirty-sixth, and Madame Guiccioli in her twenty-second year.

The Hercules cleared the port at daybreak on the 14th of July, but the vessel lay becalmed all day in sight of Genoa. At nightfall a storm set in, and after encountering considerable danger, the captain had to put back to port, and anchored there about six o'clock in the morning of the 15th.

Lord Byron came on shore dejected, and appearing thoughtful. On relanding, he set off for Albaro, expecting to find the Guiccioli still at Saluzzi. On the way he said to his companion, "Where shall we be in a year?" He arrived in the chill gray morning, at an early hour, at his former residence, but there was no light step of one rushing forth to meet him as he approached.

"He entered the house his home no more,

For without hearts there is no home, and felt The solitude of passing his own door

Without a welcome : there he long had dwelt, There his few peaceful days Time had swept o'er."

\* Don Juan, canto i., st. 197.

All was still and silent in the Saluzzi; a caretaker of the deserted house met his lordship at the threshold, and said, "La senora è partita."

Madame Guiccioli had taken her departure that morning. A painter should have been there, ensconced in some nook—one of a divining spirit as well as of a skillful hand. Byron wandered for some time through the desolate-looking apartments, the rooms she inhabited, the grounds that were her customary walks; and, like that Lambro of whom he had written five years previously—"a man of a strange temperament"—he felt there was in the aspect of a place that had recently been an abode that had enjoyments and joyous loving inmates, and all at once had become a solitude,

> "A thing to human feeling the most trying, And harder for the heart to overcome, Than even the mental agony of dying."

Byron returned early in the day to Genoa, and there he passed some hours with his friend Mr. Barry, walking about some gardens near the city, and conversing in a way that showed his thoughts had taken a gloomy turn.

In the evening of that day he embarked, and finally lost sight of Genoa, and soon of Italy.

During Byron's life, it was "la nobile e bellissima sua fisonomia, il suono della sua voce, le sue maniere, i mille incanti, che lo circondavano che lo rendevano un essere così differente così superiore a tutti quelli che ella aveva sino allora veduti," which had nourished the passion of the Countess Guiccioli. But the fidelity of her attachment to the memory of that highly-gifted being, at the expiration of thirty years even, still survives. It has assumed a settled aspect of veneration, that with a pale but steady light shines not ineffectually over the remains of the greatly loved and honored dead.

This kind of *culte* reminds one of the sepulchral lamps of the ancients that are said to have burned continually in charnels, giving out a faint, unfading light, without receiving aliment or support from without the precincts of the tomb.

## "The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame Over his living head, like heaven, is bent, An early but enduring monument, Came veiling all the lightning of his song in sorrow,"\*

on the 18th of April, 1824, was drawing to the end of life at Missolonghi. In the latter part of that day few of his words could be distinguished, and these were names—"Ada," "Hobhouse," "Kinnaird." Later, in an interval of reason, he was heard to say, "Poor Greece!" "Poor town!" "My poor servants!" "My hour is come; I do not care for death, but why did I not go home before I came here?" At another time he said, "There are things which make this world dear to me; for the rest, I am content to die." He spoke again of Greece, saying, "I have given her my time, my means, my health, and now I have given her my life: what could I do more?" It was about six o'clock on the evening of Thursday when he said, "Now I shall go to sleep;" and then turning round, fell into that slumber from which he never awoke.<sup>†</sup>

At half past six the following day, the 19th, after lying nearly twenty-four hours almost bereft of sense or motion, he breathed his last. A great intelligence passed away into the world of spirits.

It remained for a clerical corporation to determine—that world into which his spirit had passed was one of wrath and woe. They would not suffer the place in which the ashes of Castlereagh—of hundreds of impious, profanc, and many unprincipled persons, many mercenary, some sanguinary, and several very vile and worthless minions of power, were laid, to be contaminated with the remains of Byron; but then Byron was a Liberal, and for the punishment of adverse politics, hypocrisy put on a garb of piety on this as well as many other occasions, and party had its revenge, while religion had the name of a vindication of her cause.

Johnson speaks of a Dean of Westminster whose abhorence of Milton was so intensely orthodox, that the name of the bard,

\* Elegy on the death of Keats, by Shelley.

† Moore's Notices, &c., vol. vi., p. 212.

in his opinion, was too detestable to be read on the walls of a building dedicated to devotion.\*

On the arrival in England of the remains of Byron from Greece, application was made by the executors, in their individual capacity, to the dean and chapter of Westminster, for permission to have his remains interred in the Abbey; "but such an answer was received as left little doubt of any more regular application."<sup>†</sup>

It was then decided on having his remains interred in the family vault at Hucknall, near Newstead. But some of "the nearest friends" of the deceased poet were not content that his imperfections should be buried with his ashes.

The remains of Byron were removed from the house of Sir George Knatchbull, in Great George Street, on the 12th of July, 1824, and on the 16th the last duties were paid to them in the small village church of Hucknall. They were laid in the family vault, close to those of his mother.

On a tablet of white marble, in the chancel of the church, there is the following inscription :

In the vault beneath, where many of his ancestors, and his mother, are buried, lie the remains of GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON, Lord Byron of Rochdale, in the County of Lancaster, the Author of "Childe Harolde's Pilgrimage." He was born in London, on the 22d of JANUARY, 1788, and died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the 19th of APRIL, 1824, engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that country to her ancient freedom and renown.

His sister, the Honorable Augusta Maria Leigh, placed this tribute to his memory.

About eight years ago Madame Guiccioli married an elderly French noble, the Marquis de Boissy. One would have thought the first experiment of this kind might have sufficed.

\* Life of Milton. + Notices of Life of Lord Byron, vol. vi., p. 222.

6002C

Wycherly, the comedian, married a girl of eighteen when he was verging on eighty. Shortly after, Providence was pleased, in its mercy to the young woman, to call the old man to another and a better world. But, ere he took his final departure from this, he summoned his young wife to his bedside, and announced to her that he was dying; whereupon she wept bitterly. Wycherly lifted himself up in the bed, and gazing with tender emotions on his young, weeping wife, said, "My dearest love, I have a solemn promise to exact from you before I quit you forever here below. Will you assure me my wishes will be attended to by you, however great the sacrifice you may be called on to make ?" Horrid ideas of Suttees, of poor Indian widows being called on to expire on funereal pyres, with the bodies of their deceased lords and masters, flashed across the brain of the poor woman.

With a convulsive effort and desperate resolution, old Wycherly's young wife gasped out an assurance that his commands, however dreadful they might be, should be obeyed. Then Wycherly, with a ghastly smile, said, in a low and solemn voice, "My beloved wife, the parting request I have to make of you is—that when I am gone—(here the poor young woman sobbed and cried most vehemently)—when I am in my cold grave—(Mrs. Wycherly tore her hair)—when I am laid low—(the disconsolate wife roared with grief)—when I am no longer a heavy burden and a tie on you— ('Oh, for Heaven's sake !' exclaimed Mrs. Wycherly, 'what am I to do ?')—I command you, my dear young wife —(said the old, dying comedian)—on pain of incurring my malediction, never to marry an old man again." Mrs. Wycherly dried her eyes, and, in the most fervent manner, promised that she never would ; and that faithful woman kept her word for life.

The Marquis de Boissy (Hilaire E. O. Rouillé) is one of the new nobility of France, who owe their coronets to their own merits and successes in military, political, stock-jobbing, or mercantile speculations. The marquis is a large landed proprietor, who recommended himself to the notice of the late Marshal Soult by his industrial efforts, and long-continued endeavors to improve the condition of the humbler classes in the district of Viezzon à Lignières, in which his property is situated—the chateau and territory of Castelnau, near Charost, six leagues from Bourges.

The marquis se montre asses souvent à la tribune de la chambre de Paris. He was wont to appear there a little—trop souvent, for the tranquillity of his friend and patron, Marshal Soult.

His merits have been fortunate enough to be appreciated by the present ruler of France; he has been honored with the title and functions of a senator.

Madame la Marquise is still a most fascinating woman, conscious of her power to please, and calculated to succeed in her efforts, as well as by the external *attraits* of appearance and deportment. Brilliant talents she has no claim to; but she has considerable conversational talents, and a large share of keen observation and insight into character, and of cleverness and *naïveté*, mingled with simplicity. She is well versed in Italian and French literature, has read much, and to some purpose. She writes fluently, and though not very correctly in English and French, expresses herself fully and forcibly, gracefully, and with facility.

When reference is made to Byron, and her intimate relations with him, she seems half proud, half ashamed of her liaison, and the conflicting feelings come strangely into contact in her conversation. But one feeling predominates over every other in relation to her former friend and admirer—one of unalterable fidelity and unchangeable constancy in her attachment to him, and devotion to his memory.

LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO LA CONTESSA GUICCIOLI.

To Madame Guiccioli, in Italy :

" Seamore Place, London, Aug. 19, 1833.

a. 61002 0

"MY DEAR MADAME GUICCIOLI,—I have learned with deep regret the affliction that has fallen on your domestic circle—an affliction which few are so calculated to feel in all its bitterness as yourself. While I was accusing you of forgetting your friends in England, which would be indeed ungrateful, as they do not cease to remember you with affection, you were in grief, and absorbed too much by the recollection of what you had lost to be blamed for forgetting the friends who still remain. Alas ! chère amic, it is not until we have lost those we loved that we feel all their value. Memory feeds on grief, and

calls up looks and voices that we can see or hear no more on earth, but that, brought back by memory, have power to make us forget for a few moments the painful present in the happier past.

"I do not seek to offer you vain consolation because I too well know its inefficiency, and you have been too highly tried in affliction not to have learned its bitter lesson—submission.

"I hope we shall see you in England next year; you have left behind you too agreeable an impression for those who have had the pleasure of knowing you not to desire to see you here again; and among your friends, no one more anxiously desires it than myself. London has been very full, but not very gay this season. Our Opera has been brilliant, and offered a galaxy of talent such as we never had before. Pasta, Malibran, Tamburini, Rubini, Donzelli, and a host of minor stars, with a corps de ballet, with Taglioni at their head, who more than redeemed their want of excellency. I did not miss a single night, and was amply repaid by the pleasure I received.

"You are so kind as to wish me to tell you of myself, and therefore I must play the egotist. My health has been good, and I have written a political novel, which appeared in June, with the reception of which I have had every reason to be satisfied, and for which I got a good sum.

"I am now coming forth with a very beautiful work, called 'The Book of Beauty;' I say beautiful, as it is to be embellished with fine engravings from beautiful female portraits, illustrated by tales in prose and verse, to which many of my literary friends have kindly contributed. You see, my dear countess, that I have not been idle since I saw you; but the truth is, I like occupation, and find it the best cure for banishing painful retrospections.

"Mr. Bulwer set off yesterday for Italy, and will visit Rome and Naples. I saw Mr. Moore three days ago, and he inquired very kindly for you; and I saw Campbell lately, who does not forget you. I wish you would send me a little Italian tale, in prose or verse, for my book. I know you could if you would, but I fear you are too idle. I trust you go on with the Memoirs you promised to write. It would amuse and instruct you, and would be highly gratifying to the world. Pray write to me often, and your letters shall be punctually answered.

"Believe me, my dear Countess Guiccioli, your sincere and affectionate friend, M. BLESSINOTON."

To Madame Guiccioli, in London :

"Seamore Place, July -, 1835.

"As I have neither seen nor heard from you since Wednesday, I conclude that you have abandoned the project of accompanying me to Anglesea Villa. I regret this very much, as you would have liked the country, which is very beautiful, and the air and sea breezes would have prepared you for the longer journey you intend taking. M. BLESSINGTON."

To Madame Guiccioli, in London:

## LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON

#### " October -, 1835.

"I shall grow superstitious, my dearest friend, for I really had a presentiment that you were either in sickness or in sorrow, and, alas ! I find that you are in both. I wish I was near you, for I understand your heart as well as I do my own, and I think I could lighten your sufferings by sharing them. I have great faith in the power of sympathy, and it is in moments of affliction that the presence of a true friend can be of use. I shall be more *triste*, knowing that you are unhappy and alone, than if I was near you. Be assured that, I feel for you a friendship as warm as it is sincere, and that fow people can love you as well, because few can appreciate you as truly as I de.

"My carriage shall be at your door to-morrow at seven o'clock, to bring you to dine with me; but if you wish to take the air, or have any visits to pay, it shall be at your service at any hour you like. We felt so solitary after you left us, and missed so much your fair face and sweet voice, that we were not sorry that letters of business recalled us to London.

"Count D'Orsay charges me with mille amitiés de sa part. Adieu until to-morrow, chère et belle amie. God bless you, prays your affectionate and devoted friend, M. BLESSENGTON."

### To Madame Guiccioli, in London :

" November, 1835.

"Well can I share your feelings at the fatal event that has taken place. I too lost *two* brothers, dear to me as the life-blood that warms my heart, and though years, long years, have passed since then, I remember the blow as if it only yesterday fell on me.

"When such an affliction befalls us, we are apt to forget that those we mourn have only preceded us to the tomb by at most a few years. We shall soon follow them, and be united never more to part, and this thought should console us. Think how quickly passes even the longest life, and be comforted with the certainty of our reunion where there are no more partings and no more tears. Heaven bless you, my dearest friend. M. BLESSINGTON."

## To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris :

### " October 9, 1835.

"I am truly grieved, my dearest friend, to hear that you have been so ill. I thought that your silence boded no good, but I tried to think it proceeded from the occupation and consequent fatigue of sight-seeing, which, to a person with so much imagination, and so impressionable as you are, never fails to be as exhausting as it is exciting. How fortunate that you found a skillful doctor! I shall henceforth venerate his name and laud his practice, though I trust you will no more have occasion to try its efficacy.

"Your tour has been a very interesting one, and you had need of such an excitement to lessen the *tristesse* that had taken possession of you since the melancholy intelligence from Italy. There is but one source of consolation,

### TO MADAME GUICCIOLI.

my dear friend, under such afflictions, and I have been often, during the last six years, compelled to seek its aid, and this is the recollection that the friends torn from us by death (that ruthless destroyer of the dearest ties) only precede us at most by a few fleeting years to that only sure rendezvous where we shall all meet. Alas! such is our weakness, that we mourn as if they only were condemned to die, and that we were not to follow them. The brevity of life proves the best consolation for the pains that fall to ourselves while in it. But why dwell on the subject to you, who, like myself, have tasted deeply of the cup of affliction, and who are accustomed to its bitterness?

I hope to see you again very soon after your arrival, with the roses of health again blooming on your cheeks. Count D'Orsay charges me with his kindest regards for you. We often think and talk of the pleasant hours passed in your society at Anglesey, when your charming voice and agreeable conversation gave wings to them. I have delivered your message, in a most triumphant tone, as to 'The Life of Napoleon,' by Lockhart. It is delightful to conquer an opponent so obstinate as our friend, and the victory is yours.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

### To Madame Guiccioli, in London :

"Gore House, July 4th, 1836.

"It gave me great pleasure to hear from you again, for I had begun to think you had forgotten me, a supposition calculated to give pain to one who feels, as I do, a lively affection for you.

"The papers will have informed you of the result of a singular trial. The evidence, though enough to show imprudence, could not satisfy any jury of actual guilt; but the proceedings were of a nature to inflict great pain on any delicate-minded woman's feelings, and to furnish a theme of scandal to the censorious. Nothing can be more calculated to strike at the root of morals than the vile system in England of bringing forward discharged servants, often of bad character, to give evidence against their mistresses. Such should be, in nine cases out of ten, refused belief, and in this case it was so; but the misfortune is, that though the good and virtuous part of society disbelieve, the bad and vicious do not, and as they are the largest party, a poor woman's honor never comes purely out of such trials or from such commentators.

"I see a good deal of your friend, Mr. Trelawney, and like him very much; he is original, clever, and brave; and of how few men can one say so much ! Comte D'Orsay charges me with his very kindest regards to you.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

# To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris:

"Gare House, October 24th, 1837.

" It gave me very great pleasure, my dear friend, to see your writing again. It appeared a long, long time since you left ms, and I anxiously looked for the assurance that you had got through your voyage and journey safely, and with as little inconvenience as might be hoped. I have missed you continually, and thought of you often. You are so warm-hearted and affectionate, that, were you less *aimable* by many degrees than you are, it would be very difficult, after having enjoyed your society for a few weeks, to resign it without deep regret. But I console myself with the hope that you will come to me next year again, when we shall renew our sober conversations by the fireside like two philosophers who have acquired wisdom by the only true road to that science—*nuffering*.

"You ask me about my health, but, alas! I can give you no satisfactory account of it. I went to Margate the Tuesday after you left me, and remained there eight days, when, finding the sea air too cold for me, I returned home, and, though not better in health, find it less irksome to be ill at home than at an inn.

"I send you the ring engraved. It has your cipher on the centre, and a Marguerite and a pensé on the sides, to remind you of one who thinks often and affectionately of you. Comte D'Orsay charges me with mille choses aimables to you; you have, malgré all discussions, secured a very warm and sincere friend in him. M. BLESSINOTON."

## To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris:

"Gore House, January 1st, 1838.

- GOO2 C

"I can not allow the first day of the new year to pass over without offering you my best wishes that it may bring you health and happiness, and without thanking you for both your kind letters. Be assured that, although I have not sconer thanked you for them, my silence has not proceeded from want of regard, but has been compelled by the pressure of literary labor, joined to a delicacy of health that still renders me a sad invalid. It gave me great pleasure to learn that you were looking so well, and are so comfortably settled in your new abode. My little Isabella was enchanted with your sweet cadeau, and has done great henor to it; how *aimable* and how like you it was to have thought of her.

"I want you to do me a little service at Venice, if you have any correspondent there. It is to have inquiries made, or a few lines inserted in the newspapers there, stating that if any one will deliver up the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague to Signor Algarotti, written many years ago, they will be bought at a reasonable price. My publisher has asked me to do him this service, and you are the only friend I could think of likely to assist me in the affair. The letters were, some years ago, in the possession of an inn-keeper at Venice.

"My niece and her family have been staying with me during the last month. She is kind and gentle, and you would, I am sure, like her. Comte D'Orsay charges me with his kindest regards to you; we often think of you, and always with sincere affection.

"I have no faith in the predictions of Madame le Norman, but if only half

the good fortune she foretells you arrives, I will be ready to become one of her most zealous converts. If the good and estimable were favorites of Fortune, you would possess every advantage.

"Adieu, ma chère amie.

M. BLESSINGTON."

## To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris :

"Gore House, June 26th, 1838.

"It gave me very great pleasure indeed to hear from you again, but pain to learn that you were going southward, instead of, as I hoped, turning your steps toward England, where I should have been so delighted to see you. I regret to find that your excellent father is not well, and shall be glad to hear better accounts of him. The poor Duchess D'Abrantes! Her death, and the circumstances that preceded it, were very melancholy. You have not told me whether you heard from Venice relative to Lady M. Wortley Montague's letters, or if there is any chance of their being recovered.

"London is at present insupportable. The streets and Park crowded to suffocation, and all the people gone mad. Pray let me hear from you from Aix, and do not forget that you have friends in England who think often and fondly of you. It was only to-day that Lord Fitzharris sent me your letter, and I am so hurried that I can scarcely find time to write you these few lines. "M. BLESSINGTOR."

To Madame Guiccioli, in Boulogne :

"Gore House, August 15th, 1839.

"I am obliged to accompany my niece, who is in very delicate health, to the seaside for a month, and this contretemps will deprive me of the pleasure of receiving you before the 20th of September. I am more annoyed at this necessity of leaving home than I can express, as it prevents me from seeing you as soon as I could wish; but I trust that it is only a pleasure delayed, and that you will come to me as soon after the 20th of September as you can, and remain with me as long as your can make it convenient. I can not express to you with what pleasure I anticipate your visit. I had been ordered sea-bathing for my own health, but did not intend to adopt the measurc, as I would willingly give up any plan that only concerned myself to have the gratification of seeing you a month sconer; but the health of my niece requires my presence and care, and I can not refuse accompanying her.

"Your friend Alfred charges me with his kindest regards to you. He is now an inmate at Gore House, having sold his own residence; and this is not only a great protection, but a great addition to my comfort.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

### To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris:

"Gore House, December 16th, 1839. "MY DEAREST FRIEND,-I have not yet been able to reconcile myself to your absence, or to forget our sad farewell. Parting is not to me what Shakspears calls it, 'a sweet sorrow,' but a bitter one; for I look on every one, which has not a definite period fixed for its termination, as partaking, in some sort, of the bitterness of death; and taking leave of those I love afflicts me beyond the power of controlling my emotions. I wept your departure until sleep weighed my heavy eyelids down, and the first thought on waking was the painful one that the sea divided us. No one can live for weeks under the same roof with you, without feeling the loss of your presence as one regrets the last fine days of autumn; and this regret I experience every day. You have so much of the warmth and sunshine of your own bright land, that dear Italy which I so much love, that I miss you as much as I did it when I returned to England.

"I inclose you Marguerite's verses on you. She is a young postess, but truly feels what she writes, so that her lines have the merit of truth, if they have no other, and this is more than can be said of better poets. She begs of me to thank you for remembering her, and bids me say that she needed no flowers to remind her of one who possesses all the brightness and sweetness that belong to them.

"Alfred charges me with his affectionate and cordial regards to you. He is not given to make professions, even when he most feels; but I do assure you that you have in him a true friend. Have you heard that the Parisian papers announced his arrival at Paris? And did you read the article on him in the Charivari? It was very droll. The Prince N— requested me to offer you his kindest wishes, and Mons. Thessily never comes to Gore House without asking for you, and praying to be recalled to your memory.

"Mr. Reeve, too, and Mr. Chorley, speak of you with enthusiasm. In short, no day passes in which you are not fondly remembered. You have not told me if the Mr. ——— is at Paris. I hope he is, for it will be some consolation for your absence to know that you have near you those who can truly appreciate you.

"The Viscount de F — must have been charmed at your return, for I am sure he envied me the happiness of your society here. I feel disposed to like all who love you, and although this will lead to an extensive friendship, I nevertheless can not feel indifferent toward your friends. Remember me most kindly to my friend Henry Bulwer, and let me hear from you soon. Alfred and Marguerite desire their most affectionate regards to you.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Gore House, May 15, 1840.

"MA TREE CHÈRE AMIE,-I fear that this letter will not find you at Paris, and I wish so much that before you set out for Italy you should receive the renewed impression of my unimpaired affection, and my vows that, ultimatoly, the late event in Italy may tend to lead to that happiness, which no one merits more than you do. I had seen the account in the newspaper, and since

I read it I have not ceased to think of you, and the influence it may have on your happiness.

"Let me hear from you, ma chère chère amie, as soon as you reach Ravenna, for I shall be most anxious to be assured that all is going on as you wish. I will send this letter under cover to Mr. Henry Bulwer, with a request to forward it to Ravenna in case you should have left Paris. Remember me most kindly to your brother, and tell your good father that, though we have never met, I have learned to esteem him.

"Votre ami Alfred, et croyez moi, il est veritable ami pour vous, begs me to offer you his affectionate regards, as does Marguerite, and praying heaven to guard and bless you, votre devouée, M. BLESSINGTON.

"P. S.—I do not believe that there is the least likelihood of Prince Montfort's daughter managing Prince Louis; about the other person I know not, but will inquire.

"Monsieur Kinliff has left London, and is now attached to the embassy at Paris, where he will be greatly disappointed not to find you. We regret him very much, for he is good as well as agreeable, and has many good qualities, among which is a due appreciation of you. Adieu, encors adieu."

To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris:

"Gore House, April 14, 1841.

"MA CHERE, BONNE ET BELLE AMIE, ----Mr. Hamilton Brown sent me your letter about a month ago, and long as it had been retarded, its receipt afforded me great pleasure.

" I know you so well, and love you so truly, that I never could doubt your affection, even though months passed without your giving me any assurance of it by letter; for I judge your heart by my own, and that tells me I may safely confide in the stability of your attachment. I have thought of you often and fondly during the winter, and pictured you to my mind's eye surrounded by a family circle who must love you dearly, because they know how you deserve to be loved.

"I keep your little box of cages always on my table next my chair in the library, and its odor breathes of your dear country and dearer self, and brings back to me our long causeries by the fireside. I trembled on reading the danger to which you were exposed during the terrible voyage to France. Little did I imagine that the storm which I heard raging with such fury menaced the safety of one so dear to me. Absence and distance from those we love, always so painful and difficult to be borne, becomes doubly so when we reflect on the dangers to which they may be exposed. It grieves me to think that you will return to Italy without our meeting. How glad would it make me if you could pay me a visit before you depart.

" I have suffered so heavily from the old malady in the trachea during the winter and spring, that even my doctors do not think it would be prudent for me to remain in England another winter. I should like to take up my abode

VOL. II.-B

somewhere near you, if you were likely to remain in Italy; but I fear you will settle in Paris.

"You were wise not to waste years in a lawsnit, for well has it been said that he who commences a suit resembles him who plants a palm-tree which he will not live to see flourish. Your friend Alfred, and you have not a truer friend, charges me with a thousand kind regards to you. Marguerite sends her affectionate wishes. M. BLESSINGTON."

## To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris :

"Gore House, June 7, 1841.

"How I grieve to find that you are leaving France without being able to pay me even a short visit. I write now merely to request you will keep me au courant of your movements, that in case I should be able to leave England I may know where you are. May all happiness attend you. If only half what you merit falls to your share, you will be happier than most people.

"Marguerite desires to be affectionately remembered to you, and so does Alfred, who entertains for you a sincere and warm attachment. Heaven bloss you, me chère et belle amie, and be assured you have not a more affectionate or devoted friend than M. BLESSINGTON."

### To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris :

" Gore House, January 8, 1845.

"As I see by the newspapers that you are returned to Paris, I write to scold you for your long silence, and for leaving me to learn your movements only by the journalists! I have also a piece of intelligence to convey, which I am sure will give you pleasure. You have, I dare say, heard that your friend Count D'Orsay has within the last two years taken to painting, and such has been the rapidity of his progress, that he has left many competitors, who have been for fifteen years painters, far behind.

"Dissatisfied with all the portraits that have been painted of Lord Byron, none of which render justice to the intellectual beauty of his noble head, Count D'Orsay, at my request, has made a portrait of our great poet, and it has been pronounced by Sir John Cam Hobhouse, and all who remember Lord Byron, to be the best likeness of him ever painted! The picture possesses all the noble intelligence and fine character of the poet's face, and will, I am sure, delight you when you see it. We have had it engraved, and when the plate is finished, a print will be sent to you. It will be interesting, chère et aimable amie, to have a portrait of our great poet from a painting by one who so truly esteems you; for you have not a truer friend than Count D'Orsay, unless it be me. How I wish you were here to see the picture ! It is an age since we met, and I assure you we all feel this long separation as a great privation. I shall be greatly disappointed if you are not as delighted with the engraving as I am, for to me it seems the very image of Byron.

" M. BLEESINGTON."

. Google

## To Madame Guiccioli, in Paris :

"Gore House, July 16th, 1845.

"MA CHÈRE ET AIMABLE AMIE, —Your approval of the engraving has given us all the greatest pleasure; I only wish you could see the picture, for that is infinitely more like than the engraving.\* The portrait has all the refined and intellectual look of our great poet; color does so much for likeness. I really think you would be delighted to see the oil picture, which is a halflength, as large as life.

"And so you are again returning to Italy, without finding time to come to England to see the friends so anxious once more to embrace you. Think how long a time it is since we met, and how delighted I should be again to welcome you beneath my roof. You know, or ought to know, chère amie, that your presence will always be welcome here, and whenever you have any time to spare, you should devote it to me.

"I saw your Italian friend only once, but the fault was not mine. I invited him to return, but have not seen him since, nor has he left his address.

"Pray let me hear from you often, and tell me all that concerns you and those dear to you. I hope you will find your father better. Comte D'Orsay sends his most cordial regards, Marguerite her tender amitiés. Heaven bless you, chère, bells et simable amie, prays M. BLESSINGTON."

## LETTERS FROM LA CONTESSA GUICCIOLI TO LADY BLESSINGTON. (No date.)

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,-I am just coming back from Harrow, where I have enjoyed many melancholy pleasures, and dined with Mrs. Drury'st family, and spent all the day, from one o'clock in the morning till ten in the evening, amid them.

"Indeed, it has been a fatiguing, melancholy, but very interesting day for me.

"My dear Lady Blessington, believe me always, yours very affectionately, "T. GUICCIOLY.

"Wednesday night."

" Saturday.

"I send you back the lines of Mr. Barry, which I have read with great pleasure.

"Fletcher's letter to Mr. Hobbouse is a very curious thing, and it has amused me a great deal.

"You ask me for some documents, for some extracts of Lord Byron, and letters to me from Greece, to prove how his *dévoucment* to me continued to be the same till his death.

"But what shall I answer you on this subject ! Perhaps you will blame

\* The portrait of Lord Byron, by Count D'Orsay.

t The family of the Rev. H. Drury, of Harrow, the tutor of Lord Byron.-R. R. M. me, but I can not conceal from you that I have the greatest dislike to publish now any of Lord Byron's letters to me. One day or other they will be published, but the moment is not come yet. And also, don't you think, my dear Lady Bleasington, that if I were to give you extracts and names, don't you think that the malicious part, at least, of your readers would say you were influenced by your friendship toward ms, or by my entreatize to speak in honorable terms of Lord Byron's affection for me! This is so much my own opinion, that I am convinced the world would give much more credit to every thing honorable you will say about Lord Byron, not only without my own extracts, &cc., but still more, also, had you published it when you had no acquaintance with or friendship for me. But upon all that I will speak about with you the first time I aball have the pleasure to see you. And if you like to see all Lord Byron's letters to me, at every part of our acquaintance, I will show them to you with pleasure.

"Good evening, my dear Lady Blessington, and many thanks for all your kindness toward me.

" Believe me always your friend,

T. GUICCIOLI."

#### " Thursday.

"I am just returned from Mrs. Leigh, Lord Byron's aister. We passed three hours together, always speaking of him. You may then imagine, my dear Lady Blessington, in what way my feelings must be in this moment. Mrs. Leigh is the most good-natured, amiable person in the world; and, besides, poor Lord Byron was so fond of her, that she is a very interesting person for me.

"I am quite well, though not able to accustom myself to the dreadful noise of Picadilly, and to the English songs, so that I have taken the resolution to go next week to an hotel. T. GUICCIOL."

(No date.)

"..... Je vous renvoye le Romance de Mr. Bulwer, et les deux numero du Monthly. Je trouve des idées si justes et si bien expressés dans les extraits de votre Journal que je n'aurais pas desiré mieux. Seulement les passages relatifs à cette dame, et vos reflexions sur elle peuvent inspirer une sympathie pour elle qu'elle ne mérite pas, vù qu'elle a été la cause volontaire et obstinée de tous les malheurs de Lord B----.

"Je trouve aussi que quelque une de vos reflexions sur le genre de vie que B— menait à Venise sont un peu trop severe et exagérent la verité. Comme il aimait à se calomnier, il étoit bien lui la cause principale des fausses opinions qu'on entretenait de lui. T. Guiccioll."

## " Brighton, August \$7th, 1832.

distantial.

"I received a note from you before my departure from London, which, being a reply to the last of mine to you, I did not answer. I found your re-

### TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

marks on my critique true and reasonable, and for some of them, at least, I could have scarce any other thing to reply but that you are right. Yes, you are right, my dear Lady Blessington, when you say that, on account of my sensitiveness toward Lord Byron (which has its source not only in my exalted sense of his perfections, but in all the results of my experience of the world), I can not be satisfied with any of his biographers. But if I ever shall give my own impressions of him to the public (which I look upon as a duty it remains for me to perform toward his memory one day or other), I fear, my dear Lady Blessington, that instead of being received by the public with the interest you say, they would find I have seen Lord Byron through a medium of affection, and would laugh, perhaps, at what I feel so deeply in my heart.....

"I am now living quite an English life, a quiet, serious life, speaking all day the language of English people; but I must confess, for an Italian, this kind of life is a little too formal, too cold, has too much of restraint in it on the feelings, and makes me feel a kind of oppression upon my breast. I feel as if I could not breathe freely, and yet I have before my eyes the calm, wide, sublime ocean ! I don't find here the beauties of the Mediterranean shores, the Bay of Naples, with its smiling islands and its brilliant sky, but perhaps there is in this unlimited ocean a degree more of sublimity. It appears to me that it is calculated to inspire one with Ariosto's musings—that other Byron's poetry....

"Believe me always, my dear Lady Blessington, your affectionate and, obliged friend, T. Guiccioll."

#### "Wedneeday morning.

"I have tickets sent me for the House of Lords to-morrow, so I pray you not to take any more trouble about it. But if you, instead, find me one for my brother, I should be very much obliged to you.

" Perhaps, by the means of Sir Francis Burdett, you could obtain me this favor.

"I read, in the ticket, that ladies must go in *full dress*. Will you have the goodness to explain to me what means precisely this full dress, short or long sleeves ? and if, on entering, the *bonnet* is worn on the head, or a simple morning hat.

"Excuse, with your usual kindness, my importunity, and believe me, with the most sincere affection, yours affectionately, T. GUICCIOLI."

### "Revenne, ce 4 Juillet, 1833.

"Je me suis arrivée à Genes et à Florence, ou j'ai passé les derniers jours du Carnival. Je me suis ensuite rendu à Ravenne, mais en remettant le pied dans ma maison paternelle ou je me promettais tout de joie en revoyant mes parens après une si long absence, je les ai trouvés dans le plus grande consternation. Ma plus petite sœur, une jeune fille de 13 ans, était à ses der-

## LETTERS FROM MADAME GUICCIOLI

niers moments. Elle était tombé malade quelque mois auparavant dans la couvent où elle était en pension ; on l'avait soignée de toute manière, on l'avait fait transporter à Ravenna, esperant dans le changement de l'air ; mais tout a été inntile. Elle est morte de consumption après un longue agonie quelques jours après mon arrive. Elle était une jeune fille charmante, remplis de talens, douce, d'une beauté non commune et je l'aimais tendrement. Vous pouves donc vous imaginer, ma chère Lady Blessington, comme sa perte a du m'affliger. Pour elle je ne devrais pas m'affliger pourtant, car les epreuves de la vie lui ont été épargnées. Mes autres sœurs seront toutes mariées dans le courant de l'année. Le mariage de la première a en lieu dans le commencement de mai. Après les cérémonies du mariage, qui était heureux sous tous les rapports, et nous avaient tous rejouis, elle est parti de Ravenne pour se rendre à la résidence de son epour. La fatigue du voyage, l'emotion d'une cérémonie si imposante, ont ébranlè son ame et son corps, au point qu'elle est tombée malade, et nous, et son epoux, qui l'adorent, nous l'avons eu deux mois entre la vie et la mort à 18 ans. Ce n'est que depuis trois jours que le médecins ont déclarés sa vie hors de danger. Mes autres sœurs se marieront dans le courant de l'année. Mes parens voudraient que je fusse presente à tous ces mariages. C'est à cause de cela particulièrement que je me trouve forcée à remettre à une epoque plus eloigné la realisation de mes plus cheris esperances de visiter une fois encore l'Angleterre. Je me porte très bien, et entourée de l'affection de mes parens je ne m'apperçois pas des ennuis en ce sejour. Je vous remercie bien de la lettre que vous m'avez. envoyé.

"Veuillez je vous prie me rappeller à madame votre sœur et au Comte D'Orsay : m'écrivez quelquefois, et me gardez une place dans votre affection. "Votre devouée et sincere amie, T. Guiccioll."

"London, June 11th, 1834.

- C10079 0

"Mr. Campbell can not go to Richmond on Monday, so we will defer the party: he is always very amiable, very kind with me, and he is almost decided to be my cicerone while I am in London. Good morning, my dear Lady Blessington. T. GUICCIOLI."

"Hotel Jaunay, Leicester Square, Londres, Mai 31, 1835.

"Mon frère donc me quitte Jeudi prochain, et vous pouvez vous imaginer ma chère Lady Blessington, comme je dois être sensible à une separation faite dans de telles circonstances.

"Je n'ajouterai pas davantage pour ne pas vous ennuyer avec les details des tourmens que je souffre : mais j'ai voulu pourtant vous faire connaitre ma position, afin que vous m'excuserez de n'etre pas venu encore chercher de vos nouvelles, que j'espere bonnes sous tous les rapports.

"Adieu, ma chère Lady Blessington, T. GUICCIOLI."

## TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

#### 44 July 5, 1835.

"My DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, —My brother told me that the count wished me to send the little miniature of L\_\_\_\_\_\_B\_\_\_; that I can not do, having sent this miniature, together with some papers very valuable to me, to Paris a week ago, by a good opportunity. But if that was not the case, I would not have given him the miniature (and I am sure he will not be angry with me for that) unless you would have given the permission, as you wished me not to give it to any body to take a copy.

"Pray present my compliments and my adieus to the count for me; preserve me a place in your remembrance and affection, and give me your commissions for Italy, if you have any. Once more, God bless you, my dear Blessington, and believe me, very sincerely, your obedient and affectionate "T. Gurcctotz."

### "105 Rus St. Lazare, Paris, Juin 21, 1636.

"Il y'a un age que vous ne disiez plus rien par ecrit, et cependant de mon coté au moins je suis bien souvent avec vous, en idée, et avec mon cœur. Je m'imagine parfois de vous voir toute contente vous promener dans le jardin de votre charmante maison, ou vous recevez tant d'amis et des personnes distinguées dont vous faisez delice, et y mediter plus tranquillement que dans l'autre, trop au centre du grand bruit, du grand monde, des ouvrages nouveaux que le public doit toujours attendre avec impatience, et accueiller avec enthuaisame.

"J'en suis reellement curieuse. Le cholera m'empeche de me rendre en Italie, et un peu aussi la crainte qu'on ne veuille pas me laisser partir. J'y irais doucement l'année prochaine. Ma sœur est mariée, et tres heureuse, et tout va bien dans ma famille : mais j'ai perdu toute espoir de faire passer les Alpes à mon frère, car mon père depuis notre malheur, il ne peut plus souffrir qu'il s'eloigne de lui pour un jour. Adien, ma chère Lady Blessington, écrivez moi et veuillez croire à mon amitiè sincere et inalterable.

"T. GUICCIOLI."

#### "Boulegne sur Mer, ce 17 Août, 1837.

"Je viens de recevoir votre lettre si bonne et si aimable, et j'ai beau me dire qu'en acceptant l'hospitalité que vous m'offrez de si bon cœur, j'abuse de votre bonté, que peut-etre il me serait possible de trouver tout près de vous un logement qui me permettrait de jouir souvent de votre compagnie, sans cependant vous être à charge. Tous ces efforts de ma raison sont etouffé par le souvenir des jours heureux que j'ai passé à Anglesea villa auprès de vous, et par le desir d'en passer encore de pareils.

"En acceptant donc comme je fais votre offre, je fais cependant un petit traité avec ma discrétion; je placerais ma femme de chambre (que j'amène avec moi étant sous tous les rapports le phenire de son état); dans un logement tout près de votre hotel: où elle pourra encore très bien s'occuper de moi.

### LETTERS FROM MADAME GUICCIOLI.

"Une passage de votre lettre me fait aussi de la peine et augmente mes indécisions. Vous me dites, 'faites moi connaître si vous viendrez chez moi, afin que je puisse renoncer à tout autre engagement pour vous recevoir."

"Ma chère Lady Blessington, je désire bien de passer quelques jours avec vous, et très vivement, car j'ai pour vous les sentiments de la plus sincère amitié, et votre esprit, et votre îme élevés et sensible, donnent à votre societé un charm au delà de toute expression pour moi, mais si pour me laisser jouir de ces avantages, vous voulez renoncer à d'autres engagements, alors je ne pourrai plus accepter votre offre. Ce sersit de ma part de l'egoisme.

"Je crois partir d'ici avec le paquebôt à vapeur de Dimanche nuit. Il part d'ici à minuit, et il arrive Lundi d'onze heure à midi à Londres.

"T. Guiccioli."

### " Paris, 7th August, 1839 .--- 44 Rue Basse des Rempart.

"Quant a ce qui me regarde personellement je dois vous remercier, ma chère amie, car vous m'avez donné la une page que je me sens loin de meriter.

"Je n'irais pas en Italie cette année; l'objet principal de mon voyage surait été d'aller tenir compagnie à mon père, et soulager un peu la douleur de mon frère qui se trouve à la veille de perdre sa jeune épouse, car lui même m'ecrit qu'il a perdu toute espérance, et toute illusion, et qu'elle ne peut plus survivre que quelques semaines encore.

"Adisu, ma chère Lady Blessington. Mille choses au cher comte, et croyez moi comme je vous sime. Votre amie sincère, T. Guicciol."

#### "Paris, ce 22 Mars, 1839.

"C'est avec un bien grand plaisir que je profite du retour de Mr. Moore à Londres, pour venir vous rapporter les expressions de mon amitié. Il y'a bien longtemps que je suis sans lettres de vous, je ne pense pas dire que je sois privée de vos nouvelles, car vous êtes en possession d'une place sociale trop remarquable pour qu'on puisse se passer de vous mettre à contribution, pour donner de l'interet aux conversations, et aux écrits de tous les pays civilises. Je sais donc très bien de vos nouvelles ; assez de ces manifestations de vie extérieure que vous abandonnez au public, mais cela ne peut pas contenter ceux qui vous aiment, et qui ont été admis dans le sanctuaire de votre vie intime. Ce qui me manque et que je voudrais, c'est le mot adressé à moi qui m'assure de votre bien être, et me repéte ce dont je ne doute pas, mais qui fait tout le bien à s'entendre dire encore et encore, le mot amitié. Vous de-

\* Four words illegible.

## TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

vriez donc vous imposer la tâche de me l'écrire ; sure toutefois que je ne vous garderais pas rancune si vous ne le faites pas, ni même pour ne m'avoir pas accusé reception de la lettre que je vous si écrite de la compagne de mon père dans le mois de Septembre dernier.

"Je vons informais dans cette lettre des recherches jusqu' alors inutiles faites à Venise pour trouver la correspondence de Lady M. W. Montague avec le Comte Algarotti, mais pour ne pas augmenter le volume de ma lettre je ne vons envoyais pas le Journal de Venise qui contenait l'annonce. Je le fais pourtant aujourd'hui, non pas que je pense que vous puissez avoir besoin de cette preuve pour être persuadée qu'on s'est occupé de cette recherche, mais parceque je désire que vous en ayez un témoignage de plus pour vous justifier auprès de la personne qui s'etait adressé à vous pour cette recherche.

"J'ajouterai encore que l'article corrigé ensuite et augmenté par moi est resté pendant tout un mois dans le journal, et que rien n'a été opposé à Mr. Brunetti, secretaire du Comte Guiccioli.

"Veuillez donc, ma chère Lady Blessington, me charger en dédommagement de cette infructueuse recherche d'une commission où je puisse être plus heureuse. Je n'ai pas non plus oublié Bianca Capello, mais lo succés a oublié me porte. J'en suis encore même pour cette recherche au désir et au regret.

"Je ne vous donne pas des nouvelles de Paris. Que pourrais-je ajouter que vous ne sachiez déjà sur ce dramme politique qui sa développe, et tient en haleine tout le monde, presentant à l'entre des scenes étranges et grosse d'avenir et des turpitudes. Ce qui se passe à cette heure, est plutôt le triomphe des mauvais principes, sur les bons, triomphe qui s'appui plutôt sur des passions que sur des convictions.

"Cependant il faut attendre pour juger acteurs et drame. On dit qu'à cause de ces préoccupations politiques, l'hiver a été moins brillant pour la partie de la societé tres active au plaisir. Mais pour moi, je ne m'en suis guère aperçue, la part que j'en demande pour moi est si modérée, qu'elle ne me manque jamais.

"Et vous, ma chère Lady Blessington, comment gouvernez vous votre santé. Comment plutôt pouvez vous bien la gouverner, lâchant la bride comme vous faites à toutes les exigences, à toute l'activité de votre intelligence. Les beaux fruits que le monde recueille avec tout d'avidité et de plaisir ne substrairont ils pas trop la substance de la vie !

"Quand vous verrais-je donc! Il me semble déjà toute une vie d'absence qui me separe de ce plaisir, et sans la necessité ou pour un nouveau malheur je vais me retrouver peut-être retourner cet été en Italie—je crois bien que je serais venue vous voir. Helàs ma chère Lady Blessington, ce malheur qui menace me famille est bien grand, c'est la perte de ma jeune belle sœur, qui se meurt de la même terrible maladie qu'a déjà mis le deuil tout de fois dans ma famille, la consomption. Au commencement de l'hiver à l'occasion de mon depart, elle m'a accompagnée jusqu'à Boulogne, et là une toux sans aucune caractère grave s'est déclarée. On l'a traitée comme un rhume ordi-

B 2

naire, et maintenant elle est aux portes du tombeaux, à 19 ans. Mon frère est désolé, car il l'aimait tendrement, et elle le méritait sous tous les rapports. C'est lorsque cet svénement si lugubre aura lien que j'irais rejoindre de nouveau mes parents, pour tâcher de mettre un peu de baume sur leurs douleurs.

"Veuillez bien je vous prie me rappeller au bon souvenir du cher Comte D'Orsay, et dites lui aussi que je serais bien heureuse de nos luttes, et de croiser d'encore nos lances, ne fut-ce que pour la beanté du fait et pour accomplir des belles emprises, comme dit le dilettanti de la chevalerie. Et vous, ma chère Lady Blessington, veuillez croire à l'amitié la plus devouée,

"T. GUICCIOLL."

#### "Ravenna, 18 Octobre, 1840.

"Comme vous voyez, ma chère amie, par la date de cette lettre je me trouve au milieu de ma famille à la campagne. J'y suis depuis presque deux mois mais j'en partirai bientôt et après avoir passé deux autres mois entre Florence et Rome j'ai le projet de me rendre à Paris pour y finir mon hiver. C'est la'où j'esperè du moins recevoir de vos nouvelles. Si Florence ou Rome ou quelq'ue autre partie de l'Italie pouvait produire quelque chose qui vous fat agréable je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire comme je serais heureuse de recevoir vos ordres et si vous vouliez me procurer le plaisir d'une de vos lettres mon adresse est egalement Rome, Florence, mais Ravenne plus surêment encore *poste-restante* car mes parens sauraient où me la faire parvenir.

"Adieu, ma très chère amie, milles amitiés au Comte D'Orsay, et à vos charmantes nièces, et croyez à tout mon dévouement. T. GUICCIOLL."

## LETTER FROM MADANE LA MARQUISE DE BOISSY (LATE COUNT-E88 GUICCIOLI).

### " 23 Rue d'Anjou, Paris, ce 20 Juin, 1848."

"MA CHÈRE AMIE, — Votre lettre et les nouvelles que m'ont apporté de vous mes amies les Sampieri, m'ont fait un bien grand plaisir. Vous les avez comblés de ces politesses dont personne ne connait autant que vous le secret enchanteur, car personne ne posséde plus que vous tant ce qui en fait le charme, le cœur, la grace, l'esprit. Enfin ils emportent avec eux votre souvenir, et le souvenir de tout ce, et de tous ceux qui vous entourent, comme la réalization de ce qu'ils ne croyaient peut-être qu'un idéal. Agreez mes remerciments pour toutes vos bontés pour eux.

Vous recevrez en meme temps que cette lettre un numero d'un journal qui a un grand succès pour son courage, et son bon sens. Dans ce journal vous y trouverez une lettre de Mr. de Boiasy, qui vous expliquera comment, et pourquoi nous n'irons pas en Italie avec la mission diplomatique qu'il avait acceptée. Je suis certaine que l'esprit de la lettre et la noble franchise de la

\* This letter was written within a few days of les grandes journées de Juin .- R. R. M.

rédaction vous plairont, et obtiendront aussi l'approbation du cher comte, auquel vous direz 1000 choses affectueuses de ma part. Quelque grand que fut le désir d'aller remplir cette mission en Italie pour s'éloigner de ce terrain volcanique où des explosions terribles nous menacent tous les jours ; il était. cependant impossible à un homme d'honneur de l'accepter dans les conditions actuelles, lorsque on voit évidemment que c'est une propagande républicaine qu'on impose à la diplomatic. Pour le moment nons resterons donc en France, et même à Paris, à attendre les evénemens qui ne peuvent manquer d'arriver, et bien graves hélas je le crains, car l'horizon est bien charge, bien troublé ! L'état actuel, le gouvernement, et le ministère (si de ce nom regulier on peut appeler cette agglomeration d'hommes, d'elementa discordante, hétérogeneux, incroyables, anarchiques, qui sont à la tête des affaires de la France dans ce moment), tout cela n'a aucune condition de vie. Si pourtant ou laisse vivre cet embryon monstreux c'est par crainte de pire, c'est parceque les partis son nombreux, point organisés, point dessinés, c'est parceque l'assemblée n'a pas le courage de sa mission, c'est parceque le spectre hideux de Blanqui et Compagnie est là, toujours devant leurs yeux pour les empècher de monter à la tribune, ou pour refouler leurs paroles dans leurs gosiers lorsque leur conscience porterait la vérité à leurs levres. C'est qu'une assemblée qui a besoin d'une armée permanente pour se défendre, et qui ressemble (moins la forme) à une forteresse prise d'assaut et ne peut pas être indépendante. Ajoutez à celà que les chefs des Socialistes, Communistes, les Prudhons, les Leroux, les Louis Blancs (qui devraient trouver leur places dans des maisons de Santé, car évidemment leur esprit est malade), siégent pourtant à l'assemblée, et que le Socialisme en germe, en tendance est la même, dans le pouvoir exécutif, et dans les ministères ; de sorte que, on a tout lieu de craindre que à tout acte de courage de l'assemblée, on crie à la réactions, et on lâche l'armée Socialiste en blouse dans les rues. Pensez à tout celà ma chère amie et des lors ne vous étonnez pasque cela dure encore. Mais cependant, la crise ne peut pas être bien eloignée. La nomination du Prince Louis Bonaparte,\* à l'Assemblée a été pour le gouvernement une surprise dont il est furieux. Il n'y a pas d'effort qu'il ne ferà, pour la faire échouer de nouveau, mais je ne pense pas qu'il y réussira. Je puis vous assurer que le parti du Prince Louis est tres fort et il le serait bien plus, si les honnêtes gens qui voudraient l'ordre partout ne s'en défiaient pas un peu, le voyant porté par le parti qu'on appelle la république rouge, et même par les communistes. Mais toutefois son parti est très fort, et dans les provinces, et les campagnes surtout, ce nom de Bonaparte et d'empire exerce un prestige immense. La constitution a été lu hier à l'Assemblée pour la discuter et voter. On propose un président, et déjà on nomme le Prince Louis.

"Si le Prince Louis peut sauver cette pauvre France sous quelque nom que ce soit, il sera le bien venu. Lamartine a cú un moment la destinée de la France dans ses mains, mais son association avec Ledru Rollin et Louis Blanc

\* Illegible.

l'a perdu ; il sepère cependant de ressairir la popularité. Je vous raconte des faits, mais quant à faire des présages, je n'en ai pas la témérité, après ce que nous avons vu, et ce que nous verrons peut-etre.

"Heurez vous autres qui savez et pouvez avec une poignée de constables éloigner tous les dangers, et jouir d'une prospérité qui s'accroit encore avec les débris de notre naufrage.

"Heurense aussi ma belle patrie jusqu'à présent! Son héroisme l'a vengée en forcant le respect de ceux qui voulaient bien l'aimer sans la respecter. A Rome, on a ouvert les Chambres, mon frère Hyppolite a été élu deputé à l'unanimite par sa province. Il m'écrit de Rome ou il est avec sa famille. Le Marquis Guiccioli est dans la Chambre haute ainsi que beaucoup d'autres de mes parents et amis dans l'une ou l'antre chambre. Jusqu'à present tout s'y passe bien : mais comme je vous l'ai d'ici on organise une puissante propagande armée et non armée qui pourra si on reussit à la jetter sur notre chère Italie, *la ruiner !*!

"On me dit que Londres est bien brillante, bien magnifique cette année. Pauvre France !

" J'aurais été bien heureuse de passer l'hiver en Italie avec vous ; mais qui sait !

"Mills amitiés au cher comte, de la part aussi de mon mari : et mon souvenir affectueux à votre niece charmante, Mile. Marguerite.

"Aimes moi comme je vous sime.

" Votre amie dévouée,

MISH. DE BOISSY."

discost.

In the letter of Madame la Marquise de Boissy, where reference is made to the expected employment of the marquis in a diplomatic position in Italy, there are passages which it would be impossible to comprehend without noticing some portions of rather a remarkable letter of the marquis, published in "L'Assemblée Nationale," du Mardi, Juin 20, 1848.

À M. BASTIDE, MINISTRE DES AFFAIRES ÉTRANGÈRES.

"Paris, le Juin 10, 1948. "MONSIBUE LE MINISTEE,—Voici quelles sont les paroles, que Monsieur Lamartine m'a eu adressé, il y a de hier Samedi 8 jours. 'Vous avez été sur le tapis à la séance du gouvernement ; je vous en préviene, Bastide ne veut pas de vous ; il vous trouve trop aristocrate, pas assez republicain, il croit que vous voulez la régence. J'ai repondu :' 'Réellement ! Est-ce qu'il m'a jamais cru democrate à la façon de quelques uns de nos démocrates de ruisseaux, et republicain dit de la ville ! Il a raison, et qu'avez-vous repondu !' J'ai répondu, me dit M. de Lamartine, quand j'ai nommé Boissy, j'ai cru nommer un homme de cœur et d'intelligence ; je l'ai connu et le maintiens peur tel. Quant à être republicain, il l'était autant que nous avant la république.

## LETTER OF THE MARQUIS DE BOISSY.

Au reste, comme c'est sur vous que pèse la responsibilité du choix ou du maintien des agents diplomatiques, je ne vous impose point Boissy, mais je vous déclare que je considérerai comme une injure personnelle sa révocation.

"M. le Ministre, puisque je cite textuellement les paroles de M. de Lamartine, permettez-moi de rapporter textuellement aussi, moins trois, celles que je prononçai. Je lui dis : Je vous remercie beaucoup, monsieur ; si je ne leur conviens pas, qu'ils aillent. . . . Par des relations anciennes et nouvelles, en un mot, par une réunion de circonstances que j'appellai exceptionnelles, je puis plus que, qui que ce soit, être utile en ce moment. Eh bien, me dit M. de Lamartine, vouz aves Rome d'ou vous venes, voilà qui est dit, c'est chose faite.

"Plus tard les idées de M. de Lamartine se modifièrent, quant au lieu ; il me dit. Il fant que vous alliez à Florence ; c'est petit de nom, petit en apparence, mais c'est pour le moment le point important ; il nous faut la près du théâtre de la guerre, près des légations, à cheval entre Rome et Turin, sur les lieux ou se prépareront et ce décideront les grands événemens, un homme actif comme vous l'êtes, qui connaisse bien le pays, qui y soit connu, qui y soit aimé ; allez à Florence pour deux ou trois mois, puis je vous donnersi Rome ou Naples ou Turin.

"Soit, dis-je, parce que vous me le demandez, et parce que c'est vous qui resterez encore quelque temps ministre des affaires étrangères. J'ajoutai : on dit que . . . . va à Madrid, vous feriez bien mieux de l'envoyer à Rome ; lui et moi avons toujours été d'accord en politique ; tous deux placés en Italie, l'un près de l'autre, nous marcherions ensemble, et évidemment nous servirions misur. M. de Lamartine trouva mon avis juste et bon, l'ambassade fut à l'instant même destinée . . . . . , toujours avec promesse que je l'y remplacerais quand il la quitterait, que s'il ne l'acceptait pas j'irais certainement trois mois après si je voulais. La difference radicale qui existe entre la politique d'alors de M. de Lamartine et celle suivie aujourd'hui, politique se révèle tout entière dans l'esprit qui préside au choix de certains agens diplomatiques. Qu'il me suffise de dire en peu de mots, Monsieur le Ministre, que quand j'acceptai une mission en Italie, il ne s'agissait nullement d'aller y faire de la propaganda, de vouloir républicaniser de force l'Italie entière, mais au contraire, de la laisser maltresse d'elle même, en lui conseillant toutefois la fédération après qu'elle serait parvenue, seule si elle le pouvait, avec notre secours, si elle en avait besoin et le réclamait, à s'affranchir de l'étranger.

"Soyez-en certain, l'Italie vraie (j'appelle ainsi l'immense majorité de ces hommes dont le patriotisme éclairé, la haute intelligence ont préparé l'affranchissement et la régénération de l'Italie), l'Italie vraie ne rêve point un remaniement general de territoires ; elle veut des changemens importans, des reformes profondes et non pas comme le disait M. Guisot, et comme le disent aujourd'hui certains de vos agens, perturbateurs par état, par habitude, par necessité, elle ne veut pas passer à l'état de république unique à l'état de républiques diverses. Ce qu'elle veut, ce qu'elle a raison de vouloir, ce qu'elle aura c'est la fédération des divers etats. Ce que doit vouloir la France, ce que sa politique doit favoriser, c'est la fédération des divers etats de l'Italie et non leur fusion en un seul, quelle que soit d'ailleurs sa forme de gouvernement.

"La commission executive est-elle dans le vrai, n'est-elle pas, au contraire, dans une erreur qui pourrait devinir fatale à la république Française, quand elle croit qu'une condition essentielle de vie pour la république est de n'avoir pour voisins que des etats à gouvernement républicain ! Vaut-il mieux pour la république de n'avoir pour voisins que des etats en république, ou des etats à gouvernemens de formes differentes ! Si tous les etats voisins de la France étaient républicains, n'auraient-ils pas à redouter au moins, la guerre des principes ! n'auraient-ils pas alors à calculer, pour être nos alliés ou nos ennemis, uniquement les chances de la victoire par les armes ! Des états monarchiques n'auraient-ils pas au contraire à se préoccuper vivement, en outre, de la puissance des armes, qui est la même dans l'un et l'autre cas, de ce qu'ajouters à la puissance des armes le secours de la guerre de principes !

"Peu de jours après le 24 Fevrier, M. de Lamartine me demanda si je voulais servir la république, si j'accepterais une mission à l'étranger. Je lui repondis que oui, à la condition que la mission qu'il me donnerait ne serait point une sinecure, qu'y aurait des services réels à y rendre, que cette mission ne serait que temporaire, conservant l'opinion constamment soutenue par moi à la tribune sur les incompatibilités. M. de Lamartine me demanda de lui indiquer quel pays je préférais, quelle mission je voudrais. Je repondis : Rome, Turin, ou Naples, car c'est en Italie que par l'étude que j'ai faite en Italie même de sa situation politique, de ses besoins, de ses hommes, de leurs idées, que par les sympathies, que je m'y suis acquises dans toutes les classes, je puis être utile. M. DE Boisey, Ancien Pair de France."

In the preceding letter there are some observations well deserving of attention on the impracticability of all attempts to combine the several states of Italy in one great Italian sovereignty or republic, and on the practicability and desirableness of the confederation of the several principal Italian states in separate federal republics, and not the fusion of so many heterogeneous elements, each with its separate nationality, peculiar interests, particular circumstances, and distinct character and traditions.

## MEMOIR OF L. E. L.

# CHAPTER II.

## L. E. L.

"When the lamp is shattered, The light in the dust lies dead; When the cloud is scattered, The rainbow's glory is shed. When the lute is broken,

Sweet tones are remembered not ;

When the lips have spoken,

Loved accents are soon forgot.

"As music and splendor Survive not the lamp and the lute, The heart's echoes render

No song, when the spirit is mute. No song ; but sad dirges,

Like the wind through a ruined cell,

Or the mournful surges

That ring the dead mariner's knell."

SHELLEY.

PECULIAR circumstances enable me to give some details respecting the brief career and death of Miss Landon, at Cape Coast Castle, perhaps more to be relied on than any previous accounts that have been given to the public by the friends of Mr. Maclean, or those who have been influenced by them.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon was born at Chelsea in 1802. Domestic occurrences had unfortunately led to a separation of L. E. L. from her family at an early period, and her residence with comparative strangers, who eventually, however, became her warmest friends. Miss Landon possessed qualities eminently calculated to gain esteem and affectionate regard—great warmth of feeling; a peculiar charm of manner and address; an affectionate, loving nature; a simplicity of mind, wholly free from affectation; a guileless character, childlike in many of its traits; devoid of all suspicion of evil intentions and designs, and yet not free from impulsive tendencies and some degree of willfulness. These very qualities, united with an intensely acute sensitiveness and almost morbid sensibility, which made her keenly alive to injuries, and slights, and misrepresentations, were made instrumental to the designs of malevolent people, who inflicted wrongs and insults on her, and persecuted her for years with calumnies and slanders, rendering a great part of her brief but most unhappy career one continued scene of unmerited annoyances and sufferings.

The extent to which these vexations went would almost seem incredible; but facts have come to my own immediate knowledge which leave the matter beyond all possibility of doubt. Her anonymous and mysterious tormentors for years together, before her unhappy marriage, worried her almost continually with anonymous letters, filled with accusations, menaces, and invective.

Her peace of mind was more than disturbed by these diabolical efforts to annoy her—it was destroyed by them; and when laboring under recent inflictions of outrages of this sort, all her energies, bodily and mental, were disordered and impaired by them: the first paroxysms of suffering were usually followed by syncopes, spasms, tremors, and convulsive attacks, approaching to epileptic seizures; and when the violence of this nervous agitation would cease, then would come intervals of the most profound dejection of spirits. If the wretch or wretches whose wicked machinations produced those melancholy results had only witnessed them, on a single occasion of the infliction of these torments, nothing could be wanting to the triumph of their artifices save the unhappy marriage to which this poor lady was driven by despair, and the catastrophe that might be expected for the sequel of such a union.

Many traces of that deep-seated melancholy and dreariness of mind, and weariness of life too, are to be found in the writings of Miss Landon, and even in some of the earliest as well as in the latest of them.

In 1838, "Flowers of Loveliness," with poetical illustrations, were edited by L. E. L.; and one of the most exquisite of her small poems, full of poetic feeling, but indicative of profound

melancholy, appeared in that volume. In this poem, entitled "The Clematis," there are some stanzas well worthy of being recalled :

> "Around the cross the flower is winding, Around the old and ruined wall; And with its fragile flowers binding The arch with which it soon must fall.

> "Saint Mary's shrine is now laid lowly, Shiver'd its wondrous rainbow panes, Silent its hymns—that pale flower solely Of all its former pride remains.

"Hush'd is the ancient anthem, keeping The vigil of the silent night; Gone is the censer's silver sweeping, Dim is the sacred taper's light.

"True, the rapt soul's divine emotion The desert's wind to heaven may bear; "Tis not the shrine that makes devotion— The place that sanctifies the prayer;

"But yet I grieve that, thus departed, The faith has left the fallen cell; How many born and broken-hearted Were thankful in their shades to dwell!

"Still is the quiet cloister wanted For those who look with weary eye On life, hath long been disenchanted, Who have one only wish, to dis.

"How oft the heart of woman, yearning For love it dreams but never meets, From the world worn and weary turning, Could shelter in these dim retreats!

"Then were that solemn quiet given, That life's harsh, feverish dreams deny; Then might the last prayer rise to heaven— My God! I prithee let me dis!"

The Annual from which these lines are extracted was for the year 1839; but it was published in December, 1838. It is to be borne in mind that her death took place on the 15th of October, 1838. Miss Landon had the necessity forced on her, at a very early age, of pursuing literature for a livelihood (and for the support too, for many years, of an aged mother)—a necessity, for a woman, which it is impossible to exaggerate the miseries of. No amount of emolument acquired, or fame achieved by a young literary woman, ever compensated for the penalties of the struggle of female talent, modest worth, and feminine gifts and graces of intellect, of the strife in the arena of "the trade," in the press, in the public gaze, in literary circles, in cliques of critics, and coteries of patronizing people of fashion.

The popularity of Miss Landon suffered no abatement by the frequency of her appearance before the public. It appeared rather to augment than to decline in the latest years of her literary career in London. And this is the more surprising, as no extensive poem approaching to an epic character, nor any detached pieces of hers of any sort, in verse, of considerable length, have appeared. Still, she had the power of seizing hold of the public esteem; an affectionate interest was felt in her; her very name inspired kindly feelings and expectations of meeting amiable sentiments associated with beautiful imagery in her productions.

The chief characteristics of the poetry of L. E. L. consist in imaginative power, tenderness, and geniality of feeling, and harmony of versification.

The principal productions of Miss Landon before her departure for England, besides her poetical contributions to the leading periodicals of the day under the signature of L. E. L., were the following:

A volume of poetry, the first published by Miss Landon, appeared in 1820, entitled "The Fate of Adelaide, a Swiss romantic tale;" and "The Improvisatrice, and other poems," was published in 1824; "The Troubadour," to which were added poetical and historical sketches, in 1825; "The Golden Violet, and other poems," in 1826; "The Venetian Bracelet," "The Lost Pleiad," &c., in 1829; her first novel, "Romance and Reality," in 1830; "Francesca Carrara," in three vols., followed in 1834; "The Vow of the Peacock, and other poems," in 1835. A volume of sketches, entitled "Traits and Trials of Early Life," in 1836; "Ethel Churchill," a novel in three vols., in 1837; "Duty and Inclination," a novel in three vols., in 1838.

After her death in 1842, a novel appeared with her name, entitled "Lady Anne Granard," but the very early part only of the work was written by her.

A few months before her most ill-assorted union with Captain Maclean, I was in her company at the house of Colonel Stanhope, in London. She was there "the admired of all admirers," the great object of attraction, surrounded by many of the most eminent literary men and artists of the day.

Few persons, with so few pretensions to beauty as she had at that period, could inspire the same warm interest, and make one feel there was such a power of fascination about her that was irresistible, in spite of plainness of looks and diminutiveness of form. Her features, when not lit up by conversation, had a pensive cast of expression in them. They were not sombre, but there were dark illuminations in them, like the effects, rich and beautiful, of the lights transmitted through stainedglass windows—tints of thought, that showed

"'Twixt light and shade the transitory strife."

Mr. J. S. Heraud must have had some such impressions of her appearance when the following most appropriate and beautiful lines were written, which appeared in "The English Bijou Almanac" for 1838:

> "Sappho of a polished age, Loves and graces sweetly sing, Chasten'd spiendors o'er thy page, Like moonlight on a fairy's wing.

<sup>44</sup> Feelings soft as morning's dews, Breathings gentle as the May's, Verses soft as violet's hues, Once sported in thy happy days.

"Sad is now thy plaintive strain, Melancholy is thy mood; Bring us back thy youth again, For cheerfulness befits the good.

a. 61002 0

"Yet, if thou be sad, 'tis well; If we weep, 'tis not in vain ! Sighs attuned to Sappho's shell Allure us into love with pain."

Sad, indeed, had been the plaintive strain, and melancholy had been the mood of poor L. E. L. at the period when those lines were written, and even for some years previous to that time.

Her unknown tormentors had been already too successful for real cheerfulness and gayety ever more to come back to her bosom. They had prevented her union with one of the most eminent of living sculptors.

Proposals of marriage, too, had been made to her by one whom she could have loved, who was worthy of her—a man of exalted intellect and honor, as well as of a kindly nature; who was capable of appreciating her genius and warm-hearted kindness of disposition; but the terrors of the persecution she had been long subject to, and feelings of extreme sensitiveness on a subject that she imagined might possibly admit of the shadow of a doubt in the mind of one by whom she was held dear, as to her entire frankness in dealing with that matter at any future time, led her to break off the proposed marriage, though one in every respect most desired and desirable.

In the mean time, her annoyances continued; the difficulties of her literary position augmented; her health and spirits had begun to suffer from the arduous mental occupation she had long been engaged in; and at this juncture, about October, 1836, a gentleman from the west coast of Africa—styled the Governor of Cape Coast Castle, Captain Maclean—was frequently met by her in London society, and the result of that acquaintance was an offer of marriage, which was accepted by her in an evil hour, and in a frame of mind that rendered any resolution, however desperate, in regard to change of scene and country, a course rather to be adopted than considered.

When the time came for fulfilling his engagement, in the summer of 1837, Captain Maclean manifested no anxiety or impatience for its accomplishment. He had proceeded to the Gold Coast, remained there for some time, but he returned at length; his business habits and peculiar turn of mind admitted of no waste of time or words in nonsensical dalliance; preparations for the wedding were made with all convenient dispatch.

The marriage of Mr. Maclean with the ill-fated L. E. L. took place on the 7th of June, 1838, and on the 15th of October following she was laid in her dismal grave in the court-yard of Cape Coast Castle.

Every one is aware that this gifted creature died by poison; that she had been in the habit of taking prussic acid for the relief of spasms; that she had taken an undue quantity of that drug on the morning of her decease, but whether intentionally or accidentally there was no evidence given on the coroner's inquest to enable an English public to determine.

In February, 1841, I visited Cape Coast Castle, the grave of Letitia Elizabeth Landon, or, if that name must be uttered which she had the misfortune to bear for a few miserable months, Mrs. Maclean. I sojourned for some weeks at the castle in the discharge of the duties of my office of "Commissioner of Inquiry on the Western Coast of Africa." Mr. Maclean was then President of the Council of Government of Cape Coast Castle, the senior magistrate of the settlement.

The wretched town of Cape Coast, to the eastward of the fort, contains some 4000 inhabitants, natives of the country, a few European traders, and a tolerable proportion of half-cast people, among whom many specimens of the genus "Betsy Austin," neither Crab nor Creole, but true "Barbadian born," are to be found.

Cape Coast Castle is a large, ill-constructed, dismal-looking fort, with a few rooms, of a barrack-looking fashion, for the residence of the chief magistrate, now Governor of the Gold Coast.

Mr. Maclean, in early life, having joined the Boyal African Corps after the peace, and attained the rank of lieutenant at the termination of the Ashantse war, when it was determined to retain the Gold Coast settlements, was appointed President of the Council of Government of those dependencies, and for some years displayed a great deal of activity—on some occasions, a little too much energy; on one occasion, at Accra, in particularin dealing with the native tribes of the Gold Coast. The salary of his office was £500 a year, an amount utterly inadequate to the expenditure which his position necessitated, for he virtually exercised the functions of a governor, and was expected to entertain the naval officers of the cruisers on that coast, the merchants of the place, and the travelers who came there. The expenditure for his yacht alone must have amounted to a third part, at the very least, of his official income.

Mr. Maclean was a good mathematician; all his tastes were for the cultivation of the exact sciences. His favorite pursuits were geometrical and algebraic calculations, barometrical and thermometrical observations.

He was in the habit of speaking contemptuously of light literature, and yet he had occasional fits of novel reading; he affected scorn, and even loathing, for poetry and poets, but I think he did not feel as much contempt for the former as he expressed.

He had become, by long privation of the humanizing influence of the society of educated women previously to his marriage, selfish, coarse-minded, cynical—a colonial sybarite, with an impaired liver, a bad digestion, and all the unpleasing peculiarities of a valetudinarian.

Yet he could be a very agreeable man in male convivial society, and periodical bouts of revelry, not of hours, but even of days' continuance, were by no means uncongenial to him in his days of single blessedness.

But with them passed away all enjoyments, except with theodolites, quadrants, sextants, barometers, and thermometers.

Mrs. Maclean's husband had unfortunately no sympathy with her poetic tastes and literary pursuits. He did not conceal from her his contempt for verse-making. On one occasion in particular, he expressed his opinion on the loss of time, and the supposed neglect of household duties they occasioned, in a manner which gave her very great pain, and of which she complained to the only person at Cape Coast Castle whom she thought entitled to her confidence.

a- 00020

Mr. Maclean had some opinions in common with Monk Lewis. That gentleman was a very ascetic critic when dealing with the literary productions of female writers. In one of his letters, published in the "Diary and Times of George the Fourth," alluding to a rumor that Miss F----r wrote novels, he says, "I wish she would let such idle nonsense alone ; for, however great a respect I may entertain for her talents (which I do). I tremble lest she should fail in this book-making; and, as a rule, I have an aversion, a pity and contempt for all female scribblers. The needle, not the pen, is the instrument they should handle, and the only one they ever use dexterously. I must except, however, the love-letters, which are full of pleasing conceits ; but this is the only subject they should ever attempt to write about. Madame de Staël, even, I will not except from this general rule : she has done a plaguy deal of mischief, and no good, by meddling in literary matters, and I wish to heaven she would renounce pen, ink, and paper for evermore."\*

Proclus makes mention of the gifts of one in whom was "the very form, substance, and image of poetry in all its brightness;"† and the felicity of that gifted being was consummated "when, feeling the mighty influence of enthusiasm, and fully subdued by the power of the Muses, he called forth into action all the primal, original, and divine energies of poetry."

What was the condition of poor L. E. L. when she felt those poetic influences within her, those divine energies and powers of enthusiasm, without the privilege of communicating them to others, or calling them into action and committing to paper the inspirations of her genius, or when she had to dread the coldness of contempt, or the hasty expression of reproof for those pursuits which had gained her honor and renown at home, and a high place in the literary world—pursuits which alone could be the solace of her weary life in a dismal fort on the coast of Africa ?

The account of the inquest, sent home by the friends of Mr. Maclean, that was published in the newspapers in this country

\* Diary and Times of George the Fourth, vol. jv., p. 117.

+ Procli Comment. in Platonis, p. 403. Edit. fol., Basil, 1534.

shortly after the arrival of the intelligence of that lamentable event, states the circumstances of most importance that were brought to light on the inquest, and all the essential particulars are given in the following report of Mrs. Bailey's evidence :

"At an inquisition held at Cape Coast Castle, the 15th day of October, 1838, before me, James Swansey, Esq., one of her majesty's justices of the peace, and others, upon view of the body of Letitia Elizabeth Maclean, Emily Bailey, being duly sworn, deposeth and saith, That between the hours of eight and nine of the morning of the 15th instant, the deponent, having received a note addressed to Mrs. Maclean from Mr. Swansey, went to her room for the purpose of delivering the same to her, and found some difficulty in opening the door, in consequence of Mrs. Maclean having fallen against it.

"That deponent, on entering the room, discovered Mrs. Maclean lying on the floor with an empty bottle in her hand (which bottle being produced, was labeled 'Acid. hydrocyanicum delatum, pharm. Lond., 1836; medium dose five minims'), and quite senseless; that, on seeing this, deponent went for her husband to call Mr. Maclean. She believed that Mrs. Maclean must have been attempting to open the door to call for assistance when she fell; that her mistress was subject to be attacked by spasms, and was in the habit of taking occasionally a drop or two of the medicine in the bottle in water, but had not herself seen her do so more than two or three times. She (Mrs. Maclean) had the spasms rather badly the previous evening, and wished to take a little of the medicine contained in the bottle to give her relief.

"She did not complain much this morning. Deponent was not present when her mistress was taken ill, but had seen her about half an hour before, when she appeared well, and made her a present, as the deponent was about leaving the Coast for England. That Mrs. Maclean then told deponent to retire, and she would send for her when she wished to dress. Deponent had not seen her write this morning, but she was so employed the previous evening, when she delivered to deponent two letters for friends in England, and was affected at the thought of

a 6002 C

deponent leaving her; that when deponent saw her last she was in her usual spirits. The bottle found in Mrs. Maclean's hand was uncorked, and she (deponent) afterward corked it and put it aside. She could state nothing more which could throw any light upon the subject." (Some other witnesses were examined, but nothing of any importance was elicited; no post mortem examination was made.)

"The verdict was, that the death of Mrs. Maclean was caused by her having incautiously taken an over-dose of prussic acid, which, it appeared, she had been in the habit of using as a remedy."

Mr. Cruickshank, a merchant of Cape Coast, and a friend of Mr. Maclean, has recently published some information, purporting to be more reliable than any that has yet been given to the public, on the subject of the sudden and mysterious death of Mrs. Maclean. As an account given by a friend of Mr. Maclean, this statement is worthy of attention; but as to the opinions of Mr. Cruickshank of Mrs. Maclean's felicity and content, they are of very little value.

Mr. Cruickshank says, "As one who had the happiness of seeing a good deal of this accomplished lady upon the Coast; who enjoyed, and keenly felt, the fascinations of her society; who, only ten hours before her death, had sat and listened with rapt attention to her brilliant sallies of wit and feeling; who was present at the investigations consequent upon her sudden death; whose eyes were the last to rest upon those rigid features so recently beaming with all the animating glow of a fine intelligence; and who, with a sorrowing heart, saw her consigned to her narrow resting-place, \* \* I will endeavor to place in its true light a short account of her too brief sojourn in Africa."

When Mrs. Maclean arrived at Cape Coast, there was no European lady then at the settlement, and her husband was in very bad health. Mr. Cruickshank was also ill. An invitation to visit the governor and his wife found him in bed, and it was some days before he could venture out to the castle :

"I sent in my name by the servant, and immediately after-Vol. II.-C ward Mrs. Maclean came to the hall and welcomed me. I was hurried away to his bed-room, Mrs. Maclean saying, as she tripped through the long gallery, 'You are a privileged person, Mr. Cruickshank, for I can assure you it is not every one that is admitted here.' I took a seat by the side of his bed, upon which Mrs. Maclean sat down, arranging the clothes about her husband in the most affectionate manner, and receiving ample compensation for her attentions by a very sweet and expressive smile of thankfulness. We thus sat and chatted together for some hours, Mrs. Maclean laughingly recounting her experiences of roughing it in Africa, and commenting, with the greatest good humor and delight, upon what struck her as oddities in such a state of society. She pointed to a temporary bed, which had been made for her upon the floor, and said Mr. Maclean's sufferings had been so great for some nights, that the little sleep which she had got had been taken there. I declined to occupy an apartment in the castle, but promised to call daily during my stay in Cape Coast to pass a few hours with them.

"As the day drew near for my departure, she occupied herself more and more in writing to her friends in England. It had been arranged that the vessel should sail on the forenoon of the 16th of October, and I agreed to dine and spend the evening of the 15th with the governor and his lady. It was in every respect a night to be remembered. \* \* \* At eleven o'clock I rose to leave. It was a fine and clear night, and she strolled into the gallery, where we walked for half an hour. Mr. Maclean joined us for a few minutes, but, not liking the night-air in his weak state, he returned to the parlor. She was much struck with the beauty of the heavens in those latitudes at night, and said it was when looking at the moon and the stars that her thoughts oftenest reverted to home. She pleased herself with thinking that the eyes of some beloved friend might be turned in the same direction, and that she had thus established a medium of communication for all that her heart wished to express. 'But you must not,' she said, ' think me a foolish, moon-struck lady. I sometimes think of these things oftener than I should, and your departure for England has called up a

world of delightful associations. You will tell Mr. F—, however, that I am not tired yet. He told me I should return by the vessel that brought me out; but I knew he would be mistaken.' We joined the governor in the parlor. I bade them good-night, promising to call in the morning to bid them adieu. I never saw her in life again."

At breakfast next day Mr. Cruickshank was alarmed by a summons, "You are wanted at the castle; Mr. Maclean is dead," said the messenger. Hurrying to the castle, he found that it was not Mr., but Mrs. Maclean—whom he had left the previous night so well—who was no more. "Never," he says, "shall I forget the horror-stricken expression of Mr. Maclean's countenance."

"We entered the room where all that was mortal of poor L. E. L. was stretched upon the bed. Dr. Cobbold rose up from a close examination of her face, and told us all was over; she was beyond recovery. My heart would not believe it; it seemed impossible that she from whom I had parted not many hours ago, so full of life and energy, could be so suddenly struck down. I seized her hand, and gazed upon her face. The expression was calm and meaningless. Her eyes were open, fixed, and protruding.

"All that could be elicited, upon the strictest investigation, was simply this: It appeared that she had risen and left her husband's bed-room about seven o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to her own dressing-room, which was up a short flight of stairs, and entered by a separate door from that leading to the bed-room. Before proceeding to dress, she had occupied herself an hour and a half in writing letters. She then called her servant, Mrs. Bailey, and sent her to a store-room to fetch some pomatum. Mrs. Bailey was absent only a few minutes. When she returned she found difficulty in opening the door, on account of a weight which appeared to be pressing against it. This she discovered to be the body of her mistress. She pushed it aside, and found that she was senseless. She immediately called Mr. Maclean. Dr. Cobbold was sent for; but from the first moment of the discovery of the body on the floor there had

not appeared any symptom of life. Mrs. Bailey farther asserted that she found a small phial in the hand of the deceased. which she removed and placed upon the toilet-table. Mrs. Maclean had appeared well when she sent her to fetch the pomatum. She had observed in her no appearance of unhappiness. Mr. Maclean stated that his wife had left him about seven o'clock in the morning, and that he had never seen her again in life. When he was called to her dressing-room, he found her dead upon the floor. After some time, he observed a small phial upon the toilet-table, and asked Mrs. Bailey where it had come from. She told him that she found it in Mrs. Maclean's hand. This phial had contained Scheele's preparation of prussic acid. His wife had been in the habit of using it for severe fits or spasms, to which she was subject. She had made use of it once on the passage from England to his knowledge. He was greatly averse to her having such a dangerous medicine, and wished to throw it overboard. She entreated him not to do so, as she must die without it. There had been no quarrel nor unkindness between him and his wife. Dr. Cobbold, who had been requested to make a post mortem examination, did not consider it at all necessary to do so, as he felt persuaded she had died by prussic acid. He was led to this conclusion from the appearance of the eyes of the deceased ; and he believed he could detect the smell of the prussic acid about her person. My own evidence proved that I had parted with Mr. and Mrs. Maclean at a very late hour on the evening before, and that they appeared then on the happiest terms with each other. There was found upon her writing-desk a letter not yet folded, which she had written that morning, the ink of which was scarcely dry at the time of the discovery of her death. This letter was read at the inquest. It was for Mrs. Fagan, upon whom she had wished me to call. It was written in a cheerful spirit, and gave no indication of unhappiness. In the postscript-the last words she ever wrote-she recommended me to the kind attentions of her friend. With the evidence before them, it was impossible for the jury to entertain for one instant the idea that the unfortunate lady had willfully destroyed herself. On the

- Google

other hand, considering the evidence respecting the phial, her habit of making use of this dangerous medicine, and the decided opinion of the doctor that her death was caused by it, it seemed equally clear that they must attribute her death to this cause. The verdict, therefore, was, that she died from an overdose of Scheele's preparation of prussic acid, taken inadvertently.

"In those warm latitudes interment follows death with a haste which often cruelly shocks the feelings Mrs. Maclean was buried the same evening, within the precincts of the castle. Mr. Topp read the funeral service, and the whole of the residents assisted at the solemn ceremony. The grave was lined with walls of brick and mortar, with an arch over the coffin. Soon after the conclusion of the service, one of those heavy showers only known in tropical climates suddenly came on. All departed for their houses. I remained to see the arch completed. The bricklayers were obliged to get a covering to protect them and their work from the rain. Night had come on before the paving-stones were all put down over the grave, and the workmen finished their business by torchlight. How sadly yet does that night of gloom return to my remembrance ! How sad were then my thoughts, as, wrapped up in my cloak, I stood beside the grave of L. E. L. under that pitiless torrent of rain! I fancied what would be the thoughts of thousands in England if they could see and know the meaning of that flickering light, of those busy workmen, and of that silent watcher! I thought of yesterday, when at the same time I was taking my seat beside her at dinner, and now-oh, how very, very sad the change !"

Mr. Cruickshank further observes: "It was also afterward proved that Mrs. Bailey, upon her return to England, with the view of attracting attention to herself and gaining notoriety, had made some flagrantly false statements in reference to this event, and that she was altogether a person undeserving of credit. I then remembered that she had made no mention of the phial having been in Mrs. Maclean's hand until some time after she had found her mistress on the floor, and only then in answer to a question from Mr. Maclean; and it occurred to me that such a suspicious circumstance as a phial being found in the hand

# MEMOIR OF L. E. L.

of a person suddenly deceased could not fail to be immediately noticed and mentioned without any inquiry. These considerations induced me to discredit Mrs. Bailey's testimony altogether, and to believe that the phial had not been found in Mrs. Maclean's hand at all."\*

In regard to the preceding account, there are some matters to be observed.

There is a great discrepancy in the accounts given by Mrs. Bailey and Mr. Cruickshank as to the interval between Mrs. Bailey leaving her mistress writing and her (Mrs. Bailey's) return to Mrs. Maclean's room. There is a discrepancy, also, in the reasons given for Mrs. Bailey's leaving the room after her first entrance that morning. Mr. Cruickshank says, "Mrs. Bailey was absent only a few minutes;" she had been called by Mrs. Maclean, "and sent to a store-room to fetch some pomatum." Mrs. Bailey, on the other hand, deposed at the inquest that "she had seen her mistress about half an hour before (the catastrophe); that Mrs. Maclean told her to retire, and she would send for her when she wanted to dress."

Mrs. Bailey deposed that, "on again entering the room, she found an empty bottle in her (Mrs. Maclean's) hand, labeled 'acid. hydrocyanicum;'" and Mr. Cruickshank says circumstances induced him "to believe the phial had not been found in Mrs. Maclean's hand at all."

Now Mr. Cobbold, the surgeon of the castle, deposed at the inquest that, on being called to attend Mrs. Maclean, "he found her perfectly insensible, with the pupils of both eyes much dilated, and fancied he could detect a slight pulsation of the heart, but very feeble, and which ceased a very short time after his arrival."..... He was of opinion "that death was caused by the improper use of the medicine, the bottle of which was found in her hand...... The body, after death, was perfectly natural...... was so fully convinced that the medicine was the cause of her death, he did not think it necessary to open the body."

\* Eighteen Years in the Gold Coast of Africa, including an Account of the Native Tribes and their Intercourse with Europeans. By Brodie Cruickshank 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

G0026

Mr. Cruickshank says, "Dr. Cobbold was sent for, but from the first moment of the discovery of the body on the floor, there had not appeared any symptom of life." "Dr. Cobbold," he tells us, "who had been asked to make a post mortem examination, did not think it at all necessary to do so, as he felt persuaded that she had died by prussic acid. He was led to this conclusion from the appearance of the eyes of the deceased, and he believed he could detect the smell of the prussic acid about her person."

The phial, it is to be observed, contained none of the drug when found. Mrs. Bailey says she found it uncorked in the hand of her mistress, and put it aside.

Then Mr. Cobbold must have declined to make a post mortem examination mainly because "he believed he could detect the smell of the prussic acid about her person." How far the principles of medical jurisprudence are consonant with the practice at Cape Coast Castle in a case like this, of a lady alive and well between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, suddenly carried off by poison—a corpse before noon—the subject of a coroner's inquest, without a post mortem examination, coffined before sunset, and buried in the court-yard of a house she had been a living, healthful inmate of within less than twelve hours of that burial, is a question which must be determined wholly and solely on its own merits.

## CHAPTER III.

### L. E. L.

I HAVE given elsewhere an account of the death of L. E. L., written by a friend of the deceased lady—the Countess of Blessington, which may be presumed to be, in all important particulars, derived from the best sources of information that were available to her, though I do not vouch for their correctness in all particulars. The friends of the husband of the deceased lady have said their say; it is only fair the friends of L. E. L. should at last be permitted to have theirs.

Shortly before my departure from England, Lady Blessington charged me with a commission, to be executed on my arrival at Cape Coast, namely, to obtain the permission of Mr. Maclean to erect a monument, at her ladyship's expense, over the remains of her deceased friend. I felt some hesitation, for some days after my arrival, in speaking to Mr. Maclean on the subject; but at length I communicated to him Lady Blessington's wish-Mr. Maclean said it was unnecessary-he had already ores. dered out from England a mural slab, with an inscription, and it had been lying for some time in a store in the castle, and he would have it put up shortly. In a day or two after this conversation I heard some firing of guns early in the morning; on inquiry, I found the firing was the inauguration of the monumental tablet, which had been set up in the wall opposite the grave of Mrs. Maclean.

There is a spacious court-yard in front of the castle, surrounded by the dungeons (well filled with human pawns by Mr. Maclean) which had formerly been used for slave barracones, and this court-yard is now the place of exercise and parade for the native soldiers who form the garrison of Cape Coast Castle. In the centre of this court the remains of L. E. L. are deposited.

A small white marble tablet, inserted in the castle wall, bears the following inscription :

> Hic jacet sepultum omne quod mortale fuit LETITIAE ELIZABETHAE MCLEAN, quam, egregià ornatam indole, musis unicè amatam, omniumque amores secum trahentem, in ipso astatis flore, mors immatura rapuit, Die Octobris zv., A.D., MDCCCXXXVIII., Ætat, 36.

> > Quod spectas viator marmor. Vanum heu doloris monumentum, Conjux moerens erexit.

> > > - CHOOV C

Words might be added to it, and truth suffer no wrong :

## MEMOIR OF L. E. L.

This monument is the only memorial that is left at Cape Coast Castle of the untimely fato of a woman every where else beloved, and honored for her genius : who died here, after a residence of two months, wearied of life, and wanting all sympathy, where Nature itself has nothing that is cheering in its aspect or its influences.

The spot that was chosen for the grave of this accomplished but unhappy lady could not be more inappropriate ; a few common tiles distinguish it from the graves of the various military men who have perished in this stronghold of pestilence. Her grave is daily trampled over by the soldiers of the fort. The morning blast of the bugle and roll of the drum are the sounds that have been thought most in unison with the spirit of the gentle being who sleeps below the few red tiles where the soldiers on parade do congregate.

There is not a plant, nor a blade of grass, nor of any thing green, in that court-yard, on which the burning sun blazes down all day long. And this is the place where they have buried L. E. L.

When I arrived at Cape Coast, though Mr. Maclean was absent from the settlement, I found a room had been prepared for me in the castle, which was then undergoing extensive repairs. The only habitable room then available for me was the one which was called Mrs. Maclean's room : it was the room in which she was found dead. The furniture, bed-hangings, muslin decorations round the frame of the looking-glass, arrangement of prints, every thing, in short, was in the same state as when the room was used by her. On Mr. Maclean's return to the castle, he expressed much gratification at my arrival, and in the course of our first interview on that occasion, he said he trusted I was directed by government to make inquiries into the circumstances of the death of Mrs. Maclean; that he had been foully alandered and injured by scandalous reports in relation to that event and his conduct to Mrs. Maclean, and he would be rejoiced to

C 2

hear it was a part of my duty to make those inquiries; and farther, he told me that he would furnish documents of the most conclusive kind, that would show the vile nature of the reports he referred to. It was evident to me that Mr. Maclean was laboring under some erroneous impression on the subject of his observations. I assured him I was charged with no such inquiry as he referred to; that I was directed to make inquiries solely into the alleged assistance given by English commerce at our Gold Coast settlements to slave-trading pursuits, and generally respecting the trade and condition of the several British factories.

The conversation then dropped; but it was resumed again. and Mr. Maclean insisted on reading some documents-two, I think-in the hand-writing of Mrs. Maclean, in proof of the perfect state of ease and tranquillity of mind in which she was immediately previous to her decease. For Mr. Maclean's satisfaction, I very reluctantly consented to enter on the inquiry he wished; but I told him, having undertaken to do so, that I must be permitted to make my own inquiries of Dr. Cobbold, the medical man who had been examined on the inquest, and such other persons as I might think proper to communicate with, in any way and at any time I chose to apply to them for information. This Mr. Maclean at once readily assented to. I called on Dr. Cobbold, without any previous notice, to give me the requisitions for all medical stores for the use of the establishment that existed in the office of the dispensary, and also all druggists' accounts of medicines furnished for several years-all, in fact, that existed. There was no evidence of prussic acid ever having been ordered or procured from England or elsewhere for the use of the establishment.

I made all the inquiries I deemed it necessary to make about the appearance of the body, and the suddenness of the death that had taken place; and the conviction left on my mind was that Mrs. Maclean had died from the effects of prussic acid.

I was satisfied, from documentary evidence shown to me by Mr. Maclean, that the deceased had been subject in England to violent spasmodic attacks, and had been prescribed certain drops

CIOCULC

of a colorless fluid, which she was cautioned to use with the greatest care, inasmuch as they were of a poisonous nature, and would produce death if taken in large quantities.

It was proved to my satisfaction, by the evidence of native servants and native soldiers who were constantly about the castle, that a native woman (a half-sister, I think, of a man of color, of respectability, living in Accra, a Mr. Bannerman), who had been living with Mr. Maclean up to the time of his last departure for England in relations which custom sanctions in those settlements, but which no religious ceremony sanctifies, had continued living in the tastle up to the time of the arrival of the vessel with Mr. and Mrs. Maclean at the settlement, but before their landing she had taken her departure from the castle, and never had been in it subsequently to their arrival there. I saw this woman at Accra, and my inquiries at that place confirmed the accounts which had been given to me at Cape Coast.

I made very particular inquiries of parties who were on the inquest, some who were acquainted with Mrs. Maclean at Cape Coast, and intimate with her up to the day of her death, one of whom, I believe, enjoyed the confidence of Mrs. Maclean more than any other English resident at Cape Coast, and the result of all my inquiries was the conviction that Mrs. Maclean met her death by no foul means; that the native woman, whose name has been mixed up with various rumors and suspicions of being at the castle at the time of Mrs. Maclean's death, and animated with deadly feelings of animosity toward her, had neither hand, nor act, nor part in the death of Mrs. Maclean ; that every rumor of complicity on the part of Mr. Maclean, in any alleged crime of this kind, was utterly unfounded, as was likewise every rumor of ill treatment of his wife, amounting to actual violence or outrage, even of violent language or gesture, in any sudden ebullition of anger.

Mrs. Maclean, at the time of her death, was employed in writing sketches of Scott's heroines for Lady Blessington's "Book of Beauty."

On the morning of her decease, having risen about seven o'clock, she left her husband's room, and proceeded to her dressing-room, which was a separate apartment, and occasionally her bed-room also. She began writing letters on reaching her dressing-room, and continued doing so till nearly half past eight o'clock, attired simply in a white robe de chambre.

She called for her servant, Mrs. Bailey, who, on making her appearance, was sent by Mrs. Maclean for some article that was in another room. Mrs. Bailey, on her return, in the course of a few minutes, according to Mr. Cruickshank—but according to Mrs. Bailey, of about half an hour—found the door closed and some heavy weight pressing against it. The door was pushed back, and Mrs. Bailey, on entering, found her mistress stretched on the floor, senseless and entirely motionless, with a small empty bottle in her right hand, which had contained prassic acid. The medical gentleman attached to the post, Dr. Cobbold, being called, on examining the pulse, found that life was extinct, and from the appearance of the eyes, and "his belief that he could detect the smell of prussic acid about the person, declared that he considered it was unnecessary to make a *post mortem* examination."

At the inquest, a few hours after her decease, it was satisfactorily proved by Mr. Maclean that his lady had brought out a bottle of prussic acid with her from England, and had taken it once on the passage out from England for severe spasms, to which she was subject. He stated there was no quarrel or unkindness between him and his wife, and the letter, moreover, addressed to a Mrs. Fagan, was produced, which she had been writing, and left on her desk not yet folded, when she must have risen from the table, either on being seized with spasme, or having taken the prussic acid, and approached the door, probably, as he thought, to call for assistance. In this letter, and another one written the same morning, there were certainly expressions of content with her place of abode and mode of life ; there were eulogistic allusions to the beauty of the scenery, the romantic aspect of the place, and richness of vegetation about the castle, which seemed to me extravagant, and utterly at variance with the real appearance of this most desolate, uncheering, and uninteresting place of all the forts along this coast.

(Sningh

The verdict of the jury was in accordance with the evidence of Mr. Maclean and the supposition of the surgeon of the fort.

The same evening—the evening of the day on which she died, the 15th of October, with more haste than I think was necessary, even in that climate—the remains of the ill-fated L. E. L. were buried by torchlight in the court-yard of the castle.

The same night Captain Maclean ordered his yacht to be in readiness to put to sea, embarked, and proceeded to Accra.

Mrs. Maclean's last letters were written in a strain of forced cheerfulness, and an evident disposition of mind that was any thing but healthful or indicative of happiness.

There are states of mind in which people of much sensibility shrink from being suspected of infelicity, even by their nearest and dearest friends—when their pride makes a merit of the concealment of tribulation, and in their efforts to keep up false appearances of contentment, when they exaggerate not only the advantages of surrounding objects, but their own sentiments with regard to them.

The night before her death Mrs. Maclean wrote two letters. In a letter addressed to Mrs. Hall (probably one of the two then written, and only received after her death), she mentions—the vessel she is writing by being just on the point of sailing—she "is as well as possible." "The castle is a very noble building, and all the rooms large and cool, while some would be pretty even in England." The room in which she is writing "is painted a deep blue, with some splendid engraviers." "Mr. Maclean's library is fitted up with book-cases of African mahogany and portraits of distinguished authors."

And she adds, "But I, however, never approach it without due preparation and humility, so crowded is it with scientific instruments, telescopes, &c., &c., none of which may be touched by hands profane." She expatiates "on the splendid landviews" — "the dense mass of green, varied by some large, handsome white houses;" the coccoa-trees, with their beautiful fan-like leaves; the picturesque appearance of the natives, &c., &c.

But at the end of all the commendation of scenery, dwelling,

mode of life, and native people, comes the admission, "You can not think the complete seclusion in which I live." There was another letter of this poor lady, written on the very morning of her decease, dated the 15th of October, and was produced by her husband at the inquest "as showing her state of mind," we are informed, immediately before the fatal catastrophe. That letter had been referred to in confirmation of the declaration "that an unkind word had never passed between Mrs. Maclean and deponent."

In the letter just referred to, addressed to her "dearest Marie," she begins with eulogiums on the castle, "infinitely superior to all she ever dreamed of." The rooms are excellent; the building is fine ; she does not suffer from heat. "Insects there are few or none, and," she adds, "I am in excellent health." But then follows the admission of the dreariness of her life : " The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute. From seven in the morning till seven in the evening, when we dine, I never see Mr. Maclean, and rarely any one else." But then she informs her friend she was welcomed to Cape Coast by a series of dinners, which she is glad are over, "for it is very awkward to be the only lady; still, the great kindness," she observes, " with which I have been treated, and the very pleasant manners of many of the gentlemen, have made me feel it as little as possible." At the end of the letter she says, "I have not yet felt the want of society the least. I do not wish to form new friends, and never does a day pass without thinking most affectionately of the old ones." Once more she eulogizes, after a sorrowful fashion, the sea views from the castle : "On three sides we are surrounded by the sea. I like the perpetual dash on the rocks ; one wave comes up after another, and is forever dashed to pieces, like human hopes, that can only swell to be disappointed." We advance-up springs the shining froth of love or hope, "a moment white, and gone forever." And then, as if suddenly reminded of the key in which the tune of all her homeward communications (except to one friend) was to be pitched, she breaks out into the old strain of delight with scenery that really had nothing to make it sub-

\* The letter to Mrs. Hall was published in "The Times" newspaper

(Lunia))

lime or beautiful, but the enchantment of poetry, and the power of her brilliant fancy.

"The land view, with its cocoa and palm trees, is very striking; it is like a scene in the Arabian Nights. Of a night the beauty is very remarkable: the sea is of a silvery purple, and the moon deserves all that has been said in her favor. I have only once been out of the fort by daylight, and then was delighted. The salt lakes were first dyed a deep crimson by the setting sun, and as we returned, they seemed a faint violet in the twilight, just broken by a thousand stars, while before us was the red beacon light."

A wilderness of seared verdure, and tangled shrubs, and stunted bushes—a jungle and a swamp—realizing the beau ideal of desolation: this was the scenery that met the eyes of poor L. E. L., with the exception of a few clumps of trees, from the time she arrived at Cape Coast Castle till she reached the truly dismal swamps in the vicinity, in one of her excursions, which the creative power of imagination, all potent to adorn, embellish, or brighten, clad with beauty, and illumined with a thousand stars.

The silvery purple of the moonlit sea may have existed, but it certainly was not easily discernible from the windows of Cape Coast Castle.

The ink was hardly dry on the paper which contained that last poetic image of the resemblance between the perpetual dashing of the waves on the rocks on the sea-shore, and the dashing in pieces of human hopes, with their shining froth of love and expectation—" a moment white, and gone forever" when she who gave expression to the thought, the child of song —England's own dearly loved and gifted daughter, L. E. L., was lying a pale corpse, and strangers only, or those with hearts to her as those of strangers, were gathered round all that remained of so much genius, so much kindness, gentleness, and sweetness of disposition.

The conviction left on my mind by all the inquiries I had made and the knowledge I had gained of the peculiarities of Mr. Maclean was, that the marriage of L. E. L. with him was ill assorted, ill calculated to promote her happiness or to secure

# MEMOIR OF L.E.L.

her peace ; and that Mr. Maclean, making no secret of his entire want of sympathy with her tastes, of repugnance for her pursuits, and, eventually, of entire indifference toward her, had rendered her exceedingly unhappy. In such circumstances she might have been suddenly seized with those spasms to which she was subject on the morning of her decease, and have taken unconsciously an undue quantity of the medicine she was in the habit of using for a remedy in such seizures ; but, more probably, at the last moment of her preparations for the dispatch of her letters by the vessel about to sail for England, the idea of losing the services of the English woman who had accompanied her to the settlement, the only English or European woman in Cape Coast, the only person there, probably, intimately acquainted with her real feelings, her occasional profound dejection, and depression of spirits, of bodily as well as mental energies; the excitement, too, caused by writing those letters which were found on the table she had just left; the terrible contrast in them of her real feelings, with the masquerade in them of words expressive of cheerfulness and content, may have produced sudden emotions and uncontrollable impulses of passionate grief and despondency that overwhelmed reason, and in a paroxysm of phrensy have led to self-destruction.

The room of poor L. E. L., which was mine while I remained at Cape Coast Castle, I have already observed, as to furniture and decorations was just as it had been at the time of her death. It never had been occupied, I was told, after that event, till it was assigned to me. I was seized with fever, of the genuine African type, which has carried off so many Europeans on this coast, some weeks after my arrival, and the first intimation I had of the attack was the occurrence, one night, after a long day's work at my report, of a frightful dream, or, rather, a half-waking, half-sleeping sort of hallucination, in which I fancied the form of Mrs. Maclean, clad in a white dress, was extended before me lifeless on the floor, on the spot where I had been told her body had been discovered by her servant-woman. This imaginary white object lay between my bed and the window, through which the moon was shining brightly, and every time

64

- Google

I raised myself, and examined closely this spot, on which the moonbeams fell in a slanting direction, the imaginary form would cease to be discernible; and then, in a few minutes, when I might doze, or feel unable, by any efforts, to keep attention alive, the same appalling figure would present itself to my imagination, till at length, on collecting my thoughts, the conviction came that I was laboring under fever; and the next morning I was laid up, with all the worst symptoms of that formidable disease fully and violently manifested.

If I had not brought out a servant with me I must have died. Attention it would have been quite in vain to expect from the servants of Mr. Maclean; and as for that gentleman himself, the only appearance of attention or care of any kind he exhibited during the whole course of my illness, while I was under his roof, and, as it was generally supposed, in the utmost danger, was an occasional call at the door for a few seconds, or at the bedside late in the evening, and a single inquiry how I felt; after which, with an appearance of unconcern and cold indifference, that was horrifying to me in my weak condition (and with no very agreeable foreboding as to the result of it), he would turn on his heel and walk away, as if it was a matter to him of the smallest possible importance whether I lived or died.

Not one cheering word, in the course of that severe and protracted illness, did he ever address me.

When I began to have some hopes of recovery, my faithful servant—a West Indian mulatto—came to me one afternoon in a state of terror and bewilderment, and told me to take no more drink; that I should be a dead man if I tasted a drop of any thing that was made by any hands but his. With difficulty I got him to explain matters: he had, on several occasions, words with the native servant who acted as cook, or the cook's assistant, I forget which, about preparing the drink I was in the habit of taking, but on that particular occasion, while engaged in conversation with some person in the kitchen, he observed the cook, or his assistant, approach the fire-place, and empty the contents of a small white paper in the saucepan. My servant immediately rushed forward, and asked him what he had put in the drink

for his master. The man said he had been putting some salt in it. My servant said he ought not have put any thing in it. The man was embarrassed, and my servant came away with the impression that my drink was drugged. It was then late in the afternoon. I told my servant to say nothing more on the subject. I took no more drink that day and throughout the night. except some water in small quantities, and even that with some apprehension. The following morning, at the dawn, I sent for the native sergeant, who was the chief subaltern in charge of the castle, and desired him to prepare quickly some sort of litter to enable me to take a short excursion, for I was still confined to my bed in a state of extreme prostration. I then wrote a letter to an Irish resident merchant in Capetown, telling him I was about to trespass on his hospitality for a few days; and having, with much difficulty, written a letter to Mr. Maclean, informing him that I deemed it necessary to change the air, and thanking him for his hospitality, I was removed from the castle.

I was carried down stairs out of my bed by a number of the native soldiers, placed on the litter more dead than alive, and blessed my stars when I found myself outside the threshold of Cape Coast Castle. I was conveyed in a sorry plight to the house of Captain Stanley; there I was cordially received, kindly treated, and, to the kindness and attention I received from Captain Stanley and his nephew, I feel, under Providence, I am indebted for my life. I have no doubt but that my servant's apprehensions for my safety were well founded.

I have not the remotest idea, however, that Mr. Maclean was cognizant of the danger I incurred at the hands of his servants, neither do I think his interference, had he known it, would have been sufficiently energetic for my safety. His apathy was invincible.

Mr. George Maclean died at Cape Coast, the 28th of May, 1847, holding the office of judicial assessor in that colony at the time of his decease. In the notice of his death which appeared in the Annual Register for 1847, it is erroneously stated "he was formerly governor in chief." Mr Maclean never held

- C10079 0

the office of governor, either lieutenant or in chief, of any British colony on the west coast of Africa.

The military title of captain, which is conferred on him in the same notice, was one of colonial acquisition, Mr. Maclean having joined the Royal African Corps after the peace.

The first governor of Cape Coast Castle was Captain Hill, R. N. He was succeeded by Captain Winniet, of the Navy, who was appointed lieutenant governor of her majesty's forts and settlements on the Gold Coast of Africa, October 24th, 1845, and was advanced to the title of governor and commander-inchief when the settlements were made independent of Sierra Leone, in 1850. He was knighted in 1849, and died at Accra, on the Gold Coast, in 1851.

Mr. Maclean survived his wife thirteen years and a half: his remains were deposited by the side of L. E. L., in the fort yard, with military honors.

Had Mr. Maclean lived only three months longer, he would have been in possession of a fortune exceeding  $\pounds 20,000$ .

In the month of January, 1848, his uncle, Lieutenant General Sir John Maclean, K.C.B., K.T.S., and K.C., Colonel of the 27th Foot, died.

This distinguished officer entered the army in 1794: promoted to the rank of captain in 1797, he served in Ireland during the Rebellion of 1798, in Holland in 1799, in 1801 in Egypt. He obtained his majority in 1804, and was gazetted lieutenant colonel in 1808, accompanied Sir John Moore in the expedition to Liveden, embarked for the Peninsula the same year, was at the battle of Busaço in 1810, at the siege of Badajos in 1811, the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, and the engagement near Pampeluna in 1813. He was present in the battles of the Nivelle, Bayonne, Orthes, and at Toulouse on the 10th of April, 1814, where for the fifth time he was wounded. He subsequently served in France from July, 1815, to February, 1816, and was promoted to the rank of major general in 1825, and to that of lieutenant general in 1838. Sir John married in 1819. and had issue an only son, who died in infancy. The bulk of his fortune he bequeathed to his nephew, Mr. George Maclean, of the Gold Coast, the son of an elder brother, the Rev. James Maclean, of Urguhart, in Morayshire.

Among the papers of Lady Blessington I find some remarkable verses, entitled.

#### A LAMENT FOR L. E. L.

(These beautiful lines bear no signature, but are in the hand-writing of W. S. Landor.)
"The sweet singer departed—the summer bird gone from the garden of his love—it hath waited for him—will be not come again !"
"A dirge for the departed ! bend we low Around the bed of her unwakening rest.
Still be the hoarse voice of discordant woe—Still as the heart within her marble breast, Which stirs not at the cry of those she loved the best.
"A dirge ! Oh ! weave it of low murnurings, And count the pauses by warm dropping tears.
Sweeter, yet sadder than the woodlark sings, Be the faint melody; the name it bears Shall thrill our England's heart for many linked years.
"Our far-off England ! oftimes would she sit,

With moist eyes gazing o'er the lustrous deep, Through distance, change, and time beholding it In its green beauty, while the sea did keep A whispering noise, to lull her spirit's visioned sleep.

"And fondly would she watch the evening breeze Steal, crushing the smooth ocean's sultry blue, As 'twere a message from her own tall trees, Waving her back to them, and flowers, and bees, And loving looks, from which her young heart drew Its riches, and all the joys her winged childhood knew.

"And smiling in their distant loveliness Like phantoms of the desert, till the tide Of passionate yearnings burst in wild excess Over her gentle heart—the home-sick bride, Whelming both lute and life, and the sweet minstrel died.

"Spring shall return to that beloved shore, With health of leaves, and buds, and wild wood songs, But hers the sweetest, with its tearful lore, Its womanly fond gushes come no more,

21

Breathing the cadenced poesy that throngs To pure and fervid lips unstained by cares and wrongs,

Ciccolo

## LETTER FROM LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Oh! never more shall her benignant spell Fan those dim embers in a worldly heart, Which once were love and sympathy, nor tell Of griefs borne patiently with such sweet art As wins e'en selfish pain from brooding o'er his smart.

"Oh! never more the burden of the strain Be those sad, hopeless words !---then make her bed Near shadowy boughs, that she may dwell again Where her own English violets bloom and fade, The sole sweet records clustered o'er her head In this strange land, to tell where our beloved is laid."

In February, 1840, an eminent literary man wrote to Lady Blessington on the subject of the unfortunate circumstances of one who had long been dependent on poor L. E. L.'s assistance for support.

"February 24th, 1840.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I am going to be a beggar to your kind heart. Poor Mrs. Landon (L. E. L.'s mother) is in most destitute circumstances. With the exception of £20 a year, she has nothing to subsist on. L. E. L. was very anxious about her before leaving England, and after her death, an allowance from Mr. Maclean ceased.

"We propose to raise this lady, who is old and sickly, a small sum yearly by subscription. Would you give us your name, and one guines a year by an order on your banker! £50 a year, if we can raise it, which I do not doubt, will, with the other £20, be ample. If you will kindly do this, you will not only gratify your own beautiful nature, but me most sensibly, for I am suffering, and shall be more sleepless than ever till the mother of that unhappy girl, whom I pitied and regarded most tenderly, is above want.

"I will give you details when I have got more subscribers."

#### 

"Gore House, January 29th, 1839.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—Indisposition must plead my excuse for not having sooner given you the sad particulars I promised in my last; when that cause for my silence had subsided, the dangerous illness of Lord Canterbury threw me into such alarm and anxiety, that it is only to-day, when letters from Paris assure me that he is recovering, that I feel equal to the task of writing.

"Poor dear L. E. L. lost her father, who was a captain in the army, while she was yet a child. He had married the widow of an army agent, a woman not of refined habits, and totally unsuited to him. On his death, his brother, the late Dean of Exeter, interested himself for his nephew and niece, the sole children left by Captain Landon; and deeming it necessary to remove them from their mother, placed the girl (poor L. E. L.) at school, and the boy at another. At an unusually early age she manifested the genius for which she afterward became so deservedly popular. On leaving school, her uncle placed her under the protection of her grandmother, whose exigence rendered the life of her gifted grandchild any thing but a happy one. Her first practical effusions were published many years ago, and the whole of the sum they produced was appropriated to her grandmother.

"Soon after, I. E. L. became acquainted with Mr. [], who, charmed with her talents, encouraged their exertion by inserting her poems in a literary journal, with all the encomiums they merited. This drew the attention of publishers on her, and, alas! drew also the calumny and hatred of the envious, which ceased not to persecute her through her troubled life, but absolutely drove her from her native land. There was no slander too vile, and no assertion too wicked, to heap on the fame of this injured creature. Mr.

1, a married man, and the father of a large family, many of whom were ſ., older than L. E. L., was said to have been her lover, and it was publicly stated that she had become too intimately connected with him. Those who disbelieved the calumny refrained not from repeating it, until it became a general topic of conversation. Her own sex, fearful of censure, had not courage to defend her; and this highly-gifted and sensitive creature, without having committed a single error, found herself a victim to slander. More than one advantageous proposal of marriage was made to her; but no sooner was this known than anonymous letters were sent to the persons who wished to wed her, filled with charges against her honor. Some of her suitors, wholly discrediting these calumnies, but thinking it due to her to refute them, instigated inquiries to trace them to the original source whence they came ; not a single proof could be had of even the semblance of guilt, though a thousand were furnished of perfect innocence. Wounded and humiliated, poor L. E. L. refused to wed those who could, however worthy the motive, seem to doubt her honor, or instigate inquiry into her conduct; and from year to year. dragged on a life of mortification and sorrow. Pride led her to conceal what she suffered, but those who best knew her were aware that for many months sleep could only be obtained by the aid of narcotics, and that violent spasms and frequent attacks of the nerves left her seldom free from acute suffering. The effort to force a gayety she was far from feeling increased her sufferings even to the last. The first use she made of the money produced by her writings was to buy an annuity for her grandmother-that grandmother whose acerbity of temper and wearying exigeance had embittered her home. She then went to reside in Hans Place with some elderly ladies who kept a school, and here again calumny assailed her. Dr. M-, a married man, and father of grown daughters, was now named as her paramour ; and though his habits, age, appearance, and attachment to his wife ought to have precluded the possibility of attaching credence to so absurd a piece of scandal, poor L. E. L. was again attacked in a manner that nearly sent her to the grave. This last falsehood was invented a little more than four years ago.

Grandi

when some of those who disbelieved the other scandal affected to give credit to this, and stung the sensitive mind of poor L. E. L. almost to madness by their hypocritical conduct. About this time Mr. Maclean became acquainted with her, and after some months proposed for her hand. Wrung to the quick by the slanders heaped on her, she accepted his offer ; but he deemed it neccessary to return to Cape Coast Castle for a year before the nuptials could be solemnized. He returned at the expiration of that term, renewed his offer, and she, poor, dear soul ! informed all her friends-and me among the number-of her acceptance of it, and of her intention of soon leaving England with him ; soon after this Mr. Maclean went to Scotland, and remained there many months without writing a single line to his betrothed. Her feelings under this treatment you can well imagine. Beset by inquiries from all her friends as to where Mr. Maclean was, when she was to be married, &c., &c., all indicating a strong suspicion that he had heard the reports and would appear no more, a serious illness assailed her, and reduced her to the brink of the grave, when her [ ] wrote and demanded an explanation from him.

"He answered that, fearing the climate of Africa might prove fatal to her, he had abandoned the intention of marrying, and felt embarrassed at writing to say so.

"She, poor soul! mistook his hesitation and silence for generosity, and wrote to him a letter fraught with affection; the ill-starred union was again proposed, but on condition that it should be kept a secret even from the friends ahe was residing with. From the moment of his return from Scotland to that of their departure, he was moody, mysterious, and ill-humored, continually sneering at literary ladies, speaking slightingly of her works, and, in short, showing every symptom of a desire to disgust her. Sir [ ] remonstrated with her on his extraordinary mode of proceeding; so did all her friends; but the die was cast. Her pride shrunk from the notion of again having it said that another marriage was broken off, and she determined not to break with him. Mystery on mystery followed; no friend or relative of his—though an uncle and aunt were in London—sanctioned the marriage; nay, more, it is now known that, two days previous to it, he, on being questioned by his uncle, denied positively the fact of his intenfion to be married.

"The marriage was a secret one, and not avowed until a very few days previous to their sailing for Africa; he refused to permit her own maid, who had long served her, to accompany her, and it was only at the eleventh hour that he could be induced to permit a strange servant to be her attendant. His conduct on board ship was cold and moody, for her broken-hearted [ ], whom I have seen, told me that the captain of the ship said that Mr. Maclean betrayed the utmost indifference toward her. This indifference continued at Cape Castle, and, what was worse, discontent, ill humor, and reproaches at her ignorance of housekeeping met her every day, until, as she writes to her [ ], her nerves became so agitated that the sound of his voice made her termble. She was required to do the work of a menial; her female servant was discharged, and was to sail the day that the hapless L. E. L. died. She has come to England. L. E. L. thus writes to her [ ]: 'There are sleven or twelve chambers here empty, I am told, yet Mr. Maclean refuses to let me have one of them for my use, nor will be permit me to enter the bedroom from the hour I leave it, seven in the morning, until he quits it, at one in the afternoon. He expects me to cook, wash, and iron; in short, to do the work of a servant. I never see him until seven in the evening, when he comes to dinner; and when that is over, he plays the violin until ten o'clock, when I go to bed. He says he will never cease correcting me until he has broken my spirit, and complains of my temper, which you know was never, even under heavy trials, bad.'

"This was the last account Mr. [ ] ever received. Judge, then, of his wretchedness.

"It is now known that Mr. Maclean had formed a *liaison* at Cape Castle with a woman of that country, by whom he has a large family; such *liaisons* are not considered disreputable there, and the women are treated as wives. This person lived in the castle as its mistress until the arrival of Mr. Maclean and poor L. E. L., when she was sent off up the country. This woman was the niece of one of the merchants who sat on the inquest. All the servants, with the exception of the man and his wife brought out by L. E. L., were the creatures of the former mistress; the whole of the female natives detest English women, because the presence of one there banishes them from the society where they are tolerated in their absence.

Mr. Maclean admits that indisposition and mental annovance must have rendered him far from being a kind or agreeable companion to poor Letitia; but adds that, had she lived a little longer, she would have found him very different, as he was, when not ill and tormented by various circumstances, which he does not explain, easy and good-tempered to a fault. He says that never was there so faultless a being upon earth as that poor, poor girl, as he calls her, and that he never knew her value until he had lost her. In fact, his letter seems an answer to charges preferred against him by the departed, and, what is strange, the packet that brought the fatal news brought no letter of recent date for her [ ], though she never missed an opportunity, and they occur rarely, of writing to him. Her letters, all of which have breathed the fondest affection for him, admit that she had little hope of happiness from her stern, cold, and morose husband. I have now, my dear madam, given you this sad tale. I have perused all her letters to her [ ], as well as Mr. Maclean's to him. I ought to add that, when they landed in Africa, Mr. Maclean set off, leaving his wife, and proceeded to the castle to dislodge his The natives were angry and offended at seeing their mistress and children. countrywoman driven from her home. Believe me, my dear madam, your ladyship's very sincerely M. BLESSINGTON.

" To Lady W---.

"Let me have a line to say you have got this voluminous packet."

### LETTERS FROM MISS LANDON TO LADY BLESSINGTON. "28 Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square.

"MY DEAR MADAM,-I will not attempt an apology for the liberty that I am about to take ; your own kindness will be my best advocate, and to that I venture to appeal. My request is, do you, in the circle of your acquaintance, know one who could and would give me an introduction to Lord Cottenham ! The fact is, there is a living in his gift just become vacant, in Devonshire, where [ ] has been for the last five years, and I have been led to hope that a little recommendation would procure it for him. I am perfectly well aware that I have not the shadow of a claim to make such a petition ; but I do think, that if you know the numerous difficulties with which we have had to struggle-left to ourselves, almost children, without a friend but what we could make for ourselves, or a resource but in my exertions-our path through life has been a very hard one. Very probably you may not know, or not like to ask any friend of Lord Cottenham, but I feel assured that you will pardon my intrusion; and will your ladyship allow me to remain your obliged "L. E. LANDON."

(No date.) "28 Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, —I can not say how grateful I am to you. I could not have believed such kindness had I not received it. My only excuse for troubling you was the almost hopelessness of my position unless I could make for myself friends, though I little hoped to have found such a friend as I have in you.

"I am writing in great haste, for a friend has suggested the possibility of [ ] being appointed secretary to the Literary Fund. Such an appointment would give him time to look round, and save us from the very heavy pressure of our present circumstances. I venture to inclose a list of the influential people at the Fund. If there is only one among them whom your ladyship could interest, it would be a great service. I put a cross against those whom I can reach myself.

"Many, many thanks for the letters. I shall yet further intrude on your kindness. I am writing a letter to Lord Melbourne, which perhaps his nephew would place in his hands. But this is for after-consideration. And I shall entreat you to glance over a few letters, bearing testimony to [ ]'s character and abilities.

"Again let me offer the carnest thanks of

L. E. LANDON."

(No date.)

"DEAR MADAM, — We have troubled you so often that it seems quite a privilege, but I am only desirous of laying before you the list of [ ]'s testimonials. I now inclose one or two. We find, from the meeting of the council on Wednesday last, that the opposition is even stronger than we anticipa-

VOL. II .- D

-Google

ted. We have the whole of the dissenting interest against us and with them. [ ] has two grave faults; he is a clergyman and a gentleman. Our stronghold is with the presidents. If they can be prevailed on to vote, we are certain of success; if not, the majority is decidedly against us.

"I fear that there is some mistake about Lord Carrington—hearing that he supports the other candidate; perhaps he might be neutralized. Lord Ellenborough would be a great object if Count D'Orsay thought he could be induced to vote, for our great difficulty will be, when the day of election comes, to induce them to take the trouble of coming down to vote. Lord Mulgrave's vote will not avail; but it would be a great service if he could be induced to write a few lines, expressing his interest in Mr. [ ], and advocating his claims on literary grounds. Nothing but the vital consequences of success to us would excuse my thus troubling you. I fear that you will exclaim that I want you to quote and act Hector's speech, and say,

> " 'That post shall be my care ; Not that slone, but all the posts of war.'

Indeed, but for your kindness, our chances of success would have been very small.

"I have inclosed Dr. Taylor's letter, as it will give you an idea of how the contest stands. The *unfairness* he mentions alludes to a former letter, which we have been obliged to lay before our different friends of the council. Again and again I warmly thank you.

"Your truly obliged

L. E. LANDON."

- G002C

#### (No date.)

"I will not attempt to thank you, but never was there more earnest gratitude than I feel to you. If [ ] obtains the situation, he will owe it to your kindness chiefly—being placed in that respectable and independent position which we have been struggling years to obtain. I inclose some lists of the voters. How much I am obliged to Count D'Orsay. If he could but know the service that he is rendering, it would be the best acknowledgment that I could make. You may well call Mr. Montague a zealous friend; his kindness is as extraordinary as his talents—and they are of a very uncommon order; he deserves to be permitted the pleasure of admiring you as enthusiastically as he does.

"Thanks to you. I have received a note from Lord Francis Egerton. Mr. Bulwer has secured Sir John Hobhouse, and Lord John Russell has also promised; the Marquis of Lansdowne is invaluable—such an old patron of the society. L. E. LANDON."

"28 Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square.

"I can not thank you for all your kindness, but how gratefully I do feel it. I never met with any thing like it before. God bless you for it !

×

"Lord John Russell and Sir John Hobhouse have promised their votes,

and I have just received the kindest letter from Lord Munster. De, pray, thank Count D'Orsay; but he is always so kind. Will you arcuse this scrawl? but I am in a fever of hope and fear. L. E. LANDON.

"Mr. Montague, who has been the kindest friend in the world, is the bearer of this. He originally proposed to me, suggesting [ ]'s name, and has carried on the project with the seal and ability he throws into every thing that he undertakes."

#### "28 Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square.

"Once more, but for, I hope, the last time, I venture to trouble you. According to your advice, I have hazarded a brief note to the various vice-presidents, entreating the performance of their promises on the 12th of April. I do not hope for more than to induce Lord Carrington to be neutral, as the lawyers say, 'to show cause.' I inclose a parallel of the claims of the rival candidates. I also inclose a letter which my brother is under the necessity of circulating.

"This very morning has brought letters from Tavistock, his parish, where he was curate for five years, signed by all the proper authorities, and sixty heads of families, relative to his high character, and another from the Literary Institution, bearing testimony to his exertions and abilities, signed by every leading person in the neighborhood. He also originated three schools in different parishes, supported by his own scalous endeavors. Mr. B— is quite right in saying that we are poor; I do not know how it could be otherwise left at a very early age, dependent on our own exertions, with helpless relatives looking to us for support; but it only makes his conduct doubly cruel.

"I have one more favor to ask. Would you write a note to W. H. Harrison, Esq., Crown Office, Bridge Street ! He is the editor of the 'Friendship's Offering.'

"I am sure you will excuse this scrawl; but really I am so nervous that I scarcely know what I am doing. A thousand thanks for all your kindness. "Your most grateful L. E. L."

"28 Upper Berkeley Street West .- P.M., April, 1836.

"We were 28 to 24-the vice-presidents carried it. The poll was about to close, when Lord John Russell drove into the court, so did Sir Robert Peel, and gave it to us.

"Lord Ellenborough voted against us. I know you will forgive this scrawl -but we owe you so much-I really can not write. God bless you.

" L. E. LANDON."

The situation sought for, in connection with "the Literary Fund," was obtained for the Rev. Mr. [ ] mainly through the influence and untiring exertions of Lady Blessington. This gentleman was a young clergyman of most exemplary life and

## LETTERS FROM MISS LANDON.

amiable disposition. Bad health had compelled him to relinquish a clerical appointment he had obtained in London. In 1842 he had served as curate sixteen years, but at that date the recent death of his uncle, the late Dean of Exeter, had wrecked all his hopes of preferment. But the interest which Lady Blessington took in his welfare still continued, and was still manifested actively and efficiently.

"May 10, 1838. "A thousand thanks for all your kindness. What can have become of Mr. Damer's note I know not. Unluckily, I left my letter, with one or two others, to be sealed, and fear it was done carelessly. However, it is of little moment, as I dined with Mrs. Damer yesterday, who told me that she was going to give her last sitting to Mr. Lucas next week; and that she and the boy, who are drawn together, can be separated. She will be happy, very, to have the portraits in both works. If they can not be separated, still, she would be happy, if you like, to have them together.

"Yours most truly,

L. E. LANDON."

- GOOVE

"I would have sent the illustration, but last night I was fairly tired out. I have an idea for a poem, which, for so brief a space, will, I think, be better than prose.

"Can it be called 'My Lady Love,' or 'Amina !' L. E. LANDON."

"I have the pleasure of sending you the story; I have made it as short as possible, and only hope that you will like it. The engraving is singularly beautiful and fanciful, and had it been poetry, I might have ventured on the supernatural; but we are too matter of fact nowadays to venture it in prose: an Oriental sketch, both to suit the character of the engraving, and yet allow reality to the scene. Pray pardon this little explanation; but it is impossible not to wish to do one's best when the judgment I hope to please is at once so distinguished and so kind as that of your ladyship. L. E. LANDON."

"My brother read me your very kind note, which I felt so much obliged by that I declared I should answer it immediately; this, however, has not been in my power till to-day, the first time that I can really say I am better. I never, positively, suffered so much from an illness before; at one time they were afraid that it would turn to typhus, but now that the fever has left me I shall rapidly recover. This is a sad scrawl, but I feel so gratified by a noto I saw of yours to-day, that I must write to thank you, whether you can read the thanks or not. It is rather a curious thing that, when I made my agreement with Messrs. Fisher, your name was my sole recommendation, about six weeks ago.

### THE CONTESSA AMERICA VESPUCCI.

"I can not say how deeply I feel all your kindness. I know nothing to which I refer with more keen gratification than your assistance, your sympathy, your praise. I must indeed be forgetful when I forget.

"Dearest madam, your very grateful L. E. LANDON."

Lines of L. E. L. inclosed in a note addressed to Lady Blessington.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF MISS COCAGNE, BY L. E. L.

"A dark-eyed beauty, one on whom the South

Has lavished loveliness; the red rose, stooping, Has cast its shadow on that small, sweet mouth,

Whose lip is with its weight of sweetness drooping, Like the dark hyacinth in the early spring.

Those long, soft curis in graceful rings descending, Dark as the feather of the raven's wing,

With just one touch of golden sunshine blending. Fair as thou art, a deeper charm is thine ;

So sweet a face inspires a thousand fancies; The history that we know not we divine,

And for thy sake invent such fair romances,

And give the fancied names, and say less bright Were they the heroines of chivalric story,

When ready spears flung round their silver light,

And beauty gave the noblest crown to glory.

Such were the eyes that over Surrey cast The deep enchantment of his graceful numbers,

What time the early vision by him past

Of Geraldine, just called in magic slumbers. So soft, so dark the eyes that governed Spain

When Isabella was the worshiped sovereign,

The crown of gold and pearl could scarce restrain."

### CHAPTER IV.

### THE CONTESSA AMERICA VESPUCCI.

IN 1839 I had the pleasure of being made acquainted with this remarkable lady. She was then about thirty years of age, of fine features, symmetrically formed, of the perfect Italian style of beauty, with more of Juno's characteristics than of Venus's peculiarities in its excellency. Her figure was commanding, full, strongly set up, and finely moulded; her eyes were dark and

## THE CONTESSA AMERICA VESPUCCI.

wonderfully brilliant; her hair black as jet, and of extraordinary length and abundance. She possessed talents of no common order; but the most striking of all her qualities was her indomitable courage, and a rather strong propensity for seeking occasions for the display of it. Public opinion was not so much set at defiance as utterly lost sight of by her throughout her whole career. Yet her general conduct was irreproachable; and some who misconstrued her ordinary singularity of manners and mode of life, and the apparent levity of her behavior before the world, have paid very dearly for the mistaken estimate they had made of her virtue, and the insults they had offered to it. Madame Vespucci is of an ancient noble family of Florence, a lineal descendant of the famous explorer who gave his name to the New World. At a very early age she attached herself to an adherent of the elder brother of Prince Louis Napoleon.

In one of the abortive insurrections of Italy, she followed her insurgent friend from place to place, in male attire, exposed to great perils, but quite regardless of them. In the engagement with the Austrian troops at Rimmi she was wounded and left for dead on the field. In this state she was found by some peasants, carried to a place of shelter and security, and was finally restored to health. She has traveled extensively in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. In Africa, a friend of mine, Lieutenant Fairholme, an officer in the navy, owed his life to her generous efforts and interference with the commander of a French vessel of war in his behalf; and in the same ship, wrecked on the western coast, a French officer in the navy was severely wounded by her, under circumstances which alone could justify the very extreme proceeding of discharging a pistol at the head of a person quite unprepared for any similar reception.

Madame Vespucci's conversation is original and amusing, full of animation, abounding in incidents of travel, highly interesting and graphic when descriptive of scenes or people of distant lands she is familiar with. She possesses a certain wild, unsteady energy and cleverness. She is naturally restless, unsettled in religious opinions, of a romantic turn, of intense vanity, being tormented with a constant desire to excite attention, and

--- GOO2 C

# LETTER FROM THE CONTESSA AMERICA VESPUCCI. 79

to be accounted philosophical and heroical. About thirteen years ago she proceeded to America to urge a claim on the United States government for a grant of land, in virtue of her descent from the famous Americus Vespuccius.

The government, however, of the United States declined the application for a grant of land, but signified its readiness to recommend to Congress a grant of money—an offer which was indignantly refused by the lady. The last time her name came before the public was in a report of some police proceedings at Boulogne, the countess being charged with presenting a pistol at the head of a custom-house officer, who had acted on the suspicion of her having contraband articles on her person.

# LETTER FROM THE CONTESSA AMERICA VESPUCCI TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"MA CHÈRE MILADY,-Je viens vous ecrire sans but ni raison. J'ai un de ces besoins étranges de vous dire une quantité des choses, de vous communiquer des réfléxions sans ordre, mais telles qui les sont presentés à mon imagination, et que sais-je ; c'est absolument comme une jeune fille née dans un pays superstitieuse qui a besoin de confesser ses propres pensées, que dans son ignorance elle les appelle pechés, à l'homme qui a su lui inspirer la confiance. Je suis ce matin dans une de cès dispositions d'esprit qu'on éprouve si souvent après que l'âme a passés des moments penibles, et que pour se distraire elle se jette avec ses pensées dans l'espace de l'univers, voyage fort incommode, esperant trouver encore le beau et le grand que sa nature ambitieuse a besoin dit elle pour fixer son bonheur. Après une de ces nuits fatiguant par les forces de l'imagination exaltée, ou le monde, les hommes, et les choses defilent devant vous, comme le fait un regiment des soldats devant son général le jour d'une révue, où vous êtes obligé de convenir que le passé vous a trop appris, que le present n'a pas d'interêt, et que l'avenir est devenue une charade qu'il ne vous interesse plus de deviner, vous vous demandez, que but ai-je à vivre ! ne l'est pas milady que c'est horrible, jeune encore être condamné par l'experience à convenir de ce que c'est, la realite de la vie ! Souvent je suis tenté de maudire le jour ou j'ai appris l'A. B. C., à quoi bon me dis-je connaître avec les théories ce que c'est l'homme ! à quoi sert il de raisonner sur les follies faiblesses, et souvent les bassesses ! peut il être autrement de ce qu'il est de sa nature !

"Alors l'imagination qui se sent humilié de ce contact, cherche à s'elever, elle monte jusqu'à Dieu en haut jusqu'à ce grand moteur qui regle la matière et distribue le mouvement à l'immense édifice de l'univers-là, la pensée à champ libre, elle court et parcourt les regions inconnues avec son audace.

## 80 LETTER FROM THE CONTESSA AMERICA VESPUCCI.

elle y établie des mondes, et avec son impuissant orgueil elle s'y apprete à y placer des objets, c'est la cependant qu'elle s'arrete, qu'elle objets la y placera 'telle ! Ceux qu'elle a fabriqué sur les models des hommes ! pour elle seul des *étres parfaites* ; pour ses mondes, elle se decourage de la pauvreté de son imagination, et decouragement s'oblige à rentrer dans son cercle. J'en étais là cette nuit, et je parcourais mes deux petits chambres en attendant que ma pensée aura achevé son voyage chimerique. Je me suis mechaniquement approché de ma fenêtre. Il faisait une de ces nuits calme ou on dirait que les éléments sont en conseil, quelques étoiles par ci et par là, suivant son ordre était brillante, de gros nuages était suspendues comme des condamnés en attendant que quelque vent veut bien lui donner un direction, une fois que mes yeux etaient tournées au ciel l'orgeuil de l'âme cette Athée n'ose par le fixer, car il n'a pas assez de force pour nier ce qu'il voit, et quand il a vu, il ne pu pa dire que cette ordre est *hasard*, cette silence impotent, cette immensité de la nature, l'impuissance de l'homme, contre ses volontés.

"C'est un spectacle qui est bien grand, sublime. Au milieu de cet extase ou j'avais oubliè moi-même pour analyser ce que ne je comprennais pas, un potit araignée avait etabli sur un coin de ce même fenêtre son atelier, et sans s'occuper nullement de l'immensité comme si le globe fut fait pour lui, c'était emparé d'une simple figure geometrique trianguliere et il y avait fait son royaume, déjà un quantité des victimes, petits moucherons, étaient en son pouvoir, ils avaient bon se debattre peut être ils ont en une manière de s'entendre dans leur melée et demander grace pour la vie, mais l'impitoyable araignée impassible continuait ses executions avec le plus grand calme et perseverance sans s'interesser au sort de ses petits insectes qui probablement se debatent pour l'instant de tout être qui vit de la conservation, n'est il pas bizarre, et ne prouve t'il pas la faiblesse de l'homme qui au milieu des idées elevées dans une espèce d'extase un araignée ait eu le talent de me distraire et faire tourner ma pensée et remuer un espèce de sentiment tendre en faveur de ses victimes! Je regardais cette manœuvre avec amertume. Je contemplais cet insect qui travaillait admirablement, par un mouvement involontaire j'ai dechiré sa toile mais les petits moucherons il y sont resté, et l'araignée s'est sauvé pour aller probablement plus loin à établir une autre echaudoire voila l'ordre de chasser, et que l'homme avec sa volonté, sa raison, et son intelligence ne pouvait jamais empêcher les araignées d'exercer leur atroche pouvoir sur les petits moucherons. J'avoue qu'un sentiment de jalousie c'est clevé dans mon âme, et savez vous ce que j'ai encore le presomption de les petites ames que n'étant pas content de leur situation s'en prennent à Dieu, et s'accable contre sa puissance en lui reprochant qu'il ne s'occupe pas assez d'elle et se plaignent, de manquer de bonheur. Peut être me disiez vous que cela ce n'est pas le faute des petites ames mais bien une des absurdités du systeme religieuse qui ont fait d'un Dieu un être petit et à qui on a attribué tout le petit passion de l'homme. Il n'y a pas de doute que c'est comme cela qu'on a demoralisé le croyance, c'est comme cela qu'on a autorisé le charlatanisme et revetue de pouvoir certains hommes qui ont joui le role de partager les ames entre Dieu et le Diable, et ils ont fait cela pour leur propres interets le fondement de ce qu'ils appellent religion que plus tard par le force de l'habitude on a soumis à la stupide masse. Et Dieu se trouve l'instrument de sa propre divinité. Mais qu'est ce que cela fait à Dieu ! C'est l'homme, toujours l'homme qui ne veut pas adorer l'immensité parce qu'il serait obligé de s'humilier, c'est un pouvoir et un grandeur d'ame qu'il n'a pas. Qu'en dites vous, milady, en resumé, pour une ame de bonne fois le role le plus facile, et ou il y aura plus de chance de bonheur c'est celui de prendre la vie comme vegetation. Si vous connaissez un moyen pour m'y conduire, indiquez le moi. Mon imagination me tire, mes connoissances sont trop foibles pour moi seule, pas assez pour satisfaire mon amour propre. J'ai un esprit qui analyse, qui me poursuit, et m'oblige à tant etudier. Jo n'estime pas assez les hommes pour tenir à leur approbation, vous savez que le prospect de mon avenir est peu brillant. Qu'en dites vous ?

"Voilà, un volume aurez vous le courage de le lire! Je suis fatigué, brisé et dans un crise de tristesse qui m'oblige de me tenir en compagne. Mais j'aurai la plaisir de vous voir demain au soir. Mes amitiés à mes jeunes amies qui auront certainements de nuits plus calmes ot des reves plus doux. Mes compliments au comte, à vous mon dévouément." AMERICA."

## MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"The American Hemans," when first known to the public as Miss Huntley, authoress of "Moral Pieces, in Prose and Verse," was at the head of a female school in her native place in Connecticut. She married a gentleman of large fortune; and at her husband's estate, on the banks of the Connecticut, were written many of her poems, of a moral character, most of a religious tone, and all indicative of warm feelings and generous sentiments, and of strong sympathies with every just and righteous cause. This most gifted female writer that America has produced was on very intimate terms of acquaintance with Lady Blessington.

The poetry of Mrs. Sigourney bears much resemblance to that of Mrs. Hemans, whose works were edited and published in America by her, with an excellent memoir of Mrs. Hemans, feelingly and beautifully written. Lady Blessington regarded Mrs. Sigourney as a person of considerable talent and great

\* The profound ignorance, presumptuous folly, and daring impiety displayed in this letter, need no comment.-R. R. M.

D 2

COOR

worth. She is said, like Mrs. Hemans, to have been acquainted with domestic sorrows, and, like her, even in the midst of many cares and trials, possessed traces of considerable beauty.

The latest production of Mrs. Sigourney was a volume entitled "The Faded Hope," a record of the life and virtues of a beloved son, who died aged nineteen.

Mrs. Sigourney, as her letters will show, was well aware of Lady Blessington's admiration for the writings of Mrs. Hemans. That lady was never spoken of by her except in terms of the highest praise, and her admiration for the poetry of Mrs. Hemans was no less enthusiastic than just and discriminating. In one of her works she says, "The exquisite poems of Mrs. Hemans affect one like sacred music; they never fail to excite solemn feelings of an elevated and spiritual character, and sentiments of a pensive cast, of calm resignation and serenity." The mind of this gifted woman, with all its treasures of innate melody, she compares to an Æolian harp, that every sighing wind awakens to music, most sweet but melancholy, the full charm of which can only be appreciated by those who have sorrowed, and who look beyond the earth for the solace of their cares."

It is worthy of observation, too, that the genius of Mrs. Hemans was fully appreciated by Lady Blessington at a period when it was underrated by many of her contemporaries.

She was wont to speak of Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon as two of the most gifted women of our time. She thought the intimate relationship of their genius, the kindred nature of their tastes and pursuits, of their sorrows and the similarity of their destinics, of their claims on the sympathies of all people of literary tastes, naturally associated their names and memories.

In Anne's Church, Dawson Street, Dublin, I recently found a tablet in the wall in commemoration of the genius and the virtues of Mrs. Hemans.

The well-remembered traits of beauty and of talent, and of care and sorrow that clouded their brightness—the sweet traits that belonged to her whose name is on this sepulchral tablet, came full before me while I read the inscription on it; and they

\* The Idler in France, vol. ii., p. 69.

- GOO2C

reminded me of those beautiful lines of hers on the loved looks of a departed friend :

> "They haunt me still, those calm, pure, holy eyes; Their piercing sweetness wanders through my dreams; The soul of music that within them lies, Comes o'er my soul in soft and sudden gleams. Life—spirit life, immortal and divine, Is there, and yet how dark a death was thine."

Few things in life are more mournful to reflect than the destiny which links the "spirit life" of such a being as Felicia Hemans with cares and sorrows that darken life, and even bring additional gloom to death itself. "How is the laurel shaken" over such a tomb !

INSCRIPTION ON THE MURAL TABLET IN ANNE'S CHURCH, DUBLIN.

In the vanit beneath are deposited the mortal remains of FELICIA HEMANS, who died May 16th, 1833, aged 40 years.

Calm in the bosom of thy God, Fair spirit, rest thee now; E'en while with us thy footstops trod, His seal was on thy brow. Dust to its narrow house beneath, Soul to its place on high ! They that have seen thy look in death, No more may fear to die.

LETTERS FROM MRS. SIGOURNEY TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Hurtford, Connecticut, June 10th, 1641.

"My DEAE MADAM,—Had it been possible, before my departure from London, I should have done myself the honor again to have paid my respects at Gore House, where my call with our friend, Mrs. Hall, is remembered with much pleasure. Your kindness of manner was most charming to a stranger, and the warmth with which you spoke of my dear Mrs. Hemans quite opened my heart. I may truly say that I love those who love her. I was disappointed at not being able to see, while in Great Britain, Mrs. Hughes, her sister and accomplished biographer. Your ladyship's writings, and some of the splendid works which you have occasionally edited, are known in this country; still, I should like to have them more so, for the young, green West is inclined to appreciate genius and taste. Might I ask that if you condescend to reply to this, you will send me, at the same time, a few lines of your poetry? I was delighted with England, the 'Great Fatherland,' and thankful for the privilege of visiting it.

"Remember me with much regard to your nieces, the Misses Power. I should be pleased to hear of the welfare of their talented little sisters, some of whose developments were related to me.

"With gratitude for your attention, believe me, most respectfully, your friend, L. H. SIGOURNEY."

31

#### " Hartford, Connecticut, August 12th, 1843.

"Last December, being in the city of Boston, where my 'Pleasant Memorics of Pleasant Lands' were in the process of publication, I put on board the steam-ship, then on the verge of sailing, one of the first copies that I obtained from the press, directed to yourself, to the care of John Murray, of Albemarle Street. Was that also unfortunate in its destination ? I am inclined to think that ill fortune in such matters pursues me, as I received only by the last steamer an acknowledgment from a friend in England of a similar volume having but just reached her, which was sent eight months since, in the same package as your own. . . Are you aware how much your novel of 'Meredith' is admired in these United States? I see it ranked in some of our leading periodicals as the 'best work of the noble and talented authoress.' This they mean as high praise, since your other productions have been widely and warmly commended. We are, as you doubtless know, emphatically a *reading people*.

"Our magazines, and many of the works that they announce, go into the humble dwelling of the manufacturer, into the brown hand of the farmer, into the log hut of the emigrant, who sees around him the dark forms of the remnant of our aboriginal tribes, &c., hears the murmure of the turbid Missouri, perhaps the breaking billows of the Pacific.

"I have recently become interested, for the present year, in one of those periodicals published for ladies in New York, which announces two thousand subscribers, and assumes to have ten times that number of readers.

"I hope your beautiful nieces are well. I wish to be remembered to them. Have you recently heard, from the brilliant one in the far Orient !

"I write this with one of the pens from the tasteful little writing-box you were so good as to send me, and repeat my thanks for that gift, so acceptable in itself, and so valued as from your hand. You had not been quite well when you last wrote. I hope you have long ere this quite recovered, and that you will soon write me so. L. H. SIGURNET."

### "Hartford, Connecticut, May 28th, 1842.

- C10000 0

"Your letter was received with much pleasure, though it grieved me to hear of the severe indisposition with which you had been suffering. I trust

### LETTERS FROM MRS. SIGOURNEY.

that long ere this your health is perfectly restored. How shall I thank you for the sweet poem you were so good as to inclose for me! Still, the very sweetness of its nature has frustrated my hopes. I had desired to adorn a periodical, circulated very widely among American ladies, with some original effusions of yours, but the very flattering manner in which it alludes to me, and which would be considered on this side of the water as creeedingly beyond my deserts, will oblige me to confine the tuncful guest to my own portfolio. I have been reperusing lately, with new interest, some of your new works, especially your 'Conversations with Lord Byron.' Are you well acquainted with his sister ? I had hopes of seeing her while in London, but was prevented by her ill health.

"I received from Mr. Murray a gift of his elegant edition of Byron, which, with the beautiful 'Italy' of Rogers, highly valued as a present from the accomplished author, form quite a tasteful range in my plain republican library.

"Do you know that you quite won my heart by the enthusiastic manner in which you spoke of my dear Mrs. Hemans when I was at Gore House. I pray you accept, as a little mark of this gratitude, the last American edition of that beloved author which I have seen, and which is, in its style of execution, more à l'Anglaise than our publishers on this side usually favor us with.

"I should like to be kept apprised of the welfare of your younger niece, now absent from your country, and of the progress of so precocious and original a mind.

"My friend Mr. Goodrich, of Boston,\* will deliver to you the accompanying volumes. L. H. SIGOURNEY."

#### "Hartford, Connecticut, October 31st, 1842.

"I very highly value all the marks of your remembrance, and your expressions of interest in the literature and welfare of my country. You can scarcely imagine with what enthusiastic gratitude I think of Lord Ashburton and the results of his embassy. May the amity which has sprung out of the ratification of the treaty be perpetual; for, besides the inexpediency and impolicy of hostility between our nations, it would be to me, since my delightful visit to the glorious mother-land, a deep and sore grief of heart should aught be suffered to embroil our relations, or embitter the blood that flowed from the same old Saxon fountain.

"I have seen, with great admiration, your 'Keepsake' and 'Book of Beauty' for the present year, which are embellishing the centre-tables of some of our aristocracy, for we are not so pure a republic as to have no shadow of aristocracy, and we give too much prominence, perhaps, to that which is based solely on wealth. The beauty of your engravings might almost discourage our attempts at Annuals on this side of the water. I searched, and read first all from your pen which those volumes contained. Is the Miss Power who has written an interesting article in the 'Keepsake' one of those beautiful

\* Peter Parley.-R. R. M.

### LETTERS FROM MRS. SIGOURNEY.

nieces whom I saw at Gore House ? May I ask where Walter Savage Landor is now ? He was on the list of distinguished persons whom I desired to see while in Great Britain, but he was not there at that time.

"You are very kind to desire an engraving of me. There is none with which my friends are satisfied; but there is one now in progress, in Philadelphia, from a likeness taken in London, which, should it be more successful. I will have the honor of forwarding to you.

"I am so pleased that you liked my friend, the Hon. Mr. Goodrich. I have not seen him since his return, but he wrote me of your politeness to him. He is a man of original and versatile talents, and uncommon energy of character.

"I recollect your requesting of me, when in England, a lock of hair, which was forgotten to be sent while I was there. Will you now allow it to cross the ocean in the form of a simple bracelet, accompanied by a bottle of the pure otto of rose, which I have recently received from Constantinople! Your acceptances of these trifling mementoes will much oblige me. My best regard to your nieces. When you send to the little distant one in whom your description so much interested me, will you please add, with my love, the purse which my young daughter sends, and which derives its only value form being the work of the poor aborigines of the country ! L. H. SIGOUENET."

## "Hartford, Connecticut, September 13th, 1845.

"Your last kind letter was truly welcome. It came opportunely to dispel some dim fears of forgetfulness, which were gathering like chilling mists around your protracted silence.

"Accept my thanks for the elegant copy of Heath's 'Book of Beauty,' which derives its principal interest, in my view, from your supervision.

"I felt quite humble at the tameness and unappropriateness of my own little poem, at the 271st page, and the more so from the circumstance that the omission of one of the lines, at the close of the fifth stanza, deprives it both of rhyme and meaning. I have not been as tardy in acknowledging your gift as it would seem. It did not reach me until July, though your letter was dated in May. I was then on a summer journey with my young daughter, and soon after my return was attacked with severe illness, from which I have only yet sufficiently recovered to take a short drive on a fine day, and to write a little at long intervals. I was grieved to hear of the delicate health of your sister, Lady Canterbury, and hope she has, ere this, perfectly recovered. I was sorry to see in the public papers that our friend, Mr. Willis, had suffered from ill health soon after his arrival in London. I trust, from the naivelé of his public letters, that he is quite well again. We consider him as one of our most gifted writers, and of course follow all his movements with interest. It gave me pleasure to be informed by you of the successful enterprise of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. They are excellent people, and I rejoice in their prosperity. Mrs. Hall showed me much friendship when I was in your country, which I shall never forget. L. H. SIGOUENEY."

### FROM MISS THEODOSIA GARROW TO LADY BLESSINGTON. "Braddon, Torquey, March 7th.

"MT DEAR MADAN, —I wish I could express to you how deeply I feel your great kindness in offering to assist me in what must be (to me) a very fearful undertaking. Till within the last four months, I never dreamed of the possibility of publishing my verses, and if I venture to do so now (without one shadow of false humility be it said), I do not for a moment expect the world to pay greater heed to my little volume of poems than to those of a hundred demoiselles, quite as deserving of praise as myself, who every year put forth their small venture of thoughts and feelings upon the stream of the world's favor, to be wished well to by a few, and then forgotten by most, except those nearest to them in life.

"Thinking thus, I can not pretend to much hope of fame; but it were worse than ungrateful could I resist the kind encouragements and solicitations of your ladyship and Mr. Landor. THEODOSIA GARBOW."

### "Braddon, November 17th, 1840.

"I have just finished reading the inimitable 'Old Irish Gentleman,' and sure I am that no hands can aketch so gracefully, and with such fervid truth as yours, the thousand-shaded poetry of Irish life and character.

"I also admire greatly Miss Power's American scene, so simple, yet so picture-like and true to nature. Indeed, both Annuals are very rich this year in literary as well as pictorial beauty. I could wish our friend Mr. Landor had given some 'Conversations,' one scene wherein one might see more of him. Am I wrong in thinking that, in such miniature poems, the features of his genius are by no means shown to advantage 1 THEO. GARBOW."

### MISS LOUISA SHERIDAN.

Miss Louisa H. Sheridan is known to the public as a popular writer in annuals and magazines. She has written a number of clever and lively pieces in prose and verse, and several detached tales and sketches in one of the annuals that was edited by her. She married Sir Henry Wyatt, rather in advanced life, and died a few years ago.

This accomplished lady was a good musician, an excellent linguist, and, notwithstanding habitual ill health, was fond of society, and generally a favorite, on account of her agreeable qualities and amiable disposition. She was remarkable for her conversational powers, the readiness of her wit, and sprightliness of fancy.

## LETTERS FROM MISS L. H. SHERIDAN.

In October, 1841, Louisa Henrietta, wife of Lieutenant Colonel Wyatt, better known as Miss Louisa Sheridan, died in Paris, of consumption. She was the only daughter of Captain W. B. Sheridan, who died in 1836. This lady for many years was well known in periodical literature. Several musical pieces and lyrics, that were popular in their day, were written by her. She edited "The Comic Offering," which was commenced in 1831; and "The Diadem, a Book for the Boudoir," which appeared in 1838. "In society Miss Sheridan appeared to much advantage, combining a handsome person, lady-like manners, and pleasing powers of conversation." A writer in "The Gentleman's Magazine" for October, 1841, has thus truly spoken of this accomplished and most agreeable lady, whom I had the pleasure of knowing and meeting, not long before her death, in London.

# LETTERS FROM MISS L. H. SHERIDAN TO LADY BLESSINGTON. "7 Belgrave Street South, Belgrave Square, July 9th, 1830.

"MADAM, —I have this moment received the accompanying letter, whose external appearance perfectly accords with its contents! and I should not have thought of troubling your ladyship, or any one, respecting such stupid nonsense, but this being the second I have had on this subject, it is apparently dictated by some motive more than extraordinary. There is a kind of willful pleasure in acting in direct opposition to these *literary daggers*; and as the object of the two communications evidently is to prevent me from giving my name to the work under your ladyship's direction, I should much like to counteract their purpose! Although I now write not for any annual but my own (relinquished this year, with all other literary compositions, through delicate health), yet I conclude your volume must be nearly filled; but in my portfolio I find two stanzas of eight lines, which, in filling HALF a page, will effect all the mischief desired ! and if your ladyship will insert them in this year's volume, to prove my bonne volonté, they are much at your service.

"I have the honor to be, madam, your ladyship's obedient servant,

"LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN."

"7 Belgrave Street South, Belgrave Square, August 4th, 1838.

"It quite shames me to receive your valuable lengthened contribution before I have sent you my tiny one.

"I need not say how much pleased I am with it. I do love a little history, attached plates, instead of odes, to Celia and Delia, in the old-fashioned way.

"I inclose you my lines on the portrait of Lady Fitzharris, exactly twenty ;

and not, I hope, Celia-Delias in point of over-civility, which is an awful defect in a printed tribute.

""We editors' shall be very late this year, I fancy. I was hurrying my publisher about the tardiness of the plates, and to console me, he said that three plates for the 'Book of Beauty' were in the hands of our engraver, still unworked.

"How I wish publishers could form their decisions and arrangements a little earlier. I have had scarcely a month allowed me between the time of applying to my literary contributors and 'printing day.'

"Under the 'high-pressure' system, dear madam, your interesting and prompt contribution has greatly obliged yours most sincerely,

"LOUISA H. SHREIDAN.

"P.S.—I must risk the vanity of telling you a civil speech, in which you take a conspicuous place. Last week I declined and returned some MSS. which did not suit my work, with an ordinary note of thanks; the poor author wrote again to thank me for my attention, saying it was gratifying, at least, to meet so much courtesy, and adding, that of all the editors he had ever addressed respecting literature, none but Lady Blessington, Lady E. Wortley, and myself seemed to know how to take the trouble to be well bred in reply.

"One editress told me, as 'a clever thing,' that when an author applied for her answer or his MS., she sent down a drawer full of detached MSS. to him in her hall, desiring he would take what he pleased.

"This vulgarity and bad feeling had not even the advantage of originality, for you remember the same being told of the manager and the dramatists."

From Lady Charlotte Bury to Lady Blessington, on receipt of a presentation copy of "The Elderly Gentleman."

"3 Connaught Terrace West, 16th October, 1836.

"Lady Charlotte Bury presents her compliments to Lady Blessington; and, in thanking her for her courtesy in sending Lady Charlotte the delightful volume, which she read throughout without being able to lay it down, Lady Charlotte is also desirous to express to Lady Blessington her sense of the distinguished talent and varied charm the work displays throughout."

## MRS. ABELL.

Some letters of this lady, addressed to Lady Blessington, had reference to Napoleon's captivity in St. Helena, when Napoleon was at Longwood. A child of high spirits, frolicsome and playful, the daughter of an English merchant, "Betsy Balcombe" became a great favorite of his. The ex-emperor, who had been the terror of the world, in his reverse of fortune, fallen to the dust from his high position, found a solace and an amusement in the gayety and innocence of this engaging child. France,

### 90 LETTER FROM MRS. E. M. S. TO DR. RICHARDSON.

perhaps England, it may be humanity at large, owe something to the being by whom the sorrows and fretfulness of Napoleon's captivity were occasionally soothed and alleviated. "Betsy Balcombe" grew up to womanhood a person of great beauty; became a wife—familiar with cares and troubles of various kinds; is now a widow with one daughter, I fear in indifferent circumstances. A few years ago she published, by subscription, a little volume of her "Reminiscences of Napoleon." The present Emperor of the French might probably be made acquainted with the work, and the writer of it, with advantage.

#### LETTER FROM MRS. ABELL TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Lyne Grove, Chertsey, December 8th, 1843.

"MY DELE MADIM, —I have ventured to trouble you with this note to request that you will permit me the honor of adding your name to my list of friends who have promised to take copies of a book I intend publishing in the spring, entitled 'Recollections of Napoleon during his Captivity at St. Helens,' and which will be illustrated with views of the island, in one volume.

"I trust your ladyship will pardon the liberty I take in making this request; but I am induced to do so from feeling of what use the honor of your name would prove to me. Many friends have interested themselves very much in the success of my undertaking, and which I am most anxious will benefit me; as, from some recent reverses, I am just now, in a great degree, thrown on my own resources. Yours, my dear madam, very truly,

" LUCIA C. ABELL."

### LETTER FROM MRS. E. M. S. TO DR. RICHARDSON.

"Palace Yard, Saturday, 17th June.

"MY DEAR STR.--I return you the first volume of your friend, Dr. M----'s, book, which has afforded me much pleasure the last two days; and I am sure it will be read with interest by all persons disposed to acquire a knowledge of the manners, customs, and habits of the people of the East--a region which so few English feel disposed to visit, from the great difficulties to be encountered in every way from such a journey.

"Dr. M——'s book is most interesting to me, because I know well he was known to our poor lost friend, Lord B——; and I have heard Lady B— name him as a most clever and enterprising traveler.

"I have read the first volume with great pleasure, and when I tell you I never could wade through [ ]'s travels from their vulgarity (anxious as I was to know more of Egypt than I do), you may judge what satisfaction it is to me to read Dr. M——'s book, written, as it is, with ease and good taste, without details unfit for the eyes or ears of women. "Pray spare me the second volume this evening, if you can, as I am alone, invalided, and confined to my sofa.

"[] is gone to the fish dinner at Greenwich, and my girls are gone to enjoy this fine day at the horticultural fete.

"I had a letter from poor Lady B— to-day, dated the 22d. She has not at all recovered her spirits, or forgotten the severe and unexpected blow that has befallen her in the death of her good husband. She goes to Dieppe next month for change of air and scene. I am better, but not quite myself yet. Yours most truly, <u>E</u>\_\_\_\_\_N\_\_\_\_S\_\_\_."

### MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

" Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan, with Sketches of Anglo-Indian Society," published in three vols. in 1835, is the principal work of Miss Roberts, and the one which made her earliest and best known to the English reading public. Miss Roberts was the first English lady who made a close study, and a well-considered speculation, it may be added, of her countrymen and countrywomen in India, in society, in the governmenthouse circles of Calcutta, Bengal, and Madras, in distant stations, in camp, at courts of native princes, in palanquins, in tiger hunts, in voyages of discovery of adventurous young English damsels in search of old, yellow, wan, bilious, and wealthy nawaubs. Her descriptions of Anglo-Indian life are full of life and spirit; her vivacity never flags for an instant; but sometimes a vein of sarcasm enters into the mine of keen observation and sprightliness of fancy, without adding to the value of her delineations.

Her "East Indian Voyager," in one vol. post Svo, was not very successful. Her work, "Memoirs of the House of York and Lancaster" (in two vols. 8vo), attracted far less attention than her "Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan." Her "Oriental Scenes, Sketches, and Tales" (in two vols. post 8vo) was hardly less popular than her "Scenes and Characteristics."

Miss Emma Roberts died at Poonah, on the 16th of September, 1840, when about to return to England via Egypt.

LETTERS FROM MISS ROBERTS TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Parell (India), December 26th, 1839.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,-You will be glad, I am sure, to hear that

## LETTERS FROM MISS ROBERTS

I am spending my Christmas at Government House with Sir James and Lady Carnac, and that, if amusement was my sole object in this country, I should pass my time delightfully, for we have a most agreeable family party, and see the best society that the place affords. My residence at Parell, however, will, I hope, be productive of something more important, in enabling me to gather the information of which I am in pursuit. Unfortunately, I am obliged to restrict myself in my pecuniary arrangements. I entertained an apprehension before I left England that my funds would not be adequate to the carrying out of the plans which I had formed. I entertained an expectation of adding to them by writing for the Indian press, but do not find it in a sufficiently flourishing state to offer a fair remuneration ; and even were it otherwise, I could scarcely devote my time to literary labors, which would cause me to neglect the object I have in view. I am most anxiously desirous to seek opportunities of making myself thoroughly acquainted with the state of the country, in order that I may write a book that will be useful at home. I feel persuaded that the failure of many well-intentioned endeavors for the improvement of the people of India is attributable to ignorance concerning the character, manners, wants, and resources of the numerous races who have become British subjects. The attempt, therefore, to afford a clearer view of the actual state of British India, easily attainable by society at large, deserves encouragement. I flatter myself that if I had more ample funds at my disposal, I should be able to render a statistical work entertaining, by illustrating the drier details with characteristic anecdotes. To accomplish this, I must travel through the country ; my unwillingness to force myself into notice while in England prevented me from making an attempt to interest rich and influential people in my undertaking. I often wished to procure a commission from the Duke of Devonshire, or other wealthy patron, for the collection of horticultural or zoological specimens, which would have assisted to defray the enormous expenses of traveling. Were I to remain at Bombay, I could limit my expenditure within very reasonable bounds; but in this case I should acquire a very small quantity of information ; I have, therefore, determined upon making a journey into the provinces, and should you have an opportunity of recommending me as a useful agent to some liberal person at home, I feel assured you would do your utmost to forward my plans. Amid many other objects of interest for a nobleman's park, the yak or yew of Thibet is the most desirable ; it will not live in India on the plains, but might in the cold season be carried up the Red Sea; and I should be most happy to go myself into the Himalaya to procure specimens. The kind interest which you have shown in my welfare has encouraged me to trouble you with these details. I feel that I have some claim upon patronage, since my patriotic feelings have induced me to prefer traveling in the British dependencies for the purpose of making them better known, instead of going to America, notwithstanding the offers made to me by publishers at home, who would have made very liberal advances for the expenses of my journey. I do not

## TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

expect to be repaid by any book or books which I may write for the £600 that I must inevitably spend before I reach home; but I hope, by the devotion of my time and money to the purpose I have undertaken, to effect some good. I am going out in the governor's carriage like the queen, with an escort of cavalry, and all sorts of salutes, guards turning out, drums beating, &c.

"Sir J. Carnac is one of the most delightful persons imaginable, a perfect gentleman of the old school; I am much pleased also with the ladies, who are lively, unaffected, and most kind and friendly to me. Lord Jocelyn is expected to join the party to-morrow, for a few days, which will make us very gay.

"Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, sincerely and faithfully yours,

"EMMA ROBERTS."

#### " Portland Cottage, Portland Road.

"Will you permit me to introduce to your notice a very learned friend of mine. Dr. Loewe, who is distinguished for his acquaintance with all the dead and living languages, and whose researches have thrown light upon many intcreating remains of ancient times, which were previously involved in obscurity ? Dr. Loewe is honored with the acquaintance of all the savans of the day, both in Germany, of which he is a native, France, and England, but unfortunately the course of his studies does not lead to emolument. There is little pecuniary encouragement for the pursuit of abstruse branches of learning; and while Dr. Loewe is courted in society, he is left entirely to his own resources. He is anxious, therefore, in order to enable him to prosecute a great design-that of producing a lexicon of all languages-to procure some pupils in German, which, of course, he can teach with the greatest facility. It would be a great advantage to any one desirous to acquire a perfect knowledge of German, to learn of a master who is not only perhaps the most erudite person in the ranks of literature, but who takes pleasure in imparting the knowledge he has gained, and who, in explaining the roots of old languages, would, in the course of his lessons, teach more than any master, however skilled in his native tongue, could possibly do.

" Always sincerely and gratefully yours,

# EMMA ROBERTS."\*

\* Dr. Loewê, LL.D., the gentleman referred to by Miss Roberts, is truly described by her as a very learned man, distinguished for his acquaintance with all the dead and living languages, and his antiquarian researches. In October, 1840, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Dr. Loewê, and becoming his fellow-traveler to the East, when proceeding with Sir Moses Montefore on his benevolent mission to Syria, to stay the persecution then raging against the Jews of Damascus. Dr. Loewê accompanied the mission in the capacity of secretary and interpreter. So vast an amount of erudition accompanied with so much modcaty I have seldom met associated in an individual as are united in this learned and amiable person. He possessed and deserved the highest confidence and esteem of Sir Moses Montefore and his excellent lady, the companion in that arduous expedition of her truly good and noble-minded husband, the recollection of

## MRS. ISABELLA ROMER.

Mrs. Romer's career was a checkered one of cloud and sunshine, with more of the shadows of the former in it than readers of her lively, entertaining works could easily imagine. Her maiden name was Romer; ahe was the daughter of a general, and was married to Major, afterward Colonel, Hamerton. The union was not a happy one, nor of long duration. A separation took place about 1825. She died about two years ago, in Paris.

In 1843 Mrs. Romer published, in two volumes, a book of Continental travels, entitled "The Rhone, the Darro, and the Guadalquivir." In the summer of 1842 Mrs. Romer set out from Paris on those travels, of which the above-named account was, I believe, her earliest production in a separate form. "She was previously known to the public as a contributor to magazines and annuals. A shrewd, lively, mystery-loving, and "a leetle conceited," occasional authoress, prone to expatiate rather extensively on themes merely personal, and regarding her own feelings, but always redeeming slight defects of that nature by vivid delineations, and smart, interesting, and entertaining descriptions.

In 1846, Mrs. Romer, having rambled in the East, produced "A Pilgrimage to the Tombs of Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine," in two volumes, abounding more in sprightliness than spirituality, and containing a great deal of entertaining description of bazars, harems, Almeh, Circassian slaves, Turkish wives, Levantine women in wide garments spangled to the feet, Arab divinities with blue chins and kohol-painted eyebrows and eyelids, and khennè-dyed tips of fingers.

In noticing the "Pilgrimage," one of the reviews of the time, not in general very complimentary to Mrs. Romer, said : "She appears to have made the most of her opportunities for studying life in Cairo under all its aspects." . . . . "The lady has some of the arts and graces of a writer for effect, our consciousness of which in some degree qualifies the value of her testimony,

whose world-wide benevolence and perfectly unsectarian charitableness of heart and mind can never be effaced from my memory.

LADOV C

though it does not destroy the pleasantness of her book for summer reading."\*

In 1849, "The Bird of Passage," in three volumes, made its appearance; a rechauffé of scenes and impressions of Oriental and Continental travel previously described.

Traces of a tendency to mysticism, which are slightly obvious in all the preceding works of Mrs. Romer, were very manifestly displayed in a work of fiction, in three volumes, entitled "Sturmer, or the Mesmerist."

In 1852, the last work bearing the name of Mrs. Romer on the title-page appeared, "Filia Dolorosa: Memoirs of Marie Therese Charlotte, Duchess of Angoulême." This, we are informed in the preface, was commenced by her, and completed by Dr. Doran.

# LETTERS FROM MRS. ISABELLA ROMER TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

" 20 Boulevard Poissonnière, Paris, 14th October, 1839.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,-You see that you can not be amiable with impunity, and that I have not forgotten your kind request that I would write to you, for I avail myself of the first leisure moment that has occurred since my return home to devote it to so pleasant an occupation.

"The date of my letter will doubtless surprise you; it almost surprised myself after the vast project which absorbed me when I took leave of youmeditating upon mummies-prating of pyramids-dreaming hieroglyphically, having interviews with Mr. [ ], and seriously turning over in my own mind his suggestions that I should read up other travelers' observations, and note down my own upon the wonders I was going to contemplate-and all to end upon the Boulevard of Paris !! I can only compare myself to Bouffe, in I forget what vaudeville, who, after pompously exclaiming, ' C'etait l'année de mon voyage en Russie !' and being replied to by ' Comment, vous avez été en Russie !' quickly rejoins, 'Non je suis allè jusqu'à Bondy ;' for my grand projects have had the same puny results, and all malgre moi. In fact, we had determined to take a peep at Spain, chemin faisant to Egypt, and therefore journeyed along the coast of Brighton to Falmouth, in order to embark in the peninsular steamer for Lisbon, Cadiz, &c., but at Falmouth we were detained fifteen days in such a stress of weather as it would have been madness to put to sea in. The bay was crowded with yachts, all bound (or, rather, windbound) for the same place with ourselves. Grosvenor Square was assembled at the Land's End. Lord Yarborough, Lord and Lady Wilton, Lord and Lady Godolphin, Mr. and Lady C. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. Villiers, formed

\* The Athenaum, August 29th, 1846, p. 879.

part of the aristocratic little squadron. There were also two or three yachts belonging to the Irish Yacht Club, but they seemed to be looked upon as aliens by the others—as distinct from them as Bloomsbury is from May Fair. I suppose there are nautical as well as hunting 'snobs,' and that these latter, being of that sort, would have contaminated the others had they 'come between the wind and their nobility !'

"But to return to ourselves : we lost patience, and determined to set out and start for Marseilles, there to embark by the Mediterranean instead of the dreadful Bay of Biscay, when I received intelligence which necessitated my giving up the idea of the whole thing for this year. My sole remaining trustee had died, and I was left to the mercy of whoever his executors might be, and obliged to exert myself personally to nominate new trustees, &c., which affair is not yet terminated, and therefore the Egyptian tour is put off until next year. I have been betrayed into this most egotistical detail in order to account for what would otherwise have appeared to you a puerile caprice. My only consolation in this disappointment, caused by 'hope deferred,' is, that I shall be enabled to read your next work as soon as it appears in print, and to retrace my recollections of the dear Clonmel Quakers through the medium of your clever and graceful pen. Apropos to writing, I must tell you that Mr. C---- called upon me, and discoursed at great length upon the subject of publishing for me; we, however (and, as matters turned out, I consider it a fortunate circumstance), came to no understanding beyond that of Mr. C- being offered the refusal of my first production. He wished me to furnish him with articles à fin et mesure for his magazine, but, having already declined Mr. F---- 's very liberal offers to me because I do not wish to write for magazines, I also declined Mr. C----'s proposal to that effect.

"If it is not asking too much of you, might I request that you would let Mr. C—— know of my postponed journey ? for I believe that he now expects to receive a volume from me upon Egypt in the spring. During the fortnight that has clapsed since my return here, I have been so occupied by business as to leave me no opportunity of learning *les on dits*. There appear to be few English, comparatively to other autumns, now in Paris. The French embassy to Persia has departed, and caused great despair among the Bayaderes of the Opera: one of the *calembargs* of the day is that "dans les coulisses on n'entend pas que des cris percans"—Persans.

"But my papa warns me to conclude. I can not, however, do so without assuring you that, if so very a recluse as I am can be of any use to you here, my services are at your command, and shall ever be most cheerfully excreted on your behalf. Pray, therefore, do not scruple to employ me in any way that I can be useful.

"Mr. B—— charges me to mettre ses hommages à vos pieds, de sa part, à l'homme aimable par excellence le Comte D'Orsay.

"And now, dear Lady Blessington, farewell.

" Perhaps it is too much to ask that, in the multitude of your occupations.

## TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

you should devote half an hour to writing to me. I will only say that your doing so would make me very happy, and that a letter from you would be the next best substitute for the delightful moments I have passed in your society.

"Believe me to be, with every sentiment of esteem, your ladyship's sincerely obliged IBABELLA F. ROMER."

#### "31 Chester Square, Monday, 18th.

"I would not thank you in form, my dear Lady Blessington, for the 'Book of Beauty' until I had read every word of it. I have just finished it, and to my thanks I must add the expression of my sincere admiration for its contents, more especially those portions that have emanated from Gore House.

"It is no now thing to tell you that you do every thing well that you undertake; but I must, nevertheless, repeat the oft-told tale, and offer my humble meed of praise to your 'Historical Sketches,' as I have so often done to your works of imagination. How ably you have been seconded by your fair young coadjutrix ! Pray congratulate Miss Power, in my name, upon the ability and grace she has evinced in her share of the undertaking. Her style is charming, at once showing extensive reading and deep research, without the alloy of stiffness or pedantry. IABELLA F. ROMER."

#### " Cairo, November 9th, 1845.

"As you kindly expressed a wish to hear from me in the course of my peregrinations, I seize upon the first opportunity of sending letters to England which has occurred since my arrival in the City of the Califs, to recall myself to your remembrance, and to tell you that thus far we have journeyed most prosperously, par mer et par terre. A fortnight passed at Malta Sound served to increase my delight in that loveliest of all places, Valetta, and certainly tended to make me fastidious about the spots afterward to be visited. However, after making this declaration, I am bound to admit that traveling in Egypt is far less uncomfortable than I had previously been led to imagine, and that the plasures so far overbalance the pains of the undertaking that I now begin to wonder at their being dwelt upon so much as they have been.

"We have been only a week in Cairo, and have therefore not yet seen one half of its lions; but as the prevailing winds are now favorable for the navigation of the Nile, we intend to profit by them to make an excursion to Upper Egypt, and on our return to Thebes we shall see Cairo in detail at our leisure. I shall therefore abstain from inflicting upon you any half finished description of the place, but merely say that, in point of local coloring, Cairo is far more interesting than Constantinople, inasmuch as that it is purely an Arabian city, and perfectly Oriental, both as regards men and things, customs and manners. The picturesque *façades* of the houses; the narrow streets, crowded with camels, dromedaries, and those most delightful of all animals, Egyptian asses; the thronging, noisy population in their graceful costumes; the strange garb of the women, muffled to the eyes in voluminous black man-

VOL. II.-E

tles, and mounted astride upon what is here termed 'the high ass'-all is so totally dissimilar to any thing one has seen elsewhere, that one could almost fancy one's self carried back to the days of the great Saladin or Tagioon.

"The present ruler of Egypt is a fine, healthy old man, likely to live a dozen years longer, and, for the sake of the country, it is to be hoped he may do so. He is now much occupied with the marriage of his youngest daughter with Kiamil Pasha, which is to take place next month, when there will be extraordinary rejoicings in Cairo. He has given her £280,000 worth of diamonds, and also the Defterdar's Palace (the house where Kleber was assassinated), newly furnished, in the most sumptuous manner, parily in the Oriental, partly in the European style. I never saw mirrors of such magnitude and beauty as those in the princess's salaamlik. As the waters of the Nile have not yet subsided sufficiently to admit of a visit to the great pyramids of Ghizeh with any comfort, I have postponed going there until our return from the upper country, when, in descending the river, we shall take all the pyramids in detail, ending by the finest of them all, that of Cheops. And now, dear Lady Blessington, will you not exclaim at the egotism of this letter ! I blush for myself when I perceive that I have filled three pages without telling you of the deep concern with which we read in the papers at Malta of the painful accident Count D'Orsay had met with. I trust in Heaven that the injury has only been temporary, and I assure you that it would afford the greatest satisfaction both to Mr. B---- and to myself to hear that the wounded hand is restored to its healthy state.

"Pray let me have the happiness of hearing that you are all as well as I wish you to be, and if you will write to me on the receipt of this, and direct your letter to J. B----, Esq., care of Messrs. Briggs, Alexandria, Egypt, it will be forwarded to me here, and I shall have the pleasure of receiving news from Gore House on my return from the head-quarters of hieroglyphics. I dined yesterday at our consul general's, Colonel Barnett, where we met the French consul general, Monsieur Barrot (brother of Odillon Barrot), and his pretty English wife. There had been, on the previous day, a presentation to the Pasha of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, which Louis Philippe sent out to him, in acknowledgment of the *bon accucil* which the Duc de Montpensier received in this country. Queen Victoria has also been sending her picture, set in diamonds, to Mohammed Ali; and, after the formal presentation of it, his highness gave a dinner to all the Englishmen in Cairo. This day he has done the same thing by the French sojourning here.

"Adieu, my dear Lady Blessington. Mr. B---- unites with me in a thousand kind regards to you and to your charming nieces, not forgetting Partist par excellence, Count D'Orsay, and I remain, ever and affectionately yours.

"I. F. ROMER"

-C100210

# CHAPTER V.

## W. S. LANDOR, ESQ.

IN a letter of Mr. Landor to Lady Blessington in #837, the following brief notice of his career was given by him :

"Walter Landor, of Ipsley Court, in the county of Warwick, married first, Maria, only daughter and heiress of J. Wright, Esq., by whom he had an only daughter, married to her cousin, Humphrey Arden, Esq., of Longcroft, in Staffordshire; secondly, Elizabeth, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Charles Savage, of Tachebrooke, who brought about eighty thousand pounds into the family. The eldest child of this marriage, Walter Savage Landor, was born January 30th, 1775. He was educated at Rugby: his private tutor was Dr. Heath, of St. Paul's. When he had reached the head of the school, he was too young for college, and was placed under the private tuition of Mr. Langley, of Ashbourne. After a year, he was entered at Trinity College, Oxford, where the learned Benwell was his private tutor." At the peace of Amiens he went to France, but returned at the end of the year."

"In 1808, on the first insurrection in Spain, in June, he joined the Viceroy of Gallicia, Blake. The 'Madrid Gazette' of August mentions a gift from him of twenty thousand reals. On the extinction of the Constitution, he returned to Don P. Caval-

\* It has been stated that Landor was rusticated at college for the boyish freak of firing a gun in the quadrangle of his college, and that, after this occurrence, he never returned to take a degree.<sup>1</sup> He repaired to London on leaving college, and remained there for some time, under the care of General Powell, his godfather, who pressed him to enter the army. Having declined that proposition, his father, desiring to make him a lawyer, offered him £400 a year if he would reside in the Temple and study the law, but only a small pittance, of about £150 a year, in the event of a refusal. He proceeded to South Wales, and resided in great seclusion for some time at Swansea.—R. R. M.

1 Men of the Time, p. 273, London, 1853.

los the tokens of royal approbation in no very measured terms." In 1811 he married Julia, daughter of J. Thuillier de Malaperte, descendant and representative of J. Thuillier de Malaperte, Baron de Nieuveville, first gentleman of the bed-chamber to Charles the Eighth. He was residing at Tours, when, after the battle of Waterloo, many other Englishmen, to the number of four thousand, went away. He wrote to Carnot that he had no confidence in the moderation or honor of the emperor, but resolved to stay, because he considered the danger to be greater in the midst of a broken army. A week afterward, when this wretch occupied Tours, his house was the only one without a billet. In the autumn of that year he retired to Italy. For seven or eight years he occupied the Palazzo Medici in Florence, and then bought the celebrated villa of Count Gherardesea, at Fiesole, with its gardens, and two farms, immediately under the ancient villa of Lorenzo de Medici. His visits to England have been few and short."

For several years past Mr. Landor has resided in Bath; he has been married, and has three children; his lady is still living, though not in the vicinity of Bath. Possessing a good fortune, Mr. Landor has retained a small portion of it, just sufficient to live on, for his own wants. The remainder has been allotted to his family.

The property inherited by Landor was very considerable, but so early as 1806 he had sold a very large portion of it in Staffordshire and Warwickshire, which his ancestors had possessed for nearly seven hundred years. He then bought two estates in Monmouthshire, on which he expended several thousand pounds; on the building of a house alone, £8000. Some tenants of his, named Betham, having abandoned their farms and fied to the Crimea, being in his debt to the amount of £3000, he ceased to feel any interest in the place he had intended to

\* He not only received the thanks of the Supreme Junta, but, soon after his return to England, the rank of colonel. He sent back the documents with his commission to Don Pedro Cavallos on the subversion of the Constitution by Ferdinand. He was "willing," he said, "to sid a people in the assertion of its liberties against the antagonist of Europe, but could have nothing to do with a perjurer and traitor."—See "Men of the Time."

G00210

have permanently settled in, and, on the authority I have already referred to, "he ordered his house to be demolished."

When a large portion of the prose literature of our times that has acquired celebrity shall have lost its renown, or be remembered merely on account of an ephemeral celebrity, the "Imaginary Conversations" of Walter Savage Landor will live in honor, and flourish far and wide. There are intellectual gifts and graces of no ordinary kind exhibited in his prose productions : wonderful acquirements, scholarship of a genuine kind—massiveness of mind—keenness and subtilty of perception—earnestness and enthusiasm—geniality of disposition—tenderness of heart, and a noble love of every thing in nature good and beautiful. The poetry of Mr. Landor, in all probability, is not destined to the same immortality, and possibly few critics will imagine that any considerable portion of it is deserving even of passing commendation at the hands of his contemporaries.

In Landor's disposition there is a singular combination of opposite qualities, and in his mental powers and abilities a mixture no less strange of force and energy, with a childish simplicity, deep erudition, an intimate acquaintance with ancient and modern history and literature, with strong prejudices, partialities, and dislikes, by which his opinions are considerably affected, often even on the gravest subjects; great tenderness of heart is found allied with heat and excitability of temper, while critical acumen of no ordinary kind is found associated with credulity, and a disposition to believe things that to many appear marvelous, and to hesitate to give credence to those things which others think it important to receive with implicit trust.

The marked feature in the principal prose writings of Landor is that of originality of mind and a daring recklessness of all consequence in the expression of opinions he believes to be just and true. Take up any one of the "Imaginary Conversations," and you feel yourself in communion with the mind of an author of powerful intellect—in the presence of a great original thinker—a fervent lover of truth and goodness—a fierce hater of every thing mean and base—of all shams, and of all kinds of scoundrelism, however grandly disguised or dignified with great

# LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON

102

names—a man of vast and varied erudition, endowed with that peculiar power of high dramatic genius which can transport the imagination to distant climes and ages, create an ideal presence of celebrities of antiquity, whom he brings before his readers in a life-like manner, looking, speaking, acting, and playing their great parts in life's drama over again, as they looked, and spoke. and acted, or pretended to be, a thousand or two thousand years ago.

Lady Blessington thus speaks in one of her letters of her first meeting with Walter Savage Landor in May, 1825, at Florence :

"I had learned from his works to form a high opinion of the man as well as the author. But I was not prepared to find in him the courtly, polished gentleman of high breeding, of manners, deportment, and demeanor that one might expect to meet with in one who had passed the greater portion of his life in courts. There is no affectation of politeness, no finikin affability in his urbanity, no far-fetched complimentary hyperbolical strain of eulogy in the agrèmens of his conversation with women, and the pleasing things he says to them whom he cares to please."

Of all the literary men with whom Lady Blessington came in contact—and they certainly were not few or undistinguished at home and abroad, the person whom she looked on with most respect, honor, and affectionate regard, was Walter Savage Landor.

### LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO W. S. LANDOR, ESQ.

"74 Rue Bourbon, Quartier St. Germain, Paris, February, 1899.

"MY DEAR ME. LANDOR,—I can no longer allow you to think that I am ungrateful for your letter of last month, which my silence might imply; but when I tell you that for the last two months I have only twice attempted to use my pen, and both times was compelled to abandon it, you will acquit me of negfect or negligence, neither of which, toward those whom I esteem and value as highly as I do you, are among the catalogue of my faults. The change of climate, operating on a constitution none of the strongest, and an unusually severo winter to me, who for some years have only seen Italian ones, has brought on a severe attack of rheumatism in the head, that has not only precluded the possibility of writing, but nearly of reading also, so that my winter has been indeed cheerless. Among the partial gleams of sunshine

which have illumed it, your kind recollection so obligingly expressed, and a fortnight's sojourn which Francis Hare and his excellent wife made here, are remembered with most pleasure. She is, indeed, a treasure-well-informed, clever, sensible, well-mannered, kind, lady-like, and, above all, truly feminine : the having chosen such a woman reflects credit and distinction on our friend, and the communion with her has had a visible effect on him, as, without losing any of his gayety, it has become softened down to a more mellow tone, and he appears not only a more happy man, but more deserving of happiness than before. The amiable and, I think, admirable Augustus Hare is to be married next autumn. He is a very great favorite of mine, and he poesesses a peculiar delicacy of sentiment and nobleness of nature that make one regard him as something superior to the ordinary class of mankind, while his enthusiasm and honesty, both so seldom met with in our days of commonplace mediocrity, give a raciness to his character and manner that is peculiarly pleasing to me. I look with impatience for the two volumes that have been announced from Mr. Julius Hare, and shall read them with the same attention, pleasure, and profit with which I have perused all the other productions of the same author. Should you write to him, pray urge him not to forget that you promised those two volumes, and that I have in this matter even more than my sex's share of impatience. I shall not be unmindful of the interest of Mr. Godwin Swift,\* you may be sure, as I never can be to any recommendation of yours. Thanks for your congratulation on the marriage of my sister ; it is, and will be, I am sure, a very happy one, for the speaker is an excellent man, and she is truly a good woman, so that this union can not but be fortunate.

"My dear Mr. Landor, your sincerely attached friend, "MARGUERITE BLESSINGTON."

#### "London, Seamore Place, July 10th, 1834.

"What shall I say to you for all your kindness! I feel it more than I can express, and only wish I could in any way prove my sense of the obligations I owe you. I sent for Mr. Ottley the day (yesterday) I got your letter, and communicated your wishes with regard to 'The Trial.'t He seemed scasibly touched, and so expressed himself, at the generosity of your proposal, and spoke in terms of the highest admiration of the production, which he considers most admirable. He requests me to assure you that the work shall go to press forthwith, and that in the course of a month from this date it will be ready for publication. How admirable is the conversation between Essex and Spenser, as also that of Colonel Walker! So inimitably do you identify yourself with the characters you make converse, that you make me forget the lapse of ages, and create new sympathies with those who have for years been

\* Of the Mr. Godwin Swift mentioned in this letter, an account will be found in the Appendix.--R. R. M.

† Mr. Landor's "Examination of W. Shakspeare," &c.-R. R. M.

# LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON

numbered with the dead. How soothing is it, my dear friend, to retire within one's own heart from the turmoil and petty cares of life, to dwell and think with the wise and good of other days, and, still more, to make known their feelings to thousands who must esteem you for the delight you offer them ! I have often wished that you would note down for me your reminiscences of your friendship, and the conversations it led to with my dear and ever-to-belamented husband-he who so valued and loved you, and who was so little understood by the common herd of mankind. We, who knew the nobleness, the generosity, and the refined delicacy of his nature, can render justice to his memory, and I wish that posterity, through your means, should know him as he was.\* All that I could say would be viewed as the partiality of a wife, but a friend, and such a friend as you, might convey a true sketch of him. Pray think of this, and give me a conversation (suppose your voyage to Naples the scene of it) between you. Pray tell me something of poor Augustus Hareanother friend gone before us !! I knew not that he was ill, and death snatches him while I believed him in health and happiness. He was good and amiable, and therefore fit to die, though his death is more painful to his friends. Do you remember our calm nights on the Terrace of the Casa Pelosi, now seven years ago! When you recall them, remember also that you have a sincere friend in her who shared them. M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "London, Seamore Place, June 9th, 1834.

"I have to thank you for your admirable contributions to my 'Book of Beauty,' with both of which I am delighted. 'The Search after Honor' is as original as it is excellent, and the 'Conversation between Steele and Addison' is one of the most interesting productions I ever read. What a singular power you have of identifying yourself with the minds of others! It seems like an intuitive knowledge, which enables you to continue their train of thought, without ever losing your own powerful originality.

"Sir Egerton Brydges has lately taken a hint from you, and published two volumes of 'Imaginary Biography,' which, though very clever and interest-

\* The intelligence of the death of Lord Blessington had been communicated to Mr. Landor in a letter, dated Paris, May 29th, 1829.

"It is with feelings of the deepest regret that I have to announce to you that poor dear Lord Blessington was seized with an apoplectic fit at half past six o'clock on Saturday last, and though medical aid was at hand almost immediately, and nothing left undone that could be done to save him, all efforts were used in vain. He remained speechless from the first moment, and lingered until half past four o'clock on Monday morning, when he breathed his last. Nothing can equal the grief of poor dear Lady Blessington; in fact, she is so ill that we are quite uneasy about her, as is also poor Lady Harriet. But not only ourselves, but all our friends, are in the greatest affliction since this melancholy event. Fancy what a dreadful blow it is to us all to lose him; he who was ao kind, so generous, and so truly good a man. As he has always expressed a desire to be interred at Mouni(oy, his body is to leave this in a few days for Ireland."

ing, falls infinitely short of his model, and wants the vigor and spirit of the 'Imaginary Conversations.' I have received your MS., and am delighted with it. Mr. Willis delivered it to me with your letter, and I endeavored to show him all the civility in my power, in honor of his recommendation.

"A fatality seems to pursue the books I send you. Colonel Hughes, the brother of Lord Dinorben, pledged himself to give you the 'Conversations of Lord Byron,' which I put into his hand, and has been as negligent as the friend by whom I sent 'The Repealers.' The first person I find going to Italy I shall again consign a copy to; and I am really mortified that you should not have sooner had them, knowing as I do the indulgence with which you would have perused any thing from my pen.

"Lord Mulgrave, who is lately returned from Jamaica, has been sitting with me, and talked of you very kindly; finding that I was about to write to you, he desired to offer you his kind regards. M. BLESSINGTON."

# " London, Seamore Place, May Fair, October 13th, 1834.

"The introduction to your 'Examination' is printed, and the 'Conference of Spenser and Lord Esser' follows the 'Examination,' and reads admirably in print. I have read all the proof-sheets, and hope you will be satisfied with their correctness, and Messrs. Saunders and Ottley have informed me that the book will be out in the course of this week. Of its success I entertain no doubt, though I have had many proofs that the excellency of literary productions can not always command their success. So much depends on the state of the literary horizon when a work presents itself: the sky is at present much overclouded by the unsettled state of politics at home and abroad ; but, notwithstanding all this, I am very sanguine in my expectations about the success your book will have, and so are the publishers. The 'Conference' is peculiarly interesting, as bearing on the state of Ireland, which, alas ! now, as in the reign of Elizabeth, remains unsettled, unsatisfied, and unsatisfying, resisting hitherto the various remedies that have been applied to her disease by severe surgeons or timid practitioners. I think very highly of the 'Examination;' it is redolent with the joyous spirit of the immortal bard with whom you have identified yourself; his frequent pleasantry wantons in the breasts of song, while snatches of pathos break in continually in the prose. The ' Conference' is deeply interesting, and so dissimilar from the 'Examination,' that it is difficult to imagine it the work of the same mind, if one did not know that true genius possesses the power of variety in style and thought. I wish you could be persuaded to write your Memoirs ; what a treasure they would prove to posterity ! Tracing the working of such a mind as yours, a mind that has never submitted to the ignoble fetters that a corrupt and artificial society would impose, could not fail to be highly interesting as well as useful, by giving courage to the timid and strength to the weak, and teaching them to rely on their own intellectual resources, instead of leaning on that feeble reed the world, which can wound but not support those who rely on it. Mr.

## LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON

E. L. Bulwer's new novel, 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' has been out a fortnight. It is an admirable work, and does him honor. He refers to you in one of the notes to it as 'his learned friend, Mr. Landor,' so you see you are in a fair way of being praised (if not understood) by the dandies, as his book is in the hands of the whole tribe. The novel is dedicated to our friend Sir W. Gell. There is no year in which your fame does not gain at all sides, and it is now so much the fashion to praise you, that you are quoted by many who are as incapable of appreciating as of equaling you. M. BLESSINGTON."

## "London, Seamore Place, March 18th, 1835.

"I am glad that you have at length received the 'Conversations,' and that they give you a better opinion of Byron. He was one of the many proofs of a superior nature spoiled by civilization. The evil commenced when he was a school-boy, and continued its baneful influence over him up to the last moment of his life. But then there were outbreakings of the original goodness of the soil, though over-cultiavtion had deteriorated it.

"His first impulses were always good, and it was only the reflections suggested by experience that checked them.

"Then consider that he died when only thirty-seven years old. The passions had not ceased to torment, though they no longer wholly governed him. He was arrived at that period in human life when he saw the fallacy of the past without having grasped the wisdom of the future. Had ten years been added to his existence, he would have been a *better* and a *happicr* man. Are not goodness and happiness the nearest approach to synonymous terms !

"I have sent you, by a Mr. Stanley, my two novels, and trust you will soon receive them. I fear they will not interest you, for they are written on the every-day business of life, without once entering the region of imagination. I wrots because I wanted money, and was obliged to select subjects that would command it from my publisher. None but ephemeral ones will now catch the attention of the mass of readers. 'The Quarterly Review' names you in the last number, and with praise, though the praise, like all that appears in that clever but cynical publication, is measured out most cautiously. Still, it is valuable, because all the world knows it is praise well earned, and extored by the merit of the author, rather than due to the generosity of the critic. It 'promises a general notice of your works, which, I trust, will soon appear.

"I see your friend Mr. Robinson sometimes, but not so often as I could wish; he is a person of sound head, and as sound a heart, and full of knowledge. We talk of you every time we meet, and are selfish enough to wish you were near us in this cold and murky climate. If you knew how much I value your letters, you would write to me very often; they breathe of Italy, and take me back to other and happier times.

"Do you remember our calm evenings on the terrace of the Casa Pelosi, where, by the light of the moon, we looked on the smooth and glassy Arno, and talked of past ages ? Those were happy times, and I frequently revert to them.

ChOOV 0

"The verses in your letter pleased me much, as do all that you write. What have you been doing lately ?

"What a capital book might be written, illustrative of the passions, when they stood forth more boldly than at present, in the Middle Ages. The history of Italy teems with such, and you might give them vitality.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

### " Thursday evening.

"I send you the engraving, and have only to wish that it may sometimes remind you of the original. You are associated in my memory with some of my happiest days ; you were the friend, and the highly-valued friend, of my dear and lamented husband, and as such, even without any of the numberless claims you have to my regard, you could not be otherwise than highly esteemed. It appears to me that I have not quite lost him who made life dear to me when I am near those he loved, and that knew how to value him. Five fleeting years have gone by since our delicious evenings on the lovely Arnoevenings never to be forgotten, and the recollections of which ought to cement the friendships then formed. This effect I can, in truth, say has been produced on me, and I look forward with confidence to keeping alive, by a frequent correspondence, the friendship you owe me, no less for that I feel for you, but as the widow of one you loved, and that truly loved you. We, or, more properly speaking, I, live in a world where friendship is little known, and, were it not for one or two individuals like yourself, I might be tempted to exclaim with Socrates, 'My friends ! there are no friends.' Let us prove that the philosopher was wrong, and, if Fate has denied us the comfort of meeting, let us by letters keep up our friendly intercourse. You will tell me what you think and feel in your Tuscan retirement, and I will tell you what I do in this modern Babylon, where thinking and feeling are almost unknown. Have I not reason to complain that in your sojourn in London you do not give me a single day ! and yet, methinks, you promised to stay a week, and that of that week I should have my share. I rely on your promise of coming to see me again before you leave London, and I console myself for the disappointment of seeing so little of you, by recollecting the welcome and the happiness that wait you at home. Long may you enjoy it, is the sincere wish of M. BLESSINGTON. your attached friend,

"P.S.-I shall be glad to hear what you think of the Conversations. I could have made them better, but they would no longer have been, as they now are, genuine."

#### "Seamore Place, October 1st, 1835.

"I know not when I felt more pleasure than on hearing of your arrival in England. I had been absent from town, on the coast of Hampshire, and not in York or Doncaster, where the newspapers sent me. Health, and not pleasure, was the object of my expedition, and the sea-breezes have done me much

## LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON

good. I had heard of your having passed through London before I got your letter, and console myself for not having seen you by the hope that, on your way back, you will give me a few days of your society, that we may talk over old friends and old times, one of the few comforts (though it is a melancholy one) that age gives. I am glad that you are again soon to appear in print, and the *subject* delights me. It is one you will treat con amore, and that only you can treat as it deserves. I am so charmed with the Parable, that I dispatched it forthwith to the printer, and expect to have a proof very soon. It is just the very essence of the beauty of holiness. M. BLESSINGTON."

### "Gore House, Kensington Gore, March 10th, 1836.

"I write to you from my new residence, in what I call the country, being a mile from London. I have not forgotten that your last letter announced the pleasing intelligence that you were to be in London in April, and I write to request that you will take up your residence at my house. I have a comfortable room to offer you, and, what is better still, a cordial welcome. Pray bear this in mind, and let me have the pleasure of having you under my roof. Have you heard of the death of poor Sir William Gell 1 He expired at Naples, on the 4th of February, literally exhausted by his bodily infirmity.

"Poor Gell! I regret him much; he was gentle, kind-hearted, and goodtempered, possessed a great fund of information, which was always at the service of any one requiring it, and, if free from passion (not always, in my opinion, a desirable thing), totally exempt from prejudice, which I hold to be most desirable. How much more frequently we think of a friend we have lost than when he lived! I have thought of poor Gell continually since I got Mr. Craven's melancholy letter announcing his demise, yet when he lived I have passed weeks without bestowing a thought on him. Is not this a curious fact in all our natures, that we only begin to know the value of friends when they are lost to us forever! It ought to teach us to turn with increased tenderness to those that remain, and I always feel that my affection for living friends is enlivened by the reflection that they too may pass away.

"If we were only half as lenient to the living as we are to the dead, how much happiness might we render them, and from how much vain and bitter remorse might we be spared, when the grave, 'the all-atoning grave,' has closed over them. I long to read your book; it will be to me like water in the desert to the parched pilgrim. Let me hear from you, and, above all, tell me that you will take up your abode with me, where quiet and friendship await you.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

#### " Gore House, April 4th, 1836.

"I have to thank you for the very highest intellectual feast I have ever enjoyed. Yes, your 'Aspasia and Pericles' are delicious, and reflect everlasting honor on you. Never was there so beautiful a mirror of wisdom and tendemeas; the book continually filled my eyes with tears, and my heart with

gentle and generous emotions. I am proud of and for you, and repeat frequently to myself, he is my friend. How delightful, yet how rare is it, when our friends make us feel proud of them ! every one talks of your book, and every one is loud in its praises. I rejoice in this for two reasons ; the first, that its author is my friend, and the second, that it gives me a better opinion of human nature, to find that even the worldlings of London can feel what is elevated, pure, and holy. Never was there such a triumph as you have achieved by this book ! Mr. Fonblanque is impatient to shake you by the hand. He is worthy to be your friend, and is, in the true sense of the word, a noble-minded man. I shall be at Gore House the whole season, and charmed to see you; come and take possession of your room in it-why can you not come before May ? I have taken steps to get your MSS., &c., from Mr. Willis, and trust to be able soon to tell you that they are in my possession. How often, while reading your book, did I think of the delight it would have given your dear friend, my lost husband ! He could well sympathize in such sentiments. M. BLESSINGTON."

#### " Gore House, June 8th, 1836.

"It gave me great pleasure to hear from you. Of ingratitude or impoliteness I can never suspect you, because you know how sincerely I esteem you too well to be wicked enough to be ungrateful, and you are, in my opinion, the most genuinely polite man I know. You must come and pay me another visit when you return from your relations; nowhere can you bestow your society where it can be more highly valued than at Gore House, and this ought to induce you to be more liberal of the gift. Your 'Epigrams' are excellent, and prove that genius can be as happy in trifles as in great things. I think of you very often, and miss you as often; it was happily said that friends, like lovers, should be very near or very distant; and this I feel, for one gets reconciled to the absence that a great distance causes, and impatient at that which a short one produces. When you were in Italy, I knew it was useless to hope to see you; but at Bristol, I reproach you for not giving me more of your society. M. BLESSINGTON."

### "Gore House, Jan. 25th, 1837.

"I have furnished your note to Mr. Hall, the husband of Mrs. Hall, the authoress. Indeed you are wrong if you imagine that all good judges do not rate you as you deserve to be rated. Unfortunately, they are not so numerous as the *enviers*, who try to depreciate what they can never hope to equal. You send me some alterations for a poem I have not in my possession—your Clytemnestra. Mr. Forster told me that you had sent him some portions of it from Heidelberg, and probably you have fancied it was to me. As all you write is too precious to be mislaid, tell me, without delay, how the affair rests. Have you seen poor Augustus Hare's sermons !

"I got them a few days ago, with a pencil note written on his death-bed.

### LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON

"Poor Augustus! He was a fine creature, full of affection and generosity. "Mr. Southey is, I hear, in town. I should like much to have made his acquaintance, for I admire his genius and esteem his character. What are you doing? I hope a great deal. I wish you would write a History.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "April 19th, 1837.

"I have been, indeed, very unwell of late, but am now, thank God, considerably better. The truth is, the numerous family of father, mother, sister, brother, and his six children, that I have to provide for, compels me to write, when my health would demand a total repose from literary exertion; and this throws me back.

"Msis quoi faire? A thousand thanks for your most kind offer of literary assistance, and for the charming scene from Orestes, which is full of power. How glad I shall be to see you again at Gore House.

"Do pray pay me a visit, whenever you can make up your mind to move, for be assured no one can more truly enjoy or value your society than I do. I ordered my publishers to send you one of the first copies of my new novel, which I hope has reached you.

"The story is only a vehicle to convey a severe censure on the ultra-fashionables of London, and the book has been very indulgently received. I saw your friend Mr. Cholmondeley a few days ago, and he inquired for you most kindly. He is a very sensible and amiable young man. Mrs. Fairlie and her family are still with me, and Bella improves daily in intelligence and heauty. We often speak of you, and wish you were with us. M. BLESSTNGTON."

# <sup>4</sup> Gore House, Nov. 20th, 1837.

"I send you by the coach your copy of the 'Book of Beauty,' which has just come out, and which I trust you will like. If all its contents resemble your contribution, I should have no doubt of the success of the book; but though they are far, far removed from such excellence, I nevertheless hope that a book containing such a gem must leave behind it every other annual. Since I wrote to you I have been extremely ill. I tried change of air, and spont some days on the sea-coast, from which I derived but little benefit. I am now, thank God, considerably better, which I attribute to the skillful treatment of my medical adviser. M. BLESSINGTOR."

#### "Gore House, Dec. 10th, 1817.

ChOOV 0

"There is no person in whose erudition I place so much confidence as in yours, and no one in whose disposition to communicate it I have such faith. Will you inform me if you know any thing about an ancient monument at Frejus, erected to or by a Julia Alpina, or some similar sounding name, remarkable for her strong devotion to her father ! I have read a most interesting note relative to her, but can not remember where.

"I shall long for the spring more than ever, now that you have promised to come to me in April. M. BLESSINGTON."

### "Gore House, Jan. 17th, 1838.

"I will not let you continue in the error of believing that Mr. Forster is in a minority in thinking most highly of your works. Be assured that every person possessed of taste, feeling, or erudition, admires them as much as he does; but they, unfortunately, are not the great mass of readers. I never heard a difference of opinion relative to your books; all who have intellects capable of comprehending them were unanimous in apprecisting them as they deserve; and among the number, no one spoke more highly than Mr. Fonblanque. His health has lately been very bad, and, though better, he is still an invalid. Your friend Alfred D'Oreay has discovered the passage about which I wrote to you, for his reading is so desultory that he constantly reproaches my memory. The Julia, whose name I could not remember, was Julia Alpinula, the daughter of Julius Alpinus, who was condemned to death by Albanus Cecina. His daughter could not survive him, and his friends erected a monument, with an inscription, of which the following are the two first lines:

'Julia Alpinula Hic Jacet,

Infelicia Patria Infelix Proles.

Vixit Annos xxili."

"The fate of this young creature would furnish a subject worthy your pen. "M. BLESSINGTON."

#### " Gore House, Oct. 23d, 1838.

"I lament as much as you do Lord Durham's throwing up his appointment; but I have little hope that any representation of mine could influence him to change his determination. He has been shamefully used by ministers, whatever their advocates may say to the contrary; and though I regret, I can not wonder at his resolution of returning. I am very sorry to hear of your accident, but hope you will soon get over its effect. I was moved to tears the other day, on reading in 'The Examiner' your lines to A.......... If he read them, how can he resist flying to you! Alas! half our pains through life arise from being misunderstood, and men of genius, above all others, are the most subject to this misfortune, for a misfortune, and a serious one, I call it, when those near and dear to us mistake us, and erect between their hearts and ours barriers that even love can not break down, though pride humbles itself to assist the endeavor. M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Gore House, April 16th, 1839.

"Saturday's post brought me yours of Friday, written perhaps when, with Mr. Forster, we were reading your 'Giovanna' and 'Andrea.' Your friend (and you have not a more sincere one) Count D'Orsay and I had the doors closed against all visitors, that we might enjoy the luxury of these two pieces uninterrupted.

## LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON

"Never were high anticipations more perfectly realized. They breathe the very soul of poesy and tenderness—nature and truth combine to render them matchless. There was but one drawback to the pleasure we felt, and that proceeded from a knowledge (the ground for which we found in your dedication) that we, who love poetry almost as well as we love you, who are one of its chosen high-priests, were not deemed worthy to hear a single scene from yourself, although some portions of it were written in Gore House!!!

"As a woman, I thank you for having redeemed the character of Giovanna from the imputation cast upon it—an imputation that has always pained me; for, after the description given of her by Petrarch, I never could believe that she was guilty of even a knowledge of the death of Andrea.

"How interesting you have rendered the character of Andrea too! You are, in truth, a very wizard, at the touch of whose wand the prejudices of centuries fall away, and the real character stands revealed.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

#### " Gore House, Nov. 14th, 1839.

"If all could see or write visions like you, few would wish to do aught else. I am charmed with the one you have sent me, which shall certainly find a place in the Book of Beauty for 1841. Pray tell me, have you read my rish dream? I had a letter from Mr. Trelawney, who has taken to lead the life of a recluse in a villa near Putney, never going to see a single acquaintance or friend, and scarcely ever visiting London. He charged me with his kindest regards to you.

"Did I ever tell you that Count Alfred de Vigny, author of Cinque Mars, and some other admirable works, told me that he had rarely in his life enjoyed so high a treat as the perusal of your works afforded him? He knew several passages by heart, and entered into their beauty with a zest that confirmed my good opinion of his taste. What are you doing—providing feasts for posterity ? M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Gore House, Sept. 28th, 1840.

(Soogle

" It gave me great pleasure to see your writing again, and to be assured you were well, of which pleasing fact I had the most satisfactory proof, in a poem so full of fancy and grace, that it could only have emanated from a healthy mind and body. The tuneful bird inspired of old by the Persian rose warbled not more harmoniously its praise than do you that of the English rose, which posterity will know through your beautiful verses.

"Happy are they who can thus inspire great bards, and happy ought the bards to be who can thus confer immortality on beauty. So Mrs. D-(for I like that name better than Jones) has again married !

"What a compliment to your sex, to enter the state of wedlock twice ! I am just returned from Cheveley Park, and am happy to tell you that Mrs. Fairlie has got another little one, a boy, who with his mother, is doing well. My

sweet Isabella grows rapidly, and her mind keeps pace with her stature. She reads and comprehends perfectly. Mr. and Mrs. Fairlie inquired most kindly for you, and said how glad they would be to see you at Cheveley. It is a fine old place, in a large park, with umbrageous old trees, and a beautiful terrace.

"Mr. Wordsworth has been printing, but not publishing, eight very noble sonnets for the year 1840, originating in the state of the political world.

"What are you doing besides writing beautiful verses? Something grave, and worthy of you I hope, in no way inferior to your two last great works. I wish that not a single drop of the bright wine of your mind should be wasted, for, like the best, it will run pure to the last. M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Gore House, Dec. 14th, 1840.

"I sit down to thank you for a few of the most delightful hours imaginable, passed in the perusal of 'Fra Rupert.' This production abounds in beauties of the highest order; and genius and tenderness, that ought never to be separated, breathe forth in all its pages. How fine is the contrast between the strength of mind and deep feeling of Giovanna, and the weakness and good nature of Marguerite !

"When you visit the region of the blessed (and long may it be before that hour arrives), how many shades will hail with grateful affection that noble author, who has rescued their names from unjust obloquy, and taught posterity to pity and weep for those it would otherwise have blamed ! I can well imagine your feelings in the church on reading the names of those once dear to you on the cold tomb. Yes, there is true religion in the heart at such moments, for is not love and sorrow the basis of true religion ! I quite agree in your opinion of Colonel Napier. There is a grandeur in his History that charms me, and assures me that those can best chronicle great deeds who are the most capable of performing them. Our sympathies reveal the secrets of our natures, and I am never so satisfied with mine as when I feel a decided preference for what is good and great.

"Count D'Orsay is hunting, and Miss Power is rejoicing in the society of her parents, and sisters, and brothers, a family of seven, who arrived from New Brunswick six weeks ago, en route for Van Diemen's Land. You ought to come and spend the Christmas with me, after so long an absence.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Gore House, Feb. 6th, 1843.

"Your letter found me in deep affliction, from which it will be long ere I recover. We have lost our darling Isabella, the dear and gifted child, who, though deaf and dumb, possessed more intelligence than thousands who can hear and speak. Attacked about three months ago with a complaint in her chest, I nursed her here, and had hoped for her final recovery, when, on the 4th of January, her poor mother's impatience to have her with her again in-

# 114 LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON

duced me to take her down to Cheveley. A few days after, a relapse ensued, and on the 31st ahe resigned her pure soul to God. On Saturday last I saw her mortal remains consigned to the tomb, and left that dearly loved form, which I would scarcely let a rude breeze visit, in the cold, dismal, and dark vault. Alas! how soon may it open to receive her poor mother, whose state continues to be most alarming. How fond my darling Isabella was of you. Do you remember her endearing ways, and all her attractions! This blow has fallen heavily on us all, and you, I know, will feel it. My heart is too full to write more, but I could ne longer leave your letter unanswered. All here units in kindest regards to you. M. BLESSINGTON."

### "Gore House, March 27th, 1843.

"I find by your letter, received this morning, that we were writing to each other at the same time. I am pleased at this proof of our sympathy, and charmed with the Imaginary Conversation, which shall certainly grace and honor the pages of the 'Book of Beauty.' No man ever could define the feelings and thoughts of woman—that is, the most pure and unsophisticated portion of the sex—as you can. You enter even beyond the vail of that temple (in woman's heart) so seldom penetrated, and her naïveté and tenderness acquire new charms by your translation of them. I always feel this when you make our sex speak, and wonder not that you are so general a favorite with those whose sentiments you so beautifully delineate.

"I must also thank you for the verses, received in a season of so much sorrow that I had no heart to thank you sooner. Yes, I did remember having read them long years ago at Florence, in happier times, and remember all my dear lost husband's admiration of them. My poor niece\* lingers on the threshold of eternity, and, like the setting sun, reveals a new brightness as she draws nearer to her departure. Ah! why should those dear to us become still more so when we are about to lose them ! We like Colonel Stopford exceedingly, and regret that the affliction which has befallen us has prevented our showing him that attention which any friend of yours will be always sure of finding, and which he so well merits on his own account. M. BLESSINGTON."

### "Gore House, April 11th, 1843.

"I feel well assured of your sympathy in the heavy affliction that has fallen on me. You knew the admirable creature we have lost,\* but you saw her not when bowed down by that most fatal of all maladics; her resignation and sweetness triumphed over its pains. For me, the scene of the last week of her life can never be effaced from my mind. That lovely face, which grew still more fair and heavenly in its expression as her death approached, is ever present to me, and the sweet tones of her voice, uttering words of consolation to those around her dying bed, still ring in my ear. Her strength of mind and heavenly gentleness increased to the last, and rendered her dearer than ever \* Mrs. Fairlie. to us all. Her poor husband is now with us, but returns in a day or two to his now lonely home.

"This is the first letter I have written, except to the bereaved mother, my poor sister, who is broken-hearted.

"You were often and kindly remembered by my dear departed niece, who said to me, 'I am sure Mr. Landor lamented the death of my poor Isabella." "M. BLEASINGTON."

### "Gore House, August 29th, 1843.

"I have had my dear littel grand-nephews and niece, with their poor father, staying with me. It was, in truth, a sad meeting, and their presence brought with bitterness to my mind the recollection of *ker* who always accompanied them, and whom I shall see no more on earth. Time has not yet reconciled me to her loss, and I feel it as poignantly, that I forget how soon, according to the natural course of events, I shall follow her to the grave. 'She can not come to me, but I shall go to her'. I have a family party of twelve with me at present, consisting of Lord and Lady Canterbury and their family joined to mine. M. BLESSINGTON."

### "Gore House, November 25th, 1845.

"I felt sure of your sympathy in the heavy affliction with which it has pleased God to visit me. I have made more than one vain attempt to thank you for your letter, which I found here on my return from Clifton, but I could not accomplish the task. You will easily imagine my grief at losing the playmate of my childhood, the companion of my youth." Alas ! alas ! of the two heads that once rested on the same pillow, one now is laid in a dark and dreary vault at Clifton, far, far away from all she loved, from all that loved her.

"It seems strange to me that I should still breathe and think, when she who was my other self, so near in blood, so dear in affection, should be no more. I have now no one to remind me of my youth, to speak to me of the careless, happy days of childhood. All seems lost with her, in whose breast I found an echo to my thoughts. The ties of blood may sometimes be severed, but how easily, how quickly are they reunited again when the affection of youthful days is recalled.

"All that affection has, as it were, sprung up afresh in my heart since my poor sister has known affliction. And now she is snatched from me when I hoped to soothe her; and all that now remains to me of her is memory, a tress of her hair, and the sad recollection of a dark, dresry vault at Clifton, which no sunbeam can illumine, no breath of summer's air ever enter !

"Adieu, my dear friend. May Heaven long keep you from seeing any one dear to you die. Every affliction is less heavy than that.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

\* Lady Canterbury died in November, 1845 .- R. R. M.

" Gore House, Tuesday, June 9th, 1846.

"I can not allow another day to pass over without thanking you for the delight afforded me by the perusal of the two glorious volumes given to me the day before your departure. What a rich gift! Although well acquainted with the 'Imaginary Conversations,' a reperusal of them has revealed new beauties. Indeed, every page of both volumes contains thoughts as profound and beautiful as they are original. What a mine this great work will be henceforth for plagiarists to crib and steal from !

"How beautiful is the region of wisdom and tenderness revealed in it ! I can not tell you the gratification I have enjoyed, and shall continue to enjoy, from these precious volumes. Continue to write. It is a duty you owe to your name—to posterity. There are no lees in the rich wine of your imagination, which will flow on pure, bright, and sparkling to the last, and not one drop of it should be lost.

"I believe I told you that this will be the last year of the 'Keepsake' or 'Book of Beauty' appearing. You will not, I am sure, desert me at the close, but let me have a contribution, however short, to wind up both volumes. How much I regret that you could not prolong your stay with us. Your visit appears like a pleasant dream, too brief, yet leaving a pleasant memory.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Gore House, February 28th, 1848.

"I will not admit that the eruption of the Parisian volcano has brought out only cinders from your brain : au contraire, the lava is glowing and full of fire—your honest indignation has been ignited, and has sent forth a bright flame.

"It gave me pleasure to see your hand-writing again, for I had thought it long since I had heard from you. I saw it stated to-day, in the Daily News, that Count D'Orsay had set out for Paris with Prince Louis. This report is wholly untrue. Prince Louis has gone to Paris alone. Here no one pities Louis Philippe, nor has the report of his death mitigated the indignation excited against him. His family are to be pitied, for I believe they were not implicated in his crooked policy. Seldom has vengeance so rapidly overtaken guilt. M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, February 10th, 1849.

- C100010

"The muse who loved thee in thy youth, With such a fervency and truth, Forsakes thee not, but fond as fair. Still joys thy solitude to share, And blandly has seduced old time, To let thee write, as in thy prime. Though seventy-five years may have flown, The calculation we'll not own,

# LETTERS FROM W. S. LANDOR, ESQ.

It must be false, for ne'er did age Indite so pure and sweet a page, Inspired by beauty, as I see Breathe in the verse that comes from theo. Long may'st thou live, the world to show, That time can't chill the brilliant glow Of minds like thine, to whom 'tis given To keep the flame till they reach Heaven.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

## CHAPTER VI.

LETTERS FROM WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR TO LADY BLESSINGTON. "Florence, Murch 14th, 1833.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, — The children are delighted at your recollection of them. A German tutor is coming to manage A — within a few days; I can hardly bring him to construe a little Greek with me, and, what is worse, he is not always disposed to fence with me. I foresse he will be a worse dancer than I am, if possible; in vain I tell him what is very true, that I have suffered more from my bad dancing than from all the other misfortunes and miseries of my life put together. Not dancing well ! I never danced at all, and how grievously has my heart ached when others wore in the full enjoyment of that recreation, which I had no right even to partake of.

"Hare has lately bought a Raffael here for four hundred louis. It is a Raffael indeed, but a copy from Pietro Perugino.

"The original is extant, and much finer than the copy. Raffael was but a boy when he painted it; he and his master are the only two painters that ever had a perfect idea of feminine beauty.

"'Raffael, when he went to Rome, lost Paradise, and had only Eden;' his Fornarina and others are fine women, but not such women as the first that God made, or as the one that he chose to be the idol of half the world. Titian, less fortunate than Lawrence, was rarely employed to paint a beauty; those that he and Corregio chose for models had no grace or loveliness; Leonardo's are akin to ugliness.

"I remain, my dear Lady Blessington, over yours sincerely,

"W. S. LANDOR."

"Florence, July 16th, 1853.

"Politics seem to be serious and alarming to the serious and ambitious. I hate Tory principles and Whig principles; but I never gave any opinion, except on one occasion, which was when the Reform Bill was in agitation. I then wrote from this villa to Lord I....., telling him what it was very plain his party did not know, that the king has just as good a right to give representation to a borough as he has to create a peer, or grant a fair or market to a town; and that it is not constitutional for Parliament to curtail the number of voters where no corruption has been proved. I made him an apology for addressing him, and told him that I did not expect or wish even a reply. It is the duty of the wise to set the unwise right. The mode I mentioned would have made the king popular, and would have saved the country from that collision between the two houses of Parliament which is likely to terminate in a civil war. I have done my duty.

"I find that Coleridge has lost the beneficent friend at whose house he lived. George IV., the vilest wretch in Europe, gave him  $\pounds 100$  a year, enough, in London, to buy three turnips and half an egg a day. Those men, surely, were the most dexterous of courtiers, who resolved to show William that his brother was not the vilest by dashing the half egg and three turnips from the plate of Coleridge. No such action as this is recorded of any administration in the British annals, and I am convinced that there is not a state in Europe or Asia in which the paltriest minister of the puniest despot would recommend it. I am sorry that Lord —, who speaks like a gentleman, should be implicated in a charge so serious, though he and his colleagues are likely to undergo the popular vengeance for less grave offenses.

"Those affairs are the gravest that compromise the dignity of a nation. Strafford would have hanged up a dozen or two of stout rogues and haranguers at the hazard of his life; but if Strafford had had twenty heads, he would have laid them on twenty blocks rather than have done what these boobies have been doing. Besides, they have been sowing mushroom spawn, thinking it would shoot up for their own tables.

"No, no; it will make its appearance on some foul, dismal day, and smell of blood.

"An ugly word to end with, and hardly a pleasanter one, I suspect, to their imaginations than to mine. W. S. L."

### "Florence, December 21st.

- G002 C

"Fortune is not often too kind to me—indeed, why should she be! but when she is, it is reasonable enough I should be grateful. We have come at last to this agreement, that whenever she does any thing pleasant to you, I may take my part of the pleasure, and as large a part as any one, except yourself and Lord B—. She then put something into the opposite scale, and said it was but just.

"I laughed to hear her talk of justice, but owned it. Now I will lay a wager that of the hundreds of letters you and my lord have received to congratulate you on the marriage of Mrs. Purves, not one has been so long in coming to the point. It is something like the preface to the Carbonari conspiracy. I must, however, waft my incense, though in an earthen pot.

"'Mighty well, good Mr. Landor ! but I can not be sitting here for your fumigations. At Paris we have learned a new thing. We throw cold water on the asphinifier to cure the asphinified.' I have another scheme. I am about to put a spark of patriotism just under your nose.

"Mr. Godwin Swift, a descendant of that Godwin who educated dear Jonathan, and was his uncle, has claims upon the Viscountess of Carlingford, which he is bringing before the House of Lords." I never saw him since he was a baby; but I hear he is a most amiable and gentlemanly person. If Lord B— or any other of your friends can be of any use to him, let me hope it. I should be overjoyed to see the representative of the earliest patriot in Ireland protected by him whom I consider the most disinterested and the greatest. His grandmother was a Meade—I believe a first cousin of the late Lord Clanwilliam.

"Has Count D'Orsay hung up his two pictures? If the King of France should make an offer of the family vase for one of them, I would persuade him to accept the offer with his usual good grace. But perhaps the delicacy of his most Christian majesty may withhold him from proposing an exchange, on recollection (if he should recollect such a thing) that it was a gift from the D'Orsays."

"Florence, February 15th, 1834.

"The book is indeed the 'Book of Beauty,' both inside and outside. Nevertheless, I must observe that neither here nor in any other engraving do I find a resemblance of you. I do not find the expression. Lawrence has not succeeded either, unless you have the gift of changing it almost totally. The last change in that case was for the better, but pray stay there.

"I have a little spite against the frontispiece, and am resolved to prefer Francesca. If I had seen such a person any time toward the close of the last century, I am afraid I should have been, what some rogue called ms upon a very different occasion, much later, *matto ! ma matto !* Age breaks down the prison in which beauty has enthralled us; but I suspect there are some of us, like the old fellow let loose from the Bastile, who would gladly get in it again, were it possible.

"You are too generous in praising me for my admiration of Wordsworth and Southey. This is only a proof that I was not born to be a poet. I am not a good hater; I only hate pain and trouble. I think I could have hated Bonaparte if he had been a gentleman. Castlereagh was almost as mischievous, and was popularly a gentleman; but, being an ignorant and weak creature, he escapes from hatred without a bruise.

"The Whigs, I am afraid, are as little choice of men as the Tories are of means. It is among the few felicities of my life that I never was attached to a party or a party man. I have always excused myself from dinners, that I may never meet one. It does little honor to the Whig faction, that among the number of peers created by them they have omitted Collingwood. Never has England produced a fighting man more able in his profession or more illustrious in his character than the late Lord Collingwood. He sacrificed his

\* See Appendix.

health and life to the service of his country, and asked only that the empty honor conferred on him might be continued to his descendant. Had he been a Chapman in the House of Commons, and could have commanded a couple of votes, his honors would have been perpetuated. The English must be the most quiet and orderly people in the universe not to rush into the rapacious demagogues, and to tie them by the necks in couples, and to throw them *netti quanti* into the Thames. This good temper is really most fortunate at the present, for their opponents would throw Europe back upon the Dark Ages, and the next frontispiece to the 'Book of Beauty' would be decorated with a glorified heart, deliciously larded with swords and arrows. Do not hint this to any of your Whig friends, or we may have a coalition, and see the thing yet. W. S. L."

#### "Florence, 8th April, 1834.

"For some time I have been composing 'The Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare, &c., before the worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, touching Deer-stealing, on the 19th day of September, in the year of grace 1582, now first published from Original Papers.'

"This is full of fun-I know not whether of wit. It is the only thing I ever wrote that is likely to sell. W. S. L."

" July 7th, 1834.

"My zeal is quite evaporated for the people I hoped to benefit by the publication of 'The Trial of Shakspeare.' I find my old schoolfellow (whom, bythe-by, I never knew, but who placed enough confidence in me to beg my assistance in his distress) has been gaming. Had he even tried but a triffe of assassination, I should have felt for him; or, in fact, had he done almost any thing else. But to rely on superior skill in spoliation is less pardonable than to rely on superior courage, or than to avenge an affront in a sudden and summary way.

"I am highly gratified by Lord Mulgrave's recollection of me. When he and Lady M—— were at Florence, I received every civility from them very undeservedly. I hope Lord Mulgrave will soon be the director of our affairs in England. There is only one office I could accept under him, which is that of Archbishop of Canterbury, provided I am not called to the Papacy.

"W. S. L."

### "Florence, October 11th, 1834.

"Before I express to you any of my fears and other fancies, let me thank you for your letter—and now for the fears ; the first is, that you have really taken the trouble to overlook the sheets of my 'Examination ;' the next, that the conferences of Spenser and Essex are not added to it. For this I have written an Introduction which quite satisfied me, which hardly any thing does upon the whole, though every thing in part.

"Pray relieve me from this teasing anxiety, for the Examination and the Conferences, if disjoined, would break my heart. Never were two things so totally different in style. \* \* I did not believe such kind things would be said of me for at least a century to come.

"Perhaps, before we meet, even fashionable persons will pronounce my name without an apology, and I may be patted on the head by dandies, with all the gloss upon their coats, and with unfrayed straps to their trousers. Who knows but I may be encouraged, at last, to write as they instruct me, and may attract all the gay people of the parks and Parliament by my puffpaste and powder-sugar surface ?

"But then, how will my older and rather more dignified patricians look upon me? My Cæsar and Lucullus—my pleasant Peterborough—above all, my dear Epicurus? No, not above all; for if my little Ternissa should frisk away from me, I am utterly undone. Lady Jane Grey, too, who saw so many of my tears fall before her, foreknowing, as I did, what must happen—all these, in their various miens and voices, would upbraid me.

"It occurs to me that authors are beginning to think it an honest thing to pay their debts, and that they are debtors (as they surely are) to all by whose labor and charges the fields of literature have been cleared and sown. It must be confessed, we have been a rascally gang hitherto, for the most part, particularly we moralists. Few writers have said all the good they thought of others, and fewer have concealed the ill. They praise their friends, because their friends, it may be hoped, will praise them—or get them praised. As these propensities seem inseparable from the literary character, I have always kept aloof from authors where I could. Southey stands erect, and stands alone. I love him no less for his integrity than for his genius. No man, in our days, has done a twentieth part for the glory of our literature.

"W. S. L."

"January 13th, 1835.

"Arnold is so mischievous as to show me, at this moment, the portrait of the Duchess of ——, and to say she ought to have been put in the Index or Notes. Sure enough, she never was a beauty. The duke had so little idea of countenance, that he remarked a wonderful resemblance between me and ——. Perhaps he thought to compliment both parties. Now you had better find a ghost than a resemblance. If an ugly woman is compared to a beautiful one, she will tell you, 'This is the first time I was ever taken for an idiot.' If a sensible woman is compared to Madame de Staël, she shows you her foot, and thanks God she has not yet taken to rouge.

"I have been reading Beckford's Travels, and Vatheck. The last pleases me less than it did forty years ago, and yet the Arabian Nights have lost none of their charms for me. All the learned and wiseacres in England cried out against this wonderful work upon its first appearance—Gray among the rest. Yet I doubt whether any man, except Shakspeare, has afforded so much dc-

VOL. II .- F

light, if we open our hearts to receive it. The author of the Arabian Nights was the greatest benefactor the East ever had, not excepting Mohammed. How many hours of pure happiness has he bestowed upon six-and-twenty millions of hearers! All the springs of the desert have less refreshed the Arabs than those delightful tales, and they cast their gems and genii over our benighted and foggy regions.

"B.—, in his second letter, says that two or three of Rosa da Tivoli's landscapes merit observation, and in the next he scorns P. Potter. Now all Rosa da Tivoli's works are not worth a blade of grass from the hand of P. Potter. The one was a consummate artist; the other one of the coarsest that ever bedaubed a canvas. He talks of 'the worst roads that ever pretended to be made use of,' and of a disk of tea, without giving us the ladle or the carving-knife for it. When I read such things, I rub my eyes, and awaken my recollections. I not only fancy that I am older than I am in reality (which is old enough, in all conscience), but that I have begun to lose my acquaintance with our idiom. Those who desire to write upon light matters gracefully, must read with attention the writings of Pope, Lady M. W. Montague, and Lord Chesterfield—three ladies of the first water.

"I am sorry you sent my 'Examination' by a private hand. Nothing affects me but pain and disappointment. Hannah More says, 'There are no evils in the world but sin and bile.' They fall upon me very unequally. I would give a good quantity of bile for a trifle of sin, and yet my philosophy would induce me to throw it aside. No man ever began so early to abolish hopes and wishes. Happy he who is resolved to walk with Epicurus on his right and Epicetus on his left, and to shut his ears to every other voice along the road. W. S. L."

### "Firense, March 16th, 1835.

61002C

"After a year or more, I receive your reminiscences of Byron. Never, for the love of God, send any thing again by a Welshman. I mean, any thing literary. Lord D.—.'s brother, like Lord D.— himself, is a very good man, and if you had sent me a cheese, would have delivered it safely in due season. But a book is a thing that does not spoil so soon. Alas! how few are there who know the aches of expectancy, when we have long been looking up high for some suspended gift of bright imagination !

"Thanks upon thanks for making me think Byron a better and a wiser man than I had thought him. Since this precious volume, I have been reading the English Opium-eater's Recollections of Coleridge, a genius of the highest order, even in poetry.

"I was amused-when I was a youth I should have been shocked and disgusted-at his solution of Pythagoras's enigma on bears.

"When I was at Oxford, I wrote my opinion on the origin of the religion of the Druids. It appeared to me that Pythagoras, who settled in Italy, and who had many followers in the Greek colony of the Phoenicians at Marseilles, had ingrafted on a barbarous and bloodthirsty religion the humane doctrine of the Metempsychosis.

" It would have been vain to say, Do not murder: no people ever minded this doctrine; but he frightened the savages by saying, If you are cruel even to beasts and insects, the cruelty will fall upon yourselves: you shall be the same. In this disquisition, I gave exactly the same solution as (it appears) Coleridge gave. Our friend Parr was delighted with it, and beyond a doubt it remains among my letters, &c., sent to him. I did not allow any of these to be published by Dr. John Johnston, his biographer, who asked my permission.

"Infinite as are the pains I take in composing and correcting my 'Imaginary Conversations' (having no right to make other people speak and think worse than they did), I may indulge all my natural idleness in regard to myself.

" Mr. Robinson, the soundest man that ever stepped through the trammels of law, gave me, a few days ago, the sorrowful information that another of our great writers had joined Coleridge. Poor Charles Lamb, what a tender, good, joyous heart had he! What playfulness! what purity of style and thought ! His sister is yet living, much older than himself. One of her tales is, with the exception of the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' the most beautiful tale in prose composition in any language, ancient or modern. A young girl has lost her mother ; the father marries again, and marries a friend of his former wife. The child is ill reconciled to it, but, being dressed in new clothes for the marriage, she runs up to her mother's chamber, filled with the idea how happy that dear mother would be at seeing her in all her glory-not reflecting, poor soul! that it was only by her mother's death that she appeared in it. How natural, how novel is all this! Did you ever imagine that a fresh source of the pathetic would burst forth before us in this trodden and hardened world ! I never did, and when I found myself upon it, I pressed my temples with both hands, and tears ran down to my elbows.

"The Opium-eater calls Coleridge 'the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive that has yet existed among men." Impiefy to Shakspeare! treason to Milton! I give up the rest, even Bacon. Certainly, since their day, we have seen nothing at all comparable to him. Byron and Scott were but as gun-flints to a granite mountain ; Wordsworth has one angle of resemblance ; Southey has written more, and all well, much admirably. Forster has said grand things about me ; but I sit upon the earth with my heels under me, looking up devoutly to this last glorious ascension. Never ask me about the rest. If you do, I shall only answer, in the criss that you are very likely to hear at this moment from your window, ' Ground ivy ! ground ivy !

"Can not you teach those about you to write somewhat more purely ! I am very fastidions. Three days ago I was obliged to correct a friend of mine, a man of fashion, who so far forgot the graces as to say of a lady, 'I have not often been in her company.' 'Say presence ;' we are in the company of men, in the presence of angels and of women.

"Let me add a few verses, as usual :

" Pleasures-away, they please no more : Friends-are they what they were before ! Loves-they are very idle things, The best about them are their wings. The dance-'tis what the bear can do ; Music-I hate your music too. Whene'er these witnesses that time Hath snatched the chaplet from our prime Are called by nature (as we go With eyes more wary, step more slow), And will be heard, and noted down, However we may fret or frown ; Shall we desire to leave the scene Where all our former joys have been ! No! 'twere ungrateful and unwise : But when die down our charities For human weal and human woes, 'Tis then the hour our days should class.

W. S. L."

(No data.)

"My disquisition on Pythagoras arose from finding the lawgiver (as he is called) of the Gauls to have been named Sametes. Now Samotes would mean the Samiot, and Pythagoras was of Samos. Although I never keep what I write, bating the labor of transcribing, and never having a good pen in the honse, yet I believe one of my brothers has taken a copy of this boyish production. I do not wonder that Coleridge and I should have often gone into the same train of thought. I have usually thrown myself down, when I have found some pleasant spot to rest in, and have looked about me quietly and complacently—he has gone quite through, and has sometimes lost bimself, and has often reached the outakirts, and shuddered (which he need not to have done) at the briery hedge and barnen termination. I am, dear Lady E—, yours, &c., W. S. L."

#### "Baths of Lucca.

- GOOD 0

"You know how many have had reason to speak of you with gratitude, and all speak in admiration of your generous and gentle heart, incapable as they are of estimating the elevation of your mind.

"Among the last letters I received was one from Mrs. D—, whose sister married poor Reginald Heber, the late Bishop of Calcutta. She is a ceusin of W—'s, and has heard Augustus speak of you as I have often written. Her words are (if she speaks of faults, remember you are both women), 'I

wish I was intimate with her, for, whatever may be her faults, so many virtues can be told of few.'

"These are the expressions of a woman who has seen and lived among whatever is best and most brilliant, and whose judgment is as sound as her heart, and she does not speak of introduction merely, but of intimacy; it is neither her curiosity nor her pride that seeks the gratification. W. S. L."

#### (No date.)

"I am inclined to hope and believe that the 'Repealers' may do good. Pardon me smiling at your expression, the only one, perhaps, not original in the book, going to the root of the coil. This is always said about the management of Ireland. Alas! the root of the ovil lies deeper than the centre of the earth.

"Two things must be done, and done soon. It must be enacted that any attempt to separate one part of the United Kingdom from the other is treason. Secondly, no Churchman, excepting the two archbishops and the bishop of London, shall enjoy more than twelve hundred pounds yearly from the Church, the remainder being vested in government for the support of the poor. Formerly the clergy and the poor were joint tenants—nay, the clergy distributed among the poor more than half. Even in the territories of the Pope himself, the bishoprics, one with another, do not exceed eight hundred a year, and certainly a fifth, at least, is distributed among the needy. What a scandal ! that an admiral who has served fifty years, and endangered his life in fifty actions, should receive but a twentieth part of what is thrown into the surplice of some cringing college tutor, whose services two hundred a year would overpay! I am afraid that Sir Robert Peel's quick eye may overlook this. Statesmen, like goats, live the most gayly among inequalities."

" Bath, April, 1836.

"To-day I finished a second reading of Barry Cornwall's poems. Scarcely any tether can bring my nose down to that rank herbage which is springing up about us in our walk of poetry. But how fresh and sweet is Barry Cornwall's; he unites the best qualities of the richest moderns and the purest ancients. W. S. L."

" \_\_\_\_, 1895.

Good

"I wish our friend Robinson would show you my defense, for I never make any note of what I write, be the subject what it may.

"Wordsworth, no doubt, has a thousand good reasons why there is not a poet upon earth; but as there are many who have given me pleasure, I love them for it; some of them, perhaps, a little more than they deserve. All men are liable to error. I particularly, who believe that there may be criticism without sarcasm, and Christianity without deans and chapters.

"The surface of Wordsworth's mind-the postry-has a good deal of sta-

ple about it, and will bear handling; but the inner—the conversational and private—has many coarse, intractable, dangling threads, fit only for the flockbed equipage of grooms. I praised him before I knew more of him, else I never should; and I might have been unjust to the better part had I remarked the worse sconer. This is a great fault, to which we are all liable from an erroneous idea of consistency.

"Besides, there is a little malice, I fear, at the bottom of our hearts (men's, I mean, of course).

"What a fool I must be to have written as I have just been writing, if my own could rise up against me on this occasion! Alas! it has done on too many.

"Do not be angry with me for my sincerity in regard to Byron. He deserves it. Of this I find evident proofs in abundance, although I never read his dramas, nor any thing besides 'Don Juan' and some short pieces. One is admirable; I mean,

'A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.'

"This is not the beginning, as you will recollect. The bosom of Byron never could hold the urn in which the muse of tragedy embalms the dead. There have been four magic poets in the world. We await the fifth monarchy, and, like the Jews with the Messiah, we shall not be aware of it when it comes.

"Poets are called improvident in all affairs outlying from poetry; but it appears to me that in their poetry they are the most so, forgetful as they are while they are writing that they must transcribe it afterward. Then comes the hoe-husbandry, the weeding, &c.—enough to break the back. Infinite pains it has always cost me, not to bring together the materials, not to weave the tissue, but to make the folds of my draperies hang becomingly. When I think of writing on any subject, I abstain a long while from every kind of reading, lest the theme should haunt me, and some of the ideas take the liberty of playing with mine. I do not wish the children of my brain to imitate the gait or learn any tricks of others.

"By living at Clifton I am grown as rich as Rothschild; and if Count D'Orsay could see me in my new coat, he would not write me so pressingly to come up to London. It would breed ill blood between us—half plague, half cholera. He would say, 'I wish that fellow had his red forehead again —the deuce might powder it for me.' However, as I go out very little, I shall not divide the world with him. How glad I am that you are become acquainted with Forster! W. S. L."

"Bristol, October \$24, 1836.

- 61002 C

"I am grieved at the continuance of your imperfect health, which I hoped had been over and forgotten. All the way down the Rhine, wherever there was a more beautiful view than the rest, I fancied how it would have charmed you with its scenery and its recollections. Yet the Rhine, exclusive of

## TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

its castles and legends, will bear no comparison with the Lake of Como. It wants majestic trees, it wants Italian skies, it wants idleness and repose the two most heavenly of heavenly things, the most illusory of illusions.

"W. S. L."

"November 30th, 1836.

"B- has declared that I read his publication. Jf, as Byron thought, and Byron was not over nice, a gentleman could not write in it, how can a gentleman be supposed to read it ?

"I never ran over a single number in my whole existence, though something was once shown to me as very clover; and it was so. I should have thought it criminal to give half a crown to a — of Kests, to say nothing of scurrilities. By-the-by, there is (in propriety) no such word as scurrilous; the word is scurrile: we might as well say sterilous, and facilous, and flexilous. This remark is of no consequence to you, who are unlikely to see the word, and sure never to use it. Did you remark a logical defect in Lord I.—.'s speech! Read over again the first three lines.

"'I am anzious to call' means I am very desirous to call: this is self-evident; now he who feels very desirous to do a thing can not rise with extreme reluctance to do it.

"I should rather have expected this from Pitt or Canning than from Lord I, , who has fifty times their knowledge, scholarship, and discernment. He quarrels with some 'officer of the crown' for calling the House of Lords a dormitory. The officer of the crown acted the part of Blood in stealing this crown jewel, which the crown never paid for, however it may have worn it.

"The jewel, such as it is, is mine: you will find it *tale quale*, as we used to say in Florence, in my 'Imaginary Conversations." If the officers of the crown kidnap from me, my friends the Liberals are quite as liberal in their handfuls. A letter was sent me full of expressions as well as thoughts taken from my Letters, by a Conservative, and spoken in the House of Commons. People think they have just as much right to use me as the alphabet, and that they can as little write without me. W. S. L."

#### "November 24th, 1836.

"It grieves me to hear that you are still unwell. I think, I know, and may I say it with impunity ? you give up too much time to the world. All your evenings, all your days . . . . My satire will be out in ten days. I never will write to please the public, but always to instruct and mend it. If C would give me twenty thousand pounds to write a *taking* thing, I would not accept it. What a delight I should have in being able to refuse twenty thousand pounds by a fortnight's easy occupation !

"My satire cost me five evenings, besides the morning (before breakfast) in which I wrote as much as you have about Wordsworth. W. S. L."

(No date.)

"Are you quite sure that your studies do not occupy too much of your attention! It may be an amusing thing to let the imagination take its flights particularly to one who can regulate it as you can—but the thread that guides it may cut the finger. I am reading, for the third time, Charles Elton's elegy on the loss of his sons. It is published in a volume he calls 'Boyhood.' Few things ever gave my heart such movements. W. S. L."

"January 21st, 1837.

"While I was in the act of opening my paper-case in order to write to you, a letter was brought me, signed S. C. H., asking me for 'some memoranda, out of which to form a brief page of biography, to accompany specimens of modern poets."

"My ignorance of every thing that passes in the literary world is such that I am utterly at a loss whether this is Mrs. H—— or some one else of a name distinguished for letters. Another thing puzzles me no less. Is it possible that any one, excepting Southey, Forster, and James, can believe that I myself am a poet! Now, if I knew who was the writer of the letter, I could not, in common decency, take such a thing for granted. If, however, it should really be the case, and your acquaintance, Mrs. H——, should be the writer, I will send you a few notices of my life—as much may be omitted as suits the editor. I have mentioned all the good nearly I can remember of myself. It need not be recorded. I would only insist on the evil.

"W. S. L."

" May 21st, 1837.

1. 50000

"The Tories were formerly more gentlemanly than the Whigs, but what a revolution are they bringing about in their own body ! Would they claim for themselves the right of asylum for their culprits, instead of consigning them to the most lenient as well as the most able hands for reprehension and chastisement !

"There is nothing in this world but contrariety and falsehood. The best men of all parties are only what David says all men were of old.

"Did you never see a child throw a piece of bread before a parcel of dogs, and enjoy the scuffle? The dogs would rather eat than snarl, though they do both; our wranglers, less wisely, set about growling, and forget how much they stand in need of sustenance. The only thing I could pick a quarrel with in the 'Victims of Society' is the *compte rendu* of so many deaths. Would it not (you know best) have been easy to leave the end of some of them to uncertainty and conjecture? I also, in 'Pericles,' have killed off largely, but remember, *I had a plague gratis*. I did not make the most of it. I never do of any thing. If I had all your management, I should be in danger of writing such a book as would get me torn to pieces. At present, the curs only smell at me, and trot on. "Your consurers, not having before their eyes the fear of a future state in mother literary world, commit injustice without computction. If they can give no lesson, they may cause one reflection.

"I hear they have been reviewing me in the Quarterly. I wonder where they found their telescope. By the account I receive of it, it wants nothing but the glasses. How perilons it is to tread upon the beels of truth !

"With best compliments to the party at Gore House, W. S. L."

(No date.) "I have subjoined to the 'Pentameron' five dramatic pieces, which I call 'Pentalogia'—the title given to five Greek plays. Mine are only single scenes. Few people will like them, and those who like them most will speak worst of

Few people will like them, and those who like them most will speak worst of them, excepting Southey, Fonblanque, and Forster. It is quite enough if, among all our critics, these three are satisfied.

"I have been at Plymouth, where I met Colonel Hamilton Smith, a man who has collected a greater variety of knowledge than any other I ever conversed with. His drawings of different races of men in different ages, of animals, and works illustrative of history, are most wonderful.

"I hope you will be delighted with the review by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Hill, at which our little queen will be present. If I had any chance of getting a fair aight of it and of her, I do verily think I should mount a coach, and defy the risk of another such mulberry face as I brought to you last year.

"I must have been very like him whom the Athenians called a mulberry covered with meal. He killed them for their fun. I do not imagine I shall kill any body. W. S. L."

" Bath, January 19th, 1838.

"When my letter makes its way between you and Julia Alpinula, you will wish me frozen up, as long and as soundly as the Siberian mammoth. Let me confess to you, I never stared more than at this sweet Alpinula. I had no recollection of the name. Indeed, both names and faces leave an extremely weak impression on my memory. Evidently it was a Gaulish family. Nearly all the Roman inscriptions were collected as early as the time of Scaliger, and no great quantity of others has been added to those of G----\* and Montfancon. The Latin of this is very barbarous. Indeed, the lapidary skill, even of better and earlier times, is wonderfully so, on most occasions.

"It would be difficult to select five-and-twenty which do not seem to have been left to the learning and taste of the stone-cutter. The best, however, that ever was written, either in Latin or any other language, is attributed to Shenstone. Vale (I forget who). Heu quanto minus est cam reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse !

"When will any man write any thing worth this again ! It never comes \* Name illegible.--R. M.

into my mind but it takes entire possession of my heart, and I am as incapable of reading for an hour after as if I had just left Hamlet or Othello. There are single sentences in the world far outvaluing three or four hundred authors, all entire, as there have been individual men outvaluing many whole nations : Washington, for instance, and Kosciusko, and Hofer, were fairly worth all the other men of their times-I mean that each was. So Count D'Orsay was the happy discoverer of Alpinula. Sure enough, they who look out of a window see more than they who pore over a deak. D'Orsay's mind is always active. I wish it would put his pen in motion. At this season of the year I fancied he was at Melton. Does not he lament that this bitter frost allows him no chance of breaking his neck over gates and double hedges! Pray offer him my kind remembrances. I am sorry to hear of Fonblanque's bad health, although it has not yet diminished his vigor in writing. We have nothing like him in the political world. Your friend, Lord Durham, must either be a very patriotic man or a very ambitious one. I confess to you, my ambition and patriotism united would not induce me to undertake what he has undertaken, for the possession of all America, North and South. I am so timid and thoughtless a creature, that I would not have a chilblain for a kingdom. I would not even dip this pen in ink, if it cost me any exertion, to set obstinate fools rather more right than they were before. What are they ! chaff soon blown away, to make room for other chaff, thrashed on the same floor. Superstition and fraud must be drawn out of the ring ; then men will have fair play, and fight for any stake that suits them.

" Believe me, ever your obliged

W. S. LANDOR."

#### (No date.)

0.00010

"Certainly it was my intention to surprise you some day with a *couple* of tragedies. You ought never to have heard that I had written one. Forster is the only person to whom I ever spoke a word about it, and I requested him to keep it a secret. It is not my intention or wish that either of them should come upon the stage. Indeed, I can not easily be induced to allow them to be printed in my lifetime. I said, in my last publication, that I would publish nothing more. At present you will not easily believe that I finished one of my dramas in thirteen days, the other in eight, from the conception to the completion.

"My old acquaintance, Mr. Brown, whom you remember for the Dictionary, has been induced to come over and spend the last week with me. On Wedneeday he will show me Plymouth, near which city he is residing. I shall return after three days. He told me some curious anecdotes : you know his accuracy. He heard from H— that J—, Lady H—'s pet, was very unwilling that he (H—) should notice (in any way) my 'Imaginary Conversations.' But, hearing that he intended to punish me for my contemptuounness toward Bonaparte, he assented.

"Mr. Brown accompanied poor Keals on a visit to W---- Keats read to

him a part of his 'Endymion,' in which, I think, he told me there is a 'Hymn to Pan.' W—— looked red, though grave, and said at last, 'A pretty piece of paganism.'

"This reminds me of Kenyon's question to Robinson, 'Did you ever, you who have traveled with him for months together, did you ever hear him speak favorably of any author whatsoever?"

"Robinson's reply was, 'He certainly is not given to the laudatory.'

"He well deserves the flagellation I have given him for his impudence in regard to Southey. But, to make amends, if ever he writes five such things as you will find at the end of my volume, I will give him as many hundred pounds. I will now publish nothing more for the remainder of my life. The little I have to say on this subject I say in a few lines to good Southey, which I prefix to the 'Five Dramatic Scenes.' W. S. L."

" April 3d, 1836.

"If any one knows the warmth and sincerity of your friendship, I do, and therefore it grieves me that what I published of [ ] has given you uneasiness. But his petulant animosity, his malignant spirit, was to be rebuked; and it was time to teach him that there are men in the world as much stronger than himself as he is stronger than a spider. W. S. L."

"Bath, October, 1836.

"What a deplorable thing, that the only man in England capable of governing a country has thrown up his powers—powers exercised so signally for the public good.

"His enemies say he has persons of bad character about him—nothing more likely. What potentate was ever without them? Armor is not made of gold, but of iron and brass; thoroughly good men will never be hangerson, even on men better than themselves. We want scoundrels. God has been indulgent to us in this article of equipment. Can not you do more than our crucci\* of ministers? Can not you persuade Lord Durham to show, on this occasion, all the firmness of his character—pacify Canada, then return, look his enemies in the face, scatter them to the dust by it, and turn his back ? W. S. L."

### "December, 1838.

"My friend Forster has promised to come to Bath to make me a visit after Christmas. This is friendship put to the proof. I would rather face a fire of musketry than these abominable fogs. We have, however, some amusements. Thalberg has been here, and there is to be another concert on Monday. To attend it is really going in spite of one's teeth. Mine begin to mutiny on such occasions, although they are as strong as another's.

" Piety is greatly on the increase at Bath-not only conceited evangelism,

" Neapolitan term for asses .- R. R. M.

but most genuine picty, and among men who certainly make no false pretensions. The last time I was at the rooms I heard two go through the same formula on the same occasion. They both had been waiting in the lobby, and they both had been blessed by having handed their ladies into their carriages. One shuffled his shoulders, and the other dilated both nostrils, and each exclaimed, with equal devotion, 'Thank God !' W. S. L."

### " January 1st, 1839.

"I have this instant sent your note to poor ——... I never was paid so well for celebrity. It has made him very ill. He is now about to publish a drama on the Deluge, on which he tells me has been engaged for twenty years. You can not be surprised that he is grievously and hopelessly afflicted, having had water on his brain so long. The threatened deluge makes me open my prayer-book to look for the blessed words of the royal Psalmist, and join his majesty in 'O that I were a bird !—a water-bird, of course—wild goose, sheldrake, gull, &c.—in short, any thing that might possibly escape from the interior of the ark, for which (I fear) not a drop of spirit has been provided. Contented as I am to be a water-drinker, I do not prefer the water of tanks and cisterns, particularly if it has lain very long in lead. W. S. L."

#### " January 15th, 1839.

"I have been in Berkshire for four days, on a visit to Hare, who insisted on my keeping his birthday. He is residing at West Woodhay House, built by Inigo Jones. It would do passably well for Naples, better for Timbuctoo. All but my victuals were congealed. I almost envied the bed of Procrustes, so enormous was mine—such a frozen sea. A company of comedians might have acted in it any piece they chose, and there would have been ample room for prompter and orchestra. I was ready to say my prayers when I was delivered from it. W. S. L."

### " March 7th, 1839.

\$1

L100210

"This morning I have taken back to the circulating library the last volume of Vidocq. If I had time, or, rather, if I took any great interest in two such people as the great thief and the great thief-taker, I would compose a parallel, inch by inch, of these two men.\* One of them frightened all the good, the other all the bad; one betrayed all his employers, the other all his accomplices; one sacrificed the hopeful to ambition, the other the desperate to justice.

"I doubt whether, in seven years, I could form the corollary more completely than I have done in the seventh of a minute; but it will require a century to make men honest and wise enough to bear the question, 'Which is best!' The whole race of moral swindlers and ring-droppers must be taken up first. When God has stripped us all of furs and flounces, our just proportions will be discovered better. W. S. L."

\* The contemplated parallel was between Napoleon and Vidocq .- R. R. M.

"I have often thought of the pleasure you must enjoy in the society of Miss Power. It is to be hoped she will prevail on you to be less studious, and to think a little more of your health.

"It is long since I heard any thing of Forster or Kenyon. I suspect that Kenyon must be abroad, for I wrote to him about a month ago, and have received no answer. W. S. L."

#### "Bath, November 17th, 1839.

"I am not surprised at hearing that Trelawney has retired from society. He possesses a strong and philosophical mind, and we have only the choice of living quite alone or with scoundrels. He might, perhaps, have taken the alternative, if these had any genius or even any pleasantry. I could be well content in solitude as deep as his. Never were my spirits better than in my thirtieth year, when I wrote 'Gebir,' and did not exchange twelve sentences with men. I lived among woods, which are now killed with copper works, and took my walk over sandy sea-coast deserts, then covered with low roses, and thousands of nameless flowers and plants, trodden by the naked feet of the Welsh peasantry, and trackless. These creatures were somewhat between me and the animals, and were as useful to the landscape as masses of weed or stranded boats. But what can be said of those manufactured things from the work-shop of politics which have neither edge nor handle, which it may hurt one to tread upon, and which it is troublesome to kick aside ?

"I am grieved that my good Milnes, so pure-hearted, so affectionate, should mix with the busy adventurers of either faction. His genius is so very far above them, and his fortune so independent. We are losing some families : among the rest is one I much esteem—the Frenches. Mr. French is the brother of Lord Ashbrooke, who has written of old some very elegant poetry, and is an amusing and pleasant man. W. S. L."

### (No date, probably written in 1839.)

-C100210

"Digby, who became a Catholic, and Padre Pagani, who probably is the next in learning to Digby among the Catholics, are inclined to convert me." Doubtless it is an amusement to them to throw the rod and line over the ranning stream : the trout laughs in his sleeve, and sidles, and shows all his specks. Alas! I can no longer sing my old version of Adeste Fideles, for want of chorus—' Adeste Fideles! Iste triumphantes!' &c.

"A few months ago I went to occupy my former seat in the Catholic Chapel, where I had once been seated between Mrs. Fitzherbert and Helen Walsh Porter. On the wall, at the extremity of it, I saw a marble tablet. I went

\* Dr. Pagani, a native of Italy, the president of the Roman Catholic colleges at Rugby and Ratcliffe, in Leicestershire, is one of the most gifted men of his order, and perhaps of his profession, in this country. He belongs to the order founded by the Count Roamini, one of the most remarkable theological writers of his time.-R. R. M. toward it, and there I found the name of my oldest friend, Mrs. Ferrers, and just beyond it was her daughter's. I will venture to say, and I do it without pride, I was at that moment the most religious and devout man in the whole chapel. It is true I did not hear the service, and the music, which was so mingled with the affections as to be lost among them; yet, instead of wishing to be reminded of soft words and tender looks, which I went for, the faces of old friends rose up from the grave before me, and were far more welcome. I waited until all were gone out, and then I placed my brow against the edge of the monument. Age has its follies, you see, no less than youth.

"I wish to hear your ladyship's opinion of my friend Colonel Napier's History. In my opinion, he holds incomparably the highest rank among all now extant in the literary world. W. S. L."

" Bath, December 1st, 1839.

"On Wednesday last I was present at a wedding; the only one I ever was at, excepting one other. There was bride-cake, and there were verses in profusion, two heavy commodities! But what an emblematic thing the bridecake is! All sugar above, and all lumpiness below. But may Heaven grant another, and far different destiny, to my sweet-tempered, innocent, sensible young friend.

"Lord and Lady Aylmer are here, and we have had cose stupende in music. Lady Aylmer gave me a different account of Rose Bathurst's and fate from the 'Idler in Italy.' She expressed a wish that your ladyship had heard it circumstantially from Mills. It was most affecting. Lord Aylmer twice dashed into the Tiber, once with hat and coat on. Being a bad swimmer, and finding he could do nothing with these impediments, he made for the bank, threw his coat off, and plunged in a second time. He would have attempted a third time, but Lady A—, seeing the horse now at last without his rider, held him, and declared, if he went again, she would follow. His mouth was full of mud, and he was quite distracted. He folt the effect for two entire years, and probably his health still suffors from it. A more humane or a more generous man does not exist. How he loves his nieces ! Rose Bathurst kept her seat, in the middle of the stream, to a great distance. Probably some stake, or fragment of ruin, caught her riding habit and drew her off.

"W. S. L."

"Bath, April 1st, 1841.

"Perhaps you may have interest enough with the Torics, now they are coming into place, and I am growing old, to obtain me the appointment of road-sweeper from Gore House across to Hyde Park. You can present them a proof in print that I avowed myself a Conservative. If you should not succeed in the application, I shall still be ever your ladyship's obliged

"W. S. LANDOR.

0.00010

"P.S.-I know there must be many names already down before mine. I

can wait. Be particular in saying that the place I wanted was for removing dirt, or else there may be some mistake.

"It is beginning to rain again. What are our bishops at ! But their venison never was fatter. A glorious season, on the whole, if people would but think so. And are not the good old times, which were behind us far away last year, again in full prospect before us !"

" Bath, July 4th, 1841.

"On Monday, early in the morning. I started for my brother Robert's, in Worcestershire. He possesses a most delightful place at Berlingham. All the money he receives from his benefice he spends on the education and comforts of the poor. Enough is left for a capitally good table. He has neither horse nor servant of the male sex, except a couple of gardeners—one for his melons, &c., the other to keep in perfect order about four acres of lawn before the house.

"I am delighted to find how gloriously my friend Dickens has been received at Edinburgh. But the Scotchmen could not avoid ill-placed criticiams and oblique comparisons. One blockhead talked of his deficiency in the female character—the very thing in which he and Shakspeare most excel.

"Juliet herself may, for one moment, turn her eyes from Romeo on little Nell, and Desdemona take to heart her hair-breadth 'scapes. I dare not decide which of these three characters is the most interesting and pathetic.

"There was plenty of heat in this Edinburgh laboratory; but all that came from the leaden alembic came drop by drop. W. S. L."

" July 21st, 1841.

"I went over last week to see a lady at Clifton.

"She was outrageous against the 'vile, wicked Radicals, who turned out Lord Powerscourt, although he has the most beautiful place in all Ireland.'

"There was another turned out at the same time : I do not know the man's name, but, unless he has a fine place, he has never any commisseration. I am afraid we are running into confusion.

"Two honest and wise men, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Morpeth, think differently on all the principal points: the others are shufflers and adventurers. I would commend them to any upright and impartial hangman, with the refuse of about a dozen of each party.

"When I talk of shufflers, I mean the leaders : the others might go safely back to their offices and courts of law. My friend Napier made a glorious speech to the Chartists. I hops his authority will keep them quiet. No man in Europe holds such influence over the public mind. What other man unites a fiftjeth part of such glorious judgment, courage, and integrity ! His cousin, the commodore, has a portion of all these qualities. W. S. L."

## LETTERS FROM W. S. LANDOR, ESQ.,

" November 23d, 1849.

"I must not burst forth into praises, but I may express my admiration of two lovely portraits. My opinion is, that you would rather hear this than things you have heard oftener. There is a little question asked by Miss Ellen Power, which a juvenile friend of here has had the sincerity to solve. She aske-

> " But by the friends who loved us here, Shall we be loved in Heaven ? Or have they to the angels there The love they bore us given ?"

"Now this daring youth, who pretends to know a great deal about the matter, has the appearance to have his face turned toward her, and says,

> "' The happy who are called above, Must give the angels all their love; So when you get there, you will find Exactly what you left behind.'

W. S. L."

4 Bath, December 31.

"I am indeed very far from indifferent to the loss of poor Lady Belmore.

"Thirty-seven years ago I began my acquaintance with her, and I liked her frankness so much, that I overcame my abhorrence of routs, and went at her desire to hers, although to no others. But then her small Sunday parties, never exceeding fourteen, and from which all but those whom she thought the pleasantest or the prettiest, were excluded ! Ah ! then, indeed, was I devout, and offered my little taper offerings up at shrine after shrine. Bath, in those days, was frequented for a few weeks by many persons of high rank, and there was none of that familiarity, even among themselves, which people now indulge in with their superiors of all sorts.

"Centrifugal force is as needful to the order of society as the attraction of adhesion; and gravity (not excessive) adds grace to good humor. I thought so then, and I think so now. In too great closeness there is neither growth nor sunshine; it does only for dwarf plants.

"Permit me to be quite vernacular, and to say, instead of the compliments of the season, 'a merry Christmas!" How well that sounds! there are the village bells in it.

"This evening I have been writing some verses which I will transcribe. I hope you will think them good enough for a place either in the 'Book of Beauty' or its sisters. The three persons mentioned in them are among the very best that ever lived. My excellent old friend Mr. Parkhurst was appointed by Lord North to be one of the commissaries to the armies in North America. On his return, he met Lord North in the Park.

"" What, Parkhurst! you a commissary ! and in your old family coach !"

"'Yes, my lord! thank God! and without a shilling more in my pocket than when I set out.'

"A pretty thing to thank God for !"

## TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"He and his son-in-law Rosenhagen are the men who unite most of virtue and most of polish that I ever have met with; so that I have written these verses con amore, at least. Mrs. Rosenhagen, whom I remember an infant, is the providence of her husband. Never were two persons so devoted one to the other. W. S. L."

### March 23d, 1843.

"Stopford wrote to me yesterday, full of such praises as I have not the courage to repeat, lest you should think some of them came purely and originally from me. But I may venture to say of Count D'Orsay that Stopford thinks him the most perfect gentleman in the world, and other things, which, being an author, I ought to love him for from the bottom of my heart.

"How does he do? And pray let me hear, too, that your affliction is softened. Forster tells me of your condescension and humanity. Admiration is very like wonder, but I did not wonder at all. W. S. L."

#### " March 27th, 1843.

"Poor Southey is now beyond all suffering and sorrow. Indeed, so he was long before he died. His excellent wife gave me frequent notices of him. I never dare ask about health which is doubtful, and to inquire about that which is hopeless is a cruelty or a folly. I have often been inclined to write to you, but I was afraid of your remarking that I said nothing of poor Mrs. Fairlie's. How often have I thought of her, particularly since that little angel left her ! W. S. L."

## " Bath, April 8th, 1843.

"Believe me—you can not do otherwise, you who have known me so long and so thoroughly—I feel a sad shock from this second blow that has befallen you. Poor dear Mrs. Fairlie! But her virtues and her piety made her life and her death happy. Let us believe she is more so now. I remain,

"W. S. L."

#### " Bath, April 16th, 1843.

"Let me congratulate you on the importation of a spring fresh from Italy. I hope Miss Power enjoys its presence, or, rather, that it enjoys Miss Power. She forgot to send me her exercises and her music.

"Yet a master ought to have some hold on a fair lady until a lord and master makes him loose his hold. Alas! by-the-by, for lords and masters. What *fugitivities* in this lower world of ours! If the gentle creatures seize the wings of the zephyrs and fly away in the month of March, what can we expect in May! Poor L—— seems to have encountered his evil genius a little on this side of Philippi. The dying close of the dithyrambics was deplorably lugubrious.

"Since the little loves have been playing such pranks, I myself am afraid

of walking with any thing white or flower-colored. If I heard a dove or a wood-pigeon, I should be afraid of remarking it; I should lower my eyes, being a stickler on the side of legitimacy, and a doubter on many points.

"Now, although I began with no other object in view than to make inquiries about your health, I too am become, on this little piece of paper, as great a rambler as those whose rambles are less solitary.

"Next month, my two sons, Arnold and Walter, make me a visit here at Bath. Perhaps good grave Walter will remain with me. Arnold, I doubt not, has attractions nearer the south than the north. Wherever they may be, it would be a sign of any man's sagacity to pull him out of bed by the heels. "W. S. L."

#### " Bath, October 18th, 1843.

"It is now ten days since Walter and Julia\* left me. They stayed a single day with their grandmother at Richmond. Julia told me she had not forgotten how kind you and the Duchess de Guiche were to her, when she was a child, at Florence. They go to Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Wisbaden. All to be done in ten days, for fear of the snows meeting them on the Alps.

"I have entreated them to spend two entire days at Como, although the rest of the world (Naples included) will look little after. In passing through Switzerland, to look eternally at the sharp points of the Alps is as bad as reposing on the spine of a hedgehog. But then there is Vevay—there is Meillerie! scenes for which one has abandoned every other upon carth, and scarcely deigns to look up—at the balcony of Juliette.

"I detest the character of Rousseau, but I can not resist his eloquence. He had more of it, and finer than any man. Demosthenes's was a contracted heart; and even Milton's was vitiated by the sourcess of theology.

"W. S. L."

- GOOD 0

### "P.M., Bath, November 5th, 1844.

"Always kind and considerate. I have indeed had a touch of the rheumatism—a mere touch—not a blow—and the rheumatism, you know (or, rather, I hope you do not know), always comes with a heavy cudgel. It was caused by my imprudence in rising up in my bed to fix a thought on paper — night is not the time to pin a butterfly on a blank leaf. Four hot baths have now almost buoyed up this monster from oppressing mc. Of its four legs, I feel only one upon me, and, indeed, just the extremity of the hoof. At Gore House I should forget it—there I forgot the plague when I had it. But Bath air is the best air in the world. In twenty minutes we can have three climates.

"I hope in the spring I may be able to pay you my respects. Where else can I find so much wit and so much wisdom? The rest of the earth may pretend it can collect (but I doubt it) as much beauty. Do not whisper a "The children of Mr. Landor.-R. R. M.

# TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

word of this to a certain pair of sisters. I hope I myself shall be in full bloom when we meet again. Indeed, I have little doubt of it—I have youth on my side. I shall not see seventy for nearly three months to come. I am very busy collecting all I have written. It may, perhaps, be published in another eight or ten months. Once beyond seventy, I will never write a line in verse or prose for publication. I will be my own Gil Blas. The wissest of us are unconscious when our faculties begin to decay. Knowing this, I fixed my determination many years ago. I am now plucking out my weeds all over the field, and will leave only the strongest shoots of the best plants standing. "W.S.L."

#### " January 1st, 1845.

"Before I open any other letter, I must thank you for the graceful lines you have written to me. They will keep my breast warmer, and adorn me more than the waistcoat. Nothing can be dearer to me than your recollection, accompanied by such invariable kindness. Every friend I have in the world knows how highly I esteem your noble qualities, and I never lose an opportunity of expatiating on them. You have left me nothing to wish but a favorable account of your health, and a few words about my other friends at Gore House. To-mornow I am promised your new novel. With your knowledge of the world, and, what is rarer, of the human heart, the man is glorified who enjoys your approbation ; what, then, if he enjoys your friendship ! Often and often, in this foggy weather, have I trembled lest you should have a return of the bronchitis. But I am credibly informed that the sun has visited London twice in the month of December. Let us hope that such a phenomenon may portend no mischief to the nation.

> "'To thes I call, O Sun ! to tell thes how I love the beams That bring to my remembrance the blue skies Of Italy, so brightened by thy smile.'

"It is well I have left off poetry, or certainly I should be as jealons of a certain young lady as any other young man is of the youth who sits beside her. W. S. L."

" December 18th, 1845.

"... I have been delighted with your last volume of 'The Idler in Italy.' There are, however, two oversights in the 255 pages—one is the printer's.

" In the first line, 'above two centuries' should be 'about twenty centuries."

"The Cimbri were Gauls—the Teutones were Germans, who joined them in the invasion of Italy. The name of these Cimbri is still retained by the Welsh, in Cimrai ; and the Germans, including the Dutch, bear no other in their own country. Even the Italian word *Tedesco* shows its origin plainly ; for *Germano*, which is often used by the English, means a wild duck. Query, are not ducks and Dutch of one and the same origin !

## LETTERS FROM W. S. LANDOR, ESQ.,

[In regard to observations in the work of Lady B---- on paintings.]

"Guercino, in my poor opinion, is very inferior to Guido, Domenichino, Ludovico, and Annibal Caracci, and another great painter (who, however, paints often badly), Cavedone \* One of the finest pictures in the Gallery at Bologna is by him. I stood a long time before it to recover from the 'Murder of the Innocents,' for this is too real. Most things are real with me except realities.

"How very just is your remark on that picture in the Brers. That and the Cenci were both painted by some lady, perhaps the favorite scholar of Guido, but not in the time of a Cenci. Both are pleasing : neither is very admirable as a work of art.

"In the 'Book of Beauty,' if I had not seen the verses of Miss Power (and beautiful ones they are) prefixed to the portrait of Miss Isabella Montgomery, nothing could ever have persuaded me that it is not Miss Power's. I doubt if any painter will produce so perfect a likeness of her. This is incomparably the most beautiful one in the whole volume. . . . I hope that, according to my orders, a copy of 'Fra Rupert' was sent for her to Gore House.

"W. S. L."

" August 28th, 1846.

"Yesterday Colonel Jervis told me that Prince Louis Napoleon is here, and had done me the favor to mention me to-day; I will therefore leave my card at his hotel....

"I feel I am growing old for want of somebody to tell me (charming falsehood) that I am looking as young as ever. There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.

"Pray waft the breath of my earnest wishes and kindest remembrances round about all at Gore House. W. S. L."

" November 23d, 1846.

"On my return from Clifton, where I spent last week, I find on my table the 'Book of Beauty' and the 'Keepsake.' So anxious are some of my lady friends to read them, that I had only time to look at what came from the pen of those I most value and regard; but I could recognize in their new dresses the heroines of Byron's Burlington Arcade. Miss Garrow's exquisite poem was quoted in the 'Examiner.' Wonderful creature! pity that Byron did not live long enough to profit by her refined taste. I am too old to be a gainer by it; but it has been my fate, long before now, to be an admirer where I could be no gainer, luckless man! Are you quite resolved to close the 'Book of Beauty' forever! I am among the many who hope it may not be so.

"W. S. L."

....Cumple

\* Cavedone, a great fresco painter, born in 1577, died in 1660 .- R. R. M.

## TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

" November, 1848.

"I am beginning to read 'Sismondi on the Italian Republics.' It grieves me to think I never saw him while he was living near Pescia. He expressed to Miss Mackenzie and Mr. Hutton a great desire to know me. This is among the highest honors I have received in literature; for never was there an honester man, and seldom a wiser. It is only from such hands I could with complacency or pleasure receive distinctions.

"And now he is gone, pure and true-hearted Sismondi !

"I hope these horrible fogs, which make incursions even into our own Elysian fields, have spared you. I see the Duc de Guiche is gone to Lord Shrewsbury's to meet the Duc de Bordeaux. How much livelier at Gore House, where he did not seem a day older than his uncle, D'Orsay.

" W. S. L."

### [In re Louis Napoleon.]

" January Oth, 1849.

"Possibly you may never have seen the two articles I inclose. I inserted in the 'Examiner' another, deprecating the anxieties which a truly patriotic, and, in my opinion, a singularly wise man, was about to encounter in accepting the presidency of France. Necessity will compel him to assume the imperial power, to which the voice of the army and people will call him.

"You know (who know not only my writings, but my heart) how little I care for station. I may therefore tell you safely that I feel a great interest, a great anxiety for the welfare of Lobis Napoleon. I told him if ever he were again in a prison I would visit him there, but never, if he were upon a throne, would I come near him. He is the only man living who would adorn one; but thrones are my aversion and abhorrence. France, I fear, can exist in no other condition. Her public men are greatly more able than ours, but they have less integrity. Every Frenchman is by nature an intriguer. It was not always so, to the same extent; but nature is modified, and even changed, by circumstances. Even garden size take their form from clay.

"God protect the virtuous Louis Napoleon, and prolong, in happiness, the days of my dear, kind friend, Lady Blessington. W. S. L.

"I wrote a short letter to the president, and not of congratulation. May he find many friends as disinterested and sincere."

(No date.)

- GOOVIC

"When I had written my letter, it came into my recollection that I had somewhere written a few verses to Miss Garrow. I have been able to recover a copy, not having kept one myself."

TO THEODOSIA GARROW, WITH PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

" By whom, Aspasia, wilt thou sit? Let me conduct thy steps, apart, To her whose graces and whose wit Had shared with thine Cleona's heart.

## JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.

"No more beneath Pandion's walls The purer muses sigh in vain : Departed Time her voice recalls, To hear the Attic song again.

"WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR."

an 0002 0

# CHAPTER VII.

## JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.

MR. FORSTER was born in Newcastle in 1812. He is indebted to the best of all patrons for his eminence in literature—his own sterling worth and talents, sound judgment, and solid understanding.

The rarest and most advantageous of all combinations-the union of common sense and great intellectual endowmentsconstitutes the power and peculiarity of Mr. Forster's abilities alike in literature and journalism. One is reminded, by his lucid. plain, trenchant, and forcible style of writing, of Cobbett's best manner, with a large infusion into it of literary taste and scholarship. If Cobbett had been a man highly educated, with sensibility, and that delicacy of organization which is essential to the development of a taste for art, a love of poetry, a longing after excellence of every sort in nature, or beyond its realms, and it was possible for him, thus constituted, to have retained his original, rough, intellectual viger, his style would be found. perhaps, to bear a strong resemblance to that of Forster. If there be any thing to be desired in the latter, it is an admixture of vivacity-of light wit and refined humor-to relieve the ponderous prose of subjects discussed with profound thought and gravity, and, when treated with irony, of too fine a sort for the generality of matte .- of-fact people to find out in it any thing bordering on a joke. Pascal made himself master of the minds of his readers, while he amused their imaginations-le veritable maître du cœur, sait faire rire l'esprit.

A disciple of Lavater or Gall and Spurzheim could not encounter Forster in any society, or position in it, without being struck with his appearance, his broad and ample forehead, his massive features, his clear, intelligent eyc, his firm, fixed, and solemn look, and expressiveness of lips and other features. When we are ushered into the presence of Forster, we feel at home in his company, and well assured of our safety in it. We find ourselves in the company of a man of high integrity and moral character—of an enlarged mind and of a generous nature.

His original pursuits have given to him an acuteness of intellect which enhances the value of his opinions on subjects wholly unconnected with those pursuits; hence, perhaps, to some extent, the unbounded confidence placed in his prudence, sagacity, and experience by several of the most eminent literary people of the day. Forster is the intimate friend of Landor and Dickens. The peculiar bent of his literary taste is the study of history, and his acquaintance with it is profound. The lessons thus derived from history, and his experience of professional and literary life conjoined, give a philosophical turn to his sentiments and social character. One who knows him well thus writes of his genial disposition : "He is not general in his friendships, but I have known him, in cases where his aid has been required, display a zeal and energy rarely surpassed, or, indeed, equaled, more especially in cases of literary men or their families when in distress."

In December, 1836, Lady Blessington, writing to one of her correspondents, said, "I have made the acquaintance of Mr. Forster, and like him exceedingly; he is very clever, and, what is better, very noble-minded."

The principal works of Forster are "The Statesmen of the Commonwealth,"<sup>\*</sup> and the "Life of Goldsmith"—the latter a performance of great merit, remarkable for the vigor of its style, extensive research, and calm philosophical views of the times and persons he treats of; manifesting not only literary talents of the highest order, but kindly feelings and generous impulses. A lover of literature for its own dear sake; a zealous, able, and fearless advocate of its interests; a man of strong sympathies with his fellow-men, and, above all, with the unfortunate, the neglected, or the ill-used of that literary profession of which

\* Published in Lardner's Cyclopædia.

## LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON

144

he is a frank, manly, warm-hearted, and most distinguished member.

Mr. Forster's contributions to reviews and other periodicals, if collected and published in a distinct form, would probably do more for his fame than either of his separate works, excellent as they are.

It always appeared to me a great merit in Lady Blessington, that she had the ability to discover the worth of men like Forster, and the power of attaching them to her by the strongest ties of friendship.

In this instance, from a large correspondence, only such passages have, by request, been taken as helped to exhibit the kindliness of Lady Blessington's nature, and the generosity and warmth of her friendships.

## LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.

#### "Gore House, Monday. 1835.

"It has given me the greatest pleasure to hear that you are so much better. Count D'Orsay assures me that the improvement is most satisfactory. To-morrow will be the anniversary of his birth-day, and a few friends will meet to celebrate it. How I wish you were to be among the number. What you say of Horace Walpole well exposes the littleness of that overpraised man's character. I never liked him, and always considered him a sort of nondescript, combining all the qualities of an envious, spiteful old maid. His one redeeming point was his affection for General Conway, and now even that is gone. How I wish the weather would mend, and that you could.come to us. "M. BLESSINGTON."

### "Gore House, October 7th, 1838.

"I have been a sad invalid of late, and am still making but a very slow progress toward health. My literary labors, slight as the subjects to which they have been directed are, have fatigued me, and I now discern that *light* works may prove as *heavy* to the writer as they too frequently do to the reader. "M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Saturday night.

"I thought of you often last evening and this day. I have felt all that you are now undergoing thrice in my life, and know what a painfully unsettled state of mind it produces, what a dread of the present, what a doubt of the future. What a yearning after the departed, and what an agonizing conviction that never was the being, while in life, so fondly, so tenderly loved as now, when the love is unavailing. Judge, then, after three such trials, how well I can sympathize in yours. I feel toward you as some traveler returned from a perilons voyage, where he narrowly escaped shipwreck, feels, when he sees a dear friend exposed to similar danger, and would fain make his sad experience neeful to him. I am glad you have heard from our friend ———. To find a friend when one most needs consolation is indeed something to be grateful for; and I am glad when any thing brings back old and dear associations. Perhaps, if we could all see each other's hearts, there would be no misgivings, for coldness of manner often covers warmth of heart, as, to use a very homely simile, wet slack covers over the warm fire beneath. My nieces send you their cordial regards. Count D'Orsay will be the bearer of this. God bless and comfort you ! prays your cordial friend, M. BLESSINGTOR."

## "Gore House, February 10th, 1843.

"I am deeply sensible of your sympathy, and truly value it. You, who knew the interesting creature who has been taken from us, can imagine our grief." She had wound herself around the fibres of my heart, and it will be long ere I recover the sorrow her death has occasioned me. The development of the mind of this dear child has long been to me a subject of study and dclight. Such an extraordinary intellect, and so warm and tender a heart. At ten years old she had a knowledge and piety almost unexampled, without having lost the least portion of that innocence and gayety which form such an attraction in childhood. Her poor mother bears this trial wonderfully, and I do believe the certainty of soon joining her lost child assists her in supporting it. M. BLESSINGTON."

## " Gore House, December 10th, 1844.

"And so our friend is gone ! Does not his visit now seem like a pleasant dream, from which one is sorry to awake ? Will you tell me how I can send him the 'Keepsake' and 'Book of Beauty ?' 'The Chimes' delighted me, although it beguiled me of many tears. It will do great good, for I defy any one to read it (and all the English world will) without being deeply affected in the fate of that class whose cause he so powerfully advocates. Yes, this book will melt hearts and open purse-strings. There is a truthfulness in the writer, not only in his works, but in his life, that makes itself felt, and commands our sympathies. I could not lay down 'The Chimes' until those of my clock had told three in the morning, and I was embarrassed to meet the eyes of my servants, mine were so red from my tears. Do name a day to come and dine with us. It will be very kind, in this cold, dark weather ; and more so, as Count D'Orsay is absent, and will be for some days. I heard from our friend, Sir E. B. Lytton, yesterday, and am glad to hear he is in better health than usual. I long to have another book from him, for it seems an age since the last. My nieces send you their kindest regard.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

\* The death of Miss Isabella Fairlio is referred to.-R. R. M. Vol., II.-G

## " Gore House, January 1st, 1845.

"If the warmest sympathy of your friends at Gore House could alleviate your grief, be assured its bitterness would be softened. We feel so sincere a regard for you, that the loss you have sustained can not be a matter of indifference to us, and therefore we hope that you will come to us *en famille*, without the fear of meeting other guests, until your spirits are more equal to encountering a mixed society.

"Before I knew of your affliction, I had prepared a little gift for you for this day. Its sombre hue, alas! but too well accords with your present feelings, and therefore I venture to send it. Should you return to-day, and be equal to the exertion, we shall be most happy to see you at dinner at eight o'clock. My nephew will be the only guest.

"When you write to Mr. Dickens, remember us most kindly to him. I have made many persons buy 'The Chimes' who were afraid it was not amusing, and made them ashamed of expecting nothing better, nothing greater, from such a writer. They can laugh until their sides ache over Mrs. Gamp, but they dread weeping over dear good Trotty, that personification of goodness; sweet Meg, the *beau ideal* of female excellence; poor Lilian, and the touching but stern reality of Bill Fern, which beguiled me of so many tears. We should pity such minds, yet they make us too angry for pity. I have read 'The Chimes' a third time, and found it as impossible to repress my tears when perusing the last scene between Meg and Lilian as at the first. God bless you. M. BLESSINGTON."

### "Gore House, Saturday, January 11th, 1845.

"If you knew the anxiety we all feel about your health, and the fervent prayers we offer up for its speedy restoration, you would be convinced that, though you have friends of longer date, you have none more affectionately and sincerely attached to you than those at Gore House. I claim the privilege of an old woman to be allowed to see you as soon as a visitor in a sickroom can be admitted.

"Sterne says that 'a friend has the same right as a physician,' and I hope you will remember this. Count D'Orsay every day regrets that he can not go and nurse you, and we both often wish you were here, that we might try our power of alleviating your illness, if not of curing you. God bless you, and restore you speedily to health. M. BLESSINGTON."

## " Gore House, February 13th, 1845.

"We are greatly distressed by the news of my poor nephew's death in India, the brother of your friends. The poor souls are in great affliction. He had caught the Chinese fever while on service in China, and his constitution sunk under it. Poor fellow! how sad to die so far from all who loved him ! In addition to all our troubles, Captain P—, of the Guards, has been attacked by small-pox, and gives us great anxiety. I spend the greater part

## TO JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.

of every day by his bedside, to which I am now hastening; but in all my domestic trials, I can not forget we have a friend whose health deeply interests us all, whom I can not, unfortunately, go to see, and therefore I solicit a few lines to tell us how you are. M. BLESSINGTON."

#### " March 2d, 1848.

"Thanks for the little book. It is what an Irishman would call a great little book. What a mighty spirit still dwells in the heart of our friend Landor ! It is comforting to see that his genius is not tamed by time. I long for your book to be out. We may, indeed, call ourselves the posterity of our own times. What stirring days we live in ! I, who witnessed one revolution in France, can well picture to myself this last. I have just read the last No. of Dombey. It gives a fearful picture of a guilty conscience that can find no rest. The catastrophe of that bad man is so powerfully written, that I could wish the number closed with it, for there is no going into the marriage of Florence, with all its simple and touching details, with the spirit with which they should be read, after the strong excitement of the previous pages. Have you read the advice to the people in 'The Press,' written by Emile de Girardin ! It is full of vigor and good sense. It will give me great pleasure to see you, and soon. You must be oppressed by labor. M. BLESSINGTON."

### " Gore House, April 12th, 1848.

"Count D'Orsay repeated to me this morning the kind things you said of him when proposing his health. He, I assure you, was touched when he repeated them, and his feelings were infectious, for mine responded. To be highly appreciated by those we most highly value is, indeed, a source of heartfelt gratification. From the first year of our acquaintance with you, we had learned to admire your genius, to respect your principles, and to love your goodness of heart and the honest warmth of your nature. These sentiments have never varied. Every year, by unfolding your noble qualities to us, has served to prove how true were our first impressions of you, and our sole regret has been that your occupations deprive us of enjoying half as much of your society as all who have once enjoyed it must desire. Count D'Orsay declares that yesterday was one of the happiest days of his life. He feels proud at having assisted in the triumph of a friend whose heart is as genial as his genius is great. Who can resist being delighted at the success of one who wins for himself thousands of friends (for all his readers become so), without ever creating an enemy, even among those most envious of another's fame, and simply by the revelations of a mind and heart that excite only the best feelings of our naturo ! I can not resist telling you what is passing in my breast. You will understand this little outbreak of genuine feeling in the midst of the toil of a literary life. M. BLESSINGTON."

# LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON.

" Gore House, September 14th, 1848

"My Memoir of Mme. de Grassigny, which I send you, is only one of the series of Remarkable Women of the Eighteenth Century, and will not be the opening memoir of the book. I wrote it first, because I happen to have a very fine original portrait of the lady. The book will open with an introduction explanatory of the influence exercised by women at that time, which I will, with your permission, submit to your judgment. I shall spare no trouble in research for the lives I intend to write. I am now considerably advanced in that of the Marquise du Chatelet, which will not, of course, follow close on that of Mme. de Grassigny, of whom little is known. Indeed, I believe I have noticed every thing that can be stated, for I have consulted every French authority relative to her. I shall perform my task conscientiously, and render my book a useful one of reference. I can hear of no work of a similar nature im English or in French. M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Gore House, October 18th, 1848.

"Alas! the poem comes too late. 'The Keepeake' was closed two days ago, and has been ever since in the hands of the binder. I never read so touching, so vivid a sketch. It melted me to tears, and can be read by no one without deep sympathy. I tried the effect last evening by reading it aloud to my own circle, and I assure you there was not a dry eye among the three persons present to whom I read it. Count D'Orsay said it was only his dear friend Barry who could have written it. I never felt so tempted in my life to steal (if stealing it could be called) as to retain this admirable poem for 'The Keepsake' for 1850, but as you requested its roturn, I send it, but not without a pang. Will you kindly entrest our kind friend to let me have it again ! for it would be the greatest acquisition for my book. Pray offer my best thanks and regards to Mr. Proctor. M. BLESSINGTON."

### "Gore House, April 9th, 1849.

G00210

"As I purpose leaving England in a few days, it will pain me very much to depart without personally wishing you farewell; and though I am in all the fever of packing up, I will make time to receive a visit from you, if you can call any day this week between eleven o'clock in the forenoon, or after nine in the evening. Count D'Orsay was called to Paris so suddenly that he had not time to take leave of any of his friends, but he charged me to say a thousand kind things to you. M. BLESSINGTOR."

# CHAPTER VIII.

## THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY.

RICHARD COLLEY WESLEY, first Marquess Wellesley (eldest son of Yarrell, second Baron Wesley, and, subsequently to the birth of said Richard, Earl of Mornington), was born in Dublin, the 20th of June, 1760, and died in London, in 1842, in his eighty-third year." To his mother's excellent understanding and great mental accomplishments is chiefly to be attributed the careful cultivation of the Marquess Wellesley's elegant tastes for literature and classical learning. His first display of oratorical talent was in an eloquent academical address pronounced at Eton in 1778, and, two years later, he gained the University prize for the best composition in Latin verse. At a subsequent period of his career, the provost of Eton College, Dr. Goodall, before a committee of the House of Commons on academic education, spoke of the Marquess Wellesley as "infinitely superior to Porson in Greek composition." The marquess, he said, as a genuine Greek scholar, exhibits the exquisite style and manner of Xenophon. He sat in the Irish House of Peers from the date

\* In "Pue's Occurrences," a weekly paper published in Dublin, No. 50, from June 17th to June 21st, 1760, I find the following notice among the births : June 20th. "In Grafton Street, the lady of the Right Honorable the Lord Mornington was safely delivered of a son and heir, to the great joy of that family." This is the first time, as far as I know, that the above notice has been referred to in relation to the place of birth of the marquess. A great deal of confusion of dates, names, and of ideas, that have led Colonel Gurwood, Mr. Peter Cunningham, and other writers into error, have arisen, as I imagine, from there being a traditional account of a son of Lord Mornington, born in Grafton Street, in the house lately occupied by the Royal Irish Academy, and, from some cause or other, that son being erroneously supposed to be Arthur Wesley, the third son of Lord Mornington. The notice I discovered in "Pue's Correspondence" disposes of that error ; but there remains another to get rid of. The house of Lord Mornington, in Grafton Street, was not the one which became the property of the Royal Irish Academy. The Academy's premises were built on the site of that house ; in fact, the house in which the Marquess of Wellesley was born has long ceased to exist. A writer of great research and accuracy, in his second article on "The Streets of Dublin," treats largely of this locality.

# THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY.

of his succession to the title of his father, the Earl of Mornington, in 1781, for a few years. In 1784 he was sworn in a member of the Privy Council; in 1786 he was appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury. He sat in the English House of Commons, for several boroughs, from the year 1784, and distinguished himself particularly at the time of the regency question by his advocacy of the English view of it, and at the period of the French Revolution by his denunciation of its excesses. He married, in 1794, his first wife, the daughter of M. Pierre Roland, by whom he had previously several illegitimate children. A separation took place soon after the marriage, and the marchioness died in 1816, leaving no legitimate issue. In 1795 he was appointed a member of the Board of Control, and subsequently chief governor of India.

In 1797 he was created Baron Wellesley, in the peerage of Great Britain, and in 1799, Marquess Wellesley, in the peerage of Ireland, on account of his great services in the office of Governor General of India. In 1805, after a career of unparalleled successes, signal civil and military triumphs, and services of the highest importance, thwarted, and distrusted, and interfered with in his great and comprehensive schemes and governmental measures by the Court of Directors, he resigned his office and returned to England when he had attained the forty-fifth year of his age.

In the latter part of 1809 he was appointed embassador to Spain. He landed at Cadiz the day the battle of Talavera was fought, but remained only a short time in Spain, and on his return home was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. His known opinions in favor of Catholic emancipation did not leave him long in office, and for fifteen years he continued in opposition to government.

In December, 1821, the Marquess of Wellesley was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. From 1807 up to that period, Ireland was governed for the interests, and in the interests solely, of Orangeism, nominally by the Duke of Richmond, but virtually by the attorney general, Saurin, and an English chancellor, Lord Manners, who was wholly under the control of the former.

The Marquess of Wellesley, in 1822, struck a blow at the Orange ascendency regime from which it never recovered. From 1807 up to that period Ireland had been governed by William Saurin, of Huguenot descent, a black-letter lawyer of eminence, of much astuteness in his profession, but of a narrow mind, illiberal and unenlightened, a partisan of Orangeism without disguise or any affectation of impartiality in his high office -an open adherent of that system, deriving all his power from its fanaticism, and exercising all his influence for its objects, under the cloak of zeal for the interests of religion. All the administrative power of the state was placed by him and the chancellor, the governors of the chief governor, in the hands of Orangemen. The Duke of Richmond, who had been appointed viceroy in 1807, and held his office till 1813, had delegated his authority to the chancellor, Lord Manners, and by Lord Manners the chief power and control of the government, civil, military, and religious, had been transferred to Saurin.

Such was the power in Ireland which the Marquess of Wellesley found more difficulty in dealing with than that of Tippoo Saib in India. And yet, at the period of his arrival in that country as governor general, the sovereignty of India had to be disputed with three native powers, and sultans of vast resources. But the struggle of one power alone, of Orangeism in Ireland, with Saurin for its legal sultan, cost the illustrious statesman more trouble than all the strife of his government in India, and his wars with the princes of the Mahrattas and Nizam. He broke the stubborn neck of Orange influence and insolence, however, though at an infinite cost of trouble, vexation, and disquiet. And this attainment, perhaps, after all, is the greatest achievement of the illustrious marquess.

Lady Blessington had reason to know that such was the opinion of the marquess; among her papers she has left a very remarkable piece of evidence of the fact, of unquestionable authenticity, in the following statement of the marquess to her in March, 1840.

"Bushe is one of the first men produced by our country. When I went to Ireland in 1821, I found him depressed by an old Orangeman named Saurin, then attorney general by title, but who had been really lord lieutenant for fifteen years. I removed Saurin, and appointed Bushe lord chief justice.

"Saurin set up a newspaper to defame me—' The Evening Mail' —which (notwithstanding the support of Lord Manners and the Orangemen) has not yet ruined or slain me."

Of one of the principal opponents of the marquess in his Iriah government, a few words may not be misplaced here.

Thomas Manners Sutton, first Lord Manners, a younger son of Lord George Manners Sutton, third son of the third Duke of Rutland, who was born in 1756, and died in 1842, in his 87th year, was Lord Chancellor of Ireland from the death of Mr. Fox till the retirement of Lord Liverpool. For twenty years he enjoyed greater patronage and emoluments than ever fell to the lot of any legal functionary in Ireland. His patron, Spencer Perceval, who was attorney general in 1802, when Colonel Despard was prosecuted successfully for high treason, discovered in the peculiar talents of the then solicitor general, Lord Manners, the qualities which fitted him, in his opinion, for the high office of lord chancellor in Ireland.

The whole Orange party and ascendency throughout the country received the new lord chancellor with acclamation. The great Indian general, Sir Arthur Wellesley, the late Duke of Wellington, who at the same time was appointed chief secretary, was not less favorably received by the same party: poor deluded innocents! no prophetic vision of theirs peering into futurity, and the part that chief secretary was to play in 1829.

Manners was an ornamental chancellor — of a grim countenance, somewhat ghastly, painfully suggestive of the aspect that a resuscitated mummy might be expected to assume in the act of reviving, and was remarkable for courtesy on the bench. He bowed oftener to the bar, bent his gaunt form lower, spoke in milder accents, stood more perpendicularly at the close of adong sitting, and smiled with greater labor than any keeper of the seals in Ireland had ever done before. He imparted great dignity, and gave a gentlemanly character to the exercise of his vast patronage, for all the purposes of party and intrigue, and

- GOO210

the jobbery interests, which were protected and promoted by his subordinate in legal office. But his decisions in Chancery were found entitled to little respect in Westminster Hall; and of his administration of justice, it can be said with truth, it gave very general satisfaction to the Orangemen of Ireland. William Saurin, who was made attorney general in 1809, and who retained his office for sixteen of the years that Lord Manners was chancellor, the uncompromising adversary of Catholic claims, and most virulent of all the opponents of them, was at once taken to the private councils of the chancellor, Lord Manners, on his arrival, and became his "guide, philosopher, and friend." Daily the business of the government of Ireland was done by the two legal functionaries of kindred spirits-" Arcades ambos," as they regularly walked down every morning from Stephen's Green to the Four Courts, and returned to their homes, after a visit to the castle every evening, with arms linked, and solemn steps and bended brows, settling affairs of state, and arranging the things that were to be done by the facile, convivial, and pleasure-loving chief governor and viceroy, the Duke of Richmond. who thus allowed himself " to be led by the nose as tenderly as asses are."

The well-known partiality of this dignified judge for the attorney general, had the effect to be expected from it on the solicitors of the Court of Chancery, Mr. Saurin having "the ear of the court," and a supposed influence over the lord chancellor out of court. Mr. Saurin, who was known to be a man of some intellectual power, and the Lord Chancellor Manners one of very little strength of mind, and capable of being influenced by one of a very different calibre of understanding, briefs poured in on the favored attorney general, and men of the highest standing in their profession were cast into the shade in the court of the exceedingly courteous Lord Chancellor Manners.

In January, 1822, the Marquess Wellesley being viceroy, the attorney generalship of William Saurin came to an end. But his power, as the confidential adviser of the lord chancellor, and the acknowledged head and legal guide of the Orange ascendency faction, continued to be exercised and pitted against the gov-

G 2

ernment of the Marquess Wellesley for a period of six years, namely, from 1822 to 1828, when the Liverpool ministry broke up, and Lord Manners was succeeded by Sir Anthony Hart.

The conqueror of Tippoo Saib and the Nizam having resolutely encountered the hostile power of Irish Orangeism, that had been previously deemed indomitable in Ireland, and having succeeded largely in his warfare with that system, though not to the full extent of his desires, after an administration of justice and wisdom of six years' duration, was recalled in 1828, when his brother, the Duke of Wellington, took the office of first lord of the treasury.

The marquess married a second time, in 1825, the eldest daughter of Richard Caton, Esq., of Maryland, in America, and widow of Robert Patterson, Esq., a Roman Catholic lady, by which marriage there was no issue.

During the whole of the Duke of Wellington's administration, the marquess remained in retirement.

In 1833, Lord Grey being prime minister, the marquess, in his 74th year, once more took on him the office of lord lieutenant of Ireland, and retained office for the period of one year. He returned to England when Peel came into office, in December, 1834.

In 1835, he accepted the office of lord chamberlain, for the sake, it is said, of its emoluments; and with that humiliating step his public life may be said to have closed.

An elegant volume of his Latin poems, entitled "Primitize et Reliquize," many of them written after he became an octogenarian, were privately printed a short time before his death; and, perhaps, but for the care of one whom he loved like a father, and watched over with all the affectionate interest of a true and faithful friend—Mr. Alfred Montgomery—these remarkable poems never would have seen the light of day.

"Some of these had been recently written, and they exhibit in an astonishing degree his unimpaired vigor of intellect, and his unaltered elegance of taste. One poem in this volume justly attracted universal admiration.""

\* Memoirs of Eminent Etonians ; with Notices of the Early History of Eton Collego. By Edward S. Creasy, M.A. Bentley.

ChOOV 0

## LETTERS FROM THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY. 155

This eminent man passed much of his time, in the latter portion of his life, in the vicinity of Eton.

The marquess lived and died in straitened circumstances, leaving a great name, which will yet be honored as that of one of the most illustrious men of his time—perhaps as that of the first British statesman of his age.

By the will of the Marquess Wellesley, Alfred Montgomery, Esq., his private secretary, was left £1000, "in regard of his affectionate, dutiful, and zealous services." And the residue of his property was left to the Marchioness Wellesley, whose death took place in the latter part of 1853.

By a codicil to the will, the marquess bequeathed to his secretary, Mr. Montgomery, all his manuscripts, enjoining the public use of a portion of them in the following terms:

"And I desire him to publish such of my papers as shall tend to illustrate my two administrations in Ireland, and to protect my honor against the slander of Melbourne and his pillar of state — O'Connell."

To Lord Brougham he bequeathed his Homer, in four volumes, and earnestly desired him to assist in publishing his MSS., saying, "I leave my memory in his charge, confiding in his honor and justice.""

The property was sworn under £6000.

## LETTERS FROM THE WARQUESS WELLESLEY TO LADY BLESSING-TON.

" Kingston House, June 9th, 1839.

- C10020

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, — Your little volume of wisdom, genius, and just sentiment has delighted me; I have read it with great admiration, and (although in my seventy-ninth year) with instruction, and I hope with selfcorrection.

"It is very amiable to think of me so often in the midst of all your higher occupations, but your thoughts are chiefly directed toward the happiness of others, and I am proud of the share which your kindness allots to me.

"If your definition of a bore be correct, you never can have encountered one of those pests of society. For 'when were you thinking only of yourself?"

"Ever your most grateful and devoted servant, WELLESLEY."

\* Gentleman's Magazine, December, 1844, p. 654.

### 156 LETTERS FROM THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY

### "Eingston House, November 9th, 1839.

"MY DEAE LADY BLESSINGTON,-Your beautiful and magnificent present contains such a crowd of wonders, that it will require almost a season before I can finish my wonderments at the whole collection.

"The poetry (which I have read, none of your ladyship's) is very beautiful and interesting; the plates, printing, binding, all chefs d'œuvre of their kind.

"I have not been able yet to appreciate the prose. A thousand thanks for your kindness in thinking of me. As to the play, I do not admire it, and I do not wish to criticise it.

"I have not been well lately, otherwise I should much sooner have acknowledged your ladyship's goodness and munificence.

"I am truly grateful for yeur protection of my dear young friend, Alfred Montgomery, who is truly grateful for it, and, I sincerely believe, truly worthy of it.

"I am too happy always to render any service to your ladyship; and I regret the approaching expiration of the privilege of franking, principally as it will deprive me of the pleasure of obeying your commands.

"Ever, my dear Lady Blessington, your faithful, obliged, and devoted servant, WELLESLEY."

#### "Kingston House, January 1st, 1840.

"My DEAE LADY BLESSINGTON, —I have suffered such continual pain, that I have been unable to offer my heartfelt acknowledgments for all your kindness and favor. Writing on this day, it would be impossible to omit the most ardent wishes for many happy returns of this season to you; if half the happiness you dispense to others is returned to yourself, you will be among the happiest of the human race. This is no great demand upon the gratitude of the world, to compromise your just claims by the payment of one half.

"Your commendation of my humble tribute to the adored 'Shrine of my Education' has raised me in my own estimation. The sentiments flow from the very source of my heart's blood, and therefore must be congenial with the feelings of one whose works abound with similar emotions. I am sure you understand the Latin; you could not write as you do if you had not approached those pure springs of all beauty, sublimity, virtue, and truth.

"I feel most gratefully the honor you confer on me when you desire to publish my verses in your beautiful annual collection; but I am averse to any publication; and I therefore hope that you will not attribute my declining this distinction to any want of a sense of its high value.

"Your protégé, Alfred, is still in Staffordshire, hunting and shooting with Lords Anglesev, Hatherston, &c. I expect him this week.

"Believe me ever, my dear Lady Blessington, with true attachment and gratitude, your devoted servant, WELLESLEY."

# TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

#### "Kingston House, March 27th, 1640.

"My DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—Being anxious to obey your ladyship's kind command, I send you some verses which I have lately addressed to my dear and highly respected friend, Lord Chief Justice Bushe (though nominally to his granddaughter, Miss Fox). You will not understand them unless you first read the packet (No. 1) containing a letter from the chief justice, with some verses from Miss Fox.

"If your ladyship thinks my verses worth notice, they are at your disposal.

"They have been sent to Ireland, of course, but with a notice that they are not published. It is, however, to be expected that the chief justice will be desirous of communicating them to his friends.

"If your ladyship should think them worthy of your notice, I think I could obtain permission from the chief justice to publish his letter, and his granddaughter's verses, and my original letter to his lordship at the same time .... "WELLESLEY."

#### "Kingston House, 16th May, 1840.

"MY DEAR LARY BLESSINGTON, —You must think me very insensible, or worse, to have left your beautiful poetry unpraised for so long a time; nothing less than absolute inability to write could excuse me; but the sad truth is, that I have been in such a state of suffering from pain for some time past (although my complaints are said not to be dangerous) as to be quite disqualified for human society.

"I am restrained from giving utterance to all estimation of your verses by their excessive kindness to me, although I know your encerity so well that I am sure you think all you say; and I have too much respect for your judgment to be disposed to dispute its justice when pronounced in my favor.

"Military laurels, by common consent of mankind, occupy the pinnacle of the temple of living fame; and no statesman should envy a living hero, particularly if the great captain should happen to be his own brother. But the page of history is wide enough to contain us all, and posterity will assign his proper place to each.

"I think Mrs. and Miss Fox a great deal too squeamish. The verses are really creditable to the young lady's genius, and the publication of them is my act, and not hers; therefore, there is no question affecting her modesty.

"Mrs. Malaprop (the original from whom Sheridan draw his character) resided at Bath; and there, somebody having mentioned a young lady, twelve years old, who was perfect in all accomplishments, she observed, 'For my part, I don't like those *praycooshus* young ladies.' This day the chief justice told me in the council chamber, Dublin Castle.

"Your ladyship may be assured that I will omit no effort to obtain the chief justice's consent, and if I should fail (which I do not expect), you may rely on my endeavors to make ample amends, and fully to discharge so clear a debt of honor Ever, my dear Lady Blassington, your truly devoted servant, WELLESLEY."

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

" Kingston House, 3d August, 1841.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, —I return the verses, with a high sense of the value of your approbation; they were an Etonian exercise in the fifth form, which was sent up for good. I translated them the other day (or rather sleepless night), at the desire of Lady Maryborough.

"I am very much better, but I shall never think myself recovered until I have been able to pay my duty to you. Ever, dear Lady Blessington, your grateful and devoted servant, WELLESLEY."

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

ARTHUR WESLEY, third son of the Earl of Mornington, was horn May the 1st, 1769, but not at Dangan Castle, county Meath, Ireland, as Burke erroneously states.<sup>•</sup>

\* In the Public Register, or Freeman's Journal, of Saturday, May the 6th, 1769, there is the following brief announcement : "Birth. In Merrion Street, the Right Hon. the Counters of Mornington of a son."

This newspaper was half-weekly, and only one publication could occur between Saturday, the 29th of April, and Saturday, May the 6th.

In Enshaw's Gentleman's Magazine, a monthly periodical published in Dublin, in the number for May, 1769, the following entry in the list of births is to be found : "April 29, the Countess of Mornington of a son."

In the Dublin Mercury of Thursday, May the 4th, 1769, the same announcement is made, in the same words.

The parish books of St. Peter's Church, Dublin, contain the registry of the baptism, in the following words, at the foot of a page headed "Christenings, 1769." "April 30, Arthur, som of the Right Hon. Earl and Countess of Mornington;" and signed, Isaac Mann, Archdeacon. The east side of Upper Merrion Street was then, as it now is, included in the parish of St. Peter.

The house No. 24, about the centre of the east side of Upper Merrion Street, now occupied by the Eccleaiastical Commissioners, was formerly the town residence of the father of the late Lord Cloncurry, who in his Memoirs makes mention of an entertainment given by his father to the lord lieutenant "at Mornington House, a residence in Merrion Street, which he had purchased from Lord the late Marouese Welleslew."

Mr. Burke, in his Peerage, erroneously records his grace's birth at Dangan Castle, county Meath, on the lat of May, 1769; and in Dublin it was a generally received opinion that his grace was born in a house that formerly stood on the site of the late Royal Irish Academy House, in Grafton Street.

The fact of the birth of the late Duke of Wellington at No. 24 Upper Merrion Street has been clearly established, in a pamphlet on the subject, by John Murray, Esq., A.M., LL.D., published in 1852.

Young Wesley was sent to Eton, afterward to the Military College of Angers.

Whatever proficiency he may have made in military studies, in classical and literary attainments no pretensions to progress have ever been set up for him. The natural bent of his genius was in the direction of the former pursuits.

He entered the army at the age of eighteen, and the Irish House of Commons before he was twenty-two. In 1790, being then a captain in the army, he was returned for the borough of Trim.

The 10th of January, 1793, the Hon. Mr. Wesley made his maiden speech, seconding a motion for an address to his majesty, returning most cordial thanks for the royal message, recommending among other matters for consideration the situation of his majesty's Catholic subjects to the serious attention of the Irish Parliament.

Mr. Wesley said : "At a time when opinions were spreading throughout Europe inimical to government, it behooved us, in a particular manner, to lay before our gracious sovereign our determination to support and maintain the Constitution. He took notice that, under the present reign, this country had risen to a state of unexampled prosperity. He said that the augmentation of the forces, as mentioned in the speech, had, from the circumstances of the times, become necessary. He reprobated, in very severe terms, the conduct of the French toward their king, and their invasion of the territories of sovereign princes, and their irruption into the Austrian Netherlands. He applauded the conduct of the administration of this country for issuing the proclamation of the 8th of November, and he condemned the attempt of a set of men, styling themselves National Guards, and appearing in military array-a set of men unknown in the country, except by their attempts to overthrow the government : the conduct of the administration on that occasion entitled them to the confidence of the people. In regard to what had been recommended in the speech from the throne respecting our Catholic fellow-subjects, he could not repress expressing his approbation on that head; he had no doubt of the lovalty of the

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Catholics of this country, and he trusted that when the question would be brought forward respecting that description of men, we would lay aside all animosities, and act with moderation and dignity, and not with the fury and violence of partisans."

Between the first effort in the Irish Parliament in favor of the Catholic claims in 1793, and the final successful one in the British House of Commons in 1829, a great military career was accomplished, and a vast renown achieved.<sup>†</sup>

From 1817, the duke's services, being no longer needed in the

Irish Parliamentary Debates, p. 5. 1793.

† In 1787 he had received his first commission of ensign. In the list of promotions, 1792, we read, "Honble. Arthur Wesley, from 38th Regiment of Foot, to be captain, vice Crofton, in the 13th Regiment of Dragoons." After various promotions, he was appointed lieutenant colonel of the 33d Foot in 1793. He served on the Continent, at the head of a brigade, in the Low Countries, and at Malines in 1794, and in 1797 joined his regiment in India.

After triumphant campaigns in the Mysore, the Nizam's territories, those of the Mahratta chiefs in the Deccan, Major General Sir Arthur Wellesley resigned his command, and returned to England in March, 1805.

He married Lady Catherine Pakenham, third daughter of the Earl of Longford, in 1806; accepted the office of chief secretary for Ireland, with special privileges, in April, 1809, the Duke of Richmond being then lord lieutenant. Was second in command under Lord Catheart, in the expedition to Copenhagen, still retaining the office of secretary of Ireland, in the summer of 1807. Landed in Corunna with the rank of lieutenant general, and the title of Sir Arthur Wellealey, 20th of July, 1808. After the treaty of Cintra, at the end of this campaign, returned to England in disgust in the latter part of 1808. Resumed the duties of chief secretary for Ireland, and his seat in Parliament, January, 1809. After Sir John Moore's defeat, was appointed to the chief command of the army for the defense of Portugal, resigned his Irish office, and arrived in the Tagus in April, 1809, in which year he was created Baron Douro of Wellesley and Viscount Wellington.

Having driven the French out of Portugal, gained victory after victory, and well-deserved honors and rewards, he entered Madrid with something like regal triumph in July, 1812, in which year he was created Earl of Wellington, and a few months later, Marqueas of Douro, Duke of Wellington. The decisive battle of Vittoria was fought the 20th of June, 1813. A brief and brilliant campaign ended in the expulsion of the French army, 120,000 men, from Spain, in October, 1813. The British army, under the Duke of Wellington, bivouncked triumphantly on the soil of France in November, 1813.

At the dissolution of Napoleon's empire, the duke was dispatched to Paris, and appeared at the Tuileries as British embassedor in the early part of 1814. Six months later, he represented his country in the great congress of the Continental allied sovereigns.

On Napoleon's escape from Elba in 1815, the command of the English army destined for the invasion of France was given to him.

L10012

field, were called into activity in conferences and congresses with the statesmen and sovereigns of foreign powers. In 1818, he and Lord Castlereagh attended the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle. As plenipetentiary from the British government, the duke assisted at the Congress of Verona in 1822. He was appointed Master General of the Ordnance in 1819. He succeeded the Duke of York as commander-in-chief in 1826.

Being accused of having sought the office of Premier when held by Mr Canning, he declared, in his place in the House of Lords, in 1827, he was "sensible of being unqualified for such a situation," and that he "should have been mad to think of it."

Eight months later he was prime minister of England. At the opening of the session, the policy of the duke's government in favor of Catholic Emancipation was announced from the throne, 5th February, 1829. The Relief Bill passed both houses, and received the royal assent within two months of that period. The declaration against Parliamentary Reform was made at the commencement of the session, November, 1829. The downfall of the old Toryism forever, and of the Wellington party for ten years, dated from 1830.

The 7th of June, 1832, the royal assent was given to the Reform Bill, and on the 18th of the same month the Duke of Wellington was assaulted by the populace in Fenchurch Street, and nearly dismounted; and, for the first time in his life, turned his back on assailants.

On the fall of the Whigs, he resumed his place in the cabinet, but without special office of any kind, in 1841.

On the accession of the Whigs to power, the command of the army again reverted to him on the death of General Lord Hill. He gave no factious opposition to any government except to that of Mr. Canning. He said that "he knew the queen's government must be carried on," so he assisted the Whigs when he thought they deserved support; and whenever the court was

The crowning victory of the great duke was gained at Waterloo, in June, 1815. Foreign honors and distinctions innumerable—a principality—a field-marshal's baton—liberal grants, and unparalleled popularity and pre-eminence at home marked the general sense of his great services. in any difficulty, the duke was invariably sent for, and was relied on to the last for sure counsel in all dilemmas.

September the 14th, 1852, the greatest general of his age terminated his career of glory, aged eighty-three years.

Wellington's best fame rests on the confidence in his plain dealing, and direct, straightforward views of public duty, and of obligation to truth and fairness, with which he had the ability to inspire men of all grades, and in all circumstances, throughout the whole of his career, in private and in public, and alike in a military and a civil capacity.

Sir Robert Peel pronounced a noble eulogy on his illustrious friend, in which, with the instinct of a great and wise man, setting forth truth as the most glorious of all virtues, he said, the duke "was the truest man he had ever known." This was a great eulogy; the duke's memory may dispense with any other.

## LETTERS FROM THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"London, March 3d.

"MY DEAE LADY BLESSINGTON, -- Notwithstanding the circumstances which I mentioned to your ladyship yesterday, and that I, in fact, have no personal knowledge of your brother, which always renders it difficult to recommend to another the person in respect to whom one labors under this disadvantage, I have, at your desire, written the inclosed letter to Sir Hudson Lows, which I hope will answer the purpose of drawing his attention to him.

"Ever your ladyship's most faithful servant, WELLINGTON."

" London, February 6th, 1830.

"I am going out of town myself to-morrow morning, but I have desired my servant to attend you with this note, and the only drawing that I have of Lady D—— which has not been engraved.

"Ever yours, most faithfully,

WELLINGTON."

"London, December 15th, 1837.

"I inclose a letter for Sir John Hervey. I am afraid that it will not be of much use to Captain P—, as I am not much acquainted with Sir John Hervey. Believe me ever yours, most sincerely, WELLINGTON."

" London, May 24th, 1838.

"I am delighted to learn that my recommendation of Captain P---- to Sir John Hervey has been of use to him.

"I received with gratitude your beautiful present, and perused it with delight.

"I have been very remiss in having omitted to thank you for sending it to me. I beg you to forgive me, and to thank you now for the gratification which the perusal of this work gave me.

"Believe me ever yours, most sincerely,

WELLINGTON."

"London, June 19th, 1838.

"Nothing will give me greater satisfaction than to receive any body that you recommend to me.

"Foreigners are not exactly aware of our habits: they think that we sit up to receive visits and compliments as they do. Unfortunately, I don't find the day long enough to be able to receive all who are really under the necessity of seeing ms. However, I will receive Mons. Rio, or any body else you will send to me.

" I return Monsieur de Chateaubriand's account of [

" Believe me to be yours, most sincerely,

].\* Wellington."

" London, June 14th, 1838.

"It has given me the greatest pain to have been under the necessity of sending away Mons. de Rio without receiving him.

"I know how unpleasant it is to a gentleman to [ ],† and as I had so many people with me and waiting, I thought it best to request him to call on any other day.

"I can not but feel, however, that there is no time so uselessly employed by a visitor, and him upon whom the visit is inflicted, as in these visitations of ceremony. Believe me to be yours, most sincerely, WELLINGTON."

" January 16th, 1839.

"I am much flattered by your ladyship's recollection, evinced by your recommendation of a gentleman to be appointed Provost of Worcester College, Oxford.

"Since I heard of the vacancy in that office, which it becomes my duty to fill, in my capacity of Chancellor of the University, I had been considering the qualifications of the several candidates, not less than seventy in number, and consulting with archbishops, bishops, and the heads of the University in respect to the choice to be made.

"I acknowledge that it never occurred to me to refer to the ladies, and I return my thanks to the one who has assisted me with her counsel.

"I am apprehensive, however, that I can not hold out expectations to Mr. Landor that he will be appointed.

"The Provost of Worcester College has the government of that institution.

\* Word illegible all but two first letters, He .- R. R. M.

† Three words illegible .- R. R. M.

The qualifications required to enable him to perform the duties of the office are various, and quite different from those which have attracted your attention toward Mr. Landor. In the choice which I shall make, I must satisfy not only the college and its visitors, but the University, the Church, and the public at large.

"I hope, therefore, that you will excuse me if I decline to attend to your wishes upon this occasion.

"Believe me ever your most faithful servant, WELLINGTON."

"London, March 94, 1839.

"You are one of that kind part of the creation which don't feel the differance between conferring a favor and asking a favor.

"You are right. He from whom the favor is asked ought to be as much delighted with the occasion afforded of gratifying the fair solicitor, as he would be by the favor conferred.

"I am very much amused by your recollection of my note upon your recommendation of Mr. Landor.

"I return my best thanks for your present. I will peruse it with much interest. Believe me ever yours, most faithfully, WELLINGTON."

#### "London, April 5th, 1864.

"After I had written to you yesterday, or rather sent my note, I learned last night that my daughter-in-law is going out of town, and I inclose a note directing my housekeeper to show my house to Monsieur P—— on to-morrow, Tuesday.

"Since writing the above, I have received your note of the 4th. I will certainly go and see the statue of Napoleon at the first leisure moment I may have—this day, if possible. Ever yours, most faithfully, WELLINGTON."

"London, August 3d, 1844.

"I have this evening received your note of yesterday.

"My daughter-in-law is now inhabiting the apartments in this house in which the pictures are placed.

"And I should certainly prefer that she should not be disturbed by persons coming to look at them. She will probably go out of town in a short time, and I will then send you an order directing my housekeeper to show the house to Monsieur Pleyel.

"If, however, she should be going away, I will send you an order forthwith for the admission of \_\_\_\_\_.

"Believe me ever yours, most faithfully, WELLINGTON."

"London, Novamber 23d, 1844.

00020

"I am very grateful for the beautiful work which you have been so kind as to send me.

### DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"I should be delighted to see the new work of art just finished by Count D'Orsay : would you be so kind as to tell me where I could see it !

"Believe me yours, most faithfully, WELLINGTON."

" London, February 21st, 1845.

"I was very sorry that I had not the pleasure of finding your ladyship at home when Count D'Orssy was so kind as to show me his beautiful sketches some days ago.

"I have delayed to thank you for your kind note, in hopes that I might be able to call upon you at a particular hour.

"But I am sorry to say I can not yet do so; but I hope that it may be in my power to do so by to-morrow morning.

"Believe me ever yours, most faithfully, WELLINGTON."

" London, June 19th, 1845.

"I am very much obliged to you. Count D'Orsay will really spoil me, and make me vain in my old age, by sending me down to posterity by the exercise of every description of talent with which he is endowed.

"I will certainly call upon you at the very first moment I can. "Ever yours, sincerely, WELLINGTON."

"London, July 22d, 1845, at night.

"But my recollection of the transaction is very imperfect; and, after all, I judge from your statement that, when he retired from the \_\_\_\_\_\_, the usual provision was made for him from the Consolidated Fund, under the anthority of the provisions of an act of Parliament. I am certain that the grant could not have been given from the Civil List, because I know that the total that the minister can grant in any one year from that fund is £12,000 a year. You have done quite right in applying to Sir Robert Peel. No grant can be made from the Consolidated Fund excepting under authority of the provisions of an act of Parliament, which act must originate in the House of Commons. But the House will not take into consideration the investigation of a grant of money which is not, in the first instance, recommended by the crown. I am not aware of any precedent of a grant from the Consolidated Fund to the widow of a deceased grantee, and, whatever the merits and services of

## 166 LETTERS FROM THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Lord \_\_\_\_\_, I think it very probable that Sir Robert Peel might think it unreasonable to expect to prevail on the House to make such a grant to Lord \_\_\_\_\_\_'s widow and child, in addition to the provision made from the same fund to his son, who succeeds to the title, and not consistent with a due performance of his duty to the queen to make the attempt.

"In respect to your desire that I shall suggest to Sir Robert Peel to make this arrangement, I am convinced that Sir Robert Peel requires no suggestion from me to induce him to adopt every measure in his power, and consistent with his duty, to mark the respect for the memory and affection for the person of the late Lord C——. I have told you what I think of the nature of the case, and of the difficulties in which Sir Robert Peel may find himself placed; if he should think it necessary, and that my opinion could be of any use to him, I am certain that he will speak to me, knowing, as he does, the regard I have always felt for my departed friend.

"But feeling, as I do, that in my position in the House of Lords I can do nothing which can relieve him from the pressure of the difficulties which will exist in the House of Commons, it appears to me that I ought not to interfere unless and till Sir Robert Peel should require my opinion and assistance. Solicitation is out of the question. It is not desired by you, and would not be listened to by Sir Robert Peel; and as I know I can do nothing to assist him and overcome the difficulties of the case, I am convinced I do that which is best for the case as well as most becoming, by delaying to make a suggestion till I shall be required.

"Believe me ever yours, most sincerely, WELLINGTON."

#### "London, January 19th, 1847, at night.

"I received your note of this day when I returned home, at too late an hour to communicate on this day with Mr. Tuffett; but I will do so on Monday. You are quite right. Count D'Orsay's work is of a higher description of art than is described by the word portrait! But I described it by that word, because the likeness is so remarkably good, and so well executed as a painting, and that this is the truest of all artistic ability, truest of all in this country. I am really not a judge of the effect of my name in the newspapers, but I am sensible of the effect produced by any manifestations of interest in an officer I might wish dealt with favorably.

"Believe me, my dear Lady Blessington,

WELLINGTON."

"London, June 19th, 1847.

"I shall be delighted to see a good engraving of Count D'Orsay's picture of the queen on horseback.

"But I should prefer not to take any steps to attain that object till it is seen what the queen and the prince themselves do as to the object of your wishes.

"Unless it should be decidedly disadvantageous to the count to wait a little longer, I would recommend him to do so. Let me know what he determines. Ever yours, most faithfully, WELLINGTON."

"London, August 7th, 1849.

"I have received your ladyship's note, and am much concerned to learn that the gentleman in question is unwell.

"I don't know at what time my daughter-in-law will return.

"But if you will write me a note when the gentleman will be sufficiently well to look at pictures in gentlemen's houses, I will send you an order by my servant to show them, if my daughter-in-law should not be at the moment inhabiting the spartments. Ever yours, most faithfully, WELLINGTON."

# LETTER FROM LORD FITZROY SOMERSET TO LADY BLESSINGTON. "Horse Guards, June 11th, 1848.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, — The Duke of Wellington will be happy to consider your nephew, H. F. , a candidate for a commission by purchase, and to introduce him into the service when his other very numerous engagements may permit. Believe me, very faithfully yours,

"FITZROY SOMERSET."

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON (LATE MARQUIS OF DOURO).

The eldest son of the late Duke of Wellington by a daughter of the second Lord Longford, who died in 1831, was one of the most intimate friends of the Countess of Blessington. He was born in 1807; completed his education at Trinity College, Cambridge; was returned to Parliament, and represented Aldborough in 1829-30-31, and again entered Parliament for Norwich in 1837, which place he represented till 1852. He married, in 1839, Lady Elizabeth Hay, daughter of the Marquis of Tweedale; was aid-de-camp to his father from 1842 to 1852, and in the latter year succeeded to the title. He was appointed Master of the Horse to the Queen, January, 1853; Lieutenant Commandant of the Victoria (Middlesex) Rifles, August, 1853.

Lady Blessington, whose insight into character was not the least remarkable of her qualities, said of the Marquis of Douro that "he had a fund of common sense, of rich humor, and of good nature sufficient for half a dozen elder sons of the nobility."

It is difficult to touch on the character of a man whose position in society, however exalted, is that of a private individual bearing an historic name, and having no personal distinction apart from it. Free from ostentation, simple in his tastes and

## SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

manners, reserved in society, but fond of it, and easily drawn toward those who shine in it, naturally generous and warmhearted, keenly perceptive of the ridiculous, of a very original turn of mind, shrewd and sensible, a close observer of character, with a profound admiration and respect for the memory of his illustrious father, the qualities of this young nobleman were calculated to render him a favorite in such circles as those of Gore House, and with those who presided over them.

### FROM THE MARQUIS OF DOURO.

"Tuesday. "My DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I have shown your verses to the most brilliant German professor in the world, and he can make nothing of them. I therefore restore them to you, resisting the temptation to compose a translation, which certainly never could be detected. Yours sincerely,

" Dougo."

CHOOV C

## CHAPTER X.

#### SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, born in 1805, the third son of William Earle Bulwer, Esq., of Heydon Hall and Wood Dalling, Norfolk (brigadier general), by his marriage in 1798 with Elizabeth Barbara, daughter and sole heiress of Richard Warburton Lytton, Esq., of Knebworth Park, Herts,\* succeeded to the Knebworth estates by the will of his mother, who died the 19th of December, 1844, and taking the surname of Lytton by sign manual, became the representative of his mother's family, and the head of the two other ancient houses of Lytton of Knebworth, and of Robinson or Norreys.

In 1838, on account of his literary merit, he was created a baronet. He married, 29th of August, 1827, Rosins, only surviving daughter of Francis Wheeler, Esq., of Lizzard Connel, coun-

\* This venerable lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Barbara Bulwer Lytton, died at her house, in Upper Seymour Street, at the age of seventy, 19th of December, 1844. There is no trait in the character of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton more remarkable or creditable than that of strong filial attachment, with all its feelings of high respect and tender affection, which, at every period of his career, he appears to have entertained for his mother.

# SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

ty Limerick, and had issue, Edward Robert, born 8th of November, 1832, and a daughter, named Emily Elizabeth, deceased. Bulwer's precocious poetical talents, like those of Byron, manifested themselves before he was seven years of age. He was placed at private schools in the neighborhood of Knebworth at an early age; was for some time under the care of private tutors preparatory to his being sent to college, and completed his education at Cambridge. He wrote a poem on "Sculpture" while he was at college, which obtained the prize for poetry. One of his earliest productions was a collection of small poems -"Weeds and Wild Flowers"-which was printed in 1826, when he was twenty-one years of age, but was not published. This production was followed by "O'Neil, the Rebel," in 1827. His next work was "Falkland ;" but the name and fame of Bulwer only became known after the publication of "Pelham," in 1828." A writer in Bentley's Miscellany, apparently conversant with Bulwer's labors, and acquainted with his habits and modes of application to study, observes, "Bulwer worked his way to eminence-worked it through failure, through ridicule. His facility is only the result of practice and study. He wrote at first very slowly, and with great difficulty; but he resolved to master the stubborn instrument of thought, and mastered it. He has practiced writing as an art, and has re-written some of his essays, unpublished, nine or ten times over. Another habit will show the advantage of continuous application. He only

\* The "Disowned" was published in 1829, and "Paul Clifford" in 1830. At various intervals from the latter date appeared "Eugene Aram," "The Siamese Twins, a serio-comic Poem," "Conversations of an Ambitious Student," "Eagland and the English," "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," "The Last Days of Pompeii," an historico-descriptive novel, "The Crisis," a political brochure, "Rienzi, or the Tribune," "The Duchess de la Valiere," a drama, "The Lady of Lyons," a drama, "Richelieu," a drama, "Money," a drama, "The Lady of Lyons," a drama, "Richelieu," a drama, "Money," a drama, "Ernest Maltravers," "Alice, or the Mysteries," "Athens," "Leila, or the Siege of Grensda," "Calderon, the Courtier," "Night and Morning," "Day and Night," "Last of the Barone," "Zanoni," "Eva, the Ill-omened Marriage, and other Tales and Poems," "Harold," "Lucretia," "The New Timon" and "King Arthur" [two politico-satirical poems without the author's name]. "Letters to John Bull" in favor of protection, and a drama, written for private representation, "Not so Bad as we Seem," were followed by two of his latest and best novels, "The Caxtons" and "My Novel."

Vol. II.-H

writes about three hours a day, from ten in the morning till one—seldom later. The evenings, when alone, are devoted to reading, scarcely ever to writing. Yet what an amount of good hard labor has resulted from these three hours. He writes very rapidly, averaging twenty pages a day of novel print."

I very much question the fact that Sir Edward restricts his literary labor to three hours a day. I am very sure that if double the amount of time were given to the performance of the same amount of labor as he must go through, mind and body would suffer less from its accomplishment. The composition of a work, and the transcription of MS. to the extent of twenty printed pages in three hours, is too much for a continuance of many days; the time allowed for the labor is too short for its performance, without an excessive wear and tear of mental and physical energies.

A writer in Fraser's Magazine, reviewing Sir B. Brodie's "Psychological Inquiries," makes the following observations on mental labor:

"Cuvier was usually engaged for seven hours daily in his scientific researches, these not having been of a nature to require continuous thought; and Sir Walter Scott devoted about six hours daily to literary composition, and then his mind was in a state to enjoy lighter pursuits afterward. When, however, after his misfortunes, he allowed himself no relaxation, there can be little doubt, as Eubulus observes, that his over-exertion contributed, as much as the moral suffering he endured, to the production of the disease of the brain which ultimately caused his death.

"One day, when he was thus exerting himself beyond his powers, Sir Walter said to Captain Basil Hall, who also suffered and died from disease in the brain,

"'How many hours can you work ?'

"' Six,' answered the captain.

"" But can't you put on the spurs ?"

"'If I do, the horse won't go.'

"'So much the better for you,' said Scott, with a sigh. 'When I put on the spurs, the horse will go well enough; but it is killing the horse.'"

- C10079 0

The fact is, it is as impossible to lay down rules for the management of the mind and the regulation of its labor as it is for the management of the body and the uses and application of its powers. The same amount of labor of the mind that one man could endure during six hours of the day, for a considerable time, without detriment to his health, bodily or physical, would prove fatal to another in half that period.

Sir Bulwer Lytton first entered Parliament for St. Ives, and next represented Lincoln.

From 1841 to 1852 he remained out of Parliament, and in the latter year was returned for his native county, Hertford.

Few English writers, whose compositions consist chiefly of works of imagination, have attained such an eminence in literature as he has done. From "Pelham" to "My Novel," we have a series of works, extending to about fifty volumes, any one of which productions might suffice to make a reputation for an ordinary novelist.

But it is to the aggregate of the works of Sir E. B. Lytton we must look for the evidences of those remarkable intellectual qualities which are destined to make the productions of a man of his stamp live in after ages.

The author's consciousness of possessing such qualities is not only sufficiently evident in those novels—it is rather prominently obtrusive in some of them. But the author can not be more fully persuaded of the fact than his readers, that his writings are destined to influence his times, and that living proofs of his intellectual powers will long survive the latter.

One of the most characteristic features of Bulwer's writings is the singular combination of worldly experience—a perfect knowledge of life, and especially of life in the upper circles of society, a thorough acquaintance with its selfishness and specious fallacies—ses misères et ses bassesses, with the vast amount of genuine poetry that prevails in his prose writings. With the exception of Scott's novels, "Ivanhoe" and "The Bride of Lammermoor" especially, no works of fiction in the English language abound with so many passages of true poetry as the novels of Bulwer. The greatest misfortune that the republic of letters

has suffered, perhaps, for the past twenty years, is the calamity of Bulwer belonging to the aristocracy and to politics, being a baronet, a member of Parliament, and a man of a plentiful estate. Intellectual gifts like his, of the highest order, were never given for some sections only of society, that are highly favored and peculiarly privileged, but for mankind at large, and for greater and higher purposes than providing entertainment for the leisure hours of the upper classes. They were given for the promotion of higher interests than those material ones of the Manchester school of philosophy, and the aims and ends of a Godless spirit of utilitarianism, pretending to care for poverty, and to be actuated and directed by Christian motives. They were given to advance the true interests of the masses of the people of his own land especially; to enable him to contribute to their enlightenment, to spiritualize and purify their minds, and to elevate their condition, physical as well as moral.

If I am not greatly mistaken, this opinion peeps through many pages of every work of fiction that has been published by Sir E. B. Lytton during the past twelve or fifteen years. Like all men of great intellectual endowments, the consciousness of the existence of those powers, and the sense of the great obligations they impose on their possessor, are continually struggling for expression, and unconsciously find it frequently in his writings.

We are feminded in them perpetually that the author has the power, and knows that he possesses it, of doing greater and better things in literature than any that he has attempted or achieved.

The popularity of this prolific author has endured for upward of twenty years. For one reader of his works prepared to cavil with their merits, twenty will be found to admire them. No man who ever occupied the position that Sir E. B. Lytton has done in literary life, considering the fame he has acquired, coming frequently before the public, and always with claims to notice that rather force themselves on attention than solicit an indulgent reception, and insinuate themselves into the good graces of the public, has escaped more lightly the penalty of notoriety—that tax of envy and censure which pre-eminent

ability pays for the privilege of distinction; and this observation is made with a knowledge of all the little wars of criticism that little men in periodical literature have waged on him.

As a litterateur sui generis, his aims and turns of mind, style and mode of philosophizing in fiction, must be well studied before the peculiarities of his genius can be properly comprehended. It is only by those whose knowledge of him in private enables them to appreciate his benevolent disposition, his readiness to acknowledge the merits of his literary contemporaries and competitors, to serve the unfortunate, and to encourage struggling merit, that any apparent anomalies in his literary character can be reconciled.

By Lady Blessington, his talents and his worth were held in the highest estimation.

## LETTERS FROM SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON TO LADY BLESS-INGTON.

#### " Paris, 31st August, 1833.

"MY DEAE LADY BLESSINGTON,—You were kind enough to wish that I should sometimes write to you, and I take an early opportunity of doing so, because I read in the papers of your loss, and I sympathize most sincerely in it.\* I trust the robber did not take any of those beautiful little treasures which used to ornament your rooms, and for which, I know, you must have formed an absolute attachment—an attachment which, unlike others in general, can not be easily replaced; for, somehow or other, we seem to value the relices of people at a higher rate than themselves; and one would regret more, perhaps, to lose a portrait of Madame de Sevigné, than many of her contemporaries may have felt when they lost Madame de Sevigné herself.

"Paris is much better than it was last year; it is beginning to recover from its glorious revolution. It is all very fine to say liberty is useful to trade, but, whenever Liberty stretches herself, she always kicks poor Trade out of doors. Louis Philippe amuses himself by making fine speeches in answer to fine addresses; the people look on and laugh; for France, however it may seem to change, is never employed but in two things, either laughing or crying. As for the theatres, they are carrying indecency to the utmost.

\* Robbers had entered the house in Seamore Place at night, and from Lady Blessington's drawing-room carried away trinkets, consisting of seals, snuff-boxes, smelling-bottles, &c., to the value of upward of £1000. Lady Blessington afterward received a letter from one of the thieves at the hulks, giving an account of the robbery, and stating that when the jewels were broken up and sold piecemeal, the party divided £700 among them.—R. R. M.

Queen Caroline and Bergami delight us at one theatre, and something worse at another.

"Do you know I find Paris a melancholy place ! if one has seen it in one's earliest youth, it reminds one of the vast interval of mind that has elapsed. Say what we will, there is nothing like youth; all we gain in our manhood is dullness itself compared to the sest of novelty, and the worst of it is, the process of acquiring wisdom is but another word for the process of growing old. Adieu, dear Lady Blessington. Ever truly yours, E. L. B."

" Bath, January 19th, 1833.

"A thousand thanks for your kind letter, which was a new corroboration of the maxim that they who have every right to be pleased with themselves have a natural fascination in pleasing others.

"One's vanity is a quarrelsome companion, and always falling out with one; you reconcile it to one's self with the same art which others employ in widening the breach and sharpening the contest. I may not say that I disbelieve the countless obliging things you say of me, but I may say at least that I know how little I deserve them, and in proportion to my demerits I estimate your kindness, and am affected by your praise. But I will not dwell more on that part of your letter, however tempting, lest you should think I am recurring to the old trick of authors, and seeking in modesty an excuse for egotism.

"I can fully sympathize with poor Count D'Orsay in the horror that must have seized upon him when he saw himself an ex-minister, on the wrong side of fifty (I suppose), and an author 'who could not be offered any thing fit for a gentleman to receive!' He has been singularly unlucky of late. It seems as if there were a magical conspiracy against him. He is not only killed, but transformed; he is not only to be a dead man, but a Pythagorean; they want to make him believe not only that the soul is out of his own body, but that it is transmigrated into the body of Baron D'Haussez. I don't wonder at his anxiety on the matter, and have already written to assure him that the mistake was only orthographical. \* \* \* \* knew the difference between D'Orsay and D'Haussez, but he did not know how to spell the difference between them.\*

"And now, dear Lady Blessington, adieu. Many repeated thanks, warm and sincere, for all your kindness to me. E. L. B."

#### "Hotel Vittoria, Naples, November 10th.

"Behold me then at Naples, beautiful, enchanting, delicious Naples, the only city in all Italy (except old Verona, whose gable ends, and motley architecture, and hanging balconies still speak of Shakspeare and of Romeo) which is quite to my heart. I freeze in the desolate dullness of Rome, with its pros-

\* The Baron D'Haussez, ex-minister of Marine of Charles X., was a frequent visitor at Seamore Place in 1832 and 1833 .- R. H. M. ing antiquaries and insolent slaves. In Venice I fancy myself on board a ship, vis., 'in a prison, with the chance of being drowned.' In Florence I recognize a bad Cheltenham. In Naples I for the first time find my dreams of Italy. Your magic extends even here, and the place to which you have given me letters of introduction seems to catch a charm from your beauty and an endearment from your kindness. What a climate and what a sea! the humor and gayety of the people delight me! I should be in paradise if it were not for the musquitoes. But these, in truth, are terrible tormentors; they even seem to accustom themselves to me, and behave with the polits indifference of satiety; they devour me piecemeal; they are worse than a bad conscience, and never let me sleep at nights. I am told, for my comfort, that when the cold weather comes they will vanish, and leave me alternating between the desire to enjoy the day and the hope to rest at night.

"I presented your letter to Sir William Gell, who kindly asked me to breakfast, where I found him surrounded with his dogs, amid which he wheels himself about (for he is entirely unable to stand) in his large chair, and seems to enjoy life, enough to make a man in the possession of the use of his limbs hang himself with envy. I never knew so popular or so petted a man as Sir William Gell; every one seems to love him : yet there is something artificial and cold about him *au fond*, pardon me for saying so.

"Old Matthias is here, employing his eighty-first year in putting T----'s poems into Italian verse. These old men have time to amuse themselves; we young ones are so busy that we seem as if we had not a moment to live.

"While I thank you for your introduction to Sir William Gell, I ought not to forget that to Landor, who was particularly kind to me, and whom I liked exceedingly. One is at home instantly with men of real genius; their oddities, their humors, don't put one out half so much as the formal regularity of your half-clever prigs. But Landor, thanks to your introduction, had no humors, no oddities for me. He invited me to his villa, which is charmingly situated, and smoothed himself down so much that I thought him one of the best-brod men I ever met, as well as one of the most really able (pity, novertheless, so far as his talent is concerned, that he pets paradoxes so much : he keeps them as other people keep dog—coaxes them, plays with them, and now and then sets them to bits a disagreeable intruder).

"He gave me two letters, to his friend T—— M——, and to a Miss M——, and I confess I felt a melancholy in leaving him. How much he might do ! What a true, bold, honest genius he has ! It makes me sad to see men like him indolent and happy. I fancy their career is blighted, yet it is perhaps just the reverse. We, the noisy, the active, the ambitious, it is we who fulfill not our end,

## "' And wear Our strength away in wrestling with the air."

"Mr. Craven, too, has been most kind. How well he plays! I was not aware that he was an author, by-the-by, till I saw his book bound in calf's skin. It seemed, on looking into it, pleasant and well written.

"Pray tell me how your Annual succeeds. I hear no news, I read no papers. Dumb to me the new oracles of my old Magazine. Politics reach me not. I miss the roar of London. I feel how much, while I have joked at the English, I love England. What a country! what force! what energy! what civilization! How it shames the talkative slaves here! But it is time to end. E. L. B."

#### "January 94th, 1635.

"It is certainly a blessed thing that one is not absolutely at the mercy of other people. The reports concerning me appear to 'progress' in a regular climax. First, I had not a shilling, and an execution was in my house; then I was bought by the Tories, and now I am dead! They have taken away my fortune, honesty, and, lastly, life itself. Such are the pleasures of reputation!

"Just before you sent, Lady C— B— was also pleased to dispatch a message to know at what hour I had departed this world. Three other successive deputations arrived, and this morning, on opening a Lincoln paper, I found that there too it had been reported 'that their excellent representative was no more.' I consider that I have paid the debt of nature—that I am virtually dead—that I am born again with a new lease—and that the years I have hitherto lived are to be struck off the score of the fresh life I have this morning awakened to.

"I believe, my dearest friend, that you were shocked with the report, and would, in your kind heart, have grieved for its truth. So would four or five others; and the rest would have been pleased at the excitement; it would have been something to talk about before the meeting of Parliament.

"The anthor of the 'Seaport Sketches' was very foolish, begging his pardon. Literature has many mansions; and I am sure 'Pompeii' is not one of the best of them. As well might I burn my books after weading Don Quixote.

"I am delighted to see M—— in 'the Keepsake.' What is it ! I guess, an Essay on Friendship, or Roman History, or Hume's Philosophy. After all this promise, all the assurances that M—— was to be a great author byand-by, out he comes, at the age of fifty, in a sketch for 'the Keepsake!'

"I am now going to plunge into Histories of China, light my pipe, read a page, and muse an hour, and be very dull and melancholy for the rest of the evening. Still it is some consolation to think one is not-dead !

"E. L. B."

3000

" December, 1834.

"I am rejoiced that Lord D— admires Fonblanque as he deserves. Honor, wisdom, and genius—what a combination to reconcile one to mankind! and such honor, such wisdom, and such genius as Fonblanque—the three highest attributes in the highest degree !

"You say you think I am less pleased by praise of myself than you are :

## TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

I know not that, but this I do know, that kindness does more than please it conquers, it subdues me; and in you I see enough to falsify a thousand theories, and forever to deprive me of the only true philosophy, viz., indifference to all things. E. L. B."

#### " January 19th, 1835.

".... If I should be well enough the day after to-morrow, I should then be enchanted if you would let me accompany you in your drive for an hour, and revive me by your agreeable news of politics, literature, and the world. Ten thousand thanks for D'Orsay's offer. But Phaeton is not quite strong enough to manage Apollo's horses—'souls made of fire, and children of the sun'—as William \* \* \* \* 's nose long testified.

"I have just landed from the three-volume voyage of 'Peter Simple.' The characters are exaggerated out of all truth, and the incidents, such as changing children, shutting up the true heir in a madhouse, &c., are at once stale and impossible. But, despite this, he (Marryatt) has a frank, dashing genius, and splashes about the water in grand style. He writes like a man, and that is more than most of the other novelists do, who have neither the vigor of one sex nor the refinement of the other. \* \* \* \*, to wit, now and then swag gers, but it is always in peticoats ! E. L. B."

#### " January 23d, 1835.

"Verily, my dearest friend, you regale me like Prince Prettyman in the Fairy Isle. I owe you all manner of thanks for a most delicate consideration in the matter of twelve larks, which flew hither on the wings of friendship yesterday; and scarcely had I recovered from their apparition, when lo, the rushing pinions of a brace of woodcocks !

"Sappho, and other learned persons, tell us that Venus drove sparrows; at present, she appears to have remodeled her equipage upon a much more becoming and attractive feather. I own that I have always thought the dove himself a fool to a woodcock, whom, for his intrinsic merits, I would willingly crown king of the tribe. As for your eagle, he is a Carlist of the old regime, a mere Bourbon, good for nothing, and pompous; but the woodcock, *parlex moi de ça*. He has the best qualities both of head and heart; and as for beauty, what opera-dancer ever had such a leg! I have given their two majesties into Rembault's honorable charge, and hope they will be crowned to-morrow, as a matter of course.

H 2

transmigrated into such authorlings ! They imitate his mockery-his satire ! They had much better cobble shoes !

"I don't (pardon me) believe a word you say about the 'Two Friends.' If it have no passion it muy be an admirable novel nevertheless. Miss Edgeworth has no passion, and who in her line excels her !

"As to your own doubts, they foretell your success. I have always found ons is never so successful as when one is least sanguine. I fell in the deepest despondency about ' Pompeii' and ' Eugene Aram ;' and was certain, nay, most presumptuous about ' Devereur,' which is the least generally popular of my writings. Your feelings of distrust are presentiments to be read backward; they are the happiest omen. But I will tell you all about it—Bronghamlike—when I have read the book. As to what I say in the preface to 'Pelham,' the rules that I lay down may not suit all. But it may be worth while just to scan over two or three commonplace books of general criticism, such as Blair's ' Belles Lettres,' Campbell's ' Rhetoric,' and Schlegel's ' Essay on the Drama,' and his brother's on ' Literature.'

"They are, it is true, very mediocre, and say nothing of novels to signify; but they will suggest to a thoughtful mind a thousand little maxims of frequent use. Recollect, all that is said of poetry and the drama may be applied to novels; but, after all, I doubt not you will succeed equally without this trouble. Reflection in one's chamber, and action in the world, are the best critics. With them, we can dispense with other teachers; without them, all teachers are in vain. 'Fool!' says Sidney, in the Arcadia, 'Fool! look in thy heart and write!' E. L. B."

\*\* 1835.

"I had fancied the air (of Acton) would revive me, but I am miserably ill to-day, and have sent for the 'leech,' as the poets call a doctor-why, I don't know, except because, when he once fastens on us, we can't shake him off till he has got enough of our substance! I suspect that epidemic mystery, the influenza, to be mine enemy on this occasion; and to add to my misfortunes, while I am dying to go to bed I am obliged to go to the House. After all, life is a troublesome business, and I often long to shut up shop and retire from the profession."

[No date.]

0.0000

"I am slowly preparing my unwieldy masses of history for the press. Fiction begins to lose all charm for me—I mean, to write it. The reading is still delightful, especially when one meets with friends.

"I spend all the day by the water-side, with the sun full in my face. I feel as if I were drinking life from it like a fountain. Nature meant me for a salamander, and that is the reason I have always been discontented as a man—I shall be a salamander in the next world."

#### "Paris, January 5th, 1836.

"I have been out little at present, though such of the world as I have encountered seem inclined to pet the lion, if he will let them. But a gregarious lion, after all, would be but a sheep in diaguise. Authors are made to be ascetice-and it is in vain to struggle, as I once did, against the common fate -made to go through the world sowing dreams to reap disappointments, to sacrifice grave interests to generous whims, to aspire to be better, and wiser, and tenderef than others, though they may seem worse, and more visionary, and harsher, and so at last to shut up their souls in patient scorn, and find that even appreciation and justice come too late. In politics here, all seem to think France tolerably calm, and the ministry tolerably safe. I went to see the Chamber opened the other day, and was amused at the Frenchness of all I saw. The king's shrugs and grins, and then the 'vives emotions,' which replied to his well-turned periods. I have been supine and idle here, save in the composition of a long poetical epistle to you; I like it tolerably, and will send it by the next bag.\* I have some thoughts of launching on the public a volume of poems. What do they say of things in England ! Here there is a general feeling that the Whige can not stand. For my part, I think a republic certain, if perpetual changes in government are to keep men always unsettled, and play the deuce with trade and quiet. E. L. B."

### " September 17th, 1836.

"Here I am, rusticating calmly among the apples of Devonshire. I made an agreeable and prolonged tour through Hampshire by the New Forest, and, skirting the Dorsetshire coast, arrived safely at my present abode, some few miles from the sea. My avocations are as simple as my history. I *literatize* away the morning, ride at three, go to bathe at five, dine at six, and get through the evening as I best may, sometimes by correcting a proof. Apropos of novels, have you read L. Ritchie's 'Magician !' It is full of wild interest and vigorous power. It reminded me a little of Victor Hugo. I am very anxious to hear how your 'Thoughts' proceed, and whether you have finally resolved to omit them from the tales for Saunders and Ottley.

"I see le cher D'Orsay among the spectators at the Giant Balloon, so I perceive he has renounced his grouse-shooting project.

"As for poor Mrs. Graham, I never know, till her accident, how famous a thing it was to go up in balloons. Regular bulletins of her health in all the papers, and daily inquiries in Poland Street; yet, if she had hurt herself tumbling down stairs, nobody would have cared two straws. Nay, if even the great Talfourd were lying ill with a concussion in the brain, I doubt whether he would excite half the commiseration bestowed on this foolish woman falling topsy turvey out of the clouds.<sup>†</sup> Why going in a balloon

\* The poetical epistle will be found at the end of this correspondence .- R. R. M.

† At an interval of seventeen years from the accident above referred to, I witnessed another fall topsy turvey out of the clouds, and a descent on a stack of

should make people more celebrated than going in a ship, I can not imagine. But why the world should not care a pinch of snuff about half a score people being drowned every week, and yet make all this bother about an accident out of a bladder, is still more puzzling. It can't be that the danger is greater in balloons than ships, for more people are drowned in a week than are killed from a balloon in a century. As D— would say, 'these mysteries are not for mortals.' Only think of the newspapers giving \* \* \* \* a sinecure, and then taking it away again. That was the refinement of cruelty ; if I were he, I would never forgive the government; it is no crime not to give a hungry man a piece of bread, but it is a monstrous shame to thrust it in his mouth, and then bob it out again.

"What villainous weather—wind and rain—rain and wind—I suspect that rain and wind are to an English heaven what beef-steaks and mutton-chops are to an English inn. They profess to have every thing else, but you are sure to have the steak to-day and the chop to-morrow. I have only had one glimpse of the sun since I have been here, and it was then so large that I took it for a half sovereign which I had lost the day before.

"There is such a cottage eight miles hence (not to be sold, though); I longed for you and D'Orsay to see it. It belongs to a Mr. Fish. Out of nine acres he has made a little paradise; but he has especially availed himself of an immense verandah, so contrived as to seem a succession of bowers, through which are seen different prospects—a fountain, a lawn, an aviary, or the sea.

"Tell D'Orsay he (Mr. Fish) must have a vast deal of life to spare, for he beats you and the count hollow in his animals. What think you of half a dozen kangaroos, or fifty parrots, or two buffaloes! or two Cape sheep, or a South American camel! or a pelican, or two emews! besides a whole wilderness of antelopes and gazelles, in a park about as long as your library! They give me a temporary consumption only to look at them pumping away all the oxygen into their exhausted lungs. I am sure I left a great part of my vitality at Fish Cottage.

"Pray write and tell me all your news. I shall soon wing my way homeward, when you will see as much of me as has escaped Mr. Fish's pelicans and South American camel. I long to have a breeze from the Isle of Beauty, and when I receive your letter shall fancy it summer. Long after youth leaves one for good, it comes back for a flying visit in every recollection of friendship, in every association of grace. E. L. B."

#### [No date, but must have been written in 1837.]

"I was sure that your woman's heart would feel much for poor Lord R——'s sudden and striking death. These funeral knells make the only music in life that is faithful to the last, more and more frequent as we journey on, till the dull heart ceases to hear them, and the most sensitive accustoms chimneys, of the same adventurous lady, in Dublin, 1853, with similar results.— R. R. M. itself to the chime. I spent my son's holidays at Brighton; and now he has left me, I have wandered on to this most solitary spot, where the air is milder, though I am not sure yet that it agrees with me.

"I am most concerned to hear you have been so serious a loser by Mr. Heath's death. But I wish, at least, that the annuals themselves may be continued by some one. They satisfy an elegant want of so large a part of the community, that I do not think they can be suffered to drop, and I sincerely and earnestly hope you may get satisfactory terms from some publisher of capital and enterprise. E. L. B."

#### "Margate, September 24th, 1837.

"People walk about here in white shoes, and enjoy themselves as much as if they were not Englishmen. I lodge over a library, and hear a harp nightly, by which the fashionable world is summoned to raffle for card-racks and workboxes. It commences at nine, and twangs on till eleven; at twelve I am in the arms of Morpheus.

"An innocent life enough—very odd that one should enjoy it, mais tous les goets sont respectables ! Though Margate itself be not exactly the region for you to illumine, I can not help thinking that some grand solitary vills on this cheerful coast would brace and invigorate you—the air is so fine, the sands so smooth, and there is so much variety in the little island.

"I have been reading 'Trevelyan;' it is pretty and natural. How is lebeau Roi Alfred! I can fancy him on the Margate pier, with the gaze of the admiring crowd fixed upon him. But he would be nothing without white shoes.

"I am now going to stroll along the sands, and tease shrimps, which abound in little streamlets, and are singularly playful, considering that they are born to be boiled. E. L. B."

#### " Margate, October 3d, 1837.

-C100210

"I have been whiling away the time here, with nothing much better than the mere enjoyment of a smooth sea and fair sky, which a little remind me of my beloved Naples! Margate and Naples—what association! After all, a very little could suffice to make us happy, were it not for our own desires to be happier still. If we could but reduce ourselves to mechanism, we could be contented. Certainly I think, as we grow older, we grow more cheerful; externals please us more; and were it not for those dead passions which we call memories, and which have ghosts no exorcism can lay, we might walk on soberly to the future, and dispense with excitement by the way. If we can not stop time, it is something to shoe him with felt, and prevent his steps from creaking. E. L. B."

" Paria.

"This place seems in no way changed, except that the people I knew have grown three years younger—the ordinary course of progression in France, "Where lips at seventy still shed honey."

and even as much, if not more, honey than in the previous years. The politics of the place are simply these. The king, by setting each party against the other, has so contrived to discredit all as to have been able to get a minlatry entirely his own, and without a single person of note or capacity in it. Ancient jealousies were for a while strong enough to prevent the great mean who were out from uniting against the little men who were in. But present ambition is stronger than all past passions, and at last a league is formed of all the ci-devant ministers against the existing ones.

"I must tell you a *bon mot* which Madame de L—— told me. 'Je n'ai pas besoin de tant de *rossignols* dans ma chambre,' said the king, speaking of the orators he despises. 'Mais votre majesté,' said Monsieur ——, 's'ils ne chantent pas, ils sifilent.'

#### "Cork. [No date.]

"Certainly they ought to give Lord Durham a dinner in London, and wherever I may be I will come to attend it. But it is impossible any one could think of asking me to preside at it; there are a thousand more worthy. Mulgrave, if he had not been in office, would have been the man; as it is, I think Sir Henry Parnell would be the best. They ought not to select any city or metropolitan member, for then it appears too exclusively local and commercial; and Lord Durham should carefully avoid committing himself about the corn laws, or against the agricultural interest. But this to ourselves. As it is, he ought certainly to have the dinner; and it matters not one rush whom they have for president, so long as his name is known; for if they set up a man of straw, the room would be equally crowded, and with people equally respectable. Durham has written his horoscope in people's hearts—they only want the occasion to tell him of his destiny.

"P.S.—I have been enchanted with the upper Lake of Killarney, and a place called Glengariff; and I think that I never saw a country which nature more meant to be great. It is thoroughly classical, and will have its day yet. But man must change first. E. L. B."

#### " January, 1841.

"I shrink from returning to London, with its fever and strife. I am tired of the stone of Sizyphus, the eternal rolling up, and the eternal rolling down. I continue to bask delighted in the light of Schiller. A new great post is like a discovery of a lost paradise. It reconciles us to the gliding away of youth when we think that, after all, the best pleasures are those which youth and age can enjoy alike—the intellectual.

"Kind love to D'Ornay, and best regards to all your circle. E. L. B."

- GOOVIC

### TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

#### [No date.]

"It is a sin against nature, your being ill—like a frost in summer. I am used to it. Oh! I saw L. E. L. to-day. She avows her love to her betrothed frankly, and is going to Africa, where ke is governor of a fortress. Is not that grand ! It is on the Gold Coast, and his duty is to protect black people from being made slaves. The whole thing is a romance for Lamartine—half Paul and Virginia, half Inkle and Yarico. Poor Miss Landon! I do like and shall miss her. But she will be happier than in writing, which seems to me like shooting arrows and never hitting the right mark, but now and then putting out ome's own little boy's eye. Love to dear D'Orsay. E. L. B."

### [The Water Cure.]

"Malvern, June, 1844.

"As yet, I can say nothing certain of the experiment in my own case; but my faith is confirmed by all I see around me, and believe this to be the sufest and best establishment. Certainly it would be unwise to try it near London, within reach of its annoyance or excitement, for the stimulus to the nerve and brain is so astonishing, that any extra demand upon either must be extremely prejudicial.

"Fortunately, the frame accustoms itself to the practice; an extraordinary and child-like calm comes over us, and the indisposition to mental labor is most strong and most salutary.

"The villas about here, for those who, like you, could not reside in the house (where there is little accommodation), are beautiful, and the landscape almost equals the view from the Simplon.

"Dr. Wilson considers the restoration (effected by this mode of cure) sure, speedy, and permanent. Three bleasings this system gives very soon-sleep, appetite, and a capacity for vigorous exercise. E. L. B."

"Grand Parade, Brighton, November 23d, 1844. "Literature, with me, seems dead and buried. I read very little, and write naught. I find stupidity very healthy.

*				

"To unite, as we do, miracles with logic, is a mistake. As I grow older, and I hope wiser, I feel how little reason helps us through the enigmas of this world. God gave us imagination and faith as the two sole instincts of the future. He who reasons where he should imagine and believe, prefers a rush-light to the stars. E. L. B."

### "Malvern, Saturday, 13th April, 1845.

"I have been here for the last seven weaks, courting the watery gods ; and though this system always reduced me for the time, I hope to get the reac-

tion I did before. I leave on Wednesday evening, probably traveling all night, and shall be in town for a few days. My water-doctor is coming with me, principally to see the Opera on Thursday and Saturday. He is extremely desirous to obtain a presentation to you, and is really a very gentlemanlike, intelligent person, and worth hearing on his own system. E. B. L."

#### "Rome, February 12th, 1846.

"According to the promise you were kind enough to invite from me, I write to you from my wandering camp, amid the hosts who yearly invade la belle Italie. I performed rather a hurried journey to Genoa, and suffered more than I had anticipated from the fatigue. So there I rested and sought to recruit ; the weather was cold and stormy - only at Nice had I caught a glimpse of genial sunshine. With much misgiving, I committed myself to the abhorred powers of steam at Genos, and ultimately re-found about two thirds of my dilapidated self at Naples. There, indeed, the air was soft, and the sky blue ; and the luxurious sea slept calmly as ever round those enchanting shores, and in the arms of the wondrous bay. But the old charms of novelty are gone. The climate, though enjoyable, I found most trying, changing every two hours, and utterly unsafe for the early walks of a water-patient, or the moonlight rambles of a romantic traveler. The society is ruined by the English and a bad set. The utter absence of intellectual occupation gave me the spleen, so I fied from the balls, and the treacherous smiles of the climate, and traveled by slow stages to Rome, with some longings to stay at Mola, which were counteracted by the desire to read the newspapers, and learn Peel's programme for destroying his friends the farmers. The only interesting person, by the way, I met with at Naples, was the Count of Syracuse, the king's brother; for he is born with the curse of ability (though few discover, and fewer still acknowledge it), and has been unfortunate enough to cultivate his mind in a country and in a rank where mind has no career. Thus he is in reality afflicted with the ennui which fools never know, and clever men only dispel by active exertions. And it was melancholy to see one, with the accomplishments of a scholar and the views of a statesman, fluttering away his life among idle pursuits, and seeking to amuse himself by billiards and lansquenet. He has more charming manners than I ever met in a royal person except Charles the Tenth, with a dignity that only evinces itself by sweetness. He reminded me of Schiller's Prince, in the ' Ghost Seer.'

"And so I am at Rome! As Naples now a second time disappointed me, so Rome (which saddened me before) revisited, grows on me daily. I only wish it were not the Carnival, which does not harmonize with the true charm of the place, its atmosphere of art and repose. I pass my time quietly enough, with long walks in the morning, and the siesta in the afternoon. In the evening I smoke my cigar in the Forum or on the *Pincian* Hill, guessing where Noro lies buried—Nero, who, in spite of his crimes (probably erzaggerated), has left so gigantic a memory in Rome—a memory that meets you every

Google

where, almost the only emperor the people recall. He must have had force and genius, as well as brilliancy and magnificence, for the survival. And he died so young !

"I was more shocked than I can express by poor G---'s startling fate. It haunted and preyed on me for many days and nights.

"I am now steering homeward; this stupendous treachery of \_\_\_\_\_'s recalls my political fervor. I long again to be in public life. I thought the old illusions were dispelled; and the carser of a politician is neither elevating nor happy. E. B. L."

#### "Lyons, April 10th, 1845.

"I expect to arrive in England the last week in April. I am much struck with Lyons; there are few cities in Italy to compare with it in effect of size, opulence, and progress.

"But Italy has improved since I was there last. Life is more active in the streets, civilization reflowing to its old channels. Of all Italy, however, the improvement is most visible in Sardinia. There the foundations of a great state are being surely and firmly laid. The king himself approaches to a great man, and, though priest-ridden, is certainly an admirable governor and monarch. I venture to predict that Sardinia will become the leading nation of Italy, and eventually rise to a first-rate power in Europe. It is the only state in Italy with new blood in its veins. It has youth—not old age, attempting to struggle back into vigor in Medea's caldron.

"I have been indolently employing myself, partly on a version of a Greek play, partly on a novel, anxious to keep my mind distracted from the political field, which is closed to me; for, without violent opinions on the subject, I have great misgivings as to the effect of Peel's measures on the real happiness and safety of England, and regard the question as one in which political economy—mere mercantile loss and gain—has least to do. High social considerations are bound up in it; no one yet has said what I want said on the matter. Nevertheless, I was much delighted with D'Israeli's very able and, indeed, remarkable speech. I am so pleased to see his progress in the House, which I alone predicted the might of his first failure. I suppose Lord George Bentinck is leading the agriculturists; I can not well judge from Galignani with what success.

"This letter has remained unfinished till to-day, the 13th, when I conclude it at Joigny. More and more struck with the improvement of France, as I pass through the country slowly. It is a great nation indeed; and, to my mind, the most disagreeable part of the population, and the part least improved, is at Paris. E. B. L."

#### "Knebworth, December 24th, 1846.

"I am extremely grateful, my dearest friend, for your kind letter, so evidently meant to encourage me amid the storm which howls around my little

boat.\* And, indeed, it is quite a patch of blue sky, serene and cheering through the very angry atmosphere which greets me elsewhere. I view it as an omen, and sure I am, at least, that the blue sky will endure long after the last blast has howled itself away.

"Perhaps, in some respects, it is fortunate that I have had so little favor shown to me, or rather so much hostility, in my career. If I had once been greeted with the general kindness and indulgent smiles that have, for instance, rewarded \_\_\_\_\_\_, I should have been fearful of a contrast in the future, and, satisfied at so much sunshine, gathered in my harvests and broken up my plow. But all this vituperation goads me on. Who can keep quiet when the tarantula bites him !

"I write this from a prison, for we are snowed up all round; and, to my mind, the country is dull enough in the winter without this addition to its sombre repose. But I shall stay as long as I can, for this is the time when the poor want us most. E. B. L."

[No date.]

- GOOVIC

"I can not disguise from you that I have strong objections in writing for an Annual, of which a principal is, that, in writing for one, I am immediately entangled by others, who, less kind than you, conceive a refusal unto them, when not given to all, is a special and deadly offense.

"Another objection is, that, unless you edit a work of that nature, you have all sorts of grievous remonstrances from your publishers or friends, assuring you that you cheapen your name, and Lord knows what! And, therefore, knowing that you greatly exaggerate the value of my assistance, I could have wished to be a reader of your 'Book of Beauty' rather than a contributor. But the moment you seriously ask me to aid you, and gravely convince yourself that I can be of service, all objection vanishes. I owe to you a constant, a generous, a forbearing kindness, which nothing can repay, but which it delights me to prove that I can at least remember; and consequently you will enroll me at once among your ministering genii of the lamp.

"You gave me my choice of verse or prose; I should prefer the first; but consider well whether it would be of equal service to you. That is my sole object, and whichever the most conduces to it will be to me the most agreeable means. You can therefore consider, and let me know, and, lastly, pray give me all the time you can spare.

"To prove to you that I am a mercenary ally, let me name my reward. Will you give me one of the engravings of yourself in the 'Book of Beauty ?' It does not do you justice, it is true, but I should like to number it among those mementoes which we keep by us as symbols at once of reality and the ideal. Alas! all inspiration dies except that of beauty. E. B. L."

The allusion here is to the poem of the "New Timon."

## TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

## "Craven Cottage, Fulham. [No date.]

"It was most kind in you to think of my misfortune," and to offer to my ark so charming a resting-place. I heard with sincere gratitude of your visit this morning. The Thames has been pleased to retire to his own bed to-day, and has therefore left me less in fear from an invasion of mine. Though fond of philosophy, I can not say that I am much pleased with these last 'Diversions of *Pearly*.' However, I have escaped better than I could have anticipated, and as I am informed the Thames never did such a thing before in the memory of this generation, I have the comfort of believing that an inundation is like the measles and small-pox—a visitation, once happily over, to be classed among those memories of the past which are only revived in the persons of our posterity. At present I am making an embankment that I think will baffle the river gods in any ulterior malicious designs upon their unfortunate neighbor.

"Like the escaping mariner of old, I hope soon to render my homage to a shrine where abide the tutelary powers whom we call the 'Graces' in prosperity, and by the fairer name of the 'Charities' in distress. E. B. L."

"January 25th, 1849.

"I am very much obliged to you, my dearest friend, for your kind and gracious reception of 'King Arthur.' It contains so much of my more spiritual self, that it is more than the mere author's vanity—it is the human being's self-love that is gratified by your praise. It is to a hard, practical, prossic world that the fairy king returns after his long sojourn on the oblivious lake, and if he may yet find some pale reflection of his former reign, it will take long years before the incredulous will own that he is no impostor.

E. B. L."

## "ONE OF THE CROWD."

AN EPISTLE FROM PARIS TO THE COUNTERS OF BLESSINGTON, JAN. 1, 1836.

[Referred to in a letter dated 5th of January, 1836.]

Behind me sorrow, and before me strife, What sudden smoothness lulls the waves of life ? Hemm'd by the gloom that shadows either side, One track the moonbeams from the dark divide. Never for him whose youth in haunted dells Heard, though far off, Corycian oracles, Whom the still Nine made dreamer at his birth, Can the soft magic all forsake the earth. Though on the willow hang his silent lute, Though song's wild passion lies subdued and mute, Still for the charm-revealing heaven he sighs, And feels the poet which his life belies.

\* An inundation of the Thames.

Here, where the wheels of wild contenders roll, And one vast dust-cloud hides from each the goal, Where gusts of passion mock all guiding laws, And sport alike with forest-kings and straws, Apart and lone amid the millions round, I hear the uproar and survey the ground, And for one hour, spectator of the time, Affect the sage, and would be wise in rhyme. What change, since first my boyhood's careless glance Roved her gay haunts, has dimmed the smile of France ! Where are the bland address, the happy case, The minor morals of the wish to please ! These, the fair magic of the mien, no more Deck the fierce natures which they masked of yore. Enter yon shop, whose wares arrest your eye, The smileless trader bullies you to buy : At cafes scarce the blunt, bluff garcons stir ; All are now equal, you're no longer-sir! While, if through streams of mud, miscall'd a street, You wend your way, what swaggering shapes you meet! Grim, lowering, wild, along the gay Boulevard, Sweep hordes of dandies bearded like the pard ; And, as each step the herds unyielding bar, Puff in your loathing face the rank cigar ! If, haply creeping by the cleaner wall, Some tiptoed damsel meet the whisker'd Gaul, He stalks the trottor with a sultan's air. Peers through the veil, and revels in the stare : The wall on this side, and on that the mud. Behold the weaker vessel in the flood !\*

The change displeases ! let it not amaze ; Behold the fruit of the "Three Glorious Days." Well, freedom won—let freedom pardoned be For rugged manhood—Sons of Hampden—Free ! The people triumphed—what do they possess ! A venal Chamber and a shackled Press ! On the scared ear of earth for this alone Crash'd the great ruins of the Bourbon throne.

\* The rudeness in manner which characterized the Parisians at the date referred to in the text was too ungenial to the natural character of the population to last long; it was consistent only with the mock freedom which for a time deluded the French people under the reign of Louis Philippe.

- G002 C

## TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

All France herself one standing army made, All freedom fetter'd to the fears of trade !\*

All! nay, deny not some substantial gain; Such patriot blood has not been spill'd in vain. Flags of *three* hues instead of *one* are reared— Jean gains no vote, but once he wore no beard.

Sick of these tricks of state, which seem to dim The stars of empire for a madman's whim-These fools that take a riot for reform, And furl the sail which bore them through the storm-Turn we from men to books ! no more, alas ! Wit's easy diamond cuts the truthful glass ; The pointed maxim-the Horatian style, That won the heart to wisdom with a smile. Are out of date-the Muses clad in black, See language stretch'd in torture on the rack. Sense flies from sadness when so very sad, And what burlesque like gravity run mad ! An author took his fiction to the trade, Mournful the theme, from love and murder made, "Sir," quoth the bookwife, " this is somewhat cold ; Man loves a maid, and slays her ; sad, but old ! We want invention ! make the man an ape, Some mighty spirit in a monkey shape. Picture what scenes ! the subject could not fail, A soul divine made desperate by-a tail !"

Invent some monster—some unheard-of crime, And this is "nature"—"this the true sublime !" The same in books as action, still they make The mightiest clamor for the smallest stake. Each frigid thought in streams of fury flows, And tritest dialogue raves with "ahs" and "ohs."

Yet these the race—these sucklings of romance, That sneer at all that gave her fame to France, That hoot, the screech owls, from their perch obscene, Thy sun, Corneille ! thy starry pomp, Racine !

\* It is the grossest injustice to call Louis Philippe a tyrant. He is the representative of the fears of the bourgeoisie ! By their favor he rose, by their interests he governs, and by their indifference he may yet fall.

\* \* \* \* prates of Rousseau with a patron's air, But pigmy \* \* \* \* scoffs at great Voltaire!

Enough of these-in quiet let them lie : Peace to their ashes ! while we speak, they die. I grant to \* \* \* \* all that art can do, For schools that style the "extravagant" "the true." And duped to bogs by their divining rod, Dig for the natural where they find the odd.\* I grant Alphonso can at moments touch, Though not to tears-he whines himself too much. His pathos pranks it with a parson's air, A drop of Byron to a quart of Blair ! I grant that Rene's high-soul'd author knows To paint the lily and perfume the rose ; A gorgeous troop of glittering words to raise, And stalk to fame in all the pomp of phrase. But, at the best, in him we can but hail A he Corinna or a she De Staël ! Yet these, whate'er their light, are on the wane, Too wild for Europe, but for France too plain. Romance and horror now are out of fashion, Balzac has made philosophy the passion ! And all the town-weet innocent !---endures Are two-sex'd scraphs, " dans immenses malheurs." Relieved, we hasten from these phrenzies fine,† This whirl of words-these nightmares of the Nine, To own that France with pride may point to all Beranger's verse, and half the prose of Paul.1 What then ? I hear some sombre critic say, The grave offends you, you prefer the gay. No! give the cypress or the rose its hue, I like them both, but I must have the true. Your gay is natural, and your grave is forced; What stuff like sentiment from sense divorced !

\* See Victor Hugo's preface to Cromwell, in which we are assured that the true spirit of poetry lies in the grotesque.

† See the "Seraphitas" of M. de Balzac.

‡ Paul Courier. The author, in allowing these lines upon the French writers to remain, thinks it right to say that, in the spirit of a juster and maturer criticism, he should, were he writing on the same subject now, qualify, though not wholly withdraw, the blame, and accord due praise to the unquestionable gonius which, if it does not redeem all faults, dafies and survives all dopreciation. (1854.)

Caroole

Back from the things without my soul recodes-How daily more on self the reason feeds ! As years creep o'er us, less and less we note The toy and rattle from our reach remote : Less we observe, and more remember. Man The one same, endless marvel that we scan : But to the stranger heart incurious grown, We centre all our study on our own. Ah! first when youth ran high, and, sparkling up, Life's very foam could overflow the cup : When the heart's ocean, bright with April skies, Glass'd every glance from woman's starry eyes : When foe or friend alike was blithely made, And all the thought could prompt, the act obey'd : When earth was new, and life unpall'd could give Each hour a something to the next to live : When ev'n in trifles thought could truth discern, And pleasure taught philosophy to learn ; Then first these scenes I roved delighted o'er ; Changed are the scenes, the visitant much more ! Man and his motives grown a well-read book, The jaded task fatigues the languid look ; Foes can not rouse, new friends can but presume-Life's wrinkled cheek hath lost its heavenly bloom ; And half in sorrow, half in scorn. I see That change on earth which is but change in me. Dull trash, this world ! I lay it on the shelf; Come, my own heart-none reads too oft himself !

Can all the stars this outward earth illume ! E'en day itself leaves half our orb in gloom ; But one lone lamp lights up the spirit's vault ; The egotist hath wisdom in his fault. When grief or thought the burden'd soul oppress, It is a sweet religion-to confess ! To the charm'd ear of Poesy-the priest, We pour our sighs, and quit the shrine released. For who can bare to mortal eye the soul ! This is the true confessional-the scroll ! Here in our art we find a strange relief, And in revealing half forget our grief. Blame not communion with ourselves ; it grows, Not from the wish to nurse, but vent our woes, And he who makes a mirror of his mind, Does but condense the likeness of mankind.

## 192 LETTERS FROM SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

Still young in years, my heart hath run through most That youth desires to feel, and age to boast ; Enough of fortune and of gentle birth To share the sabbaths as the toils of earth : Enough of health and hardihood to call Each man my mate, and feel at home with all; Life's various shades it has been mine to view, Till the wide pallet proffers naught of new. Art and ambition, eulogy and blame, Excite no longer : I have gained a name : The name once made, our toils can scarce exait. One merit granted, or atone one fault. And oh ! how still the censure and the praise (For both make fame) our own tormentors raise ; First we enjoy, and afterward endure, Ache at the glare, and sigh to be obscure.

What, then, is life so dark a web, whose white The fates unravel as we near the night ! Springs, like the banyan, every high desire, To bend once more and mingle with the mire ! Is it in vain, as up the steep we wind, That each firm step some folly leaves behind ! Is it in vain we pierce the secret maze, "And scorn delight, and love laborious days !" No; for the while the prospect fades below, Near and more near the heavens before us glow ; Like Chaldee's seers,\* our starry lore takes birth Where most the drear monotony of earth; Around, all tame ; above we raise the scope, And learn the vast astrology of Hope. 'Tis worth a youth of suffering, care, and strife, To win some spot beyond the storms of life ; A cell unseen, where Thought, a hermit grown, Sits musing o'er the perils it hath known, And (faintly heard without the tempest's roar) Trims the soul's lamp, and cons some sacred lore. And if no more on passion's stream we waft The laughing Chrishna on his lotus raft,†

 It was the vast flatness of the Chaldean soil that conduced to and favored their astronomical science.

† The Indian god of Love is represented as floating on the lotus loaf down the Ganges; and offerings on lotus leaves are yearly sent to drift down the river.

0.00010

## TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

Heaved by each wave, and woo'd by every wind, Life leaves not all its softer gods behind; Our buried youth rays never quench'd illume, And Love's lone watchlight burns in Fancy's tomb. Better we prize, as lighter gains depart, That mine of wealth—the treasure of a heart; And feel we know not, till around us sweeps, Day after day, the darkness of the deeps— Till the false raven that from death we bore, Left us in peril and return'd no more, How bless'd the olive of the welcome dove, And what new worlds are promised us by love.

Thus, at the worst, experience is not gloom, And golden fruits replace the purple bloom; And off methinks, that as we grow more wise, We fit our souls for ends beyond the skies; For heaven the vulgar scarcely paint aright, As some inactive torpor of delight, Where thought's high travail we for aye dismiss, Lull'd in the Sybarite's indolence of bliss.

Nobler, be sure, our nature and our doom, Each gain we make we bear beyond the tomb ; Just as our spirits may exalt us here, Train'd to high purpose in a holier sphere ; Proceeding on from link to link, until We serve the word, but comprehend the will ; No longer blinded to the part we play, Benighted wanderers yearning for the day, Each step before us blackness-life and death-Joy-grief-the glaciers hanging on a breath ; Slaves to the Present's wheel revolving, bound, Now whirl'd aloft, now dashed upon the ground ; Self to itself a riddle-all unknown Whither we tend, or wherefore we should groan ; But by the struggles of our mind below To guess at knowledge, train'd at last-to know. The end august ordain'd to our survey, Where once we groan'd, we glory to obey, And, lost all leaven of the earth we trod, Endue the seraph as we near the god.

Vol. II.-1

## 194 LETTERS FROM SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

Can the same joys reward or doom await Mind's various ranks in heaven's mysterious state ! What dungeon star could fetter, check by jowl, Some lord's dull spark and Shakspeare's sunlike soul ! Say, canst thou guess what mighty tasks await The bard's free spirit at the Eternal Gate ! Reserved (how know'st thou !), when from clay redeeni'd, To rule the worlds of which it here but dream'd; From power to power, from light to light ascend— Take death from genius, where can genius end !

Accept the doctrine, and no more surprise, In fate or soul, man's stern disparities. No more we sigh to ask why genius wears . Proud hearts away "in crosses and in cares ;" Why the same fates that Sidney's murderer raise. Bring Milton "darkness and the evil days ;" Why Dante from La Scala's board is fed, And Otway chokes with the unwonted bread. No more we wonder when across the night Some metcor spirit casts a moment's light, And seems, as darkness closes round the sky. Born but to blaze, to startle, and to die. Look but to earth, and bootless we might call Iskander's rise or bright Rienzi's fall. When Brutus found the virtue he adored At length a name, and perish'd on his sword, In vain for Rome did her great Roman bleed, The wasted drops brought forth no dragon seed. How oft, through life, we meet with souls whose fire But lit the shrine of one divine desire ! In vain they panted, struggled, toil'd, and wrought, The monomaniacs of some god-like thought. How many martyrs to mankind, whose name Died with their dust, uncanonized by fame ! But if a stern philosopher be Fate, That schools us harshly at life's outer gate, Before (the dark novitiate o'er) we win The master-science of the shrine within ; If Heaven be not the rest to our career, But its new field, then life at once is clear-Then solved the riddle. We in vain for earth May toil and strive-Heaven claims us from our birth ;

And every toil but nerves the soul to climb Alp upon Alp beyond the walls of Time ! For if ev'n matter, if the meanest clod Knows naught of waste in the vast schemes of God, How much more wanted to the wondrous whole Each spark of thought, each monad of the soul! By one great nature's toil all space may gain, And worlds attest-" man ne'er aspires in vain !" Never, O earth, for merely human ends, Heaven to thine orb some rarer spirit sends. On Plato's soul did day celestial break, That boys through Phedo might arrive at Greek ! Was godlike Pericles but born to rule The smooth Orbilius of a brawling school ; To curb or fawn upon the riot throng, To build a shrine, or patronize a song ? No! here we read the first leaf of the scroll : To guess the end, we must peruse the whole : No ! though the curtain fall, your judgment stay ; 'Twas but the prologue-now begins the play ! And ere you ask what some score lives may mean, Death, raise the curtain ! Heaven, present the scene !

In youth "we babbled of green fields"-the pure Air-where the muse might court " la belle nature," And ask'd, in Harold's hollow prayer, to dwell With our lone fancies, by the flood and fell! But now, old Berkeley's true disciples grown, Our sense and soul make all the world we own. What boots it that yon moonlight casts its glow O'er grave fiacres freezing in a row, Or the long wall beside whose jealous gate Th' unenvied sentry holds his silent state ! What matters where the outward scene may be ! Earth has no Eden which we may not see. Waves Thought his wand, and lo, before my eyes Heaves the soft lake, or bend the purple skies, Or summer shines upon that quiet shade Where Love sad altars to Remembrance made ; Where its wild course the heart to ruin ran, And youth grew rich by usury on the man ! Let Syntax Pilgrims rove from clime to clime, And hunt o'er earth the beauteous and sublime.

Fools! not on Jura's giant heights they grow, Nor found, like weeds, where Leman winds below ! Where the faun laughs through vines they are not hid, Nor mummied up in Memphian pyramid. Dig where you will, how fruitless is your toil ! Are thoughts and dreams the minerals of the soil ! Within our souls the real landscape lies— There rise our Alps, there smile our southern skies ; There winds the true Ilyssus, by whose stream We cull the hyacinth and invite the dream ; Revive the legend and the truth of old, "Live o'er each scene, and be what we behold."

The New Year's Eve! Night wanes; more near and near Creeps o'er the breathless world the coming year! Lo! what full incense of the hope and prayer Ascends from earth to earth's appointed heir! With tearless eyes we see the dark hours fling In Time's vast vault the old discrowned king. Hail to the Son! Alas! with prayers as vain, Men ask'd all blessings from the Father's reign.

Still the soul's faith Hope's rising sun invites ; We fawn on fate—the future's parasites ! For me, at least, the courtier creed is o'er, And wise Experience whispers "Wish no more !" Life hath no compass; through the dark we sail, Float passive on, and leave to God the gale. Come calm or storm, at least no power beside Can yield the haven or appease the tide !

# E. L. B.

Caroro R

In a letter addressed to Lady Blessington by E. L. Bulwer, from Paris, dated January 1st, 1836, the foregoing poetical epistle was inclosed, which, though of an earlier date than several other letters of his, has been placed at the end of this correspondence, with the view of drawing more particular attention to it.

## SIR HENRY BULWER, G.C.B.

Henry Bulwer, the elder brother of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and second son of W. E. Bulwer, Esq., was born in 1803 or 1804.

Studious and reserved in early years, he entered on the active

business of life prepared by his habits to surmount obstacles, and to bring to grave subjects of inquiry sedateness of mind, solid information to all collateral branches of such subjects, and a perfect knowledge of their bearings on the researches we are engaged in.

He entered Parliament in 1830 as representative of Wilton. In 1831 and 1832 he represented Coventry, and from 1834 till 1837, Marylebone. Politics, however, did not engross all his attention.

The great works of this gentleman are "The Monarchy of the Middle Classes," which appeared in 1834, and "France, Social, Literary, and Political," published in 4 vols. in 1836. In accurate statistical information, philosophical views, perspicuity in dealing with very extensive official returns and reports, and making a minute analysis of the civil and military administrations of France, no publication of modern times that treats of that country bears any comparison with the work of Henry Bulwer. With all the evident marks of genius in his productions, there are indications also of nervous irritability in his writings, and of many of the peculiarities of valetudinarianism, bordering on eccentricity, manifested in inequalities of style, occasional vagueness, and a frequent falling off in the vigor and originality of the writer. A small work of his, giving an account of his travels in Greece, "An Autumn in Greece," was published previously to the works above mentioned.

He has contributed much to reviews, magazines, and annuals, and one of his earliest anonymous productions, a "Life of Lord Byron," prefixed to the Paris edition of the poet's works in English, exhibited a great deal of tact and literary talcut.

He served in the Second Life Guards; was attached to the mission at Berlin in August, 1827; to the embassy at Vienna in 1829, at the Hague in 1830, at Paris in 1832; was appointed secretary of legation at Brussels in 1835; was chargé d'affaires there in 1835 and 1836; secretary of embassy at Constantinople in 1837; at St. Petersburgh in 1838; at Paris, June, 1839; was for some time minister plenipotentiary in 1839, 1840, and 1841; was appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Madrid, June, 1843, which post he continued to hold till the rupture of diplomatic relations between England and Spain in 1848; was made a privy councilor in 1845, and and a K.C.B. in 1848. Sir Henry Bulwer was appointed minister plenipotentiary at Washington in 1849; made a G.C.B. in 1851; and was transferred to Florence in the same capacity in January, 1852, and was accredited to the courts of Modens and Parma.\*

In his various embassies, Sir Henry Bulwer has performed his high duties with firmness, decision, manliness of character, and signal ability, without making any unnecessary display of those qualities; but, on the contrary, making natural amenity, quietude of manner, and amiability of disposition apparently his most remarkable characteristics. In 1848, when the soldierstatesman, Narvaez, was in power, during the intrigues of some of the foreign embassies in Spain, and commotions occasioned by them, Sir H. Bulwer had frequent remonstrances to address to the Spanish ministers from his government; and his firmness and efficiency in the discharge of his duties gave such offense to the arbitrary sword-law despot then at the head of affairs in Spain, that he ordered the British minister to guit Madrid, on pretense of interference in plots and conspiracies against the government. For two years the office of British minister at Madrid was left vacant. This violent proceeding of Narvaez was atoned for subsequently by an amende honorable, the terms of which were said to have been dictated by Lord Palmerston.

Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer possesses prepossessing, unpretending manners, and the air of inspiring confidence and retaining He is gentle in his bearing, of a languid appearance, and it. retiring deportment, yet of a strong will, and firm determination, and indomitable courage on great occasions, but irresolute, and uncertain in the ordinary affairs of every-day life. In conversation he is highly amusing and well-informed, and, notwithstanding an apparent thoughtlessness, something of an assumed indolence of mind (in the face of society, and in the company of very intimate friends), and a remarkable playfulness of \* The Foreien Office List for 1854, p. 33.

manner and disposition, few men are more observant and reflective, and deeper thinkers.

Habitual delicacy of health has been in his case productive of absence of mind on many occasions, and little *contretemps* which have given rise to misconceptions on the part of strangers and persons slightly acquainted with him, and thus offense has been sometimes taken at things either said or done by the diplomatist distraught in society, where no offense whatever was intended.

Sir Henry married, a few years ago, a daughter of Lord Cowley.

Few persons who were in the habit of meeting Mr. Henry Bulwer in London fashionable society in 1833 and 1834, as I have had that honor, on several occasions, in Seamore Place, who remember the young reserved man of a meditative turn, slight, pale, studious-looking, of a sickly cast of countenance, of a plaintive, valetudinarian sort of aspect, would be prepared for the varied and well-deserved successes of the older brother of Sir Edward Bulwer Lyttom in diplomacy, politics, and literature which have attended his later career.

## LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO HENRY LYTTON BUL-WER, ESQ.

" Seamore Place, London, November 6th, 1834.

"My DEAR MR. BOLWER,-It has given me great pleasure to hear from you, and it gives me scarcely less to be able to tell you of the perfect success of your book. I read it with all the acuteness of the critic, increased by the nervous anxiety of the friend, and feeling satisfied of its merit. I was only desirous of drawing general attention to it, as far as lay in my power, by recommending it to all my acquaintances, and commenting on it, in my salon, every evening. Many people are too idle or indolent to take the trouble of judging for themselves; a book must be pointed out to them as worthy of being read; and the rest, the merits of a good book will insure. Yours has been a regular hit, as the booksellers call it; a better proof of which I can not give you than that, on Saturday last, a copy of the first edition was not to be procured for love or money. It is not only praised, but bought, and has placed you very high on the literary ladder. Go on and prosper ; your success furnishes an incitement that the first work of few authors ever gave, and it would be unpardonable not to persevere in a path that offers such brilliant encouragement. I ought not to omit mentioning that in Mr. Fonblanque you have had as judicious a critic as an anxious friend. His good taste and friendly

## LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON

zeal on this occasion have secured him my friendship; admiration for his brilliant talents and respect for his unflinching honesty he had long since. Now lay this man to your heart, for be assured he is worthy of it. He is one of those extraordinary men, too good for the age in which they are bern, too clever not to be feared instead of loved, and too sensitive and affectionate not to be grieved that it is so.

"I never fear genius and worth ; it is only the egotistical irritability of mediocrity that I fear and shun. It grieves me when I see men like Fonblanque misunderstood or undervalued, and it is only at such moments that I am ambitious; for I should like to have power, wholly and solely, for doing justice to merit, and drawing into the sunshine of Fortune those who ought to be placed at the top of her wheel, with a drag to prevent that wheel revolving. "Pompeii' has covered its author with glory; every one talks of, every one praises it. What a noble creature your brother is ! such sublime genius joined to such deep, such true feeling. He is too superior to be understood in this age of pigmies, where each little animal thinks only of self and its little clique, and is jealous of the giants who stood between them and the sun, intercepting from them all its rays. 'Without these giants,' say they, 'what brightness would be ours ! but they keep all the sun to themselves.' Poor Miss Landor !- for poor I must call the person who has either bad taste enough or bad feeling enough to abuse your book-how severely punished she must be by its success.

"Strange to say, I have just been interrupted by E— E—, who came to spend the evening with me, and who has only now left me. I told hi a what you stated, and he has requested me to inform you that he never has said an unkind word, or what he thinks could be tortured into unkindness, of you to any human being. He says that of this he can speak so positively, that he defies any one to assert the contrary, and that if you will name your informant, he will refute him. For the expressions of his no constituents at Coventry he says he can not be responsible, and has no control over poliical differences, always producing hostile expressions, if not feelings.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

" January 18th, 1836.

"I have great pleasure in telling you your book gains ground every day. The influential papers take extracts from it daily, and every one reads it.

"I heard from E \_\_\_\_ E ast week; he says the Whigs were never so firmly seated as at present. The new peerages have given great dissatisfaction, particularly that of Lady \_\_\_\_\_. I saw Mr. E. J. Stanley last evening, and he appeared in very good spirits, which looks well for his party. He is a good person, and well disposed toward you.

"I heard from your brother on Friday from Paris; he sent me an epistle in verse, which is a *chef d'œuvre* worthy of the first of our poets.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

GOOVE

# TO SIR HENRY BULWER.

#### "Gore House, September 17th, 1840.

"I am never surprised at evil reports, however unfounded, still less so at any acts of friendship and manliness on your part. One is more than consoled for the mortification inflicted by calumnies, by having a friend so prompt to remove the injurious impressions they were likely to make. Alfred is at Doncaster, but he charges me to authorize you to contradict, in the most positive terms, the reports about his having participated in, or even known of the intentions of the Prince Louis. Indeed, had he suspected them, he would have used every effort in his power to dissuade him from putting them into execution. Alfred, as well as I, entertain the sincerest regard for the prince, with whom for fourteen years we have been on terms of intimacy ; but of his plans we knew no more than you did. Alfred by no means wishes to conceal his attachment to the prince, and still less that any exculpation of himself should in any way reflect on him ; but who so well as you, whose tact and delicacy are equal to your good nature, can fulfill the service to Alfred that we require ?

"Lady C—— writes to me that I too am mixed up in the reports. But I defy the malice of my greatest enemy to prove that I even dreamed of the prince's intentions or plans.

"Do you remember a friend of the Guiccioli's, a certain Marquis de Fressigny, or some such name, an elderly man, who lived in the Rue Neuve des Capacines! At the request of the Guiccioli, I sent two or three letters from her to him, under cover to Lady C——, because he happened to live within two doors of Lady C——, to save the sous for the petite poste. You know how foreigners attend to these little savings; and, lo and behold, no sooner does Lady C—— hear of the reports at Paris, than she conjures up an idea that this same Marquis de Fressigny (for it is some such name) is no other than the Marquis de C—— Channell, with whom the Prince Louis has been mixed up, but whose name I never heard of until I saw it in the papers. Tell me if you remember this same Fressigny ! Have you heard from the Guiccioli lately, for I have not ! Is it true that Dr. Lardner is gone to America ! I have not heard from Edward since he went abroad—have you !

"I have been in Cambridgeshire for some weeks, and have only just returned. Alfred will write to you the moment he returns, but, en attendant, you are authorized and requested to contradict the rumors.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Gore House, April 13th, 1843.

"Of all the kind letters received on the late bereavement, that has left so great a blank in my life, none have so much touched me as yours; for I know how to appreciate the friendship which prompts you to snatch from time so actively and usefully employed as yours always is, a few minutes for absent and sorrowing friends. This last blow, though not unexpected, has nevertheless fallen heavily on me, and the more so that the insidious malady which

## 202 LETTERS FROM SIR HENRY LYTTON BULWER

destroyed my poor dear niece developed so many endearing qualities in her sweet and gentle nature, that her loss is the more sincerely felt. Two months before this last sad event we lost her little girl, that sweet and interesting child whose beauty and intelligence (though, poor thing! she was deaf and dumb) you used to admire. This has indeed been a melancholy year to me.

"Alfred's position, as you may well imagine, would of itself fill me with chagrin, and the protracted illness of two beings so dear to me, closed by their deaths, has added the last blow to my troubles. May you, my dear Henry, be long spared from similar trials, and be left health and long life to enjoy your well-merited reputation, in which no one more cordially rejoices than "Your sincere, affectionate friend, M. BLESSINGTON."

LETTERS FROM SIR H. LYTTON BULWER TO LADY BLESSINGTON. "December, 1841.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,-I think D'Orsay wrong in these things you refer to : to have asked for London especially, and not to have informed me how near the affair was to its maturity when St. Aulaire went to the Duke of B-----'s, because I might then have prepared opinion for it here ; whereas I first heard the affair mentioned in a room where I had to contend against every person present, when I stated what I think, that the appointment would have been a very good one. But it does not now signify talking about the matter, and saying that I should have wished our friend to have given the matter rather en air of doing a favor than of asking one. It is right to say that he has acted most honorably, delicately, and in a way which ought to have served him, though perhaps it is not likely to do so. The French embassador did not, I think, wish for the nomination. M. Guizot, I imagine, is at this moment afraid of any thing that might excite discussion and opposition, and it is idle to disguise from you that D'Orsay, both in England and here, has many enemies. The best service I can do him is by continuing to speak of him as I have done among influential persons, viz., as a man whom the government would do well to employ ; and my opinion is, that if he continues to wish for and to seek employment, that he will obtain it in the end. But I don't think he will obtain the situation he wished for in London, and I think it may be some little time before he gets such a one as he ought to have, and that would suit him. The secretaryship in Spain would be an excellent thing, and I would aid the marshal in any thing he might do or say respecting it. I shall be rather surprised, however, if the present man is recalled. Well, do not let D'Orsay lose courage. Nobody succeeds in these things just at the moment he desires. With his position here (speaking of a French nobleman), he has been ten years getting made embassador, and at last is so by a fortunate chance. Remember also how long it was, though I was in Parliament, and had some little interest, before I was myself fairly launched in the diplomatic career. Alfred has all the qualities for success in any thing, but he must give the same trouble and pains to the pursuits he now engages in

that he has given to other pursuits previously. At all events, though I speak frankly and merely what I think to him, I am here and always a sincere and affectionate friend, and most desirous to prove myself so. With respect to \_\_\_\_\_\_, for recommending whom you seem to reproach me, my opinion remains unchanged, and I still think him the best person, if not the only one, you could have employed. I know he spoke frequently to Guizot. I believe he also spoke to the king; and, upon the whole, I believe that what he said to \_\_\_\_\_\_ was partly correct. HENEY BULWEB."

In reference to this subject, Sir Henry Bulwer observes, in a recent communication, "It was altogether a great pity D'Orsay was not employed, for he was not only fit to be so, but to make a most useful and efficient agent, had he been appointed."

## "Hotel Douvres, Rue de la Paix, October 2d.

"I have been staying very recently at Versailles, roving about those beautiful gardens and woods which I delight in, and have but just now come to Paris, where, however, I hear there are many English; but, as Landor is going to England, you will probably see him, and hear more than I can tell you.

"In literature there is nothing new here, but a new novel, 'Jacques,' from Mde. Dudevant (G. Sand). She is really a curious woman. Mrs. —\_\_\_\_\_, a poet, who was said to be on intimate terms with her last year, is now, as it is reported, succeeded by a doctor, the consequence being a new doctrine supported by a new work, demonstrating that the affections of the heart are to be separated from the pleasures of the senses. The poet represents the heart, the doctor the senses. HENEY BULWER."

#### [No date.]

"I shall seem an ungrateful man; but I have a head, alas! as well as a heart, and the former aches at writing what the latter wishes written. A thousand kind things in return for those you say to me. Praise from you is worth having, because it is sincere, and because I have a sincere affection for the person who bestows it. I got here well, and am often thinking of my sojourn under your hospitable roof with the most agreeable recollections, and often wishing that my nest had been built a little nearer to your groves.

"Think sometimes of an absent friend, whom you may ever believe yours most affectionately, HENEY BULWEE."

#### "Hampton.

"I just received your note. It is not, as you may suppose, from carelessness and forgetfulness that you have not had my contribution. I have begun twenty tales about that abominable sixteenth century, and none of them have pleased me but one, which I thought would not please you. It was full of horrors, magic, murder, and the East. It is now burned, and I am writing,

## ISAAC D'ISRAELI, ESQ.

as hard as I can, something which you will have to burn, if you like, on Monday evening. But I am a bad contributor, for I can't write at all times nor on all subjects, though you can command me in all things.

"HENRY BULWER."

#### " May 6th, 1849.

"I was very glad to get your letter. I never had a doubt (I judged by myself) that your friends would remain always your friends, and I was sure that many who were not Alfred's when he was away, would become so when he was present. It would be great ingratitude if Prince Louis forgot former kindnesses and services, and I must say that I do not think him capable of this.

"I think you will take a house in Paris, or near it, and I hope some day there to find you, and to renew some of the many happy hours I have spent in your society. I shall attend the sale, and advise all my friends to do so. From what I hear, things will probably sell well. I am sure that Samson will execute any commission for you when he goes to Paris, and I gave Douro your message, who returns it. The \_\_\_\_\_, of whom you speak, made their appearance at the court ball; the lady dressed rather singularly her hair à la Chinoise, and stuck with diamonds. All the women quizzed her prodigiously until they found out she was the last Parisian fashion. In fact, she looked remarkably well, and people were quite right in saying nothing could be so becoming directly they ceased thinking that nothing could be so ridiculous.

"My own plans are still very uncertain, but I think of going to <u>by</u> Paris. What little I hear about the new Chamber and the president's prospects is good, and I liked a letter by Lucien Bonaparte the other day much. It is a pity, however, a great pity, this quarrel with Napoleon; and I can't quite approve of publishing a private letter in the newspaper, and dismissing a man from his post on account of his leaving it, before hearing the reasons he had to give for doing so. HENRY BULWER."

## CHAPTER XI.

## ISAAC D'ISRAELI, ESQ."

THE author of "The Curiosities of Literature," Isaac D'Israeli, of honored memory, the literary historian, was born at Enfield,

\* The particulars of the career of the elder D'Israeli, given in this sketch, are gathered chiefly from a highly interesting Memoir published in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for July, 1848, which has been ascribed to his distinguished son, and also from numerous references to him in Lady Blessington's papers. near London, in May, 1766, and was the only son of Benjamin D'Israeli, a Venetian merchant, of the Jewish persuasion, long established in England.

English literature is therefore indebted to Italy, Judaism, and Venetian commerce for two of its most distinguished sons, and English politics and statesmanship to the same old sources for a public man, who has achieved for himself an eminent position, and the leadership of a great party.

Isaac D'Israeli was sent, at an early age, to Holland: he passed some years of boyhood in Amsterdam and Leyden; acquired there a great knowledge of languages, and *some* knowledge, but not a very extensive acquaintance, with the classics.

On his return to England he applied himself a great deal to books, and made his first known appearance in print in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for December, 1786. That article of four pages, entitled "Remarks on the Biographical Accounts of the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.," bore the signature of J. D. I.

But long previously, and subsequently to the date of that essay, his leading passion was a love of poetry and an ambition to write poetry. He began to discover that he was not destined to succeed in that line so early as 1788; but he went on, in spite of fate, wooing the Muses, whom he had made divers vows to abandon, and in 1803 published a volume of "Narrative Poems" in 4to.

In 1799 appeared "Love and Humility, a Roman Romance;" also "The Lovers, or the Origin of the Fine Arts;" and in a second edition of these productions in 1801, he introduced "The Daughter, or a Modern Romance."

Another novel, the date of which is unknown, called "Despotism, or the Fall of the Jesuits," was published by him. It would be interesting to know how that subject had been treated by him.

But several years earlier, his predilection for literary criticism had manifested itself in his studies and pursuits. So early as 1791, he published the first volume of "Curiosities of Literature," consisting of anecdotes, characters, sketches, and observations, literary, critical, and historical. In 1793 the second volume appeared, with "A Dissertation on Anecdotes." A third volume, some years later, completed the work. In 1823, a second series, however, was published, and up to 1841 went through twelve editions.

In 1795 appeared his "Essay on the Manners and Genius of the Literary Character;" in 1796, "Miscellanies, or Literary Recreations;" in 1812 and 1813, his "Calamities of Authors," in two volumes; in 1814, in three volumes, "Quarrels of Authors, or some Memoirs of our Literary History, including Specimens of Controversy, to the reign of Elizabeth;" in 1816, "An Inquiry into the Literary and Political Character of James I."

These are the great works on which rest the fame of Isaac D'Israeli; but one of his works, entitled "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First," in two volumes 8vo, 1828, obtained more popularity for a time than any of the works abovementioned. For this work, in 1830 increased to four volumes, very eulogistic of Charles the First, the author got from Oxford the honorary degree of D.C.L., the public orator of the University, in conferring it, using the words "Optimi Regis, optimo defensori."

In 1839, while meditating a more comprehensive and elaborate work on the "History of English Literature," he was totally deprived of sight. This terrible calamity was compensated for, to some small extent, by the constant attendance on him of his daughter. With her aid as an amanuensis, he produced "The Amenities of Literature." Mr. D'Israeli was a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and a member of some other learned societies.

He had a literary controversy in 1837 with Mr. Bolton Corney (the author of a production entitled "Curiosities of Literature Illustrated," a litterateur who works in the mine of old bookish knowledge), which controversy troubled a good deal the tranquillity of Mr. D'Israeli, and shook a little the implicit confidence which the public reposed in all his statements respecting what is called "Secret History," the originality of curious matter, alleged to have been discovered in ancient documents, and the anthenticity and dates of manuscripts and books referred to by him. Mr. Corney's object was to pull down the fame

CHOOVE

of the elder D'Israeli: that object he has not been able to effect, but he assuredly has shown a tendency in Mr. D'Israeli to that sort of vanity which prompted Bruce to represent a traveling companion as dead who was living at the time of his representation of his death, in order to enhance the value of the discovery of the source of the Nile, in his anxiety to appropriate the sole merit of that discovery, to be able to say with Coriolanus, "Alone I did it." D'Israeli unquestionably claimed as discoveries of his own, that never were in print, matters which subsequently were found to exist in published books.

He had made some previous attempts, anonymously, at romance writing. In 1797 he published "Vaurien, a satirical Novel;" subsequently, "Flim Flams, or the Life of my Uncle," an extravaganza after the manner of Rabelais; and "Megnoon and Leila," the earliest English romance purporting to represent Oriental life, with strict attention to costume.

Mr. D'Israeli, in 1847, lost his wife. This lady, whom he married in February, 1802, was a sister of George Bassevi, Esq., of Brighton, a magistrate for Sussex, and aunt of the late eminent architect, George Bassevi, Esq., who was killed at Ely Cathedral in 1845. At the time of the death of the elder D'Israeli, in his 82d year, the 19th of July, 1848 he was still engaged in literary pursuits: the love of ancient books—old ragged veterans—was with him truly the "ruling passion, strong in death;" and when Mr. Corney and his labors shall be utterly forgotten, the services of Isaac D'Israeli to English literature will be remembered and well regarded. He died at the residence of his son Benjamin, at Bradenham House, tenderly watched over in his last illness by that affectionate son, and deeply lamented by him long after his decease.

He left three sons, the eldest of whom is now member for Buckinghamshire; the second son is a clerk in the Registry Office in Chancery, and the youngest an agriculturist in Buckinghamshire. An only daughter died while traveling in the East with her eldest brother.

One of the best likenesses of Isaac D'Israeli is that by Count D'Orsay, engraved in the "Illustrated London News" of Janua-

## LETTERS FROM ISAAC D'ISRAELI, ESQ.

208

ry 29th, 1848. A whole-length, by Alfred Crowquill, appeared in "Frazer's Magazine" some years prior to 1848; and a portrait of him in very early life, by Drummond, was published in "The Mirror" for January, 1797.

# LETTERS FROM 1. D'ISRAELI, ESQ., THE AUTHOR OF "THE CURI-OSITIES OF LITERATURE," TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"November 10th, 1838.

"MY DEAE LADY BLESSINGTON,-I am the most unworthy receiver of your ever beautiful book, and the kindness of remembering me is

## " Plus belle que la Beauté."

"I hope you read some time ago a note from me to announce to you a Friesic version of some very tender philosophy on life and death, composed by you in the 'Book of Beauty' of 1834.

"The object was to show the analogy between our Saxon, or Friesic, and our English, freed of all foreign words. I do not know whether you will rejoice to understand that of seventy and seven words, carefully counted, of which your stanzas consist, you have not more than eight foreigners, so that you wrote pure Saxon, which, they say, is the rarest and most difficult affair possible, most of our writers being great corruptors of the morality of words, or, as they say, of language. I put "the eight foreigners" down, like the Polish gentleman's paws, whose patriotism, I see, is in a quarrel:

" ' Pain,' ' hours,' ' joy,' ' scold,' ' vanish,' ' sceptered,' ' empire,' ' brief.'

"You see, my dear lady, what a charming thing it is to be simple and natural, for then you are sure to write Saxon. Shakspeare wrote Saxon, for he knew how to write; Addison did not know any thing of Saxon, and the consequence is that Addison never wrote English. I hope Saxon will not go out of fashion; but, whether it does or not, you must continue to write such stanzas as these on Life and Death. I. D'ISRAELL."

"1 St. James's Place, 5th of February.

"I write to you from the sofa, where I have been laid prostrate by my old enemy, and fairly captured, almost ever since I had the pleasure of being with you.

"Could I have bound these arthritic heels of mine with the small light pinions of the only god who ever wore wings to his, I should, ere now, have made a descent on Gore House; but I have nothing now left, I fear, but to dwell on 'Imaginary Conversations.' I. D'ISRAELT."

### THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, M.P.

The eldest son of the distinguished litterateur who was the subject of the preceding notice, Benjamin D'Israeli, was born in 1805. The literary tastes and talents of the father had been transmitted to the eldest son, and had given early promise, in this instance, of intellectual powers of the highest order, which was not disappointed.

He traveled in Germany at an early age, and subsequently, in 1826, in Italy and the Levant. In 1829 and 1830 he visited Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt, accompanied as far as Syria by his sister.<sup>®</sup>

In 1831, on his return to England, he found the country involved in the Reform agitation. He became a candidate for the borough of Chipping Wycombe, on principles neither Whig nor Tory, but, in general, rather theoretically Radical, and on two points of the charter quite practically so; on the hustings a faradvanced Reformer, an advocate of short Parliaments, and vote by ballot. He was defeated at this election, and also at a subsequent one.

The author of "Vivian Grey," " The Young Duke," "Henrictta Temple," " Venetia," " Contarini Fleming," " Coningsby," "Sybil," " Tancred," " The Wondrous Lady of Alroy," &c., &c., &c., the former votary of the Muses, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, was one of the most intimate literary friends of Lady Blessington. Many years ago (upward of twenty) I frequently met Mr. D'Israeli at Lady Blessington's abode in Seamore Place. It required no ghost from the grave, or rapping spirit from the invisible world, to predicate, even then, the success of young D'Israeli in public life. Though in general society he was habitually silent and reserved, he was closely observant. It required generally a subject of more than common interest to produce the fitting degree of enthusiasm to animate and to stimulate him into the exercise of his marvelous powers of conversation. When duly excited, however, his command of language was truly wonderful, his sarcasm unsurpassed; the readiness of his wit, the quickness of his perception, the grasp of mind that enabled him to seize on all the parts of any subject under discussion, those only would venture to call in question who had never been in his company at the period I refer to.

\* The young lady died on their tour in Palestine

### RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, M.P.

The natural turn of his mind was then of an imaginative, romantic kind; but his political pursuits were beginning to exert a controlling influence over this tendency, and it then only occasionally broke through the staid deportment of the sombre politician, and the solemn aspect of grave and thoughtful couservatism. The struggles of an early literary career, the strife of a political one in more advanced years, the wear and tear of a mind whose ruling passion was ambition, have now given a premature character of care and weariness of spirit to the outward as well as the inward man of Mr. D'Israeli. I have met few men, in any country, with more unmistakable marks of genius than he possesses. If strong convictions, sound principles, steadfast opinions, and settled purposes in political action were always found associated with exalted intellectual qualities like those of Mr. D'Israeli, there is no man in this country who would be more formidable to his opponents or serviceable to the state.

A man who sets out in a parliamentary career without birth, fortune, political influence, or commercial interest at his back, determined not to be tabooed, not to be intimidated, discouraged, or run down by any party, or by all factions in the House of Commons, and triumphs solely by his intellectual power over all impediments to his unfailing and *undiscourageable* efforts, must have the true elements of greatness in his composition. If such a man lends the powers that are in him to any party for objects that are not generous, grand, and good, he is not faithful to himself, or likely to be enabled to be eminently useful to his country.

One of the carliest works of fiction of Mr. D'Israeli was "Contarini Fleming," which appeared in 1833, a psychological romance. In 1834 appeared "A Vindication of the British Constitution," a thing that has never been defined or vanquished, but is perpetually vindicated. In 1835, on the establishment of a Conservative ministry, Mr. D'Israeli was a candidate for the borough of Taunton, declared himself in favor of Conservative principles, and was considered a supporter of Peel. At this election he made an attack on Mr. O'Connell, which was not

prudent, nor one likely to pass with impunity. Mr. O'Connell replied, and the result was a challenge to the son of Mr. O'Connell, the offending party having long previously made a declaration, after a rencounter fatal to his antagonist, that he would fight no more. That challenge was declined by O'Connell's son. The correspondence ended with the intimation to O'Connell, "We shall meet at Philippi," the thrashing-floor of the House of Commons being evidently intended by Mr. D'Israeli, by the allusion to the Thracian field of Philippi, a place, no doubt, thus fitly designated, and designed to be the arena of many future tussles of the young Octavius of new England with the elder Dan, the Brutus of old Ireland, the scene of many contemplated Philippics, Peelics, and O'Connell-licks, all in petto.

In 1837, Mr. D'Israeli, the grandson of the worthy Venetian of the Hebrew nation, being highly popular with the ultra-Protestant Tory party generally, and the champions of genuine uncorrupted Christianity of Maidstone, as maintained by the Earl of Winchelsea, of Battersea Fields celebrity, in particular, was returned to Parliament, greatly indebted to Mr. O'Connell's abuse and uncomplimentary genealogical allusions for their favor. Octavius of young England arrived at Philippi, burning with chivalrous ardor in defense of Protestant ascendency and the corn-laws, it may be presumed, took his place on the Conservative side of the great field of politics, vulgarly called the House of Commons. Brutus, of old Ireland, semper paratus for assault or for defense, was on the opposite side fornenst Octavius. And lo! Greek met Greek for many nights, and no great "tug of war" ensued, and not a grease-mark on the floor indicated a spot where any portion of the substance of the Maidstone combatant had been consumed, or so much as the tip of the tail of the Kilkenny animal denoted that any deadly contest had taken place ; and the dreadful practice had existed that would prevail, no doubt, more extensively among honorable gentlemen in Philippi, namely, of swallowing up one another in the heat of a debate, if they had not adopted the more discreet plan of swallowing their own words, and dealing with their political principles as tourists do with poached eggs on a fast-day, when they

211

are traveling, like Mr. Whiteside and Lord Roden, " for their sins," in Romish countries.

But there was a far more remarkable prophecy of Mr. D'Israeli than the one about the meeting at Philippi, on his seizing the first opportunity, after his return, that presented itself of addressing the House. The attempt was a failure; but whether the fault of the audience or the orator, is of little moment. Mr. D'Israeli, with the inspiration of a true man of genius, believed in his own powers, and felt they must ultimately prevail. He turned to the hooters, the groaners, the hissers, the collective wisdom that crows like cocks and neighs like horses, the whitechokered, white-vested young gentlemen of the Lower House, who have dined, and toward midnight are to be found kicking their heels on the benches in the body of the House, and recumbent in the side galleries-the noisy members, the half-drunken, half-dreaming portion of the collective wisdom-and he said to the conscript fathers, calmly and with emphasis, "The time will come when you shall hear me." The man who uttered words like these at the onset of his career in the House of Commons, and set to work right in earnest to verify his prediction, is assuredly no common man. They were words of grave offense to the hereditary governing class, the old English family legislators, who have acquired prescriptive right to rule this land. The literary parvenu was disliked and despised by them. He could not refer to half a dozen grandfathers of great fortunes and large estates in support of his pretensions, to big-wigged progenitors who had been successful lawyers, famous courtiers, or descendants of celebrated courtesans in ancient times. He could only go back to a father who had ennobled himself by the exercise of his genius, and had left a commodity of a great literary name to a son highly gifted to keep in honor and respect.

But the worst of it, in the opinion of the old aristocratic parties who divide the advantages and privilege of governing the country between them, the son of a more author, who dared to address the words to them, "The time will come when you shall hear me," accomplished his prediction: he compelled them to hear him with profound attention. He forced his way into the

councils of the nation and of his sovereign, and compelled the Conservative party to adopt him for their chief.

But they hate him not the less for that compulsion; and their antagonists, who fear him quite as much as the others hate him, find fault with him for his inconsistency. He is a political apostate, a renegade, a man of no fixed principles, of no immutability of opinion, and fidelity to party interests.

But, in common fairness, let us ask, Which of the great leaders of the rival parties in the state are perfectly consistent in their political opinions on the Corn-laws, on the Appropriation of Surplus Ecclesiastical Revenues, on Vote by Ballot-are faithful even to the great questions of Civil and Religious Liberty, of Reform, and of Free Trade, and consistent with themselves at different periods in relation to the same subject ? If public men be in earnest when they express detestation of change of political opinion in public men, let it be clearly understood they are sincere; and being so, that they denounce inconsistency alike in Whig or Tory, in great lords of the soil and scions of a great stock, which may have given law-makers to the realm for many ages, as well as in a man of no other riches but his talents, of no other hereditary honors but those he has derived from his father's literary reputation-who owes more to Nature and his father, the son of a mere author, than he does to Nell Gwynne, and all his grandmothers antipassati for several centuries gone by.

The brilliant wit of Sheridan, the sparkling repartee of Canning, the rich humor of O'Connell, racy of the soil that gave him birth, it is in vain to look for in the oratory of D'Israeli. But in sarcastic power, ability to make sharp, sudden-telling attacks on opponents, D'Israeli has no superior and few equals. The peculiar talent, something "more than kith and less than kin" to wit, which distinguishes D'Israeli in debate in Parliament, in his harangues on the hustings, and in his communications in the press, is that which he exhibits on many public occasions: of grave irony—irony indulged in with such solemnity of manner, with such apparent seriousness of intention, as well as such a seeming sense of profound importance attached to the object or opinions he desires to be thought in earnest in espousing, that the uninitiated in state mysteries allow their judgment to be led away by the specious reasoning of the plausible and able politician.\*

If his literary impugners and political adversaries be sincere in their scorn when they sneer at a Chancellor of the Exchequer and the leader of a great political party in the House of Commons because he has written works of fiction, poems for annuals, critiques for reviews in early life, continues to be addicted to literary pursuits, and, being a man of brilliant imagination, can not, in their estimation, be a profound politician, let them condemn the exercise of all talent in literary pursuits that is not connected with politics on the part of men devoted to public affairs.

On that ground Blackstone should be condemned for his sentimental verses, Sir William Jones for his translations of Persian poetry, Addison for his essays, Canning for his epigrams, Lord John Russell for his biography of Moore and his drama of Don Carlos.

\* One of the most admirable specimens of this grave irony is to be found in a letter of Mr. D'Israeli, recently published, purporting to take a deep interest in the views of the members of an association at Blackburn, who are anxious to have the Emancipation Act of 1829 repealed, or neutralized by new restrictive legislation. In his letter the expresses a hope that the required steps will be taken by Lord John Russell:

"In that case (he says), I should extend to him the same support which I did at the time of the Papal aggression, when he attempted to grapple with a great evil, though he was defeated in his purpose by the intrigues of the Jesuit party, whose policy was upheld in Parliament with eminent ability and unhappy success by Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Gladatone.

"I still retain the hope that Lord John Russell will seize the opportunity, which he unfortunately lost in 1851, and deal with the relations, in all their bearings, of our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects to our Protestant Constitution. But, however this may be, there can he no doubt that sooner or later the work must be done, with gravity, I trust, and with as little heat as possible in so great a controversy, but with earnestness and without equivocation; for the continuance of the present atate of affairs must lead inevitably to civil discord, and, perhaps, to national disaster."

Irony more gravely humorous than is to be found in this letter of Mr. D'Israeli to poor Mr. Christopher Robinson, of Blackburn, is not to be met with. It would be easier to conceive than to describe the inward glee that must have been felt at the successful composition of this admirably ironical epistic, that was intended to outdo the famous Durham letter, and make a little party capital during the recess.

## RIGHT RON. BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, M.P.

Is it the novel only that gentlemen object to ? are all works of fiction unprofitable productions ? Is the mere writing of a novel an evidence of puerility of mind ? If the object of the author of such a work be the delineation of life and manners, a portraiture of some particular phase of society, and a representation of some grand life-like scene or historical event, the prose writer's aim and end will not differ materially from the epic poet's.

But suppose a young man starting into life, instead of devoting his time and talents to literary pursuits of any kind, to versemaking, book-reviewing, drama-composing, or novel-writing, gave himself up to horse-racing, gambling, to profligacy, and, after a career of debauchery for some years, stopped short at the verge of ruin, entered on politics, and took his place in the House of Commons, would he be entitled to more consideration than a man whose antecedents have been altogether different?

Are better things to be expected of him than of the young author of works of fiction? Are higher hopes to be built on his experience of life than on that of a young man who has sown his wild oats in another field—on one even of the lightest soil of literature?

The works of Mr. D'Israeli are of unequal merit, but they bear the stamp of an original mind, of power far superior to the exhibition he cares to make of it in any of the works of fiction written by him. His "Vivian Grey" was written at the age of twenty-one. His "Contarini Fleming" is perhaps the best of his productions. His "Harriet Temple" contains some incidents of his own career, and depicts also, slightly dealing with it, the character of Count D'Orsay with much truth.

Mr. D'Israeli was introduced into Parliament for Maidstone by the late Windham Lewis, Esq., M.P. for Green Meadow, county Glamorgan, who formerly represented that borough; and was left executor by that gentleman. Mr. D'Israeli married the widow of Mr. Lewis. She was the only daughter of John Evans, Esq., of Braceford Park, Devonshire; and with her Mr. D'Israeli acquired an independent fortune.\*

\* The second son of Mr. Issac D'Israeli is a clerk in the Register Office in

# 216 LETTERS FROM RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI

# LETTERS FROM THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN D'IBRAELI TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

" October 4th, 1834.

"DEAR LADY BLEASINGTON, —I see by the papers that you have quitted the shores of the 'far resounding sea,' and resumed your place in the most charming of modern houses. I therefore venture to recall my existence to your memory, and request the favor of hearing some intelligence of yourself, which must always interest me.

"Have you been well, happy, and prosperous ? and has that pen, plucked assuredly from the pinion of a bird of Paradise, been idle or creative ? My lot has been, as usual, here ; though enlivened by the presence of \_\_\_\_\_, who has contrived to pay us two visits, and \_\_\_\_\_, who also gave us a fortnight of his delightful society.

"I am tolerably well, and hope to give a good account of myself and doings when we meet, which I trust will be soon.

"How goes that 'great lubber,' the Public, and how fares that mighty boar, the World! Who of my friends has distinguished or extinguished himself or herself? In short, as the hart for the water-side, I pant for a little news, but chiefly of your fair and agreeable self. D'ISRABLL."

" September 11th.

"I send you a literary arabesque, which is indeed nonsense. If worthy of admission, it might close the volume, as fairies and fireworks dance and glitter in the last scene of a fantastic entertainment. I wish my contribution were worthier, but I get duller every day.

"This villa of Hadrian is doubly cheering, with an Italian sky.

" D'ISBAELI."

[No date.]

"Ever since your most agreeable dinner-party (after pleasure comes pain), I have been a prisoner with the influenza—a most amazing infirmity in these troublesome times, when one likes to move about, and gather all the chit-chat, which is slways wrong. I wish you would write me a little confidential note, and tell me what the Opposition mean to do, and what is to happen.

" D'ISRATLI."

"August 15th.

a 6002 c

"I am delighted with 'Agathon;' it left me musing, which is a test of a great work. I invariably close such in a reverie. Wieland, indeed, always

Chancery; the youngest, an agriculturist in Buckinghamshire. His only daughter, the devoted attendant and amanuensis of her aged and blind father in the latter years of his life, died when traveling in the East with her brother, Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli. An admirable sketch of Mr. Isaac D'Israeli, by Count D'Orsay, was published in 1848 in "Bentley's Miscellany."

## TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

delights me. I sympathize with him much. There is a wild Oriental fancy blended with his Western philosophy, which is a charming union. I like a moral to peep out of the mildest invention, to assure us that, while we have been amused, we have all the while been growing a little wiser.

"The translation of the 'Agathon' is very clumsy. D'ISRAELL."

"I think the 'Manuscrit Vert' sad stuff. The author's constant efforts to be religious are very unfortunate. I fear that faith is not his practice. His hero seizes every inopportune occurrence to assure us that he believes in God. His evident conviction is the general one, that even this article of faith is by no means common in France. His hero and heroine are moulded in the German school, and are personifications of abstract ideas. The hero, because he believes in God, represents spiritualism; the heroine, because ahe instantly knows every man she meets, is materialism, forsooth! The lady is not a Philina, and altogether the author is a fool.

"I have not made up my mind about Pickersgill and the Three Brothers. When I see more, more I will say. At present, I am inclined to believe that the work is a translation from the German." Altogether, in a sesson of sorrow, your kind parcel has much amused me. Shall I send the books back to Hookham ? D'ISRAELI."

[No date.]

"I have not forgotten for a moment either you or Mrs. Fairlie; but from the evening I saw you last, I have lived in such a state of unpostic turmoil that I could not bring my mind to the charming task. I have seized the first unbroken time this morning to write the inclosed; and if Mrs. F---- thinks them worthy of her acceptance, she can put to them any heading she likes.

" The subject of the authorship of this very remarkable but very little known novel was first brought to the attention of Lady Blessington by me. On reading this novel, by no means fashionable or advantageously known in the novel-reading world. I was greatly struck with the originality and genius of the author of this production. Finding the novel had been published by Stockdale, a London bookseller, father of the Harriet Wilson Memoirs publisher, of unenvisble notoriety, who, at the period I refer to, was living in a small street between the Haymarket and Regent Street, I called on the latter about twenty years ago, and requested him to inform me who the author was of the novel in question, from which it was very obvious Byron had borrowed the story and many of the ideas of his poem, "The Deformed Transformed." Stockdale told me the author was a very young man, of considerable talent and some eccentricity ; his name was Pickersgill ; his father was a merchant of London. He, Stockdale, never saw him but once, when he brought the MS. to his father for publication. The MS. lay in his father's hands for some years before it was published. There was a loss by the publication. The father of the author called on Stockdale, and wished to have the work suppressed. What became of the author, my informant, the son of the publisher, never learned.-R. R. M.

VOL. II.-K

## 218 LETTERS FROM RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI

"I should be mortified if the 'Book of Beauty' appeared without my contribution, however triffing. I have something on the stocks for you, but it is too elaborate to finish well in the present tone of my mind; but if you like a Syrian sketch of four or five pages, you shall have it in two or three days.

"I am in town only a day or two, and terribly hurried; but I hope to get to K. G. before the election. D'ISEARLL."

" Tuesday.

"I have intended to return the books and send you these few lines every day, and am surprised that I could have so long omitted doing any thing so agreeable as writing to you.

"We are all delighted with the portraits : my sister is collecting those of all my father's friends; her collection will include almost every person of literary celebrity from the end of the Johnsonian era; so your fair face arrived just in time. I am particularly delighted with P——'s portrait, which I have never seen before.

"I have read the article on Coleridge in the 'Quarterly,' but do not agree with you in holding it to be written by \_\_\_\_\_. It is too good. His style has certainly the merit of being peculiar. I know none so meagre, harsh, and clumsy, or more felicitous in the jumble of commonplace metaphors. I think the present reviewal must be by N\_\_\_\_\_, a cleverish sort of fellow, though a prig.

"You give me the same advice as my father ever has done about dotting down the evanescent feelings of youth; but, like other excellent advice, I fear it will prove unprofitable. I have a horror of journalizing, and, indeed, of writing of all description.

"Do you really think that Jekyll is ninety ! He has a son, I believe, of my standing.

"As you are learned in Byron, do you happen to know who was the mother of Allegra ! D'Isbarli."

[No date.]

"Until the Whigs are turned out, it seems that I never shall be able to pay you a visit, and therefore I shall wish for that result with double ardor. Irish Corporation and Constabulary Bills, and other dull nonsense, have really engrossed my time for the last three weeks; ye! I have stolen one single moment of sunshine for the Muse, and I send you some lines, which I hope you may deem worthy of insertion in your volume. D'ISBARLA."

"Tuesday morning.

"Alas! alas! you have made me feel my fetters even carlier than I expected. No dinners, I fear, on Tuesday for me in future, certainly not on this, as I must be at my post in a very few hours.

"Last night was very animating and interesting, and John Russell flung over the Radicals with remorseless vigor. D'ISRAELL."

## TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"My father I find better than I expected, and much cheered by my presence. I delivered him all your kind messages. He is now very busy on his 'History of English Literature,' in which he is far advanced. I am mistaken if you will not delight in these volumes. They are full of new views of the history of our language, and, indeed, of our country, for the history of a state is necessarily mixed up with the history of its literature.

"For myself, I am doing nothing. The western breeze favors an Alpine existence, and I am seated with a pipe under a spreading sycamore, solemn as a pacha.

"I wish you would induce Hookham to intrust me with Agathon, and that mad Byronian novel.

"What do you think of the modern French novelists? And is it worth my while to read them? And if so, what do you recommend me? What of Balzac? Is he better than Sue and George Sand Dudevant? And are these inferior to Hugo? D'ISEASLI."

#### " March 91et, 1837.

"Although it is little more than a fortnight since I quitted your truly friendly society and hospitable roof, both of which I shall always remember with deep and lively gratitude, it seems, to me at least, a far more awful interval of time. I have waited for a serene hour to tell you of my doings; but serene hours are rare, and therefore I will not be deluded into waiting any longer.

"In spite of every obstacle, I have not forgotten the fair Venetia, who has grown under my paternal care, and as much in grace, I hope, as in stature, or rather dimensions. She is truly like her prototype,

## " The child of love,

#### Though born in bitterness, and nurtured m convulsion ;'

but I hope she will prove a source of consolation to her parent, and also to her godmother, for I consider you to stand in that relation to her. I do not think that you will find any golden hint of our musing strolls has been thrown away upon me; and I should not be surprised if, in six weeks, she may ring the bell at your hall door, and request admittance, where I know she will find at least one sympathizing friend.

"I watch for the appearance of your volumes, I suppose now trembling on the threshold of publicity.

"In a box of books from Mitchell that arrived lately down here, in the "Life of Mackintosh,' I was amused and gladdened by the sight of some pencil notes in a familiar handwriting. It was like meeting a friend unexpectedly.

"I have, of course, no news from this extreme solitude. My father advances valiantly with his great enterprise; but works of that calibre are hown out of the granite with slow and elaborate strokes. Mine are but plaster of Paris casts, or rather statues of snow, that melt as soon as they are fabricated.

"D'Orsay has written me kind letters, which always inspirit me.

" D'INRAELL."

#### " December Fist, 1848.

"I took the liberty of telling Moxon to send you a copy of the new edition of the 'Curiosities of Literature,' which I have just published, with a little notice of my father. You were always so kind to him, and he entertained such a sincere regard for you, that I thought you would not dislike to have the copy on your shelves.

"I found, among his papers, some verses which you sent on his eightieth birth-day, which I mean to publish some day with his correspondence, but the labor now is too great for my jaded life.

"I must offer you our congratulations on Guiche's marriage, which is, we hope, all you wish ; also on the success of the future Imperator.

" D'ISBARLI."

#### " 25th April, 1840.

"We returned to town on the 16th, and a few days after I called at Gore House, but you were gone. It was a pang; for, though absorbing duties of my life have prevented me of late from passing as much time under that roof as it was once my happiness and good fortune, through your kindness, to do, you are well assured that my heart never changed for an instant to its inmates, and that I invariably entertained for them the same interest and affection.

"Had I been aware of your intentions I would have come up to town earlier, and specially to have said 'adieu !" mournful as that is.

"I thought I should never pay another visit to Paris, but I have now an object in doing so. All the world here will miss you very much, and the charm with which you invested existence; but for your own happiness I am persuaded you have acted wisely. Every now and then, in this life, we require a great change; it wonderfully revives the sense of existence. I envy you; pray, if possible, let me sometimes hear from you. D'Iskasti."

## CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

Charles Dickens! The public might dispense with any other notice of this gentleman, or of his ancestry, than the announcement of his name, and the statement of the fact that he is the author of "Sketches by Boz," "Pickwick," "Nicholas Nickleby," "American Notes," "Oliver Twist," "Master Humphrey's Clock," "Barnaby Rudge," "Dombey and Son," "The Chimes," "Christmas Carols," "Cricket on the Hearth," "Battle of Life," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Hard Times," &c. Little need be added to this great eulogy. Charles Dickens was born in 1812, at Landport, Portsmouth. His father's official duties obliged him to reside alternately at the principal naval stations of England;<sup>o</sup> and no doubt the varied bustling scenes of life witnessed by Charles Dickens in his early years had an influence on his mind, that gave to him a taste for observation of manners and mental peculiarities of different classes of people engaged in the active pursuits of life, and quickened a naturally lively perception of the ridiculous, for which he was distinguished even in boyhood.

It is curious to observe how similar opportunities of becoming acquainted practically with life, and the busy actors on its varied scenes, in very early life, appear to influence the minds of thinking and imaginative men in after years. Goldsmith's pedestrian excursions on the Continent, Bulwer's youthful rambles on foot in England, and equestrian expeditions in France, and Maclise's extensive walks in boyhood over his native county, and the mountains and valleys of Wicklow a little later, were fraught with similar results.

Charles Dickens was intended by his father to be an attorney. Nature and Mr. John Dickens happily differed on that point. London law may have sustained little injury in losing Dickens for "a limb." English literature would have met with an irreparable loss had she been deprived of him whom she delights to own a favorite son.

Dickens, having decided against the law, began his career in "the gallery" as a reporter on "The True Sun;" and from the start made himself distinguished and distinguishable among "the corps" for his ability, promptness, and punctuality.

He was next employed on "The Morning Chronicle," but not only as a reporter, but a writer in the evening edition of that

\* Mr. John Dickens (the father of Charles and W. L. Dickens) died in Keppel Street, Russell Square, March 31st, 1851, aged 65. Up to the period of his death he enjoyed a pension from the government. In early life he held an office in the Navy Pay Department, at Chatham Dock, yard. 'At an advanced age rather, he became connected with the London press, and for many years was known as one of its own efficient and respected members. He retired from it for a time, and settled at Alphington, near Exeter, but returned to London to assist in the establishment of the Daily News.

Mr. W. L. Dickens is resident engineer of the Malton and Drayton Railway.

paper. The piquant "Sketches of English Life and Character," which afterward appeared in a distinct form as "Sketches by Boz," were published in that journal.

Success was at once achieved. The next production was still more successful, "The Pickwick Papers," the earliest and the best but one of all the works of Charles Dickens.

"Nicholas Nickleby" followed, and introduced the incomparable "Squeers" to the public. "Oliver Twist" came next; and that prominent characteristic of the author—sympathy with the poor, and a powerful will to war with wrong and injustice found an ample field for their exercise in the pages of this work.

"Master Humphrey's Clock," with the admirably drawn "Old Curiosity Shop," and the most charming of all the female progeny of Dickens's imagination, "Little Nell," succeeded "Nickleby."

"American Notes, for General Circulation," the result of a transatlantic trip, made their appearance on the author's return to England in 1842.

"Martin Chuzzlewit" made its débût in numbers in 1843; and in 1844, Dickens went to Italy for recreation and restoration of energies of mind and body over-worked; and in January, 1846, began to publish in the newly-established paper, "The Daily News," edited by him, the results of his Italian tour —"Pictures of Italy."

There are some sketches worthy of Dickens in those "Pictures," of ridiculous touring personages of the Bull family, and their roamings amid the ruins of the Eternal City—their misadventures in classic lands—the constant *losings*, in particular, of a worthy English gentleman, with an umbrella eternally under his arm, in ancient tombs and temples; and incessant searches for him on the part of his anxious wife, always perspiring with solicitude and fatigue in her pursuits after her missing husband.

Since 1846, the success of "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," and "Hard Times," bear ample testimony to the undiminished popularity and unexhausted powers of Charles Dickens; and perhaps the success of his weekly

\_\_ Google

## LETTERS FROM CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

paper, "Household Words," is no less indicative of both than any of those distinct works.

The following notice of Dickens is by a lady intimately acquainted with him, who claims kindred with the late Countess of Blessington, and who stands near to her also in relationship of mind and form : "His immense power of observation, from the humblest to the most important details, his genuine originality of thought and expression, are among the most striking of his attributes. Warm-hearted, impulsive, and generous, of buoyant spirits, the keenest intelligence, and quickest perception of every thing worthy of notice, of the ridiculous as well as of the beautiful, his independence of spirit, his natural elasticity and constitutional energy of mind, vivacity of manner in conversation, and perfect freedom from all affectation, enhance his other qualities.

"In him a variety of gifts and graces are combined, such as are rarely found united in the same individual. In all his domestic relations, as son, husband, father, and brother, his conduct is unexceptionable. His character seems to have some self-sustaining principle in it, in all positions he is placed in. His countenance is, I think, the most varying and expressive I ever saw."

## LETTERS FROM CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

#### " Devonshire Terrace, June 2d, 1841.

"DEAE LADY BLESSINGTON, — The year goes round so fast, that when any thing occurs to remind me of its whirling, I lose my breath, and am bewildered. So your handwriting last night had as startling an effect upon me as though you had sealed your note with one of your own eyes.

"I remember my promise, as in cheerful duty bound, and, with Heaven's grace, will redeem it. At this moment I have not the faintest idea how, but I am going into Scotland on the 19th to see Jeffrey, and while I am away (I shall return, please God, in about three weeks), will look out for some accident, incident, or subject for small description, to send you when I come home. You will take the will for the deed, I know; and remembering that I have a 'clock' which always wants winding up, will not quarrel with me for being brief.

"Have you seen Townshend's magnetic boy! You heard of him, no doubt, from Count D'Orsay. If you get him to Gore House, don't, I entreat you, have

## LETTERS FROM CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.,

224

more than eight people-four is a better number-to see him. He fails in a crowd, and is marvelous before a few.

"I am told that down in Devonshire there are young ladies innumerable who read crabbed manuscripts with the palms of their hands, and newspapers with their ankles, and so forth, and who are, so to speak, literary all over. I begin to understand what a blue-stocking means; and have not the smallest doubt that Lady — (for instance) could write quite as entertaining a book with the sole of her foot as ever she did with her head.

"I am a believer in earnest, and I am sure you would be if you saw this boy, under moderately favorable circumstances, as I hope you will, before he leaves England. Believe me, dear Lady Blessington, faithfully yours.

"CHARLES DICEENS."

#### "Devonshire Terrace, 10th March, 1844.

"I have made up my mind to 'see the world,' and mean to decamp, bag and baggage, next midsummer, for a twelvemonth. I purpose establishing my family in some convenient place, from whence I can make personal ravages on the neighboring country, and, somehow or other, have got it into my head that Nics would be a favorable spot for head-quarters.

"You are so well acquainted with these matters, that I am anxious to have the benefit of your kind advice. I do not doubt that you can tell me whether this same Nice be a healthy place the year through, whether it be reasonably cheap, pleasant to look at and to live in, and the like. If you will tell me, when you have ten minutes to spare for such a client, I shall be delighted to come to you, and guide myself by your opinion. I will not ask you to forgive me for troubling you, because I am sure beforehand that you will do so.

"I beg to be kindly remembered to Count D'Orsay and to your nieces. I was going to say 'the Missee Power,' but it looks so like the blue board at a ladies' school that I stopped short. CHAELES DICKENS."

#### "P.M., 1844. Covent Garden, Sunday noon.

"Business for other people (and by no means of a pleasant kind) has held me prisoner during two whole days, and will so detain me to-day, in the very agony of my departure for Italy again, that I shall not be able to reach Gore House once more, on which I had set my heart. I can not bear the thought of going away without some sort of reference to the happy day you gave me on Monday, and the pleasure and delight I had in your earnest greeting. I shall never forget it, believe me. It would be worth going to China—it would be worth going to America, to come home again for the pleasure of such a meeting with you and Count D'Orsay—to whom my love, and something as near it to Miss Power and her sister as it is lawful to send.

"It will be an unspeakable satisfaction to me (though I am not maliciously disposed) to know under your own hand at Genoa that my little book made you cry. I hope to prove a better correspondent on my return to those shores.

## TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

But better or worse, or any how, I am ever, my dear Lady Bleasington, in no common degree, and not with an every-day regard, yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

## "Milan, Wednesday, November 20th, 1864.

"Appearances are against me. Don't believe them. I have written you, in intention, fifty letters, and I can claim no credit for any one of them (though they were the best letters you ever read), for they all originated in my desire to live in your memory and regard.

"Since I heard from Count D'Orsay I have been beset in I don't know how many ways. First of all I went to Marseilles, and came back to Genoa. Then I moved to the Peschiere. Then some people, who had been present at the scientific congress here, made a sudden inroad on that establishment, and overran it. Then they went away, and I shut myself up for one month, close and tight, over my little Christmas book, 'The Chimes.' All my affections and passions got twined and knotted up in it, and I became as haggard as a murderer long before I wrote 'The End.' When I had done that, like ' The man of Thessaly,' who, having scratched his eyes out in a quickset hedge. plunged into a bramble-bush to scratch them in again, I fled to Venice to recover the composure I had disturbed. From thence I went to Verona and to Mantua. And now I am here-just come up from under ground, and earthy all over, from seeing that extraordinary tomb in which the dead saint lies in an alabaster case, with sparkling jewels all about him to mock his dusty eyes, not to mention the twenty franc pieces which devout votaries were ringing down upon a sort of skylight in the cathedral pavement above, as if it were the counter of his heavenly shop.

"You know Verona! You know every thing in Italy, I know. I am not learned in geography, and it was a great blow to me to find that Romeo was only banished five-and-twenty miles. It was a greater blow to me to see the old house of the Capulets, with their cognizance, still carved in stone, over the gateway of the court-yard. It is a most miserable little inn, at this time ankledeep in dirt; and noisy vetturini and muddy market-carts were disputing possession of the yard with a brood of geese, all splashed and bespattered as if they had their yesterday's white trowsers on. There was nothing to connect it with the beautiful story but a very unsentimental middle-aged lady (the Padrons, I suppose) in the doorway, who resembled old Capulet in the one particular of being very great indeed in the family-way.

"The Roman amphitheatre there delighted me beyond expression. I never saw any thing so full of solemn, ancient interest. There are the four-andforty rows of seats, as fresh and perfect as if their occupants had vacated them but yesterday; the entrances, passages, dens, rooms, corridors; the numbers over some of the arches. An equestrian troop had been there some days before, and had scooped out a little ring at one end of the arena, and had their performances in that spot. I should like to have seen it, of all things, for its

K 2

## 226 LETTERS FROM CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.,

very dreariness. Fancy a handful of people sprinkled over one corner of the great place (the whole population of Verona wouldn't fill it now), and a spangled cavalier bowing to the echoes and the grass-grown walls! I climbed to the topmost seat, and looked away at the beautiful view for some minntes; when I turned round and looked down into the theatre again, it had exactly the appearance of an immense straw hat, to which the helmet in the Castle of Otranto was a baby: the rows of seats representing the different plaits of straw, and the arena the inside of the crown.

"I had great expectations of Venice, but they fell immeasurably short of the wonderful reality. The short time I passed there went by me in a dream. I hardly think it possible to exaggerate its beauties, its sources of interest, its uncommon novelty and freshness. A thousand and one realizations of the thousand and one nights could scarcely captivate and enchant me more than Venice....

"Your old house at Albaro-II Paradiso-is spoken of as yours to this day. What a gallant place it is ! I don't know the present inmate, but I hear that he bought and furnished it not long since with great splendor, in the French style, and that he wishes to sell it. I wish I were rich, and could buy it. There is a third-rate wine shop below Byron's house; and the place looks dull, and miserable, and ruinous enough.

"Old ——— is a triffe nglier than when I first arrived. He has periodical parties, at which there are a great many flower-pots and a few ices—no other refreshments. He goes about constantly charged with extemporaneous poetry, and is always ready, like tavern-dinners, on the shortest notice and the most reasonable terms. He keeps a gigantic harp in his bed-room, together with pen, ink, and paper, for fixing his ideas as they flow—a kind of profane King David, but truly good-natured and very harmless.

"Pray say to Count D'Orsay every thing that is cordial and loving from me. The traveling purse he gave me has been of immense service. It has been constantly opened. All Italy seems to yearn to put its hand in it. I think of hanging it, when I come back to England, on a nail as a trophy, and of gashing the brim like the blade of an old sword, and saying to my son and heir, as they do upon the stage: 'You see this notch, boy! Five hundred frances were laid low on that day for post-horses. Where this gap is, a waiter charged your father treble the correct amount—and got it. This end, worn into teeth like the rasped edge of an old file, is sacred to the Custom-houses, boy, this passport, and the shabby soldiers at town gates, who put an open hand and a dirty coat-cuff into the coach windows of all Forestieri. Take it, boy. Thy father has nothing else to give !'

"My desk is cooling itself in a mail-coach somewhere down at the back of the Cathedral, and the pens and ink in this house are so detestable that I have no hope of your ever getting to this portion of my letter. But I have the less misery in this state of mind from knowing that it has nothing in it to repay you for the trouble of perusal. CHARLES DICKENS."

#### "Genos, May Oth, 1845.

"Once more in my old quarters; and with rather a tired sole to my foot, from having found such an immense number of different resting-places for it since I went away. I write you my last Italian letter for this bout, designing to leave here, please God, on the ninth of next month, and to be in London again by the end of June. I am looking forward with great delight to the pleasure of seeing you once more, and mean to come to Gore House with such a swoop as shall astonish the Poodle, if, after being accustomed to his own size and sense, he retain the power of being astonished at any thing in the wide world.

"You know where I have been, and every mile of ground I have traveled over, and every object I have seen. It is next to impossible, surely, to exaggerate the interest of Rome, though I think it is very possible to find the main source of interest in the wrong things. Naples disappointed me greatly. The weather was bad during a great part of my stay there. But if I had not had mud I should have had dust, and though I had had sun I must still have had the Lazzaroni; and they are so ragged, so dirty, so abject, so full of degradation, so sunken and steeped in the hopelessness of better things, that they would make Heaven uncomfortable, if they could ever get there. I didn't expect to see a handsome city, but I expected something better than that long, dull line of squalid houses, which stretches from the Chiaja to the quarter of the Porta Capuana; and while I was quite prepared for a miserable populace. I had some dim belief that there were bright rags among them, and dancing legs, and shining sun-browned faces ; whereas the honest truth is, that connected with Naples itself I have not one solitary recollection. The country round it charmed me, I need not say. Who can forget Herculaneum and Pompeii ?

"As to Vesuvius, it burns away in my thoughts beside the roaring waters of Niagara, and not a splash of the water extinguishes a spark of the fire ; but there they go on, tumbling and flaming night and day, each in its fullest glory.

"I have seen so many wonders, and each of them has such a voice of its own, that I sit all day long listening to the roar they make, as if it were in a sea-shell, and have fallen into an idleness so complete that I can't rouse myself sufficiently to go to Pisa on the twenty-fifth, when the triennial illumination of the Cathedral, and Leaning Tower, and bridges, and what not, takes place. But I have already been there; and it can not beat St. Peter's, I suppose. So I don't think I shall pluck myself up by the roots, and go aboard a steamer for Leghorn.

"Let me thank you heartily for the 'Keepsake' and the 'Book of Beauty.' They reached me a week or two ago. I have been very much struck by two papers in them. One, Landor's 'Conversations,' among the most charming, profound, and delicate productions I have ever read. The other, your lines on Byron's room at Venice. 'I am as sure that you wrote them from your heart as I am that they found their way immediately to mine.

#### LETTERS FROM CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.,

"It delights me to receive such accounts from Maclise's fresco. If he will only give his magnificent genius fair play, there is not enough cant and dullness even in the criticism of art from which Sterne prayed kind Heaven to defend him, as the worst of all the cants continually canted in this canting world, to keep the giant down an hour.

"Our poor friend, the naval governor, has lost his wife, I am sorry to hear, since you and I spoke of his pleasant face. And L\_\_\_\_\_B\_\_\_, what a terrible history that was! F\_\_\_\_\_ did himself enduring honor by his manly and zealous devotion to the interests of that orphan family, in the midst of all his pains and trouble. It was very good of him.

"Do not let your nieces forget me, if you can help it; and give my love to Count D'Orsay, with many thanks to him for his charming letter. I was greatly amused by his account of \_\_\_\_\_. There was a 'cold shade of aristocracy' about it, and a dampness of cold water, which entertained me beyond measure. CHARLES DIORENS."

#### "Devonshire Terrace, March 2d, 1846.

"Many thanks for the letters ! I will take the greatest care of them, though I blush to find how little they deserve it.

"It veres me very much that I am going out on Friday, and can not help it. I have no strength of mind, I am afraid. I am always making engagements in which there is no prospect of satisfaction.

"Vague thoughts of a new book are rife within me just now, and I go wandering about at night into the strangest places, according to my usual propensity at such a time, seeking rest and finding none. As an addition to my composure, I ran over a little dog in the Regent's Park yesterday (killing him on the spot), and gave his little mistress, a girl of thirteen or fourteen, such exquisite distress as I never saw the like of.

"I must have some talk with you about those American singers. They must never go back to their own country without your having heard them sing Hood's 'Bridge of Sighs.' My God, how sorrowful and pitiful it is !

"Best regards to Count D'Orsay and the young ladies.

### "CHARLES DICKERS."

#### " Devonahire Terrace, May 19th, 1846.

"If I had not a good reason for delaying to acknowledge the receipt of the book you so kindly sent me, I should be a most unworthy dog. But I have been every day expecting to be able to send you the inclosed little volume, and could get no copies until last night, in consequence of their running very fine against the subscription and demand. May you like it !

"I have been greatly entertained by the femme de chambre, who paints love with a woman's eye (I think that the highest praise), and sometimes like a female Gil Blas. The spirit of our two fair friends M—— and S—— ahines through their representative. I would have identified the former any where.

## TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Count D'Orasy's copy of the pictures, with my cordial remembrance and regards. Ever, my dear Lady Blessington, faithfully your friend,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

#### "48 Rus de Courcelles, Paris, January 24th, 1847.

"I feel very wicked in beginning this note, and deeply remorseful for not having begun and ended it long ago. But you know how difficult it is to write letters in the midst of a writing life; and as you know too (I hope) how earnestly and affectionately I always think of you, wherever I am, I take heart on a little consideration, and feel comparatively good again.

"F — has been cramming into the space of a fortnight every description of impossible and inconsistent occupation in the way of sight-seeing. He has been now at Versailles, now in the prisons, now at the Opera, now at the hospitals, now at the Conservatoire, and now at the Morgue, with a dreadful insatiability. I begin to doubt whether I had any thing to do with a book called 'Dombey,' or ever sat over number five (not finished a fortnight yet) day after day, until I half began, like the monk in poor Wilkie's story, to think it the only reality in life, and to mistake all the realities for short-lived shadows.

"Among the multitude of sights, we saw our pleasant little bud of a friend, Rose Cheri, play Clarissa Harlowe the other night. I believe she did it in London just now, and perhaps you may have seen it. A most charming, intelligent, modest, affecting piece of acting it is, with a death superior to any thing I ever saw on the stage, except Macready's 'Lear.' The theatres are admirable just now. We saw 'Gentil Bernard' at the Varietés last night, acted in a manner that was absolutely perfect. It was a little picture of Watteau, animated and talking from beginning to end: At the Cirque there is a new show-piece, called the 'French Revolution,' in which there is a representation of the National Convention, and a series of battles (fought by some five hundred people, who look like five thousand), that are wonderful in their extraordinary vigor and truth. Gun-cotton gives its name to the general annual jocose review at the Palais Royal, which is dull enough, saving for the introduction of Alexandre Dumas sitting in his study beside a pile of quarto volumes about five feet high, which he says is the first tableau of the first act of the first piece to be played on the first night of his new theatre. The revival of Molière's 'Don Juan' at the Français has drawn money. It is excellently played, and it is curious to observe how different their Don Juan and Valet are from our English ideas of the master and man. They are playing 'Lucretia Borgia' again at the Porte St. Martin ; but it is poorly performed, and hangs fire drearily, though a very remarkable and striking play. We were at V-H-'s house last Sunday week, a most extraordinary place, looking like an old curiosity shop, or the property-room of some gloomy, vast old theatre. I was much struck by H--- himself, who looks like a genius, as he is, every inch of him, and is very interesting and satisfactory from head to foot. His wife is a handsome woman, with flashing black eyes. There is

# LORD ABINGER.

also a charming ditto daughter of fifteen or sixteen, with ditto eyes. Sitting among old armor, and old tapestry, and old coffers, and grim old chairs and tables, and old canopies of state from old palaces, and old golden lions going to play at skittles with ponderous old golden balls, they made a most romantic show, and looked like a chapter out of one of his own books.

"CHARLES DICKENS."

ChOOV C

# CHAPTER XII.

# LORD ABINGER.

THE Right Honorable Sir James Scarlett, Baron Abinger, a Privy Councilor, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, &c., &c., &c., was born in Jamaica, where his family had been long resident, and held considerable property. A younger brother of his, Sir Robert Scarlett, was for many years chief justice of the island.

Sir James was sent to England at an early age for education. He graduated in Cambridge in 1790, and in 1794 was called to the bar. He rose rapidly in his profession as an advocate, and obtained a silk gown in 1816. He offered himself for the borough of Lewes in 1812, but lost the election, and again in 1816 contested the borough, and was defeated. In 1818 he entered Parliament for Lord Fitzwilliam's borough of Peterborough. His success in Parliament, however, was far from answering the expectations of his friends. In 1822 he stood for the borough of Cambridge, and was defeated, but was immediately after rechosen for Peterborough.

In 1822, in Mr. Canning's administration, he was made attorney general, and was knighted the same year. From this period Sir James manifested very strongly and conspicuously Conservative principles. In 1828 he ceased to be attorney general, and was succeeded by Sir Charles Wetherell. In May, 1829, Sir Charles made a violent speech in opposition to Catholic Emancipation, and was dismissed by the Duke of Wellington. Sir James Scarlett was appointed by the duke to succeed Sir Charles Wetherell, who again offered himself to the borough of Peterborough, and was re-elected.

# LORD ABINGER.

The new attorney general was soon called on to file criminal informations against "The Morning Journal," "The Atlas," and other papers, for libels on the Duke of Wellington and Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst. In 1830, on the Whigs coming into office, Sir James Scarlett's office of attorney general was conferred on Mr. Denman. In 1831 Sir James offered himself to the electors of Cockermouth, and was returned by them.

The following year he stood for Norwich, on the Tory interest, and was returned also.

A tender appeal of Sir James Scarlett to the ladies of Norwich, in the contest of 1832, in behalf of himself and a brother candidate, is one of the most amusing specimens of grave rigmarole electioneering eloquence on record :

"To the Ladies of Norwich .- 'None but the brave deserve the fair.' If ever the sweets of social virtue, the wrath of honest zeal, the earnings of industry, and the prosperity of trade, had any influence in the female breast, you have now a happy opportunity of exercising it to the advantage of your countryyour cause. If ever the feelings of a parent, wife, sister, friend, or lover had a sympathy with the public virtue, now is your time to indulge the fonder passion. If ever you felt for the ruin and disgrace of England, and for the miseries and deprivations occasioned by the obnoxious Reform Bill, you are called upon by the most tender and affectionate tie in nature to exert your persuasive influence on the mind of a father, brother, husband, or lover : tell them not to seek filial duty, congenial regard, matrimonial comfort, nor tender compliance, till they have saved your country from perdition !- posterity from slavery ! History furnishes us with instances of female patriotism equal to any in the page of war and politics. Oh, may the generous and beatific charms of female persuasion prevail with the citizens of Norwich to espouse the cause of real liberty-of

"STORMONT AND SCARLETT.""

The ex-attorney general's fervor on this occasion, and enthu-\* New Monthly Magazine, August, 1832. siastic warmth of expression, is gravely commented on in the periodical in which this epistolary gem has been preserved :

"'If ever the sweets of social virtue,' say these gallant champions of the close borough system, 'the wrath of honest zeal, the earnings of industry, and the prosperity of trade, had any influence in the female breast, you have now a happy opportunity of exercising it to the advantage of your country—your cause.' The idea of exercising female breasts to the advantage of the country is, at all events, original, and the hint in the following paragraph, that 'now is the time to indulge the fonder passion,' is of exceedingly questionable morality."

In December, 1834, when Peel came into power, Sir James was made chief baron, with a peerage, by the title of Baron Abinger, and his son succeeded to the seat for Norwich.

In the House of Peers Lord Abinger spoke but seldom, and then chiefly on legal questions. He was irregular in his attendance in the House, and evinced there by his votes his repugnance to Liberalism, and his strong sympathy with Conservative views on old political principles. As an advocate, it is universally admitted Sir James Scarlett was unrivaled. He had those qualifications for legal eminence which have such an extraordinary effect in attracting attention to the merits of "young men behind the bar." He had an intelligent air and a prepossessing appearance. He had one of those compact, business-looking faces that look well with a wig. Sir James, moreover, had an appearance of confidence in himself which begets a feeling of confidence in others. He had a twinkling expression of sagacity in his look, and a humorous aspect, which told amazingly with juries. He had, above all, a discriminative knowledge of human character, and a keen perception of character, which enabled him to deal with juries and jurors individually and collectively, that gave him singular advantage over other advocates in addressing himself to the feelings, interests, biases, and prepossessions of people in a jury box. The consummate art of his advocacy was exhibited in sinking the professional character of the advocate, elevating the merits of his case, adapting his suggestions and inferences to the prevailing opinions or prej-

## LORD ABINGER.

udices of the jury, and appearing before them in an easy, nonchalant manner, speaking colloquially of a matter that he happened to become conversant with, enlarging on points useful to his case without any apparent sophistry, or slurring over others that were hurtful to it in a way the least calculated to draw observation to the astuteness practiced in riding over the difficulties he had to deal with. He abstained from all attempts at oratorical display.

On the bench "he was not an ornamental judge, but he made a useful one." In more than one sense of the word he did not make a *showy* judge. During the latter years of his life, and from his elevation to the bench, Lord Abinger had grown very robust and florid. A severe attack of illness had latterly caused him to wear a black patch over one of his eyes, and his infirmity obliged him to walk with a stick, and to move his lower extremities apparently with great difficulty. He was seized with paralysis within two hours after presiding as one of the judges of the Norfolk Circuit, on the 2d of April, 1844, and in four days more he died of this attack.

Lord Abinger married, in 1793, the third daughter of Peter Campbell, Esq., of Kilmoray, in Argyleshire, by whom he had issue three sons and two daughters. He married secondly, in 1843, the widow of the Rev. Henry John Ridley, of Ockley.

His lordship's eldest son, the Honorable Robert Campbell Scarlett, now Lord Abinger, was born in 1794; his second son, Colonel the Honorable James Yorke Scarlett, served in the 5th Dragoon Guards; his youngest son was secretary of legation to the British embassy in Florence in 1844. One of his daughters, who married Lord Campbell in 1821 (while Sir John Campbell), was created a peeress in 1836. His third daughter is the widow of Lieutenant Colonel Sir E. Currey, K.C.B. The will of Lord Abinger, strange to say, which was in his lordship's own handwriting, though extremely short, was yet informally executed. No executor was appointed by him. The property was sworn under £18,000.

The eminence of Lord Abinger in the legal profession, and his judicial position, are better known than his literary tastes,

# LETTERS FROM LORD ABINGER

the kindness of his disposition, and the urbanity of his manners.

"I remember," says Lady Blessington, in her "Diary in France," "how much struck I was with Sir James Scarlett's countenance when he was first presented to me. It has in it such a happy mixture of sparkling intelligence and good nature, that I was immediately pleased with him, even before I had an opportunity of knowing the rare and excellent qualities for which he is distinguished, and the treasures of knowledge with which his mind is stored. I have seldom met any man so well versed in literature as Sir James Scarlett, or with a more refined taste for it; and when one reflects on the arduous duties of his profession—duties which he has ever fulfilled with such credit and advantage to others—it seems little short of miraculous how he could have found time to have made himself so intimately acquainted, not only with the classics, but with all the elegant literature of England and France."

# LETTER FROM J. SCARLETT, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON. "Saturday, February 2d, 1822.

"MY DEAR MADAM, —Accept my best thanks for having rendered the amusements of an amateur more interesting than I have yet found them. To say of your little production that it is lively and well written, is the lowest degree of praise to which it is entitled. It proves to me that you were destined for higher things.

"I wish I could accept your proposal for Monday, the 10th ; but the speaker has preoccupied me for that day. Ever yours truly, J. SCARLETT."

# LETTERS FROM LORD ABINGER TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"New Street, Tuonday.

- C10079 0

"My DEAR LARY BLESSINGTON,-I lost no time in complying with your desire; the answer expressed a general disposition favorable to your wish, but represented that an insurmountable obstacle had been thrown in the way of any reparation by D'Orsay's letter. If that can be recalled, I think something might be done. May it not be said or written by the count that the note was addressed in a moment of excitement from reading the article, and that, upon reflection, he desired to withdraw it, that no traces might remain of any design to irritate by strong expressions; and to leave it to his own feelings and unbiased judgment whether it would not be proper to qualify the conclusion by a more temperate expression of an opinion than was probably formed on a partial view of the work !

"If the letter could be thus withdrawn, the course would be left open to you to take an obvious way of setting matters right. I have not read the article, but, from what I heard of it, it appears to me the critic has unjustly imputed to the author the whole faults of one of the characters which is the most condemned.

"The views of society and of morals, when taken by Miss M-, and examined according to her standard, are not necessarily the views of the author.

"It may with more candor be supposed that she expresses her own sentiments in the language of the characters that are held up as better examples.

"This is ground enough for an honorable amende. I am so much engaged that I really have not time to call on you.

"Adieu. Ever yours,

ABINGER."

#### "New Street, Sunday.

"I can refuse you nothing. A very severe and lasting cold and cough almost unfit me for company; but if I do not get worse, I will surely join you on Friday, hoping that you will excuse my propensity to *bark*, as it does not arise from hydrophobia; on the contrary, I drink nothing but water.

"I have made acquaintance with 'the Two Friends,' and relish them much. In truth, I have devoted two successive midnight hours to them, and left them only when they were about to go to their chambers after marriage. I like the book. The characters are well drawn, the incidents well imagined, the interest well kept up, the sentiments of a high moral cast, and the composition occasionally rises into great elegance, and is always marked by correct feeling, well expressed. After so much of commendation, you will, I know, receive as well one critical remark.

"Had I been at your elbow when you wrote, I would not have allowed you to make use of two or three words, which I dislike ; one is agreeability, which, if English, is not agreeable, and therefore does not suit you. But it is not English : agreeableness is the right word. Another is the word mentally, which, though a good word, has been so much abused by indifferent writers, that I have taken a dislike to it, and would banish it from the novels of my friends. I do not recollect any other.

"I am very glad to hear what you say of Burdett. I expected it of him, and hope that many will follow his example, though it is not the lot of many to possess his high and honorable feeling.

"The 'Law Magazine' has been sent to me, with the proper title-page cut open. Surely I ought to be satisfied with it, but it is too flattering. I can not imagine, however, where the writer picked up the notion that, when I was attorney general, I entertained any project of increasing the expense of admissions (to the bar, I presume). Such a thought never entered my head, nor did I ever hear it discussed by any body. I certainly did propose a regulation, which was afterward adopted, and of which I have heard no complaint. That regulation was to submit candidates for admission to the law societies to a previous examination, with a view to ascertain their fitness by education to become members of a learned profession. It must be this to which the writer alludes. Astronuz."

#### "Lancester, August 16th, 1835.

"A thousand thanks for your kind letter, which reached me yesterday. It is always a satisfaction to think that there is somebody two or three hundred miles away that cares about you. I seem, at this distance from home, and surrounded by ceremonies and frivolities, as if I were in a foreign land, where nobody took any interest about me, which makes a letter from you, at all times agreeable, doubly charming.

"I am much flattered with the opinion you have given of my little contribution to Mackintosh's Life. I think, however, that I owe some part of your commendation to your partiality for me, and therefore I am the more pleased by it. I must say, however, that it does not look so well in print as I hoped it would, and that I see much to correct in it. I believe, however, that I have given a true character of Mackintosh's mind, which was candor itself. You will find, in the main, that Sydney Smith agrees with me, though he falls into the satirical vein to enliven his praise. Why mention so unimportant a trifle as the manner of shaking hands with his friends ! It is true enough that he presented a flat, unbending hand, as most Scotchmen do; but it is equally true that, in a moment, he put you at ease by his conversation, which had nothing either cold or reserved about it. Though he possessed a great power in conversation, and brought more originality into it than any other man I ever knew, yet it was his great object to draw other men out, and learn what they had to say about what they best knew. The conduct of the Whige toward him was ungrateful. I have not said half what I thought of it. After all, I think the most entertaining part of the Memoirs his own letters and journals. Some of the former will give you a notion of the depth and compass of his mind.

"I find every thing tranquil in the North, and no exertion whatever in favor of the Corporation Bill. The partisans for it are few, and led by the old hackneyed Whig and Radical spouters, who have ceased to possess the countenance and support of any respectable person. Nothing will be a more fatal error in the Peers than to take counsel of Fear. They ought to consider the Radical and some of the Whig leaders in the House of Commons as bent upon their destruction, and that every step taken by the instigation of such persons is a step toward ruin. If the power of the House of Commons is to be wielded by Hume and O'Connell, the day of battle must come, and it is better that it abould come while the Peers are erect than when they are prostrate.

"As soon as I can dispose of my business, I shall bend my way toward town, where I shall hope for the happiness of seeing you. Asimoma."

# TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

## "Abinger Hall, October 21st, 1805.

"I would not thank you for your last kind present till I learned the value of it by reading the book. My words are not a mere compliment, then, as I must acknowledge that I read it with pleasure, not only from the interest of the stories, but from the style, which is perspicuous, sprightly, and agreeable, exactly suited to such a work.

"But allow me to remark, that the greater part of the loves are those of a young gentleman, though he was an elderly gentleman when he told his stories. I believe he is a true sketch of many vain old bachelors. To make the loves of an elderly gentleman agreeable in narration would be as difficult, I fear, as to make them tolerable in reality. There are, however, four letters of Rousseau, called *Lettres d'un Sexagenaire*, in which he has undertaken, by the force of his style and sentiment, to make the passion of a writer at that age interesting. I wish you would look at them, and tell me if he has been successful.

"I have been but two half days in town since the 13th of Angust, but shall return by the first of next month to my Italian house. Soon after, you will see, or, at least, hear of me at Gore House. I have been wandering in Germany and Switzerland with my youngest son, and would call my tour pleasant had it not been accompanied by too much rain and cold.

"Returning through Paris, the first person I encountered on emerging from the hotel was Lady Canterbury. She made us pass the evening with her, and dine there the next day. My lord seems very happy, and has a beautiful house. His eldest son was with him; they do not talk of returning. She read me a portion of a letter from you respecting the affair at Gaston Hall.

"I remained but three days at Paris, and, on my landing at Dover, found L-preparing for Paris, where, if you believe some of the French papers, he, together with P-, has been conspiring with the King of the French to turn out the Whigs. I wish, with all my heart, they may succeed before it is too late. Au revoir, adieu. Asing success."

#### "Lincoln, March 6th, 1837.

"I am not a greater believer in their resignation because the Whigs profess an intention to resign. Their first object is to keep their places, at any sacrifice of principle; their second is to place the country in such a state as to give the greatest embarrasament to their successors and to the king. I believe some among them call this patriotism. Asinexz."

#### "New Street, March 6th, 1838.

"As you place yourself in my hands touching your communication with Barnes, I shall play the part of a loyal as well as faithful embassador in using the best discretion to advance your object. I shall not, therefore, send your letter, not because I do not concur in the remarks it contains, but because it has a tendency to rip up the old quarrel, by putting him under the necessity

....Google

## LETTERS FROM LORD DURHAM

either of recanting his criticism or vindicating it. Now I think the peace is a good peace, and promises to be lasting, unless disturbed by a recurrence to former differences. It is better, therefore, to allow me to make your acknowledgments in general terms of civility. He knows already my sentiments on the fallacy of the former critique; he must also know yours; and the recurrence to it looks as if you made it of more importance than it becomes you to do. I will come and see you as soon as I can. Astworm."

# "Maidstone, July 95th, 1840.

"I delayed replying to your letter in the hope that I might have something to say which would be agreeable to you. I find, on casting up my accounts of patronage in the revising barrister's department, that I can not find a vacancy for Mr. H-----.

"I wish I could have complied with your other request, but, I assure you, I have not been able to read or write without effort, in consequence of the state of my eyes; and all the poetry of former times, which you suppose finds place in my portfolio, has long been committed to the flames.

"I make a vow, however, to pay my respects to Gore House the first moment that I can possibly spare after my return to town. ABINGER."

## LETTERS FROM LORD DURHAM TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

" Cowes, June 14th, 1835.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,-I thank you much for your very agreeable letter, which I received this morning, and for your kind inquiries after my health, which is wonderfally improved, if not quite restored, by this fine air, and dolce far nients life. I anticipate with horror the time when I shall be obliged to leave it, and mix once more in the troublows realities of public life.

"Pray remember me most kindly to Lord Lyndhurst when you see him : a constant source of regret with me is, that our political path has hitherto been on separate lines, for I think him decidedly the most powerful and most efficient man in our house; and as a lawyer, there is not his equal on the bench or at the bar.

"I am sorry to hear you give so unfavorable an account of the reputation of the ministry. They mean well, and if they are not stronger in intellect and efficiency, it is probably not because they do not wish to strengthen themselves, but because they would not be permitted.

"Your estimate of the three books, Miss Kemble's, De Lamartine's, and Bulwer's, is a most just one. The latter is full of first-rate genius.

"Ellice leaves me to-day ; he will tell you what a charming life this is.

"Yours very truly,

D."

ChOOV C

#### "Peterhoff, September 3d, 1836.

"I thank you most sincerely for your kind remembrance of me, and for the announcement of the successful termination of my appeal.

# TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"I don't pretend to deny that I am much pleased at the result; but if the decision had been unfavorable to me, I should have still been estisfied, because I should have been certain that the equity of the case was against me in truth, if Lord Lyndhurst had so decided it. We differ in politics, it is true, but there can be but one opinion as to his unrivaled abilities as a lawyer; indeed, I should have been perfectly content long ago to have left the matter to his sole arbitration. If he had decided against me in Chancery, I never should have appealed to the Lords.

"Pray remember me to Lord Lyndhurst when next you see him, and tell him that my admiration of his talents is only equaled by my regret that their exercise— But I must not get into politics, so will leave my sentence unfinished.

"I have been very unwell lately, and confined to my bed by a return of a rheumatic fever which I had in the winter. This detestable climate is not to be endured but by persons possessing constitutions of platina or granite.

"What a state of confusion seems to exist in England ! When will people be tired of all these petty party broils ? To one looking on at a distance, it all appears very mean and undignified. The paramount interests of a great country like ours ought not to be made the sport of party passions and selfish quibbles.

"Adien. When you have a spare moment at Kensington, give me the bcnefit of it. D."

"Louth Castle, August 21st, 1837.

" I inclose you an extract from a letter which I received this day in answer to my complaint.

"I told you in London that I had had even more trouble about this affair than all those of my embassy.

"However, I think it is now concluded according to your desire.

"'The delay that has occurred in notifying the permission to dedicate is not owing to any neglect of the librarian, but has arisen from the uncertainty whether any except historical works would be permitted. In order, however, to obviate this difficulty, Mrs. Fairlie's work has been looked upon as historical biography, and probably before you receive this you will have heard that the permission is granted.'

#### "Cleveland Row, Saturday night.

"I have to thank you most sincerely for giving me an opportunity of making Mr. Bulwer's acquaintance. I have long admired his genius, and highly estimated his pre-eminent abilities. They have never been sufficiently brought into play by those who have the power to make them as useful to the country as they are honorable to himself.

"With these feelings, I can not but be delighted to think that I shall meet him on Tuesday. D."

### LETTERS FROM LORD DURHAM

" Cleveland Row, February 28th, 1837.

"I return you Mr. ——\_'s papers. I can only repeat to you in writing, what I have already told you in conversation, that I have no direct means of serving him. You will perceive that I value my own independence too much to solicit any place, even for my nearest relative or dearest friend.

" DURHAM."

On the back of this note there were some very remarkable lines, written by Lady Blessington, beginning with the words,

"At midnight's silent hour, when bound in sleep," &c.,

and with many erasures, and the traces apparently of many tears.

The lines will be found in the chapter headed "Notice of the Career of Lady Blessington."

"Lambion Castle.

"I had written to D'Orsay to say how sorry I was that a party at home prevented my accepting your kind offer.

" Lambton Castle, August 23d, 1837.

"I inclose you the royal permission. It would be right that Mrs. Fairlie should address a letter of thanks herself to Mr. Glover. D."

" Harrington House, August 17th, 1837.

"Mr LORD,—I am informed by Colonel Cavendish that the information of the queen's permission for Mrs. Fairlie to dedicate her forthcoming work, entitled 'Portraits of the Children of the English Nobility,' to her majesty, should be communicated to your lordship, and I have therefore the honor to state that Mrs. Fairlie's request has been very graciously acquiesced in, and that she has permission to dedicate the work to her majesty.

"I have the honor to be, my lord, your most obedient servant,

"E. H. GLOVER, H. M. Libr."

From Lord Durham:

" January 24th, 1838.

- Grocyle

"I really have no appointment within my gift, and it pains me extremely to receive hundreds of applications to which I can only return the same answer. I should be ashamed of myself if I planted a colony of British officials in Canada; all Canadian places ought to be given to Canadians; and this will be the case, with rare exceptions, the nomination of which will rest with the government. "My own private staff, if I may so express myself, is settled; and if it was not, the absence of pecuniary emoluments would render these employments more onerous than valuable.

"There is an expression in Mr. J. F----'s note, that which refers to 'my intention of providing for him.' I am not aware of having expressed any such intention, of having given any such promise.

"The only recollection I have of the matter is, that you forwarded me some documents relating to Mr. F——'s application to Lord Palmerston, and that I declined mentioning his name unless the subject was under discussion, when I would certainly do what I could to serve him. This I was anxious to do on his brother's account, whom I admire and esteem beyond most men; but as to any promise of provision, I am certain I would not be so thoughtless as to make it. I never violate a promise, but never make one hastily.

"I am, as you may imagine, overwhelmed with business, but still must devote a greater portion of my time than I could otherwise spare to relieve myself from the possibility of an imputation of having failed in performing that which I promised.

"I send Mrs. Fairlie the picture as she requests ; will you give her my compliments, and also my best regards to my little friend ! D."

" January 27th, 1838.

"I return you the note, which completely confirms my recollection of what was my answer to you. I repeat again that I have no places to bestow which it would become me to offer, or Mr. F—— to accept. My own private secretaries are those who were with me before. The nomination of the one or two higher posts is in the government, with my approval, of course; but as they belong to the legal and parliamentary class, they could not affect Mr. F——.

"My power of direction of control of administration is, as you say, unlimited, awfully unlimited; but I have no power of creating places, no power of making any appointment where no vacancies exist, or of fixing on Canadian revenues English officials.

### "Cleveland Row, Friday night.

"I return you the two notes, with many thanks for your kind communication of them.

"I fear you greatly overrate my means of justifying the good opinion entertained of me. But I will do my best.

"I am very anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of your two friends, and Vot. II.-L

# LORD BROUGHAM.

have to-night sent to ask them to meet the Duke of Sussex here at dinner. His royal highness is no favorite of yours, I know, but I have always found him a steady and kind-hearted friend.

"Ellice and I start for Paris on Friday next. Can I take any thing for you !

"I have not been able to call on you before to-day, being detained at home by business and visitors all the morning, and in the evening I am generally too unwell to go out. D."

LETTER FROM LORD JOHN RUSSELL TO LADY BLESSINGTON. "Woburn Abbey, February 5th, 1838.

"DEAR LARY BLESSINGTON, —Although I am in opposition, I have got my head so muddled with politics that I can not turn my mind with any effect to higher and more agreeable pursuits. In short, I am quite unfit to contribute to 'The Book of Beauty,' and am almost reduced to the state of 'the beast.'

"This it is to get harnessed in the state car.

" I remain, yours faithfully,

J. RCSSELL."

Cicroste

# LORD BROUGHAM.

Henry, Baron Brougham and Vaux, of Brougham Hall, county Westmoreland, formerly Lord High Chancellor of England, will be known to posterity as Henry Brougham, the early champion of the anti-slavery cause, Queen Caroline's counsel, the indomitable opponent of Castlereagh's policy, the faithful friend and bold defender of civil and religious liberty while in the House of Commons.

With these titles to respect and honor, he may dispense with the labors of heraldry in favor of the antiquity of his race, and Mr. Burke's successful effort to trace up his family, and their possessions in Westmoreland, to the Saxon Burghams before the Conquest.

His father, Henry Brougham, Esq. (who died in 1810), by his marriage with a sister of Robertson the historian, Mary Syme (who died in 1839), had five sons, of whom Henry, born September 19th, 1778, was the eldest.

He married in 1819 the eldest daughter of Sir John Eden, niece of Lord Auckland, and widow of John Spalding, Esq., by whom he had two daughters—Eleanor Sarah, who died in 1820, and Eleanor Louisa, who died in 1839.

After a long career of professional labors and of public serv-

# LORD BROUGHAM.

ices, this distinguished man was appointed lord chancellor and created a peer of the realm on the accession of the Grey administration in 1830, and retired with his party in 1834.

The great tendency to make war on people who seek to be pre-eminent in different pursuits has been eloquently noticed by Cicero, and bitterly experienced by Lord Brougham.

Men smile complacently at the little jealousies of women, who are supposed to take offense at the union of beauty, esprit, literary talents, poetic genius, or intellectual gifts of any very superior order in the same individual of their own sex. But men —able men too in politics, and in high legal and literary position—feel not unfrequently their merits rebuked in the presence of great successes of men of their own profession or especial avocations who have acquired pre-eminence in other pursuits.

Lord Brougham, in one of his Historical Sketches, says, "The true test of a great man—that, at least, which must secure his place among the highest order of great men—is his having been in advance of his age."

By this standard if his lordship be judged, no doubt he will be found to be a man of more than ordinary greatness—a man of gigantic intellect, the like of which it will be in vain to look for among the great men of this country of the present century. He was in advance of his age on the Slavery question, on that of Catholic Emancipation, of Law Reform, Charitable Bequests' Reform, of National Instruction, of London Collegiate Education.

But there is another true test of a great man in a prominent public position—the power of enduring hatred and hostility in high places; of resisting envy, defamation, and ridicule year after year, throughout a long and arduous career, systematically arranged against him in the press; and of confronting powerful opponents in Parliament boldly and successfully, and almost singly, in many signal conflicts.

Lord Brougham is said to be hot and hasty, vehement, impetuous, and offensively earnest in discussion. The great Lord Chatham has been taxed with similar defects; and, like him. Lord Brougham merges all minor imperfections in the countervailing merits of his vast powers of impulsive oratory and persuasive argument. His command of language, extent of information on every subject, in every science, embracing the whole circle of knowledge; his felicity in extracting arguments and illustrations from that vast store of varied information; his never-failing memory, marvelous ability of grappling with all the difficulties of a question, of seeing at a glance all its bearings, of sustaining a state of perpetual mental activity, of encountering opposition utterly fearless of all opponents, of bearing down on his enemies, of sending forth torrents of words of overwhelming eloquence on any occasion, however sudden the emergency —these peculiar talents and powers have seldom been equaled, never have been surpassed in Parliament.

No man living in England has rendered so much service to the anti-slavery cause as Lord Brougham. On those services his character and fame might safely take their stand. In that sacred cause of justice and humanity, his efforts for the abolition of slavery and the slave-trade, for nearly forty years, have been unremitting and unequaled in the display of intellectual powers that have been devoted to those great objects.

Lord Brougham is now seventy-six years of age. His gigantic intellect has lost none of its vigor: all his energies are as full of life and activity as they were thirty years ago.

One striking characteristic of Lord Brougham that is noticeable now, as it was remarkable at the onset of his career, is his uniform, undeviating, unaffected, and undisguised detestation of meanness, cruelty, and baseness, wherever it is to be found, whether in the highest or the humblest station in society; and a generous and warm attachment to men of worth and genius, of high principle, and of a lofty enthusiasm in any cause in which the interests of truth are concerned, quite irrespective of the position of the parties who have won his esteem and his regard.

It was said of Wyndham, as a proof of his elevated intellectual character, that his personal friends were men of great powers of mind and high principles. "His soul lived, it may be said, in the highest region of intellect, and it could not have sustained itself there if it had not possessed a natural affinity for the noble and magnanimous."

. Google

## LETTERS FROM LORD BROUGHAM TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

## "Chateau, Tuesday, April 22d, 1840.

"DEAE LADY B.---I fear you will think me very remiss in not sooner answering your kind letter, but I really had nothing to tell worth making you pay postage. You will justly enough say that this should prevent me now, but I had rather you paid than think me ungrateful.

"News from hence you can expect none. Your account of Sir A. Paget's being better was highly agreeable to me, and it has been confirmed since by accounts of his entire recovery. I am also very happy to find that Durham is getting well.

"The English have all broke up their encampment at Nice, and are hurrying homeward. Leader, who has been here some time, is gone to-day, and, I suppose, will be at home almost as soon as this reaches you. Pray give my kindest regards to Alfred, \_\_\_\_\_, and tell the latter I have seen the colonel (Shaw) since last I wrote, and he complains of never hearing from him.

"We have had some share, though a small one, of the winter, which seems every where to have been so bad. It began here on Lady-day, but is now quite gone.

"In answer to your commands, I fear I must say no; indeed, I am not in a condition to do any thing that is not absolutely necessary, and even doing that \_\_\_\_\_\_ was as much as I was up to, and possibly more.\* I think of returning, by slow journeys, through a district of France which I have never seen, and some part of which is seldom visited. I shall set out in less than a week. Believe me, sincerely yours, H. BROUGHAM."

" November, 1843.

Connelle

"The climate here is too delicious. I have Leader, Falconi, Meyrick, &c., and I expect Douro. The heat from eleven to two is too great, but we have delicious evenings and mornings. My spirits are getting round for the first time these four dismal years. H. BROUGHAM."

#### "Chateau Eleanor, November 28th, 1843.

"I wish you would tell your clever, and, I believe, honest friend of the paper that I have given up both my prosecutions before he said a word. I did it, because, on reflection, I believed I should not only oppress him to whom I really wished no harm, but should obstruct full and free discussion of public men's conduct and character. I also add that, whether his candid statement, just sent me, had appeared or no, I should have done this ; but, now he has shown some repentance, I, being his confessor, must prescribe a small penance, and it is this. Let him do something (no man can do so better) in furtherance of what is most near my heart, Law Reform, and especially of the criminal code.

\* Lord Brougham had met with a severe family affliction not long previously.--R. R. M.

"I have reason to believe (entre nous) that if the Liberal press give it a lift, the government will do it; and this is enormously valuable.

"Let him do this, and he may abuse me weekly, and I never shall complain. H. BROUGHAM."

#### LETTERS FROM LORD LYNDHURST.

" March 17th, 1835.

"DRAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I would have called for the parcel yesterday for Lady Canterbury, but I was the whole of the day at the House of Lords. I make a rule of never attending public meetings and dinners. I have no objection to be a steward, and pay my contribution, if attendance will be dispensed with. Excuse me for this. I am most anxious always to do any thing you desire. Yours faithfully, LTNDRURST."

"I would dine with you with the greatest pleasure on Sunday, were it possible. But I am at Richmond, and have unluckily formed a party for that day which I can not desert. You judge me in one respect quite correctly. I am not a bigot either as to persons or things. I give men credit for sincerity when I can, and my spirit of toleration is most liberal and extensive.

" LYNDHURST."

#### LETTER FROM THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

"Berkeley Square, Saturday.

"DEAE LADY BLESSINGTON,-I will certainly vote for Mr. Landon. Your recommendation, and the interesting circumstances you mention respecting his sister, with whose merits I am acquainted, at least by reputation, are quite sufficient to interest me strongly in his-favor.

"Believe me, very faithfully yours,

LANSDOWNE."

### LETTERS FROM LORD GLENELG.

"Colonial Office, November 24th, 1837.

"DEAE LADY BLESSINGTON,-I am very much obliged by your kind note, and beg you to believe it was not on account of Mr. Ellice alone that I took an interest in your friend. You would not do me justice if you thought so.

" It will give you pleasure to read the following passage from Sir J. Harvey's letter to me :

#### " Gov't House.

-k-100210

"'It is very satisfactory to me to be enabled to add, that, independent of any personal introductory recommendations, the high qualities possessed by Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ are such as to render him eligible for any office in this colony which it may be in my power to confer on him. I have, accordingly, had great pleasure in assuring Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ of the desire which I feel to serve him, whenever circumstances may enable me to do so.'

"I remain, dear Lady Blessington, yours very truly, GLENELO."

" April 27th, 1838.

"I am happy to say Sir J. Harvey has appointed your friend to an office in the department of Crown Lands. You have probably heard of this.

"GLENELG."

# 

"Government House, Frederickton, New Brunswick, November 24th, 1837.

"MY DEAR LORD ANGLESEY, —Few circumstances connected with my advancement to this command have occasioned me such sincere satisfaction as your note of the 9th of September, with an inclosure from Lady Blessington. The lady does tell her story with much natural and becoming feeling (as respects her brother), and therefore with eloquence. I had previously received a similar communication from Lady Canterbury; but I fear I must be ungallant enough to confess to your lordship that all the *billet* eloquence in the world—and few in it possess that talent in a higher degree than the fair ladies whose respective appeals are now before me—could have had half the weight with me as the slightest expression of a wish from you, my noble friend and kind patron.

"It shall go hard but I will endeavor to find some situation for Captain P—— ere long. He seems fit for any thing; his manners and conversation (and, I will add, his appearance) most prepossessing; add to which, the interest which your lordship has expressed in his welfare. You heard of the appeals of his two fair sisters, and an earnest recommendation to my notice from my friend Sir Henry Hardinge."

LETTERS SIGNED C-----

"Downing Street, March 22d, 1839.

"I had already received from Mrs. S a statement of the distreased situation of your friend and his family. I regret it most deeply, and the more, as I can not, at present, hold out the means of relief.

"I have already more than once recommended him strongly to the lord lieutenant; but in Ireland, as here, the reductions which government has been, and is compelled to make, leave nothing in our power.

"I will speak to Mr. Ellice about the reference which you say is to be made to the Treasury, and if any assistance can with propriety be given in this manner, I shall be ready to concur in affording it. But it must depend upon the recommendation of the Board, after they have considered the case. G."

"DEAREST LADY BLESSINGTON, —I have also been mortified to the greatest degree at having missed the only opportunities I could have had of seeing you, and it is still more veratious that I can not call on you this morning. I have every minute engaged till the House of Lords, for which I am afraid I shall be so ill prepared, that, if I am forced to speak, I shall certainly de-

### VISCOUNT LORD STRANGFORD.

stroy any desire you may have had to hear me again. God bless you ! Ever yours, G."

#### "Downing Street, February 15th, 1833.

"I am sorry to say that the place of one of the Commissioners under the Bill for the Reform of the Church of Ireland, if it should peas, is not one for which it would be possible for me to recommend your brother. G."

#### LETTER FROM THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.

" Paris, March 37th, 1848.

"MT DEAR LADT BLESSINGTON,-I forwarded, without delay, your packet to your correspondent, who has taken, within these last few days, to write so boldly, that if there is to be any 'terror,' he seems to desire to offer himself as the first victim. However, all is now very quiet for the moment here, though no one can see many weeks, or even days into the future.

"It was very kind so to express yourself toward me, and to cite such an authority to be 'laudatus a laudato' (I make no excuse for quoting Latin to you) is always welcome.

"I see D'Orsay is helping to take care of our poor English exports. "Yours very truly, NORMANEY."

#### LETTER FROM THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

" Berlin, January 21st, 1840.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I have written to recommend that the wishes in favor of your protegs should be attended to, and if Mrs. Percival will call at or send to the Royal Academy in Tenterden Street, she will learn what has been the decision of the Committee.

"I shall be most happy if I have succeeded in forwarding a wish of yours. I shall be very anxious to see the statue of Alfred, of which you speak; he is an extraordinary creature, with his talents of all sorts; coming out as a sculptor of high repute and perfection is a singular proof of what I have said above. Pray remember me to him, and believe me very sincerely yours.

"WESTMORELAND."

### VISCOUNT LORD STRANGFORD.

His lordship was born in 1780, and succeeded to the title in 1801. Having resided much in Portugal, and made himself familiar with the language, history, and literature of that country, he was selected at an early age as a fit person to represent the British nation at Lisbon in 1806, and next at Rio Janeiro. He was appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at the court of Sweden in 1820. He was appointed embassador to the Sublime Porte in 1820, and to Russia in 1825.

In 1803 he published "Poems from the Portuguese of Camoens, with Remarks on his Life and Writings," 8vo, a work better appreciated by those acquainted with the Portuguese language and literature than by those who are not. His lordship, as an author, diplomatist, a man of fine taste and polished manners, is well and advantageously known to the public. He owes less for that advantage to his intimate acquaintance and friendship with the late King of Hanover, up to the period of his death, than to his talents as a man of letters, and his abilities in his diplomatic career.

# LETTER FROM VISCOUNT LORD STRANGFORD.

"Harley Street, Saturday evening.

"Pray pity me-for I do deserve it-not for being very ill, which I really am, but for being obliged to give up all hope of waiting on you to-morrow.

"I caught a violent cold in being in the House of Lords on Tuesday, which ended in a fever, and since that direful Tuesday I have been confined, not merely to my room, but to my bed, where I am 'at this present writing." That odious House of Lords ! As it is now constituted, it is only beneficial to peers' eldest sons. Apropos thereof, I was very happy, and a little proud this morning, by learning that my George (who had the honor of making his bow one night last spring in your opera-box) has just been the successful candidate for the 'address,' as it is termed (in English — ), which is to be spoken before the king at his annual visit to Eton on 'election.' This is rather a creditable exploit of my primogenito's, though I don't think he shows much worldly wisdom in starting in these times on the 'loyal tack.'

" Ever, my dear lady,

STRANGFORD."

## LETTER SIGNED D- TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

" February 7th, 1827.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—When I look at the date of your letter from Pisa, I feel quite ashamed. But the press of business during a stormy and troublesome period must be my excuse for seeming incivility to many of those friends to whose wishes I am really most desirous to attend. Your recommendation has the greatest weight with me, both on account of the pleasure it would give me to oblige you, and because I am quite sure that you would not propose to me any person that was not perfectly fit for the situation in which you asked to see him placed. If, therefore, during the time that I continue in office, any opportunity shall occur that would enable me, consistently with engagements already taken, to provide for Mr. P—— in the way you point out, I shall be most happy to avail myself of it, though I must also own to you that the vacancies in the consulate line are so rare, and the claims already existing for them upon the office so numerous and power-

L 2

## 250 LADY BLESSINGTON TO SIR ROBERT PEEL.

ful, that I can not indulge a hope of being soon able to accomplish what would be scarcely less agreeable to me than it would be to yourself. Since I had the pleasure of hearing from you, I have received a very kind letter from Lord Blessington. Perhaps you will allow me to take the occasion of conveying to him, through you, my acknowledgment of it. Our friend Hare has been in England about six weeks. I find that during the last two years he has received from you a great deal of attention and hospitality, with which I am the more gratified, because it is through me that he made an acquaintance that he found so advantageous to him. Lord B— mentions Count D'Orsay as still belonging to your party, and as preserving a friendly recollection of me. Pray be good enough to offer to him my compliments and regards.

"Believe me, my dear Lady Blessington, yours most sincerely and faithfully, D."

# LETTER FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO SIR ROBERT PEEL." "Gove House, July, 1845.

"DEAE SIX ROBERT PEEL,—In the heavy affliction that has just occurred to Lady C—— in the death of her husband, one of the most amiable and kindhearted men that ever existed, the thought of the ill provided state in which she and her daughters are left has, even during the first hours of a grief as sincere as it is deep, induced me to address you, who were the friend of her departed husband. You are aware that poor dear Lord C——'s circumstances were In a most embarrassed state, so much so, that the anxiety and increasing uneasiness occasioned by them, and the knowledge that, at his death, his wife and child would be left so ill off, preyed so heavily on his mind as to have produced the fatal event that occurred on Sunday last. I saw him a prey to anxiety and disappointment that weighed him to the earth, and, though deeply grieved, am not surprised at the sad catastrophe.

"You are aware that the pension he had reverts to his eldest son, but with a saving of one thousand a year to the country; but of this saving to the country might not you, as an act of kindness to an old friend, and of generosity to the widow and child of an old and faithful public servant, recommend some provision to be made for Lady C—— and her daughter !

"The health of poor Lady C—— is such as to leave little hope that her life will be long spared; therefore a pension to revert to Lord C——'s daughter, at her death, would not be unreasonable. The severe disappointment poor Lord C—— experienced in not being allowed compensation for the heavy losses he sustained by the fire at Palace Yard led to the embarrassment of his affairs, and has ever since embittered his life.

"To you I address myself in favor of the widow and daughter of your old friend, while yet he lies unburied, and while tears for his death almost blind me. But I think I best show my regret for the departed by making an attempt to serve those so dear to him, and who are left so unprovided for In

\* From a copy among the papers of Lady Blessington .- R. R. M.

a few days the session will close, and before it does, I appeal to those good feelings which I am sure fill your breast to take some step to obtain a provision for the widow and daughter of the late Lord C.

"Believe me, dear Sir Robert Peel, yours faithfully, M. BLESSINGTON."

It was wholly impossible to carry Lady Blessington's wish into effect. The fund which benefited by the death of Lord C—— was the Parliamentary Fund. The fund from which pensions are given is that of the £1200 given by Parliament to the queen for that purpose. As to providing for any child not his was wholly out of the question. But even if he had a child to be provided for, as well as a widow, nothing but a bill could give that provision; and £3000 a year being secured to the son, who succeeded to the title, would be an answer to any application.

Lady Blessington wrote to a friend on the 24th of July that Sir Robert had stated to her "how deeply he regretted that he could not feel justified in making any proposal to Parliament for a provision for the widow and daughter of his lamented friend, Lord C——.

"He felt very confident that the attempt would not be a successful one.

"The provision made for a person holding the office which had been held by him on his retirement was more liberal than that made for any other public servant. In the case of a minister of the crown, entitled, from the inadequacy of his private means, to claim a retiring allowance, the amount was limited to  $\pounds 2000$  per annum; no provision whatever was made for the widow. The pensions granted to Mrs. Perceval and to Lady Canning, the widows of prime ministers dying while in the exercise of the highest functions, were special and exceptional cases.

"The provision made for Lord C—— was an annual pension of  $\pounds 4000$  for his own life, and  $\pounds 3000$  for his son, until his son should succeed to a lucrative sinecure office.

"He was not aware of any instance in which a pension had been granted to the widow of a person holding such an office; and he was confident that the House of Commons, considering the liberality of the provision made for Lord C—— on his retirement, and contrasting it with the provisions made for other public servants, would not consent to the establishment of the precedent which such an arrangement as that which she proposed would constitute.

"He was compelled, therefore, very reluct utly, as far as private and personal feelings were concerned, to decline acceding to her suggestion."

From another letter of Lady Blessington, dated the 6th of August, 1845, it appears that her exertions for her deceased friend's family were not to be discouraged even by the very explicit statement just referred to. She renewed her application to Sir Robert, modifying it, however; but it was attended with no better success than the former. Sir Robert had stated to her,

"He could not think it would be for the real advantage of the family of the late lord, even if the means existed, that a provision should be made for his daughter from the Civil List.

"The whole sum available for the grant of pensions for the present year was  $\pounds 700$ .

"From such a fund was the vain attempt to be made, that had to meet the various claims upon the bounty of the crown, founded upon personal service to the crown—public service not otherwise provided for, and eminent literary and scientific merit.

"No pension granted (for the one to Mademoiselle D'Este stood upon special grounds) would probably exceed £200, and he did not think that a pension of such an amount would be an appropriate recognition of the services she would have considered."

Poor Lady Blessington writes that she had made one more effort for a very limited provision for a daughter of Lady C— by a former husband; but it failed, like the former. Sir Robert had plainly given her to understand,

"The means did not exist, at present at least, of making even the limited provision for the daughter which alone could be made under any circumstances.

"Assurances had been already given, the fulfillment of which would entirely absorb the sum available for the current year."

L1000210

#### LETTERS SIGNED F- B- TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

#### " February 24th, 1829.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I send you a line, though I have nothing to say, nor time to say any thing in, even if I had wherewithal, as Burns says in his letter to a friend, 'though it may serve for neither, and but just a kind memento.'

"Now pray remember me kindly, yea, most kindly, to Madame Crawford, to your amiable ladies, milord, and to all the family of D'Orsay, l'aimable baronne, and pray make use of me on my return if I can do any thing, bring any thing I can. Should D'Orsay want a horse, Lord Blessington a house, or any one any thing, pray spare me not.

" I can not omit expressing my wonder and gratification at the astonishing change of the great duke and Mr. Peel, converted into the Pacificator of Ireland ! Let no man hereafter talk of the conversion of St. Paul as a miracle, nor woman either, not even Madame Krudner.

" Ever yours sincerely,

F. B."

### " April 1st, 1839.

"You are very kind, and I should be very happy could I profit by it, but you have no idea of my state; not quite so bad as Theseus, who was fixed forever and immovably to his seat, but able to move only, crab-like, with the aid of crutches. What is very provoking, too, I am as well in health as any body, and, could I creep to your presence in a becoming posture, no one would be more capable or disposed to enjoy it. F. B."

#### [No date.]

"You make me renew past griefs; I really had forgot the most important use of knees. As you say, there seems to be a marvelous sympathy between the hinges of the knee and valves of the heart; the one, indeed, seems the safety-valve of the other rather than a hinge at all. Certain it is, they move in wonderful accordance. You ask whether your observation is a satire on our sex. Philosophers say every thing receives its nature from that of the recipient; if so, he who so takes it may, but those who, like me, witness it, don't feel it. I can not answer the question. F. B."

#### " May 5th, 1889.

"Solomon says, that ' though you pound a fool in a mortar, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.'

"I am making a sad confession; but my spirits getting the better of my prudence the other day—only the other day, mind—I, having one or two people to dine with me, brought back my gont, which I had flattered myself I had got rid of; so that, with a short interval of promise, I am now nearly as when last I wrote to you, with the addition of recent experience, which makes, they

say, fools wise; but I am past that age when men are said to be either fools or physicians; and as I am feelingly convinced that I am not the last, I fear my share of the alternative condemns me to Solomon's mortar, and certainly deprives me a second time of the pleasure you again so obligingly offer.

"F. B."

" July 19th, 1832.

"I trust nothing will, and nothing but death shall, prevent me from having the pleasure of coming to you on Friday. F. B."

"August 14th, 1832.

"I am again confined to my own room, and this day, marked with chalk, must be marked with carbon. This is very sad, but such are the fickle terms on which we hold this tenement of clay. My repeated attacks seem to amount almost to a notice to quit. I don't mean to take it, however, but it certainly lowers its value. Well, the bill is carried. I should like so much to have talked it over with you, but it seems good otherwise to the gods. F. B."

"October 16th, 1832.

"I am delighted you entertain so favorable an opinion of that most deceptions of all the human anatomy—the heart, and I will confess that upon that subject I would rely on a woman's opinion in preference to a physician.

"I am grieved at the state of Paris, poor Madame Crawford, and, indeed, the whole state of France. I hear all parties—ministers and anti-ministerialists—are in the greatest spirits, and equally confident of success. Lord A—— writes he is sanguine, and that is not natural to him. Lord E— and a large party yesterday were full of exultation, so that we inhabit a sort of fools' paradise.

"I know the people will have the Reform, or more, and am only anxious for health to enjoy the difficulties that may arrive. I feel so well that it is quite ridiculous; and if I could but have got seated at your table on Saturday, I should not have been the guest least enjoying it.

"The prince\* is not only gossiping, but impertinent, affected, false, and not acquainted with the manners of good or bad society in England. It has all the appearance of a fictitious performance. A young lady just says that she should like to look at the two last, so I will send for them in the morning. I am glad to hear of the recovery of Sir Walter Scott; and as soon as I can move, except backward, I shall move up to Seamore Place. F. B."

"June 25th, 1833.

Circicit) o

"A certain place, says Daniel—not the true prophet, but the false—is paved with good intentions. I fear in that regulated floor specimens of me will be found, and not rare. I will, however, encouraged by your unvarying indul-

\* I presume Prince Puckler-Muskau.-R. R. M.

gence, mend as fast as I can, assuring you the fault you so obligingly complain of is neither voluntary nor unregretted, and, moreover, carries with it its own punishment. The first opportunity I can lay hold of shall terminate both the one and the other. F. B."

## "Wednesday evening, August 8th, 1834.

"The brave General Rebinski is to dine with me on Friday, and, I believe, Prince Czartorinski. Perhaps D'Orsay would meet them. I will call in the evening to know. I don't know where you saw any report of what I said last night, but ' The Times' makes me talk sad nonsense, and say the reverse, in some instances, of what I did say.

"To make any thing like the thing itself, it would be necessary to write a new speech, as far as 'The Times' is concerned, and this is a tiresome task; but I would do what I never did before, if it had a chance of serving the gallant, unhappy Poles. F. B."

"June 22d, 1839.

"Many thanks for your obliging administration.

"What next! The king's death seems the deuce's own turn up. Lord Durham, it seems, is the violet in the lap of the new court. Eh bien nous verrons. Conjecture is useless and impossible, indeed. F. B."

### LETTER SIGNED H-

" August 8th.

"Your very kind and flattering note gave me great pleasure. Believe me that I long have wished to put an end to any estrangement that existed; and the happy and merry hours I passed at the Villa Gallo are too agreeably engraven on my memory for me to feel any thing but gratitude and affection for its inmates. I have often heard and known how kindly you and Alfred have spoken of me, and have often wished for an opportunity of breaking through the semblance of an enmity which I believe never really existed much on either side.

"Many, many thanks for your kind permission to come to Gore House, which I hope some morning or evening soon to avail myself of.

"The inclosed letter I am very much obliged to you indeed for letting me see. I know no one whose happiness and prosperity I am more seriously glad to hear of, or who deserves better to be happy and prosperous; kindhearted, generous, sincere, and disinterested, full of the best qualities of her delightful country, without any of the faults that grow in that soil.

"Pray, when you next write, remember to convey to her my sincere congratulations upon her marriage and new position. I hope, the next time I go to Paris, to have an occasion of expressing them viva voce.

"Ever very faithfully yours,

H."

#### 

" August 23d, 1831.

"I am this moment, dear Lady Blessington, returned from J - S - smarriage; his wife is a piquante brunette, and decidedly pretty. He asked me to go as one of his witnesses; he had no Englishman to support him. I really thought I should have died while two little boys kept a white cloth over the head of J and he stood there the symbol of innocence. C."

#### "Rome, March 4th, 1843.

Circlery)c

"Many, very many thanks for your kind letter. You can not conceive what real pleasure I received when your letter arrived, it was so very kind of you to write to me. We are now just returned from the Carnival, which has been very gay, and for which we have had decent weather, it only having poured two of the days, which we thought very fortunate, in this rainy climate. We had an excellent balcony opposite the Via Condotti, and from which we and our friends pelted away some thousand pounds of bonbons, &cc.

"I think it most amusing to observe the effect it has on different people; some are so remarkably angry, some so dignified, and others enjoying it. I wish you could have seen Lord Winchelsea dressing at the Corso to call on some one, covered with white dust, and looking as if he were preparing a violent anti-Catholic speech for the House of Lords.

"A party of us, E\_\_\_\_, P\_\_\_, L\_\_\_\_, and F\_\_\_\_, went one day in a car; we were dressed as the priestesses of Norma, and we were attended by our servants as ancient Roman warriors; and I can assure you we made a great sensation. I went in the evening to Madame L\_\_\_\_'s in a woman's domino, with rather short petticoats—the latter garment being trimmed with lace, and being adorned with rose-colored ribbons. Of course, I took occasion to show it. I was beautifully *chaussice* with satin shoes, and completely mystified every one.

"I am so charmed to hear that Alfred bears up against his confinement with his usual fortitude. As to any success he may have in painting and sculpture, it does not in the least surprise me, as, with his talents, success crowns all his undertakings. C."

A vast number of letters exist—certainly several hundreds of letters—addressed to Lady Blessington, while she was residing in St. James's Square, in the Villa Belvidere in Naples, the Palazzo Negroni in Rome, the Hotel Ney in Paris, Seamore Place and Gore House, London; answers to invitations, inquiries of a private nature, and applications of Lady Blessington in behalf of friends and protegés, which, however important as showing the extent and nature of her correspondence, or the influence exercised by Lady Blessington over the most eminent persons of her time in statesmanship or in literature, have been withheld from publication, from a desire to insert no letters in these volumes except on account of some intrinsic value and interest in such correspondence. These omitted letters include communications from Mr. Canning, Lords Hutchinson, Grey, Rosslyn, Beresford, Lyndhurst, Brougham, Durham, Jersey, Ashburnham, Aberdeen, Morpeth, Glenelg, Westmoreland, Abinger, Normanby, Auckland, Chesterfield, Douro, Castlereagh, Strangford, Holland, Clanricarde, the Marquess Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington, Sir T. Lawrence, Sir Alured Clerk, Sir F. Burdett, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir E. B. Lytton, Sir H. Bulwer, Sir W. Sommerville.

Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Byron, Barry Cornwall, Lady Tankerville, Miss Landor, Mrs. Romer, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Mathews, Miss Louisa Sheridan, Madame Guiccioli, Mademoiselle Rachel.

Vicomte D'Arlincourt, the Duc D'Ossuna, le Prince Schwartzenburg, le Prince Soutza, le Prince Belvidere, W. S. Landor, the Right Hon. B. D'Israeli, Dickens, Fonblanque, Forster, Sergeant Talfourd, the Hon. Spencer Cooper, Wilkie, Maclise, Wyatt, Unwin, Eugene Sue, Alfred de Vigny, Casimir Delavigne, Colonel D'Aguilar, Hay, Dr. Parr, Dr. Lardner, Dr. Quin, Dr. Beattie, James and Horace Smith, Macready, C. Greville, C. J. Mathews, Jekyll, Jack Fuller, Leitch Ritchie, Baillie Cochrane, Bernal Osborne, B. Simmonds, F. Mansell Reynolds, Theodore Hook, J. H. Jesse, Henry Chester, J. G. Wilkinson, Washington Irving, Kenyon, Luttrell, Hon. B. Spencer, Thackeray, Albert Smith, Jerdan, Haynes Bailey, &c., &c.

# CHAPTER XIII.

# DOCTOR SAMUEL PARR, LL.D.

THIS celebrated Greek scholar and eminent critic was born at Harrow-on-the-Hill in 1746. He was educated at Harrow, and Emmanuel College, Cambridge. In 1769 he entered into orders. He established a school at Stanmore, and superintended schools in Colchester and Norwich, before he obtained the rectory at Asterby in 1780, and a prebend's stall in the Cathedral of St. Paul in 1781. The perpetual curacy of Hatton, near Norwich, was conferred on him in 1785. In 1791, the riots at Birmingham, which proved destructive to the property of Dr. Priestley. extended to Hatton, and the property of Dr Parr, on account of his friendship with Dr. Priestley, and his own liberal principles, was endangered. The following year Dr. Parr exchanged his perpetual curacy at Hatton for a rectory in Northamptonshire. Early in 1793 he began to contribute to "The British Critic." and later wrote much in "The Classical Journal." In 1802 Sir Francis Burdett presented him to the rectory of Graffham in Huntingdonshire. The doctor's strong Whiggish principles, when Mr. Fox came into power, it is said, weighed down the merits of his erudition and theological acquirements in the estimation of the king, and prevented a bishopric being given him. He died in March, 1825, in his eightieth year, like the celebrated linguist and scholar Mezzofanti, leaving behind few records of his vast erudition. All the remains of Dr. Parr are comprised in a Collection of Sermons ; "a Tract on Education, and the plans pursued by Charity Schools," 4to, 1786 ; a Preface to Bellendenus de Statu, and "A Letter from Irenopolis to the Inhabitants of Eleutheropolis, or a Serious Address to the Inhabitants of Birmingham," in 1792 ; "Character of the late Charles James Fox, by Philopatris Varvicensis," 2 vols. 8vo. 1809, and some ephemeral pamphlets, occasioned by his critical disputes and controversies with Dr. Charles Combe and others.

"Of Bentley's feuds-of Porson's-Parr's Most savage Greek and Latin wars,"

few remains are left; and mankind would be nothing the worse if their battles had never been waged at all. Dr. Parr was renowned for his smoking, even more than Dr Isaac Barrow. He would empty twenty pipes of an evening in his own house, but when he was on his good behavior in fashionable circles, it is said he pined after the weed. About two years before his

00000

death he was introduced by Mr. Pettigrew to Lady Blessington, and was so charmed by her appearance, manners, and conversation, that he would willingly, at any time, have relinquished his pipe ever after for the pleasure of her society. After the first interview, he spoke to Mr. Pettigrew of her as the gorgeous Lady Blessington.

# LETTERS FROM DR. PARR TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

" Hatton, January 26th, 1822.

"May it please your ladyship to accept the tribute of my best thanks for the present of a gorgeous cake, which does equal honor to your courtesy and your taste. It reached me last night. It seized the admiration of my wife and two Oxford friends. They gazed upon its magnitude. They eulogized the coloring and the gilding of the figures with raptures. They listened gladly to the tales which I told about the beautiful, ingenious, and noble donor. I perceive that your ladyship's gift was sent by the Crown Prince coach, which I had pointed out, and upon which I depend chiefly. My wife and my cook, and her auxiliary, are waiting, with some anxiety, for a magnificent turbot, with which Lord Blessington intends to decorate the banquet.

"You may be assured that grateful and honorable mention of your namea will be made in our toasts. I shall write to Lord Blessington when I know the fate of the fish.

"As it did not come by the Crown Prince, possibly it may be conveyed by the mail, which passes my door about nine, or by the Liverpool, which passes about the middle of the day.

"My village peal of eight bells is ringing merrily, and I wish that you and Lord Blessington were here, the witnesses of their music.

"I probably shall visit the capital in the spring, and, with the permission of your ladyship and Lord Blessington, I shall pay my personal compliments to you in St. James's Square.

"I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect, my lady, your ladyship's faithful well-wisher and much obliged humble servant, S. PARE."

## "January 27th, 1822.

"INDENIOUS AND HONORED LADY BLESSINGTON,—Accept my praise as a critic, and my best thanks as a well-wisher, for the honor which you have done me in sending me a most elegant poetical congratulation on the return of the anniversary of my birth-day. Lady Blessington, I have ventured to impress three kisses upon the precious communication, and I will order it to be preserved among my papers as a memorial of your ladyship's taste and courtesy. The cake, from its magnitude and its richness, would have adorned the table of a cardinal. Be assured, Lady Blessington, that not only was your name pronounced in the second toast with that of the Duke of Susser

## LETTER FROM MISS EMILY CALCRAFT.

and some other contributors to the dainties, but that I took an opportunity to speak about the gracefulness of your person and the lustre of your talents. I hope, in the spring, that we shall meet together, and talk upon many interesting subjects which must present themselves to our minds.

"Soon after the conclusion of my first letter, another coach brought me Lord Blessington's magnificant turbot, and a very eminent scholar bestowed a classical eulogium on the

#### " Spatium admirabili rhombi."

"Lord Blessington will tell you that the expression occurs in the fourth satire of Juvenal, and if you have a translation, pray amuse yourself with an account of Domitian's feast, and his guests, and his wicked nature, when a huge fish had been presented to him, and he had summoned his trembling companions to the banquet. I am sure that Lord Blessington will like to refresh his memory, and, after certain military outrages at Manchester, Hyde Park Corner, and Kensington, I shall applaud his lordship for committing to memory the whole sixteenth satire of Juvenal. The composition is less adorned than many of the other satires ; but his lordship may take my word for it that it came from the pen of Juvenal, and there will be found in it abundance of matter applicable to the odious and alarming occurrences which disgrace the government of the English Sardanapalus. Pray tell my lord that, with allusion to the notorious voluptuary, a friend of his lordship has put together a most proper and most poignant epitaph for George the Fourth. Give my best compliments to your lively sister, and permit me to have the honor to subscribe myself, dear madam, your faithful well-wisher, and respectful, obedient servant, "S. PARR."

# LETTER FROM MISS EMILY CALCRAFT TO LADY BLESSINGTON IN RELATION TO DR. PARR.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, --- I have the pleasure to send you Mr. Horseman's excellent parody of a libel on Dr. Parr, together with his letter, and the doctor's prompt and courteous reply. I beg you will excuse the paper having been much read; you are welcome, if you please, to copy it, but let it be only for yourself.

"I have transcribed for your ladyship the brilliant oratorical passage which Lord Erskine was accustomed to ascribe to Viscount Strafford, and I have written a few lines to Dr. Parr's executors, which, should you determine upon addressing them, you may employ as the envelope of your communication.

"To these papers I venture to add two letters, containing most interesting traits of Dr. Parr's character. I trust to your good nature to credit my showing them on this account, rather than because the notice taken in them of my pamphlet is so partial.

"I am, with great truth, your ladyship's obliged and sincere

"EMILY CALCRAFT."

000210

#### LETTER TO DR. PARR FROM THE REV. MR. HORSEMAN.

#### "Heydon Royston, August 20th, 1821.

"Rev. SIE,—In a shameful and shameless newspaper, misnamed 'John Bull,' there appeared, last Monday, a miserable attack upon a character held in the highest estimation by the wisest and best of mankind. From a Tory acquaintance of mine, this infamous paper reached me last Saturday, and today I happened to go to Royston, where I desired the agent at that place for the 'Cambridge Independent Press' newspaper to forward to the proprietor for insertion in his next paper, what, upon the spur of the occasion, I his off as I drove, in the shape of an answer.

"I take the liberty of sending you both these trifles for your amusement. It would give me far greater pleasure had I the ability and opportunity to express in a better way, and more worthy of the very accomplished and distinguished personage so grossly and wretchedly libeled, my sincere admiration of his acute genius, his deep learning, his sound piety, and his unaffected virtue.

"I paid a delightful visit last November to your most excellent friend, Mr. Coke, and hope again to accept the kindly proffered hospitality of Holkham, when it would very considerably add to my gratification were I to have the good fortune to be honored with an introduction to Dr. Parr, whom I have seen only at Oxford and Cambridge, with whose learned and liberal publications I am familiar, and of whose personal character I know enough to be anxious to know more. Should you think proper to notice the receipt of this communication, I shall be much flattered by a letter directed to the Rev. John Horseman, Heydon Royston.

"I have the honor to be, reverend sir, with the profoundest esteem, your most obedient and very humble servant, JOBN HORSEMAN."

#### From the "John Bull," August 23d, 1821.

"RECIPE FOR COMPOUNDING & POLITICAL RADICAL, D.D., A.S.S., &c., &c.

"To half of Busby's skill in mood and tense,

Add Bentley's *pedantry* without his sense; From Warburton take all the spleen you find, But leave his genius and his wit behind; Squeeze Churchill's rancor from the verse it flows in, And knead it stiff with Johnston's turgid prosing; Add all the pisty of Saint Voltaire, Mix the gross compounds—Fiat—Dr. Parr.

" Q. IN THE CORNER."

Googl

#### ANSWER.

"To more than Busby's skill in mood and tense, Add Bentley's learning and his sterling sense ;

### LETTER FROM DR. PARR.

From Warburton take all the wit you find, But leave his grossness and his whims behind; Mix Churchill's vigor as in verse it flows, And knead it well with Johnson's manly prose 4 Sprinkle the whole with pepper from Voltaire, Strain off the scum, and—Fiat—Dr. Parr."

## LETTER FROM DR. PARR TO THE REV. MR. HORSEMAN.

"REVEREND SIE,—I had left Hatton when your friendly and interesting letter arrived there. It has been forwarded to me in a large mass of papers, and I take an early opportunity of presenting to you the tribute of my respectful and thankful acknowledgments. Your retort on my slander is masterly, and to me it is the more pleasing, because I believe it to be the result of your own sincere conviction. I have never seen any one number of the 'John Bull,' but I hear that in profligate and malignant calumny it exceeds the vilest publications that ever disgraced the English press.

"While ministers, judges, academics, bishops, priests, and deacons are inveighing against the licentiousness of the press, they would do well to recollect that 'John Bull' is more virulent in its spirit and more mischievous in its consequences than the worst effusions of scribbling radicals. Upon my literary and intellectual powers I readily submit to the judgment of others, but I can safely and becomingly listen to the approving sentence of my conscience upon my principles, which are founded upon long and severe research, and upon my actions for the space of fifty-five years, during which time I have never truckled to power, nor preferred my personal interests to the sacred rights and social happiness of mankind. I ought to thank the writers of the 'John Bull' for stirring up an advocate so skillful and so distinguished as Mr. Horseman. If you should ever come into Warwickshire, my hope is that you will permit me to receive you in my parsonage. S. PARE."

# EXTRACT FROM A SERMON OF DR. PARR ON REPENTANCE, TRANSMITTED TO LADY BLESSINGTON BY MISS CALCRAFT.

"The infinite importance of what he has to do, the goading conviction that it must be done, the utter inability of doing it, the dreadful combination in his mind of both the necessity and incapacity, the despair of crowding the concerns of an age into a moment, the impossibility of beginning a repentance which should have been completed, of setting about a peace which should have been concluded, of suing for a pardon which should have been obtained—all these complicated concerns, without strength, without time, without hope; with a clouded memory, a disjointed reason, a wounded spirit, undefined terrors, remembered sins, anticipated punishment, an angry God, an accusing conscience, all together intolerably augment the sufferings of a body which stands little in need of the insupportable burden of a distracted mind to aggravate its torments."

- GOO2 0

## SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

## SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, R.A.

The first portrait painter of his age, Sir T. Lawrence, who had executed portraits of the greatest princes and the principal personages of his day, mixed in the most distinguished circles, and had been received with honor in many European courts, had been intimately acquainted with Lord Blessington in early life, and the late Lady Blessington from the period of her marriage to that of her departure from England in 1822.

Two of his best portraits were those of Lord and Lady Blessington. He always considered the last as his *chef d'œuvre*. When asked by Lord Blessington to copy it, he declined to do so, saying, "That picture could neither be copied or engraved." His assertion was afterward fully verified. Of the three engravings that were made of that portrait by the first engravers of the day, Cousins, Reynolds, and another artist, not one was successful. In the wreck of the affairs of Lady Blessington, when every thing belonging to her was sold by auction in 1849, at Gore House, I saw these two pictures sold. That of Lord Blessington was purchased by Mr. Fuller for £68, that of Lady Blessington by the Marquess of Hertford for £336.

The portraits of Sir Thomas Lawrence, it is hardly needful to observe, are remarkable for the representation of mind and character, in the delineation of face and form, for the speaking looks, animated with spirit and intelligence in the expression of those he painted, for their giving his subjects a *distingué* air, and for his peculiar excellence in painting eyes, and rendering characteristic resemblances.

At the beginning of his career his object was to imitate Reynolds, and some of his earlier pictures in some degree resembled those of Sir Joshua. Brilliancy of effect, ease and simplicity, the power of imparting nobility to physical perfections, and of making the mind discernible in the features he represented—these were the peculiar characteristics of his style. His manners and conversation were those of a gentleman accustomed to courts. In all matters his taste was exquisite; and in his office of President of the Royal Academy, he abstained from attempting reforms, however much needed, in his unwillingness to encounter formidable opponents.

Sir Thomas was born at Bristol in 1769. He commenced the profession of a portrait painter in Oxford in 1787; removed to London, and rose rapidly to distinction from the year 1800. In 1811 he was charged by the Prince Regent to take portraits of the allied sovereigns who visited England; in 1815 he was knighted; in 1818 he was sent to Aix-la-Chapelle to paint the principal members of Congress; in 1819 he visited Italy, and in the following year was elected President of the Academy. He died in January, 1830, in his sixty-second year.

A brother artist, and a friend of Lawrence, one thoroughly imbued with a spirit of criticism, thus speaks of the merits and works of Sir Thomas:

"Twenty years ago, his pictures (as Fuseli used to say) were like the scrapings of a tin-shop, full of little sparkling bits of light, which destroyed all repose. But after his visit to Italy, the improvement which took place was an honor to his talents. His later pictures are by far his best. His great excellence was neither color, drawing, composition, light and shade, or perspective—for he was hardly ever above mediocrity in any of these; but expression, both in figure and feature. Perhaps no man that ever lived contrived to catch the fleeting beauties of a face to the exact point, though a little affected, better than Lawrence. The head of Miss Croker is the finest example in the world. He did not keep his sitters unanimated and lifeless, but by interesting their feelings he brought out the expression which was excited by the pleasure they felt.

"As a man, Sir Thomas Lawrence was amiable, kind, generous, and forgiving. His manner was elegant, but not high-bred. He had too much the air of always submitting. He had smiled so often and so long, that at last his amile had the appearance of being set in enamel. He indulged the hope of painting history in his day; but, as Romney did, and Chantrey will, he died before he began; and he is another proof, if proof were wanting, that creative genius is not a passive quality, that can be laid aside or taken up as it suits the convenience of the possessor.

## LETTERS FROM SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"As an artist, he will not rank high in the opinion of posterity. He was not ignorant of the figure, but he drew with great incorrectness, because he drew to suit the fashion of the season. If necks were to be long, breasts full, waists small, and toes pointed. Sir Thomas was too well bred to hesitate. His necks are therefore often hideously long, his waists small, his chests puffed, and his ankles tapered. He had no eye for color. His tint was opaque, not livid; his cheeks were rouged, his lips like the lips of a lay-figure. There was nothing of the red and white which Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on. His bloom was the bloom of the perfumer. Of composition he knew scarcely any thing; and perhaps, in the whole circle of art, there never was a more lamentable proof of these deficiencies than in his last portrait of the king."

### LETTERS FROM SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE TO LORD MOUNTJOY.

#### "Greek Street, Sunday morning (1812).

"MY DEAR LOED,—All other considerations apart (and those no slight ones), I confess to the strong temptation you hold out to me in the very venison itself! I beg its pardon for having written venison like any other word; 'I own the soft impeachment.' Yet it does so unluckily happen that I am engaged Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Thursday, so that all hope of indulging my ruling passion is over with me this week. In return for your lordship's kindness, I send you lines which I think not bad, certainly not the worse for being on my own side or view of the subject. With my respects to Lady, Mountjoy, I remain, my dear lord, most faithfully and with true respect, yours, "T. LAWRENCE."

#### ON WALTZING.

"What! the girl I adore by another embraced! What! the balm of her breath shall another man tasts! What! press'd in the whirl by another's bold knee! What! panting, recline on another than me! Sir, she's yours. You have brushed from the grape its soft blue, From the rose-bud you've shaken its tremulous dew: What you've touch'd you may take-pretty waltzer, adieu!"

#### "Greek Street, July 29th, 1812.

"Without the preface of an apology, which your kind nature will either think needless or make for me, I will at once state (but only from a necessity), that having, as your lordship proposed, renewed your draft for £200 by keep-

Vot. II.-M

## 266 LETTERS FROM SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

ing it back for an additional two months, I am applied to by the parties helding it respecting its non-payment.

"If it is convenient to your lordship to give directions that it be now paid, why, I can only say that I shall be a little assisted by it. If, however, it is not, will you, in the course of to-morrow, favor me with another, at such time as your agents may enable the bankers to pay it I I will then get back the first, and return it to you. I beg to say that the draft was not presented at the end of the first two months.

"I hope Lady Mountjoy is quite well, and did not suffer from the lateness of the close of your bounteous entertainment of Sunday last. Believe me, with the truest respect and attachment, my dear lord, most devotedly yours, "T. LAWRENCE."

#### "Russell Square, April 11th, 1829.

"I will get a copy made from your portrait at as reasonable a price as I can. I think your lordship had better wait till, as you say, the quarter's revenue may be more flourishing. I have little doubt of the picture being well disposed of, but the present moment is the most inauspicious for application to the government.

"As a practice of the Museum, I see how strict is the attention to economy, even in apparently trivial details.

"Hayter's picture is more liked by me than by many amateurs. I see a great deal of merit in it; but its want of effect and breadth—indispensable qualities in our English school, and properly so—makes the general eye indifferent to the careful finishing and excellence of its details.

"Ever, with the highest esteem and regard, T. Lawszwcz."

# LETTERS FROM SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

### " Russell Square, Monday evening.

"DRAE LADY BLESSINGTON,-Do me the favor to sit to me at one o'clock to-day instead of twelve, and pray come with your pearl necklace.

"If you can spare the time, I shall want your ladyship to remain till exactly four.

"I remain, dear Lady Blessington, your very obedient and faithful wervant, "THOS. LAWEENCE."

### "Russell Square, Saturday morning.

Gaoyle

"Your charitable office is no sinecure; can you oblige me with one ticket for the Opera to-night!

"I avoid, if I can, to pay either in my own person or in that of a friend for this amusement; but my magnificent £1 is ready for any better purpose that your ladyahip may point out. Thos. Lawrence."

### THOMAS MOORE.

### THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Moore's intimacy with Lord Blessington commenced so early as 1806. His lordship's taste for private theatricals, and Moore's talent for epilogue writing and lyrical composition, led to their first acquaintance. Moore refers in his diaries to his early theatrical acquaintance with Lord Mountjoy.

In the Dublin "Evening Herald" of August 26th, 1806, we find the following account of the theatricals at Lord Mountjoy's residence on the Mountjoy Forest estate, in the county of Tyrone, near Omagh. "Lord Mountjoy has seceeded from the Kilkenny theatricals, and has opened a splendid theatre at Omagh. Fullam is acting manager; Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Chalmers, and Mrs. Fullam are among the actresses."

Moore, in the introduction to Longman's 8vo edition of his poems (1840), mentions his schoolmaster, Samuel Whyte, as being in request among the fashionables of Dublin and its neighborhood as a manager of the private theatricals, and a great encourager of a taste for acting among his pupils.

"In this line," says Moore, "I was long his favorite show scholar;" and among the play-bills embodied in his volume, to illustrate the occasions of his own prologues and epilogues, there is one of a play got up in the year 1790, at Lady Borrowes's private theatricals in Dublin, where, among the items of the evening's entertainment, is "an Epilogue, A Squeese at St. Paul's, Master Moore."

Some curious particulars of Moore's early life were given to me in Wexford about two years ago, by an old lady, a Miss Mary Doyle, a relative of the poet, then in her seventy-eighth year, and now in eternity. Miss Doyle stated that her mother's name was Kate Corrin; she was a first cousin of Tom Moore's mother, who was a Miss Anastasia Codd; her father, Thomas Codd, was in the provision trade, and kept a slaughter-house in Corn Market. (The house still exists, and is now a public house called the Ark.)<sup>®</sup>

\* At the death of Thomas Codd, the business was carried on by John Richards; after Richards's death, by his daughter, Mrs. Hanlon, and she was succeeded by the present proprietor, who keeps a small public house.

## THOMAS MOORE.

Immediately after the marriage of Mr. Moore with Miss Codd, they went to reside in Dublin. Mr. Moore was not a Wexford man. A few years later, Miss Doyle went up from Wexford to live with the Moores, and she lived many years with the family, about ten or twelve "off and on," upon several occasions. She remembers Tom's bed, when he was a mere boy, being covered with scraps of poetry, pinned on the curtains of his own little bed. Tom spent very little of his early days in Wexford, but when about the age of twelve years went down on a visit to Mrs. Scallion, a relation.

Tom's earliest passion was for his cousin, Miss Mary Doyle. He was in the habit of writing verses in praise of her (she was about seventeen years of age at the time); and some of the verses he wrote on her, and addressed to her, were published in some Magasines.

This was the substance of Miss Doyle's statement; and on the next occasion of my visiting Wexford, and calling at her place of residence, with the view of making some further inquiries, I found she had died the day before, namely, on the 29th of November, 1852.

The lady in whose house she died, Mrs. Mary Frances Richards, a niece of the old lady, informed me that Miss Doyle was a person of strict veracity, and of the highest character. Whatever she said about being the object of the boyish fancies of Tom Moore, and the subject of many of his amatory poems, there could be no doubt of the fact. And even in her extreme old age, it gratified her to be reminded of it, and of the influence of her attractions, "for she was a great beauty in her youthful days."

But the strange part of the matter is, that Moore, in his diary, though very circumstantial in his details respecting his boyhood, and the persons who frequented his father's house, and his early *penchants* too, and especially for a Miss Hannah Byrne, who was a good deal at his father's house, and to whom he addressed amatory poems—he says his first—never mentions his fair cousin, Miss Mary Doyle, at all, her residing many years at his father's house, nor alludes to the fact of his addressing verses to her

[a0002]C

# THOMAS MOORE.

on various occasions. Could he have confounded the name of Miss Hannah Byrne, an early acquaintance of his family, with hers, in the following reference to his first love?

In his diary (vol. i., p. 22, of the Memoirs of Lord John Russell), he speaks of a Miss Hannah Byrne, who was a good deal at the house of his parents in early days, to whom he addressed his first amatory effusions, under the name of Zelia, signing himself Romeo; the first of these which he published appeared in 1793, in the Dublin "Anthologia Hibernica". Magazine.

On referring to the October number of that periodical I find the following lines, which were the first poetic effusion of Moore that appeared in print. They were written at his father's residence in Aungier Street, Dublin. They not only possess considerable beauty, but are singularly prophetic of the chord which he has struck with such delightful effect in after years :

#### "TO ZELIA.

"'Tis true my muse to love inclines, And wreaths of Cypria's myrtle twines; Quits all inspiring, lofty views, And chants what Nature's gifts infuse; Timid to try the mountain's height, Beneath she strays, retired from sight; Careless, culling amorous flowers, Or quaffing mirth in Bacchus' bowers. When first she raised her simplest lays In Cupid's never-ceasing praise, The god a faithful promise gave, That never should she feel love's stings, Never to burning passion be a slave,

But feel the purer joy thy friendship brings."

When Lord Blessington removed to London, and was established in St. James's Square in the latter part of 1820 or beginning of 1821, Moore renewed his acquaintance with his lordship, and made that of Lady Blessington. He was a frequent and a favorite visitor there. In Lady Blessington's journals while residing in Paris, we find many references to the pleasure she received in renewed intimacy with Moore; and, at a later period, Mr. Willis has made the world pretty familiar with the peculiar charm of Moore's society and conversation in Seamore Place.

There is a dash of genius and much graphic troth in the following slight sketch of Moore by a man of kindred genius—B. B. Haydon.

"Met Moore at dinner, and spont a very pleasant three hours. He told his stories with a hit-or-mise air, as if accustomed to people of rapid apprehension. It being asked at Paris who they would have as a godfather for Rothschild's child, 'Talleyrand,' said a Frenchman. 'Pourquoi, Monsieur ! Parcequ'il est le moins Chrétien possible.'

" Moore is a delightful, gay, voluptuous, refined, natural creature; infinitely more unaffected than Wordsworth; not blunt and uncultivated like Chantrey, or bilious and shivering like Campbell. No affectation, but a true, refined, delicate, frank poet, with sufficient air of the world to prove his fashion, sufficient honesty of manner to show fashion has not corrupted his native taste; making allowance for prejudices instead of condemning them, by which he seemed to have none himself; never talking of his own works, from intense consciousness that every body else did; while Wordsworth is always talking of his own productions, from apprehension that they are not enough matter of conversation. Men must not be judged too hardly; success or failure will either destroy or better the finest natural parts. Unless one had heard Moore tell the above story of Talleyrand, it would have been impossible to conceive the air of half-suppressed impudence, the delicate, light-horse canter of phrase with which the words floated out of his sparkling Anacreontic mouth."

### LETTERS FROM THOMAS MOORE TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Sloperton Cottage, Devines, November 18th, 1829.

- CHOOD 0

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,-It is now six months since (after a conversation with Lord John Russell about you) I exclaimed, 'Well, I shall positively write to Lady Blessington to-morrow !" Whether I have kept my word, Autobiography of B. R. Haydon.

### TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

you and the postman know but too well. The fact is, I live, as usual, in such a perpetual struggle between what I like to do and what I ought to do (though communing with you would come under both these heads), between junketing abroad and scribbling at home, that for any thing but the deak and the dinner-table I am not left a single instant of time.

"In addition to our neighbors at Bowood, we have got, lately, their relatives the Fieldings, who have settled themselves near us; and having some very pretty girls for daughters (things I have not yet lost my taste for), they contrive, with music, visits, dcc., to disturb me not a little.

"I have had but one short glimpse of Mrs. Purves for the last year, as she has taken flight to some distant and outlandish place (called Fulham, I believe), to which a thorough *town* man (such as I always am for the few weeks I stay there) could never, even with the help of the 'march of intellect,' think of arriving. I wish she would return into the civilized world, for I miss her very, very much, I assure you. To talk of you and old times—of those two dazzling faces I saw popped out of the hotel windows in Sackville Street—of the dance to the piper at Richmond, &c., &c. All this is delightful to remember and to talk about, and if over 'we three meet again,' we shall have a regular cause of it.

"Lord John Russell told me (and this, I own, was one of the reasons of my above-mentioned fruitless ejaculations) that you saw a good deal of Lord Byron during his last days in Italy, and that you mentioned some aneodotes of him (his bursting into tears as he lay on the sofa, &c.), which he (Lord John) thought might be very interestingly introduced into my life of him. He also told me that you had some verses addressed to yourself by Lord Byron, which were very pretty and graceful—in short, in every way worthy of the subject.

"Now, my dear Lady Blessington, if you have any thing like the same cordial remembrances of old times that I have—if ever the poet (or the piper) found favor in your ears, sit down instantly and record for me, as only a woman can record, every particular of your acquaintance with Byron, from first to last. You may depend upon what you write never meeting any eye but my own, and you will oblige me more than I have time at this moment to tell you.

"Above all, too, do not forget the verses, which will be doubly precious, as written by him and on you.

"Lord Lansdowne told me, some time ago, that he had had a letter from Lord Blessington, which gave, I was sorry to hear, but little hopes of seeing either him or you in England. My most sincere and cordial regards to him, and believe me ever, my dear Lady Blessington, faithfully yours,

" THOMAS MOORE.

"I hope to hear that you liked my last pious story; it has been very successful."

"Sloperton Cottage, Devices, July 4th, 1828. "My DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,-Having been some days away from home. I did not receive your kind letter till yesterday; and I am just now so surrounded with ahoals of letters, all gaping for answers, that I have not a minute to spare for more than just to say, How charmed I was to hear from you; how comforted I feel in the thought that you are even so much nearer to ms, and how delighted I should be (if such a dream was but within the sphere of possibility just now) to run over to you for a week or two. However, who knows! as the old woman said who expected a prize in the lottery, though ahe had no ticket, 'Sure nothing's unpossible to God.' I will therefore hope; and, in the mean time, pray send me the promised packet, directing, under cover, to the Honorable Frederick Byng (our dearly beloved Poodle), Foreign Office, Downing Street.

"I am so glad you like my verses ! I repeat them over and over to myself continually.

"Lord Blassington's packet arrived safe, and the sooner he sends me another, tell him (with my most cordial regards), the better.

"Ever most faithfully yours, THOMAN MOORE."

"Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, October 18th, 1888.

"My DEAR LARY BLESSINGTON, — . . . I have been kept, as I told you in my last, in a state of great anxiety about our little girl, who has been for months confined with an obstinate lameness, which is only just now yielding to the remedies we have employed. Since I wrote, too, I have had an alarm about our eldest boy, who was brought home from achool in consequence of a fever having made its appearance there, and who, for some time after his return, showed symptoms of having caught it. He is now, however, quite well, and is with his mamma and my daughter at Southampton.

"I see, by the newspapers, that there is some chance of your coming to England, and trust that there is more truth in the intelligence than newspapers in general contain. Best regards to Lord Blassington, and believe me ever most truly yours, THOMAS MOORL."

" Sloperton Cottage, Devises, April 15th, 1830.

0.000010

"MY DEAE LADY BLESSINGTON, -- I received a most kind letter from you the other day, through our pretty *spirituelle* young friend in Palace Yard; so kind that, hurried as I am with all sorts of distractions, I can not resist the impulse of dispatching a hasty line to thank you for it.

"I am also glad of the opportunity to tell you that it was all owing to a mistake (or rather a difficulty in the way of business) that you did not receive from the author himself one of the first copies of 'The Life of Byron.'

"It is too long a story for a man in a hurry to relate, but you will understand enough when I tell you that the dispensation of the presentation copies was a joint concern between Hurry and me, and that, having by mistake exceeded my number, I was unwilling to embarrase my account by going further.

"But mind, whatever copy you may have read me in, the one that you must go to sleep upon (when inclined for a doze) must be a portable octavo presented by myself.

"You deserve ten times more than this, not only for our old friendship, but for the use you have been to the said volume, by the very interesting and (in the present state of the patrimonial question) apropos contributions you have furnished.

"I was sorry, some time ago, to see that the pretty verses to you had found their way into some French periodicals, and from them into ours; but I trust most sincerely that the same accident will not occur to the lines about Lady Byron.

"They gave me some hope at the speaker's that we might soon see you in England. Is there any chance !

" Ever yours most truly,

THOMAS MOORE."

"Sloperton Cottage, April 15th, 1839.

"DELE LADY BLESSINGTON, —You were one of the very first persons, during my late short and busy visit to London, whom it was my intention, as soon as I discovered you were in town, to call upon; but just as I was about to have that pleasure, your letter, forwarded from home, reached me; and the tone of it, I confess, so much surprised and pained me, that I had not courage to run the risk of such a reception as it seemed to threaten. I can only say that, had I the least idea that the very harmless allusions in Byron's letter to the very harmless pursuits of Lord Blessington's youth could have given him (had he been alive) or yourself the slightest uneasiness, I most certainly would not have suffered those passages to remain; nor can I now understand, with all allowance for the sensitiveness which affliction generates, either the annoyance or displeasure which (you will, at least, believe more from wrong judgment than any intention) I have been so unfortunate as to excite in you.

"I have lost no time in searching both for the letters and MS. book which you wished for, but, as yet, have been unable to find only the latter, and rather think that the letters of Lord Blessington, to which you allude, shared the fate of many others on the same subject, which I tore up when done with them. Again expressing my sincere regret for the pain I have given, I am, dear Lady Blessington, very truly yours, TROMAS MOORE."

Those who only knew Moore in fashionable circles, or through his Diaries, are very unlikely to be acquainted with the best part of his character, and what was most estimable and deserving of honor in his principles. The following letter, expressive of his views respecting slavery, is so creditable to his sentiments, that I presume it may be subjoined, without impropriety, to the preceding letters.

### LETTER FROM THOMAS MOORE TO R. R. MADDEN.

" Sloperico, March Sth, 1840.

- GOOVIC

"DEAR ME. MADDEN,—I have but time to acknowledge and thank you for the very interesting paper on slavery which you were so kind as to send me through the hands of my sister. I am not surprised that you should have returned bursting with indignation, more especially against those fellow-countrymen of ours (and fellow-Catholics), who, by their advocacy of alavery, bring so much disgrace both upon their country and creed.

"Wishing you every success in your benevolent efforts, I am very truly yours, THOMAS MOORE."

## THOMAS CAMPBELL.

In the spring of 1832 I introduced Campbell to Lady Blessington. The acquaintance commenced inauspiciously. There was a coolness in it from the beginning, which soon made it very evident to both parties there was no cordiality between them to be expected. The lady, who was disappointed with Byron at her first interview with him, was not very likely to be delighted with Campbell—a most shivery person in the presence of strangers—or to have her beau ideal of the poetic character and outward appearance of a bard realized by an elderly gentleman in a curly wig, with a blue coat and brass buttons, very like an ancient mariner out of uniform, and his native element being on shore.

Campbell, on the other hand, had a sort of instinctive apprehension of any person who was supposed to be an admirer of Byron, and he could not divest his mind of the idea that Lady Blessington did not duly appreciate his own merits. After dining at Seamore place twice, I believe, and freezing her ladyship with the chilliness of his humor, the acquaintance dropped, and left no pleasing recollections on the minds of either of the parties. Lady Blessington occasionally indulged in strictures on the vanity and the selfishness of Byron; Campbell frequently broke out into violent invective and very unmeasured abuse of his brother bard after his death. But Lady Blessington could not bear any one to speak disparagingly of Byron in any respect but herself; and there was always a large quantity of eulogy mingled with her small amount of censure. But that was not the case with Campbell. He could see nothing to admire, to pity, or to spare in Byron.

## LETTER FROM THOMAS CAMPBELL TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"May 16th, 1832. Sussex Chambers, Duke Street, St. James's Square. "DEAR MADAM,—I have no engagements for a month to come, excepting for Monday and Thursday next. On Monday I have a very long-standing and particular engagement, otherwise I should break it with no scruple to accept your ladyship's invitation. How unfortunes it is for me to have been engaged. I must not be too pathetic over my misfortune, for that might seem to be saying, 'I pray you ask me some other day,' and that would be very saucy, though it would be very sincere.

"But it can not be forwardness to thank you most gratefully for speaking so kindly of my works.

"With great respect, I remain, your ladyship's obliged and faithful servant, "THOMAS CAMPBELL."

"If poets only were allowed to pronounce sentence on poets, we are afraid the public would often endeavor to apply to a higher court for a new trial, on the ground of the misdirection of the judge, or on the verdict brought against the evidence; and this will be found to be the case, even when very high powers and capabilities are found on the judgment-seat." Those very truthful words were spoken by a generous-minded and a manlythinking writer—Eliot Warburton—in relation of some disparaging remarks of Goldsmith on the odes of Gray."

B. W. PROCTOR, Esq. (BARRT CORNWALL).

A variety of detached poems, of various merit, and many of them of the highest, constitute the claims of this most amiable and accomplished man to literary reputation. Some years ago he was appointed to the office of Commissioner of Lunatic Asylums.

A lady well acquainted with him, whose observations on some others of the celebrities of Gore House I have already quoted, thus speaks of Barry Cornwall: "One of the kindest, gentlest, and most amiable of natures; a warm, true, and indefatigable friend; an excellent family-man, and in all his rela-

\* Memoirs of H. Walpole, dtc., vol. ii., p. 150.

tions guileless and simple as a child. His writings, principally in verse, and some charming prose sketches of his, likewise partake, for the most part, of the gentle spirit of the man, with much of playfulness and phantasy; but at times they rise into a tragic force and graphic energy. Some of his descriptions, of scenes in the dark dens of London crime and vice, are very forcible and dramatic."

The English epitaph on the tomb of Lady Blessington was written by Barry Cornwall.

# EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM B. W. PROCTOR, ESQ. (BARRY CORNWALL), TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

" 28th January, 1833.

"Your little letters always find me grateful to them. They (little paper angels, as they are) put devils of all kinds, from blue down to black, to speedy flight."

#### "4th February, 1836.

"Your little notes come into my Cimmerian cell here like starlits shot from a brighter region—pretty and pleasant disturbers of the darkness about me. I imprison them (my Ariels) in a drawer, with conveyances and wills, &c., and such sublunary things, which seem very proud of their society. Yet, if your notes to me be skyey visitors, what must this my note be to you ! It must, I fear, be an evil genius."

#### " 17th April, 1836.

"I am vexed—more than I can express—at the hurry of your publishers. I do not like that a book of yours should go to press without some contribution from me; yet I am so circumstanced as literally to be unable, for some days, to do any thing that is worth your acceptance. I have tried once or twice to hammer out some verse for you, but I am generally so jaded by my day's work as to be unfit for any thing except stupid sleep. I am not visited even by a dream."

#### [No date.]

"So poor Miss Landon is dead! What a fate! She went to certain death. No one ever lived on that dreadful coast, except men of iron, who have been dipped and tempered in every atmosphere till nothing could touch them."

#### [No date.]

Georgie

"I am glad to hear that you enjoy in prospect your garden. You may safely do so. Nature is a friend that never deceives us. You may depend

upon it that her roses will be genuine, and that the whisper of your trees will contain neither flattery nor slander."

#### "16th December, 1639.

"How is it that you continue to go on with so untiring a pen! I hope you will not continue to give up your nights to literary undertakings. Believe me (who have suffered bitterly for this imprudence), that nothing in the world of letters is worth the sacrifice of health, and strength, and animal spirits, which will certainly follow this excess of labor."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### JOSEPH JEKYLL, ESQ., F.R.S., L.F.S.A.

It is passing strange how little is to be known, a few years after their decease, of persons greatly celebrated for their wit and humor while flourishing in society, and courted and petted by the literary circles and coteries of their time. The reputation of a mere man of wit, without any concomitant claims to distinction, whether as an author, an artist, an orator, in the senate, at the bar, or in the pulpit, is of small value. There is no element of immortality in it. It is more than strange, it is truly surprising, how men of wit, genuine, exuberant, irrepressible, spirituel men, who in society eclipse all other men of letters and remarkable intelligence by the brilliancy of their conversation, the smartness of their repartees, and the extraordinary quickness of their apprehension, once they cease to throw intellectual somersaults for society to divert it, and make fun for its lords and ladies, and other celebrities, their services are forgotten, all interest in their personal concerns are lost; there is no obligation to their memories; the privileged people of fashion and literature à la mode, who thronged round them with admiration in their days of triumph, are missing when they are borne to the tomb, or cease to be funny or prosperous, or in vogue. No man of wit of his time was more talked of and admired than Jekyll. The court that was paid to him, the homage that was yielded to him, were sufficient to lead one to believe that his memory would live long after him; yet a few years had not elapsed after his decease before he was forgotten.

It would seem to be the same with great wits as with eminent vocalists and musicians: while their peculiar talent is being displayed, while the performance in which they play may last, their talent is fully appreciated; but no sconer is the exhibition over and the performance at an end, than it becomes a matter of the utmost indifference to the public whether the person to whom they owe so much enjoyment has fallen into sickness and infirmity, or is of the living or the dead. No book of Jekyll's has found its way into publicity; no writings of any value have turned up among his papers.

During the latter years of his life he was confined to his house by gout, and during that period Lady Blessington was in the habit of visiting him regularly. She enjoyed exceedingly his society and conversation, the brilliancy of which remained unimpaired by his great age and grievous bodily infirmities.

"Mr. Jekyll was the son of a captain in the Navy, and was descended from Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Bolls in the reign of George the First. He was educated in Westminster school, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degree of M.A. in 1777. He was called to the bar in 1778. He practiced in the Western Circuit and in the Court of King's Bench.""

He entered Parliament in 1787, on the popular interest, in opposition to the Lansdowne family. He attached himself to, the Whig party, and voted with Mr. Grey in favor of Reform. So early as 1782, he made himself known to the reading public as the author of a Memoir, and the editor of the letters of "Ignatins Sancho" (in 2 vols. 8vo), the African of intellectual celebrity who corresponded with Johnson, Sterne, and Garrick. Mr. Jekyll became a fellow of the Royal Society and of the Society of Antiquaries in 1790. But it was not his legal, literary, scientific, or antiquarian attainments which gained a reputation for Mr. Jekyll. His ready wit and talent for repartee, his cleverness for hitting off grotesque resemblances of things naturally dissimilar, of seizing on droll peculiarities, salient outlines, and odd circumstances, and making them the subject of sparkling bon-mots and sprightly epigrams, gained him, not only in society,

. Gentleman's Magazine, 1837, August, p. 208.

but at the bar, the character of a man of brilliant wit. He was not only witty himself, and the legitimate parent of an innumerable offspring of witticisms, but the putative father of every thing really funny and spirituelle which could not be traced to its true origin.

In 1805, Mr. Jekyll's merits as a humorist became known to the Prince of Wales. He was appointed attorney general to the prince, was made king's counsel, and also a Commissioner of Lunatics.

Mr. Jekyll held the office for many years of Treasurer of the Society of the Temple, and it was under his directions the venerable hall and celebrated church underwent very important and extensive repairs. In 1811 he published a work in 4to, entitled "Facts and Observations relating to the Temple Church, and the Monuments contained in it."

Jekyll, like Dr. Johnson, gloried in London life. He said, "If he were compelled to live in the country, he would have the approach to his house paved like the streets of London, and would have a hackney-coach to drive up and down all day long." Doctor Johnson's great dogma, "Sir, the man who is tired of London is tired of his existence," was ever held by him; and in the exuberance of his metropolitanism, he had a sort of reverential feeling even for the stones of London, which would have made the name even of M'Adam odious to him, had he lived a few years later. He agreed with his friend James Smith in most things, but in one thing he entirely concurred with him in opinion, namely, that "London is the best place in summer, and the only place in winter."

In short, he never went out of town, that, like Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, he did not "miss the roar of London."

Mr. Jekyll married, about 1803, the daughter of Colonel Hans Sloane, M.P. for Lostwithiel, and with that lady obtained a very considerable fortune.

He died the 8th of March, 1837, aged eighty-five years, at his residence in New Street, Spring Gardens.

Jekyll's wit in conversation must have been more effective than that of Sydney Smith, and Curran's more marvelously successful than that of either. Byron, no bad judge of merit of this kind, awarded the palm of excellence to the wit of Curran in conversation over that of all the men of humor and repartee he had ever met. But in composition Sydney Smith surpassed the whole of them in genuine humor and felicitous irony. He had a higher purpose, moreover, to serve in his writings than any of his contemporary facetious friends in their conversation, with one exception, that of Charles Lamb. The excellencies of Sydney Smith have been well observed in the following observations:

"What Channing is to the democracy of America, with his sober, sustained, and clear dialectic, Sydney Smith is to the tribes of Noodledom, with his irony, his jeering, and his felicitous illustrations. It is his, pre-eminently, to abash those who are case-hardened against grave argument, and to wring the withers of the very numerous and *respectable* class who,

> "' Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne, Are touched and shamed by ridicule alone.'

There are thousands upon thousands whose intelligence is not to be awakened to the perception of wrong by the force of an elenchus, unless, like a wasp, it carries a sting in its tail-who perceive nothing false that is not at the same time obviously absurd. To all such Sydney Smith is an apostle ; be they as bigoted and as obtuse as they may, he breaks through the barriers of their inapprehensiveness, presents them with a vivid and well-defined idea, and leaves them without a ' word to throw to a dog.' Could the people of these realms (that singularly disintegrated aggregate of discordant sects, factions, castes, corporations, and interests, by courtesy called a nation) be redeemed from their prejudices, their hypocrisies, and their sophisms, from their plausibilities, and their downright nonsense, and brought back into the sphere of a manly common sense, Sydney Smith is just the man to have helped them to the change. His wit, like the spear of Ithuriel, has started many a concealed misleader of the people; and the false and the fraudulent, who in their panopoly of speeches and pamphlets thought themselves.

syllogism-proof, have been pierced through and through by the lightest of his well-pointed jokes."\*

The excellencies of Charles Lamb have been elegantly and generally eulogized by W. S. Landor, in a letter to Lady Blessington, from which the following extract is taken:

"I do not think that you ever knew Charles Lamb, who is lately dead. Robinson took me to see him.

> "Once, and once only, have I seen thy face, Ella ! once only has thy tripping tongue Run o'er my heart, yet never has been left Impression on it stronger or more sweet. Cordial old man ! what youth was in thy years, What wisdom in thy levity, what soul In every ulterance of thy purset breast ! Of all that ever wore man's form, 'tis thee I first would spring to at the gate of Heaven.

I say tripping tongue, for Charles Lamb stammered and spoke hurnedly. He did not think it worth while to put on a fine new coat to come down and see me in, as poor Coleridge did, but met me as if I had been a friend of twenty years' standing; indeed, he told me I had been so, and showed me some things I had written much longer ago and had utterly forgotten. The world will never see again two such delightful volumes as 'The Essays of Elia;' no man living is capable of writing the worst twenty pages of them. The Continent has Zadig and Gil Blas, we have Elia and Sir Roger de Coverley."

LETTERS FROM JOSEPH JEKYLL, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

" Spring Gardens, July 19th, 1892.

"Rogers tells me of 'Magic Lanterns and Sketches.' You are as false as fair, and send me no copy, though perhaps you think I died last spring, and had plenty of noble authors in the other world. Your ladyship's, while alive, most truly, JOSEPH JERVIL."

"Spring Gardens, July 22d, 1823.

"A thousand thanks for the delightful little books; I return one, and cherish the other.

"Fortune is a lavish jade. She might have contented herself in bestowing beauty; but she grew extravagant, and threw talents and taste into the bargain. JOSEPH JEEYLL."

" Spring Gardens, January 16th.

- GOOVIC

"Never did any Amphitryon of ancient or modern times furnish so delicious a plate.

\* Literary Gazette.

### LETTERS FROM JOSEPH JEKYLL, ESQ.,

"Never was sent a more beautiful memento of that scarce commodity, a bosom friend : she shall soon be thanked in person. J. JENTLL."

"Spring Gardens, December 17th.

"Don't think me a barbarian because I have not fallen at your feet; but, on my return to town, the gout amused me for a fortnight, and though I am well again, yet hardly heroic enough for a morning visit; but the good time will come. JOSEFH JERTLL."

"You would have seen me long before now, but the horrible east wind, a fortnight ago, encored an interlude of the gout. It was not severe, but the weather is still so cold that I cling to my household gods, though entirely recovered.

" Vive la vaccine. Beauty should

"' Make assurance doubly sure, And take a bond of Fate.'

JOSEPH JEEYLL."

" Monday.

"Sincere thanks to my kind and good friend for her inquiries; the gout has confined me to my chamber for a week, attacked the right arm, and, as you see, 'my right hand hath lost its cunning;' but convalescence, I flatter myself, has commenced, and, though its process be rather tedious, yet I hope it will not be long before I am visible, and then, that you will come and look at yours ever, JOSETH JEXTLE."

"Spring Gardens, November 2d.

"My dear friend, and a better one than yours in the 'Keepsake,' how do you do !

"Like other idiots, I went once or twice into the country, as it is called; and then I had an amourette with the gout, and was lame at morning visits.

"But I begin to hobble gracefully, and must soon come to you for what the Indians call 'a talk,' and to learn when your Beauty is to be public.

" JOSEPH JEEYLL."

"Spring Gardens, June 13th.

"The horrible extinguisher, dear lady, annihilated yesterday, and, seeing no chance of survivorship, I fled, exclaiming, with the Emperer Titus,

## "" I have lost a day !"

Lord Dover's Dissertation is uninteresting, and he leaves the mystery much as he found it. JOSEPH JEXYLL."

"Spring Gardens, Saturday.

60020

"I forgot to send yesterday a little unpublished sketch, which you will read

and return. I send it because it alludes to the Countess Guiccioll, and your ladyship's account of her.

"It is written by a friend of my son, Mr. Hayward, a clever young barrister and linguist, who has lately translated with success the 'Faust' of Goetheen attendant, 'The Friends,' with impatience. Josurn JEXTL."

44 Spring Gardens, Friday.

"A thousand grateful hymns to la belle and bonne Samaritains for her repeated kindness.

"My enemy has field, but a Parthian arrow, in his flight, left me, of course, disabled on the field, and I have now only to subdue that inveterate *indolence* which loves to luxuriate in the repose of my chamber, 'and laugh at ease in Rabelais's easy chair.'

"D'Orsay, too, called yesterday. Pray thank him for me.

" JOSEPH JERYLL."

" Spring Gardens, January 1st, 1832.

"The apparent guilt, dear Lady, shall be explated on Saturday next. "JOREFE JERVIL."

" Byring Gardens, November 25th.

"Thanks for indeed a Book of Beauty. Our painters, enamored of the editress, naturally became bosom friends, and, like scientific zoologists, follow Cuvier in classing belles as mammalia of the highest interest, as they have eclipsed Sir Peter Lely's busts for Charles II. Yours ever, J. JEXTL."

" Spring Gardens, January Sd, 1893.

"In consequence of a discovery that I could hobble, I have been inundated these three days by invitations to dinner, though I had determined and promised that my first sortie should be to Seamore Place.

"But if you will give me soup any day after Thursday next, I shall be delighted to come to you. JOSEFE JERVIL."

"Romsey, September 19th, 1833.

"How kind and considerate to launch a letter from the prettiest main possible in the world, and relieve the monotony of a chateau by 'quips and cranks' as interesting as the 'wreathed amiles' I enjoy in Seamore Place.

"Yet I have as many agreements here as content me : a good library-total uncontrol, and daily gratitude to William Rufus for the drives he left me in the New Forest.

"Thanks for the royal talk-we had at the bar a learned person, whose legs and arms were so long as to afford him the title of Frog Morgan. In the course of an argument, he spoke of our natural enemies, the French; and Erskine, in reply, complimented him on an expression so personally appropriate.

"We breathe here an imperial atmosphere : one queen sailed away, and the embryo of another reigns in the Isle of Wight, who endures royal salutes from a yacht-club every half hour.

"The French admiral, Mackau, squalled horribly at Cherbourg when he found himself invaded by a squadron of *Course*. They have awamped the pretty town of Southampton with a new *pier*, though they had Lord Ashton, an old Irish *peer*, residing there, whom they might have repaired for the purpose.

"Sydney Smith was asked what penalty the Court of Aldermen could inflict on Don-Key for bringing them into contempt by his late escapede.

"He said, 'Melted butter with his turbot for a twelvemonth instead of lobster sauce.'

"I was asked gravely if Quinine was invented by Doctor Quin.

"In poor Galt's Autobiography, I find a scene at your soirée between Grey and Canning, and I find in Byron's attack on Southey great fulmination against your correspondent Landor.

"No matter who deserts London; for, with such imaginative powers, you are never alone, and, I am sure, often by no means so solitary as you wishthough I suppose even the Bores have ceased to infest — House.

"I left you among thieves, as the Levite did of old the stranger, and had no hope that Bow Street would play the Samaritan.

"I am a fatal visitor to dowager peereases, for, while I was lunching with Lady Ellenborough, a rogue descended her area for silver forks. A toady of old Lady Cork, and [ ], whom she half maintains, complained to me of her treatment : 'I have,' she said, 'a very long chin, and the barbarous counteas often shakes me by it.'

"It seemed without remedy, as neither the paroxysm nor chin could be shortened.

"The zephyrs and landscape agree with me better than I expected. But the mind begins to stagnate, as you will suspect by these Matinées du Chateas. But gratitude and affection are in full bloom, and totally yours.

" JOSEPH JEETLL."

#### "Spring Gardens, Wednesday, June 22d.

"Don't upbraid me, for I am so lame and so sensitive, that I have not inflicted two morning visits any where since I did homage to Seamore Place.

"On Friday I will pay my vows to a brace of fair countesses, who have been immortalized by the adoration of wits and poets. JOSEPH JERYLL."

#### "Spring Gurdens, Thursday.

"No love lost between us. This cursed gout has vanished, but left me so

lame, that, though I have limped into my carriage these last two days with difficulty, I can not yet lay the flattering unction to 'my sole' of a visit to my delightful friend.

"Guess my horror at discovering that, in spite of the new Anatomy Bill, they had burked your 'Beauties." Do you know who is your dissector? Tell him I will give any sum for so charming a skeleton, or the least portion of your heart, if the whole be not already disposed of. JOSEPH JERYLL."

"Spring Gardens, November 7th.

'I should have been at your ladyship's feet before now if the rascally gout had not disabled mine soon after my return to town, ten days ago. But I am convalescent already.

"Why is there no more Byron in the 'New Monthly !'

"James Smith sends me a smart epigram on the two famous gunsmiths. "JOSEPH JERYLL."

" Spring Gardens, Tuesday.

"I have not yet dined out, though convalescent; but there is no resisting your invitation for Sunday, pressed as it was so powerfully and kindly by D'Orsay. My son will be happy to accompany me.

"My blushes on the last 'New Monthly' have not yet vanished. The style rivals De Staël, and poor Byron seems to say from his grave,

> "After my death, I wish no other heraid, No other epeaker of my living actions, To keep mine honors from corruption, But such an honest chronicler as Griffith."

"The W. Gell most interesting-many thanks.

JOSEPH JERYLL."

"Spring Gardens, September 94th.

"My delightful friend, I thought, was as inveterate a metropolitan as myself, and it petrified me to read that she was betting at Doncaster, but, as usual, 'winning golden opinions' from all sorts of men.

" It had before puzzled me to see that the bedchamber window was closed when I threw my eyes up from the park,

"' My custom ever in the afternoon."

The 'damask check' had deserted the pillow, and the interesting night-cap had been sacrificed to the interested handicap.

"Yesterday was unlucky, as I drive about till five. But I am very well, and very lame, and as fond of you as ever. JOSEPH JEXTL."

#### "Spring Gardens, Monday.

"Colds, catarrhs, &cc., the usual compliments of the season, in addition to my customary *lame* excuses, have prevented a morning visit, which I am too sensible to bestow on any body but yourself.

### JACK FULLER.

"Your good taste, like Falstaff's wit, I find is also 'the cause of good taste in others.' You have made Jack Fuller a Mecannas of science. He has founded a Professorship of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, and struck a gold medal of himself, one of which, I have no doubt, now reposes on your beautiful bosom. JOSEFH JERYLL."

"Spring Gardens, December 27th, 1933.

"It is time I should give my charming friend a bulletin.

"The gout has inflicted no greater severity than imprisonment, which, to a lame, laxy, literary lounger, is no very important grievance. However, as the enemy has now retreated, I must soon abandon the invaluable quietism of my chamber, and proclaim myself visible to that pack of Cossacks yclept morning visitors. Thrice in vain has the hippopotamus, Jack Fuller, bellowed at my gate.

"It refreshes me to see the 'Conversations' in a handsome octavo, which will challenge a place in every library.

"If there be any thing of your pen in the new 'Keepsake,' lend it me. The courtesy of Mansel Reynolds used to send it, but I prohibited the continuance of his costly present, as I was not a contributor. The inclosed pompous diploma, with its brilliant list, was sent me lately from Paris, and remains unanswered. It seems an effort to resemble our Royal Society.

"Can you or D'Orsay tell me how it has originated, or give me an outline of M. Cassar Moreau, who appears to be the principal actor!

"JOSEPH JEKYLL."

### JACK FULLER.

This old London celebrity of some thirty years ago, an eccentric humorist of large means and dimensions, was John Fuller, Esq., with the world outside his circle, but "Jack," sometimes "Old Jack," occasionally "honest Jack Fuller," with his friends and familiars.

Good living, pleasant society, and music to match, were the enjoyments of the latter days of the original, who obtained from his kind friend Jekyll the pet name of "the Hippopotamus," for by this endearing designation he speaks of old Jack Fuller.

In the possession of a large fortune, he lived wholly for his enjoyments for some years before his death. He was in the habit of having concerts at his house, in Devonshire Place, on Sunday evenings, generally by young amateur performers, or young persons studying vocal and instrumental music at the Academy of Music; and his musical soirées were occasionally attended by ladies, frequently by Lady Blessington.

## LETTERS FROM "JACK FULLER" TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

#### " Devonabire Place, January 5th, 1833.

"Mr. Fuller presents his compliments to Lady Blessington. He dines at half after five, and never dines out, otherwise he would have had great pleasure in meeting his old friend Mr. Jekyll, who in a long life has been the source of so much pleasure and amusement to the present age."

"February 13th, 1832. "Inclosed is Mr. Hatchet's kind letter to me, who is one of the vice-presidents of the parochial schools at Chelsea. Perhaps it would be for the best to let him choose that school which is the same to be had, and for which he will lay himself under the least obligation.

" I remain sincerely yours,

J. FULLER."

"I called this morning to thank you for the present of your portrait, and to say that if you are not going into the country, and can look in for a moment only on Sunday evening, it will be doing great services to my juvenile band, Miss Stephens's nephews and nieces, in giving them the sanction of your support, and, possibly, recommendation. If the author of the poems published in the 'Gems' is a protegée of yours, and requires separate publication for them, I will subscribe to them with much pleasure, but in any other case I have determined to purchase no other work till it is actually finished, I have so many scraps of work lying about me. J. FULLER."

[No date.]

"I send you a brace of pheasants, in order to have an opportunity of inquiring after yours and your sister's health, and at the same time to assure you how much the public feel indebted to you for your continued literary labors in London during one of the finest summers ever known, for the purpose of their edification and instruction, and I have the honor to remain, with my kindest compliments to your sister, &c., J. FULLER."

#### "Devonshire Place, May 26th, 1833.

"I shall have a little music here this evening, and if you and Count D'Orsay will look in between nine o'clock and ten, I shall be very happy to see you.

"The Smiths, who will be here, distinguished themselves much at a concert the other evening, at which Pasta and Farrelli sang, and I know you to be an encourager of rising genius and merit: they are nieces to Miss Stephens. J. FULLER."

#### "Resshill, Sussex, July 25th, 1823.

"I send you by the Hastings coach the fore quarter of the finest buck I have

## THE HON. W. R. SPENCER.

killed this year. No viands can possibly contribute to your own personal and mental charms, but this may be of service in increasing the conviviality of your friends, which will always give great pleasure to JORN FULLER."

### THE HON. W. R. SPENCER.

William Robert Spencer was born in January, 1770, in Kensington Palace. He was the youngest son of Lord Charles Spencer, and nephew of the Duke of Marlborough.

He was educated chiefly at Harrow, for some time was under the care of Dr. Parr, and completed his education at Oxford. From earliest youth he manifested an intense love of literature; some good evidences of this passion are to be found in his translations from Euripides, when he was at Harrow, only fourteen years of age.

Of his wonderfully retentive memory he gave a proof at Oxford, by undertaking for a wager, which he won, to learn off by heart an entire newspaper. There is hardly a more remarkable or lamentable instance to be found of the prematureness of talent than that of the Hon. W. R. Spencer. He was not only a good classical scholar, but he had a perfect knowledge of German, French, and Italian.

One of his earliest productions was a spirited translation of Burgher's "Leonora," published in 1796, a production which Walter Scott thought of very highly. He wrote a comedy in two acts, called " Urania, or the Illuminée," which was performed with success at Drury Lane Theatre in 1802. This piece was a burlesque on German spectral literature. In 1811 he published a volume of poems, including "Leonors." For the production of those occasional epigrammatic lines which are called "Vers de Société" he had a great facility; and to those lively pieces, the agremens of his conversational talents, and his fine classical taste and literary attainments, he was indebted for his popularity in all circles, and to his winning manners, and amiable, accommodating disposition, for something more than mere admiration of cleverness and person, for affectionate regard and esteem. Lady Blessington hardly did him justice in a notice of him in his latter days.

CIOCULC

The wit, the poet, the pet of English fashionable society for nearly a quarter of a century, in 1828 is described by her as a wreck of humanity, fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, depressed in spirits, dull in conversation, addicted to unpoetical indulgences. The courtly muse, she observes, had abandoned her spoiled child. The author of those graceful poems, sparkling with wit and imagery, those favorite "Vers de Société" which once found a place in every boudoir, now presented a mournful spectacle of decayed powers, mental and physical; his once bright eyes glazed and lustreless, his cheeks sunken and pale, yet straining and wearying his declining powers with efforts to be facetious that were unsuccessful, forced, and ineffectual.

Mr. Spencer died in Paris on the 23d of October, 1834. His remains were removed from Paris to Harrow, and interred in the church of that place, which he so much loved. The inscription there truly states :

> "Once a distinguished poet, a profound scholar, a brilliant wit, and a most accomplished gentlemannow, alas! removed from the sight of menis interred where he passed the happiest days of his life, his early days of youth and hope, deeply lamented by those friends who knew his worth, and kindness of his heart, and the real excellence of his nature."

## LETTER FROM W. R. SPENCER, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Hotel Windsor, Rue Rivoll, November 5th.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, —I have been ages wishing to see you; pray let me see you this evening, and allow me to present to you two very interseting persons, first cousins of poor B. North's, Mr. and Miss Poulter. He is a very agreeable person, and she a prodigy of learning and talent, and, withal, perfectly amiable. You well know that all these advantages are not incompatible with each other. Miss Poulter would say to you on that subject, \*Nosce te ipsam.' I hope D'Orsay will be at home.

"Ever yours most faithfully,

W. R. SPENCER."

### HENRY LUTTRELL, ESQ.

Henry Luttrell, one of the *habitués* and most favored of the circle of the literati, wits, and bookish people of Holland House, the intimate friend of the late lord, was the contemporary of the

VOL. II.-N

### HENRY LUTTRELL, ESQ.

celebrities of that known place of literary resort in the palmiest days of its intellectual society some thirty years ago—of Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and a vast number of eminent persons, of whom very few indeed are now in existence.

To brilliant wit, ever prompt and effective in its display, a cultivated mind, a fine taste, graceful style of writing, and peculiarly pleasing and impressive conversational talents, Luttrell added much kindness of heart and urbanity of manners, amiability of disposition, and sound good sense. He delighted in society, and was the delight of it. He was ever a welcome and honored guest at the houses he frequented.

"I know no more agreeable member of society than Mr. Luttrell," says Lady Blessington. "His conversation, like a limpid stream, flows smoothly and brightly along, revealing the depths beneath its current, now sparkling over the objects it discloses, or reflecting those by which it glides. He never talks for talking sake.... The conversation of Mr. Luttrell makes me think, while that of many others only amuses me."

Luttrell, who was not only celebrated for his wit, and remarkable for that species of wisdom derived from a perfect knowledge of the world, acquired by extensive travel and observation, and a very intimate acquaintance with society, literature, and literary people, makes the following observation in the preface to his "Letters to Julia" (3d ed., London, 1822):

"Circumstances, in this lower world of ours, though not every thing, are assuredly a great deal, and have a more powerful influence on the popular estimate of character and conduct than those who are the most lavish of praise and blame appear to suspect, or it might somewhat restrain their prodigality in both. People are too often admired and found fault with by incompetent judges, like pictures, not on account of their real excellence or the want of it, but from the light, good or bad, in which they happen to be placed."

Luttrell is frequently spoken of in Moore's Diary; in August, 1820, his new work, "Advice to Julia," is mentioned as "full of well-bred facetiousness, and sparkle of the very first water."

\* The Idler in France, vol. n. p. 116.

- C1002 C

Elsewhere Moore says he has seen a journal kept by Luttrell while he was in Italy, which seemed to him very clever.

In the "Advice to Julia" we find some lines thus quoted and commented on :

> "When roguery can not be kept under, Our pious statesmen share the plander, And thus, extracting good from evil, Compound with God, and cheat the devil !"

Luttrell, taking up this Hudibrastic text, thus prays in rhyme :

"Oh that there might in England be A duty on hypocrisy ! A tax on humbug, an excise On solemn plausibilities, A stamp on every man that canted ! No-millions more, if these were granted, Henceforward would be raised or wanted."

The following notice of his decease appeared in the "Athenesum:"

"Mr. Henry Luttrell—a wit among lords and a lord among wits—died at his house at Brompton Crescent on the 19th of December, 1851, in the Slst year of his age. He was the friend of Sydney Smith and of Mr. Rogers, and the wit who set the table in a roar at Holland House when Whig supremacy in the patronage of letters was rather laughed at in political circles. Like many other men of reputation for happy sayings, his printed performances do little justice to the talents which he himself possessed. Yet there are wit and remarkable ease in a tripping style of versification in his 'Letters to Julia.""

## LETTER FROM HENRY LUTTRELL, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON. "Holland House. Thursday, June 20th.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, —Many thanks for your kind present, which, being absent from home, I have but just received. To be so agreeably remembered by you is most flattering to me. I assure you that I shall reap both pleasure and profit from the perusal of your little work : I feel so satisfied, that I shall delay my harvest for as short a time as possible.

"Your very faithful and obliged HENRY LUTTRELL."

\* Athenseum, No. 1261, p. 1376.

## GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Old George Colman the younger (to the end of his 74th year) terminated his facetious career in October, 1836, at his residence in Brompton Square. He was born in 1762. His father was a dramatist and a scholar, a joint proprietor and manager of the Haymarket Theatre. George the younger, who had been educated in Westminster school, in his boyhood was brought by his father into the company of Johnson, Gibbon, Goldsmith, and their most renowned associates. He was placed for some time in Christ Church, Oxford, and subsequently in King's College, Aberdeen, but his father's tastes and pursuits had more charms for him than hard studies in colleges. He began to write plays in 1781. In 1784 he made a Gretna Green marriage. His father, desirous of giving him a profession, entered him a student at Lincoln's Inn, and took chambers for him. A supply of law books that had belonged to Lord Bute was provided for him-Blackstone was particularly recommended to his attention-but George the younger had devoted all his attention to the composition of a musical comedy, called "A Turk or no Turk," which was acted in 1785. From 1786 to 1824, his career was one of incessant dramatic literary labor, of embarrassments and arduous struggles - lawsuits - theatrical squabbles - and at the close of 1807, of close acquaintance with bailiffs and the King's Bench. In 1824 he was relieved from his difficulties by an appointment, conferred on him by the crown, of Licenser and Examiner of Plays, the emoluments of which were upward of £300 a year.

The number of his comedies, farces, and musical dramas exceed thirty. Those of his father amounted to thirty-five. He published also various facetiæ in prose and verse : "My Nightgown and Slippers," in 1797; "Broad Grins," &c., in 1802; "Poetical Vagaries," in 1812, &c., &c.

# LETTER FROM GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON. "14th August, 1819.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,-I dincd yesterday at General Grosvenor's, where his brother told me your ladyship had commissioned him to say that no

a da nogla

excuse would be admitted if I did not attend you and Lord Blessington on Sunday, and I informed him that I should be most happy in that honor.

"Now the impression on my mind was (I know not why) that Sunday se'nnight was the day intended.

"To have mistaken one Sunday for another, particularly while communicating with a parson, may be unpardonable in the opinion of the Church; but if to-morrow be the day intended, I must entreat your ladyship to afford me remission for my fine of non-attendance, for to-morrow I can not avoid dining out of town, in consequence of a promise which I am now absolutely obliged to fulfill.

"With kindest regards to Lord Blessington, I have the honor to be, dear madam, your ladyship's faithful and obedient servant, G. COLMAN."

### THEODORE HOOK.

Funny men, "discurs des bons mots," smart sayers of good things, "fellows of wit and humor," always expected to be jocular in conversation, and rich and racy, "et toujours prets," in anecdotal lore, are indispensable, even in the best circles of fashionable intellectual celebrities.

"Your professed wags are treasures to this species of company," says Sir Walter Scott.

Extremes meet by no means unfrequently in such circles.

These droll people, who have to "set the drawing-room in a roar" wherever they are invited, are not often remarkable for the very highest order of moral or intellectual excellence. The thing that is truly surprising in fashionable circles is how much of vulgar mechanism there is in the facetious performances which are produced for their intellectual entertainments; how theatrical-like is the éclat of the getting-up, and the coming-off of those amusements.

The lionizing propensity of people in fashionable and literary society had no commendation from Sir Walter Scott.

"This is precious tom-foolery," quoth the good Sir Walter.

James Smith's account of the palmy days of "the Poet of Fashion" might serve for an illustration of those fleeting epochs

### THEODORE HOOK.

of success in fashionable society of all the tribe of humorists in high life.

"His book is successful, he's steep'd in renown, His lyric effusions have tickled the town; Dukes, dowagers, dandies, are eager to trace The fountain of verse in the verse-maker's face; While, proud as Apollo, with peers *tile-à-tile*, From Monday till Saturday dining off plate, His heart full of hope, and his head full of gain, The Poet of Fashion dines out in Park Lane.

Enroll'd in the tribe who subsist by their wits, Remember'd by starts, and forgotten by fits, Now artists and actors the bardling engage, To equib for the journals, and write for the stage."

The author of "Sayings and Doings," " The Parson's Daughter." " The Widow and the Marquis," " Gilbert Gurney," " Gurney Married," "Maxwell," "Jack Brag," "All in the Wrong," "Fathers and Sons," "Precepts and Practice," "Peregrine Bunce," "Horace Vernon," &c., whose rich humor, ready with singular talent for repartce, and facility of improvising verse are so well known, occasionally frequented Gore House. Like many fellows of "most excellent fancy,"" wont to set the table in a roar," Hook-the humorist, all mirth and jocularity abroad-at home was subject to violent revulsions of feeling, to gusts of sadness, and fits of dejection of spirits, which temporary excitement, produced by stimulants, did not much tend to remedy or remove. The results of his disordered and embarrassed circumstances became too manifest to his private friends in impaired energies of mind and body, in his broken health, and depressed spirits, and furnished a melancholy contrast with the public exhibition of apparently irrepressible animal spirits, that rendered him a welcome guest at all tables.

Theodore Hook was the son of a celebrated organist and musical composer. He was born in 1788. In 1809 he made his appearance at Roll's Theatre. He attended public dinners, improvising and reciting for a short time, and made his way eventually into the highest circles, where his wit and humor were greatly admired. He commenced writing for his bread before

- GOOVIC

he was of age. His first work was "The Man of Sorrow." In 1812, the lucrative situation of the Treasurership of the Mauritius was given to him, an office of nearly £2000 a year, for which he was wholly unsuited. His unfitness was soon discovered by a large deficit in his accounts; this led to the loss of his situation, and to heavy claims of government, and large liabilities, which continued hanging over him during his life. Hook, on his return to England, found a good market for his satirical talents; he sold them to his royal highness the Prince Regent, and gave the first value for the prince's patronage in a publication entitled "Tentamen," against the queen, espousing the cause of his patron prince against his royal highness's "greatest enemy," the queen.

Various publications of Hook's, advocating high Tory politics, appeared, but seem to have failed for his support. Again he took to the stage. In 1820 "The John Bull" was established. He became connected with it, and for many years he derived a clear income of £2000 a year from it. This paper was set up specially to abuse the queen's friends, against "the Brandenburg House party."

In 1824, "Sayings and Doings" were published: the several series produced altogether about  $\pounds 2000$ . "The Ramsbottom Letters" attracted universal attention.

"Maxwell" appeared in 1830. "Gurney," and the sequel to it, had a very large sale. "Jack Brag" did not succeed. "Births, Marriages, and Deaths," in 1839, was likewise unsuccessful. "Peregrine Bunce" was not more popular. He owned one half of "The John Bull," but sold his moiety for  $\pounds4000$ about 1830.

His embarrassments from this period went on from bad to worse—sometimes he was in actual want. The 13th of August, 1841, he died at Fulham. He ended his miserable career, worried to death by creditors, attorneys, and bailiffs.

After his death, all his effects were seized by the government for his Mauritius debt, and sold by auction. They realized the large sum of  $\pounds 2500$ .

He left five children. A sum of £3000 was subscribed for

## JAMES SMITH.

his family. Few of his noble friends contributed : they refused on the grounds of his extravagance, &c. ; their protest against it was coincident with their interests.

### LETTER FROM THEODORE HOOK.

Athensum, Monday.

"DEAR MADAM,-I was on the point of writing to Mrs. Fairlie when I received your ladyship's note, and therefore, in order to save time, will say here what I was about to say to her.

"It is neither unwillingness nor occupation (for all other business should be laid aside for that) which has hindered me from doing the lines, but absolute want of power to do them. I have tried over and over again, and can make nothing fit to be published.

"This is the plain, real truth, and I never regretted my own stupidity more earnestly ; perhaps your ladyship will have the goodness to say this, and assure Mrs. Fairlie how happy I shall be to be of use in any other way to her publication, to which I wish all manner of success.

"Believe me to remain, dear madam, your ladyship's faithful servant,

"THEODORE HOOK.

-CHOOVE

"P.S.-I have not the engraving in town, but it shall be sent to Gore House on Wednesday."

## JAMES SMITH.

In the calendar of Saints it has been said there is no lawyer to be found. In the Martyrology there are, no doubt, a vast number of their clients; and probably, if we turn to Lactantius, we shall find in the long list of persecutors of the Church, in its richest days, many legal gentlemen and eminent English literati.

With respect to the category of poets, very many lawyers and jurists, and, what is more singular, London solicitors, nay, even conveyancers' clerks, are to be found among the inditers of odes. lyrics, satires, and sentimental pieces, and miscellancous writers.

James Smith was a London solicitor.

Proctor, alias Barry Cornwall, was a London solicitor.

Henry Neele, the author of various "Poems, dramatic and miscellaneous;" the editor of "Friendship's Offering," the author of "The Romance of History," was a solicitor.

Sharon Turner, the Anglo-Saxon historian, who not only wrote, but published poems, was, in his early days, a London solicitor. Among barristers, Blackstone, Sir John Davis, and Sir Will-

iam Jones, all flirted with the Muse. Sir Walter Scott was a clerk of the Court of Sessions when he wooed and became wedded to the divinity.

James and Horace Smith were the sons of Robert Smith, an eminent solicitor, who held for many years the office of Solicitor to the Ordnance. This gentleman was a member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, "had an occasional dalliance with the Muse," and was one of those legal literati ever and anon

"Who pen a stanza when they should engross ;

Compose by stealth, and blush to find themselves in print."

His eldest son, James, thus named after his maternal grandfather, James Boyle French, a wealthy London merchant, was born in that city in 1775. He was in early life placed at a school of some celebrity at Chigwell, in Essex, and there displayed considerable smartness, aptness to learn, and a very pranksome disposition.

On his removal from school he was articled to his father. He was subsequently taken into partnership, and eventually succeeded his father in business, and to his appointment of Solicitor to the Ordnance.

In 1801 he took a leading part in private theatricals, got up on a grand scale by a society called the Pic-Nic Club, established chiefly by Colonel Henry Greville, at the old Concert Rooms in Tottenham Street. The Pic-Nic Society was abused by the press. Colonel Greville established a weekly Pic-Nic paper for its defense, and his coadjutors were the two Smiths, Mr. Cumberland, Sir James Bland Burgess, Mr. Croker, Mr. J. C. Herries, and some others. The editor, Mr. Combe, a very eccentric person, of bookish habits, was the only salaried person connected with it. He resided in the rules of the King's Bench, and, for his convenience, the weekly meetings at Hatchard's were always held after dusk. "The Pic-Nic" paper merged into the "Cabinet;" and, like all merging of unsuccessful periodicals into others differently named, the change in the case of the "Pic-Nic" was only a verging to dissolution, which event took place in July, 1803.

James Smith manifested in his earliest writings a decided

N 2

### JAMES SMITH.

tendency to parody and burlesque. He and his brother wrote many of the prefaces to a new edition of "Bell's British Theatre," published under the sanction of Cumberland's name.

From 1807 to 1810 the Smiths contributed to "The Monthly Mirror," in which periodical originally appeared, a little later, the poetical imitations entitled "Horace in London." "The Rejected Addresses," by the brothers, appeared in 1812—one of the luckiest hits in literature. "Judicial Anticipation, or Candidates for the new Judgeship," in 8vo, 1812; "Horace in London," in a separate form of publication, in 8vo, Smith published in 1813. James Smith was the author of "First Impressions," a comedy; "The Bunaway," a novel, in 4 vols. 12mo; "Trevanion, or Matrimonial Errors," 4 vols. 12mo.

The authors of "the Rejected Addresses" have been gathered to their fathers some years. James died first. His brother Horace, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, resided in Brighton for many years before his death. The Smiths possessed the same description of talents ; they were both humorists, ready witted, quick of perception, observant of character, prone d envisager every subject on the ridiculous side, tolerably acquaint- ed with the classics, and intimately so with genteel society; they wrote verses with facility; they composed jeux d'esprit for literary and fashionable conversaziones; they read up ancient and and facetie, of various times and climes, for dinner parties; they were the soul of London society twenty years ago. Horace was not only a man of wit, but a man of wealth. He dabbled in the stocks in the morning, and dallied with the Muses in the evening. Tom Campbell used to say of him, "Horace's odes were inspired by a divinity who dwelt in Bull Alley. His addresses to her never were rejected. She winked at his flirtations with the nine young women of Helicon." James Smith was a man of versatile talents, with a remarkable vivacity of mind and manner, quick in seizing ludicrous aspects of persons and things, excellent at repartee, but a little too fond in society of engrossing conversation, and, in all companies, of bringing in his old jokes and comic songs, in season and out of season.

Lady Blessington observed of James Smith that, "had he not

5.000 C

been a man of wit, he would have achieved a much higher reputation." He contented himself with the fame of "a fellow of excellent humor," which procured for him "a welcome reception wherever he went, and a distinguished position in society."

He contributed largely to Charles Mathews's Entertainments; his "clever nonsense" surpassed all other nonsense in cleverness. The merry conceits were more merry and less conceited than the quips and cranks of other professed jokers.

He was a man of singularly fascinating manners, excellent temper, and a cheerful, amiable disposition, with a comely aspect, and a dignified and manly carriage and deportment.

In the notice of James Smith, written by his brother Horace, prefixed to his "Memoirs, Letters, and Comic Miscellanies, in Prose and Verse," published in 1840, to which I am indebted for some of the information I have given, it is observed :

"In the wide circle of his London acquaintances, one of the houses at which he most delighted to visit was that of Lady Blessington, whose conversational powers he highly admired, and to whose 'Book of Beauty' he became a contributor. To this lady he was in the habit of sending occasional epigrams, and complimentary or punning notes." . . . "He liked to mingle with persons of celebrity, and at these houses his wish was seldom ungratified. Among his personal friends he had the highest regard for Count D'Orsay, not only adducing him as a specimen of a perfect gentleman, but often declaring that, in the delightful union of gayety and good sense, he was absolutely unrivaled."\*

For some years before his death he suffered a good deal from gout; he became a cripple; but, while hobbling on his crutches, or wheeled about in his Bath chair, he retained an almost youthful buoyancy of mind, referring with glee to the merry meetings of former times, indulging in his pleasant modes of jest and anecdote, or singing with his nieces from morning to night.

He died on the 24th of December, 1839, in his house in Craven Street, as he had lived, a merry bachelor, "with all the calmness of a philosopher," we are told, but of what school we

\* Memoirs of J. Smith, vol. i., p. 50.

are left in ignorance. Peace, however, to the ashes of James Smith, which are deposited in the vaults of St. Martin's Church

Mr. Horace Smith died at Tunbridge, of disease of the heart, on the 12th of June, 1849, aged seventy. His principal works of fiction were "Brambletye House," "The Tor Hill," "Zillah," "Jane Lomax," and "Adam Brown."

Any person who has a remembrance of the scenes in Seamore Place when James Smith, Count D'Orsay, and Dr. Quin were the chief actors, and poor Monsieur Julien, le Jeune de Paristhe secretary, in the early days of the Revolution, of Robespierre —was an unconscious performer in those exceedingly comic exhibitions, which took place for the entertainment of Lady Blessington and her guests, may appreciate some observations of a very distinguished literary man, in a letter to Lady Blessington, in relation to D'Orsay's tact in drawing out *les petites ridicules* of peculiar people in society.

At a large assemblage of celebrities, including Dickens and Forster, at Gore House, on one occasion, there was a remarkable display of D'Orsay's peculiar ingenuity and successful tact in drawing out the oddities or absurdities of eccentric or ridiculous personages, mystifying them with a grave aspect, and imposing on their vanity by apparently accidental references of a gratulatory description to some favorite hobby or exploit, exaggerated merit or importance of the individual to be made sport of for the Philistines of the fashionable circle, which exhibition is thus noticed by one of the parties present in a letter to Lady Blessington, dated April 13th, 1848:

"Count D'Orsay may well speak of an evening being a happy one to whose happiness he contributed so largely. It would be absurd, if one did not know it to be true, to hear D—— talk as he has done ever since of Count D'Orsay's power of drawing out always the best elements around him, and of miraculously putting out the worst. Certainly I never saw it so marvelously exhibited as on the night in question. I shall think of him hereafter unceasingly, with the two guests that sat on either side of him that night."

On an occasion similar to the one referred to, the scene of

which, however, was Seamore Place, among a large evening circle at Lady Blessington's, there were present James Smith, Monsieur Julien, and Dr. Quin.

Julien scarcely ever presented himself at Lady Blessington's that he was not called on to recite a dolorous poem, to which I have referred elsewhere, entitled "Mes Chagrins Politiques;" and poor Julien invariably considered himself, while thus compelled to recite his public sorrows, necessitated to weep and groan in a very dismal manner. There was one part of the poem, toward the conclusion, descriptive of his unsuccessful pursuit of happiness throughout his early revolutionary career —intended to be very pathetic, but which appeared to his audience to be ludicrously absurd—wherein he was supposed to be chasing the capricious fugitive, Happiness, in all directions; and these words were frequently and very vehemently repeated :

> "Le bonheur! le voilà! Ici! Ici! La! La! En haut, en bas, en bas!"

At this particularly moving part of the Chagrins, Dr. Quin, a person of remarkably juvenile appearance for his years, had entered the salon; the venerable figure of James Smith, with his fine bald forehead, and his crutch stick in his hand, was to be observed on one side of Julien, and the noble one of D'Orsay on the other. Julien had no sooner concluded, with the usual applaudissemens, than D'Orsay whispered something in the ear of Julien, pointing alternately to Quin and Smith. Julien, greatly moved, repeated the words aloud, "Ah, que c'est touchant! Ah, mon Dieu! Cet tendre amour filial comme c'est beau! comme c'est touchant !" Here D'Orsay, approaching Quin, and pointing to Smith, exclaimed, "Allez mon ami embrassez votre père! embrassez le, mon pauvre enfant !" Smith held out his arms-Quin looked very much amazed. D'Orsay approached him nearer, and in a sotto voce uttered some words, which were a kind of jocular formula he frequently used in addressing the doctor, "Ah, ce sacre Quin! Imbecille! Ah, qu'il est bête!" and then, sufficiently loud to be heard by Julien, "C'est toujours comme ça,

## LETTERS FROM JAMES SMITH

toujours comme ça ce, pauvre garçon—avant le monde il a honte d'embrasser son père." Quin needed no further intimation of D'Orsay's design. He sprang from his chair, made a desperate rush at Smith, and nearly capsized the poor old gouty man in the violence of his filial transports, and then, while they were locked in each other's arms, tender exclamations were heard, frequently repeated, "Oh fortunate meeting! oh happy reconciliation! oh fond father! oh affectionate son!" And all this time D'Orsay was standing before them, overcome with apparent emotion, smiling blandly; while Julien, with his handkerchief to his eyes, kept gulping and sobbing, and crying out, "Ah, mon Dieu, que c'est touchant! pauvre jeune homme! pauvre père!"

This was one of the latest appearances and performances of James Smith in Seamore Place, and a very memorable one it was.

### LETTERS FROM JAMES SMITH TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

#### "27 Craven Street, Thursday, 14th February.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I write to return you my thanks for your obliging personal inquiries after my health, and I much regret that I was absent when you favored me by a visit. I had gone to the Union Club on a ballot; all the candidates, by a stretch of good humor very rare in these degenerate days, were admitted. It was observed that the College of Physicians made but a sorry sight (externally) compared with its neighbor, our newlypainted club. 'Oh!' quoth a wag, 'the reason is obvious; they have painted theirs in distemper."

"General Phipps called on me last Tuesday, and told me the following. Horace Smith walking with a friend at Brighton, the latter pointed out to the former the following inscription over a public house: 'Good Bear sold here,' commenting, at the same time, on the bad spelling. 'Pooh!' replied Horace, 'he ought to know best—it's his own Bruin.' And now for my last.

> "You ask me why *Pontefract* borough could sully Her fame by returning to Parliament Gully ! The ethnological cause I suppose is, The breaking the *bridges* of so many noses.

"I have had an inflammation in my leg, which, however, Bransby Cooper has allayed. I mean that this limb, aided by its sound fellow, shall soon convey me to Seamore Place.

"Your ladyship's faithful and devoted

JAMES SMITH."

Contraction

## TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

" Craven Street, 5th April.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—Please to send me the portrait. My hand is daily improving, and I should like to have time to study the subject. I have not yet seen the 'New Monthly.' Has any scribbler, as Martial in London, animadverted upon your 'Conversations with Lord Byron !' The newspapers tell us that your 'new carriage is very highly varnished.' This, I presume, means your wheeled carriage. The merit of your personal carriage has always been, to my mind, its absence from all varnish. The question requires that a jury should be im-paneled. JAMES SMITH."

"A COLLOQUY OF THE SUN AND MOON.

"Dear brother, quit with me the sky (Thus spoke the Queen of Night), And radiant walk the earth, while I Dispense my milder light.

On Malta's rock I'll take my stand, To calm the seamen's fears; And you shall brilliantly command O'er barbarous Algiers.

Each godhead straight on earth alights, With such a potent blaze, That Malta long was ruled by Nights, And Algiers long by Days.

"27 Craven Street, Wednesday, 15th February.

"Many thanks for your message. I regret to learn that you have been unwell. I too am a sufferer from gout in my ankle and knee, which has confined me at home since yesterday.

"I have just seen a plan of the projected Richmond Rail-road, and find that it passes through your garden and the count's. Tom Moore says 'they may rail at this life;' and Shylock talks of railing a seal off a bond; but to rail away half a garden is to imitate the Dragon of Wantley:

> "'Houses and churches Were to him geese and turkeys."

"I am told Lord L-has returned from Paris with a model of a wig. Have you seen him !

"B told Poole that he meant to call his new magazine 'The Wit's Miscellany;' but that, thinking the title too ambitious, he altered it to 'B 's Miscellany.' 'Was not that going from one extreme to another!' inquired Poole. Jerdan has withdrawn from the Garrick Club because the committee found fault with his noticing in his paper a dinner given to Charles Kemble. Considering the object, and the place of meeting (the Albion Tavern), I do not think it was much of a secret. General Phipps came up from Brighton to

JAMES SMITH."

### LETTERS FROM JAMES SMITH

canvass for his nephew, Augustus, last Monday, at the Athensum, who got in, notwithstanding. There is a writer at Graham's whose sole business it is to pare the thumb nails of the members. This is pairing off without going to St. Stephen's. I have no more news. James Sairs."

"NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

" 30th April, 1836.

"You who erst, in festive legions, Sought in May Fair Seamore Place, Henceforth in more westward regions Seek its ornament and grace.

Would you see more tasts and splendor, Mark the notice I rehearse— Now at Kensington attend her—

"Farther on, you may fare worse." JAMES SNITH."

"27 Craven Street, Friday, 19th June, 1835. "When you next see your friend, Mr. Willis, have the goodness to accost him as follows :

Yes, there the softer sex presides, Aquatic, I assure ye : And Mrs. Sippy rolls her tides Responsive to Miss Souri.

"Your ladyship's faithful and devoted servant, JANES

JANES SHITH."

"27 Craven Street, Wednesday, 7th February, 1838.

"Many thanks for your kind inquiries. I have been confined to the house by gout and rheumatism for a month. My first visit abroad shall be to Gore House. How are you in health ! The latest news with me is a letter from the widow of George Colman (late Mrs. Gibbs); they are about to put up a tablet in Kensington Church, and have asked me for an epitaph. I have sent her the following :

"Colman, the Drama's lord, the Muses' pride,

Whose works now waken woe, now joy impart, Humor with pathos, wit with sense allied,

fumor with pathos, wit with sense amed,

A playful fancy, and a feeling heart;

His task accomplished, and his circuit run,

Here finds at last his monumental bed.

Take, then, departed shade, this lay from one

Who loved thee living, and laments thee deed.

" Sincerely yours,

-Google

# TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

LINES ON MRS. GRAHAM IN THE COURT OF ALDERMEN. Inclosed in a Letter to Lady Biessington. "She fell on a slope land. Said Alderman Copeland. That duke is a man sly,\* Said Alderman Ansley. He looks with a queer eye, Said Alderman Piris. He tumbled out drolly, Said Alderman Scholey. Leaving her in the lurch, Said Alderman Birch. To get out as she could, Said Alderman Wood. Without leave or with. Said Alderman Smith. 'Twas funny fakins, Said Alderman Atkins. The heat made it warp, Said Alderman Thorp. She could not away get, Said Alderman Heygate. I felt for her then. Said Alderman Ven-Ables. Soon she came down. Said Alderman Brown. What baldness that duke has, Said Alderman Lucas. From air kept and son, Said Alderman Thompson. Terra firma for me, Said Alderman Key. I'll not mount in aur-i. e., t Said Alderman Laurie. I agree with you there, brother, Said Alderman Farebrother. I would not five inches stir. Said Alderman Winchester. Nor I, sir, I tell ye, Said Alderman Kelly. She tumbled a sow on. Said Alderman Cowan.

The Duke of Brunswick, the companion of the geronaut.

\* Aldermanic Latin, from the English word air.

. Coouls

### LETTERS FROM JAMES SMITH

I saw it the hills on, Said Alderman Wilson. You're talking too harsh all, Said Alderman Marshall. Your tone will alarm her, Said Alderman Harmer. Then hush, don't affront her, Said Alderman Hunter.

"Sth Sept., 1886."

JAMES SHITH.

" 18 Austin Friars, Thursday morning.

"It will give me great pleasure to join your party at the Adelphi Theatre this evening, provided I can shake off a stiff neck, which I obtained by riding yesterday in a Paddington omnibus. The 'air' proceeded from a quarter uncongenial to singers, namely, from the back of the head in lieu of the inside of the throat. I, as a melodist, ought to have known that Horace long ago warned the sons of song from venturing in such vehicles—'Omnibus hoc vitium est Cantoribus.'

#### ALPHABETICAL ANSWER,

FROM J- B- TO LADY B-

"8th January, 1835.

6002C

"Dear Lady B—, "Twixt you and me The difference all may tell. Both canvas gain, From artists twain, Whose names begin with L.

But locks, I vow, Adorn your brow, By beauty's judges prized; While bare to view, And void of Q, How bald appears my Y Z !

The River D Runs to the C, Expansive to the view ; Thus led by grace, To Seamore Place I always follow U.

> Your style's so terse . In prose and verse,

# TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

No critic sting can trouble you; 'Twould take a score Of pens and more, In grace of style to W.

As final grants, Four consonants, Fast dropping from my pen, see; To Nature's part (Conjoined with art) U O your X L N C !

JAMES SMITH."

"27 Craven Street, Monday, September 13th, 1836. "Mrs. Torre Holme (whom we last night likened to Minerva) has a daughter Emily, now at Ramsgate, but soon to return to Shere. This premised, read the following :

"EMILY: A MYTHOLOGICAL SONNET.

"Round Thanet's cliff disputing naiads twine; Huge Triton on the billow sails his shell, And yellow Ceres, on that face of thine Gazing in fondness, sighs a sad farewell, Oblivious of her long-lost Proserpine. Nymphs elastic, heel and eye of fire, Hygeia, Esculapius' daughter, now Invokes for thee her death-averting sire, And pours the cup of gladness on thy brow. But hark ! maternal love from inland shire, Jove's favorite daughter chides thy longer stay :

A goddess calls thee ; hearken and obey.

Severe Minerva bids thee halt not here,

And woos thee homeward to the shades of Shere.

"I have sent a copy of this to the goddess, apprising her of her installation. "Your faithful and devoted JANNE SMITH."

" Saturday (P.M., 1836).

"I send you a report.

### "RET. D. WARD.

"'This was an indictment for projecting a pier into the River Medina, at Cowes.'-Morning Herald.

"Debrett the wondrous fact allows,

You'll find it printed in his book :

The pier that stemm'd the tide at Cowes,

Could only be Lord Bull in brook. JAMES SHITZ."

## LETTER FROM HORACE SMITH

#### " 27 Craven Street, Monday, 26th September, 1836.

"I have accidentally alighted upon the foundation of Madame de Staël's 'Corinne'—Dodaley's Annual Register, 1776, Chronicle, p. 176, Slat August. 'They have a custom at Rome of solemnly crowning extraordinary poetical genius in the Capitol: nor is the honor confined to men. Porfetti and Petrarch were the last Italian poets who obtained it. This day it was conferred on a young lady of the name of Morelli Fernandez, called *Corilla* Olympia by the Academy of the Arcades, who had long gained the admiration of Italy by her extempore verse on any subject proposed. She was conducted to the Capitol by the Contessas Cardelli, Dandini, and Ginessi. The Chevalier Jean Paul de Cinque placed the laurel upon her head,' &c.

"I wish Madame de Staël had retained the original name. Corinne is debased (at least to English ears) by Swift's Corinna, Pride of Dunbar, not to mention Curll's Corinna. JAMES SHITE."

#### EPIGRAM TO COMTE D'ORSAY.

"September 27th, 1837. "From Mount Street, Phipps to distant Venice hies,

And breathes his last sigh on the Bridge of Sighs. J. S."

#### LETTER FROM HORACE SMITH TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

#### "Tunbridge Wells, June 27th, 1845.

"DEAR MADAN,-Your ladyship's last letter has been forwarded to me at this place, and I deeply regret to learn that you have been such a sufferer lately, both from ill health and the more trying privation of relations so dear to you. Most sincerely do I hope that your early convalescence, and the healing influence of time, will completely restore your usual spirits.

"Never having had the honor of seeing Lady Arthur Lennox, I fear that I could hardly do her justice in attempting to illustrate her portrait; and it would be a bad compliment to trust to my imagination for lines that can not be other than encomiastic.

"Not having my papers with me here, I have nothing to offer as a substitute, so I have scribbled a few lines of the prescribed shortness, which, if you think them worthy insertion in your Annual, are very much at your ladyship's service. I have the honor to remain yours very faithfully.

"HORATIO SMITH.

an G10002 0

"Youth, beauty, love, delight, All blessings bright and dear, Like shooting-stars by night, Flash, fall, and disappear.

While cynics doubt their worth, Because they're born to die, The wiser sons of carth Will snatch them ere they fly.

## TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

## Though mingled with alloy, We throw not gold away; Then why reject the joy That's blended with decay ?

H. S."

### MONIMIA.

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "REJECTED ADDRESSES."

#### TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

[No date.]

"A sorrow has shadow'd thy heart, A thorn in that bosom is set; Monimia, that sorrow impart; To speak is, in time, to forget. When Sympathy soothes and it cheers, The wounds of Affliction she curce; How freely a man of my years May talk with a woman of yours !

I see that I truly have scann'd The cause of thy sad discontent; That cheek that reclines on thy hand, That dark eye on vacancy bent; Those lips in mute silence compress'd, Those tresses dishevel'd that rove, All speak of a feeling distress'd, And tell me that feeling is love.

Alas! that Adversity's storms Thy happy horizon should cloud! Envelop that noblest of forms, That finest of faces enshroud. To hear thes thy sorrow relate, My long-dormant feelings hath wring; I heed not the rich and the great, But I feel for the lovely and young.

All tokens of memory shun; Those jewels, so tastefully set, Seem but to remind you of one Whom now 'tis your task to forget. In frightful effulgence they gleam, No longer imparting a grace; Like the vest of Alcides, they seem To poison the form they embrace.

## CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

You smile at expressions like these, At wisdom so threadbare and poor; And ask, since she sees the disease, If Wisdom can point out a cure. Ah, no! such a cure is unknown; A theme too well known I pursue: I once had a heart like your own— I once was a lover, like you. With an are while I write filled with

With an eye, while I write, filled with tears At the long-faded passion of youth,

I look through a vista of years,

And scarcely believe it a truth.

Yet, though Love's enchantment I miss,

Mild Reason her solace has lent;

I shrink from the palace of Bliss,

To thrive in the vale of Content."

# CHAPTER XV.

# CAPTAIN MARRYATT, R.N., C.B., AND CHEVALIER OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, F.R.S. AND F.L.S.

CAPTAIN MARRYATT, born in London in 1792, was descended from one of the French refugees who settled in England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was the second son of Joseph Marryatt, Esq, an eminent West India merchant, Chairman of Lloyd's, and M.P. for Sandwich. "A little Latin and less Greek," a good deal of mathematics, and some "polite literature," more than sufficed for him when he entered the Navy in 1806 as a first-class boy on board the Imperieuse. For more than a quarter of a century Marryatt followed his profession, braved all its perils, discharged all its duties, risked his own life repeatedly to save the lives of others, attained honors and preferments, and in 1830 set his foot on shore for good and all, in every respect a first-class man.

Captain Marryatt turned his leisure to a very profitable literary account. He may be said to have created a new kind of novel literature, illustrative of naval life; and in that line, though followed and imitated by many, he has been equaled by

a. 61002 0

none. The excellence of his productions, and the great success they met with, considering the large number of them, is remarkable.<sup>•</sup>

The "Metropolitan Magazine" was ably edited by Captain Marryatt for some years. He was a contributor to several other periodicals, and a writer, in reviews of a graver character, of articles of great merit on subjects relating to his profession. In politics he was strongly Conservative ; but, however strong he wrote against Whigs and Whiggery, in his friendship he knew no difference between Whigs and Tories, no more than he did of distinction in his dealings with men of different religions. It was not in his nature to be otherwise than just and generous toward all men with whom he came in contact whom he believed to be honest. But when he had to do with political opponents on paper, whom he did not know personally, and allowed himself to be persuaded by others of his party, who were not sincere and upright, he opened on them all his guns, and raked the enemy fore and aft, very desperately exasperated during the engagement, and often surprised, when it was over, at the extraordinary vehemence of his anger.

Captain Marryatt was one of Lady Blessington's most intimate friends and especial favorites. "Full of talent, originality, and humor," says Lady B—, "he is an accurate observer of life—nothing escapes him. Yet there is no bitterness in his satire, and no exaggeration in his comic vein. I have known Captain Marryatt many years, and liked him from the first."† Miss M— might not have agreed with Lady Blessington's opinion with respect to the character of the satire.

One of Lady Blessington's correspondents, the first and most distinguished of living litterateurs, indulged in some quaint and

+ Idler in France, vol. ii., p. 86

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Frank Mildmay," "Letters in Canada," "Masterman Ready," "Children of the New Forest," "Newton Forster," "King's Own," "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," "Pasha of Many Tales," "Japhet in search of a Father," "Mr. Midshipman Easy," "Snarley-Yow, or the Dog Fiend," "The Phantom Ship," "Poor Jack," "Joseph Rushbrook," "Percival Keene," "Privateersman," "Olla Podrida," "Little Savage," "Valerie," "The Mission," "Diary in America," "Narrative of Travels of Monsieur Violet," "Bornoo," &c., &c..

# 312 LETTERS FROM CAPTAIN MARRYATT

jocular observations on one of Marryatt's sea-life novels, and the effects on a landsman of a long voyage of perusal over three volumes of salt-water subjects, in which the author was continually splashing in grand style.

"I have been reading 'Pcter Simple.' It is very good. But one is never on land for a moment. I feel grogged and junked after it."

Nevertheless, the writer eulogized the talents and the worth of the author.

The surest and best test of moral worth and social excellence is to be found in the appreciation of a man's character by his own people in the immediate precincts of his own hearth and household, in the small circle of friends and relatives—those nearest and dearest to him.

By that test if Marryatt be judged, the fine, manly, and kindly qualities of the man will be found in no respect inferior to those intellectual ones of the author, which are now generally admitted.

Captain Marryatt died at his residence, Langham, in Norfolk, August 2d, 1848, in his fifty-sixth year.

### LETTERS FROM CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

" Spa, June 17th, 1836.

"My DEAE LADY BLESSINGTON, —I have received all your packets of letters, and am very much obliged to you, not only for the letters, but also for thinking about me when I am so far out of the way, which, you know, is not very usual in this world, and therefore particularly flattering to me. As you will perceive, I am now at Spa, after a month's sojourn at Brussels. Spa is a very beautiful and a very cheap place, but it is deserted, and it is said that there will be no season this year. There are only two or three English families here, and they are all cock-tails, as sporting men would say.

"We are therefore quite alone, which pleases me. I was tired of bustle, and noise, and excitement, and here there is room for meditation e'en to madness, as Calista says, although I do not intend to carry my thoughts quite so far. I write very little, just enough to amuse me, and make memorandums, and think. In the morning I learn German, which I have resolved to conquer, although at forty one's memory is not quite as amenable as it ought to be. At all events, I have no master, so if the time is thrown away, the money will be saved.

"I believe you sometimes look at 'the Metropolitan;' if so, you will have

observed that I commenced my *Drary of a Blasć* in the last number. They say at home that it is very good light Magazine stuff, and is liked. I mean, however, that it shall not all be *quite nonsense*. I hope the 'Book of Beauty' goes on well. I know that you, and Mrs. Norton, and I, are the three looked up to to provide for the public taste.

"Stanfield, I understand, is getting on very well indeed with the drawings for my history. I think, with respect to yours, I would next year make some alteration. Instead of having the letter-press in detached pieces, I would weave them together, much in the same way as the 'Tales of Boccacio;' some very slight link would do, and it should be conversational. It is astonishing how much a little connection of that kind gives an interest and a reality to a work. In the 'Tales of a Pasha,' a great part of the interest is in the conversations between the Pasha and those about him, and the stories become by it framed like pictures. In any work whatever there should never be a full stop. It appears to me there will be a new era in annuals, and that, in future, they will become more library works, and not so ephemeral as their present title indicates; but it will first be necessary that the publishers of them discover their own interest to be in making them what they ought to be, and going to the necessary expense.

"Of course I do see the English papers, and I am very much disgusted. Nothing but duels and blackguardism. Surely we are extremely altered by this reform. Our House of Lords was the beau ideal of all that was aristocratical and elegant. Now we have language that would disgrace the hustings. In the House of Commons it is the same, or even worse. The gentleman's repartee, the quiet sarcasm, the playful hit, where are they ! all gone; and, in exchange for them, we have, You le, and You le. This is very had, and, it appears to me, strongly smacking of revolution; for if the language of the lower classes is to take the precedence, will not they also soon do the same ! I am becoming more Conservative every day; I can not help it: I feel it a duty as a lover of my country. I only hope that others feel the same, and that Peel will soon be again where he ought to be. I don't know what your politics are, but all women are Tories in their hearts, or perhaps Conservatives is a better word, as it expresses not only their opinions, but their feelings.

"I never thought that I should feel a pleasure in idleness; but I do now I had done too much, and I required repose, or rather repose to some portions of my brain. I am idle here to my heart's content, and each day is but the precursor of its second. I am like a horse, which has been worked too hard, turned out to grass, and I hope I shall come out again as fresh as a two-year old. I walk about and pick early flowers with the children, sit on a bench in the beautiful allies vertes which we have here, smoke my cigar, and meditate till long after the moon is in the zenith. Then I lie on the stofa and read French novels, or I gossip with any one I can pick up in the streets. Besides which, I wear out my old clothes; and there is a great pleasure in having a

Vol. II.-O

coat on which gives you no anxiety. I expect that by October I shall be all right again.

"I am afraid this will be a very uninteresting letter; but what can you expect from one who is living the life of a hermit, and who never even takes the trouble to wind up his watch—who takes no heed of time, and feels an interest in the price of strawberries and green peas because the children are very fond of them ! I believe that this is the first epoch of real quiet that I have had in my stormy life, and every day I feel more and more inclined to dream away my existence.

"Farewell, my dear Lady Blessington; present my best wishes to the Count D'Orsay, bean et brace. I have found out a fly-fisher here, and I intend to be initiated into the sublime art. There is a quiet and repose about flyfishing that I am sure will agree with me. While your line is on the water, you may be up in the clouds, and every thing goes on just as well. Once more, with many thanks, adieu. F: MARBYATT."

"Wimbledon, January 3d, 1840.

COO15 ......

"Many thanks for your kind wishes, and your invitation, which I am sorry to say that I can not accept, being confined almost totally to my room. I regret this the more, as you are sware how very much I admire Mrs. Fairlie, and how happy I should have been to meet her and her husband, as well as Count D'Orsay and you.

"And now permit me to enter into my defense with respect to the lady you refer to. I was fully sware that I laid myself open to the charge which you have brought forward, and, moreover, that it will be brought forward as one in which the public feelings are likely to be enlisted; if so, my reply will be such in tenor as I now give to you.

"The lady has thought proper to vault into the arena especially allotted to the conflicts of the other sex. She has done so, avowing herself the *champion* of the worst species of democracy and of infidelity. In so doing, she has *unsexed* herself, and has no claim to sympathy on that score. I consider that a person who advocates such doctrines as she has done at this present time, when every energy should be employed to stem the torrent which is fast bearing down this country to destruction, ought to be hooted, pelted, and pursued to death, like the rabid dog who has already communicated its fatal virus; and allow me to put the question whether you ever yet heard, when the hue and cry was raised, and weapons for its destruction seized, that the populace were known to show the unheard-of politeness of inquiring, before they commenced the pursuit, whether the animal so necessary to be sacrificed was of the masculine or feminine gender? I wage war on the doctrine, not the enunciator, of whom I know nothing, except that the person, being clever, is therefore the more dangerous.

"As for your observation that the lady never wrote a line in 'The Edinburgh,' I can only say, that, although it is of no moment, I did most truly and

sincerely believe she did, and my authority was from her having been reported to have said to a friend that 'she had paid me off well in "The Edinburgh."' That she did say so I could, I think, satisfactorily prove, were not my authority (like all other mischievous ones) under the pledge of secresy; but the fact is, I cared very little whether she did or did not write the articles, though I confess that I fully believe she did.

"As for the attacks of petty reviewers, I care nothing for them. 'I take it from wherever it comes, as the sailor said when the jackass kicked him;' but I will not permit any influential work like 'The Edinburgh' to ride me roughshod any more than, when a boy, I would not take a blow from any man, however powerful, without returning it to the utmost of my power. But a review is a legion composed of many; to uttack a review is of little use: like a bundle of sticks strong from union, you can not break them; but if I can get one stick out, I can put that one across my knee, and, if strong enough, succeed in smashing it; and in so doing I really do injure the review, as any contributor fancies that he may be the stick selected.

"The only method, therefore, by which you can retaliate upon a review like 'The Edinburgh,' is to select one of its known contributors, and make the reply personal to him. For instance, I have advised 'The Edinburgh' to put a better hand on next time. Suppose that it attacks me again, I shall assume that their best hand, Lord B-, is the writer of the article, and my reply will be most personal to him ; and you must acknowledge that I shall be able to raise a laugh, which is all I care for. You may think that this is not fair ; I reply that it is ; I can not put my strength against a host : all I can do is to select one of the opponents in opinion and politics, and try my strength with him. This I am gratified in doing until the parties who write a review put their names to the article ; as long as they preserve the anonymous, I select whom I please, and if I happen to take the wrong one, the fault is theirs and not mine. So recollect, that if I am attacked in 'The Edinburgh' (should I reply to the article when I publish my ' Diary of a Blase' in June next), my reply will be to Lord B-, and will be as bitter as gall, although I have the highest respect for his lordship's talents, and have a very good feeling toward him. Many thanks for the 'Governess,' which I have just read. My mother finished it last night, and pronounced it excellent. I prefer giving her opinion to my own, as none will ever accuse her of flattery, although you have me. I read it with some anxiety, owing to my having intended to have made the sister of ' Poor Jack' a governess for a short time, and I was afraid that you would have forestalled me altogether. As far as the serious goes, you have so ; but you have left me a portion of the ludicrous. I think I shall portray a stout, well-formed girl of nineteen, kept up in the nursery by a vain mother, with dolls, pinbefores, and all other et ceteras-that is, if I do venture to come after you, which will be hardly fair to myself. Are you not tired of writing ? I am most completely, and, could I give it up, I would to-morrow ; but, as long as my poor mother lives, I must write, and therefore, although I detest it. I wish to write a long while yot.

"I have just returned from Norfolk, where I was wet through every day, and, to escape cold, filled myself with tobacco smoke and gin : these antagonistical properties have had the effect of deranging me all over, and I am miserably out of tune, and feel terribly ill-natured. I feel as if I could wring off the neck of a cock-robin who is staring in at my window.

"This is a long letter, but it is your own fault; you have sowed wind, and have reaped the whirlwind. If I have written myself down in your good opinion, I must, at all events, try to write myself up again.

"F. MAREYATT."

#### "Monday, Jan. 3d, 1843.

"I write you this shabby-looking note to thank you for your kind present. I intended to call upon you, but have been prevented, and must now defer it till my return from the country at the end of the week. I leave now directly.

"You will be surprised to hear that Mr. Howard is dead. He went out to dine with a friend on Christmas day, and after dinner was, I believe, well, but broke a blood-vessel. He could not be removed from the house, but lingered until Thursday evening, when he expired.

"That is all I have heard. Poor devil ! perhaps it is all for the best, as his prospects were any thing but encouraging.

"Kind regards to Miss Power, and the count, par excellence.

"F. MARRYATT."

#### "" Manchester Square, June 8th, 1841.

"If you can not command the services of your friends when you are unfortunate, they are of little value.

"I do not therefore think you are wrong in asking me again, and I assure you that if I can find any thing to help your book, I will do it with pleasure.

"The misfortune with me is, that I can not force ideas—they must be spontaneous; and the very knowledge that I am to do so and so by a certain time actually drives all ideas out of my head, and leaves me as empty as a drum.

"If you do not have it, I can only say it will not be my fault.

### "F. MARRTATT."

#### " 3 Spanish Place, Manchester Square, September 6th.

"In reply to your kind inquiries, allow me first to observe that I have two most splendid grambles on my list, so splendid that I hardly know how to part with them. Now for gramble the first: When Sir James Graham was at the Admiralty, he was pleased to consider that my professional services entitled me to some mark of his majesty's approbation, and accordingly he asked his majesty to give me the star of the Guelph, and knighthood. To this request his majesty, King William, was pleased to reply, in his usual frank, offhand way, 'Oh yes-Marryatt, I know-bring him here on Thursday' (the day of application having been Monday). But it appears that, while my

'greatness was ripening,' some kind friend informed his majesty that I had once written a pamphlet on Impressment. And when Sir James saw his majesty on the Wednesday, the king said to him, 'By-the-by, Marryatt wrote a work on Impressment, I hear' (whether for or against, his majesty did not deign to inquire). 'I won't give him any thing ;' adding, in his wonted free and easy style, 'I'll see him d—d first!' Now the request of a cabinet minister is supposed to confirm the claim, and it is not usual for the sovereign to refuse; indeed, his majesty seemed to be aware of that, for he said, 'The *Guelph* is my onen order, and I will not give it unless I choose.' Sir James Graham, of course, did not press the matter after his majesty's opinion so frankly expressed. And there the matter dropped; so that, instead of the honor intended, I had the honor of being d—d by a sovereign, and have worn my traveling name ever since. You'll allow that that is a *capital* grumble. *Now for grumble No. two*:

"Twenty-six years ago, soon after the peace, I was requested by Lloyd's and the ship-owners to write a code of signals for the merchant service. I did so, and in the various annual reports of these societies, they have stated that the saving of lives and property by the means of these signals has been enormous. They were, at the request of Lloyd's, supplied to the British men of war, to enable merchant vessels to communicate their wants, &c.; and eventually they have been used in all the English colonies and dependencies by the government, to communicate with vessels, &c., along the coast. The French, perceiving their advantage, had them translated, and supplied to their men of war and merchantmen.

"Now, independent of the value they may be to the country in saving lives and property, and the claim which I have on that account, I have one also in a pecuniary way, for during the twenty-six years that they have been established they have always been supplied gratis to the British navy; and if it is considered how many vessels we have had in commission, had this been paid for, it would have amounted to a very large sum. For this service I have never received any remuneration whatever from our own government. When I was at Paris some years ago, Admiral de Rigny, the French first lord, sent for me, and, without any application on my part, informed me that, in consequence of the important advantages derived by the use of my signals, the King of the French had been pleased to give me the Gold Cross of the Legion of Honor (equivalent to the C.B. in England); so that I have been rewarded by a nation for whom the signals were not written, and from my own government have received nothing. I beg pardon, I did receive something-a letter from Lord Palmerston, forbidding me to wear the distinction granted to me by the King of the French. Now I call that also a capital grumble. I have asked Sir Robert Peel to give me employment, and I did so because I consider that I have done some service to the Conservative cause-at all events, I have worked hard, and suffered much in purse. The contest of the Tower Hamlets cost me between six and seven thousand pounds, which is a serious affair

to a man with seven children, all with very large ideas and very small fortunes; and I have felt the loss ever since. I have invariably labored very hard in the cause, never neglecting to infuse Conservative ideas in all my writings. I have written much in the newspapers, and never yet sent any article to the 'Times' which was not immediately inserted. One Conservative paper, which was dying a natural death, the 'Era,' weekly paper, I reestablished, and it now circulates upward of five thousand; I did this out of good will to the proprietor and zeal for the cause, for I never received a sixpence for many months' labor. The 'Era' is the Licensed Victualers' paper, and I argued that wherever that paper was taken in, the 'Weekly Dispatch' would not be; and that where the man who draws the beer is a Conservative, those who drink it will become the same. It is well known that it was chiefly through the exertions of the Licensed Victualers that Captain Rous was returned for Westminster.

"As to my professional services, it is to the Admiralty that I must look for remuneration; and as for my literary reputation, it is an affair between me and the public; but I think you must acknowledge that I have claims for *omussion* and claims for *commission*; and when I see the Whigs giving away baronetcies to Easthope, &c., for literary services, and Clay, my opponent at the Tower Hamlets, for contesting elections, I do feel that the party which I have supported, now that I have decided claims upon the country, should not throw me away like a sucked orange; if they do, why—virtue must be its own reward. It will be all the same a hundred years hence.

"I have now let it all out, and I feel a great deal better.

"F. MARRYATT."

LETTER FROM SIR R P TO LADY BLESSINGTON, IN REFERENCE TO CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

" Whitehall, September 24th.

"I beg leave to return you the accompanying letter from Captain Marryatt.

"The applications which I have received for employment in the public service from parties qualified for it in point of character and acquirements, and with claims on a Conservative government (which each party deems unquestionable in its own case), so far exceed any probable means on my part of meeting even a small portion of them, that I do not feel justified, by vague assurances of a disposition to oblige, in encouraging expectations which I have little hope of being able to realize.

"For the consideration of professional services, I must refer Captain Marryatt to the department to which he is attached.

"I can not say that I think foreign distinctions ought to be recognized in this country, except under very special circumstances.

"I have the honor to be, dear Lady Blessington, your faithful servant,

"R-P-"

diam'r.

## LETTER FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO CAPTAIN MARRYATT. "Gore House, November 18th, 1840.

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN MAREYATT, — Many thanks for the 'Olla Podrida,' which I doubt not will afford me the same pleasure that all your books do. I have not seen Sir E. Bulwer for three weeks. He was then about a week returned from Germany, and I thought him looking ill. He has been staying at Knebworth with his mother.

"I send you a 'Keepsake,' not that I think you will take the trouble to read it, but that I believe you will like to offer it to your mother. Did you get your copy of the 'Book of Beauty?' Will you name to-morrow (Thursday), Friday, or Saturday to dine with me en famille? Alfred D'Orsay leaves town on Sunday, so I specify these days, that he may have the pleasure of meeting you.

"My brother has returned from New Brunswick, and is now staying with me. He sends you kind greetings.

"Believe me, always your cordial friend, M. BLESSINGTON."

## From Captain Marryatt :

"February 1st, 1833.

"Split a cod's head, and put it with two haddocks, my dear countess, into a kettle containing two quarts of cold water, and an onion chopped fine. When it has boiled a quarter of an hour, take out all the fish, cut off the beads, trim and fillet the haddocks, pick out the best part of the cod's head—such as under jaw, tongue, &c., and lay them asids. Put back into the kettle the remains of the cod's head and trimmings of the haddocks, and let them boil until the liquor is reduced to a pint and a half, and then strain off.

"Thicken the soup with the yolks of two eggs well beat up; add some chopped paraley and a little salt; then put in the fillets of haddock (each cut into four pieces) with the portions of the cod's head; boil till sufficiently done, and you will have a capital soup à tres bonne marché. F. MARETATT.

"I quite forgot to ask the count and B— A— to give a letter or two for my brother Horace. Do you renew the proposal for me, as I shall have no peace. I like Lord O— very much, he is so frank and manly. Kind regards to Mademoiselles Marguerite and Ellen."

"February 4th, 1841.

"You are very right in what you say. I think not only that the title may be as you wish, but, moreover, that we may, throughout the whole, soften down the word to unmentionables. If you think it necessary, I will do so, if you please, after it is in type, or you may alter it in any way which you think fit, as you have a nicer sense of what a lady will object to than a rough animal like me. F. MARRYATT."

#### "Langham, June 5th, 1843.

"I wrote to Sir William Seymour for particulars, but only received a piece of note paper, which contained more about his son than the story I mentioned to you. However, I have, out of his meagre account, contrived to dramatize to four or five pages, putting speeches into their mouths which they never made, and, in fact, saying what they ought to have said, if they did not say it. It is short, but, by considering how little there was to work from, &c., I think it will be interesting.

"All things are better short, except a woman, who, as Byron says, ought not to be dumpy. Kind regards to the count and the two gals.

"F. MAREYATT."

#### \*\* 120 Pall Mall.

"I send you my new publication, consisting chiefly of old matter. Never mind; if they abuse it, why I wrote it years ago, and therefore it proves that I improve; if they praise it, why then all the better. I don't care which, so long as they try it.

"What has become of Sir E. Bulwer! I have not seen him for an age. I hope he is not ill. I am awful busy, chiefly with a code of signals for the marine, but the printers are so stupid that they can not comprehend them. I hope D'Orsay (I beg Miss Power's pardon), I hope Miss Power and D'Orsay, as well as you, are all *bien portant*. No war, and therefore no ship for me, which is a bore, as I wished to go afloat, and wash out all my sins of authorship in salt water. F. MARRYATT."

### From Lady Blessington :

"Gore House, July 19th, 1843.

ChOOV 0

"I have seldom been more annoyed than in receiving the inclosed half an hour ago. I had thought that, with the omission of the objectionable word, the story, which is full of racy humor, would have been a real treasure for the book, but the ridiculous prudery of a pack of fools compels me to abandon it; for well do I know that, were I to insist on the insertion of the Buckskins, Heath and his trustees (should the sale of the book be less than formerly) would attribute it to you and me.

"After all the trouble I have given you, I dare not ask you for any thing else, though there is no name which I would be more proud to see in my list of contributors than yours; but I must ask you to pardon me for all the trouble I have inflicted on you. M. BLESSINGTOR."

# A. FONBLANQUE, ESQ.

John de Gremer Fonblanque, Esq., an eminent equity lawyer, senior king's counsel, and senior Bencher of the Honorable Society of the Middle Temple, died in January, 1837, in his seventyseventh year. He was descended from an ancient noble French family of Languedoc, and inherited the title of Marquis, though he never assumed it in England.

He was called to the English bar in 1783.

He published several works on professional subjects, and entered Parliament in 1802, and represented the borough of Camelford until the year 1806. His eldest son, John Samuel Martin Fonblanque, who was called to the bar in 1816, is a Commissioner of Bankrupts.

Albany Fonblanque studied for the bar, but relinquished his profession for that of a public journalist, and in the conduct and management of "The Examiner" made a character than which no higher was ever gained by the effective discharge of editorial duties, and the devotion to them of brilliant talents and sound judgment.

In 1837 he published a remarkable work, "England under Seven Administrations."

Mr. Fonblanque was one of the most highly-esteemed friends of Lady Blessington. Of his intellectual powers, there are ample evidences in her papers that she entertained a very high opinion.

Her knowledge of eminent or prominent persons figuring in literary, political, and artistic life was not more extensive than her power of appreciating worth and talent, and of estimating character, was remarkable.

She certainly possessed great power of discrimination and observation, singular tact in discovering remarkable mental qualities, and excellent judgment in forming opinions of the merits of those who presented themselves to her notice. Her estimate of the intellectual powers of Fonblanque was certainly not lower than that of any of the celebrities with whom she came in contact. His profound penetration, sound judgment, sobriety of mind, his power in composition as a public journalist, his ability in influencing public opinion, his caustic style, perspicacity, and force of expression, his effective sarcasm, and, withal, apparent simplicity of character, were well calculated to be appreciated by her. An American writer very ill-advisedly thought fit to lower the estimate of the former editor of "The Examiner" in his own land. The attempt was rebuked by

some friend of Fonblanque in a way not likely to be forgotten by the writer of the obnoxious strictures.

### LETTER FROM A. FONBLANQUE TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Rue d'Algra, October 31st, 1831.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, — Though I am almost blind, I must write to say how much I admire Count D'Orsay's letter on the Brougham affair. It seems to me that nothing could be happier in tone and modest dignity. Here it was the subject of universal praise.

"The falsehood that Count D'Orsay had any thing to do with the hoar was sufficiently refuted by all who knew him, by the two circumstances that it was stupid and cruel; and the unique characteristic of D'Orsay is, that the most brilliant wit is uniformly exercised in the most good-natured way. He can be wittier with kindness than the rest of the world with malice.

"Lady Canterbury gave me a most friendly recognition, and we dined with them, and found the family very agreeable. If I had been a Tory, Lord Canterbury could not have been more attentive; my recommendation being the stronger one, of which I am not a little proud, of being numbered among your friends. You will be glad to hear that Bulwer is doing extremely well here, and making himself, as he must be every where by his amiable qualities, very popular. . . . . My dear Lady Blessington, ever faithfully yours,

"A. FONBLANQUE."

## JOHN GALT.

Mr. Galt was born in Irvine, in Ayrshire, in 1779. During his schoolboy days he wrote several poetical pieces, some of which were published in a provincial paper. He was educated for mercantile pursuits, and embarked in trade in London with a Mr. MacLaghlan. This speculation proving unfortunate, he entered at Lincoln's Inn, and commenced the study of the law. This pursuit, however, he soon abandoned, and set out for the Continent. In 1809 he met Byron at Gibraltar, traveled with his lordship in the packet to Malta, parted with him there, and met him the following spring at Athens.

In his diary, December 1st, 1813, Byron says, "Galt called .... We are old fellow-travelers; and, with all his eccentricity, he has much strong sense, experience of the world, and is, as far as I have seen, a good-natured, philosophic fellow."\*

In 1812 he published his "Voyages and Travels in the years

\* Moore's Byron, p. 211, ed. 8vo, 1838.

1809, 1810, and 1811, containing Statistical, Commercial, and Miscellaneous Observations on Gibraltar, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, and Turkey." Soon after his return to England he became connected with the "Star" newspaper, and married the daughter of the editor of that paper, Dr. Alexander Tilloch. For some time he was editor of the "Courier." After several engagements in the affairs of public institutions and mercantile companies, Mr. Galt was appointed agent to a Canadian company for the management of emigrant colonization in Canada. In this occupation he quarreled with the government, and after some time returned to England.

The author of "The Ayrshire Legatees," "The Annals of the Parish," and "The Entail," is not likely to be soon forgotten by the novel-reading public. The quaintness of style and phraseology, humor and liveliness, and the rich vein of common sense that runs through all his productions, were sufficient to obtain for his works the hearty commendation of Sir Walter Scott. (See Gentleman's Magazine, 1839, p. 93.)

The old malady that ends the career of so many literary men, paralysis, having prostrated the powers of poor Galt by repeated shocks, the fourteenth attack of that disease proved fatal to him on the 11th of April, 1839. He died at Greenock, aged sixty, leaving a widow and family in adverse circumstances.\*

\* The same year in which he published his voyages and travels (1812), he produced "The Life and Administration of Cardinal Wolsey," 4to, and "Reflections on Political and Commercial Subjects," 8vo, and no less than four tragedies the same year, "Maddalen," "Agamemnon," "Lady Macbeth," "Antonio and Clytemmestra."

"Letters from the Levant" appeared in 1913; "The Life and Studies of Benjamin Weat" in 1816. "The Magola," a tale, appeared in 1816, in 2 vols. 8vo. All the above-mentioned works were published previously to his departure for Canada; and subsequently to his return to England, the following works of his appeared: "Pictures from English, Scotch, and Irish History;" "Lawrie Todd," a tale; "Southennan," a tale; "Annals of the Parish;" "The Entail, or Lairds of Guppy;" "Sir Andrew Wylie;" "The Provost;" "The Entail, or Lairds of Guppy;" "Sir Andrew Wylie;" "The Provost;" "The Earthquake;" "The Ayrshire Legatees;" "The Steamboat;" "The Last of the Lairds;" "Mansie Waugh;" "Ringan Galbaize, or the Covenanter;" "Rothelan, a Romance of the English Historians;" "The Spaewife;" "The Bachelor's Wife;" "The Radical;" "The Life of Lord Byron" (1830); "Bogle Corbet, or the Emigrant;" "Stanley Buxton;" "The Stolen Child;" "Apotheosis of Sir Walter Scott;" "Autobiography of John Gale" (1833).

...Google

## LETTERS FROM JOHN GALT, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Liverpool, 27th July, 1829.

"MY DEAR MADAM,-On Monday evening I was so distinctly impressed with the repugnance which your ladyship feels at the idea of going to Ireland, that I entered entirely into your feelings; but, upon reflection, I can not recall all the reasonableness of the argument, a circumstance so unusual with respect to your ladyship's reasons in general, that I am led to think some other cause at the moment must have tended to molest you, and to lend the energy of its effect to the expressions of your reluctance ; for I have often remarked that the gnat's bite, or a momentary accident, will sometimes change the whole complexion of the mind for a time. But, even though nothing of the sort had happened, the scores and hundreds, and the thousands of the poor Irish in quest of employment whom I have met on the road and seen landing here, and the jealousy with which they are viewed by the common people, and the parochial burdens which they may occasion in the contemplation of the best of the community, many of whom are loud in their reflections on the Irish absentees, all combine to form such a strong case for my lord's journey, that nothing but the apprehension of your ladyship's indisposition can be filed against it. The journey, however, to be really useful, should be one of observation only, and I am sure you will easily persuade him to make it so, and to be resolved not to listen to any complaint with a view to decision in Ireland, nor to embark in any new undertaking. If he once allow himself to be appealed to on the spot, he must of necessity become affected by local circumstances and individual impartialities, by which, instead of doing general good (all a personage of his rank can do), he will become the mere administrator of petty relief, which, in their effect, may prove detrimental to higher objects ; and were he to engage in new undertakings, to say nothing of pecuniary considerations, his thoughts would become occupied with projects, which, of every kind of favoritism, is the most fatal to the utility of a public character, such as my lord seems now fairly set in to become. In speaking thus, I address you more as an intellect than a lady, and the interest I take in all that concerns my friends must be accepted as the only excuse I can offer for the freedom.

"Since my arrival, the object of my journey has occupied much of my time. I find many of the merchants disposed to renew the appointment, from the experience they have had of its advantages, and also to allow the agent to be free with respect to other business, which is not the case at present. In this way it would be a most desirable appendage to my other concerns, but as an exclusive office it would not be of sufficient consequence. My reception has been exceedingly flattering, and not the least influential of my friends is that excellent bodie, Sir Androw Wylie; but the election is a more serious affair than I had imagined.

"The merchants consist of five different chambers, constituted by their re-

spective branches of trade. Each chamber, by a majority, chooses a delegate, and the delegates choose the agent; and, as he is required to be agreeable to the member, the election will not take place till the successor to Mr. Canning is returned. At present, the public opinion looks toward Mr. Huskisson, and his favor toward me could be decisive in the event of returning him. Should Mr. H—— not stand, Mr. Robinson is spoken of; but Mr. Gladstone, the merchant, is understood to have some intention of offering himself, in which case, from what I know of his sentiments, the office would not suit me.

"I really know not what apology to make to your ladyship for all this impertinence; but somehow, since I have had the honor and pleasure of knowing you and my lord so freely, I feel as if we were old friends; indeed, how can it be otherwise? for no other human beings, unconnected by the common ties, have ever taken half so much interest in me, or at once added so much to my enjoyments and consideration. I am sensible not only of having acquired a vast accession of what the world calls advantages, but also friends who seem to understand me, and that, too, at a period when I regarded myself as in some degree quite alone, for all my early intimates were dead. Your ladyship must therefore submit to endure a great deal more than perhaps I ought to say on so short an acquaintance; but as minds never grow old, and frankness makes up at once the intimacy of years, I find myself warranted in saying that I am almost an ancient, as I am ever your ladyship's faithful and sincere, friend, John GALT."

#### "Edinburgh, 13th August, 1822.

"I need not say that, although I regret that the journey to Ireland is not to take place, I am much more concerned on account of the cause which has occasioned the change than the loss of the pleasure I should have had in visiting Mountjoy. Perhaps I may still go that way; in the mean time, I wish you every benefit and enjoyment that the excursion to France is expected to produce. But for my agency project, I should have rejoiced to have had the honor of accepting my lord's invitation, had it been only as far as Paris. I shall, however, write to himself to-morrow, when I hope to be able to send him a review of his pamphlet,\* which Blackwood has obtained from Dr. Maginn, of Cork—a man, he says, of singular talent and great learning; indeed, some of the happiest things in the Magazine are from his pen.

"Here, all are on tiptoe for the king; but my worthy countrymen proceed so very considerately in their loyalty, that nothing amusing has yet occurred. The best thing I have heard of is the ladies who intend to be presented practicing the management of their trains with table-cloths pinned to their tails. Some tolerable poetry has been spoiled on the occasion. I inclose two specimens; the one is by Walter Scott, and the other (it is in his old style, but I think of a more elevated character than his poetry in general), I think, is by Lockhart; but *Ebony* is very mysterious on the occasion. The wor-\* Query. On what subject was this pamphlet of Lord Blessington !-- R. R. M. shipful magistrates of Glasgow and other royal boroughs are wonderfully grand.

"But nothing in all the preparations is so remarkable as the sacrifice of lives; what thousands have been swept away by the besom of destruction and the mop of cleanliness!

"The most Machiavelian trick of all, however, is a picturesque flight of the poetical baronet. In order to get his 'own romantic town' rid of the myriads so disturbed, he has contrived a stupendous bonfire on the top of Arthur's Seat, and induced the magistrates to issue a proclamation, inviting the loyal lieges to send their old furniture to augment the blaze. This is certainly one way of turning the royal visit to the benefit of the country.

"I see by the newspapers that Lord Mountjoy has come to Edinburgh; I will call to see him. I believe the Montgomeries, Lord Blessington's relatives, are to be with my friend Mr. Gordon, where I shall meet with them.

" JOHN GALT."

The poem entitled "Stanzas for the King's Landing," which Galt supposes to have been written by Lockhart, consists of ten stanzas. The first is as follows :

> "The eagle screams upon Benmore, The wild deer bounds on Cheviot fell; Step boldly, king, on Albyn's shore, Son of her lords, she greets thee well. The voice that hath been silent long, Awakes to harbinger thy path; Once more she weaves th' ancestral song, Once more 'tis Righ Gu Brath."

The poem attributed to Sir Walter Scott, entitled "Carle, now the King's come !" or, "New Words to an old Tune."

> "A Hawick gill of mountain dew, Heised up auld Reekie's heart, I trow, It minded her of Waterloo-

Carle, now the king's come !

### CHORUS.

Carle, now the king's come ! Carle, now the king's come ! Thou shalt dance and I will sing, Carle, now the king's come !"

"Loudon, January 6th, 1823.

0.000

"Just as I had sent off my letter last week to Lord Blessington, I got a note from the publisher, telling me that he had written his lordship relative to the state of the publications. 'The Sketches' are all printed but the last sheet, and the 'Magic Lantern' sho, all but a few pages : the latter would have

been published before this time, but he was in expectation of additional papers. He has, however, given orders to publish them together, to save the expense of double advertising. By-the-way, I observed in the Sunday's paper a notice of a new periodical under the title of 'The Magic Lantern.' I shall see it, and in my next tell your ladyship what sort of a luminary it is.

"I mentioned to my lord what passed with the speaker. The manner in which he has acted in the business, and in which he explained to me what he had done, had a degree of delicacy and kindness in it, that has given, if I may use the expression, something of the sentiment of friendship to the sense of a great obligation. This I owe to your ladyship, and how many other gratifications t But I should only deserve a rebuke were I to say more, and yet I know not why it is thought indecorous to express as one feels the pleasure of being under agreeable obligations. In summing up, at the close of tho year, my estimate of its anxieties and enjoyment, I found such a vast amount of favors owing to your ladyship, that I confess at once my bankruptcy.

"Since my return from Scotland—indeed, for some time before, I have been quite an invalid, with feverishness and rbeumatism, by which I have been almost constantly confined to the house, and unable to bear the motion of a carriage, but my illness has not been idleness. Since this day week, when I sent off the letter to Lord B—, I have been all-heart engaged in my new novel, 'The Scottish Martyrs.' The style I have chosen is that grave, cool, and in some degree obsolete, but emphatic manner which was employed by the covenanting authors; a little like (but of a bolder character) the manner of that most pious and excellent minister, your ladyship's old friend, Balquoder. I have got nearly the first volume finished, and Mrs. G— says she likes it better than any thing I have yet attempted. I mean to publish on the 2d of May, the anniversary of John Knox's return to Scotland, and my own birth-day.

"I take it for granted that you have seen Cupid's 'Loves of the Angels." What beautiful air-grown bubbles! Was ever such a string of pearly words so delightfully and so absurdly congregated before ! The first scraph's faux pas is the old story of a moth burning itself in a candle. Who ever heard of a lady becoming enamored of a star, except of the Garter, or some other order ? Tommy should have put his star on the angel's left breast, and given him 'a cherubim wig,' and called the damsel Lady Elizabeth. The second story is better, but then Jupiter and Semele is much better as a tale. As for the third, it is a darling for misses and masters in their teens. But still the poem is admirable as mere poetry, and is another proof, if such were requisite, to show, that in art, the execution, not the conception, is the primary quality. Byron's 'Heaven and Earth' I can scarcely say I have yet seen, but what I have read is superior in energy and passion to Moore's, owing solely, I think, to the ladies being the chief actors. It is not to be endured that such a genius as his should have stooped to prey on carrion in the manner he has done. To blend himself with the scurrilous politics of the passing day-'to give up to a party,' and such a party, ' what was meant for mankind'-it is

indeed the eagle sharing the spoil of a carcass with grubs and reptiles. I have no patience with him. I have inclosed a copy of my account of the king's visit, or, rather, of certain of his visitors, in a separate paper, which I shall send with this to Mrs. Purves, and if the postage, for it is not worth the tax, can be got rid of, it will go forward.

"Dr. Richardson told us on Sunday that you were not expected home till about the end of March. I am both sorry and pleased at this; sorry on my own account, sheer selfish sorrow, and pleased, because, if there is any consideration of health in the resolution, it will do both you and my lord good, and also because, in these times, when all the landed lords are crying out as if they had each severally a fit of the gout, the consequences of their war banquets. I am glad that my lord will be kept out of joining their unpatriotic clamor, a thing which he could by no resolution on the spot avoid; for, now that he has embarked his mind in national objects, it is of great consequence that he should be removed from the temptation of sample in such unworthy politics as those that seem to be so current at present. But I forgot that it is to him, rather thar to your ladyship, I should so speak, and therefore I shall conclude, begging your acceptance of Mrs. Galt's best respects and wishes, and my own particularly to the sage and pasokie Miss P.—... Journ Galt."

### "Greenock, 24th March, 1835.

"I have sent by this post the second part of my strictures on the 'Two Friends,' to which I have given a most conscientious perusal con amore, and have not said one word more than I do think. It was my intention to have given more extracts, but the paper could not afford space, and therefore, being obliged to omit them, I enlarged my remarks. Your ladyship is, I believe, aware, that in whatever regards character or feeling, I am, on principle, never anonymous. I know not if the rule be a good one, but it was very early formed, and will account to your ladyship for the authentication by my signature. In this case I do not, however, regret my resolution ; for, in the first place, it binds me to speak sincerely, and I am told my name in this distriot will be influential. Having no way here of seeing any of the London Reviews, I trust that they coincide in opinion with me regarding the general character of the book. A friend in London, to whose taste I am disposed to pay much deference, has read the work, and has given me a very favorable idea of the ability displayed in it.

"I am glad to see by the papers the elevation to the peerage of your friend, and I do think he will do much good in Canada. I consider him as destined to remain as civil commissioner. A very clever person, whom I knew in Canada as one of the editors of the papers, is here at present, and pretends that the mission will be unsuccessful; but I have a personal knowledge of Papineau, and other chieftains of that party, and I think them much less to blame than Englishmen allow. If Lord Canterbury considers them worth a little more attention than they have had, and without showing any want of

attention to the British, and no man can do it better, he may be able to effect much good.

" I shall soon have occasion to send your ladyship my little work, which is now making up, for my unfortunate restlessness of mind must have something to do, and I can do nothing that is not sedentary ; for, to add to the trouble of entire lameness, my memory is often very ineffectual, and things of the nature of amusements more than business must, I fear, even with convalescence, be my occupation for the remainder of my life, if able to attend to them. "Loss GALT."

# NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, ESQ.

Mr. Willis is a native of Boston. While a student at Yale College, he made his first appearance on the stage of literature in a religious character. Some pieces, illustrative of passages in Scripture, published in periodicals, formed his first volume, and among these verses of his will be found some which could not be written by a man who deserved the character that has been given of him in some of the leading critical reviews of those countries.

The author of "Pencilings by the Way," "Melanic," "The Slingsby Papers," "Inklings of Adventure," "People I have Met," "Famous People and Places," "Laughs I have put a Pen to," was at one period a frequent visitor at Gore House, a favorite guest there, and regular correspondent of Lady Blessington.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Willis on many occasions at Gore House, to which reference is made in the rather too celebrated "Pencilings by the Way," and also at the soirées of the late Lady Charleville, in Cavendish Square.

Mr. Willis was an extremely agreeable young man in society, somewhat overdressed, and a little too *demonstratif*, but abounding in good spirits, pleasing reminiscences of Eastern and Continental travel, and of his residence there for some time as attaché to a foreign legation. He was observant and communicative, lively and clever in conversation, having the peculiar art of making himself agreeable to ladies, old as well as young; degagé in his manner, and on exceedingly good terms with himself and with the élite of the best society wherever he went.

During nearly two years that Mr. Willis spent in London, the

# NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, ESQ.

impressions which London fashionable society made on him, having been duly noted down, took a definite shape on the other side of the Atlantic, and came out under the title of "Pencilings by the Way," I think in 1835. The work was published soon after in London, and a second edition in 1839. The matter of this work had been originally communicated in the form of letters to a monthly review in the United States, with which Mr. Willis had been previously connected as editor.

In observing, in the Preface to the second edition, on the scverity with which this subject had been handled by the Quarterly Review, Mr. Willis says, "There are some passages (I only wonder there are so few) which I would not re-write, and some remarks on individuals which I would recall at some cost, and would not willingly see repeated in these volumes."

Again, at page 357, he observes, "There is one remark I may as well make here with regard to the personal descriptions and anecdotes with which my letters from England will of course be filled. It is quite a different thing from publishing such letters in London. America is much farther off from England than England from America."

This publication, to my own knowledge, was attended with results which I can not think Mr. Willis contemplated when he transmitted his hasty notes to America-to estrangements of persons who, previously to the printed reports of their private conversations, had been on terms of intimate acquaintance. This was the case with respect to O'Connell and Moore. Moore's reported remarks on O'Connell gave offense to the latter, and aroused bad feelings between them which had never previously existed, and which, I believe, never ceased to exist. In another instance of indulgence in strictures upon individual character, and in the case, too, of offense given to one of the most able and estimable persons connected with journalism in London, a remonstrance was addressed to Mr. Willis, a copy of which exists among the papers of Lady Blessington, and which appears to have been forwarded to her without the name of the writer. who, in all probability, was some intimate friend of hers.

" April 28th, 1835.

"Sig .-- I delayed replying to your letter until I had read the paper in question, which, agreeably to your request, Lady Blessington permitted me to see. With respect to myself individually, I required no apology; I have been too long inured to publicity to feel annoyed at personal reflections, which, if discourteous, are at least unimportant ; and as a public man, I should consider myself a very fair subject for public exhibition, however unfavorably minute, except, indeed, from such persons as I have received as a guest. But in exonerating you freely, so far as any wound to my feelings is concerned, I think it but fair to add, since you have pointedly invited my frankness, that I look with great reprehension upon the principle of feeding a frivolous and unworthy passion of the public from sources which the privilege of hospitality opens to us in private life. Such invasions of the inviolable decorums of society impair the confidence which is not more its charm than its foundation, and can not but render the English (already too exclusive) yet more rigidly on their guard against acquaintances who repay the courtesies of one country by caricatures in another. Your countrymen (and I believe yourself among the number) are not unreasonably sensitive as to any strictures on the private society of Americans. But I have certainly never read any work, any newspaper paragraph of which America is the subject, containing personalities so gratuitously detailed as those in which you have indulged. I allude, in particular, to the unwarrantable remarks upon Mr. Fonblanque, a gentleman who, with so rare a modesty, has ever shrunk even from the public notice of the respectful admiration which in this country is the coldest sentiment he commands, and, I rejoice to add, for the honor of England, that, despite the envy of his fame and the courage of his politics, no Englishman has yet been found to caricature the man whom it is impossible to answer. Your description is not, indeed, recognizable by those who know Mr. Fonblanque, but it is not to be considered so much on account of its inaccuracy, as by the insensibility it appears to svince to the respect due to eminent men and to social regulation. You have courted my opinion, and I have given it explicitly and plainly. I think you have done great disservice to your countrymen in this visit to England, and that in future we shall shrink from many claimants on our hospitality, lest they should become the infringers of its rights.

"To N. P. Willis, Esq."

It will be seen by a letter of Mr. Willis, without date, which, though probably not the latest of his letters, I have placed at the end of his correspondence, with a view to greater facility of reference, that in alluding to the preceding letter, which he had forwarded a copy of to Lady Blessington, he makes observations which do great credit to his character, and show him to be a

331

- Google

man very capable, on reflection, of perceiving errors he may have fallen into without consideration, and not so divested of right feeling and good qualities as he has been represented in some very angry and wholesale denunciations of him.

### LETTERS FROM N. P. WILLIS, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Gordon Castle, September 23d, 1834.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, —I am in a place which wants nothing but the sunshine of heaven and your presence (the latter by much the greater want), and I should while away the morning in gazing out upon its lovely park, were I not doomed to find a provoking pleasure (more than in any thing else) in writing to you.

"I am laid up with the gout (parole), and a prisoner to my own thoughts —thanks to Lady Blessington, sweet and dear ones.

"I left Dalhousie a week ago, and returned to Edinburgh. I breakfasted tite-à-tite with Wilson, who gave me execrable food, but brilliant conversation, and dined with Jeffrey, who had all the distinction of auld Reckie at his table, besides Count Flahault and Lady Keith. His dinner was merveilleux for Scotland, but I heard nothing worth remembering, and spent my time talking to an old solicitor, Cockburn (pronounced Coburn, I don't know why), and in watching the contortions of a lady who out-Broughams Brougham in crispations nerveuses.

"I went afterward to a ball, and then sat down, as I do after coming from your house, to make a mem. of the good things I had heard; but the page under that date is still innocent of a syllable. Oh! you have no idea, dear Lady Blessington, in what a brilliant atmosphere you live, compared with the dull world abroad. I long to get back to you.

"From Edinboro' I meant to have come north by Lochleven, but my ankle swelled suddenly, and was excessively painful, and the surgeon forbade me to set it to the ground, so I took the steamer for Aberdeen, and lay on a sofa in that detestable place for four days, when the Duke of Gordon wrote to me to come and nurse it at the castle; and here I am, just able to crawl down slipshod to dinner.

"The house is full of people. Lord Aberdeen, who talks to me all the time, and who is kind enough to give me a frank to you, is here with his son and daughter (she is a tall and very fine girl, and very conversable), and Lord and Lady Morton, and Lord Stormont, and Colonel Gordon, Lord Aberdeen's brother, and the Duchess of Richmond, and three or four other ladies, and half a dozen other gentlemen, whom I do not know: altogether a party of twenty-two. There is a lady something, very pale, tall, and haughty, twentythree, and sarcastic, whom I sat next at dinner yesterday—a woman I came as near an antipathy for as is possible, with a very handsome face for an apology. She entertained me with a tirade against human nature generally, and

one or two individuals particularly, in a tone which was quite unnatural in a woman.

"I have had a letter from Chorley, who says Rothwell has done wonders with your portrait, and has succeeded in what I believed he never would do -getting the character all into his picture.

"I wish the art of transferring would extend to taking images from the heart; I should believe then that an adequate likeness of you were possible. I envy Rothwell the happiness of merely working on it. If he takes half the pleasure in it that I do in transferring to my memory the features of your mind, he would get a princely price for his portrait.

"I am delighted with the duke and duchess. He is a delightful, hearty old fellow, full of fun and conversation; and she is an uncommonly fine woman, and, without beauty, has something agreeable in her countenance. She plays well and sings tolerably, and, on the whole, I like her. Pour moi même, I get on every where better than in your presence. I only fear I talk too much; but all the world is particularly civil to me, and among a score of people, no one of whom I had ever seen yesterday, I find myself quite at home to-day—Grace à Dieu !

"I have no idea when I shall leave here, my elephant leg being at present the arbiter of my fate. I hope, however, to be at Dalhousie by the 1st of October. Shall I find there the presence I most value—a letter from your ladyship !

"Pray give my warmest regards to D'Orsay and Barry; and believe me, dear Lady Blessington, ever faithfully yours, N. P. WILLIS."

" Saturday morning.

"A letter turned up among my papers this morning of which I once spoke to you, and, at the hazard of its offending you by its American impertinence, I inclose it to you, as an exponent of the tone of reputation you have abroad. The remarks I refer to are on the back of the letter. The man is an extraordinary genius, self-educated, but full of talent, and his enthusiasm was suggested by my speaking of Rothwell's picture of you, and wishing he was here, to try his hand at a better.

"I am just through with my monthly labors, and with the corrections to my volume, and at leisure (the first hour these two months). The first use I make of it is to go quietly through your book, and I shall make to-morrow the digest for the 'Herald,' which I have so long wished to do.

"I shall send you, to-morrow or Monday, the sheets of 'Melanie,' which I hope you will like. The close is better than the beginning.

"N. P. WILLIS."

"Fridey.

"My mind has run a great deal on your book since the delightful morning I passed with you, and several titles have occurred to me, only two of which I think at all eligible; one is 'Risks in High Life,' and the other 'Under-Currents in High Life,' both of which seem to me taking titles, and descriptive of the plot. You will have seen that your plot is so varied and complicated, that it is exceedingly difficult to find a brief title that at all defines it. Reflection confirms me in the opinion that it is an admirable and racy design, and I will promise you success without having seen a line of it. Pray elaborate well the poetical passages which so struck me. Depend upon it, the reading world feels them, whatever the critics may do.

"Moore has called twice on me at the club, but I have not seen him. I look forward with the greatest delight to meeting him on Monday.

"I have not seen Proctor; but I have met him in thought, I doubt not, at the shrine where we both worship. N. P. WILLIS."

" "Old Charlton, Blackheath, Friday morning.

"Though I knew what to expect of your warm-hearted nature, I was not the less gratified and grateful in receiving your kind reply to my request. With Count D'Orsay's generous influence added to your own, I am sure Lieutenant S- can scarcely fail to get the appointment.

"I don't know whether you and D'Orsay have discovered the rechauffées of your own stories in my last book. Do you remember the count's telling us one evening the story of the Bandit of Austria, the Horse-stealer of Vienna! Your tale of the Roman girl is almost literally repeated in 'Violani Cesarini,' wanting, it is true, the unrivaled charm of your manner as a racontense. You would recognize too, I think, the description of your house in Lady Roodgold's Romance. Indeed, dcar Lady Blessington, you must look on every thing I have done since I first knew you as being partly your own creation, for never was a mind so completely impressed upon another as yours upon mine. But all this you know. N. P. WILLIS."

" Charlton, Thursday morning, April 2d, 1840.

LACTORY C

"I must express to you the pleasure I had in making [ ] acquainted with you. She, like all who approach you, having formed an immediate and strong attachment, begs me to renew her adieus to you, and tell you how happy she shall be to meet you again on her return.

"I can not leave England without hoping, dear Lady Blessington, that I am counted among your friends the warmest and most attached. The best part of the many kind services you have rendered me is the presumption it gives me that you consider me a friend. Believe me, there are few I ever loved more, and none whose remembrance I more covet when I am absent. Once more, adieu. N. P. WILLIS.

"Kindest remembrance and farewell to Count D'Orsay. Should you see D'Israeli soon, will you tell him I still trust to his promise of visiting us on his way to Niagara!"

# TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"137 Regent Street, Friday evening, January 24th, 1846. "After some argument, with a reluctant heart, I have persuaded myself that it is better to say adieu to you on paper, partly from a fear that I might not find you alone, should I call to-morrow (my last day in England), and partly because my visit to you the other day forms a sweet memory, which I would not willingly risk overlaying with one less sympathetic.

"As a man is economical with his last sixpence, I am a miser of what is probably my last remembrance of you, believing as I do that I shall never again cross the Atlantic.

"I unwillingly forego, however, my expression of thanks and happiness for your delightful reception of my daughter's visit; and you are too tenderly human not to value what I could tell you of your impression on my mulatto servant. She saw you to love you, as any human being would who saw you as she did, without knowing the value of rank. Little Imogen talked a great deal of her visit when she returned, and your kind gift to her will be treasured.

"I hope, dear Lady Blessington, that the new though sad leaf of life that death has turned over for you will not be *left wholly uncopied for the world*. You would make so sweet a book, if you did but embody the new spirit in which you now think and feel. Pardon my mention of it; but I thought, while you were talking to me the other day, as if you could scarce be conscious how, with the susceptibilities and fresh view of genius, you were looking upon the mournful web weaving around you.

"I leave here on Sunday morning for Portsmouth, to embark, with the most grateful feeling for the kindness with which you have renewed your friendship toward me. N. P. WILLIS."

"New York, May 8th.

" In your gay and busy life, you will scarce think me gone when this letter reports my arrival on the other side of the world, seven thousand miles of travel having been accomplished between my letter and myself.

"The bearer of this is a person in whom Mrs. W—— is a good deal interested, an American actress. I hope to interest you in her, and I am sure you will at a glance understand a character which has been misunderstood and misinterpreted very often by the world. You may have heard her name, for she was in England some few years since, and played some melodramatic parts at one of the theatres; but she was then very young, and very ill directed as well as badly introduced. She has since made great advances in her art, and is now, I think, a very clever actress, or can easily be made one, by encouragement and judicious management. She is very well off in point of fortune, I believe, and can afford to wait her opportunity to appear to advantage in England. There are other circumstances which should be told you, however, which may come to you in the shape of malicious rumor, but the truth of which should, and will, commend her to your pity and kindness. She is the daughter of a person of low character, and has been brought up by vulgar and stupid people. She is excessively handsome too, and with these elemants of ruin she has been considered easy prey by most of the roue's who have seen her on the stage only ; my unwavaring belief, however, and that of the American public, is, that a more innocent girl to this hour does not exist. She has traveled all over this immense country, playing every where, and has kept her name free from all reproach, even among the young men who have known her most intimately. I think she will always do so, and is a safe object of interest and regard. Would it be asking too much to request you to allow her to call on you, and get your counsel as to her theatrical career in London ! She wants fame more than money ; and with your wide-spreading influence, you can as easily make her the fashion as give her advice. One glance at her will show you that ahe is clever ; and a more complete ' bon enfant,' midshipman-hearted creature does not exist. I am sure you will like her; and if she plays but tolerably, her very remarkable beauty will, I think, soften the critics' judgment, and propitiate her audience. I introduce her to you in the confident belief that you will think her, considering the circumstances by which she has been surrounded, a curiosity, as well as an object of kindly interest and protection. I shall write to Count D'Orsay to beg him to aid in giving her a vogue, and on his kindness of heart in any matter I know well I can rely. N. P. WILLIS."

### "Dublin, January 25th, 1848.

"Your very kind note was forwarded to me here by Saunders and Ottley, and I need scarce say it gave me great pleasure. One of the strongest feelings of my life was the friendship you suffered me to cherish for you when I first came to England; and while I have no more treasured leaf in my memory than the brilliant and happy hours I passed in Seamore Place, I have, I assure you, no deeper regret than that my indiscretion (in Pencilings) should have checked the freedom of my approach to you. Still, my attachment and admiration (so unhappily recorded) are always on the alert for some trace that I am still remembered by you, and so you will easily fancy that the kind friendliness of your note gave me unusual happiness. My first pleasure when I return to town will be to avail myself of your kind invitation, and call at Gore House.

"By the same post which brought me your note I received another from America, signed 'Lady Blessington,' and I must perform a promise to the writer of it, at the risk of your thinking both her and myself very silly, if not intrusive. She is one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw, and the daughter of one of our few acknowledged gentry, a gentleman who lives upon his fortune on the \_\_\_\_\_\_. She chances to be singularly like your picture by L. Paris, much more like than most originals are like their pictures. She has been told of this so often, and complimented so much in consequence, that her hoad is quite turned (literally indeed, for she always sits in the attitude of the picture), and for two years I have refueed to do what she has prevailed

on me to do at last, to ask you to write to her !! She thinks of nothing but the hope of procuring this honor, and I positively think it has become a monomania. So now I have put myself into the 'category of bores,' but I have discharged my errand, and, after you have laughed at it, you will, I presume, think no more about it; still, if you took it into your head to gratify her, I should feel it as a very condescending and important favor to myself. She is a high-spirited, romantic, fearless girl, *tête montice*, as you may suppose, but magnificently beautiful; and as she has a large fortune, and will probably travel the first year of her marriage, she would doubtless call on you soon in London, and present her thanks very eloquently. Her name is Miss W——, of G—— H——; and if you should write, if you will be kind enough to inclose the note to me. I will forward it.

"I am in Ireland, picking up materials for one of Virtue's pictorial books, and next week I go to the Giants' Causeway, &c. I shall be in the country perhaps a fortnight, and in London probably in the course of a month.\*

"N. P. WILLIS."

"Manor House, Lee, Kent., Monday, 18th.

"I inclose you a copy of a letter I have sent to Captain Marryatt, who is abroad. I don't know whether you have seen his attack, but I have been advised to print and send to my friends the letter you now receive, while I am waiting for his answer. It will eventually be published, but meantime his abuse rests on my reputation. I scarce regret his attack, since it gives me an opportunity, once for all, of meeting these matters in a tangible shape; and, once for all, I shall carry the point well through.

"I have written quietly, and given Marryatt an opportunity to explain, which I hope he will do; but an explanation I must have. Pray write me your opinion of my document, for I am not much skilled in this kind of correspondence. N. P. WILLIS."

\* I had some conversation with Tom Campbell on the subject of the abovementioned undertaking of Willis "to do Ireland" for Mr. Virtue. Campbell worked himself into one of his fits of red-hot wrath at the idea of an American making a run over to Dublin, and taking on him to enlighten an English public on so dark a subject as the history, antiquities, monuments, manners, and customs of the people of Ireland. "What could he know of Ireland" How could any American know any thing about it !" On occasions of this sort, I was accustomed to add little fuel to the fire of the poet's amusing outbursts of angor, excited without any apparently sufficient provocation. I defended the undertaking of Mr. Willis, and the selection of an American for it, on the ground that he was naturally free from English prejudices, and a stranger to Irish feeling in general, and had actually been studying Ireland, politically, socially, and topographically, upward of fourteen days on the spot. "Fourteen days!" exclaimed Campbell ; "all the knowledge he possesses of Ireland might have been acquired in fourteen hours."— R. R. M.

Vol. II.--1'

## FREDERICK MANSELL REYNOLDS, ESQ.

"I send you a rough draught of my idea for Lady Buckingham's picture. If you think it will do, I will elaborate it before you want it; it is at present a little indistinct.

"Fonblanque has written me a note, which, without giving me ground for a quarrel, is very unjustifiable, I think. Another friend of yours has written me too, and a more temperate, just (though severe), and gentlemanly letter I never read. He gives me no quarter; but I like him the better for having written it, and he makes me tenfold more ashamed of those silly and ill-starred letters.

"I shall soon have the pleasure to see you, I trust, and remain, dear Lady Blessington, ever faithfully yours, N. P. WILLIS."

# FREDERICK MANSELL REYNOLDS, ESQ.

This gentleman, the son of a well-known dramatist, owes his principal literary celebrity to a remarkable work, which attractcd a good deal of attention a few years ago, entitled "Miserimus."

Mr. Reynolds was rather an amateur in literature than a professor. In his hands "The Keepsake" made its first appearance —the first and last of the tribe of Annuals—some thirty years ago. He continued to edit it till the year 1836, when Mrs. Norton became editress. In 1837, Lady E. S. Wortley became editress. For many years of his latter life Mr. Reynolds resided on the Continent, and for some time in Jersey. He died at Fontainebleau in 1850. A lady who was well acquainted with the friends of Lady Blessington thus speaks of Mr. Reynolds :

"He was a man of very kind heart and generous disposition, hospitable, obliging, and very true in his friendship, but extremely eccentric, and especially so during the latter years of his life. His extreme sensibility and nervous susceptibility had so augmented with years and ailments, that he lived latterly with his family, wholly retired from the world. His last illness was long, and of painful suffering. He was very highly educated, and well informed, and had a good knowledge and excellent taste in painting and music, though not a performer in either art. He versified gracefully, but his prose writings partook much, in general, of a forced style and a fantastic humor. He has left a young wife, who was one of the most perfect models I ever saw of conjugal affection, obedience, attention, patience, and devotion.

CHOOV C

whom he had known from her childhood, and whose education he had superintended."

# LETTERS FROM MANSELL REYNOLDS, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON. "Hillan House, St. Helen's, Jersey, March, 1847.

"MY DEAR LARY BLESSINGTON,—After having so recently seen you, and being so powerfully and so painfully under the influence of a desire never again to place the sea between me and yourself and circle, I feel almost provoked to find how much this place suits me in every physical respect. But truth is truth, and certainly I feel that this place is made for me; for illness has effected greater inroads on my strength than 'all the doctors in the land' can ever repair.

"You and Count D'Orsay speak kindly and cheerfully to me; but I am un malade imaginaire, for I do not fear death; on the contrary, I rather look to it as my only hope of secure and lasting tranquillity.

"In the lull which has hitherto accompanied my return to this delicious climate, I have had time and opportunity for ample retrospection, and I find that we have both laid in a stock of regard for Count D'Orsay which is immeasurable: any body so good-natured and so kind-hearted I never before saw; it seems to me that it should be considered an inestimable privilege to live in his society. When you write to me, pray be good enough to acquaint me whether you have been told verbatim what a lady said on the subject; for praise so natural, hearty, and agrecable was never before uttered in a soliloquy, which her speech really was, though I was present at the time.

"At the risk of repeating, I really must tell it to you. After Count D'Orsay's departure from our house, there was a pause, when it was broken by exclaiming, 'What a very nice man !' I assented in my own mind, but I was pursuing also a chain of thought of my own, and I made no audible reply. Our ruminations then proceeded, when mine were once more interrupted by her saying, 'In fact, he is the *nicest man I ever saw*.'

"This is a pleasant avowal to me, I thought, but still I could not refrain from admitting she was right. Then again, for a third time, the mental machinery of both went to work in silence, until that of the lady reached a *nc plus ultra* stage of admiration, and she ejaculated in an ecstasy, 'Indeed, he is the nicest man that can possibly be!'

"The progress of this unconsciously expressed panegyric from the modest positive to the rhapsodical superlative struck me as extremely amusing, and I only now derive pleasure from repeating it to you because it is literally true, and utterly unembellished by me.

"I have written to Heath on the subject of the 'Royal' Book of Beauty, to endeavor to dissuade him from the use of an epithet so vulgarized, and to induce him to substitute the word 'Regal,' ever entirely putting aside your association with a title in such bad taste.

"With our kindest and most affectionate regards to yourself and Count

339

....Google

D'Orsay, and also to the Miases Power, believe me, my dear Lady Blessington, always most faithfully yours, MANSELL REYNOLDS."

#### "St. Helen's, Jersey, March 30th, 1849.

"What has been determined with regard to the Annuals? Will they be continued? If they be, and you still think that I am capable of rendering you any assistance, it is scarcely necessary for me to state that I am now, as always, considerably at your service.

"Only the other day I was re-reading one of your last biographies, and I repeat to you, what I previously stated, that the improvement you have made in the art and tone of composition since I first had the pleasure and honor of becoming acquainted with you is really wonderful.

" MANSELL REYNOLDS."

# CHAPTER XVI.

# DR. WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

ONE of the most valued friends of Lady Blessington, in whose worth, moral and intellectual, she placed the highest confidence, was the author of "The Heliotrope," Dr. William Beattie. I had the good fortune to be the means of making Lady Blessington acquainted with Dr. Beattie.

In 1833, on the occasion of a morning call at Gore House, while waiting for her ladyship, I found a volume lying on the drawing-room table of newly-published Poems, without the author's name, entitled " The Heliotrope, or the Pilgrim in Search of Health, in Italy." The volume was a presentation copy to Lady Blessington, with these words on the fly-leaf : "I too have been in Arcadia." I had time, before the appearance of Lady Blessington, to read several poems at the commencement of the volume, and was greatly struck with the harmony of the versification, the elegance of style, the evident kindliness of nature. and amiability of disposition manifested in them. I inquired of Lady Blessington if she knew any thing of the author, and was informed she had no knowledge of him whatever. Some days subsequently, I proceeded to the publishers in the Strand, and expressed a desire to know the author of "The Heliotrope." I was told the author had no intention of making his name known; he had intimated, in the Preface to the volume recent-

ly published, his purpose, if the work was favorably received, of completing the poem in another volume; but as the work was not pushed on public attention, and did not sell, the author had given up all idea of continuing it. I obtained a loan of the volume from Lady Blessington, and perused the entire poem with attention. After that perusal, my impression was so strong as to the merits of this poem (over-modestly introduced to the public), that I addressed a letter to the author, to the care of his publisher, encouraging him to proceed with his performance to its completion, and counseling him, so far from being disheartened by the bad reception given to his first volume, to rest assured of ultimate success. In return, I had a gratifying letter from the author, and subsequently a visit, and was indebted to my communication for a friend, whose friendship from that time to the present has been to me a source of uninterrupted satisfaction.

"The Heliotrope" was cast upon the waters by author and publisher without any apparent anxiety about its fate—to sink or swim on the stream of current literature, as it might please the stars of criticism : no effort was made for its success or safety. Two of the leading periodicals of the time, however, discerned the merits of this poem, and did justice to them."

Dr. Beattie is a native of Scotland. While he was at school he had the misfortune to lose his father. That loss, the result of an accident, was the beginning of severe family trials; "and from that hour," to use Dr. Beattie's words in reference to his own career, "the battle of life commenced, and has ever since continued."

\* The "Metropolitan Magazine" said of it : "Every line in this book is written in the language of poetry ; every expression is idiomatic of the Muses. Cadences can not be sweeter, nor verse more polished. The author has dipped his right hand in the waves of the Heliconian fount, and has drawn it forth strengthened with the waters glittering fresh upon it. He has caught the sweetest echo of the spirit of poetry, when she sings her most dulcet song in her secluded shades."

The "Athenseum" said of it: "The faults of this poem are few, and the beauties numerous; among the beauties are a manly vigor of sentiment, and an elevation and flow of language. The picture of the fallen condition of Genoa is masterly. The destruction of Pompeii is well described. The eye of the poet and the band of the painter unite in these fine stanzas." But one observation of his, in regard to that career, every one who knows him must dissent from : "All I am entitled to say of myself may be comprised in four words : 'Laboriose vixi nihil agendo.'" Dr. Beattie has led a life of labor and anxiety, never wearying of doing good to others; and in that respect he might indeed say,

"I count myself in nothing else so happy."

His life has been an exemplification of the theory of the duty of benevolence, inculcated in the words of Shakspeare :

"We are born to do benefits."\*

"There are many members of our profession who, although not eminently distinguished in strictly professional circles, nor even in medical science or practice, have nevertheless exhibited talent of no ordinary kind in collateral pursuits, and the gentleman whose name heads this notice is one of such. Dr. Beattie was educated at Clarencefield Academy between the years 1807-13, and from the latter period to 1820 studied at the University of Edinburgh, where he took his degree. He pursued his studies in London in 1822, and subsequently, in the years 1823, 24, 25, and 26, made the tour of Europe, visiting France, Italy, Germany, &c., and acquainting himself with the various modes of practice and theories taught in the most celebrated Continental schools. We may judge, therefore, that he was eminently qualified for the post he afterward filled for eight years -that of physician to the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, whom he attended during their three visits at foreign courts."

The writer of the preceding passage in an eminent medical periodical has omitted to state the royal remuneration received by Dr. Beattie for his eight years' assiduous attendance on his late majesty, when Duke of Clarence, and on the duchess, the late Queen Adelaide. The amount does not require many figures to specify it—a cipher, in the form of a circle, will express it. He was a wise physician, and had much dealings, no doubt, with royal English dukes and German princesses, who said of his royal *clientèle*, "Dum dolent solvent."

Dr. Beattie commenced practice in London in 1830. He is a

\* Timon of Athens, Act. I., Sc. 2.

graduate of the University of Edinburgh, and a member of the Royal College of Physicians of London. His practice has been very extensive, and highly advantageous and profitable to the poor and the unfortunate who have seen better days; to indigent clergymen, artists, actors, authors, and literati of all grades. Dr. Beattie belongs to a class of men who, having become renowned for their benevolence, malgré eux, are looked upon by all their friends in all their troubles as having a special mission given them to spend their time, and to be spent in alleviating human sufferings.

"The Heliotrope, or Pilgrim in Pursuit of Health," in two cantos, comprising Liguria, Campania, and Calabria, was written in Italy in 1823-4, and published in 1833 in 1 vol. 12mo. A second edition, in four cantos (the two last comprising "Sicily" and "The Lipari Islands"), under the title of "The Pilgrim in Italy, with other Poems," appeared in 184 . "John Huss," a poem, was published in 1829. "Polynesia," a poem, appeared in 1839. "The Courts of Germany," visited in 1822, 25, and 26, in two vols. 8vo, appeared in 1827.

A series of splendidly-illustrated works—the letter-press by Dr. Beattie, the engravings chiefly from drawings on the spot by the late W. H. Bartlett—historical, topographical, and descriptive of scenery and inhabitants—was commenced in 1836, with the publication of "Switzerland," in 2 vols. 4to. This was followed by "Scotland," in 2 vols. 4to, 1838; and next, "The Waldenses," 1 vol. 4to, 1838; then "The Castles and Abbeys," in 2 vols. 4to, 1839; "The Ports and Harbors," in 2 vols. 4to, 1839; "The Danube," in 1 vol. 4to, 1844. Another illustrated work, entitled "Historical Memoirs of Eminent Conversationists," was subsequently produced by the same publishers, but Dr. Beattie only contributed a portion of the Memoirs.

In 1838, one of those publications made its appearance to which Campbell was induced to give his name as editor, and not his labors: "Campbell's Scenic Annual for 1838, containing thirty-six exquisitely finished Engravings of the most remarkable Scenes in Europe, &c., with a rich fund of Literary Matter corresponding with each Subject, and comprising Original Poetry

## WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

by the Editor, Thomas Campbell, Esq., author of 'The Pleasures of Hope.'"

Among the eulogistic notices of this Annual which appeared at the time of its publication is to be found the following, in a leading critical journal: "The name of Campbell is a sufficient pledge for the poetic, literary, and generally tasteful character of this Annual."

It was thus hailed in the "Gentleman's Magazine:" "We were most agreeably surprised by the sight of this Annual. In selection of scenery, in skill and elegance of composition, and in pleasing and picturesque effect in the engravings, it yields to none of its rivals, while in the splendor of the editor's reputation it far surpasses them all."

Nevertheless, all the poetical pieces, for which Campbell got the credit, and the publisher, by his name, the profit, with the exception of three, were written by Dr. William Beattie.

Dr. Beattie was a frequent contributor to the periodicals edited by Lady Blessington; and, without any disparagement to the abilities of the other contributors of acknowledged merit to those Annuals, it may be asked, if the lines addressed "to the Fountains in the Place de la Concorde," where the guillotine was crected "en permanence," hastily written at the request of Lady Blessington, in an emergency referred to in one of the letters, which will be found among those addressed by her to Dr. Beattie, have been equaled by any similar contribution in the whole series of those periodicals?

This brief notice may be concluded, I trust not inappropriately, with some lines addressed by Dr. Beattie to the author on his return from Africa in 1840—lines well calculated to show the talents of a writer who was a favorite contributor to Lady Blessington's periodicals, and a most intimate friend and correspondent of hers.

LINES ADDRESSED TO DR. MADDEN, BY DR. W. BEATTIE, ON HIS RETURN FROM AFRICA IN 1840.

discost.

"A pilgrim I stood, in a desolate realm, Where Faith had no anchor, and Freedom no helm; Religion no altar, no spirit, no voice, To cheer the benighted, and bid them rejoice.

## WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

For that region with darkness and idols was rife, Its traffic the blood and the sinews of life— Where the curse of oppression had blighted the plain, And the cry of the captive was uttered in vain.

"Is there no one," they cried, 'to our anguish responds, No hand from on high to unrivet our bonds ! Like beasts of the forest—like sheep of the fold— How long shall our children be slaughtered or sold ! How long shall the spoiler pursue his career, And our traders supply him with sabre and spear ? How long shall the yeil of hypocrisy rest On the craft or the guile of that trafficker's breast !'

How sad was that voice ! But its thrilling appeal Has struck on the ear of a stranger, whose zeal, Long tried and unfinching, was still at his post When the victims of slavery needed him most. He heard, and, like Howard, he turned not away, For high thoughts in his spirit were kindling that day; He rushed to the spot, in the struggle to share— For the victim was bound, and his doom was despair.

The stranger was moved, and to sever the chain Of the captive he labored, and toiled not in vain; While the man-stealer's sordid accomplice stood by, And scowled on the stranger with truculent eye; And by features distorted by impotent rage, Foamed, fretted, and chafed, like a wolf in his cage; Exclaiming, 'Right dearly the price thou shalt pay For the wrong thou hast done to my interests to-day."

\*Thy threats I regard not,' the stranger replied; \*My duty is done; by my act I abide; I have labored, indeed, to unfetter the slave— If wrong, let the record be writ on my grave. But on that of the wretch who for lucre retains Even man, his Redeemer once ransomed, in chains, No record be read save the record of guilt— Of the hearts he has broken, the blood he has spilt.'

And yet, while I gazed on that terrible scene, And the slave-stealer frowned with a murderous mien, P 2 While he trampled on freedom, and scoffed at the rood— For its sign was rebuke to his traffic in blood— These words were pronounced, and the stranger was cheered : 'To the genius of Freedom thy cause is endeared ; Through sunshine and tempest pursue thy career ; The billows may roar, but the haven is near !'"

# LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE HELIOTROPE."

" April 14th, 1833.

"Lady Blessington has again to acknowledge the polite attention of the author of 'The Heliotrope,' and to thank him for the very acceptable present he has made her. Lady B—— feels much gratified that the beautiful poem is given to the public, for in the present degenerate days, when a taste for fine poetry is almost as rare as the genius for writing it, a few specimens like 'The Heliotrope' must do much toward leading back the mind to the true point of inspiration—nature—pure and refined, as portrayed in the admirable poem now published."

## " Seamore Place, June 12th, 1833.

"The high opinion Lady Blessington entertains of the genius of the author of 'The Heliotrope' must plead her excuse for the request she is about to make him. Lady B—— has undertaken to edit the 'Book of Beauty' for this year, and many of her literary friends have kindly consented to assist her by their contributions. The work is to consist of twenty-five engavings from pictures by the best artists, the engravings to be illustrated by tales in prose or by poetry. The pictures are all female portraits of great beauty, and Lady Blessington is most anxious that a poem, however short, from the elegant pen of the author of 'The Heliotrope' should grace the pages of her book.

"Lady B—— has many apologies to make for this liberty; but the author of 'The Heliotrope' must bear in mind that few who have had the gratification of perusing that admirable poem could resist the desire of endeavoring to procure a few lines from the same pen for a work in which Lady B—— is much interested."

#### " Sunday, June 16th, 1833.

Liningle.

"Lady Blessington feels deeply sensible, not only of the consent the author of 'The Heliotrope' has given to comply with her request, but the amiable manner in which that consent has been conveyed. Lady B—— can not abandon the hope of becoming personally acquainted with an author whose admirable poem has so much delighted her, and requests that, if the author of 'The Heliotrope' is resolved to retain his incognito, she may at least have the pleasure of seeing his friend, Dr. William Beattie, whose name brings associations most agreeable, not only of the 'Progress of Genius,' but its hap-

## TO DR. BEATTIE.

piest results, as exemplified in 'The Heliotrope.' Lady Blessington sends a picture which she is most anxious should be illustrated in verse. The subject is beautiful, and therefore not unworthy the pen she wishes to consign it to."

### "Seamore Place, Tuesday, Aug. 20th.

"DEAR SIE,—I inclose a proof-sheet of the beautiful poem you were so kind as to give me, that you may see if it is correctly printed. Will you be so good as to return it at your carliest convenience? I greatly fear that the lateness of my hours has more than once deprived me of the pleasure of seeing you; and, to prevent the recurrence of such a loss occurring to me again, may I entreat you to bear in mind that I receive every evening from ten o'clock until half past tucelye, and that it will be most highly gratifying to me to see you at Seamore Place as frequently as you can favor me with your company. "Your sincers and obliged M. BLESSINGTOR."

#### " Saturday morning.

"It appears that I am never to address you except to acknowledge some favor conferred. I have now to thank you for the lines sent to-day, and to express my gratitude for the admirable poem, with which I shall be proud to grace the pages of my 'Book of Beauty.'

"I should be wanting in candor were I not to acknowledge the high gratification your commendation of 'The Repealers' has given me. It is such praise, and from such a source, that it repays an author for being misunderstood by the common herd, among whom my book is not calculated to make much impression. M. BLESSINGTON."

### "Wednesday, July 3d, 1833.

"With such a gem in my book as the sketch you have sent me, I defy criticism, for one such contribution would redeem any work. How can I thank you sufficiently !

"I dars not believe the flattering things you say of my 'Repealers;' but pray remember it was written in *five weeks*—the only excuse I can give for its errors.

"I am generally at home except on Opera nights, and your presence can never fail to be most acceptable at Seamore Place whenever you have a spare evening at your disposal. M. BLESSINGTON."

### "Seamore Place, 29th November, 1833.

"I feel that the partiality of the friend (for so you must permit me to consider you) has silenced the criticism of the erudite reader, and therefore I fear to accept the commendations you offer me—commendations so valuable from an author whose brilliant genius is only equaled by the chaste elegance of the language in which it is displayed. "The truth is, it is difficult for a mind like yours to peruse any work without decking it with some portion of that grace and beauty which evidently peculiarly belongs to your imagination, like the vase which, having long contained precious odors, lends a portion of their fragrance even to water when it passes through it.

"I regret that you are compelled to live in darkness, but, with 'the light within,' who can so well dispense with that without ! Milton described what he imagined, and gained immortality ; had sight been spared him, he might have only described what he saw, and gained only temporary fame.

"Though I pray that you may never resemble him in the cause, I trust you will emulate him in the *effect*, which was produced on his genius by loss of vision; for I am persuaded that the more frequently you draw on 'the light within,' the more will all lovers of true poetry be illumined.

"I hope you will indulge me with your society whenever you are able to face the *lamp*, that most destructive of all economical inventions, which sears the eyes and dulls the head. M. BLESSINGTON,"

#### " January 1st, 1834.

"The elegant lines I received this day can come from no pen save yours, so let me thank you for them. They arrived at a moment when the day had awakened a melancholy train of reflections—in which the recollections of the past year, and the fears for the future, had shed a gloom, which the fanciful and gay visions of your Muse dispelled. 1883 has peculiar claims to my gratitude for having bestowed on me the advantage and pleasure of your (will you permit me to say ?) friendship, and for this I have bid adieu to it with regret.

"I am writing in a room with a circle of friends who are talking so loudly that I fear my note will be almost as unintelligible to you as my ideas are to myself; but three feelings are distinct in my mind, which are gratitude for your kindness, admiration for your genius, and genuine esteem for your many fine qualities, which no one, my dear sir, can estimate more highly than

"M. BLEASINGTON."

#### " January 16th, 1835.

"The bearer is Mr. Miller," the poet (and basket-maker), for whom I am anxions to procure your countenance. Who so well as you can appreciate a true poet, or who reward with kind words of encouragement one to whom Fortune has been so much less kind than Nature! M. BLESSINGTON."

#### " January 1st, 1836.

"One can forgive the coming new year, which reminds us of much that we wish to forget, when it brings verses like yours—verses in which a refined taste and a true genius are equally conspicuous. I put genius last; for though it is considered 'the gift, all other gifts above,' yet I rank it beneath that in-\* Miller, the basket-making bard, author of "Fair Rosamond," &c.—R. R. M.

# TO DR. BEATTIE.

estimable gift, a *keart*, that endears you to every friend who has ever had the happiness of knowing you; and I do assure you, honestly and truly, that I have never been able to decide which I most valued, the brilliant genius you possess, or the noble, warm heart that shines through all your actions and thoughts. M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Gore House, March 28th, 1836.

"I last year gave you a subject which only a Muse like yours could adorn; I now send you one that might inspire a much less gifted one. It is the portrait of the Marchioness of Abercorn and her daughter, by E. Landseer, and, to my taste, is charming. The marchioness is daughtar to the Duke of Bedford, and a descendant of Rachael Lady Russell, whose virtues she inherits. If I counted less on your friendship, of which I have had so many proofs, I should hemitate in demanding this new one; but I know that your Muse is ever propitious to the call of friendship.

"I hope you will soon come and see my new abode, and your cordial friend, "M. BLESSINGTON."

## " Gore House, Friday, April 15th, 1836.

"Will you forgive me for being so importunate ! But your verses are to open my book, followed by Mr. Bulwer, and Sir William Gell's Essay.

"Printers have sometimes devils in as well as about them, and are prone to perplex those who dip their fingers in ink. M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Gore House, February 15th, 1837.

"I am a petitioner to you on the part of Mrs. Fairlie, my niece, for three or four stanzas. The children (for the illustration) are the three sons of the Duke of Bucelengh, whose duchess is a daughter of the Marquis of Bath. An allusion to the family adds interest to the subject, and *no one* can make such allusions with the grace that you do. The work for which the plate is meant is to be named 'Buds and Blossoms,' and is to give the portraits of all the children of the English aristocracy. It will be a beautiful work, and as it is the first which my niece has undertaken to edit, I am most anxious for its success. A few lines from your gifted pen will secure this.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Gore House, July 10th, 1837.

"I shall fancy that my 'Book of Beanty' can have no luck, and be sure it can have no grace, unless it contains some lines from your pen. The number of plates is now curtailed to twelve instead of nineteen, as formerly, and I have not one to be illustrated, having distributed my twelve before I knew that an alteration was to be made. My drawers are full of prose and verse, from the generosity of contributors, but I prefer one page of yours on any subject to piles from others. Let me therefore have a page, a sonnet, any thing of yours, and then I shall feel confident of success. M. BLESSINGTON."

## LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON

## "Gore House, July 17th, 1838.

"I send an engraving of a fair lady as a petitioner to you for a few lines. If I knew any poet who could write half so well, you should not be so often troubled; but the trath is, you throw so much grace, truth, and beauty into your verses, that I can not resist trespassing on your kindness for an illustration which is so precious for my book. The portrait is Lady Valetort, whoso husband is the son of Lord Mount Edgecombe. She is the daughter of Lady Elizabeth Fielding, and a very lovely as well as amiable young woman. The child is her first-born. M. BLESSINGTON."

### "St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Victoria Hotel, September 15th, 1830.

"It was only yesterday that your 'Polynesia' was forwarded to me from home, and having perused it last evening, and again this morning, I can not allow a day to pass without thanking you, as I most heartily do, for the exquisite gratification it has afforded me. You have, indeed, found an irresistible mode for exciting the liveliest interest in favor of the missionaries and their converts, for I defy the coldest-hearted utilitarians to read your beautiful poem without feeling themselves melted into sympathy for the toils and triumphs you have so eloquently described. Poesy is, indeed, a blessed as well as a glorious gift, when, as in this case, it is made subservient to the highest interests of humanity, and I am delighted that your Muse (always skillful in awakening the tender feelings) has led you to adopt a subject so fraught with all that could inspire them. Her flight has this time been a very high one; but, like the angels who can soar to Heaven, and bask in its glories without becoming insensible to the ills of unhappy mortals, she, though flying through the highest regions of imagination, overlooks not the sufferings of those who are denied its gifts, and, while dazzling us by her splendor, forgets not to touch the heart while charming the mind ; so that even when we are most delighted with the Muse, we reverence the Christian. M. BLESSINGTON."

### "Gore House, November 30th, 1839.

"Your verses on the portrait of 'Lady Clanricarde' have met with universal admiration. No one ever wrote more appropriate or more delicate compliments. Her ladyship is beautiful and clever, so that your address to her portrait is happily applicable. M. BLESSINGTON."

"Sunday, July 19th.

10020

"Nothing can be more happy or more graceful than 'The Planet.' Does not this prove that 'poets excel most in fiction ?'

"The loveliest portrait could not have inspired more charming lines. How beautiful are the two numbers you have sent me of your 'Switzerland' and 'Scotland,' two works more deservedly popular than any that have appeared for ages, and calculated to produce the most happy effect (that of refining the taste) on all who read them !

# TO DR. BEATTIE.

"How sweet is 'The Vesper Hymn!' It is a perfect gem, set in a frame of the finest granite (for your prose will last as long as that imperishable substance); and your poetry is not only the most graceful and highly finished, but the most perfectly musical I know; yet neither its high polish nor music are attained by the sacrifice of that greatest of all essentials in poetry, good sense, which, joined to a brilliant imagination and exquisite taste, pervade every line you write. M. BLESSINGTON."

#### " Friday evening.

"Read Dr. Hogg's and Sir William Gell's letters. I think the works named by both might be proposed to Messrs. Saunders and Ottley, who are my present publishers. They appear to be very excellent people, and have just brought out a beautiful work of Sir William Gell, on the 'Topography of Rome,' in a most creditable style. M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Gore House, July 24th, 1841.

"I come a beggar to you at the eleventh hour for a few lines to illustrate a portrait of the Honorable Miss Forester, a very charming young lady. Will you therefore write me a page of verse for the portrait in question ! The young lady is seated, with a little dog on her lap, which she looks at rather pensively; she is fair, with light hair, and is in mourning. She is sister to Lord Forester, and her sisters, Lady Chesterfield and the Hon. Mrs. George Anson, are remarkable for their beauty. Pray excuse this unreasonable request, and let your brilliant imagination picture the young beauty whose portrait is to be illustrated. M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Gore House, May 94th, 1842.

"I send you a portrait of the queen, the Prince of Wales, and the princess royal, which is to form the frontispiece of the 'Book of Beauty.' Will you extend to me and my book the same kindness so often extended hitherto, and write a page or two for this picture ! If I knew any poet who would do half so well, I would not trouble you, for I am really ashamed of trespassing so often on your kindness. M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Gore House, Monday.

"Your kind letter of Saturday found me in the hour of need, for never did I more require your services. The proprietor of the Annual, and his printer, and his engraver, have all three been ill, which has delayed the progress of these works, until now, at the eleventh hour, I find myself preased by a quantity of work hardly to be got through, even with industry. Will you then kindly come to my aid, and illustrate the plate I send, and which only came to my hand this morning ! It represents the Place de Louis XV., so celebrated from being the scene of so many remarkable events. It was, during the first Revolution, converted into the Place de la Revolution, a permanent rullotine being spected, which served for the execution of Louis XVII. and his unfortunate queen, and also for a great many of their nobility. In 1800 it became the Place de la Concorde. In 1815 it resumed its original name, Place Louis XV. Under the reign of Louis Philippe, the place has undergone great improvement. It has been admirably paved, lighted by forty magnificent candelabras for gas, and the obelisk of Luxor, seventy-two feet in height, graces the centre, with two noble fountains on either side. A page of verse to illustrate this plate, or two pages, if requisite, would greatly oblige me, treated as you wish. Might not the fountains be supposed to send their showers to efface the innocent blood shed on the spot! I ought to apologize for any hint or suggestion to one whose mind is stored with postical images as well as with historical events. M. BLESSINGTON."

LETTERS FROM DR. W. BEATTIE TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,-I have endeavored to carry your wishes into effect, and have done so, if not successfully, at least speedily.

" Your truly obliged

W. BEATTIE.

"LINES TO THE FOUNTAINS IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, WHERE THE GUILLOTINE WAS ERECTED 'EN PERMANENCE."

"Flow on, ye bright waters, in harmony flow, Now mounting like crystal, now falling like snow : Cheer the night with the music and dance of your spray, And cool, with your freshness, the long summer day. Fan the sick with your breath, bid the weary repose, And wean the sad heart from a sense of its woes; Wash out, if ye may, the dark record of blood That reddens the spot where the guillotine stood!

But no; although Genius and Fancy may toil— Though trophies and sculptures embellish the soil— Though kings or republics surround you with light, And deck you with treasures that dazzle the sight, Their labor is vain. Through the splendid disguise That enchants the beholder, what spectres arise ! Stern HISTORY opens her volume, and lo ! That FOUNTAIN is changed to a scaffold of woe. An army of martyra—starred, mitred, and crowned— Dragged on by assassins, encumber the ground— Their dungeon exchanged for the steel and the block, And the dismal arena, that thrills to the shock ; For the axe is descending—and Mercy takes wing— Foul hands are imbraed in the blood of their xing !

# TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

Again ! for the vision grows darker in hue, And the regicide weapons are whetted anew. There—fairer and brighter than fancy may paint, With the face of an angel, the faith of a saint, The soul of a martyr, anointed of Heaven, Their beautiful QUEEN to the scaffold is driven. On the block, like her consort, to bow and to bleed.... Oh Mercy—Humanity—blush for the deed ! Weep—weep for the crime whose indelible trace No tears can extinguish, no time can efface : The fountain may flow, the sculptor may toil, But the red stamp of Infamy clings to the soil. W. BEATTIE."

### "6 Park Square, January, 1830.

"I beg to return you my grateful thanks for a very handsome and a very useful present. Having failed in two other attempts to do so in person, allow me on paper to wish you many happy returns of the season, and believe that your health, and fame, and happiness are objects of the most sincere interest at this fireside. Your 'Governess' has produced a most favorable impression. We can not, however, imagine how you can possibly write so much and so well—unless you have a familiar spirit; and that a spirit does abide in much that you write is apparent.

"I saw Dr. Madden for a few minutes since his return from the Havana, but he is now, I believe, in Dublin. I suppose he showed you the volume of MS. poems inscribed to him by the bards of Cuba (and some earlier lines addressed to him by a bard of Caledonia). I thought him greatly improved in health. W. BEATTIS."

### LINES ADDRESSED TO R. R. MADDEN, ON INS DEPARTURE FOR THE WEST INDIES IN 1833.

"Strong as some sainted amulet, The link in memory's chain That tells where kindred spirits met, No time can rend in twain. And, mindful of her pledge, the Muso One passing wreath would twine, And trace, in every flower she strews,

A health to thee and thine.

The union of congenial minds No distance can divide, Unshaken in the shock of winds, Unstemm'd by ocean's tide.

# LETTERS FROM DR. BEATTIE

It lives beyond the Atlantic main, Where, basking 'neath the line,

A sun-bright shore, a palmy plain, Shall welcome thes and thine.

Embower'd within the glowing west, And circled by the sea, Which laves ' the Islands of the Blessed,' A health to them and thee. And gentle stars, and generous hearts, Their genial lights combine,

And all that halcyon peace imparts, Descend on these and thine.

Adieu; the breath of friendship fills The sail that wafts thee hence, To lands whose radiant sky distills Arabia's redolence ! Go: but a few brief summers flown, Once more across the brine, Thy country shall reclaim the loan

She lent on thee and thine !

W. BEATTIE.

"London, September 30th."

"Park Square, January 0th, 1841.

"In looking over some papers of a lamented friend yesterday, I found some pages of MS, inscribed 'Extracts from Lady Blessington's Works.' He was one of your greatest admirers, and has died in the prime of life, of consumption. Brought up in the army, he was a brave soldier, and, as I can speak from long experience, 'a centurion,' and unaffectedly 'devout.' He has left nearly all he possessed to the numerous public charities of London.

"W. BEATTIE."

Inclosed in the preceding letter :

"Oh, weep not for the fleetness That closed his brief career! For memory sheds a sweetness And fragrance round his bier.

Though mouldering in their lowly bed His lifeless relics lie— Though cold in dust, he is not dead, For virtue can not die.

# TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

# Oh, never cloud with sadness The heart that should rejoice, For Hope, and Faith, and Gladness Spoke in his parting voice.

His soul has found that brighter sphere Where Faith her Sabbath keeps; While angels whisper round his bicr, 'He is not dead, but sleeps.'

If we but lead the life he led, We'll meet him on that shore— That land—where death itself is dead, And sin can tempt no more.

He passed our world in pilgrim haste, Like one whose measured way Was fleeting through this dreary waste To reach eternal day.

Then weep not for the fleetness That closed his brief career, For memory sheds a sweetness And fragrance round his bier.

W. BEATTIE.

"Park Square, Regent's Park."

"Park Square, February 30th, 1841.

"To-morrow (D. V.) I will take Prince Albert's likeness at a sitting. From a Conservative, and the editor of 'Conservative Statesmen,' it will be a curiosity. But I will take care that the sketch shall be executed in good taste (!), and shall be as pithy and concise as the enunciation of his royal highness's accomplishments will allow. W. BEATTE."

"November 20th.

"There are two sonnets of yours in the 'Book of Beauty' for the present year which are gems of feeling and expression, and, to my mind, afford more real pleasure than all that the artists have done, wonderful as their art undoubtedly is. Mr. Chorley's 'Stanzas to Marguerite' are pointed, graceful, and appropriate, and he is much happier than a hundred others, who have drawn their inspiration from a similar source. I was struck with the 'Lines to Mrs. Fairlie,' so playful and elegant in the structure and sentiment, as well as with the greater portion of the other contributions; but the 'Sonnets' I can repeat, and I never repeat any thing that does not make a strong impresion upon my mind. W. BEATTE."

# LINES TO THE POETS OF AMERICA.

I subjoin to these letters a copy of some remarkable lines of Dr. Beattie, which Lady Blessington requested me to procure for her from the author at the time of their appearance.

Why stand ye mute when on the car A thunder-peal from sea to sea-

A peal earth's darkest haunts shall hear, Proclaims the slave shall now be free! Long has he drain'd the bitter cup,

Long borns the scourge and dragged the chain, But now the strength of Europe's up-A strength that ne'er shall sleep again.

Your Garrison has fann'd the flame-Child, Chapman, Pierrepont, catch the fire; And, roused at Freedom's hallow'd name, Hark ! Bryant, Whittier, strike the lyre. While here, hearts, voices, trumpet-toned, Montgomery, Cowper, Campbell, Moore, To Freedom's glorious cause respond, In sounds that thrill to every core.

Their voice has conjured up a power No foces can daunt, no force arrest— That gathers strength with every hour, And strikes a chord in every breast— A power that soon on Afric's sand, On Cuba's shore, on ocean's flood, Shall crush the oppressor's iron hand, And blast the traffickers in blood.

Oh, where should Freedom's hope abide Savo in the bosoms of the free— Where should the wretched negro hide Save in the shade of Freedom's tree !

(soos)

# LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON.

And where should minstrel wake the strain That cheers Columbia's forest wild ! Oh, not where captives clank their chain, For Poetry is Freedom's child.

The minstrel can not, must not sing Where fetter'd slaves in bondage pine; Man has no voice, the Muse no wing, Save in the light of Freedom's shrine. Oh, by those songs your children sing, The lays that soothe your winter fires, The hopes, the hearths to which you cling, The sacred ashes of your sires—

By all the joys that crown the free-Love, honor, fame, the hopes of heaven-Waks in your might, that earth may see God's gifts have not been vainly given.

Bards of Freedom's foremost strand, Strike at least your loftiest key; Peal the watchword through the land, Shout till overy slave is free.

Long has he drain'd the bitter cup, Long borne the lash and clank'd the chain,

But now the strength of Europe's up-

A strength that ne'er shall sleep again. W. BEATTIE. "Park Square, June 34th, 1840."

LETTERS FROM LADY BLESSINGTON TO R. R. MADDEN.

" Seamore Place, Friday.

"MY DEAE SIR,-I was both grieved and disappointed this day on discovering that you and Mr. Campbell had called before I had left my bedroom.

"I expressed to you last evening the extreme desire I have long entertained to make the acquaintance of a poet whose admirable productions no one can more highly value and admire than I do. Two months ago, Mr. Jekyll, one of my oldest friends, at my request wrote to Mr. Campbell, stating my impatience to be favored with his acquaintance; indeed, so well versed am I in Mr. Campbell's works, that I regard him with feelings of such respect and admiration as merit at least the advantage of being personally known to him.

"I must, therefore, request that you will present him my best compliments, and solicit the favor of his naming any day or time that I may hope to have the honor of seeing him. If it be possible, pray endeavor to bring him this "vening to tea. Believe me, my dear M—, your sincere friend,

"M. BLESSINGTON."

### "Monday March 4th, 1833.

"When I tell you that I have six hundred pages to write and compose, between this and the last day of the month, for a work which, unless completed by that period, I forfeit an engagement, you will understand why I can not read over the story that you have so kindly sent me, and which I feel persuaded is, like all that I have seen from your pen, graphic and full of talent. The moment I have got rid of my plaguing book, I will sit down to it with true gusto, and, en attendant, have to express the grateful sense of the active kindness with which you have rendered me this essential service.

"I am so pressed for time that I must conclude, though I have a thousand things to say about your interesting Greek heroine; the whole story of her redemption from slavery, her English marriage, her visit to you in London, dcs., is a charming little romance." M. BLESSINGTON."

" Seamore Place, March 12th, 1834.

"I saw Dr. Beattie a few days ago. He continues to feel a lively interest in your welfare, and I am persuaded you have few more sincere friends.

"He is a man whose heart is as warm as his head is sensible and clever, and one such as the present time rarely offers in the number of our friends. He has just brought out the first number of a work, entitled 'Switzerland," illustrated by beautiful engravings, and the style of the book is admirable, and highly creditable to him. Mr. Campbell I never see, and seldom hear of, either in the literary or social world. I hope he will soon give us his 'Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons, for it is time they should come forth.

"I trust your pen is not idle. I look forward to a lively novel descriptive of 'Life in the West Indies' with no trifling impatience. It will give me pleasure to hear from you whenever you have a leisure half hour to give me. "M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, December 17th, 1640.

COOOL

"Many thanks for the very interesting work you have sent me, and which I have perused with pleasure. It will do a great deal of good to the ill-used race you have already exerted yourself so much for, by proving that they are worthy of sympathy.

"I was sorry not to have found you at home when I called. I hope you

\* The person referred to was a Greek girl named Yanulla, sold into Turkish slavery, and reacued from it in Alexandria, who was subsequently married to a British merchant of Alexandria, Mr. Agnew, a partner in the house of Messars. Briggs and Co., after a sojourn in England for two or three years in Mr. Agnew's family, having been sent to England with a view to her education. I had seen her and her mother in slavery in Candia, subsequently in Egypt. I was present at the liberation of both in Alexandria, and was visited in England by the former and her husband, Mr. Agnew, a few days after their marriage. They were then about to proceed to Candia, where, shortly after, Mrs. Agnew died.—R. R. M.

# TO DR. MADDEN.

have no engagement for Saturday next, and that you will give me the pleasure of your company at dinner on that day, at half past seven o'clock.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

From W. F. Strangways to Lady Blessington in relation to Dr. Madden:

" Foreign Office, June 8th, 1837.

"I have consulted with Mr. Byng on the subject of your note to me, and it appears to both of us that Dr. Madden is in no danger from any representation against him, as you perhaps apprehend.

"He has lately been approved of for his conduct, and things will, I hope, go on better when the new chiof commissioner shall have arrived.\*

"Very sincerely yours, W. Fox STRANGWAYS."

# From Lady Blessington :

"Gore House, Dec. 19th, 1840.

"I regret exceedingly not to have seen you before your departure for Africa. I had been unwell for some days, and am still an invalid, but snatched the first moment I was able to see any thing to ask you to come, little thinking you were so soon to leave London.

"It gives me great pleasure to hear that you have arranged matters so satisfactorily at Downing Street, and it proves how highly your services are appreciated there. Long may you continue to enjoy them in the full enjoyment of health, is my sincere and hearty wish.

"It would give me a melancholy satisfaction to learn every particular you can find out relative to poor L. E. L., for I entertained a deep sentiment of affection for her. I should like exceedingly to have a plain, simple marble slab placed over her grave, with her name inscribed on it, and I would willingly defray the expenses, as I can not bear to think there should be no record of the spot. When you arrive at Cape Coast Castle, you can ascertain if this be possible—I mean as regards her hueband.

" It will give me great pleasure to hear from you whenever you are disposed to write, and if I can at any time be of use to you or yours, do not hesitate to employ me, for be assured I am your sincere friend, M. BLESSINGTON."

### " Gore House, Dec. 28th, 1842.

"Indisposition has prevented me from sooner answering your letter. My advice is, that you render your letter to Lord John as concise as possible. You need not enter into the merits of your case with him, or refute the cal-

\* The above letter was forwarded to me by Lady Blessington when residing in Cuba, holding the offices of "Superintendent of Liberated Africans" and acting "Commissioner of Arbitration in the Mixed Court of Justice at the Havana," while battling with the alave-trade interests against very powerful and unscrupulous opponents.—R. M. umnies of your assailants,\* as he is master of the subject; but merely state your motive in publishing a defense, which their attacks have rendered necessary. Inform Lord John, as briefly as you can, the persecution, in all forms, you have undergone previously to defending yourself in the papers. Lord John is so good a man that I wish you to stand well with him.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Gore House, Tuesday.

Carnali

"I have read, with great interest, the books, &c., which you confided to me, and which I now return. I send you a pedigree, on the authenticity of which you may rely.

"Mr. Edmund Sheehy, referred to as having been executed for rebellion, was my unfortunate grandfather. He lived at the Lodge, Bawnfoune, county Waterford, about seven or eight miles from Clonmel. I can not make out in what degree of relation he stood to Father Nicholas Sheehy, as my mother never referred to the subject without horror. She lost her father when ahe was only two years old.

"Musgrave refers to Edmund Sheehy in his book. I have heard that my grandfather was a chivalrous-minded man, to whom pardon was offered if he would betray others. I also know that he was nearly related to Father Nicholas Sheehy; but as no mention of this is made in the pedigree, I know not the degree of relationship. I should much like that justice could be rendered to the memories of my unfortunate relatives without any violation of truth. I shall look for your book with impatience, and do what I can to forward its circulation.

"I am so agitated by the increasing illness of my dear niece that I have had hardly time to write you these few lines.

"Father Sheehy was buried in a church-yard in the neighborhood of Clogheen. I regret that I can give you no other clew. I trust, when you next visit England, I shall see more of you, but Mrs. Fairlie's illness has kept me from seeing any of my friends of late.† M. BLESSINGTON."

\* English opponents of efforts for abolition of the slave-trade on the coast of Africa.--R. R. M.

<sup>4</sup> The books referred to in this letter were written by the author, to the second series of which there was an historical memoir prefixed, containing an extensive notice of the trial and execution of the Rev. Nicholas Sheehy and Edmund Sheehy, Esq., from the original records of the legal proceedings in both cases, still extant in the office of the Clerk of the Peaco in Clonmel. At the time this work was written and published, the author was not aware that Lady Blessington was the granddaughter of Edmund Sheehy, and a relative also of the Rev. N. Sheehy. These facts he learned for the first time from Lady Blessington after her perusal of the work. While speaking at considerable length of those lamentable events and disastrous times, thus accidentally recalled, she was crying bitterly during the whole time that our conversation lasted.

It was on that occasion that Lady Blessington promised the author the pedigres

### "Gore House, March 7th, 1843.

"I thank you for the book on Rome, which I have not yet had time to look at. I wish I could give you any information, or clew to acquire it, relative to the family of Father Sheeby, but unfortunately I can not, as for thirty years I have entirely lost sight of every one connected with them.\*

"M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Gore House, October 19th, 1843.

"Those who imagine that you will descend one step in life by accepting the occupation you are about to fill in Portugal, entertain a very different opinion from me. Some of the most distinguished men have written for the press, and your doing so will, according to my notion, give you a new claim on the political party you have hitherto served.

"I am not sorry that you will be removed from Ireland at present, when affairs wear an aspect that must grieve and irritate every Irishman with noble and generous feelings. But women have, in my opinion, no business with politics, and I, above all women, have a horror of mixing myself up with them. I must content myself in wishing well to my poor country, which no one more heartily does. Wherever you go, or in whatever position, you will take with you my cordial good wishes for your prosperity and welfare, and for that of wour family.

"I am now oppressed by writing to fulfill an engagement I entered into without being aware of the excessive fatigue it would entail on me, and am even at this moment so occupied that I have not time to say more than that I hope to see you before your departure, and that I am always your sincere friend, M. BLESSINGTON."

of the Sheehy family, which he subsequently received, and published in the work above referred to, omitting, however, though not by her desire, the last passage in the document, which connected her name with the account of the family of the ill-fated Sheehys. There is matter for reflection in the vicissitudes of fortune which marked the career of the persecutors and the descendants of them in this case of frightful injustice, and also in those singular circumstances attending the elevation to the British peerage of two granddaughters of the unfortunate Edmund Sheehy, falsely accused and injusticously convicted of a White-Boy offense, and ignominiously put to death for the same.

\* The book referred to is entitled "Reminiscences of Rome," by a Member of the Arcadian Academy," 1 vol. 6vo, 1838. I was greatly struck with this work, which fell into my hands by accident shortly after its publication. There was some allusion to the Sheehy family in the introduction, which made me inquisitive about the author. I ascertained the work was written by a gentleman of Irish descent of the name of Sheehy, private secretary of the Duke de Melfort, residing in Rome; and in the present year I met the author, and made his acquaintance in Ratcliffe College, Leicestershire, now a Roman Catholic priest of the order of Charity-a grand-nephew of Father Nicholas Sheehy.-R. R. M.

VOL. II.-Q.

## "Gore House, June 8th, 1847.

"I have been wondering why I have been so long without seeing you, and, had I known your address, which, unfortunately, had been lost, I should certainly have written to you to say so. I do not lightly form friendships, and, when formed, I do not allow any differences in political opinions to interfere with them. I have known you too long and too well not to feel a lively interest in your welfare, however we may disagree on some subjects." When I last saw you I was suffering such annoyance from being above a year without receiving a shilling of my rents from Ireland, that I felt unusual irritation on the subject on which we conversed. It was, however, but momentary, and never could produce any change in my sentiments toward an old and esteemed friend.

"I am not surprised, though greatly pleased, at the appointment offered you by Lord Grey,<sup>†</sup> for he is a man capable of appreciating merit, and you left so high a character wherever previously employed as to deserve future confidence. I only regret that you are going so far away. I have heard such favorable accounts of the climate, that I hope your absence from home will not be interminable, and that I may still see you return in health and comfort. It will give me great pleasure to see you before you depart, and to assure you of my unimpaired regard. Count D'Orsay charges me with his kindest wishes for your health and happiness, and my nieces send theirs. God bless you, my deer Dr. Madden. Let me hear sometimes from you, and count always on the good wishes of your sincere friend, M. BLESSINGTON."

## LETTERS FROM R. R. MADDEN TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

"East Ascent, St. Leonard's, May 6th.

"I took Campbell to Seamore Place at a very unseasonable hour of the morning, having to leave town at noon, but I thought that, having once brought him to your door, like every other person who has once crossed its threshold, he would be very likely to find it again of his own accord.

"I can not tell you, Lady Blessington, what pleasure it gave me to pass once more a few hours in your society. Much as I have used my locomotive organs since we met in Naples in 1823 and 1824, I do not avail myself of the privilege which courtesy accords to travelers when I assure you I feel indebted for some of the most agreeable recollections of my life to the many pleasant hours I have passed in the Villa Belvidere ; but, like all other pleasures, these

\* The difference alluded to was on account of some observations made by Ludy Blessington with respect to the peasantry of Ireland, and their recent sufferings during the famine. The only altercation I ever had with Lady Blessington was on that occasion. She was a little out of temper, and I was not a little vehement, I believe, in expressing an opinion that those who belonged to the people, and came out of their ranks, should deal leniently with their faults and sympathize with their sufferings.--R. R. M.

† That of Colonial Secretary to Western Australia.-R. R. M.

# TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

are now dashed by the painful recollection that death has broken up that once happy circle, and left all who were acquainted with it so many reasons for regret. I have met few men who possessed more genuine kindness of heart than poor Lord Blessington, or who was less indebted to his rank for the regard of those around him.

"I am indebted, dear Lady Blessington, to your kind note for this opportunity of assuring you I am not forgetful of the obligations I am under to you. I feel I might have remained to this day a very obscure son of Machaon in Naples had I not known your condescending notice at that period in early life, and at the outset of my career, when it was of most value to me.

"Yours, dear Lady Blessington, ever sincerely and gratefully,

"R. R. MADDEN."

#### "48 Sloane Square, Cheises (1848).

"I thought you might like to see a work, and one that treats of the Eternal City, written by the grand-nephene of Father Nicholas Sheehy. The author is, I understand, a layman, now living in Rome, a secretary to the noble ecclesiastic of Scotch descent to whom his book is dedicated. I am very anxious to ascertain his address, and perhaps your ladyship's acquaintance with persons either resident there, or going thither from this country, might enable you to obtain some information for me on this point. The author of this book is represented to me as a man of refined taste, a scholar, and strongly attached to the faith of his fathers. But my informant knows nothing of his present abode.

"What relation could he be to Edmund Sheehy !"

"In the pedigree there is an unfortunate hiatus where the latter's father is referred to. It does not mention whom he married, or how many children he had. Edmund alone is mentioned as his son.

"In the early part of next week I am going over to Ireland, and I am likely to be at Clonmel within eight or ten days. Can your ladyship give me the address of any person in that part of the country likely to assist me in my further inquiries there ! I think the people of Ireland ought not to have left the graves of these martyred men without a monumental steme.

"Your ladyship will perceive by the note in the fly-leaves of the volume that there is nothing of the kind. The note is written by a very distinguish-

• The work above referred to is entitled "Reminiscences of Rome, by a Member of the Arcadian Academy," post 8vo, London, 1838. It is dedicated to his grace Charles Edward Drummond, Duke of Melfort and Earl of Perth, in Scotland, and domestic prelate of his holiness Gregory XVI., apostolical prothonotary. The work is the production of a man of refined taste, well stocked with recondite Italian lore. He was a layman when he published those "Reminiscences of Rome." He is now a member of the order of the Brothers of Charity, founded by the Count Rosmini, attached to the Roman Catholic College of Rateliffe, in Leicesterabire.

### LETTER FROM R. R. MADDEN

ed scholar; and as there are some curious remarks detailed in it regarding the deaths of the Tipperary persecutors, I took the liberty of sending it for your ladyship's perusal. R. R. MADDEX."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO LADY BLESSINGTON ON LEAVING IRELAND IN 1843. (Vide answer to letter dated 19th October, 1843.)

"London, October, 1643.

manusle

"If Ireland was governed on just, fair, impartial principles, all my experience of other countries would lead me to believe that greater happiness might be expected for its people than for the inhabitants of any other country in northern or western Europe. The people are naturally a joyous, sprightly, social, easily amused, and easily contented people. The middle classes and mercantile communities of the cities and large towns are generally tolerably well educated, and many of both have a dash of gentle blood in their veins. They enjoy life, and, having acquired a competency, they have no idea of slaving themselves to death for the purpose of leaving enormous wealth to their children or to distant relatives. They are not disposed to carry on business longer than is absolutely necessary to realize a comfortable subsistence for their families. I have never seen in any foreign country a state of society in middle life so good as that which existed in Dublin and Cork about thirty years ago, in the mercantile and manufacturing communities of those cities. The Irish people only want to be fairly ruled, and to be dealt with by their rulers irrespective of their creeds. They are a tolerant, equitable, largely trusting, simply acted on people, prone perhaps to indulge a little too much in their The system of government that had been long adopted social tendencies. had been one devised, not for improving them morally or intellectually, but for weakening the people, by separating them, by educating them so as to make them detest one another's religions, by incensing them against each other, by making religious discord an element of strength for governmental purposes, by giving one faction which it favored power, the faction that was small numerically, but important in point of wealth and position. This favored faction, which is called the Orange faction, was not only fierce and fanatical, but insatiably covetous, and continues to be greedy of power, ambitious, unscrupulous as to the means of attaining its ends, whether by blood, intimidation, hypocrisy, and cajolery, or by indirect back-door official influence, by corruption, subserviency, and imposition.

"The people of England are utterly in the dark about the magnitude of the evil of Orangeism, or, as they please to call it, Protestant ascendency, as the Roman Catholic people of Ireland, and especially the intellectual educated middle and upper classes, are affected by it. The magnitude of the evil is owing to the momentum and power long given to this intolerant system by the British government.

"With such governmental power and influence given to Orangeism under

# TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

any of its denominations, or Protestant ascendency in any of its forms, as it has been given for centuries past, with exceptions, few and far between, like those of the rule of Wellesley, Anglesey, and Normanby, it is positively a calamity for an intellectual, high-minded Roman Catholic, firmly believing in his religion, and sensible of the wanton and outrageous insults offered to it, to live in his own land without having his feelings exasperated. I therefore confess to you I am not sorry to leave it. There is nothing in this world so galling as the endurance of an asserted superiority, moral, intellectual, and religious, on the part of an overbearing and besotted spirit of intolerance, pretending to be enlightened and religious.

"The fact of England lending its countenance to Irish Orangeism was always inexplicable to me on any ground of policy having for its ultimate object and its aim the promotion of British imperial interests. But I have no expectation that she will alter her course, though I am most firmly convinced that course will ultimately prove one of the main agencies that will contribute toward the decline and fall of her influence in the affairs of Europe.

"In the long run, however, all kinds of oppression are broken down; the laws of justice are not violated forever with impunity; whether the day of retribution come slow or fast, it will come surely. All history, ancient and modern, has this teaching for injustice and intolerance. The cry that is now 've victis,' will become, in due time, 've victoribus,' and perhaps the day is not far distant when the cry will come.

"But, in the mean time, of what avail is it to them to hear our brawling patriots—our newspaper Tells and Hofers—praising the fertility of our soil, the multiplicity of our havens, the loveliness of our rivers, valleys, and mountain scenery, the magnificence of our bays and estuaries, the beauty of the shores of Ireland ! Would to heaven she were less beautiful, less fertile, less admirable for her havens and her shores, and more distant from all who will not be at peace with her religion or its professors ! Would that she were more independent, better educated, more familiar with the history of other nations, and the evils in them of all connection between Church and state, and of all interferences of the ministers of religion in temporal and political affairs ! Would that she had more food for her people, and more force and union to employ against her foce ! Ireland has its analogies with Italy, and the sighs of her children have their similitude with the aspirations of the poets and the people of Italy.

"You have written against Roman Catholic demagogues and agitators, but you never wrote a line against Orangeism and Protestant ascendency; you never wrote a line against the persecutors of your religion, who brought your grandfather to the scaffold.

"Do now, dear Lady Blessington—you to whom Nature has given noble gifts, use them for a new account in literary labor, for a better one than fashion, for the advantage of the country that gave you birth, and against those pernicious interests that have been so long inimical to its peace.

### B. SIMMONDS, ESQ.

"By the influence of your opinions, the distinguished people you draw around you may be made serviceable to Ireland; and pardon me, Lady Blessington, if I remind you that Ireland has a claim on your pen, and a contropersy with it. Your country is now entitled to other services at your hands than the production of political novels, pleasing to her enemies and painful to her friends to read. Employ some portion of your leisure in the reproduction of a system of government which administers its powers against the great bulk of the people of a country on account of their religion, and with a special view to the promotion of selfish purposes, pursued under the name and guise of Protestant zeal for the interests of true religion. R. R. MADDER."

# CHAPTER XVII.

# B. SIMMONDS, ESQ.

This gentleman possessed talents of a higher order than are frequently found belonging to those who are known only in literature as contributors to Annuals. He was a man of considerable talent, refined taste, and cultivated mind; one of Lady Blessington's contributors, for some years, to the periodicals edited by her, and the author of several tales and sketches, and short poetical pieces, of a great deal of merit. Some of his stories, illustrative of Irish character, are extremely clever, and his descriptions graphic. My. Simmonds never pursued literature as a career. He held a lucrative appointment in the Inland Revenue department in London. In society, his quiet and reserved manners gave the impression of a man fond of retirement-peu demonstratif. But when he felt at ease in company, and found himself in the midst of those he knew and esteemed, and was drawn out by his friends, he was highly agrecable and effective in conversation, and exhibited talent and intelligence of a high order. Mr. Simmonds was certainly a man of more than ordinary ability, and deserving of being better known in the literary world than it was his fortune to have been hitherto.

A writer in the "Notes and Queries" (for April, 1854, page 397) thus refers to the subject of this notice: "Will you allow me to ask for a little information respecting B. Simmonds? I believe he was born in the county of Cork, for he has sung in most bewitching strains his return to his native home on the

- C10079 0

banks of the Funcheon. He was the writer of that great poem on the 'Disinterment of Napoleon' which appeared in 'Blackwood' some years ago." The writer adds, "I believe he died in London, in July, 1852." But he is mistaken in the date. The public will be indebted to the inquiry for a search after information on the subject of it that has not been fruitless.

The following details are the result of extensive inquiries made of the early associates and townspeople of Bartholomew Simmonds : He was a native of the small town of Kilworth, in the county of Cork. His ancestry had connection with the aristocracy, but no relations save those of servant and master. His grandfather, Bartholomew Simmonds, had been the butler of the Earl of Mountcashel, whose seat of Moore Park lies near the town of Kilworth (which place gave the title to the eldest son of Lord Mountcashel). After Bartholomew Simmonds had retired from the service of the earl, he became proprietor of an inn in the town, which was the theatre of a frightful tragedy some thirty years ago-the death of Colonel Fitzgerald by the hand of the late Earl of Kingston. His lordship's sister had been the victim of an unhappy passion, and the person who was supposed to have wronged her was Colonel Fitzgerald, a cousin of the lady. He had gone down to Kilworth with the expectation of seeing her, and the Earl of Kingston, then staying at Moore Park, hearing of his arrival, proceeded immediately to Simmonds's hotel, where the colonel lodged. He rushed to the bedroom of Colonel Fitzgerald with a loaded pistol in his hand. burst into the room, and took deliberate aim at the colonel, who was in bed reading. Fitzgerald had only time to exclaim, "Fair play, at all events," and was in the act of springing on his feet, when Lord Kingston fired, and the unfortunate man fell dead on the floor.

The inn of Simmonds was patronized by the Kingston and Mountcashel families, and prospered accordingly. Old Bartholomew Simmonds left two sons; one succeeded his father in the business, the other was made a gauger. The latter married a Miss Cuddy, sister of a Dr. Stephen Cuddy, of the Royal Artillery. From that union there were three children, two sons and a daughter; the elder son, Bartholomew Bootle Simmonds, the subject of this notice. His father died while he was young, but his widow and children were not lost sight of by the Earl of Mountcashel. They were located in a small but comfortable house near the entrance to the Moore Park demesne. The boys, Bartholomew and Stephen, were sent to a school kept in Kilworth by a Mr. Birmingham, an excellent English teacher. The Simmondses were delicate boys Bartholomew was a quiet, studious lad, devoting to books and pictures all the leisure time which his classfellows gave to play. He wrote a beautiful hand, and was very proud of that accomplishment. He was not fond of the society of his schoolmates; few of them were, however, of a respectable station in life. Young Simmonds's taste for poetry was then forming, and manifesting indications of the passion which it proved a few years later. From Birmingham's school he was sent to a classical one kept by a gentleman of the name of Quigley, where he acquired a knowledge of Greek and Latin, a general proficiency in learning, and a love of literature, that made him ambitious of a wider sphere for the exercise of his talents than Kilworth afforded.

Simmonds's family, in the parlance of Kilworth people of the old faith, "ought to be Catholic;" but Irish inn-keepers have more confidence in the patronage of lords on earth than in that of saints in heaven. The Lords Mountcashel carried the day with them against the whole calendar, including the martyr whose name was given to the young Simmonds. So Bartholomew was brought up in the way a child should go in Kilworth, who might possibly one day or other become a gauger, like his uncle. Some of the Kilworthians of ancient days are skeptical on this point, but there is evidence of the fact in his poems. In one of them, entitled "Columbus," a stanza thus begins, apostrophizing the great discoverer :

> "Thou Luther of the darken'd deep! Nor less intrepid too than he Whose courage broke earth's bigot sleep, While thine unbarr'd the sea."

Through the interest of the old patrons of his family, the

10000

Mountcashels, he obtained an appointment in London in the correspondence office of the Excise department.

He had become a contributor to "Blackwood" before he quitted his native place; and it does great credit to the editors of that ably-conducted magazine that they encouraged the very earliest productions of this unknown young contributor of theirs, writing from a small provincial town in Ireland, appreciated his talent, and never paused to inquire whether he was an aristocrat or a plebeian, a Tory or a Whig, an Orangeman or a Roman Catholic, leaving those considerations for the miserable provincial politics that creep into the control of the periodical literature of his own land. It was sufficient for the large-hearted Christopher North that his young Irish contributor was a man of talent and of worth, and we find him introducing one of the early poems of Simmonds to his readers with these words: "Here are verses by one who writes after our own heart."

Mr. Windele, of Cork, a celebrated antiquary and litterateur, informs me that "Simmonds and himself, many years ago, were contributors to 'Bolster's Magazine,' which was published in Cork, and that Simmonds at that period resided at Kilworth. Simmonds's first effusions were published in that magazine (one of considerable literary merit), which made its appearance in February, 1826." In the introductory observations to this periodical, which, for an Irish magazine, had rather a long existence of six years, and reached its fourth and final volume in the year 1852, the following passages occur, the sentiment of which are very analogous to thoughts expressed in several of his poems, and which would apply to the early separation of Simmonds from his native land, and from those literary pursuits in it which find so little encouragement:

"While political economists contend that the system of absenteeism produces no ill effects on the prosperity of a country, it will not, we think, be denied by the most desperate theorist that the expatriation of native talent causes a positive decrease in the great fund of national intellect." . . . "The ills attendant on the emigration of a *lackland* man of genius are balanced by no such comfortable compensations (as those attendant on

Q2

the absenteeism of a lord of the land); his wealth lies in a small compass, but it is indivisible, and must accompany the possessor. He leaves no representative behind to cherish the blossoms of literature, or cultivate the plants of science, which would have sprung up at his bidding. . . . In truth, it is a melancholy fact, that the talent for which this country is confessedly remarkable seems to droop till it is transplanted, and has become, as it were, an exotic in the land that produced it."

He was a constant contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine," in which his name appears (always at the head of his articles) for the years 1834, 1836, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, 1845, and 1848.

In "Blackwood," June, 1834, there is one of the longest of Simmonds's poetical compositions, extending to 370 lines—"The Vision of Caligula, a Fragment." There are some beautiful lines in this poem, but the whole piece is dull, unimpassioned, and wearisome.

In "Blackwood," December, 1836, there are lines of Simmonds's on a visit of Lady E. S. Wortley to Madame Letitia, the mother of Napoleon, with the following comments by Christopher North: "We are delighted once more to number Mr. Simmonds among our poetical contributors. These lines are not unworthy of the author of the noble 'Ode on Napoleon,' which none who read it once in our pages can ever forget."

In "Blackwood's Magazine," February, 1840, there is a poem of Simmonds's entitled "Song of a Returned Exile," descriptive of the feelings of a native of Kilworth returning after a long absence to his native place, on catching the first glimpse of the mountain of Corrin, and the hills which inclose the beautiful valley of the Blackwater and the Funcheon. Most assuredly the man who wrote these lines was no ordinary verse-maker.

In the same magazine for the following month there is an "Ode on the Marriage of the Queen of England," by Simmonds, very labored, heathenishly pious, and mythological.

In "Blackwood" for February, 1841, appeared his remarkable lines on "The Disinterment of Napoleon's Remains at St. Helena;" and in the same number, also, lines of his entitled

000210

"The Flight to Cyprus;" and lines written in 1828, addressed "To an Emigrant Lady." In a later number of the Magazine for the same year he published a short poem, "The Suit of the Minstrel."

In the January number for 1843 appeared "The Curse of Glencoe."

In the same year he published (printed by Blackwood) a small 12mo volume entitled "Legends, Lyrics, and other Poems." In these we find frequent mention of the scenes of his early years : the Galty Mountains, Cairn Thiarka, the Blackwater, Funcheon, Cloglea Castle, &c.

The "Athenæum" of May 26th, 1843, in noticing this volume, said: "Of these poems, the larger number of them have previously appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' The author has many poetic qualities, fancy and freedom of hand—that *daren doe* which puts no restraint upon its own imaginings, and a command of melody for their utterance. It might be worth while, had we space or a more profitable occasion, to inquire why, with these and some other elements of poetic success of a high order, the result is so unsatisfactory. But we will merely remark that the legends are the best portion of this volume, because the author affects a picturesque style—an almost pageantry of language—which lends itself well to the romantic legend or heroic ballad, but overcharges the simplicity, and disturbs the tenderness of the lyric."

In "Blackwood" for June, 1844, there are two poetical pieces, one entitled "Columbus," very verbose, grandiloquent, and dull; another, "To Swallows on the Eve of Departure," in which the peculiar merits of his poetry, and his penchant for early scenes and associations, are abundantly displayed—tenderness of feeling and a love of nature—a constant turning of thoughts to absent friends—a yearning after home.

The following are the concluding lines of the last stanza but one of the poem, "To the Swallows," &c.

> "A few short years when gone, Back, back like you to early scenes-Lo, at the threshold stone,

# B. SIMMONDS ESQ.

Where ever in the gloaming, Home angels watched his coming, A stranger stands and stares at him, who, sighing, passes on."

In the January number for 1845 a contribution of his appeared, "Vanities in Verse, or Letters of the Dead;" and in the June number, "Stanzas to the Memory of Thomas Hood," perhaps the most beautiful lines he ever wrote.

In the September number for the same year there were lines of his entitled "Mahmoud, the Ghaznavide."

In 1846 and 47, his contributions to any periodical were very few; but in "Blackwood" for September, 1848, some excellent lines of his appeared, "To a caged Skylark in Regent Circus, Piccadilly."

Simmonds made his way in London into the best literary society. He was a favorite guest at Gore House. But he never forgot his native village, and his mother and sister. He was mindful of them ; affectionate, kind, and generous to them ; and his liberality was long continued and carefully regulated. The following notice of the estimation in which he was held in the home of his childhood is from the pen of an estimable lady, who knew him intimately and from his earliest years : "When it was known in the village that Bartholomew Simmonds was about to revisit his native place, his arrival was watched with solicitude; and when he came back, he was welcomed by all who had known him in youth, and was regarded with pride as well as affectionate interest, for he was not only talented and enlightened, but he was an amiable man, sincere in his friendships, modest and unobtrusive, and, above all, he was a good and a loving son, and a fond brother."

He never married. A few years before his death he met with an accident, by the blowing up of a small steamer on the Thames. The external injury, fortunately, was not much, but the shock seriously affected a constitution naturally delicate he had in him a consumptive tendency—and it is supposed this accident was the remote cause of his death.

So early as 1841 he had been obliged to return to his native place, and to remain there for some time on account of impair-

CIOCULC

ed health. In 1842, we find by his letters he was still residing there. He was frequently obliged to obtain leave of absence on account of indisposition, and always betook himself at such periods to his much-loved native place.

He died in London, rather in embarrassed circumstances, but still retaining his appointment, the 21st of July, 1850, in his 46th year.

# LETTERS FROM B. SIMMONDS, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

#### "4 Ashley Creecent, Saturday morning.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, —Business of an urgent and tormenting nature (which very seldom troubles me) has prevented me from thanking you before now for your new book, with a copy of which I was favored some days ago. It is the only thing I have had time to look into for several evenings, and it has refreshed and delighted me at every perusal. I prefer it, for several reasons, to its predecessor, principally for a strain of graceful feminine fearlessness that pervades several portions of it. It is, perhaps, impertinent in me to make this remark, but you can not know how inseparably you, who have so triumphantly asserted by those most potent of earthly spells (when united), beauty and genus, our poor country's supremacy, are associated with the natural pride of your countrymen. Indeed, I could give you some anuaing instances of this feeling, which I have noticed among my compations since I came to London, if it were not presumptuous in me thus to take up your ladyship's time.

"With every sentiment of respect, your ladyship's faithful and very humble servant, B. SIMMONDS."

## "4 Ashley Crescent, City Road, June 26th.

"With the proof which I return, I received through the medium of your fair secretary the second print you wished me to illustrate for the Annual, and it is with grief and contrition I have to confess that, as yet, I have been unable to do any thing for it. I not only agreed to supply the people beyond Tweed with a hymn of triumph on the queen's escape (a most impracticable subject), but also an article for six consecutive numbers of their magazine, and which has absorbed nearly all my spare time; and now I dare say your people are waiting for copy, and all is at the eleventh hour. If this is not the case, I should be glad to show you that I am not insensible to your wishes. But should you be at a loss for the services of some of your ' Genii of the Lamp,' I think Mr. Plunkett would be happy to give his talents and attention to illustrate the print in question, which I retain until I hear farther from you. B. Spracorps."

## LETTERS FROM B. SIMMONDS, ESQ.,

## "4 Ashley Crescent, City Road, April 27th.

"I beg to return 'Gersant,' with a thousand thanks. With half the De Staël's works at my fingers' end, I could not have believed the French language capable of the power of passionate eloquence of the book. It is full, too, of melancholy truth, which, though perhaps not very new, I never remember meeting brightened up with such enchanting fancy before.

" B. SIMMONDS."

## " Saturday night, June 26th.

"To offer the inclosed verses for one of your books is perhaps like placing a gauntlet among the *bijouterie* of the Graces. If, however, you don't think there's too much clangor in them, it is not unlikely they will please at the other side of the Atlantic, where I believe you are as popular as in Europe.

"I have lauded the States, and one who is above all praise—Washington Irving—and have quoted an old and valued friend of mine (and countryman), Isaac Wild—perhaps you know him !—the traveler, who published the beautiful quarto on Killarney long ago. B. SIMMONDS."

## "4 Ashley Cressent, City Road, April 2d, 1840.

"My health has been very unfavorable this time back to composition; but if you will be kind enough to let me know the very farthest time at which I must produce the illustration, I shall be glad to be industrious in your cause. I may, perhaps, ask you for a corner in both the Annuals (for I understand the 'Keepsake' is now under the same auspices as the 'Book of Beauty'), sufficient to give me a claim for a contributor's copy of those books, which are a source of gratification far away, deep in the mountains, among a host of country cousins. I thank you for associating me with your ladyship and Ireland. I passed last autumn there, and assure you that you interfere with the popularity of Messrs. Moore and O'Connell (and that is saying much), those magnates of the villages. The priest and the doctor drink your health, and never by any chance say 'Lady,' but the 'Countess of Blessington,' a kind of Oriental grandiloquence that the Irish are the more profuse of the poorer they grow. B. SIMMONDE."

## "4 Ashley Crescent, City Road, April 27th, 1840.

-CHOOVE

"I send you an alarming manuscript as an illustration for the drawing, and I hope the verses may meet your approbation. The stanza is a rude imitation of that in Sir L. Bulwer's beautiful poem of 'Milton' (which you will doubtless remember), and has been carried to the highest point of art in Lycides.

"I shall offer two very short things for the 'Book of Beauty,' should you be graciously disposed to receive them.

"You should know how deeply I remember you as the friend of the two greatest poets of the age—Byron and Moore, and with what pride I contemplate your magical influence over our literature and times, to learn the pleas-

# TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

ure I derive at finding that any of my unworthy compositions can afford your ladyship a moment's gratification. B. SIMMONDS."

#### "4 Ashley Crescent, City Road, 12th Nov., 1840.

"Do you remember that greedy creature in Roman story who, on her betraying the city to the Gauls for the sake of the gold chains upon their bucklers, sank under the shields which they flung upon her as they entered, and so perished miserably ?

"I assure you I feel at this moment something like the traitress in question; you have overwhelmed and punished me for my shabby request of last summer by the reproachful costliness of the books I have just received. But as, in the words of your familiar adage, 'Little said is soon mended,' I shall merely say that your present is worthy of that magnificent spirit which characterizes every thing connected with you, and that if any thing were wanting to enhance its value, you have supplied it in the gratification afforded me by the perusal of one of the articles in those volumes--your admirable, faithful, and useful story of *The Old Irish Gentleman*. B. SIMMONDS."

## " January Ed, 1841.

"I have just seen my friend, Mr. Arthur Plunkett, who tells me there is some alarming superstition connected with the bestowal of presents with points, which, however, he says, may be averted by the exchange of a small piece of silver. If the mischief, then, be neutralized in proportion to the smallness of the coin, let me hope that the *moneys* I beg to inclose will completely propitiate the fairy people, whose influence, I presume, is dreaded upon such occasions. B. SIMMONDS."

#### " Sunday, July 5th.

"Under the supposition that the Rhapsody I sent you on yesterday has found favor in your sight (you are generally indulgent to my vagaries), and being on the eve of departure for Ireland for some weeks, I am going to make what in our country is called a modest request : it is, that you will order me, when the book is printed, a large paper copy of the Annual that contains the verses inscribed to Lady Jans Moore, as I would not think of offering her a small paper one. B. SIMMONDS."

"Kilworth, January Ist, 1842.

"I have just been honored with the flattering and valuable proofs of your kind remembrance. I wish I had deserved them better. In thanking you deeply, as I now do, for giving my humble name a place in your recollection, and for your recent note of inquiry through Miss Power, I beg of you to believe that, though silent and at a distance, I never forget your friendship; and that when louder and livelier visitors have passed away, you will be rememnered, as ever, with pride, admiration, and gratitude. B. Sramowne."

# JOHN KENYON.

# JOHN KENYON.

In 1838, John Kenyon published a volume of poems, many of which were of a much higher order than the ordinary "Vers de Société," written by the mere literary hangers-on of coteries of fashion, where there is a kind of under current, which carries off the floating productions of those ephemeræ of literature. Several of Mr. Kenyon's pieces, illustrative of Itañan scenes and scenery (well known to the author), are executed with great spirit, elegance, and taste, and some of them might pass for portions of Rogers's Italy. Those pieces of least merit, and least worthy of their amiable, refined, and kindly-disposed author, are satires, some of which have an air of malignant virulence about them.

Among the miscellaneous poems there is one entitled "Music," singularly beautiful, from which I venture to extract two stanzas, the first and last, to show what talent this man possessed, who was one of Lady Blessington's especial favorites.

> "Awake ! thou harp with music stored, Awake ! and let me feel thy power ; Fling forth, or turn from ev'ry chord, The thronging notes in ceaseless shower Following thy measures as they rise, Upfloating forms of ev'ry hue Shall fit before my half-closed eyes, And I will dream the vision's true.

'Tis soft as evening's dewy sigh, Sweeter than summer's balmiest breath; Half conscious—half entranced I lie, And seem to touch the verge of death. And thus beguiled, how bless'd it were To cross that dark and dreaded sea ! Then just escaped this world of care, To wake, and—Nea ! dwell with thee."

The detached poems of this gentleman lead one to form an opinion of his talents of a very favorable kind. No separate work of his, I believe, exists. He was a man of refined literary tastes and acquirements, and was held in high estimation by

- GOOVIC

eminent literary people for his high character and his amiable disposition.

LETTER FROM JOHN KENVON, ESQ., TO LADY BLESSINGTON.

" 38 Rue de Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris, 15th June, 1840. " DEAR MADAM,-You will wonder at this note from one who ought in all modesty to conclude that you have, by this time, forgotten him. But if you happen to have thought of me at all, I trust you will have inferred that my absence from Gore House has been caused by absence from London. It will be one of my duties, on my return home, to show, as far as an early call may do so, that I have not forgotten all your obliging attentions. My present object is to offer a few stanzas to you, a pepper-corn offering, which perhaps I am, after all, not justified in doing-for probably the Muses, like other ladies, should wait till they are asked-and to inquire whether you can make any use of them, such as they are, for your forthcoming Annual. I have endeavored to condense into them the associations which grow out of Italy. Who can judge better than you can whether I have succeeded well or ill ? But do not, I beg of you, think yourself bound to accept my offering. I shall not turn vindictive, like Cain, though your discretion may refuse it. I shall still continue to think the verses excellent verses, and only conceit that they do not happen to suit your particular views for this year's book, and you will have too much courtesy and kindness to clear away my delusion.

"Should you, however, care to make use of them, may I be allowed to request that they may be printed as I send them? Is this modesty or vanity? Whatever caruists or motive-mongers may choose to decide, I hold for the former. The robust wings of the cagle will bear handling; the butterfly's are ruined, touch 'em ever so lightly. Very truly yours, JOHN KENYON."

# CHAPTER XVIII.

# MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

From Lady Blessington to Charles Bianconi, Esq. :

"Gore House, Kensington, December 2d, 1846. "DEAR SIR,—Accept my best thanks for the statistical statement you have sent fne. I have perused it with warm interest, and feel, as all must who have read it, that my native land has found in you her best benefactor. I thank you for discovaring those noble qualities in my poor countrymen which neglect and injustice may have concealed, but have not been able to destroy. While bettering their condition, you have elevated the moral character of those you employ. You have advanced civilization while inculcating a practical code of morality that must ever prove the surest path to lead to an amelioration of Ireland. Wisdom and humanity, which ought ever to be inseparable, shine most luminously in the plan you have pursued, and its results must win for you the esteem, gratitude, and respect of all who love Ireland. The Irish are not an ungrateful people, as they have too often been represented. My own feelings satisfy me on this point. Six of the happiest years of my life have been passed in your country, where I learned to appreciate the high qualities of its natives, and consequently I am not surprised, though delighted, to find an Italian conferring so many benefits on mine.

"When you next come to England, it will give me great pleasure to see you, and to assure you in person how truly I am, dear sir, your obliged

"MARGUERITE BLESSINGTON."

To Lady Blessington, from a correspondent whose signature is F\_\_\_\_\_ W\_\_\_\_\_ T\_\_\_\_\_:

"November 24th.

"Your sister took me by surprise; but what I blundered out was still the truth: I felt the necessity of withdrawing myself from the fascination of your society, and from motives which I could not explain, but left you and her to guess. To your sister they were such as should rather flatter than offend.

"I have now nothing more to add but this, that no suspicion of your want of friendship has ever crossed my mind. I feel conscious that I have never deserved to forfeit your good opinion; and, so far from believing you capable of saying or doing toward me aught that would lessen you in my opinion, I should not besitate at this very moment to place my life or (what I value more) my honor in your hands. But still I must persist in the course I have marked out for myself, and avoid you.

"As a friend, I have never betrayed; as a foe, I should disdain to deceive any one; and I am confident these expressions do not refer to me.

"I shall only add, that in reflecting on our relative positions, my judgment and my feelings, my \_\_\_\_\_\_\* head and my warm heart, equally press on me the conviction that he who has known you as I have done, and felt the influence of your attractions as I have done, can not degenerate into an acquaintance. My philosophy knows but one way to escape the fascination of the syren, and that is to avoid her.

"I am just setting out for B—, to pay my Christmas visit to your old friend. Adieu; may every blessing be yours. F. W. T."

From Lady Blessington to a contributor to the "Book of Beauty:"

"Gore House, Seturday.

"MY DEAREST FEIEND, I have this moment received the proof which I send you. Are you not sorry for poor Prince Louis's madness! for I look on his attempt as nothing short of it. How are you !

"M. BLESSINGTON."

-C10020

· Word illegible.

# From Lady Blessington to Lady -----:

#### " November 29th, 1841.

"MY DEAR MADAX,—Severe indisposition has prevented me from sooner thanking your ladyship for the two charming books you were so kind as to send me. I would not employ any pen but my own to tell you the delight that their perusal has afforded me—delight that has often soothed the hours of pain and languor peculiar to long illness. I found in both books thoughts as original as they are beautiful, and sentiments fraught with grandeur and truth. Our sex may indeed be proud of one who paints woman in all her excellence, and yet excites an interest for her that 'the sinless monster which the world never saw' never creates.

"Your heroines are the very beau ideals of women, but there are so many natural and exquisite touches in the painting, that, like some of the finest pictures in the world, they bear evidence of being true portraits. I beg to subscribe myself, dear madam, your ladyship's obliged

"MARQUEBITE BLESSINGTON."

To Lady Blessington, on the subject of the publication of her Memoirs, from a distinguished litterateur:

### "Brighton, December 1st, 1844.

"I am very much flattered that you should wish to have my suggestions with respect to your next work. I suggest 'Anecdotes and Recollections of a Literary Life.' You may add the latter part of the sentence or not. I think two most interesting volumes might be written by you on such a subject, commanding a great sale, and yet not laborious. You have only to remember all the distinguished persons you have known (now dead; I would not, except in rare cases, take living persons), and give sketches and recollections of such. Consider the artists, actors (such as Kemble), authors, statesmen, royal persons, foreigners, &c.

"If you disliked this, I think a very pretty, taking work might be written, called 'Modern Life,' consisting of short tales, illustrative of manners and morals of our time, for which the 'Contes Moraux' of Marmontel furnish en admirable example. They exactly describe the philosophy and manners of his day. Something of the same kind, equally faithful to ours, might be prettily got up, and even illustrated, if desirable.

"I can also imagine a charming lady's book written, called 'The Book of the Drawing-room.' In this, we suppose the authoress in her drawing-room; her recollections of it—snatches of dialogue with the people who have been there — recollections — reflections — the life in-doors of an intellectual feuille woman. If these do not strike you, turn over the French correspondence and memoirs of the last century; ponder a little over that delightful chit-chat and philosophy of the salons, and I think something similar will occur to yourself, which your peculiar mind would yet make original. Much which a woman only can do may be done in this line, new with us, but always captivating." From the same to Lady Blessington, on the same subject : "Kingston, February, 1848.

"I think that you might find good terms and a ready publisher for a work after the plan I once suggested to you, viz., reminiscences of eminent persons, and specimens of their conversations. You could do this, I think, without infringing the least on your dignity or the rules of social intercourse. You need only take public characters, and those chiefly dead.

" If your memory and your journal supplied materials for this, you might, in disposing of it, make a condition to take the other biography too, which could follow it; consider. At all events, I think you will find it desirable to hit on some other work, which a publisher will agree to beforehand, and make the condition of taking the one the condition of taking the other you have done or commenced. What say you to Mr. Newby ! I see he publishes and adventures with spirit. I know nothing of him."

From D. Stuart, of Erskine, Esq., on the part of editors of the "Glasgow University Souvenir," to the Countess of Blessington :

"University of Glasgow.

"MADAM,-The high honor which your ladyship formerly conferred on the students of this University by contributing to a small volume of original compositions edited by them, and entitled 'The University Souvenir,' induces them, while they desire to express their most sincere acknowledgments for past favors, again to request, for a similar publication, a renewal of your ladyship's distinguished patronage, and a contribution, however small, from your very able pen.

"We remain, madam, your ladyship's most obliged and obedient servants (signed in the name of the editors), D. STUART, of Erskine."

From the Duc de Guiche (present Duc de Grammont) to Lady Blessington :

## "Versailles, 16th February, 1835.

- GOOVE

"My DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,-I can not send you this letter for Alfred without telling you how highly pleased we are at the hope he has given us of possessing shortly your last work, which I understand has had so much vogue in England. I feel quite sure it would likewise be gratefully accepted by the public here, was it translated into French; for our literary men, or amateurs, are generally indifferent English scholars. It is quite a good fortune to us, with our retired and monotonous habits, to pass a few hours reading a book with the double interest the work and the success of its author will excite in us. We have not heard any thing more about your friend. She is, I am told, grown very handsome at first sight, and seamingly inclined to leave people under the influence of that first impression.

"My sister" is gone to London as Embassadrice -----. Is it not strange ? \* The Comtesse Sebastiani .- R. R. M.

but what will appear to you still more so is, that this extraordinary change, at their time of life, is the operation of love, by which influence no couple of sixteen had ever been more subdued. I, who feel daily old age creeping on, hope that some like occurrence will in twenty years' time set me up again. I however trust that, through our numerous acquaintances and connections with English society, she will be *bien recu*, and that people will recollect the Comtesse de Sebastiani is *née de Grammont*.

"Believe me, my dear Lady Blessington, you ever faithfully attached friend, "GUICHE."

From the Duke de Grammont (written in the spring of 1849, a few weeks before the death of Lady B-----):

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, —My sunt, the Duchesse de Polignac, desires me to tell you that, unwilling to have recourse to the formality of a letter between you and her, to request you to dine with her on Sunday next, she called this day upon you, to make herself the invitation; not having had the pleasure to find you at home, she hopes that yourself, your amiable nieces, and Alfred, will not forget that you had agreed upon accepting that réunion de famille.

"I received a letter from Lady Tankerville, who was quite enchanted with the prosperous sale of your furniture at Gore House, but lamented the cause of it. I can not agree with her in that respect, for a little egotism is allowable in such circumstances, and we gain too much by it.

"Your ever most attached and devoted GRAMMONT.

From W. C. Macready, Esq. :

"5 Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park, April 18th, 1843. "DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,.....The news of your sad bereavement gave me the deepest concern. I was not aware at first of the full extent of your loss; but even in the partial account that reached me, I feel how much you had to grieve for.

"All who are acquainted with a disposition like yours, so quick to befriend and so sensible of kindness, would wish that such a nature should be exempt from suffering, while they feel with what extreme severity affliction such as you have been called upon to bear must press upon you.

"I do indeed sympathize with your griefs, and wish, with condolence, there were consolation to offer; that is only to be drawn from the resources of your own mind and heart, so rich in all that is most amiable. But there must be something akin to comfort in the reflection of how very many mourn for your sorrows.

"Among those, you may truly number, dear Lady Bleasington, yours most sincerely, W. C. MACHEADY."

#### "Bristol, March 11th, 1840.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,-It is a real regret to me that I am engaged on Sunday next, and obliged to relinquish the pleasure you hold out to me in your invitation. What a pity it is that we have not a choice of languages, like the Italians-conversational and poetical-instead of being obliged to resort to the same expressions for declining what we would wish or would avoid.

"Let me tell you, that if you say such kind things to and of my boys, you will counteract my grand philosophical experiment in their education, which is the extirpation of vanity, for you corrupt the teacher, and make him proud, while you ruin his pupils.

"Always, my dear Lady Blessington, most sincerely yours,

## "W. C. MACREADY."

From Washington Irving, transmitting a contribution for Lady Blessington's Annual:

#### "Newhall, May 2d, 1835.

"My DEAR SIR,—I inclose a nantical anecdote, written down pretty much as I heard it related a few years since by one of my scafaring countrymen. I hope it may be acceptable to Lady Blessington for her 'Annual,' and only regret that I had nothing at hand more likely to be to her taste. However, in miscellaneous publications of the kind, every humor has to be consulted, and a tarpaulin story may present an acceptable contrast to others more sentimental and refined.

"I beg you to present my kindest remembrances to Lady Blessington, and believe me, my dear sir, with high interest and regard, very faithfully yours,

" WASHINGTON IRVING."

## From William Godwin:

## "13 New Palace Yard, May 7th, 1835.

"DEAN MADAN, — I ingenuously confess that I trespassed upon your ladyship's good-nature too far when, as Polonius says, 'by laborsome petitions, I wrung from you your slow' consent to write to me your observations on London. It would have given me great pleasure to have received them in that form. But I feel that I took an unbecoming liberty in so pressing you. I therefore, by these presents, give you a full discharge from the effect of your promise, in the same manner as if it had never been made. I am, dear madam, with sincere respect and admiration, your ladyship's most devoted servant,

" WILLIAM GODWIN."

6.000

# From Ronald Cutlar Ferguson, Esq.:

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, —There begins to be a little stir in the political world. It is said that the duke's strength in the House of Lords is unassailable, and as he has got, it is also said, almost all the borough holders, his majority is expected also to be great in the House of Commons.

"It is said that the king has been very averse to the nomination of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg to the throne, or whatever else it may be called, of Greece, but that he has at last yielded. The Duke of Cumberland is much with the king. It is thought there will be a division on the first day of the session of the House of Commons; but these are all reports, and they are given you by a person who is not in the secret of any party. I have seen Lord Rosslyn and Sir J. Scarlett, and delivered your 'Souvenir' to them. My kind remembrance to the count and countess, and to your sister.

"Very truly yours, RONALD C. FEBOUSON."

# From Colonel Mackinnon :

"Sunday morning. "Colonel Mackinnon's compliments to Lady Blessington, and incloses the lock of Lord Nelson's hair given to him by Captain King, who was first lieutenant of the Victory at the battle of Trafalgar."

## From Colonel D'Aguilar :

"Dublin, January 18th, 1837.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, —I was with your sister yesterday. She repeated to me her intention of going to you after her visit to Mrs. Dogherty, whither she proceeds on Monday next. Her stay there will be six weeks or two months, after which she means to join you by way of Bristol.

"The success of Bulwer's play has gratified me extremely, although the first accounts were any thing but satisfactory. I have since read the critique, and extracts in the 'Examiner;' of the former I say nothing till the play is before me. Of the latter I can have no hesitation in deciding that they unite the profoundest tact and delicacy with the profoundest wisdom.

"I can perfectly understand, at the same time, how entirely the coarseness of an actor might destroy the one and neutralize the other.

"Inclosed is a lock of poor Mrs. Hemans's hair, which you have desired to have. I give it to you as to one who knows how to appreciate her virtues.

"By-the-by, is the fair S— the lady my friend is said to have been once partial to ! She is no beauty; but beauty, I believe, is, after all, the least attraction. There are a thousand things short of beauty that decide a man's fate ten times in his life, if nine were not sufficient for the purpose.

"Remember me always most kindly to Count D'Orsay, and believe me ever, dear Lady Blessington, faithfully yours, GEO. D'AOULAR.

"I have sent you 'Fiesco' for no other earthly reason than because you were good-natured enough to ask to see it.

"It is a very boyish production, being translated so far back as 1805, when I was an ensign in India, and it is as crude and unfashioned as the worst-natured critic could desire; but I did not venture to alter a line."

Letter signed E- C- M- to Lady Blessington :

" Camp, Isthmus of Corinth, September 18th, 1837.

"DEAR LADT BLESSINGTON,—I was exceedingly gratified to find that, notwithstanding my bad conduct in never writing after I went to England from Naples—I not having had the pleasure of seeing you when I passed through Pisa—that you still remembered me, and that with friendship. You may be assured that I have always preserved the same, the very same sentiments for you, Lord Blessington, and that little circle of friends with whom I have passed so many happy days; and every now and then I am faithless in my thoughts about our neighbors the Turks, to think of friends as unlike Turks as people can possibly be.

"My cousin, if you see him, will tell you how we are going on. Had we money, our heads would be worth more than the Turks ; without money, we are not always sure of keeping out of a scrape. How little people know of this country who think that the Turks could ever conquer it, if triffing resources, in comparison to the wants of other armies, were sent to it. Our situation here is picturesque and interesting : the Isthmus of Corinth, and a large gunboat marching across it from one gulf to another ; the army in very rustic bivouace of all colors and shapes ; Turks near us, but indolent ; our people anxious to march, but the want of bread repelling every attempt at activity. The field of Athens was surely a bloodstained field ; but honor made us fight, and not necessity, as appeared afterward, although at the moment we thought the garrison of Athens could not hold out a day for want of provisions. Two victories have been obtained by my troops within a march, and above one thousand Turks and Arabs have been killed. My position (what stuff to write to a lady) is that which keeps the Turkish main army at bay. In a day or two, however, I hope to be moving, if (and it really depends upon it) I can raise sufficient money to give the men enough to buy a pair of shoes each.

"Make my cousin tell you every thing. I was exceedingly delighted with Lord Blessington's letter. I hope often to hear from him, and sometimes from your ladyship. Our head-quarters are not brilliant. We have no tents, consequently a wet day is a great bore; still worse, a wet night. Our horses are good, and when we are marching we are gay enough. I care not one fig about the Turks or Arabs.

"A thousand remembrances to Lady Gardiner and to Miss Power-I hope they are both in good health-and to D'Orsay, if you have not all forgetten me.

"Adieu, dear Lady Blessington. Ever very sincerely yours,

"R. C. M."

# Letter signed C. Nizzensitter to Lady Blessington:

"12th March, 1827.

"Of news, the first and best I can give you is the health and spirits of all at Wilton Green. I am sure you would not think Mrs. Purves in looks an hour older since you saw her last, while in every other respect that can engage admiration and respect there is a constant increase and improvement, or rather addition, for as to improvement there is not room for it. Well, that's my judgment, and I hardly think there lives in the world the person who could or would attempt to gainsay it, if they knew her as well as I do. Louisa and Mary are what the world call very nice girls, though such a description does not one quarter do them justice-admirably disposed, well educated, well mannered, and good tempered-Louisa bearing the palm, as you will readily conceive, as to beauty ; the lesser ones of the troop, Margarette and Elly, dear little girls-and John wonderfully improved by Eton, and a fine, healthy, ingenuous boy. God prosper them all ! I say, from the bottom of my heart. Now for a few words more interesting to others, though not so to me. Who is to be prime minister ! every body asks ; but it is all question, for none of us can get an answer; and yet the mystery can not last much longer. The government has been walking without a head for more than three weeks, and even legendary lore does not give a precedent for so lengthened a walk (sans tête).

"Lord Normanby dined with me on Saturday; but he is come over alone, leaving Lady Normanby at Florence, where they seem almost to be domiciled; so, I suppose, the private theatricals thrive there as well as they did at Rome.

"I can not help wondering that you did not prefer Florence to Pisa. Well, be this as it may, and be you where you may, from the bottom of my heart you have always, and in all places, my most hearty good wishes, of whatever value they are. You will be glad to hear my trio of children are quite well. The two boys are at Eton. C. NIZZENSITTER."

Extract from a letter respecting a proposed notice of Lady Blessington's novels in the "Edinburgh Review :"

"Edinburgh, April 10th, 1838.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It was not from any sort of neglect, you may be assured, that your letter of the 7th was not immediately answered. Your proposal was only for the summer number, and I therefore concluded that it would be time enough to write you when this number should be off my hands. Such is the plain fact.

"Had the proposal for an article on Lady Blessington's novels come from any one but yourself, I should have given it a negative, because, though her ladyship's claims are undeniable, they are not so permanent as to justify an article upon a class of works in which there are female competitors, who, I think, rank above her. But I defer to your judgment; and believing you would not propose an article without having something to say that you your-

Vol. 11.--R

# From General Phipps to Lady Blessington :

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I was delighted with the good sense, the good feelings, and the good writing in which your book—' The Conversations of Byron'—abounds. I usually, in books worthy of such notice, make pencilmarks on the margin, to note passages that strike me as peculiarly good, and never marked so many in any other book, or omitted to mark so many I thought worthy of notice, that I might not mark every paragraph.

"I knew Lord Byron a little; you have made me know him thoroughly. In your book you have made his 'evil manners live in brass,' but you do not 'write his virtues in water.' Could he have known how justly you would represent him, he would have said, 'After my death, I wish no other herald, no other speaker, of my living actions to keep mine honor from corruption but such an honest chronicler as Blessington.' Whom 'men' most hated living, thou hast made 'them,' with thy religious truth and modesty, now in his ashes honor.

"There would be no need of short-hand writers if there were such good reporters from memory as you show yourself to be. What gave the greatest value of the book to me was the writing on the leaf before the title-page.

"I was much concerned to read in the newspapers the alarm you had on the next house being on fire; but as you had not suffered, and were 'quitte pour la peur,' I did not trouble you with a letter. I am glad to see by the newspaper that in removing from Seamore Place you do not go out of the reach of a morning call or an evening visit. Ever, dear Lady Blessington, yours affectionately, EDECEND PHIPPES."

#### "Saturday, August 13th.

Circlande

"I called yesterday on your sister, the bride and bridegroom, to congratulate them on the approaching nuptials. I wish to give them a dinner de noces in the course of next week, if you and your party will do me the honor and the favor to meet them; that will make us, myself seven; there will be room for three more, as I can accommodate ten (enough for a small room in this warm weather); who shall the other three he? It is in vain to invite the speaker. Whom else do you suggest? What think you of Lord Wilton ? Lord Tullamoro? and either Jckyll or James Smith ? As I can neither carve joints nor cut jokes, I must ask some one to do so for me. Jekyll can do the latter, but not the former. James Smith can do both, and therefore the preferable person of the two upon this occasion. Our friend George Colman is in France ; I would have invited him to cut jokes and joints had he been at home. E. Phirps."

From D. Wilkie, Esq. :

"7 Terrace, Kensington, Nov. 28th, 1836.

"DEAR MADAM,—I fear I shall appear very troublesome in what I am about to ask; but wishing to introduce into a picture I am now painting an Italiam greybound, might I request that your ladyship would give permission for the very beautiful one which you possess to be brought to me by one of your people, to give me one or two sittings for that purpose !

"Requesting your particular and obliging excuse, I have the honor to be your ladyship's very obliged servant, DAVID WILKIE."

From B. R. Haydon, Esq. :

"March 28th, 1835.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,-I have not had the honor of calling on leaving town, but I hope you are well-indeed, I heard yesterday you never looked better.

"I wish now to ask you if you have seen a miserable caricature of one of my best little pictures, 'Lord Grey musing ?' I have sold the picture to Lord Audley; it was well engraved, and I sold the copyright. Would you believe, after I had sold it, the head was totally altered to a peevish expression ?..... I wrote to Lord Grey, as I found I had no remedy by law, who answered me most kindly; told me I had been incautious, as he had no doubt it was bought to be caricatured; but he begged me to be easy about it, as it would be only one caricature added to the one thousand and one with which he had been honored.

"I offered to repay the purchase money, and remit the purchaser above the expense incurred, but he refused..... You will be pleased to hear I am flourishing, having orders enough for two years at least. I am faithfully yours, B. R. HAYDON."

"I shall be ready to begin your ladyship any day next week you will honor me by fixing.

"I have settled the attitude such as I saw you one day in the drawingroom; your ladyship shall now see if I understand you with your cap on well. Yours faithfully, B. R. HATDON."

From J. Uwins, Esq.:

"10 Paddington Green, April 3d, 1839.

"MADAM,-May I be allowed, without the charge of impertinence, to tall your ladyship how much delight I am getting from the 'Idler in Italy !'

"To hear tell of scenes and characters so well known to me, and to follow your ladyship's discriminating pen through defineations as faithful as they

are interesting, is a pleasure that none can enjoy more than your hamble servant.

"Year after year, since my return from those delightful regions, I have been looking for such a book from Lady Blessington; the delay, perhaps judicious—at any rate, the book loses none of its freshness, and, in many cases, may even be read with additional zest derived from the lapse of time. Like every thing done by your ladyship, it seems to appear exactly at the proper moment.

"May I hope your ladyship will find time to come and see what I have been doing this year in the same ground ! I have got eight small pictures ready for exhibition, all Neapolitan; one of the bay, executed for Lord Lansdowne, the beginning of which you saw last year.

"They will be visible till the 9th instant.

"Your ladyship's humble servant,

J. UWINS."

# From George Dallas, Esq.:

"MT DEAR MADAN, —I find Mr. Mills has mentioned to your ladyship a poem of my son's, awfully beautiful in my estimation of it, but which, for personal reasons, I did not intend showing to you while he is here. Since, however, Mr. Mills has mentioned it to you, and applied to me for the loan of it to bring under your eye, I think it better to do this myself. It appeared twice in the paper which gave it to the world, with the following notice, viz., 'We reprint the admirable poem we gave to the public a few days since, from the great demand for it in our office.'

"I have the honor to be, my dear madam, your ladyship's most faithful and humble servant, GEORGE DALLAS."

# From Henry Cook, Esq. 1

"18 Corso, Rome, May 27th, 1843.

- GOO2 C

"MY DEAE LADY BLESSINGTON, -But yesterday I heard there was a possible chance of your visiting the Eternal City, and, as I have taken apartments for a year, I look forward with hope and pleasure to the delightful prospect of perhaps, in your society, gazing on the relics of the marvels of the past.

"I will forward you a copy of a poem which I wrote in Florence. It is short, and I think will please you, at least as much as 'The Bride,' or any of

211

my juvenile efforts. Beyond all conception am I delighted with the mode of life in Rome; no words can describe the pleasure resulting from its entire freedom from almost all the vices and drawbacks of London society. We have had again some most delicious 'Idlers,' with a pleasure immeasurably heightened by being or having been one. Often have I been struck with the perfect truth and justness of your opinions on that most intricate subject. 'fine art.' Could you have laid bare my heart ere I left London, and could compare it with that now beating within me, what a change would you behold ; you could scarcely conceive the extent to which this visit has humbled me. I then knew perfectly well I had much to surmount, but I now know that I have every thing to surmount-that I have been like a child playing with a prism, unconscious of the glorious rainbow which was arching above my head. I have, I believe, mastered the Italian, and most delighted am I with it, as it pleases me far more than the French. Will you, dear Lady Blessington, should you find time to write to me, be so very good as to tell me your impression as to the progress of art, as deducible from the exhibitions, and also from the cartoons ! I had made many studies for a cartoon, and most bitter was my disappointment in being compelled, by the impossibility of finding a studio, to give it up. The subject I have chosen is one of boundless scope. Ever, dear Lady Blessington, yours, &c.,

"HENRY COOK."

# From C. R. M. Talbot, Esq.:

"Morgan Park, Taiback, Giamorganshire, December 6th, 1668. "MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, — I beg you to accept my best thanks for the present of your two beautiful books, which I received very safely. Nothing can exceed the manner in which they are got up; and as works of art, it is no exaggeration to say the engravings are not to be surpassed. I am particularly struck with the one representing Lady Constance Gower, and also with that of Lady Elizabeth Lascelles, as being the very perfection of female loveliness. Certainly the 'Keepsake' ought to be a popular work with ces dames. But if any thing can prove the superiority of imagination over reality, it would be the pictures of the Queens of England. Only regard those magnificent eyes of our earlier queens (I marvel that you can speak of Queen Mary as unlovely)! Believe me ever most truly yours,

"C. R. M. TALBOT."

# From C. White, Esq. :

" Piace de Hamur, Brussels, 3d October, 1845.

"MY DEAR COUNTRES, —A young and very pretty acquaintance of mine is desirous to appear in your next year's 'Book of Beauty,' and, in truth, will do full honor to the title. Her name, so long as she may remain single, is, and will be, Miss Annie M. , a daughter of the defunct general of that ilk, and a niece of the Watson Taylor. The selebrated Gallait has done a full-

length of her, now in the Brussels Expositor, and some one else has done a miniature very charmingly. The latter will be forwarded to you on your consenting to the damsel's longings. I will add some four or five couplets about rose-buds and beauty.

"Ronge is making head. I am not disinclined to think that he is the tool of a party. It is curious to see Ronge in Germany and Pusey in England acting as sets-off to each other; and certainly Ronge has numbers on his side, and perhaps reason—I mean, as relates to religious matters. These subjects are, however, quite secondary for the moment, in comparison with the lamentations over failing potatoes. One hears no other subject mentioned. So that instead of saying, 'How are your wife and children ?' men greet each other with, 'Good day ! how are your karloffiler ?'

"Pray remember me to Count D'Orsay, and believe me always truly and gratefully yours, C. Warrs."

# Letters signed L- R- to Lady Blessington :

" 17th April.

"DEAR MADAM,—Although the stormy tides of the world have swept me away so far and so long from the eminence where your ladyship stands, I take the chance of your still retaining some recollection of me.

"To ask you to give me any trifle of yours, either in prose or verse, for the work I am now editing, and accept in return one of mine, I am afraid you will think is reversing the story of the Arabian Nights, and offering old lamps for new ones; but as the vendor in that case counted upon the covetousness of his desired customers, I rely upon the generosity of mine.

"At the same time, I beg you will not suppose there is any necessity for granting both clauses of my request, unless you should be so inclined; it is hard enough to lose a real gem without being compelled to exhibit a false one in lieu of it.

"Believe me to be, dear madam, with grateful recollections of your kindness and politeness, your ladyship's faithfully, L. R."

#### " Monday.

- GOOD C

"My friends have long been anxious that I should abandon literature, and take to some more reputable profession; and truly, after the experience of half a dozen years, I begin to think they are not far in the wrong. At any rate, a letter I received a day or two ago has brought me to the point, by requiring me to say 'yea or nay,' whether, in the event of their procuring me a small collectorship of the customs, or other similar situation, I would accept of it.

"Now, in my situation, it would be extremely unwise to run counter to the advice and wishes of my friends, but, at the same time, I desire, if possible, to modify their plan a little. I would not like to go into a small country town for the rest of my life, to consort with oxen like a second Nebuchadnessar.

Literature is with me a passion, which may be prudently directed, but can not altogether be repressed; and besides, I am not beyond the age when a man dreams of attaining to distinction, as well as to worldly competency.

"If I could obtain a situation in a public office in London, having been educated tor business, I could discharge its duties, as many other men do, without withdrawing entirely from the world of letters. In the event of this not being readily come-at-able, one of the smaller consulships abroad would afford room for promotion, if I showed that I deserved it; or a seat in one of the commissions occurring so frequently at home, two of which are, I think, at this moment to fill up, would at least, though not permanent in itself, place me in the way of public employment.

"It has occurred to me as possible that your ladyship might feel sufficient interest in the fortunes of a literary man to obtain for me the necessary influence......Having hitherto struggled through the world, not only without the aid of interest, but in defiance of more than common obstacles, I feel some diffidence in making this request, or in troubling you at all with my small affairs. Were you merely a lady of high rank, I should never dream of such a thing; but it seems to me, whether I am right or wrong, that there is a sort of freemasonry in literature, which removes from between the initiated much of the coldness and seeming heathenism of society. L. R."

# From George Hill, Esq., to Lady Blessington :

"Omagh, September 7th, 1835.

"Complaints are often made to me of the very tardy manner in which the Chancery suit is going on, and of the very heavy expense attending it. It is now nearly seven years, and nothing appears to have been done.

"The colonel has lately made an application to sanction his borrowing money to pay off some of the charges on this estate, which looks any thing but like things coming to a close. I advised our friend strongly against this. Could not the principal persons most deeply interested not make a grand effort together, and insist on knowing what has already been done, and try every thing in their power to get out of Chancery ! I often fancy, if they do take some decisive step, they might urge on a decree, which certainly would be for the benefit of all parties. I wish, Lady Blessington, you would tell me your opinion on this subject, as I know you are quite capable of forming a correct one, and would easily find out whether Mr. P— thought any thing could be done. Miss Gardiner and her aunt have arrived in Dublin, and Miss G—— is expected here in a few days, to stay for a month. In her last letter to Mrs. Hall she montioned that Lady H—— was to follow her to Dublin in a few days. I believe they all intend to spend the winter in Dublin, though in a former letter she talked of going to Leamington.

"Mrs. Hill had a long and very agreeable letter from Mrs. Power last month, in which she stated that they were all quite well and happy, and that their new house at last was beginning to progress rapidly. Your ladyship's much obliged and faithful servant, GEOROE HILL."

# 

"The Abbot of Mount Melleray presents his most respectful compliments to the right honorable the Countess of Blessington, and presumes most earnestly to entreat her ladyship to honor the abbey with a visit before she quits Ireland. The abbot ventures to hope that the countess will not regret such an act of condescension, if it be possible for her ladyship to accede to his humble request."

Letter from Signore Giuseppe Pazzi, the celebrated Astronomer Royal of Naples, the discoverer of the Planet "Ceres:"

" Napoli, 21 Febrajo, 1995.

"Ubbidisco, miladi, ai grazioai comandi, di cui vi siete degnata a onorarmi e quali si siano eccovi li miei carateri. Possano deasi perfetamente attestarvi, la mia riconoscenza e il mio rispittosa attacamento. Se mi grave che siete per muovere de questa classica terra, mi conforta la speranza che sarete per fare ben presto di ritorno. In questa dulce lusinga col maggiore assequeo ho l'honore di essere. Devotissimo servo, Guuseppe Pazzi."

# Letter from Mademoisello Rachel to Lady Blessington:

"Londres, tième Juillet, 1844.

LACTOR C

"MADAME,-Lorsque j'appris que Monsieur de Chozel avait le bonheur de vous voir et de vous entendre quelquefois, je lui témoignais (desirant vivement que cela vous fut repeté) mon chagrin et mes regrets de s'avoir pas osé vous approcher l'année dernière lorsque vous aviez la bonté d'employer quelque-tems à des vers charmants adressés à la jeune artiste. Les jours, les mois s'etaient succedés rapidement, je n'osais plus reclamer le pardon d'une faute impardonnable ; si vous refusez de m'entendre me justifier c'est bien audacieux à moi, madame, mais je sens si fortement tout ce que j'ai perdu que rien ne saurait m'arrêter aujourd'hui pour reconquérir votre bienveillance. Avec l'espoir qui me reste permettez-moi, madame, d'oser vous offrir (quoique trop tard pour vous éspérer le soir) une loge pour la représentation de Bajazet. Si ma bonne étoile me donnait la joie de vous entretenir, j'osérais vous en aller démander le lendemain chez vous l'impression que vous aurait laissé mes fureurs de la veille. Agréez, madame, avec toute vôtre indulgence, une hardiesse naturelle, puisqu'elle est avec le désir vif de vous voir, et l'erpression de mes sentimens les plus distingués. RACHEL."

Lines on various subjects, by Lord Erskine, given by his lordship to Lady Blessington :

EXTEMPORE, ON A YARD OF FLANNEL.

"Who, when rheumatic I complain, Gives sweet oblivion to my pain, And makes me feel quite young again ? A yard of flannel.

Who, when my tooth begins to ache, And keeps my anxious eye awake, Bids me refreshing sleep to take ! A yard of fiannel.

Who, when my ear is chill'd with cold, And her accustom'd sound withhold, So kindly lends her fleecy fold ! A yard of flannel.

Who, when my throat is stiff and sore, Does perspiration's reign restore, And save from quinsy's threat'hing power? A yard of fiannel.

Do you desire to find a friend, Where warmth and softness gently blend ! Then I would beg to recommend A yard of fiannel."

Conclusion of a speech attributed by Lord Erskine to Lord Viscount Stafford :

"The evidence against me, my lords, is so vague, so contradictory, and so confused, that if an angel from heaven were to appear at your lordships' bar, and to attest its truth, you would say he was a fallen angel, and that he would return no more to the sphere from whence he had descended."

ON WALTER SCOTT'S POEM ENTITLED "THE FIELD OF WATERLOO."

"How prostrate lie the heaps of slain On Waterloo's immortal plain ; But none by sabre or by shot Fell half so flat as Walter Scott."

## ON PRESENTING BONAPARTE'S SPURS TO THE PRINCE REGENT.

"These spurs Napoleon left behind, Flying swifter than the wind; Useless to him if buckled on, Needing no spur but Wellington."

AN INSCRIPTION FOR A COLLAR OF THE LAP-DOG OF THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

> "Whoever finds, and don't forsake me, Shall have naught in way of gains; But let him to my mistress take me, And he shall SEE HER for his pains."

R 2

(Soogle

Translation of a Portuguese song, sent under cover to Lady Blessington :

"Know'st thou the land where citrons scent the gale, Where glows the orange in the golden vale, Where softer breezes fan the azure skies, Where myrtles spring, and prouder laurels rise— Know'st thou the land ! 'Tis where our footsteps bend, And there, my love, and there, my love, and there Our course shall end.

Know'st thou the pile the colonnade sustains, Its splendid chambers, and its rich domains, Where breathing statues stand in bright array, And seem, 'What ails thee, helpless maid '! to say— Know'st thou the land ! 'Tis where our footsteps bend, And there, my love, and there, my love, and there Our course shall end.

Know'st thou the mount were clouds obscure the day, Where scarce the mule can trace his misty way, Where lurks the dragon and his scaly brood, And broken rocks oppose the headlong flood— Know'st thou the land ! 'Tis there our course shall end; There lies our way, there lies our way, and thither

Let our footsteps bend."

Letter from B. Cochrane, Esq.:

" May, 1849.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, —It is so idle to tell you what you so well know, that you have left a vacancy here which can never be filled up. It makes me quite sad to know that your absence is for a lengthened period, as I can assure you that it calls forth one common expression of sorrow from all your friends, that is, from all who had the honor and delight of your acquaintance. I quite concur in all you say respecting M.—; he is a most admirable and honorable man; but, alas! it is, in these days, in political as in naval matters, the ship that can tack and veer is ever the most valued.

"Yours ever truly,

B. COCHBANE."

Cincol c

Letters from H-R-, Esq., to Lady Blessington :

"Rue de la Paix, Paris, 13th October, 1840.

"I have been here an anxious spectator of the perils which menace this fleet vessel of France, with its gibbering crew and queer pilots. The wind has caught the chaff once more, and it whirls it upward. Another breath

may fan the spark to flames. Sparks, did I say ! they are no sparks ; they are the unextinguished embers of that great funeral pile of the monarchy and aristocracy of France, which has been burning and smouldering for fifty years.

"Ah, no! if I write to you, let me rather talk to you of the sunshine, the leisure, the scenery, the peasantry, the fruit, the billows of the South. From Bordeaux to Marseilles we traveled along the valley of the Garonne, the plains of Languedoc, the shores of the Mediterranean. I reveled in the beauty of the country, the exuberant fertility of the land, the enchanting clearness of the sky. In Provence I visited the coast of Hyeres, with its woods of orangetrees and palms, and I made a solitary pilgrimage to Vaucluse.

"Ever most faithfully yours,

H. R."

## " 13th June, 1842.

"Your directions, many weeks ago, to ask me for a few lines to some fair lady's eyebrow, in the 'Book of Beauty,' I have left unfulfilled, and, what is worse, the note unanswered, for I did not quite like to confess to myself, much less to another, that I was grown so dull and old (a Benedict !) that rhymes for me have ceased to flow.

"Prose, my dear Lady Blessington, prose is the true language of happiness; poetry the language of the want of it. Prose pays the rent and the butcher; poetry starves the poet, and, still more, his wife and children. In short, I have only to assure you that I tried hard to write something, found I could not, and then perceived that the beadle must have whipped away all poetical ideas, which I only regret, inasmuch as it makes me very useless and uncivil. H. R."

#### "2d February, 1843.

"In my position, I have at least more aptitude to share in the griefs of my friends than those who are not stricken from the herd. And I most deeply feel for you in the loss you and your nieces have sustained. That child had in her such gifts of affection, and such a clear, active spirit, that even her natural infirmities seemed to be those of a superior being. But she was of those whose maturity must needs be elsewhere, where alone are the best hearts and truest souls. H. R."

## " April 29th, 1849.

"I chanced to be absent from London for some little time previous to your departure, and, indeed, a few days earlier we might have gone to Paris; but I hope you will allow me the privilege of an old and grateful friend in expressing to you my sincere and lasting regret for the loss we all sustain by your removal. London is, I believe, the place in the world in which we are least given to express what we feel; and a thousand circumstances and impediments are forever occurring to make us appear much more dull and miserable than we really are.

"Yet I believe no acts of kindness or recollections of pleasant hours are lost in that deep and turbid water ; and, for my own part, as I wander oftward on my solitary way, I have a thousand emotions connected with the past, which repolve though they seldom exhale. Among how many of those remembrances, dear Lady Blessington, do your kindness and hospitalities keep their place ! Our lives are like those hollow Chinese balls, which they carve one within another, each including all that preceded it, and of these the clearest and most ornamental is marked 'Gore House.'

" In after times that house will have its place in literary and social history, and I am afraid, in our time, we shall not see its fellow until you come back H. R." to us.

Letter from Richard M. Milnes, Esq., to Lady Blessington :

" September 12th.

"DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,-I don't know Monsieur Louis Blanc, nor sympathize with his opinions; but having seen him in the Assembly on the 15th of May, and having carefully read the aquete, I am convinced in my own mind that the act of the Assembly was a surprise to him, and that his manner when in the Assembly was deprecatory, and not discouraging. I thought, certainly, he seemed to desire to get them away. I remain yours very truly, " RICHARD M. MILNES."

# CHAPTER XIX.

## EPISTOLARY CURIOSITIES, ETC.

Letter to Lady Blessington, endorsed by her ladyship, "A curious communication from a Mr. J----, relative to a mysterious occurrence :"

## "Brussels, 20th October, 1835.

- Ci0000

"My LADY,-An utter stranger to you, I find it very difficult to apologize for the liberty I am taking ; but your ladyahip has seen much of life, and you possess great talent; the latter consideration influences me to address you on a very extraordinary subject, sure you will help me to find out the object of my search.

"Thirteen years ago, I was asked by a very old friend (an apothecary) if I would undertake an accouchement under very extraordinary conditions. I consented. In a few days I was requested to be at the corner of Downing Street, at ten o'clock in the evening, and a pledge of honor was exacted that I should never disclose the affair I had undertaken, or make any effort to find out the parties interested; and that, if accident ever revealed them to my knowledge, I should never disclose the facts or names to any one ; to all this I consented, and made no terms of any kind for myself, leaving the remuneration to the parties. On the night named I was at my post, and my old friend, Mr. Lee, saw me into a carriage, the blinds of which were up, and not a ray of light entered the space in which I was. How far we traveled I am totally unconscious, as I fell asleep. I was awoke by the door of the carriage being opened at a gate which to all appearance led into a shrubbery ; from this my conductor, who was the man that drove the coach, and who had very much the appearance of Mr. Lee, conducted me across a kitchen garden, and thence into a small house ; here I was detained about twenty minutes ; from thence I was taken a few steps to a large house, and ushered by the coachman or driver into a very large room. A female soon appeared, who told me, as my services would not be required probably for a day or two, I had better take some refreshment and repose : a bed was prepared, and I availed myself of it. How long I slept I know not, but I got up when tired of bed, and in a short time breakfast was announced. The windows of the rooms I occupied were never opened; books were provided me. From the luxurious appearance of every thing about me, I had no doubt that I was in one of the firstrate houses in the country. Three days must have passed in this way. On the 21st of March I was called from my bed, and followed the same female, who attended me into a very splendid apartment, where I found my patient and two other persons, females ; there was but one lamp in the room, and that at a considerable distance from the bed. I soon found that the labor would be a natural one, and that the mother was in perfect health, and I should think about from twenty to twenty-eight years of age. She never spoke or uttered a sound of any kind; in a few hours a female child was born. I gave the proper directions as to her treatment, and quitted the room. I remained four days more, seeing my patient twice every day. I never spoke to any but the female who attended me, who certainly was not accustomed to that kind of service.

"I was on the fifth night taken to Downing Street, where I arrived at about five o'clock in the morning. I went home, where I found Mr. Lee awaiting my arrival. He said I had conducted myself entirely to the satisfaction of the parties, and was charged to present me with £100, for which he gave me his check. Of course, I asked no questions; he had no occasion to ask me any, I am sure. A few weeks after, he asked me if I would take charge of the child I had introduced into the world; he would undertake to make the charge advantageous. I consented, provided I was secured against loss, and to have the entire control as a father. The infant was delivered into my hands, and the sum of £100 per annum settled to be paid six-monthly until it was ten years of age ; then she was to be allowed £200 per annum. Things went on very regularly for four years, when I was requested to take the child to Richmond to be christened ; this I could not comply with, so it was agreed that she should be taken to St. George's, Hanover Square, where she was baptized Frances D'E-, daughter of Colonel and Lady D'E-. The persons who undertook this office I had never seen before, and we parted at the

doors of the church, and I have never seen them since. What their motives for baptizing the child were, I know not; but as I had engaged not to ask any questions, I let the whole pass in silence. Two years after that, Mr. Lee died suddenly. I tried in vain to find among his papers any trace of the affair; I waited in expectation of hearing from some other quarter; from the day of his death up to this hour I have not heard one word. I brought the child to Paris, placed her under the cars of my wife, who is one of the daughters of Mrs. K...., widow of Admiral G..... K.....: she has been with me up to this moment as my daughter. I have given her my name, and I love her as my own child, having lost my own.

"She has received a first-rate education, and is highly talented and beautiful. Misfortune has overtaken me. I am now suffering extreme privation. Fanny is at a school where I pay £100 per annum. She is my only care, as Mrs. J is at Prague with her mother, who is insane.

"What I would ask of your ladyship is to consider if, about the period I name, 21st March, 1822, any lady of rank or fortune was absent, under extraordinary circumstances; if there is any family who might take the name of D'E—\_\_\_\_; if there is any Colonel or Lady D'E—\_\_\_\_. I think the register at St. George's Church was about September or October, 1826. Frances has been with me at Paris about eight years; I have never been in England since, as I am attending to chemistry and scientific objects, but I would cheerfully lay aside every thing to secure the child a provision.

"I have never made till this hour any kind of communication or research into this matter; bound by my word, I have kept it. Frances knows and loves me, yet she has some vague idea that my wife is not her mother. I think I am, under these circumstances, absolved from secresy, as it is the fault of the parties to leave the dear child to chance. If I were able to support her, as I have done since the death of Mr. Lee, I would never trouble any one on this head. Mr. Lee died poor, and he never was rich; he was one of the most honorable men I ever knew. I am almost wild about this dear child; her future fate preys upon my heart and spirits. She must be the child of some person of consequence; she shows blood in every thought and action.

"I have thought Lady W—\_\_\_D'E—\_\_\_, or some of that family, may know something of the matter, but I have never made any inquiry into the case; now I am forced to do so by circumstances. I never saw the features of her mother or any of the parties, nor do I know what part of the country I was taken to. It could not be far from London, from the time, and I should think, from the stars which I saw as I got out of the carriage, the house I was taken to must bear S.W. of London, but I may be deceived in this point; being under a promise of secresy, I determined not to notice any thing, so that I might be better able to keep my promise. I am sure no deceit has been practiced on me by Mr. Lee, as he was ever beforehand with the payments he undertook, and often has borrowed money of me soon after he had made the payments; he never asked me for a receipt for any moneys. It was an affair

upon honor, and he also was bound to secresy, as we never spoke on the subject. I have dined with him, and have been introduced to several persons, who have often asked to see my daughter; but whether they had any particular motive for so doing I know not; she must have some one to whom she is dear. Will your ladyship find out, if possible, if Lord G — knows any thing of this child? I have no grounds for the supposition beyond the name, which is very uncommon in England. The great caution used in the affair, and the profound mystery connected with it, with the obvious riches of the proprietor of the house where the lady was confined, convinces me that they can not be common persons.

"Begging your pardon for this trouble, I am, my lady, your most obedient, humble servant, H. C. J."

# From Lola Montes à Monsieur Th. Guerin :

" 100 Bond Street.

"MONSIEUE MONSIEUE GUERIN,—Pourquoi ne finessez vous pas le portrait ici ? Quoique un peu indisposée hier, je compte sur vous de venir demain soir, ou le matin, pour achever votre joli ouvrage, qui est fort admiré par tout le monde. En attendant je vous la renvois.

"MARIE, Comtesse de Landfeldt."

To Lady Blessington, transmitting two letters, endorsed "Curious Correspondence indicative of the Triumphs of Popery."

MES. MARTYR'S LETTER THE MORNING AFTER MISS YOUNG'S MARRIAGE TO ME. POPS.

"DEAR MADAM,—Permit me to be one of the first in offering congratulations. I have no doubt of your happiness, for I will confess that if his holiness had *attacked* me, I should not have had the resolution, as good a Protestant as I am, to die A. MARTYR."

## ANSWER.

"DEAR MADAE, —Accept my best thanks for your congratulations. This is not an hour for criticism ; but I will whisper softly to my friend that Pope's 'Essays' are in perfect harmony with Young's 'Night Thoughts.'

## "Yours, &c.,

E. POPE."

# The Pilgrim, alias Octogenarius, of Mount Radford, Exeter:

Among the anonymous correspondents of Lady Blessington there was one who usually styled himself "The Pilgrim," evidently a person far advanced in years, of eccentric habits and modes of thinking, with a dash of gallantry, and a strong tincture of southern travel and literary tastes in his quaint and laconic compositions. Who the Pilgrim was I have not been able to learn, nor does it appear that he was personally known to Lady Blessington. Occasional verses, having reference to the current event of the times, or the subjects of leading articles in the Annuals edited by Lady Blessington, furnished the customary themes of his singular communications.

## "THE PILGRIMPS" IMPROMPTU ON THE MOVEMENT OF CERTAIN OXFORD DIVINES TOWARD CATHOLICISM:

"Oxford, renowned in days of yore, The seat of arts and classic lore : From Oxford who could now expect This Rome-ward march of intellect !"

"Mount Radford, Exster, Nov. 22d, 1843.

"The 'old Pilgrim' rejoices to see the name of 'Lady Blessington' announced as the editor of the new annual 'Book of Beauty.' He remembers with feelings of gratitude the divine condescension shown toward him by 'the Priestess of Minerva' in her acceptance of his minute volume of Poems, and by admitting it within the *precincts* of her temple, having rendered it a visible object in the literary hemisphere."

To the Countess of Blessington from "The Pilgrim," alias Octogenarius, of Mount Radford, Excter:

"A round, delicate aperture is the avenue to a small cavern, wherein, upon a bed of coral, is deposited a 'pearl' of exquisite whiteness; and all 'young mothers' can duly appreciate the value of this beautiful gem.

"It would be needless to tell Lady Blessington that the first tooth of an infant is here described. And if any one of her fair votaries in the Temple of Minerva would avail himself of such a sweet subject for a poetical offering in the next 'Book of Beauty,' it is much at her service from

"OCTOGENALIUS."

# From G-J-, Esq., to Lady Blessington :

"Saturday evening, May 11th, 1864.

"Mr. G J presents his compliments to the Countess of Blessington, and with a full appreciation of the value of time, solicits knowledge regarding that given by her ladyship as to the receiving of visitors; for, with all his desire to breathe the classic air of Athens, he should regret if it were received at the hazard of intrusion in the land of Attica.

"Will not the mind of Lady Blessington appreciate the declaration of Mr. J—— when he writes that the evening of Friday last is placed within his memory as one of the most intellectual in his enthusiastic life ! He will rest in the belief, at least, that his grateful sentiment will be received.

"When Mr. J- saw a certain miniature by Sir William Ross, he con-

ceived it to be the *ideal* of the artist's thought; but having been now convinced that the supposed poetry of Sir William was caught from the *original*, Mr. J— begs to present his compliments to Miss Power—a subject to create a poetic pen as well as pencil."

From Mr. A S Professor of Languages, to Lady Blessington :

"March 10th, 1840.

"MADAM,-The storm, whose disastrous gloom the smiles of your ladyship's countenance so sweetly dissipated, has passed away, and a prosperous sunshine seems to have begun.

> "' Non sempre à mal quel che ne afflige e duoie Anzi taivoita son nunzie is pene Di non sognato bene Doppo la poggia al fin respiande il sole."

"I have been for the last five months professor of languages in \_\_\_\_\_\_\_, with an income of £200 per annum, and pupils increasing. Such is the strange viciasitude of man's uncertain pilgrimage! Tyrant of Syracuse today, to-morrow schoolmaster at Corinth; schoolmaster in Canada to-day, tomorrow King of the French! Indeed, at every point of his existence man is but a chrysalis, equally claimed by the past and the future, based on nothing, an ill translated book, taken out of one language without being put into another—a rootless tree leaning on a tottering ruin! Five months ago I was a miserable, derelict, homeless outcast, now I am richer in wealth than desires, courted by the rich, respected by all, and enjoying myself, as your ladyship does, the secret, the sublimest pleasure of 'clothing the naked and feeding the hungry.'

"My object in addressing your ladyship again is twofold: to give your ladyship the joy of this intelligence, with which I know you will sympathize, and to evince my gratitude by the only means in my power. Deprived of my birthright, accessories of rank Parnassus have given me a palace, and from that everlasting court I crave your ladyship's patronage, as of Polymnia, the muse of song.

"I am about to publish a song entitled 'Oh, life is not a dream !' Shall I be deemed presumptuous in hoping for the honor of dedicating it to your ladyship ! Helicon has honors for none more than for your ladyship, and all her sons should weave conjointly for a Blessington a wreath of her immortal bays.

"In conclusion, honored madam, your ladyship has touched the heart of one who feels intensely good or ill, and I have read your kind latter over and over again with intense delight: misfortune batters in vain when woman's entrancing voice of pity is heard in the respite intervals of the storm.

" 'Tengon dunque ver me l'usato stile Amor Madonna, il mondo e mia fortuna Chi' i' non pensa esser mai si non felice.'

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your ladyship's most obedient humble servant, A \_\_\_\_\_ S \_\_\_\_."

From Mr. J. C. W. R- to the Count D'Orsay :

" July 19th, 1835.

"My LORD,-I am very sorry to encumber you with a request, but ' secceritas non habet leges' is an old but true proverb. There was a time when I could smile, but now I am like a good many more fools whom experience made wise. Upon my honor, there is nothing so provoking as to be reduced to absolute poverty, for it excludes a man of feeling from all intercourse with mankind. Sports of all descriptions were my leading passions, but how the devil can a man act when he has all and every thing before him that is, as he imagines, innocently good ! I am a bit of a litterateur also, so that one quality is always conjoined with another. But, to tell you the honest truth, we are all a set of fools in this world, for as long as we have it to spare, the devil an enemy you can find ; and he could not even play the ' couloir stre' with all the imaginary powers possible. The short and the long of the story is, I am in want of a trifle of money ; if you can spare me a few shillings, I will gladly and thankfully receive it. Can you perhaps spare an old coat off hand, or an old pair of trowsers, or any thing that you have designated a pensioner ? Whatever answer you may have for me, please to leave it, under cover, with one of the servants of your noble mother-in-law, the Countess of Blessington, from whence I will fetch it. I don't want the servants to know my unhappy situation. My dear family press hard upon me.

"I remain sincerely yours, my lord, truly grateful,

" (Signed),

"P.S.-By-the-by, are you not a Freemason ! Excuse this rude question, for I am one."

Letters from L \_\_\_\_\_ N \_\_\_\_ to Lady Blessington. [The writer was evidently an exceedingly eccentric correspondent, laboring under some very singular delusions.]

" February 22d, 1839.

"HONORED AND ESTERMED MADAM, —However reluctant I am to intrude on your ladyship, I trust you will do me the kindness not to consider the present letter an unwelcome epistle; while, in referring to my last of the 39th ult. I beg leave to acquaint you that as I have not been favored with a reply, it will be requisite for me to prepare for my journey to Paris, where I must endeavor to obtain a livelihood by being instructed in the art of miniature painting. I had the happiness (after much pushing and squeezing, to obtain a seat in the pit) of seeing our beloved queen at Drury Lane Theatre, and of being placed

at a convenient distance from the maids of honor, who were in the circle adjoining the royal box. Her majesty and these ladies had an opportunity of catching a glance of me, which I believe they did; for I perceived more than once their opera-glasses were directed toward me, while there was some conversation held with the Earl of Albemarle, whose attention was also diverted toward the pit; and myself being so well known to the public, hundreds of eyes were riveted there, so that no doubt could be entertained on the subject. In fact, when the queen entered the house, she almost immediately recognized her lover, while she was unanimously applauded by one of the most numerous and brilliant audiences I ever beheld in that theatre. If I were to confess the emotions of my heart at beholding the elegant and graceful manners of my sovereign, coupled with the captivating smile by which her features were adorned, expressive of the happiness she felt in meeting with so loyal a reception from her subjects, I should, without hesitation, allege the queen has made a conquest of it. The delightful scene was highly colored, and rendered doubly interesting by the applause of the whole theatre after the performance of the anthem.

"Her stature is short, and inclined to embonpoint ; my own is not tall, and therefore might not suppose there would be a great deal of disproportion in our height if we were married, so as not to appear conspicuous, if my age was not so much beyond her majesty's. This, however, you are aware, is more apparent in some persons than others. My health is, thank God, much the same, and therefore might not imagine it would be thought an overwhelming obstacle to our union, should it be so arranged, pursuant to the royal marriage act of Parliament in that case to be made and provided. I should be anxious, however, before I take my departure from England, to have an opportunity of kneeling at the queen's feet, and offering the homage of my love and respect.

"This distinguished honor could not be obtained, I believe, without an application to the secretary of state, and perhaps then there would be some difficulty in the way, without an introduction at court; and although I am ready to espouse her majesty in a week (if wished), I have no opportunity of obtaining a private interview, which might hasten the completion of my hopes, viz., marriage with the queen, Victoria the First.

"To describe to your ladyship the effect the recent work published by Messrs. Longman, Orme, and Co., entitled 'Love's Exchanges,' has had on the public mind, is not within my capability. Every lady that I meet seems full of anxiety on the subject, observing, 'Not yet in the petticeats?' The gentlemen say, 'What! still in the same dress?' Thus I will leave your ladyship to judge what I go through from day to day, while my likeness is portrayed as an elegant woman in all the picture-shops in London. Why, therefore, I may say, should not the first ladies in the land have the society and friendship of one of the fairest flowers ? Should I, by being in peticeats, be transgressing the rules of morality or propriety ? Probably not. Could I, by

acting as I wish, obtain for giveness after  $M \ldots 1$  A guarantee to that effect would tend to relieve my anxiety of mind, and remove my scruples if I am now thought over-fastidious. Being without encumbrance, could I not say why should I hesitate ! My dress would be respectable without being guady.

"My time is short, and my funds are exhausted, while I am fearful I shall have a painful struggle to provide for my necessities. Should I be generously aided with pecuniary means to forward my prospects in France (in the event of not being united to her majesty), that help, when forwarded to me by your ladyship and your friends, will be refreshment to the weary, as Petrarch beautifully expresses it in his commentaries : 'Creds mihi non est parve fiducise polliceri opem decertantibus, consilium dubiis lumen cocis, spem dejectis, refugium feasis; magna quidem has sunt si fiant, parva si promittantur.'

"In the fervent hope that this will find your ladyship in good health, please to accept my prayers for a continuance of your happiness in this world and in the world to come. I have the honor to be, with sincere regard, your faithful and affectionate friend, L. N."

# From the same :

" Lincoin's Inn Fields, June 7th, 1840.

- C10000 0

"HONORED MADAM,-The duty and profound respect I must always feel bound to entertain for my sovereign lady the queen (for the public say that illustrious lady now patronizes me), as well as sincere regard toward yourself, would induce me, without hesitation, to consent to the apparent wish of clothing me in petticoats, if I could be favored with a specific authority for such a very important change in my habits, as well as exterior appearance (for I am sure I should look like an old washerwoman in female attire); and notwithstanding which, I could not but feel highly honored by her majesty's condescension in thus selecting me to occupy a situation (governess, I presume, in the royal family, and to reside in the palace), if such duties could with strict propriety be considered to fall within the scope of my knowledge, which, matured by experience, might be useful in such a capacity ; and if it even were so, my endeavors to meet the queen's approbation would be at all times exercised with sound judgment and energy ; but I may, while thus expressing my ideas confidentially on so interesting a subject, be still greatly mistaken, while my awkwardness in petticoats would expose me to the ridicule of all the distinguished guests at the palace.

"The ladies of the capital say I shall look like a fine woman. The gentlemen say I could not wear stays without springs, and they don't think I should look handsome in a bonnet, and therefore I had better remain in breaches.

"If they are all in error on the subject, then I trust you will do me the kindness to afford me a solution of the mystery. If the public are wrong (illa errant quidem gravissime), who is to put them right !

" In the event of funds being forwarded to me (in a parcel sealed up and

directed as above), I will occupy furnished lodgings at Kensington, for I am in impoverished circumstances, and if £50 is sent to me it will be very acceptable and useful these hard times.

"Hoping this will find your ladyship in good health, I remain very truly your faithful and affectionate friend, L. N."

## From the same :

## "London, May 29th, 1841.

"HONORED AND MUCH-RETERMED MADAM, --Although still (after a lapse of three years' written communication) without a single reply either in the affirmative or the negative, and having been personally present at your abode nine times without having been favored with an appointment or an interview, I take leave to offer an explanation to your ladyship on the subject of a bond of indemnity (which I mentioned in the postscript of my last letter), a legal instrument cased with armor, to be a defender against the poisoned darts from the venomous tongue of the rocky-hearted elanderer, a shield against the malicious and mischievous deeds of the secret enemy.

"The obligor is the party bound, whereby he or she obliges themselves, their heirs, executors, and administrators, to indemnify and save harmless the obligee, which surety without the condition is called simplex obligatio; but with the covenant, a specialty, the dangers therein being particularly specified in writing, and the contracting parties' seal, while regularly acknowledging the same duty and confirming the contract, being affixed thereto, thus rendering it a security of a higher nature than those entered into without the solemnity of a seal.

"But if it be to do a thing that is malum in se, the obligation itself is void, for the whole is an unlawful agreement, and the obligor could take no advantage from such a transaction; and if the condition be possible at the time of making it, and afterward becomes impossible by the act of God, the act of law, or the act of the obliges, there the penalty of the obligation is saved, for no prudence or foresight of the obligee could guard against such a contingency.

"My playing, therefore, a second character in this drama (by acting a woman's part) would depend in toto on my own conduct for honor and integrity. Could I therefore, with safety, enter upon such an engagement without the liability of being a particeps criminis in any unlawful action which might subsequently follow! My opinion from the first was that it would be an impracticable scheme, and I think my friends will admit I have taken a correct view of this extraordinary design of the projectors; for, baffled and frustrated in all my efforts to become the husband of the lady agreeable to the wishes of the public, the disguise of a gentleman in the apparel of a lady, with an intention of having a conversation with his sweetheart at a ball (such a plan being suggested in my letter of July 8th, 1839), would, as that lady is married to another, be now entirely out of season; what motive, therefore, there can be now for exhibiting my portrait (in flagrante delicto) in female

# 406 CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE MATHEWSES.

clothes is to me incomprehensible, and I remain in hope your ladyship will do me the kindness to afford me a solution of the enigma.

"Whatever is the object, it has inflicted on me manifold injury and mischief by the construction put upon it. Even at this time more calumny is issuing from the press, and the work entitled 'De Clifford, or the Constant Man.' has very much astonished the public.

"My proposal to raise £1000 by way of loan being unattended to, I am of opinion the most judicious plan of arrangement and relief would be for me to quit my native country; and if I had £50 a quarter allowed me for my maintenance in the city of Brussels, I would go and reside there, from which capital I would correspond with my amiable friend.

"Your ladyship's most obedient humble servant, L. N. "P.S.—If your ladyship could honor me with your company for a few weeks in the summer season at Ostend, not only for the benefit of ses-bathing, but also to assist you and your friends in the completion of works for the press, I should esteem it a favor, and learn much from you."

# CHAPTER XX.

#### CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE MATHEWSES.

#### From Lord Blessington to Charles Mathews, Sen. :

"Mountjoy Forest, August 2d, 1823.

"My DEAR MATHEWS,—I am determined to build a house here next spring, and I should like to give your son an opportunity of making his *debit* as an architect.

" If you like the idea, send him off forthwith to Liverpool or Holyhead, from which places steamers go, and by the Derry mail he will be here (with resting a day in Dublin) in five days; but he must lose no time in setting off. I will bring him back in my carriage.

"Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Mathews, and believe me, ever yours truly, Blueseixgron.

"I suppose it would be utterly useless my asking you to come with Charles; but if you wish to spend a week in one of the most beautiful spots in Ireland, eat the best venison, Highland mutton, and rabbits, and drink the best claret in Ireland, this is the place; and you would be received with undivided applause, and I would give some comical dresses for your kit. Yours, B."

Letters from Charles James Mathews, Esq., to Lady Blessington :

"Torre del Annunciata, Napoli, Wednesday evening (1834).

"DELR LADY BLESSINGTON,-On Wednesday last, at half past twelve o'clock precisely, we started from Pompeii, and arrived in excellent health, covered with dust, hoping your ladyship is the same. After a scientific walk through a few of the houses, we returned to our quarters, and sat down to dinner, which we performed with ease in less than five-and-thirty minutes. We then went to bed, thinking that the best way of passing the evening, and though we had no 'curtained sleep,' we managed uncommonly well, and it perfectly answered our purpose. Angell says that I snored, but persons are very fond of throwing their own sins upon the backs, or rather the noses, of others.

"On the following morning, at break of day, we were again at Pompeii, and spent the whole of the day is combining, analyzing, and arranging our plan of study. The result was this, that we found nothing in the whole city worthy of being measured and drawn 'architecturally' (by which I mean outlined with the scrupulous accuracy of measurement usually adopted by architects) except the two theatres and the amphitheatre, picturesque sketches and notes of the other subjects of interest being quite sufficient for our object.

"On Friday morning we commenced, and by our united efforts have completed the measurement of the small theatre, which, by-the-by, was unquestionably an odeum. We are now engaged upon the other, which I hope to see concluded in three days; from all which it appears probable that I shall have the happiness of seeing you all again about Wednesday next—which was to be demonstrated.

"Our weather has been 'charming and very,' and seems likely to continue so. We are at a delightful inn (locanda I call it when I speak Italian), and live in the public room, which is quite private. The bedrooms are fitted up with peculiar taste; mine contains an iron bedstead with one leg shorter than the other (which, on the first night of my arrival, deposited me safely on the floor—N.B. stone), a wash-hand basin one inch and a quarter deep and six inches in diameter, a small piece of broken looking-glass, and half a table. It is an airy room, with four doors, which we should in England call glass-doors, only these have no glass in the openings. However, they are easily closed, for they have shutters which won't shut above half way; however, a couple of towels and a bit of board keep them together very snugly. The walls are stucceed and painted in the same manner as the houses at Pompeii, only that they are quite white and entirely without ornament of any kind.

"We take two meals a day besides a luncheon. In the morning a little boy, with dark (I won't say dirty) looking hands and face, brings us some coffee in a little tin pot. The coffee is poured over into the sancer, which saves the boy the trouble of washing it out. We can always tell how much we have had, for the coffee leaves a black mark on the cup wherever it has touched it. Upon the whole, it would be a very nice breakfast if the eggs were new, the butter fresh, and the bread not quite so sour. But the dinner makes up for all. We begin always with maccaroni—I have learned to cat it in the Neapolitan fashion; it is the prettiest sight imaginable, and I am making great progress. We then have lots of little fish (from which they tell me they make *seppia*) fried; they taste pleasantly, and black all your teeth

and lips. They dress their fish with their scales on, too, which makes them look very pretty. We next generally choose a 'pollastro deliziozo,' because it is the tenderest thing we can get. We each take a leg, and tug till it comes asunder, which it usually does in a few minutes. They are very fine birds, and when you happen to hit upon a piece which you can eat, it makes a particularly agreeable variety. When the chicken has disappeared, we call for fruit, and they sometimes bring it. The hot baked chestnuts would be delicious if they were ever warm—they never are so; but then the grapes are so hot that it comes to the same thing. When we tell the man to bring some water to wash off the dirt that is always about them, he wipes them in his own apron, which is certainly better and surer.

"We finish our repast with a ditto of the coffee that we have had in the morning, only thicker and of a darker color. This is not the dinner we always have. There are variaties in the bill of fare which your ladyship little dreams of. I will mention two or three, with their prices, as specimens:

	1.01	Concession.
Frogiolino al brodo-small embroidered frogs		5
Fetti de cazzio carvallo-feet of a cart-horse		7
Bolito de vaccina-a boiled cow, only		5
Fetti de Geneveso-Genoese feet		2}
Calamaro arrostito-a roasted inkstand		6
Frita de negro-a fried negro		5

Other delicacies are to be had by paying higher prices for them; but as we are only artists, and not gran' signori, we are contented with little.

"I am delighted with my new acquaintance and his well-informed friend. Angell is a very intelligent, amiable man; I like him so much that I even let him smoke in the dining-room—a thing unheard of, as you may suppose, in these refined regions. Poor fellow ! I am sorry to say that the cause of his breathing so hard is but too well accounted for—he has a decided asthma, which at times troubles him sadly. We get on famously together, and work very hard.

"I hope you are all quite well, and enjoying the 'gloomy month of November.' I long to be back and comfortably seated at my firm whole table, surrounded by kind friends. Pray thank Lord Blessington for his knapsack, which is invaluable here.

"With best remembrance to Count D'Orsay and Miss Power, believe me, dear Lady Blessington, your most affectionate and respectful servant,

" CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS."

From Charles J. Mathews (recovering from illness) to Lady Blessington :

" Palazzo Belvidere

### " DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,-

"I'm so much better that I should like to come and have a snack, Only Dr. Reilly says I mustn't eat, or do any thing but lie on my back; So I'll stop here in the dark as quiet and patiently as ever I am able, Though I shall certainly think most affectionately of you all about the time

that the reast poistoes are upon the table."

# Lady Blessington in reply :

"MY DEAR CHARLES, —I will run all risks, and send you something to eat, as I can not bear to think that we are all eating while you are starving. God bless you, and enable you soon to join us."

# From Charles James Mathews, Esq., to Lady Blessington :

"Kentish Town, November 26th, 1824.

"The only clog to the happiness I have experienced on my return has been the impossibility, up to the present moment, of imparting any portion to your ladyship, from whom I trace the greater part of it. But I am sure you will have made allowance for the bustle and confusion of the first week's visiting and calling. At Paris I fully intended writing, but as I found that Mrs. P——s had left before my arrival, I thought it would be better to wait till I had seen her, as the interest of my letter almost entirely rested upon the power of assuring you all of her health.

"Last Wednesday I arrived in London, after a most fatiguing journey, full of hardship, and consequently of amusement. Various incidents might be worked up into good stories if I thought my paper would last me, such as passing the Garigliani in the character of a German officer without paying ; quelling a dispute at Beauvoisin as prefect of the village, and very narrowly escaping a broken head upon the discovery of the cheat. I shall, however, only touch upon one, which is interesting, inasmuch as it is linked with the never-to-be-forgotten Borghetto. At Florence, not having time to get my passport vised, the courier persuaded me to take a one-horse carriage, and drive out of the town, as if to some villa, and wait for him without the walls. Of course, it was all the same to me how I effected my journey, so that I did but 'keep moving,' and I therefore accepted his offer, to the great astonishment of Mr. Bailey, with whom I was to have dined, and who, after staring at me for a quarter of an hour, very gravely assured me that I should most probably be secured and thrown into prison, or, at least, be arrested at Genoa, as the Austrians (he supposed-I was well aware) thought nothing of sending a man back three hundred miles if his passport were not in order. Notwithstanding his prudent assurances, I pro and suc-ceeded in my rash measure, nor should, I believe, have much minded, except on account of the delay, a day or two's imprisonment, being, as you know, very fond of witnessing foreign customs and manners. All, however, went well, and I occured my place

VOL. II.-S

as far as Turin; but the next morning, on arriving at Pietro Santo, a village 'consisting of a post-house and two ruined cottages, in the midst of a pouring rain, the courier, with that natural politeness for which foreigners are so justly celebrated, informed me that there was no place for me any farther. I began to feel 'rather contemptible than otherwise.' 'But,' said I, 'I have just paid for my place as far as Turin, and we are not yet half way to Genoa.' 'Mi dispiace, signore,' said he, 'but there is no room for you.'

"The idea of being left in this wretched hole, in such weather, without any means of conveyance, was a great deal too absurd, and I was beginning to grow excessively disagreeable to the courier; but, finding that bullying did not advance me one jot with my little fat friend, who was comfortably buttoned up in his independence and his over-alls, and seeing that my situation was much too critical and dangcrous to be serious about, I began to banter and joke the little choleric officer, till I absolutely laughed myself into his good graces and his mail. When I say his mail, I mean it literally, for as there was no room in the regular part of the gig, we amptied the letters from behind, and I traveled ninety miles over the most dreadful Borghetto road, now worse than ever, in the courier's letter-box !

"Arrived at Genoa, I found the mail-carts all engaged, so went on by vettura to Turin, and with many little adventures reached Paris in nineteen days, having only slept one night on the road—at Turin. I was tired enough, but not half so much so as some of my fellow-travelers, who had only been up two nights, and a *bain de voyageur* at Paris perfectly restored me to what Sir William Gell would call my 'natural loveliness.' After waiting a couple of days at Calais, eight hours carried me over from thence to Dover, nor was I at all anxious to lengthen the passage.

"I will, however, put an end to my journey, or you will be more fatigued from the recital than I was myself from the reality. I will only add that, from my excellent management and forethought, I found myself at Genoa without a farthing—my letter being on Turin, ditto Lyons, &c., &c., and so I only reached London by borrowing money from the coach-office upon my huggage.

"As soon as I arrived in town, I called on Mrs. Purves, and an sorry to say found her excessively low; though, on dining with her on Tuesday, I was happy to see her much gayer, and her spirits altogether improved. I shall refrain from saying a word upon the cause. She has already explained it to you, and it is unnecessary for me to say what pain I feel on account of it, dear Lady Blessington.

"I shall do myself the great pleasure of bestowing some more of my tediousness upon you very soon, and will try and write better, and more composedly. "CHARLES J. MATHEWS."

"Ivy Cottage, December 25th, 1884.

"Week after week has passed away since I last wrote to you. My thoughts,

however, have the more continually been with you, if indeed those thoughts can be so at one time more than another, which are unceasingly reverting to the happy time passed in your family.

"We are going to spend a delightful day with Mrs. Purves, and, could impossibilities be effected merely by the aincerity of the wishes suggested by our affection, you would all be there, to make our happiness complete. But baoyant fancy can not overcome dull reality, and therefore I must take advantage of the mode which nearest resembles being with you, that of writing to you, and converse as if with a deaf and dumb person, upon paper, with this only difference, that I shall have all the talk to myself.

"First and foremost, then—Business. Books. I have been buffeted about in the most unfeeling manner from Mr. Longman to Mr. Lee, and back again from Mr. Lee to Mr. Longman, till I am tired of their very names. Mr. Lee tells me a vessel starts on a certain day, and Mr. Longman says he will be ready, and is not. Ditto Mrs. Purves, milliner. Upon this, vessel No. 1 is to set sail. Vessel No. 2 will be off in a few days, I am told, and both the dreas-maker and the bookseller have promised me to be ready the day after to-morrow; but the first declares she is dependent upon her 'young women,' who are all engaged with their sweetbearts at Christmas time, and the second assures me that his delay is all owing to his dilatory binder.

"But I have given the dress-maker a good dressing, and trimmed her in such a manner that she is quite hommed in, and I think can not try the thing on any longer; and as to the binder, he is plainly bound, for he has been so pressed and lettered by me, that, should be fail, it would stamp disgrace upon his name, and I should certainly pull his dog's cars well, and cover his calfskin back with stripes. Thus being, I think, pretty secure of my people, I have been to the vessel, and the package, I am happy to say, is at last booked. "Now that business is done, let me proceed to pleasure, and tell you what you already know, the state of happiness and comfort I am in at dear home. On my journey my feelings were divided-sweet flowing tears at the approaching meeting frequently mixed themselves with the bitter brine of parting ; but now I have time to dwell upon all I have left at Naples. I cap not, while I rejoice at being where I am, resist the wish that I were still with you. But the advantage of being in two places at once is known to 'birds alone.' The pleasure with which I reflect upon all the scenes that passed at the dear old palazzo and the dear new villa is not unmixed with melancholy-that of knowing that I never shall visit them again with the same dear party. Every thing that I have seen in Naples has a double interest for me from the associations connected with it. The scholar remembers with anthusiasm all he has beheld, because it is the confirmation of all he has previously read. But I have still more to dwell on ; I have the gratifying remembrance of having visited these magic scenes in the society of the dearest and kindest friends in the world, under circumstances which of themselves alone would form subjects for pleasing retrospection for my whole life.

"I am very much to blame in not having yet written to Lord Blessington, after his flattering command, which I had before this intended to obey; I well know that in writing to you, dear Lady Blessington, I do, in fact, the same thing.

"Pray give my best regards also to Count D'Orsay, and say that his kind permission gave me at once the greatest pleasure and the greatest pain—pleasure that he should conceive a letter from me worth receiving, and pain at knowing that I never shall be able to express in French half the admiration and regard I feel for him. Pardon my making your ladyship my messagebearer; but I do it because I know you are always ready to be the conveyer of kindness to every one. To Mary Anne, if you please, my best love; and to Sir William Gell and Mr. Strangways, if still at Naples, my affectionate remembrance.

"To Lord Blessington and yourself I can only say that I am, and shall always be, affectionately yours, CHARLES J. MATHEWS."

#### "Great Russell Street, Priday evening (1635).

"We left my father in most satisfactory health, and able to gratify his wish of proceeding to Devonshire, and returned to town quite in spirits about him; but this morning we have received a letter from Plymouth, where he now is, which announces that he is not so well. Any change for the worse in his state is alarming, and my mother and I are therefore on the point of setting out, at an hour's notice, to join him there.

"It is a sad journey for her to undertake; but, unfortunately, we have not been able to persuade him to London, where he ought to have been from the first, his distance from us making his situation more cruel. I trust, however, we may find him better again, as his health, of course, varies very much from day to day. C. J. MATHEWS."

Letters from Lady Blessington to Charles J. Mathews, Esq. :

#### " Villa Gallo, January 1st, 1825.

"MY DEAR CHARLES, —Your account of your journey was most amusing, and excited a portion of that risibility that you have so often excited in propria persona in other days, and which has been rather a stranger to us since your departure.

"We can laugh at your perils by flood and field *now* that we know you are safely nestled beneath the dear maternal wing at Ivy Cottage; but had we anticipated the probability of all the embarrassments you encountered, we should have been, indeed, most uncomfortable.

"You will have seen in the papers the melancholy and shocking account of the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, close to your old haunt at Pestum. They were a very young and interesting pair; the gentleman not more than twentyfour, and the lady nineteen years old, and only a year married. They had spent the summer at Naples, and had been to Pestum, from whence they were

413

returning, when they were assailed by six armed brigands, who demanded their money. Mr. Hunt gave them some money, and remonstrated with them for ill-treating his servant, when they threatened to shoot him if he did not keep silent. Seeing them still continue to beat his servant, he stood up in the carriage, which was an open one, when two of the miscreants (one at each side) fired, and at the same instant mortally wounded the husband and wife. Mr. Hunt fell from the carriage on the road, and his wife sunk on the seat, in which state they were found by three midshipmen of the 'Revenge,' who were also returning from Pastum, and who arrived in half an hour after the fatal catastrophe. The brigands fied almost immediately after the murder, fearing that the midshipmen would arrive; for it appears that they had a perfect knowledge of the number of the persons, and the property they possessed. which it is thought they got intelligence of at Eboli, where they had slept the night before. The midshipmen assisted Mr. Hunt, who was perfectly sensible, and who detailed the affair, and placed him in the carriage with his wife, of whose wound the whole party were ignorant. Thinking she had fainted from fright, they opened her cloak to give her air, and found her weltering in blood, the ball having taken off some of her fingers in passing through her breast, and passed out through her shoulder-blade, carrying away the lobe of her lungs. A gold chain and locket which she wore, as also the part of her dress next the place, were forced into the wound, and the poor unhappy waman suffered the most violent torture. The midshipmen, finding the danger they were in, thought it best to return to Pastum, which was the nearest place ; and Mr. Hunt becoming delirious, they placed him in your old wretched lodging at Pestum, while his wife was conveyed to the farm-house next it. The husband only lived four hours and a half after the wound, and the poor wife thirty-three. I must not omit telling you that the midshipmen, who were total strangers, behaved like brothers to the poor couple, but particularly Mr. Hornby, whom you may remember in the 'Revenge,' who never left Mrs. Hunt until she breathed her last. Some of the brigands have been taken up on suspicion, and the event has made a deep impression here.

"Pray tell me all that is going on in the literary way in London, and be assured that your letters will always be welcomed by, my dear Charles, your sincers and affectionate friend, M. BLESSINGTON."

### "Friday evening, June or July, 1833.

"A thousand thanks, my dear Charles, for the verses, which are beautiful, but, alas ! a *lettle* too warm for the false prudery of the public taste, though not for mine. Were I to insert them, I should have a host of hypercritical hypocrites attacking the warmth of the sentiments of the lines, and the lady editor, and therefore I must ask you to give me a tale, or verses more prudiah —prettier ones you can hardly give me. I have been so long a mark for the arrows of alander and attack, that I must be more particular than any one else; and your pretty verses, which in any of the Annuals could not fail to be ad-

-Google

mired, would, in a book edited by me, draw down attacks. I find I have another clear week to give you for the composition of an illustration for Alices, and entreat you to write. I keep the verses, for they are too beautiful not to find a place in my album.

"What a missry it is, my dear Charles, to live in an age when one must make such sacrifices to cant and false delicery, and against one's own judgment and taste. M. BLESSINGTON.

"Pray urge your father and mother to give ne frequent tidings of you, as you may be well assured that after them there are none who can feel a deeper, truer interest in you than we do."

# Letters from Lady Blessington to Mrs. Mathews:

" Villa Gallo, Naples, October 18th, 1823.

G00210

"DELEBST MRS. MATREWS,-I can, at the present moment, enter much better into the feelings that dictated your letter addressed to me a year age than when it reached me. You were then parting with Charles, and wrote under all the feelings of anxious affection ; judging by what I now feel, when, after a year's residence with us, he is on the point of leaving us, I am sensible of what a sacrifice you made in resigning him, and what your joy must be in having him restored to you. I believe that your letter desiring his return was the first that you ever dictated that gave pain ; it threw a gloom over our whole circle, Charles excepted, whose heart is too devoted to you not to throb with rapture at the idea of again seeing you after so long an absence, and I see the embarrassing situation he is placed in, between his wish of not appearing ungrateful by participating in our regret at parting, and the delight he naturally feels at rejoining you. Long may his honest and noble heart be filled with the same ingenuous sentiments that dictate all his actions at present, for it would be indeed a pity if it ever became sullied by a contact with the world. Without one half of the estimable qualities which Charles possesses, his talents, various, brilliant, and amusing as they are, always render him a guest too agreeable to every society to be resigned without real regret, as he is found to enliven and be the charm of every circle in which he moves ; but when one knows, as I do, that those talents, delightful as they are, constitute his least merit-that to those he unites the kindest heart, the most ingenuous nature, the best principles, and unvarying good temper, and perhaps, what endears him still more to me, a delicacy of sentiment almost feminine, it is impossible not to feel sad and sorrowful at giving him up, even to a mother whose happiness he forms. It is my consolation that I restore him to you, my dearest friend, as pure, as amiable, and as unsophisticated as when he left you ; and it is with as much pleasure as truth that I declare that, in a year's residence beneath my roof, and almost constantly beneath my eye, I have not discovered a single fault, action, or inclination that would give a moment's pain to your heart, which gives me the gratifying conviction that, through life, he will prove a source of pride and comfort to you and all his friends, and

among that number (and after yourself the most affectionate and interested) I beg you will consider me. I send you two little souvening of Naples; they have no other recommendation than that of being the production of this country, and a very trifling memorial of an affection which, though less inflammable than the lava that forms them, retains its warmth much longer; as for you it never can end. Say every thing that is kind for me to Mr. Mathews; and when Charles and you are enjoying one of those dear, quiet, happy *tite-d-tites* in your dear snug little room, pray give a thought to a friend who would gladly steal away from the bustle and noise of a heartless world to make a trie with you. Write to me often; Charles has promised to do the same, and ever believe me, my dearest Mrs. Mathews, your sincere and affectionate friend, MAROURENTE BLEASINGTON."

"Après avoir passé une année dans l'intimité avec Charles, il ne m'est pas possible de vous considerer comme etrangère; c'est pour cette raison, madame, que je prends la liberté de vous dire combien nous regrettons votre fils, qui emporte avec lui notre sincere amitié ainsi que notre parfaite estime; s'il nous quitte après en, c'est pour le retrouver plus tard j'espère, et lui prouver, s'il est possible, la verité de l'amitié que je lui ai vonée. J'espère aussi être bien reçu de vous presenté par votre sincere amie Lady Blessington, et par votre cher fils, les deux personnes que je connais qui vous sont le plus attachée-et c'est en même temps que je me feliciterai connaitre Mr. Mathews, de qui la voix publique, et l'amitié privée donne tant le desir d'être connu de lui. L'ami de votre fils,

# "Palazzo Belvidere, Naples, November 21st, 1823.

"Your amiable and excellent Charles has been at Pompeii for ten days past, so do not be uneasy at not hearing from him. With the affection and esteem I feel for you, my dearest Mrs. Mathews, as well as the regard I entertain for Mr. Mathews, you may be assured that I shall take a warm interest in your son, and do all in my power to contribute to his present and future comfort ; but, putting those sentiments aside, Charles has so many excellent qualities, and is so agreeable a member of society, that he must always be esteemed and valued for himself; and, I assure you, so much do we prize his society, that nothing but the sense of the advantage he would derive from a ten days' residence at Pompeii could have induced us to relinquish it; and we find his absence leaves a chasm in our little circle, that, although he has only been some days gone, renders us already impatient for his return. Sir William Gell has taken such a fancy to Charles (as indeed has every individual to whom we have presented him), that he takes quite an interest in his plans. It was Sir William who introduced him to a very clever, intelligent young architect (Mr. Angell), with whom he has gone to Pompeii, which is much more agreeable than would be a solitary sojourn there; and I expect to see Charles return with a portfolio of sketches that will hereafter charm

your eyes, and convey to you a lively idea of this land of wonders. Never does Charles see an interesting object or beautiful view without wishing for you, and I hope I need not add that in those wishes I most heartily join.

"Pray write to me whenever you have resolution enough to seize the pen, and, in return, I will, from time to time, give you an account of Charles. Lord B— promises to take us to Sicily in February, and we anticipate with delight seeing that interesting country, where there are some of the most admirable remains of antiquity to be viewed. MARGUERITE BLESSINGTON."

# " December 8th.

"Lord B—— unites with me in congratulating Mr. Mathews on having so far carried his point as to look upon it as now settled that the monument to our immortal bard will be eracted, and Mr. Mathews will be entitled to the thanks of all the admirers of Shakspeare, in which list are comprised all the people of taste and genius the country can boast, for being the means of carrying so desirable an object into effect. I do not know Sir C. Long, but I understand he is not only a man of vory fine taste, but a most amiable person, and I think Mr. Mathews will have great satisfaction with him in this project. I return you the dear little count's letter, which is, like himself, very short, very sweet, and full of heart. M. BLESSINGTOR."

#### "Vills Gallo, January 1st, 1825.

"Your letter of the 8th of December reached me on Christmas day, and was truly gratifying, though you far overrate the services that you conceive we have rendered Charles. You had laid the foundation so solidly of every good and essential quality, that you have left nothing to be added, except, it may be, a few of the ornamental decorations, that are given to finish a work ; and those he has an intuitive tact and quickness in acquiring, that renders the assistance of friends unnecessary. I speak to you, my dearest Mrs. Mathews, with all the candor and frankness that I should do in addressing myself to a sister, and without one shade that the flattery of friends in general think neccesary when speaking to a mother of her son ; and in the true spirit of candor I declare to you, that after a year's daily intercourse with Charles, I regard him as one of the most faultless characters I ever met, and possessing more amiable, as well as more amusing qualities than have fallen to the lot of any of my friends and acquaintances. Enjoying the charms of his society as you now do, you may conceive what a chasm his absence has left in our circle; there is not a day in which we do not miss the sunshine of his welltimed gayety, or an evening in which we do not name him with affectionate regret. I assure you that it gives me real pleasure to hear from you that Charles feels for me a portion of the regard and interest that I entertain for him; and pray tell him that I will yield to no other, except his mother and his wife, the place I wish to hold in his affection, as through life he may count upon me, after the two I have named, as the woman in the world the most sincere-

ly his friend. I am glad to hear that you have been staying with my dear sister at a moment, when she needed the consolation the presence of valued friends can alone out. Separated from her by such a distance, it is a balm to my heart to think that she has in you a friend who can supply my place, and I trust you will see her as often as you can.

" MARGURRITE BLESSINGTON."

#### " Paris July 6th, 1889.

"I thank you for your kind letter, and feel deeply sensible of the sympathy of you and your excellent family, under the cruel and heavy blow that has fallen on me, in the loss of the best of husbands and of men. These are not mere words of course, as all who know him will bear witness, for never did so kind or gentle a heart inhabit a human form ; and I feel this dreadful blow with even more bitterness, because it appears to me that, while I possessed the inestimable blessing I have lost, I was not, to the full extent, sensible of its value ; while now, all his many virtues and good qualities rise up every moment in memory, and I would give worlds to pass over again the years that can never return. Had I been prepared for this dreadful event by any previous illness, I might, perhaps, have borne up against it ; but falling on me like some dreadful storm, it has forever struck at the root of my peace of mind, and rendered all the future a blank. It is not while those to whom we are attached are around us in the enjoyment of health and the prospect of a long life, that we can judge of the extent of our feelings toward them, or how necessary they are to our existence. We are, God help us ! too apt to underrate the good we have, and to see the little defects to which even the most faultless are subject, while their good qualities are not remembered as they ought to be until some cruel blow, like that which has blighted me, draws the weil from our eyes, and every virtue, every proof of affection, are remembered with anguish, while every defect is forgotten. Oh ! could we in our days of health but ask ourselves the question of how we could support the loss of a friend to whom we are attached and endeared by habit, the examination of our hearts would render us more anxious to show that tenderness, and give those proofs of an affection that often lies dormant there, and the extent of which we are not aware until the object is forever torn from us. What renders my feelings still more bitter is, that during the last few years my health has been so had, and violent attacks in my head so frequent, that I allowed my mind to be too much engrossed by my own selfish feelings, and an idea of my poor, dear, and everto-be-lamented husband being snatched away before me never could have been contemplated. Alas ! he who was in perfect health, and whose life was so precious and so valuable to so many, is in one fatal day torn from me forever, while I, who believed my days numbered, am left to drag on a life I now find a burden. Excuse my writing to you in this strain ; I would not appear unkind or ungrateful in not answering your letters, and my feelings are too bitter to permit my writing in any other. Believe me, dearest Mrs. M-,

--- Grocy c

deeply interested in your affairs, and in that of your excellent husband and son. Your truly affectionate friend, Ma BLESSINGTON."

"Paris, October 7th, 1899.

"Your letter is so like yourself, kind, gentle, amiable, and soothing, that its perusal has had nearly the same effect on my feelings that an interview never failed to produce during the too brief period of your stay at Paris. I quite agree with Mrs. Manners Sutton that you are admirably adapted to afford consolation to the afflicted. I too have experienced it, and never will neglect any opportunity of benefiting from its salutary influence. If you knew how often and fondly you have been remembered by us all, you would at least give us credit for warm hearts ; but, above all, Comte D'Orsay rarely passes a day without speaking of you with all the esteem and admiration you are so well calculated to inspire, and even Charles admits that he can appreciate you as well as if he were English, which is a great deal for a foreigner. Pray do not, dearest Mrs. Mathews, feel any apprehension as to the effects of any communications you may make to me; slas! I have no longer any illusion as to the real feelings of one whom for so many years I considered as my secend self, and explanations are as useless, and would be almost as undignified as reproaches, neither of which shall I ever condescend to make to her. I view her conduct with much more of pity than of anger, and nothing she can do shall ever urge me to a reprisal; on the contrary, had she occasion for my services to-morrow, she should experience that, though I can not forget, I can forgive. If, however, it is painful to you to tell me any thing she writes, let it pass; unhappily, all that I can learn must fall infinitely short of what I already know; and as I have no longer any illusion, I never can again be deceived or wounded in that quarter. She can not dislike my going to England as much as I do, for death has deprived me of the friend who could have rendered my visit there as happy and prosperous as all my days were when he lived. The contrast between the past and present would and will be most poignant; but, should our affairs require it, I shall certainly gos but I wish that she would be persuaded that business alone could take me, and that I never can accept the civilities or hospitality of those who were wanting in both to the truest and dearest friend I ever had, and her greatest benefactor, whose name I am proud to bear, and shall ever respect. Poor Charles has been and still is unwell, but his illness is not serious, and with care he will, I trust, soon get well. I hope you know he is in good hands, Comte D'Orsay and his doctor, and we all take as much care of him as we can. I have been much annoyed at its appearing in the papers that I had been to the theatre ; this is to believe that I am equally wanting in feeling and decency. I wish it could be contradicted. M. BLESSINGTON."

"Monday, October 90th, 1899.

Google

"I have great pleasure in telling you that your dear and excellent Charles

is nearly quits well, and that you may make your mind perfectly easy about him, as a few days can not fail to restore him to his wonted health and strength. You may be assured that I would not suffer him to depart while I saw a trace of illness hanging over him; he is too dear to us all to admit of our letting him commit any imprudence. He proposes setting off on Thursday, but I have requested that he may wait until Monday, to make assurance doubly sure of the impossibility of any relapse. We have too much enjoyment in his society, and desire it too much, not to seize with avidity any opportunity of retaining him, the moment we had your sanction for so doing; but he appears so very anxious to set off, and his health is so much better, that I can oppose nothing but my wishes for retarding his departure.

" M. BLESSINGTON."

# "Paris, December 14th, 1829.

"You can so well make allowance for omission in correspondence, for having unhappily too often felt the difficulty of writing even to those most loved, that I will make no other apology for not having sooner replied to your letter of the 19th of November, than that it found me, as I still am, ill in mind and body, and unequal to the exertion of writing even to you. Indeed, my health suffers so much, that I fear I shall be obliged to give up residing at Paris, and be compelled to try the effects of English air ; and this will be very painful to me, after having gone to so much expense and trouble in arranging my rooms here, where I am so comfortably lodged ; besides which, a residence in England, under my present circumstances, would be so different to all that I have been accustomed to, that I can not contemplate it without pain. But, after all, without health there is no enjoyment of even the quiet and sober nature which I seek-a cheerful fireside, with a friend or two to enliven it; or, what is still, perhaps, more easily had, a good book, for I am a little of Mr. Mathews's opinion, that conversation and society, such as I should prefer, can not be had in Paris. I have never had a day's health since I have been in France ; and, though I do all that I am advised, I get worse rather than better. I heard from Mr. Powell yesterday, and find he has as yet done nothing either in discovering the author of the scandalous attacks against me, or in preventing a renewal of them. You are wrong in thinking that Colonel C---- has been actuated by annoyance of alighted attentions, &c., &c.; he never paid me any more than politeness required during the many years of our acquaintance, so that wounded vanity can not have caused his conduct.

"Mary Gardiner has been at Paris for three weeks, and left last Saturday. She is all that is most perfect—her dear father's kind, noble, and generous heart, with a manner the most captivating. I adore her, and I believe she loves me as few girls can love a mother. All charge me with a thousand affectionate regards to you. M. BLESSINGTON."

420

# CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE MATHEWSES.

### "Paris, January 18th, 1830.

"My DEAR, DEAR FRIEND,-A report has reached me that has filled my mind with terror and regret, and perhaps, of all created beings, I am the one who can the most truly and deeply sympathize in your feelings at this crisis. It is because I know, by bitter experience, the utter hopelessness of all attempts at consolation at such a moment, that my writing to you has only one object -that of assuring you that my heart bleeds for and with you ; and as I know the sincerity of your affection for me, my sympathy, which is, God knows, true and heartfelt, can not be deemed obtrusive. You, like me, have lost the kindest and truest of friends-a loss that will be felt with anguish all your days. I, who knew your affection and devotion to him, can well feel all the bitterness of your grief; and I, who knew also how well he merited it, and who felt for him the most sincere friendship and respect, can fully estimate your cruel bereavement. But you, my dearest friend, have a consolation that was denied to me; you have a son, who will share, and, if possible, lighten your sorrow, while I am alone, with estranged and ungrateful friends. Think of Charles, who has only you left him for consolation, and let this thought give you force to bear up against your grief. Change of scene would, I am certain, be of use to you ; my house and heart are open to receive you, and here you will meet with the truest sympathy. M. BLESSINGTON."

#### " Paris, May 7th, 1830.

"I lose not a moment in replying to your letter of the 3d, and regret that I can not at all enlighten you on the subject you name. All that has occurred on the subject of the attacks in the 'Age' I shall now lay before you. Mr. P—— is the only person to whom I ever named you as having given me any information relative to the subject; and this I only did because I conceived, from a passage in one of your letters, that he had had a conversation with you on the affair. I wrote to Mr. P——, urging him to commence a prosetion against the editor, and stated to him that Lord S—— de R—— had advised me to do so, as the only means of putting a stop to these attacks. Mr. P—— was of a different opinion, and advised our treating the attack with contempt; and so the affair ended. I never heard of Lord S—— writing to England on the subject, and am sure he is too indolent to take the trouble, when he was in no way interested.

"When Colonel C—— returned to Paris in February, and came to see me, I told him my information as to his being the author of the attacks; but this I did without ever even hinting at my informant. He declared his innocence in the most positive terms, gave his word of honor that he had never written a line in his life of scandal for any paper, and never could lend himself to so hase and vile a proceeding. His manner of denial was most convincing, and so it ended. Two months ago, Captain G——, of the Guards, who had been very severely attacked in the 'Age,' went to London, and took a friend with him to the editor of the 'Age,' who even gave him a small piece of the latter

sent from Paris, which Captain G—— sent Comte D'Orsay, and which is a totally different writing from Colonel C——'s; and so here ended the business, as it was useless to do any thing more, except commence a prosecution, which I still think ought to have been done. Mr. P—— has never given either Comte D'Orsay or myself the least information, since last January, on this subject; and now you know all that I do on this point. I have never seen a single number of the 'Age,' do not know a single person who takes it in, and never hear it named, so that I am in total ignorance as to the attacks it contains.

"I can name as yet no definite period for my going to England. Pecuniary affairs prevent me at present, though I am anxious to go, in the hope that change of air may do me good, my health and spirits being very, very poorly. *This month*, as your heart may tell you, is a great trial to me; it has renewed my grief with a vividness that you can understand; for it is dreadful to see all nature blooming around, and to think that the last time I welcomed the approach of spring, I was as happy as heart could wish, bleased with the best and most delicate of friends, while now all around me wears the same aspect, and all within my heart is blighted forever! M. BLEASINGTON."

### "Paris, Monday, August 9th, 1830.

"Thanks, my dearest Mrs. Mathews, for the kind solicitude expressed in your letter of the 2d, which reached me this day, and which I hasten to remove as speedily as possible, by assuring you that we never were, during the whole tumult, exposed to the least personal danger, and that now every thing is so perfectly tranquil here that we have nothing to dread. The scenes we have witnessed form an epoch in our lives; we may truly say the Revolution was a triumph of liberty over despotism, and unstained by a single act of cruelty or pillage. Private property has been respected in every instance; and while the mass of the people have been, as it were, animated but by one feeling, a just indignation against their oppressors, no example of robbery or cruelty can be rited against them. It is impossible to have witnessed their conduct without feelings of warm admiration and respect, and without remarking the striking effects of the march of intellect. M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Sunday, 14th August, 1831.

"I fully enter into all the feelings and troubles that have oppressed you up to the last. Perhaps I can the more deeply enter into them at this period, as your letter found me sinking under all the nervous excitation natural for a sansitive person to feel under such painful and embarrassing circumstances as I find myself placed in. M. BLESSINGTON."

### " Seamore Place, December 7th, 1831.

"What shall I say in return for the many sweet but too flattering things your partiality has prompted you to address to me! All I shall say is, that

421

if it had been my lot in life to have mot with many hearts like yours, I might have become all that your affection leads you to believe me ; or if, in my near relations, I had met with only kind usage or delicacy, I should now not only be happier, but a better woman, for happiness and goodness are more frequently allied than we think. But I confess to you, my beloved friend, a great part of the milk and honey of nature with which my heart originally overflowed is turned into gall; and though I have still enough goodness left to prevent its bitterness from falling even on those who have caused it, yet have I not power to prevent its corroding my own heart, and rusting many of the qualities with which Nature had blessed me. To have a proud spirit, with a tender heart, is an unfortunate union, and I have not been able to curb the first or steel the second; and when I have felt myself the dupe of those for whom I sacrificed so much, and in return only saked for affection, it has soured me against a world where I feel alone-misunderstood-with my very best qualities turned against me. If an envious or a jealous crowd misjudge or condemn, a proud spirit can bear up against injustice, conscious of its own rectitude ; but if, in the most inveterate assailants, one finds those whom we believe to be our trusted friends, the blow is incurable, and leaves behind a wound that will, in spite of every effort, bleed afresh, as memory recalls the cruel conduct that inflicted it. Casar defended himself against his foes, but when he saw his friend Brutus strike at him, he gave up the struggle. If any thing can preserve me from the mildere of the soul that is growing on me, it will be your affection, which almost reconciles me to human nature. M. BLEASINGTON."

#### "Monday, 14th November, 1831.

"Count D'Orsay has just arrived, and has described to me (not without tcars) the distressing scene he witnessed at Ivy Cottage.

"I am miserable at your continuing there this night, and would give any thing on earth that you were with me. Do let me entreat of you to come to me to-morrow, and remain here until all is over; believe me, it is best for every reason. As long as your presence could be of use to the faithful and excellent creature who is departed, I would not have proposed your leaving him for a day; but now all is over, your staying in such a scene will only destroy your already shattered nerves and injured health, which must be preserved to console poor dear Charles. M. BLESSINGTON."

### "Thursday evening, April 38th, 1822.

"It is strange, my dearest friend, but it is no less strange than true, that there exists some hidden chord of sympathy, some 'lightning of the mind,' that draws kindred souls toward each other when the bodies are separated. I have been for the last four days thinking so much of you, that, had this day been tolerable, I should have gone to you, as I had a thousand misgivings that something was wrong, when lo ! your little note arrives, and I find that you

too have been thinking of your absent friend. I shall be so glad to hear that Mr. Mathews is returned, and in better health and spirits. I feel all that you have had to undergo; that wear and tear of the mind, that exhansts both nerves and spirits, is more pernicious in its effects than greater trials. The latter call forth our energies to bear them, but the former wear us out without leaving even the self-complacency of resisted shocks. I shall be most glad to see you again, and to tell you that, in nearness as in distance, your affection is the cable that holds my sheet anchor, and reconciles me to a world where I see much to pity and little to console. La Contessa Guiccioli is arrived in England, and this day came to see me. She is a very interesting person, gentle, amiable, and unhappy; you would, I am sure, like her, and, if you think so, you shall meet her here at dinner with me when you like.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

423

### " Monday evening, April 3d, 1832.

"You have such a good and kind heart, my dearest friend, that I know it will give you pleasure to hear that your friend has seen her error, made the amende honorable without any communication from me, and that all is at present coulcur de rose. I could not sleep without telling you this. Why do we live so far asunder! I am sure it would add years to my life, and oh! how much happiness to those years, to see you often. Your presence not only makes me happier, but makes me better; there is a soothing influence in your looks, manner, tones, and voice, that comforts and tranquillizes my feelings, like a delicious twilight, that is so dearly valued because felt to be so fleeting; not that I should appreciate your dear society or twilight less were both as lasting as they are delightful; but, alas!

" ' All that's bright must fade.'

### "M. BLESSINGTON."

### " Sunday, June 24th, 1882.

"I have had all the horrors of authorship on my hands the last week, so that I really have not had an hour to call my own, and retire at night so fatigued as to be unable to sleep.

"I have disposed of my 'Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron' very advantageously; they are first to appear in the 'New Monthly,' and after in a separate volume. I tell you all this, knowing the interest your dear, kind heart takes in all that concerns me. You may be assured that it delights me to hear of dear Charles's success in every branch to which be turns his talents; and I foretold from his earliest youth that he must success in all that he tried. "M. BLESSINGTON."

#### " Seamore Place, Sept. 20th, 1832.

- Circlov (

"I have had my father with me for the last fortnight, and he only left me to-day. My brother is at Palace Yard, but I see him every day. You must

never imagine for a single moment that there exists that person that could rival you in my affection : there is but one Mrs. Mathews in the world, though there may be, and are, a thousand amiable and charming people ; and though La Conteses Guiccioli is among the thousand, and perhaps unites more good qualities than fall to the share of many of the number, still she is not formed to occupy a place that ever had been filled by you. Alfred charges me with all that is grateful, affectionate, and sincers to you. You have not, after Charles, on earth, a male heart more truly devoted to you, nor a female one that feels for you a more true, usarm, and constant affection than your most cordial friend, M. BLEASINGTON."

### " Friday, Sept. 20th, 1832.

"You will, I know, be sorry to hear of the death of dear, good Madame Crawford. She died at Paris on the 13th, lamented by all who knew her, and deeply so by me, to whom she was most deservedly endeared by a friendship as warm as it was unchanging, of which she gave me many proofs. Though, from her advanced age, being in her eighty-fifth year, a protracted existence was not to be expected, still her heart was so warm, and her affections so fresh and devoted, that one could never consider her as an old woman ; and if age was to be considered by feelings instead of years, how much younger was dear, good Madame Crawford than many of those who have not half her years! Your friend, and I may safely use the term in its true acceptation of the word, as he is your true and affectionate friend, Cte. Alfred, is deeply grieved, for he truly loved his grandmother, as she did him. He begs me to offer you his most affectionate remembrances, and to Mr. Mathews his kind regards. Pray make mine also acceptable to him. I had seen notices of dear Charles's whereabouts in the newspapers, and was truly glad to have them confirmed by you. That his expedition will be most serviceable to his health and spirits admits not of a doubt, and that it will be advantageous to his future prospects is, I think, equally sure; for the intimacy of the influential family with whom he is domesticated can not fail to be cemented by a warm friendship, as Charles has as many solid qualities to insure esteem as he has brilliant talents to win admiration, and those he met as acquaintances he will leave as friends. M. BLESSINGTON."

#### " Saturday, 29th Sept., 1822.

"I wrote a line to Charles at Newport to apprise him of the necessity of his appearance at Lincoln's Inn on the lst. I must repeat the regret I feel at taking him from you and his father, when the helplessness of the latter renders his son's attention so necessary for you. I so well know the devotedness of your affection for those you love, that a sacrifice of personal comfort costs you, perhaps, less than any one else; but when I reflect on the fearful accident, and its consequences, that has reduced Mr. Mathews to his present distressing state, I feel pained beyond expression at depriving him and you of

Charles's assistance at such a crisis, though but even for a few days. The newspapers, that in general magnify misfortunes, in the case of poor Mr. Mathews reduced them, by stating that a few hours after his accident all traces of it had disappeared; would to God it had been so, as I really feel more than all, save you, could imagine at finding how much more serious the misfortune has been. Yes, you are right, my beloved friend, in supposing that your silence can never by me be mistaken for want of affection or interest. I know your heart, and I rely on it, because I judge it by my own, which neither time, distance, nor circumstances can change toward you. I detest writing, but I do not love my friends less because I do not tell them so more frequently : the sentiment is engraved in indelible characters on my heart, and each impression is but as a new seal with the same legend. I like to hear often, very often, from those I love; but when they do not write, I conclude that, like me, they are silent, but not forgetful. My friend, Mr. John Fox Strangways, is third cousin to Lord Holland, being brother to the present Earl of Ilchester, who, with Lord Holland, descends in line direct from Sir Stephen Fox (of the reign of Charles the Second), whose eldest son was created Earl of lichester, and the second son was created Baron Holland.

"Your constant and attached friend, Alfred, paid a visit to the cottage five days ago; the cage was there, but, alas! the bird was flown; and he came back to tell me that, lovely as the day was, the cottage looked gloomy and melancholy without its owners.

"I like the Isle of Wight : it is endeared to me by the recollection of having passed a delightful fortnight there with my ever-to-be-lamented husband, the only *tête-d-tête* we ever enjoyed during our marriage, and which we both . felt as children do their first vacation from school. How many souvenirs does each thought of it excite. M. BLESSINGTON."

"To-morrow, Saturday, I have the nuisance of having some people to dinner, invited days ago; but I shall leave my sister and Count Alfred to entertain them, as I am too suffering to attempt it; indeed, my spirits are as low as my health, and my thoughts are much more with you and your house of mourning than with any thing passing around me. Conquer the feelings that the last asd event will excite by recollecting what I had to bear when all I most valued was torn from me, and I left with strangers in a foreign land. "M. Bizsainggrow."

#### "Thursday, August 19th, 1835.

"Well can I understand, my dearest friend, the total break-up in your habits and hours. All that you are now undergoing I have undergone, with the additional misery of having him whose loss I must ever deplore snatched away from me in the midst of apparent health, without the preparation for such a fatal event by one day of illness, or the melancholy consolation of having cheered his bed of sickness, or soothed his last hours by a knowledge of how

he was valued. Time is the only consoler. Every day brings us neares to those we have lost, and who have only preceded us by at most a few fleeting years. I shall call on you at four o'clock on Saturday next, unless I hear that you are engaged, and can not receive me. M. BLEWSINGTON."

#### " Tuesday night, December 3d, 1835.

"I can well enter into your feelings, every one of which finds an echo in my heart. Little do we think, when we are enlivening birth-days and anniversaries, that we are laying up cause for future sorrow, and that a day may come when, those who shared them with us being snatched away, the return of past sessons of enjoyment brings only bitterness and sorrow. All that you feel I felt and do feel, though years are gone by since the blow that destroyed my happiness took place. Without the constant occupation I have given myself, I should have sunk under it, when the memory of it comes back to me with all the bitterness of the past, though I try to chase it away. Lady Canterbury charges me to offer you her congratulations on Charles's success, and her affectionate regards. God be thanked that his efforts have been crowned with unequaled success: every one talks of his acting in raptures.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Monday night.

"It was only on Saturday that I first read of your intended voyage to America, and my knowledge of the delicacy of your health during the last year led me to think the statement totally destitute of truth, so that until your letter of yesterday reached me I disbelieved it. But what can not affection and a sense of duty effect in a mind like yours ! I am not surprised at your determination, because I know you ; but I believe there is not another woman in England, in your delicate health, that would have courage to undertake such a voyage, and such an absence from Charles. May God bless and reward you for it, and may you reap all the advantages from it that you deserve. I had wished much to see you, for I was anxious to tell you honestly, and in all sincerity, the real delight I experienced at seeing the performance of Mr. Mathews the last night. Never-no, not even the first year of his performance, was it more brilliant, more vigorous, or more successful, and I was enchanted to find that this was the sense of the whole house. I have thought all day of your departure, and mourned over it as though we were often together, instead of being, as we have lately been, almost as much separated as if different countries held us; but even though friends do not meet, it is always a comfort to know that they are within reach, and a pang shoots through the heart when a year of absence is contemplated. M. BLESSINGTON."

#### "Monday night.

"I had thought it very long, my dearest friend, since I heard from you; and dear Charles having told me that you had been ill and suffering did not

consols me. I have been so constantly and fatiguingly occupied in copying and correcting since I saw you, that I have not had a moment to myself, and the only recreation I have enjoyed is the having gone to see 'The Wolf and the Lamb,' which, I do assure you, delighted all our party, some of whom did not know the author. I should have sent you the 'Monthly,' but that I could not bear that you should read any thing of mime in the same book that unfaworably noticed Charles's production. I can not account for the editor's illjudged and ill-placed severity ; but I believe that so high a report of Charles's talents has gone forth that miracles are expected of him, and that any thing short of a comedy of five acts would be considered as *infra dig*. for him.

"M. B."

#### "Tuesday night.

"Your agitated letter of this day has just reached me, and never did I feel the annoyance of indisposition so heavily as during the last two days that it has kept me from going to you, perhaps (and God in heaven grant it may be !) the last occasion on which I could be of use in consoling you, or, rather, let me say, in sharing your sorrow, for in cases like this there is no consoler but Time. But still, when one's feelings are understood-and who can understand yours like me, who have drunk the cop of bitterness to the very dregs ? -though sorrow is not removed, it is lightened by being shared. Alas! I have too keenly, too deeply felt the want of friends to consider the rank or position of any one who had served or loved me or mine, and therefore well can I understand all that you feel at the loss of the amiable, the noble-minded creature who has gone before us to that kingdom where rank loses all its futile, its heartless distinctions, and we are judged of by our deeds and our hearts, and not by our names. Though I have not been with you in person, my mind, my soul has been with you, and my tears have flowed in sympathy with yours. M. BLESSINGTON."

### "Gore House, July 1st, 1840.

"You do me but justice in thinking that you are not forgotten, though my not going to you would seem to imply it; but when I tell you that I have no less than three works passing through the press, and have to furnish the MS. to keep the printers at work for one of them, you may judge of my unceasing and overwhelming occupation, which leaves me time neither for pleasure, nor for taking air or exercise enough for health. I am literally worn out, and look for release from my literary toils more than ever slave did from bondage. I never get out any day before five o'clock—have offended every friend or scquaintance I have by never even calling at their doors—and am suffering in M. BLESSINGTON."

From Lady Blessington to a friend of Mrs. Mathews:

"Paris, November 30th, 1839.

"You are one of the few, dearest, who do not forget me. I have experienced such ingratitude and unkindness, that, added to the heavy blow that has fallen on me, I really dread becoming a misanthrope, and that my heart will shut itself up against all the world. If you knew the bitter feelings the treatment I have met with has excited in my breast, you would not wonder that it has frozen the genial current of life, and that I look, as I am, more of another world than this. Had God spared me my over-dear and lamented husband, I could have borne up against the unkindness and ingratitude of friends estranged ; but, as it is, the blow has been too heavy for me, and I look in vain on every side for consolation. I am wrong, my dearest, in writing to you in this gloomy mood, but if I waited until I became more cheerful, God alone knows when your letter would be answered. You are young, and life is all before you ; take example by me, and conquer, while yet you may, tenderness of heart and susceptibility of feeling, which only tend to make the person who possesses them wretched ; for, be assured, you will meet but few capable of understanding or appreciating such feelings, and you will become the dupe of the cold and heartless, who contemn what they can not understand, and repay with ingratitude the affection lavished on them. I would not thus advise you if I did not know that you have genius; and who ever had that fatal gift without its attendant malady, susceptibility and deep feeling ! which, in spite of all mental endowments, render the person dependent on others for his happiness ; for it may appear a paradox, but it is nevertheless true, those who are most endowed can the least suffice for their own happiness.

"The Princess Esterhazy has been a fortnight at Paris, and was scarcely a day away from Madame Crawford, whom she considers just as a mother. The poor lady has been ill, and still keeps her room, but is getting better. She inquires every post-day for you, as does the general.

"M. BLESSINGTON."

# No. I.

# CORRESPONDENCE OF COUNT D'OREAY.

# LETTERS FROM COUNT D'ORSAY TO W. S. LAWDOR, ESQ.

### "Rome, 8th December, 1897.

"Mon CHER MR. LANDOR,—Nous avons tous été obligé d'aller à Naples, pour faire le mariage Protestant, car la première insinuation que l'on donna au Due de Laval, fut qu'il était preferable que cela ent lieu avant la ceremonie Catholique, ainsi voils ce grand imbecille d'un ministre confonda. Son ignorant entôtement est prouvé. Je viens de lui écrire, pour lui dire que lorsqu'on est completement ignorant des devoirs de son ministère on doit alors en place d'entôtement s'en rapporter à l'opinion des autres, et que malgré tout l'embarras que nous avions eu à cause de lui, d'entreprendre ce voyage, nous avions été à même de juger de F——, qui comprend tout aussi bien les devoirs de son ministère, que la manière de recevoir les personnes de distinction.

"J'espere qu'il prendra mal ma lettre, car j'aurais grand plaisir, de lui couper le bont de son Bec. Je vous écris ces details car je sais même par Hare, qu'en veritable ami, vous avez pris chandement notre parti ; je ne m'en etonne pas, car il suffit de vous connaitre, et de pouvoir vous apprecier, pour être convaincu que tout ce qui n'est pas sincère, n'a rien de commun avec vous. Toute la famille vous envoye mille amitiés, nous parlons et pensons souvent de vous. "Votre très affectionné D'Onsar."

"74 Rue de Bourbon, 4th September, 1898.

"J'ai reçu, mon cher Mr. Landor, votre lettre. Elle nous à fait le plus grand plaisir. Vous devries être plus que convaincu, que j'apprecirais particulièrement une lettre de vous, mais il parait que notre intimité de Florence, ne compte pour rien à vos yeux, si vous doutez du plaisir que nos nouvelles doivent produire dans notre interieur. Si tôt que je recevrai les tableaux je ferai votre commission avec exactitude. Je desirerais bien que vous veniez à Paris, car nous avons de belles choses à vous montrer; surtout en fait de tableaux. A propos de cela, je vous envoye ci-joint le portrait du Prince Borghése que vous trouverez j'espere ressemblant. Vous savez que Francis Hare promene sa moitié sur le Continent, il irs probablement à Florence la laisser jouer sur le Theatre de Normanby. Car maintenant qu'elle a changé de vocation, Francis ne sera plus sussi strict.

"Nous parlons et pensons souvent de vous, il est assez curieux que vous soyez en odeur de sainteté dans cette famille, car il me semble que ce n'est pas la chose dont nous vous piquiez particulièrement d'être.

"Lady B----- et toutes nos dames nous envoyent mille amitiés, et moi je ne fais que renouveler l'assurance de la sincerité de la mienne.

"Votre très affectionne

D'ORSAT."

#### " Paris, 28 Août, 1830.

"Je viens de recevoir votre lettre du 10. Il fallait un aussi grand evenement pour avoir de vos nouvelles. Le fait est que c'est dans ces grandes circonstances que les gens bien pensant se retrouvest. Vous donner des details de tout l'heroisme qui a été deployé dans ces journées memorables, et difficiles, il fandrait un Salluste pour rendre justice, et d'écrire cette plus belle page de l'histoire des temps modernes. On ne sait qu'admirer de plus, de la valeur dans l'action, ou de la moderàtion après la victoire. Paris est tranquille comme la veille d'un jour de fête, il serait injuste de dire comme le lendemain, car la reaction de la veille donne souvent une apparence unsettied, tandis qu'ici tout est digne et noble, le grand peuple sent sa puissance. Chaque housme se sent relevé à ses propres youx, et croirait manquer à sa nation en commettant le moindre excès. Vous veritable philosophe series heureux de voir ce qu'a pu faire l'education en 40 années; voir ce peuple après où à l'epoque où La Fayette le commanda pour la première fois, est bien different ; en 1790-l'accouchement laborieux de la liberté, out des suites fonestes, maintenant l'on peut dire que la mère et l'enfant se portent bien. Notre present Roi est le premier citoyen de son pays, il sent bien que les Rois sont faits pour les peuples, et non les peuples pour les Rois. Si Charles Diz eut pensé de même s'il eut été moins Jesuite, nous aurions encere cette race Capeticane, ainsi comme il n'y aucun moyen curatif comme pour guerir de cette maladie, il est encore très heureux qu'il ait donné l'excuse legale pour qu'on la renvoye.

"Vos Torys en Angleterre regrettent qu'il n'y sit pas eu d'excès commis pour tacher notre revolution. Le fait est qu'ils sont jaloux de nous voir si grands.

"La Contesse et Lady B- ont été d'un courage sublime ; alles se portent bien.

"Ma sœur compte accompagner son mari. Elle se porte bien.

"J'espere recevoir encore de vos nouvelles, ainsi. Adicu, pour le moment. "Votre très affectionné D'Orsay."

"7th February, 1862.

G00210

"I read your admirable letter in the Examiner, and I am so delighted with it that I must instantly thank you for it. Lieutenant Elton has an ample consolation in the sympathy that he excites in every generous heart, and I hope that the House of Commons will unanimously condemn the atrocious sectence

of that despicable court-martial. I am in a state of fury about this injustice, and I could have embraced you with all my heart when I read your letter. I am assisting you in this by keeping up a continual fire on the subject, and by enrolling members to vote according to your wishes and mine. My only regret now is, not to have been the guest of Elton, as I would have given the finest licking to Captain W—— that a man ever received, you may tell him from me, if you meet him ever.

"Au revoir, my dear Landor. Your affectionate friend, D'OREAY."

(No date.)

"I think that Henry the Eighth was at Richmond-on-the-Hill when Anne Boleyn was beheaded. They say that he saw the flag which was erected in London as soon as har head fell. Therefore, as you make him staying at Epping Forest at that time, and as I am sure you have some good reasons for it, I will thank you to give them to me.

"We regretted much not to have seen you at Bath, and I was on the moment about to write to you, like Henry the Fourth did to the brave Crillon after the battle :

"'Pends toi, brave Landor, nous avons été à Bath, et tu n'y étais pas----"You will be glad to hear that the second son of my sister has been received at the Ecole of St. Cyr, after a ticklish examination. Hoping to see you soon, believe me yours, most affectionately, D'Ossay."

#### " Gore House, 3d January, 1845.

"It is a fact that my brave nephew has been acting the part of Adonis, with a sacré cochon, who nearly opened his leg;\* his presence of mind was great; he was on his lame leg in time to receive the second attack of the infariated beast, and killed him on the spot, plunging a conteau de chasse through his heart—luckily the wild bear had one. The romantic scene would have been complete if there had been another Gabrielle de Vergy looking at this modern Raoul de Coarcy. We think and speak of you often, and are in hopes that you will pay us a visit soon. Poor Forster is ill, and miserable at the loss of his brother. I am sure that Forster is one of the best, honestest, and kindest men that ever lived. I had yesterday a letter from Eugene Sue, who is in raptures with Macready as an actor and as a man. We saw lately that good, warm-hearted Dickens—he spoke of you very affectionately. I will write to my nephew and sister your kind messages.

"Most affectionately,

#### D'ORBAY.

"Lady B—— is quite well, writing away like a steam engine. 'Strathern' is very much praised by the Chronicle, &c., &c. There are some good scenes' in it, with profitable reflections for those who can reflect. I am postizing, modeting, &c., &c. In fact, I begin to believe that I am a Michael Angelo mangaé."

\* An ailusion to an injury sustained by the Duke de Guiche from an attack of a wild boar while hunting .- R. R. M.

"P.M., January 10th, 1845.

"The verses are charming. I will send them to my sister. You have forgotten Preserpine, who flatters herself that she had a great deal to do with the resurrection of Adonis.

"Yours affectionately,

D'ORSAT."

LETTERS FROM COUNT D'ORSAY TO JOEN FORSTER, ESQ.

"Gore House, 13th Sept., 1844.

"Pends toi, brave Forster, nous irons à Greenwich, et tu n'y seras pas. Merci pour l'Hypocrite. Je vais l'envoyer à Sue. Nous esperons que vous viendres diner ici Mardi. Nous arrangerons nos excursions avec mon neveu, et nos plans de campagne futures.

# "Votre tout dévoué

D'ORGAT.

"You promised to come with Maclise, therefore we expect you on Tuesday next. Pray don't disappoint us. You will meet Dr. Madden, who will interest you about Cape Coast Castle."

### "Gore House, 31st October, 1844.

"Je ne pouvais concevoir la raison de la lenteur de votre reponse. Je conjecturais que vous étiez parti pour Liverpool pour recevoir M.—mais il parait que votre diable de santé vous tourmente cruellement. Vous avez une patience angelique. Si Lord Shrewsbury l'apprend il vous prendra pour une seconde Estatisca de Candellarigo, que dit donc ce sacré \* \* \*

"Oui, "le Constitutionnel' pretend qu'il y'a un General Gomer, qui certainement est moins celebré que Mr. Poudrette l'artificier dans Paul de Kock. Au eurplus si notre homme n'est pas il vero Pulchinello, il aurait du l'êtra. \* \* \*

"Que dites vous de la grande burlesque de la cité, le lord maire avec sa botte, les chevaux de Ducrow dansant en depit des aldermen, si tôt qu'ils entendirent la musique, le Duc de Wellington, criant à nue tête que sa statue etait beautiful, les Life Guards revenants ivres comme de Templiers, la reine ennuyée et le montrant à tout le monds. On dit que c'etait reellement tout ce qu'il y'avait de plus risible. Tout Gore House vous regrette beaucoup et vous attend avec impatience."

#### "15th October, 1844.

"Je vous renvoye la lettre du bon Maclise, ce voyage lui fera grand bien, et je suis convaincu qu'il le prouvera bientôt. Dites lui de venir diner Mercredi, il me doit cela. Les ignorants discutent et disputent sur l'origine du nom de Gomer, frigate du roi. Un imbecille nommé le General Rumigni pretend que le nom est d'après celui d'un general d'artillerie assez inconnu. Cela rapelle l'histoire d'un General Français qui n'envisagerait Moise que comme un bon general d'infanterie. Tous ces messieurs envisagent tout

...Google

sous le point de vue militaire. La frigate Gomer a été nommé d'après Gomer fils de Japheth, qui selon quelques auteurs était père des Gaulois, et qui vint dans la Gaule environ 2175 ans avant la naissance de Jesus Christ. Ceci, vous conviendrez, est plus probable que le general d'artillerie.

"Votre affectionne

D'ORSAY."

# "Gore House, 25th October, 1844.

"Il y a réellement un sidele depuis que vous étiez absent. C'est une mauvaise plaisanterie. Quand viendrez vous donc ! Il est vrai que le Temps est très temptant. Old Gomer is perfectly well; he has created a great sensation. Mon neveu est parti. Son dernier mot était de dire adieu à Forster.

"Macready m'avait envoyé un papier de Boston ou j'ai lu avec grand interest son succès. Macbeth dans l'Egliso rappelle l'Histoiro Napolitaine de Eco il vero Polichinello. Je n'ai pas vu De la Roche Maclise. Dites lui mille amitiés.

"Eugene Sue, devient de plus en plus admirable; il vous mene à la morale par de chemins tout soit peu perilleux, mais une fois arrivá la, vous la trouvez pure et belle. La fecondeté de son imagination surpasse tous ses precedents ouvrages, les Jesuites sont enfoncés, les convents démollis, et la classé ouvriere va s'elever sur leurs debris. Amen.

"Votre bien dévoué

#### D'ORSAY."

"29th Janvier, 1845.

"Donnez nous de vos nouvelles. J'espere qu'elles seront meilleures. Quand aurons nous la chance de vous revoir !

"J'ai toujours oublié de vous demander si vous aviez lu le grand papier que je vous ai envoyé sur mes affaires d'Irlande. Je suis anxieux d'avoir votre opinion. Lady B—— m'a charmé en me raccontant l'effet du Chronicle sur ce cher ———. J'admire tellement la franchise de sa belle nature. Un autre de nos amis aurait *affecté*, not to care a d— about it.

"Je crains que vous ayez cherché dans Mr. de Polignac\* ce qu'il était impossible de trouver. Je voulais que vous jugiez des ovenements de 1830, au point de vue de Charles Diz, et de l'article 14 de la Charte, et voyez s'il y avait moyen de s'en retirer autrement que par les ordonnances.

"J'étais, et je suis contre cette dynastie, qui selon moi était aussi usée que vos Stuarts. J'étais contre les ordonnances, mais pourtant je confesse que le rapport de Mr. de Chantelange sur l'Etat de la France à cette epoque est admirable, et que Charles Dix n'avait pas d'autre remede. Amen.

" Votre affectionné

### D'OBBAY.

"L. P. va poser la première pierre du tombeau de Napoleon, ct devrait prendre celle qui bouche la porte du château de Ham."

This alluston is to a pollitical memoir by M. de Polignac, defending his conduct in 1890.
 -R. R. M.

VOL. II.-T

" January, 1845.

"We are really in despair to see what a martyr you are, and we hope to hear better accounts of yourself. Have you sees —, and what are you doing !

"I send you some distractions, as you require them in bed. You will see that the wild bear is trotting in Landor's head. Preserpine will be jealous not to be included in the poem, as it was to her interference that Adonis cance up again. I send you the tremendous case, which will be the real *bore* for you.

"I am reading 'Strathern,' and I am in the middle of the second volume. I think that the traveling scene between Fitzwarren and Knebworth is the most perfect one I ever read. I could write an amplification of as many pages, to show the truth, the depth, and the moral of it. I have just been complimenting Lady B—— about it. I have a great deal to tell you about two sisters and another person. You must remind me of it.

"Yours affectionately,

D'ORSAY."

" Sunday.

"Je suis très loin d'être offensé de l'article de \_\_\_\_\_, jo l'ai trouvé très amusant et très à propos, and very good-natured to me.

"Je l'aime beaucoup mieux que l'article de \_\_\_\_\_, qui se croit obligé de payer un mauvais compliment au Duc de Wellington à cause de ma statue.

"Je vous felicite d'être obligé de garder la maison ; la Siberie doit être un joke en comparaison de ce pays, la terre de notre jardin est passé à l'etat de granite, c'est un additional chapter pour l'auteur des 'Vestiges of the Creation.'

"Mille amitiés de tout Gore House. Votre affectionné D'ORSAT."

" Gore House, Jendi.

" J'allais vous écrire loraque votre billet est arrivé, car je savais que l'infidel était allé exprès au bout de l'Angleterre pour nous désappointer. Nous remetterons cette partie là à Dimanche en huit.

"Mais si le temps est beau Dimanche prochain, il faudra que nous allions à Hampton Court et que nous revenions diner ici. Nous en parlerons ce soir si vous venez comme nous l'esperons.

"Torpedo avait lancé une galvanic bruit à Lady B—— hier; son postscrit resemble à la queue d'une comète. Vous serez assez amusé d'apprendre que nous avions trouvé dans le temps passé l'immense ressemblance de negro avec —, c'est une veritable tête d'ogre.

" Votre bien dévoué

D'ORSAT."

"Mercredi, 18me June, 1845.

"J'ai pensé depuis long temps qu'il serait très important pour la securité publique des travelers sur le rail-road, qu'on établisse un surveillant sur le

- Google

derrière de la dernière voiture du train, de manière, que par un wire, qui communiquerait avec l'engine, il pourrait tirer une cloche, qui indiquerait qu'il y a quelque chose out of order. Alors on pourrait arreter de suite, cet accident du Great Western le prouve, car du moment que le sand a été jetté en l'air, c'etait souffisant pour demontrer au garde de derrière, qu'il y avait une des voitures hors du rail.

"Ecrivez un article je vous prie la dessus, même dans la forme d'une lettre venant de moi, car il faut attirer l'attention de tous les directeurs des railroals sur un point, qu'il est si facile d'améliorer. J'étais un jour dans ma voiture, qui était placé sur le dernier truck du rail; ma voiture avait été mal securé, j'étais agité comme le fouet de poste, d'un postillon Français, je me sentais comme le bout de la queue d'un serpent qui *waggait his tail*. A la fin les courroies des vaches se sont detachés d'un coté et je les aurais perdu si par bonheur je n'étais arrivé à la station. C'est alors que je me suis dit, combien il était necessaire d'être protégé par derrière, puisque les engineers ne pensent qu'en avant. L'accident d'hier est une bonne excuse pour la lettre. Ecrivez la et vous me ferez grand plaisir.\*

" Votre tout dévoué

D'ORSAY."

4 30th Juillet, 1845.

"Il n'y a rien de tel que de poursuivre une bonne et charitable idée. Ces sacrés directeurs de rail-road ne veulent pas adopter mon idée par economie, et vous voyez par l'accident ci-joint qu'on aurait pu l'eviter. F— est tout à fait de mon opinion qu'il faut les attaquer jusqu'à ce qu'ils pensent à la safety des passengers.

"Voici donc l'occasion. S'il y avait eu un garde exprès, pour la queue du train, il aurait eu soin d'avoir la lampe allumée, et il aurait entendu l'engino venir derrière lui; c'est un cas ou il devrait avoir une trompette, enfin un moyen de faire savoir dans la nuit qu'il est là, dans le cas qu'un engine le poursuivre, et que la lampe soit cteinte. C'est une precaution indispensable que de forcer ces directeurs à l'adopter.

"Nous esperons vous voir bientôt. Votre tout dévoué D'ORSAY."

#### "P.M., August 4th, 1845.

"Je suis determiné de poursuivre les directeurs, jusqu'à ce qu'ils adoptent mon plan, et si vous m'aidez nous réussirons; ces accidents continuels, ont etablis un *raw* que nous assaisonnerons continuellement de Cayenne pepper, et à la fin ils prendront les récls moyens de cicatriser la plaie. Mon idée est, qu'il y ait un siege derrière la dernière voiture de chaque train, comme un coachman des Hanson's cab. Il sera en communication avec l'engine, par

\* Count D'Orsay's allusion is to a project which had engaged a great deal of his time and attention—a contrivance to effect instantaneous communication between the guard of a railway train and the driver of an ougine on the approach of danger or the occurrence of any accident.—R. R. M.

une longue corde qui passera le long du roof des voitures, et sur le coté, en tirant la corde un marteau frappera sur un gong près de l'engine, et indiquera qu'il faut de suite arreter. Ce garde s'occupera exclusivement des lampes de l'arrière garde, et on lui donnera de ces lights d'artifice, qui dans un instant s'allument comme les allumettes chimique, et produissent une clarté, comme en plein jour, cela serait dans le cas qu'il serait poursivi par un engine, par ce moyen il eviterait le carembollage, si par accident la lampe de dessous s'était eteinte. Le garde derrière le train, peut très bien entendre un engine qui le poursuit tandis que dans toute autre situation du train on ne pourrait rien entendre. La depense de cette precaution ne sera rien, et donners une grande securité morale et physique aux travelers, et ce n'est qu'en fonçant cela, avec un marteau dans la tête des directeurs que nous réussirons. La corde passera dans un anneau sur le coté de chaque voiture, cet anneau s'ouvrira par un spring, dans le cas qu'on veuille retirer une des voitures intermediates. La corde peut s'allonger et raccourcir, en proportion de la longueur du train. Enfin alambiquez tout cela, et soyez convaincu que vous rendrez un grand service à l'humanité voyageuse. Nous esperons vous voir bientôt.

"Votre tout dévoué D'ORSAT. "On employe ces lights d'artifice pour decouvrir la nuit, les poachers. On la frappe contre un arbre, cela s'allume et donne une clarte blanche qui dure deux ou trois minutes et même plus. J'en enverrai chercher pour vous les montrer."

" Mercredi, 13.

"Je no trouve pas la reponse de 'Mechanicus' concluante. Premièrement quand la corde sera usée on en changera. Secondement elle ne peut s'entangler avec les bagages, puisqu'elle passe sur le coté du roof dans des anneaux, et troisièmement il ne peut pas y avoir une difference telle dans la longueur du train en montant et descendant, puisque toutes les voitures sont attachées les une aux autres. Les buffers ne sont pressés inward que par un choc, et non pas par la simple pression d'un train descendant un inclined planc. Il ne faut donc pas lui laisser eluder la question, qui est d'avoir un gardo derrière, je ne tiens pas particulièrement à ma corde, mais je tiens à ce qu'on trouve le moyen soit in striking a large gong behind, or firing a large gun fixed on the last carriage de donner avis qu'il faut arreter.

"Mechanicus est probablement un directeur econome. Penses vous qu'il serait bon que vous repondiez à cet article !

" Votre tout dévoué

D'ORSAY."

" October 29th, 1845.

- GOO2C

"J'espère que vous êtes toujours sur le *qui vise*, à l'egard des accidents sur les rail-roads, et vous avez du voir que si on avait suivi mon conseil Mr. Boteler serait vivant. Il est je crois necessaire de rafraichir la mémoire de MM. les Directeurs; à force de frapper sur leurs têtes ils finiront par nous comprendre.

"S'il y avait eu un garde sur la dernière voiture avec une de nos fusées, il anrait pu donner le signal à temps.

"Quand viendrez vous diner pour que je fasse votre portrait dans le fameux costume ! Il y a bien long temps que vous manquez à Gore House. " Votre tout devoue

D'ORSAY."

" Vendredi.

"Je suis charmé que vous trouviez comme moi, que 'Mechanicus' est un présomptueux mecanicièn, qui elude la question ; arrangez le proprement Samedi. Je brule tous les soirs dans le jardin, de ces allumettes d'artifice qui eclairent comme en plein jour pendant huit minutes.

" J'ai decouvert la raison de la parfaite indifference avec la quelle vous traites vos bons amis de Gore House ; Bobadil gave me the hint.

"Yours most faithfully,

### D'ORSAY."

"Gore House, September 25th, 1845.

"I am sorry to tell you that Lady Blessington a reçu des nouvelles très alarmantes sur la santé de Lady Canterbury. Elle est positivement mourant graduellement, entourée de gens qui aiment à l'avengler sur son état. Ils croiront qu'elle est très mal lorsqu'elle sera morte. Ainsi je pense qu'il est mieur que vous diriez à notre cher ami Dickens, car il faut abandonner nos projets pour le moment. J'aurais bien voulu aller avec vous à Knebworth ; nous arrangerons d'y aller ensemble loreque j'irai au jour.

"Imaginez cette pauvre Lady Blessington perdant dans si peu de temps, sa nièce, sa petite nièce, son neveu, son beau frère, et sa sœur mourante. Et ce qu'il y a de plus triste c'est, qu'elle sent très vivoment, et retombe dans un autre chagrin au moment qu'elle commençait à se rendro raison de la perte qu'olla vensit d'eprouver. Votre tout dévoué D'ORSAY."

"Monday, 1846.

"As we must see you, and as it is very ridiculous to stay so long without seeing one's friends, come and dine here on Saturday at seven o'clock .....

"Tommy Duncombe imagines that it must be opposed, and is pledged, it appears, to his constituents, to do it ; but I think, que j'ai mis un peu d'eau dans son vin. \* \* \* Yours affectionately, D'ORSAY."

" 19lème Fevr., 1846.

"Lisez cet article, et vous verrez que si les directeurs de rail-road avaient suivi mon conseil cet accident aurait été evité.

"J'étais sur le point de vous ecrire de la campagne, il y a quelque temps, pour vous dire que Lady C- et Lady Sophio de V- vonaient de Derby par le rail-road ; elles etaient dans leur voiture la dernière du train. Une des courroies s'est cassée, la voiture était ballottée à droite et à gauche avec une telle violence que ces deux malheureuses personnes se croyant perdues, se mi-

rent à faire flotter leurs mouchoirs hors de la portière. Elles crierent, personne ne les vit, personne ne les entendit ; et heureusement qu'elles arriverent à la station, car un peu plus tard, la voiture n'aurait pu resister. Vons voyez donc qu'un garde en pareil cas aurait encore été le protecteur. Pennez vous qu'il est mieux que nous abandonnions le sujet où de la faire revivre ! "Au revoir, brave Forster. D'Oxsav."

"Wednesday, 1666.

"The best contradiction to the paragraph about Prince Napoleon will be this extract of the will of his father. Will you have the kindness to have it inserted !

"Are you waiting for bad weather to come and see us! Shall we go to the country one of these days! What do you think of it! I suppose that our friend is landed at Lausanne. How you would like Soliman Pacha! He dined with us yesterday; he is the type of the troupier de l'empire, who remained pure from having escaped the restoration. He went in 1815 to Egypt, and comes back as fresh in the French history as if we were in 1816. His life in the East is a dream in a long entre acte.

"Au revoir ; always yours, most faithfully,

D'ORBAY."

"Many thanks, dear Forster; the little article is perfect, and will give great pleasure to Prince Louis.

"Most unfaithful of friends! (as I know that you dine sometimes with others) really, it is too ridiculous to see the attentats du Prefet de Police de Paris. "Your old friend, quand même, D'ORSAY."

"Monday night, March 16th, 1847.

"Prince Napoleon told me to-night at the French play that he read in an evening paper (the 'Globe,' I think) an article copied from an Irish paper, stating that I had made a statuette of O'Connell, and praising it, &c. I suppose that it is from Osborne Bernal, who is in Ireland. But I would be glad it were known that I have associated him in the composition with the Catholic Emancipation, and also that I intend to make a present of the copyright to Ireland, for the benefit of the subscription for the poor.

" Yours most sincerely,

D'ORBAY."

"Gore House, 25th April, 1848.

"I send you one of the most remarkable pamphlets I ever read, giving the truest picture of the present deplorable state of France. I think it is calculated to effect much good, which can only be done through the medium of the English press, for, since the establishment of the republic in France, it would be difficult to find a paper courageous enough to speak of it.

"Yours sincerely,

D'ORSAY.

-C100210

"Don't forget we are to go to Mr. [ ]'s one of these days, to see his bust of Milton."

" May, 1848.

"I find that my friend would be capable to imagine that I have rendered him a bad service by attracting attention to his brochure to be attacked, although I agree with you in many passages of the article. He is not a Legitimist, but a Royalist, and don't know where to find a man to put on the throne, as he is disgusted with the old Bourbons, and a great deal more with the new. I mean D'ORBAY." the Philippists. Au revoir.

#### "Gore House, 6th August, 1848.

" It will do admirably, and if this don't open the eyes of those blind directors, it won't be our fault. We must have an angry introduction of your own, blaming them, and rendering them responsible to the public if they don't adopt the proposed plan at once. Even the last accident of vesterday could have been prevented, because the cold observator guard behind would have felt the tail of the train wagging by the extra speed, and would have given warning in time.

"My plan, you may be sure, will be adopted all over the world. Come and Yours most faithfully. see us. D'ORSAY.

"Lady B---- thought that dorangement was better than disarrangement. What do you think of it ! I think it is bonnet blanc, blanc bonnet."

" Bournemouth, Hants, 9th September, 1848.

"Nous sommes dans le plus joli endroit du monde, un espèce de Wheemly Hill avec le mer : c'est à 3h de Southampton. Venez nous voir ! Vous en serez enchanté, c'est parfait pour se baigner, et le temps est superbe, c'est l'accumulation de l'eté. Que pensez vous de cet impudent robber ! Lisez l'article que Nelly vient de copier dans le 'Times' d'hier. Ce Williams est un cool hand ! Il mo vole mon ideé qu'il assaisonne un petit peu. Je compte sur vous, brave Forster, pour lui porter un coup de jarnac.

"Nous sortons complétement victorieux, et vous verrez que vous serez la cause que nous sauverons la vie de beaucoup de voyageurs. Ces dames vous envoyent mille bonnes amitiés. Venez nous voir, quand celà ce serait que pour deux ou trois jours. Vous serez enchanté.

" Votre tout devoue

D'OBBAY."

#### " Gore House, 18th Oct., 1848.

"Grand merci pour votre lettre. Je vous envoye celle de votre ami, qui est parfaitement sensé et aimable.

"Pauvre petit Louis Blanc ! dont on fait l'Hydre de Lerne, lui qui circule en Angleterre comme l'agneau Pascal, et qui met de la coquetterie à refuser toutes les invitations des Chartistes, qui veulent l'exploiter. Je l'ai vu ce

matin, il n'ira pas en Ecosse. Les affaires en France se compliquent chaque jour, il crois en ne veut donc pas trop s'eloigner de Paris. Dites à votre anni, que L. Blanc n'a eu aucune communication directe avec Cranstown, qui pourtant avait chargé une personne à Londres d'offrir une appartement à L. Blanc, qui n'a pas même repondu à cette invitation, et qui a refusé cinq personnes qui s'etaient offertes pour être ses cicerones à Edinburgh.

"Quel admirable poème de ce cher Proctor !

" Votre bien sincere

D'ORSAT."

" 38 Rue de la Ville l'Evéque, Paris, 23ième Avril, 1850.

"Miss Power vous a bien exprimé, combien je vous aimais et combien de fois nous causions de vous. Le fait est que je vis entièrement de mes souvenirs, et ils sont tellement melangés de chagrins et de plaisirs, que je redoutais souvent d'ecrire à ceux qui etaient les mieux calculés pour me comprendre. Imaginez que jusqu'à ce jour, je n'ai pas ecrit à Edward Bulwer. Vous me comprendrez j'en suis convaincu. Hier je dinais avec Lamartine et Victor Hugo chez Girardin, et dans le courant de la conversation, Lamartine me dit qu'il venait de lire un article faux et abominable de L. Philippe deguisé sous la plume de \_\_\_\_\_. Je l'ai engagé de repondre de auite avec sa plume d'aigle au Quarterly Roview qui a si injustement inseré ce tissu de faussotes ecrites avec la plume de ce cock sparros.

"Ne m'oubliez pas aupres de Fonblanque. Dites mille amitiés pour moi à Dickens et à sa femme, et embrassez mon filleul pour moi. Je compte aussi sur vous pour parler affectueusement de moi à Macready et à sa femme, et à ce bon Maclise. Il me semble que je vous ai quitté hier, my recollections are so vivid, que c'est réellement du daguerreotype du cœur, que rien ne peut cffacer. J'adore ma vieille Angleterre et je tremble d'y retourner. Jamais homme n'a souffert autant que moi par la perte que j'ai eprouvé.\*

"J'admire ces gens religieux qui adoptent la hauto religion pour le consoler tres vite. Ils ne sentent pas, les imbécilles, qu'il y a une grande et bien plus grande religion dans un vrai chagrin qui ne le cicatrise pas.

"Adieu mon brave ami, comptez toujours sur mon affection.

#### "D'ORBAY.

"Une autre fois je vous parlerai politique, c'est trop degoutant pour le moment. Lamartine me disait hier; plus je vois des representants du peuple, plus j'aime mes chiens."

" May 3d, 1850.

"Fancy the visit I had yesterday! Old General Damas, of the Lady of Lyons, poor fellow ! who lost his wife. I was glad to see him, and he felt it. In fact, the English coming here consider that I am their property, and I feel proud to have been adopted by the good old John Bull.

\* The above letter was written about ten months after the death of Lady Blowington.-R. R. M.

"When you write to Landor, tell him that I have adopted for the monument his last epitaph. I have been very much touched by his little poem that I saw lately in the 'Examiner;' I felt so well what he described so feelingly. In haste, D'ORSAY.

"P.S.-You saw, by the election of Eugene Sue, how right I was about public opinion here. It is extraordinary to see how *power* blinds the people."

### CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS, Esq.

The only son and sole surviving child of the celebrated comedian, Charles J. Mathews, was born at Liverpool. At an early age, by the friendship of Sir John Silvester, the recorder, he was placed on the foundation of Merchant Tailors' School, and there received into the family of the Rev. Mr. Cherry, head master. Being of a very delicate constitution, the boy's health became seriously affected by close confinement, and with great reluctance on the part of his family, he was taken away from that institution, with all its advantages, present and future, when he had attained a very high position in the school. By the recommendation of Messrs. Charles Kemble, Young, Terry, and Liston, whose sons were pupils of Mr. Richardson, of the Clapham Road, Charles was confided to that gentleman's care, and made such progress, that it was proposed, when his preparatory studies were completed, to send him to college. It had been his father's great object to educate his son for the Church, and it was not without disappointment that he discovered his strong predilection for the profession of an architect. On his quitting school in 1819, he was established in the office of Mr. Pugin, the architectural draughtsman, to whom he was articled for four years, during which period several of his architectural drawings were exhibited by his master at Somerset House.

In 1822, young Mathews appeared in a private theatrical performance at the English Opera House (the site of the present Lyceum), in the character of *Dorival*, in the French vaudeville of the "*Comédiens d' E'tampes*," in professed imitation of the celebrated original actor in that part, Perlet, \* and afterward in "*Werter*," in the burlesque of that name. The house was filled to overflowing. An andience of people of fashion and intellectual celebrities was collected by the interest in the hero of the night, and son of one of the most popular actors of his time. His remarkable success led to a general report that young Mathews had determined on relinquishing the profession of an architect for that of an actor. He had no such intention, however, at that time, and only acted one night.

In 1823 he accompanied the Earl of Blessington to Ireland in his professional capacity, his lordship having determined on building a mansion on his Tyrone estate of Mountjoy Forest.

After all the expense and trouble had been gone to of taking an architect

\* One of the flattering results of his performance of the French character was an offer from the manager of the French theatre, in London, of an engagement.

from England to the north of Ireland, making the necessary plans and specifications, his lordship abandoned the idea of building, and returned re infects to London. "His lordship's powers of volition were so singularly weak, that he rarely was enabled to bring any matter whatever to an accomplishment which he willed and undertook. On his return to London, he expressed his desire to take young Mathews to Naples, where he had left his family some weeks before, and to which place he was then returning. Consent being given by the parents of young Mathews, he took his departure for Naples with his patron, and remained with the Blessingtons for one year, at the Palace Belvidere, making from time to time excursions to various parts of the kingdom of Naples, wherever ancient monuments and old architectural remains were to be seen and studied with advantage.

On the occasion of Lord Blessington's proposal to take young Mathews to Italy, the following letter was written by his father:

#### " Highgate, September 2d, 1823.

"Indeed, indeed, my lord, I can not find language to convey the high sense I have of the honor and friendahip you have conferred on me in the person of Charles, nor of the gratification I feel that you deem him worthy of the proposed distinction of residing with Lady Blessington and yourself during the winter. If I paused for one moment in giving my aasent to so obviously advantageous a proposal, it was purely from regard to a fond mother's feelings at parting from her son for so long a period; but I find her willing, and am auxlous to waive all selfish considerations, in order to give him the whole advantage of your lordship's invaluable friendship, and, regardless of aught else, to insure his welfare in your continued kind feeling toward him.

"With all thankfulness for so unexpected and great proof of it, she yields up Charles to your lordship's and Lady Blessington's entire direction, well assured and satisfied that under such auspices and associations he must acquire much, and improve in all things that can insure him present delight and lasting honor. May he, my lord, as fully deserve the distinction he now experiences in your good opinion and personal notice as I know he is sensible of its value, and just in his appreciation of his good fortune in having attained it.

"Believe me, my dear lord, very gratefully and truly yours,

"CHARLES MATHEWS."

When I made the acquaintance of Charles Mathews at Naples he was scarcely twenty years of age. He sketched admirably, made a study of his profession, was full of humor, vivacity, and drollery, but gentlemanlike withal. Marvelously mercurial, always in motion, and his mind ever as actively engaged as his body. But, with all his buoyancy of spirits, and in the very height of his drollery and merriment in the society of Belvidere Palace, where all the *ĉlite* of foreign society were wont to congregate, he never forgot himself for a moment, or, by the extraordinary vivacity of his humor, his sudden sallies of sportiveness in the way of epigrams, impromptus, witticisms, all sorts of grotesque antics, and ridiculous pranks and gambols, gave offense to any human being. He was certainly one of the steadiest, well-conducted, sprightly persons of his ago—one of the most innocently amusing and legitimately entertaining young men in society I ever met with. His talents as a draughteman were far above mediocrity. In architectural drawings he ex-

ceiled. A sketch of his, of the Belvidere Palace, displaying the colonnade and verandah of the front facing the Bay of Naples, possesses considerable merit and interest for all acquainted with the place, and the people who gave celebrity to it. He displayed peculiar cleverness in catching the salient points and outré characteristics of remarkable Neapolitan personages who figured in the courts, as story-tellers on the Molo," as Policinello in the theatre of San Carlino, as cantatrices on the boards of San Carlo, and as streetpreachers holding forth in the evening, on stools and rickety tables, to the Lazzaroni on the pier at Naples. Of his talent for composing vers de société, burlesque poetry, and epigrams, the frequenters of the Villa Belvidere in 1824 and 1825 must have a lively recollection. Several specimens of these were given to me in the former year in Naples by Mr. Mathews. In that year an occurrence took place of an unpleasant nature between Mathews and D'Orsay, which was attended with some grave results, and a correspondence which passed through my hands, and which, with the kind permission of Mr. Mathews, I will avail myself of at the end of this brief notice. I will only observe, in reference to the subject here, that I consented to interfere in this misunderstanding with a determination, if possible, to bring it to a peaceful issue, and that I contemplated then the possibility of any other result to a misunderstanding that became a subject of such an explanation very differently to the way in which I now regard it, believing, as I now do, that the last recourse, to pistols or swords, in a controversy between parties who disagree in their opinions of one another, and give expression to their opinions inconsiderately, and angrily, and offensively, for the vindication of their sentiments, or from an apprehension of what others may think of them, is neither an evidence of the highest wisdom, the truest courage, nor the firmest belief in Christianity itself.

Young Mathews, in a diary he kept in Italy, October 19th, speaks of the mode of life of the Blessington party at the Villa Belvidere in Naples, "a paradise of a place, about a mile and a half out of Naples, situated on an elevation, enjoying a most splendid view of the Mediterranean and surrounding mountains, Vesuvius in the centre. Nothing can be more delightful than the exterior and interior. Lady B— is more charming than ever. This is the place, with all its associations, to draw out the resources of her mind—to discover the superiority of her talents, and to be captivated by them. Miss Power is very much improved. Count D'Orsay is a man not only of the finest form and most elegant manners, but he is a most kind and amiable being, of a noble disposition, and the bravest of the brave, and yet quite a boy. Our evenings

• Lady Blessington, in her Italian diary, thus speaks of Charles Mathews's remarkable powers of mimicry • "We returned to Salerno, the atrangers who joined our party at Prestum being no less delighted than surprised by the extraordinary facility or felicity with which Mr. Charles Mathews personated different mendicants who had assalled us for alms on our route in the morning, and of whom he gave such perfect imitations in the evening, that some of the party, who had previously bestowed their charity, represented the supposed beggar for again demanding it on the same day."

are charming; we have each of us a table in the same room, at which we prosecute our various studies, writing, drawing, reading, &c. All our conversations, which are frequent, are upon improving subjects : the classics, the existing antiquities around us. We write essays on various subjects proposed, which are read in the evening, opposed, and defended. I am treated as one of the family ; I make all my drawings in the same room with them, and am going to instruct Lady Blessington in architecture. It is proposed, as all of us desire to improve ourselves in Italian, that we should learn in a class, devoting an hour each day to that study. With respect to antiquarian research, we have all the ancient anthors here to refer to and consult. In short, there never were any people so perfectly happy as we are. Whenever any excursion is proposed, the previous evening is employed in reading and informing ourselves thoroughly with what we are going to see."

After a residence of about a year with the Blessingtons in Naples, Charles Mathews returned to England and to his profession. In 1826 he was appointed architect to a mining company in Wales, where he made his first professional essay in the superintendence over works of considerable magnitude, and the constructing of store-houses and tram-ways.

While he was thus employed in Wales, he wrote his afterward popular ballad of "Jenny Jones," and a portion also of his father's well-known monologue "At Home." In 1827 he again quitted England for Italy, but on a professional tour that time, accompanied by Mr. James D'Egville, with whom he had been associated in Mr. Pugin's office. They visited Milan, Rome, Venice, &c., examined the ancient monuments of those places, and exhibited their architectural drawings in each of those celebrated academies. At Milan, Venice, and Rome, Mathews was elected a member of the several academies. At the former place, some drawings of his, of the Duomo D'Ossola, and other aketches, are still exhibited.

In 1829 they visited Florence, where Lord Normanby was then residing, and was entertaining the Florentines with private theatricals. Young Mathews (with his father's permission) appeared, at his lordship's request, in the following characters: Risk, in "Love Laughs at Locksmiths;" Dogberry, in "Much Ado about Nothing;" Tony Lumpkin, in "She Stoops to Conquer;" Adam, in "The Iron Chest;" Buskin, in "Killing no Murder;" Simpson, in "Simpson & Co.;" Falstaff, in "King Henry the Fourth," &c., &c., &c.

At the theatre San Clemente, the actors in the above plays, among others, were Lord and Lady Normanby (really admirable performers), Sir Hedworth and Lady Williamson, Lord Fitzharris, Lord Albert Conyngham, Messra. Craven, Nightingale, Dundas, Aubry, Phipps, Bligh, Antrobus, Thelluson, Sitwell, St. John, E. Villiers; Mrs. Dalton, Miss Augusta Stephenson, Miss Geraldine de Courcy, Miss Sitwell, La Principessa Belgiojoso, La Marchesa di Pucci.\*

He also performed Sir Benjamin Backbite in the "School for Scandal," on

Mathews, while st Florence, built Lord Normanby a small theatre, and painted a drep scene for it.

0.00%

the single occasion of the comedy being performed at Lord Burghersh's, then embassador at the court of Tuscany; on which occasion Lady Teazle was played by Lady Burghersh, Joseph Surface by the Marquis of Douro (the present Duke of Wellington), and Charles Surface by Lord Burghersh.

In July, 1830, Mathews and his companion revisited Rome, with a view to the acquisition of diplomas from St. Luke's Academy, which had been promised to them. During their stay a walking tour was organized and commenced ; but young Mathews was seized with the fever of the country, which nearly proved fatal to him. He made an effort to return to Venice, where he had friends. Ultimately he lost the use of all his limbs ; despairing of deriving any advantage from medical aid, he resolved, as he intimated to one of his friends, "to return home to die." He traveled day and night in a carriage with a bed from Italy to England, attended by an Italian valet, Nanini, whose name will be found mentioned in this correspondence, who lifted him about like an infant, and, on his reaching home, bore him on his back into the house of his parents, a most afflicting spectacle to them ! In this helpless state he remained-for the most part in bed-twelve months, and for one year was only able to hobble about on crutches, so that he may be said to have lost twoof the most valuable years of his youth. At length, the sad effects of his long illness gradually disappeared, and he resumed his professional studies.

In 1832, desirous of showing his friends that he was still in earnest in the profession he had chosen (which some seemed inclined to doubt), he presented himself as a candidate for the appointment of district surveyor of Bow and Bethnal Green (then vacant), and was elected by a large majority. This situation he retained until he appeared on the stage, when he entirely relinquished his previous profession.

Previously, however, in the intervals of study, he amused himself in writing for the stage; and in the year 1832 he produced at the Haymarket Theatre two very successful pieces, "The Wolf and the Lamb," and "The Court Jeater;" and in 1833 two other popular dramas, "My Wife's Mother," and "Pyramus and Thisbe." In the Christmas of the same year, while on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford at Woburn Abbey, some private theatricals were projected, in which he took a very prominent part in January, 1834,\* when he was announced in the bill of fare as "the celebrated Mr. Charles Mathews, from the Theatre Royal San Clemente, Florence."

He "opened" as Peter Simpson, in the farce of "Simpson and Co.," her grace the Duchess of Bedford performing Mrs. Simpson. His characters were, in addition to the above, Gradus, in "Who's the Dupe !" Buckskin, in "The Man and his Tiger."

The "company" consisted of the duchess, the Baroness de Clifford, Lady Georgiana Russell, Lady Rachel Russell, Lord C. J. F. Russell, Lord Francis Russell, Lord Charles Russell, and Captain Townsend, R. N., &c., &c., &c.

In 1835, having, during his father's absence, studied painting, in October

" The performance " under the patronage of the Marchioness of Abercorn."

he sent a view of the Lake of Perugia to the Somerset House exhibition, which was accepted, although in an unfinished state. He had hurried it for exhibition, in order to surprise and gratify his father on his return from America; but his father never saw it !

Great pecuniary misfortunes had induced his father, Mr. C. Mathews, in the August of the previous year, to travel to America, in order to retrieve his losses; but his health giving way on his arrival in the United States, after some painful attempts to fulfill his undertaking, he returned to England in a hopeless state of health, and never reached home. He died at Plymouth in June, 1835, leaving his affairs necessarily much deranged and impaired.

Charles now undertook the management of the Adelphi Theatre, a property in which his father had purchased a share several years before, and which had hitherto been productive.

He wrote a piece for the opening, called "Mandrin," which succeeded; but all the promising hopes of the season were destroyed by an unfortunate contingency. Mr. Osbaldiston opened Covent Garden Theatre at the prices of the minor theatres; and, although his speculation failed ultimately to enrich himself, it so fatally injured the Adelphi for a time, that, after disbursing large sums to keep it open, it was deemed expedient to soll the property to the best bidder; and this was done for a trifling consideration, rather than have the ruinous expense of upholding an almost descried building. This temporary failure (for such only it proved) of the Adelphi property led Charles's advisers to consider how he could form an immediately renunerative plan of life, architecture being reserved for older heads to thrive on.

In effect, many of his friends shared in the general opinion that he must turn actor; and with great reluctance he at length determined to abandon his original profession, and to accept an engagement from one of the London theatres. The Olympic, from its moderate size and drawing-room style of entertainments, appeared to his advisers best calculated for a novice, whose unpracticed powers might not be sufficiently effective in a wider sphere; and after only a fortnight's preparation, he made his first appearance on a regular stage on the 7th of December.\* The very successful result of this experiment, and his subsequent career as actor and manager, are too well known at this time to need any comment in these pages. The opening of the Adelphi Theatre, in December, 1835, was heralded in the "John Bull" paper as follows :

"Mathews the younger, in partership with Yates, ascends the managerial throne. A new piece from his own pen is announced to-morrow (September 28), and the son of our popular favorite appears before the public in a varied character. As architect, he can build theatres; as artist, he can paint the scenery; as author, he can write the pieces—if he choose; as actor, could perform them."

In a short piece written by himself, and in a drama prepared for the occasion, called "The Old and Young Stager." I was present at this déhût.

COOVIC

#### CORRESPONDENCE OF C. J. MATHEWS, ESQ., WITH COUNT D'ORSAY.

# [Extracts from a Statement of Mr. Mathews of an Affair with Count D'Orsay.]

"Saturday, July 31st. This evening the carriage was ordered for a drive to Pausilippo, and Lady Blessington, Miss Power, Count D'Orsay, and myself were to form the party. While they were dressing, and I was waiting their return, with my hat in my hand, Lord B—— (who, after taking a little wine, was inclined to be quarrelsome) said to me, 'So, Mr. Charles, I understand that there are sad complaints against you on the score of idleness; Count D'Orsay tells me that you always take your sketch-book with you, but not always to make sketches.'

"'In that there must be some mistake, since the count is perfectly aware I have been during that period engaged on my Pæstum drawing, which he has almost constantly superintended.' I entered the carriage, galled with the *piquant* manner in which Lord B—— had mentioned it. We had not gone many yards before I, in a half-laughing way, said, 'I have to thank you, Count D'Orsay, for the high character you have given me to Lord Blessington with regard to my diligence.'

" ' Comment !' said the count.

"I saw the fire flashing in his eyes, and changed my tone. 'I should have been more gratified had you mentioned to me, instead of to his lordship, any thing you might have ......'

"' Vous êtes un MAUVAIS BLAUUEUR, par Dieu, la plus ORANDE BÊTE et BLAUUEUR que j'ai jamais rencontré, et la première fois que vous me parlez comme ça, je vous CASSERAI LA TÊTE, et je vous JETTERAI PAR LA FENÊTRE.'

"Such words as these, before two ladies and the servants, I did not conceive were answerable and remained silent. Lady Blessington, in order to end the affair, said, 'Count D'Orsay, I beg you to remember I am present, and that such language is not exactly what I should have expected before me.' 'Pardieu,'... said the count; and, I regret to say, proceeded to lengths in reply to her ladyship passing all I had believed possible. After walking in the garden with Lady Blessington a short time, we entered the house, and each retired to his own room. In my room I received the following note from the count:

"' Si vous aviez une ideó du monde-vous sauriez qu'il est indispensable d'y connaître sa place-ainsi donc c'est une chose qu'avant tout, vous devriez apprendre, vous vous eviteriez par ce moyen la peine d'apprendre que l'amitié qu'on a pour vous n'est pas une excuse pour prendre un ton qu'on est obligé de rabaisser surtout lorsqu'il s'àdresse à une personne qui n'oublie pas ce qu'il est.

"<sup>1</sup> Avec un ton comme il faut, vous cussiez appris qu'en conversation avec milady devant milord nons finnes l'observation que vous aviez laisse echapper l'occasion de faire des exquisses à Caprée—et qui plus est, qu'il était dommage que vous ne pratiquiez pus davantage le dessin. Si dans ces mois vous trouvez de quoi être offensé, je ne m'y commis plus, et comme ces mois n'avsient été dits qu'en conversation par milady à moi, j'étais loin de penser que vous en seriez faché. Au surplus sur aucun point, vous n'avez le droit de prendre un air d'arrogance en me reprochant mes paroles sur un ton inconverant, vous

m'avez mis dans la crasile nécessité, de vous remettre trop fortement à votre place, mais vous aurier tout svité, en sachant à qui vous pariien."

"This note I thought best to leave unanswered till the morning, fearing that I might, from the feeling of the moment, act against my sober judgment. In the morning I dispatched the note in answer, which I received back again inclosed in an envelope, with the letter that follows mine."

# To Count D'Orsay :

#### "" August 1st, 1894.

"'M. LE COMTE, —J'al dormi et refiechi sur votre lettre et sur les paroles dont vous m'avez honoré hier, et comme il me semble que ni la noblesse, ni la force superieure vous donne le droit de m'insulter sussi fortement devant des dames, et surtout derant des domestiques, j'espère que vous ne me refuserez pas la satisfaction que je me trouve forcé a vous demander. M. le Comte, j'al l'honneur d'étre votre servieur, C. J. M.'"

### From Count D'Orsay :

"'Votre lettre prouve encore le peu de connaissance que vous avez du monde, car vous saurez qu'on ne finit pas une lettre sur un ton aussi léger, et comme j'espere que toute cette querelle sera bon à quelque choso, profitez déjà de cet avis.

"'Pour la satisfaction que vous destrez, je vous la donneral tout qu'il vous plaira ; designez le lieu, les armes, enfin tout ce que vous croirez le plus convenable à votre satisfaction personnelle. Je vous renvoye votre lettre parcequ'elle n'est pas sur un ton qui m'engage à la garder. J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer. CTE. D'ORSAY.'

"I immediately set off to Naples on receipt of this letter, to the house of Mr. Madden, who promised, before I made known the affair or mentioned any names, to act as my second on the occasion. I then stated the circumstances, and he advised me, in order that nothing might be suspected from the rest of the family, to return to Belvidere, while he conducted the business. On arriving, I found this precaution useless, for in my absence Count D'Orsay had written to Lord B— to ask him to become his second. This Lord B informed me of, saying, of course, that he could have nothing of the sort to do with two of his guests, and all he could feel was sorrow that the occurrence should have taken place. Finding the object of my return frustrated, and thinking it not quite agreeable to sit at table with the count, I determined to stay in town till the affair was concluded. Almost as soon as I got there I received the following note from Lord Blessington:

#### " Sunday.

"'MY DEAR MATHEWS,—I considered it proper to state to Count D'Orsay that I could not take any part in the very disagreeable affair that has taken place, except that of a mediator. I assured Count D'Orsay that you had no intention of speaking to him in an improper tone, or questioning him in an impetuous or diarespectful manner. The count had Imagined the contrary, and meant to express that if you did not change your tone toward him, he would have recourse to violence; for the use of any words beyond the expression of such intention, he says as follows: "Si j'ai employé plus de paroles qu'il diait sufficant pour lui exprimer mes intentions j'en suis faché." The count says also, "Je n'al pas eu l'idée de le rebaisser dans ses propres yeux." The count acknowledges to me his regret for the quarrel and the violence of his temper. That violence has not yet sufficiently subsided to make him perceive fully to what improper lengths it has carried him; but as you declared to me that you had no intention of epeaking improperly, and the count declares he

spoke from misconception, and is corry for language used in anger, and without intention of lowering you in your personal esteem, I should wish you to speak further on the subject to your friend before you take any stops which must make the breach wider. Having consulted Mr. ——, I am sure he will give you the best advice, and you can this evening let me know his sentiments.

" 'I can not conclude without repeating that you were highly to blame in speaking on the subject at all, however deeply I regret the consequences that have arisen from your ill-timed and injudicious appeal.

"'I wish I had sufficient influence over the count to persuade him to say every thing consoling to you, but his having denied the intention of wounding your feelings must be so far satisfactory, and "evil words burt only the speaker."

"'Believe me yours very sincerely, BLESSINGTON. "'Excuse the haste of this scrawl; you may guess why I hasten it.'

"Having handed this letter over to Madden, he told me that the note was all very well for Lord Blessington to write, but that he could not receive it as any thing regular from the count, and that he did not consider my honor would be satisfied by it; as, therefore, he did not imagine that it at all interfered with a letter he had written to the count, he dispatched the following instantly to him."

From R. R. Madden to the Count D'Orsay :

" Naples, August, 1824.

"'MORSIEVE LE CONTE,-On a subject of importance I can hardly trust to my bad French; I therefore have recourse to the only language I can distinctly make myself understood in

"If I felt less embarrased in addressing you on the subject of a late unhappy misunderstanding between you and Mr. Mathews, I abould hope to be able to convince you that the character of an officious man can not be more disagreeable in your eyes than it is in mine, and that I have undertaken the office of mediator on the present occasion (though not without reluctance), not less from my friendship for Mr. M — than from my high respect for you. I should have done so, indeed, even had I not stood committed to Mr. M — by promise before I was made acquainted with the name of his antagonist, when I considered that the exposé to a stranger of this misunderstanding might be prevented by the interference of a mutual acquainterse.

"'Pardon me, Monsieur le Comto, if I presume to offer a few words in the way of connsel and observation. I have too high an opinion of your understanding to fear you will be offended by receiving them when honestly given, even from an humbler individual than myself.

"'I can very well conceive some momentary innoyance (the cause of which might not be apparent to Mr. M....) extorting from you those expressions, which no gentteman should hear in the presence of a lady, although in a cooler moment, in all probability, by you forgotten or regretted. I can very well understand, in your observation about Mr. M.....'s neglect with respect to drawing, &c., the friendliness of your intention, but permit me to add, yf what followed had been suppressed, the feelings of Mr. M..... had been spared a severe trail!

"Depend upon it, Monsieur le Comte, that persons of inferior rank are ever tremblingly alive even to an imaginary elight or insult from a superior ; and when you reflect that the epithets that stand for limits of separation between noble and plebeien are but arbitrary distinctions between man and man, you will best consult the nobility of your nature by practicing the honorable condescension of a brave man by making a trifling atonement for a hasty injury.

"It is with a full knowledge of your manly spirit that I demand an acknowledgment, on the part of Mr. M.—., of your having been betrayed by anger into those hasty expressions, which only those who do not know you could think of attributing to intentional incivility.

"'I have the honor to be, Monsieur is Comto, with the highest respect, your obedient humble servant, R. R. Mappen.'

"Malden's letter I thought very coolly written, and if any thing could bring the count to a sense of his being wrong, it was *that*; though, to own the truth, I considered him of so hot and violent a temper, and so accustomed to swords and pistols from his quarrels in his regiment, that I was perfectly prepared for the event. In the evening came his answer, as follows:

"'MON CHER MR. MADDEN,-Je suis très loin d'être faché que Mr. Mathews vous ait choisi pour son temoin, ma seule crainte eut été qu'il en choisisse un autre.

"'Je auis aussi très loin d'être offensé d'un de vos avis ; lorsque j'estime quelqu'un, son opinion est toujours bien reçue.

"'L'affaire comme vous savez est très simple dans le principe ; on me fit la question si Mathews avait dessiné à Caprée, je dis que non, mais qu'il importait toujours ses crayons 'et son album pour ne rien faire, que celà était dommago avec ses grandes dispositions ; Lord Blessington n'a pas eu le courage de lui representer sans y meler mon nom--et Mathews a pris la chose avec moi sur un ton si haut que j'ai été obligó de lo rabaisser; après lui avoir exprimé que ce n'était, que par interet pour lui, que j'avais fait cette representation, il a continué sur le méme ton, je lui dis alors que la première fois qu'il prendrait un ton semblable avec moi je le jetterais hors de la volture et lui casserais la tête--je vous repete moi pour mot cette altercation ; la scule difference que j'ai faite entre lui et un autre, c'est que je n'al fait que dire, que ce que j'aurals fait certainement vis-a-vis d'un autre qui prendrait ce ton avec moi si ; j'al accompagné mon projet d'avenir, de mois offensants et inconvenants j'en suis aussi faché pour lui que pour moi, car c'est me manquer à moi-mémé que d'user des mois trop violents.

"'Pour votre observation sur la difference des rangs, elle est inutile, car jamais je n'attache d'importance au rang qui se trouve souvent compromis par tant de bêtes, je juge les personnes pour ce qu'ils sont, sans m'informer que c'etaient leurs ancêtres, et si mon superieur cut employé la même manière de me reprocher qu'a pris Mathews j'aurals surement fait ce que je n'al fait que dire à Mathews que j'aime besucoup trop pour le rabaisser a acs propres yeux, et vous sentez qu'il serait ridicule à moi de ne pas avouer que j'ai tort de lui avoir dit des paroles trop fortes, mais en même temps je ne veux pas nier mes paroles s'est à dire mon projet de voiture, d'ar. Si Mathews avoir chojsi pour son temoin.

" Cette affaire est aussi desagreable pour vous, que pour nous tous, mais au moins elle n'altera pas l'amitió de votre tout devoué CTE. D'ORSAY."

"This cleverly worded note Madden handed to me, and I returned it to him without a word. I was determined that I would leave every thing to Madden, who, I was convinced, would not compromise me in any way. When he had read it again, he wrote a fitting answer to the count.\*

"In the evening Madden advised me to return to the Belviderc, and give my hand to Count D'Orsay. After thanking him for his friendship, I went home, but finding the letter had not been delivered then, I waited in my own room till twelve o'clock, when, seeing that there was no chance of the count's getting it till morning, I went to bed.

"Aug. 1st. This morning I went as usual to the drawing-room, and in a few minutes the count came in. I rose and gave him my hand, which he received very cordially, and said, 'J'espere mon cher Mathews, que vous êtes satisfait. Je suis bien faché pour ce que je vous ai dis, mais j'étais en colere et'-

\* The copy of this latter has been lost .- R. R. M.

- Google

"Mon cher Comte,' said I, 'n'en parlone plus, je vous en prie; je l'ai tout-à-fait oublié.' He then put his arm round my neck, and I felt as happy at the noble manner in which he acknowledged his fault as at the reconciliation.

"Aug. 4th. This morning, every thing having gone on as usual, I entered the drawing-room, where Lady B—— was lying on the sofa very unwell. Miss Power was there, and Count D'Orsay near her. As I entered I perceived the count in tears, and as I approached he said to me, 'Mon cher Mathews, je vous demande encore bien pardon, devant milady, pour ce que je vous ai dis l'autre jour, et je vous prie seulement une chose, c'est ce que vous l'oublierez tout-à-fait. Vous me le promettez, n'est ce pas ?' I was quite affected at his manner, and assured him over and over again that it had long been banished from my thoughts.

"Thus ended this unhappy business, for which no one could be more sorry than myself, though I am quite convinced that Count D'Orsay, whenever he reflects upon it, will perfectly exculpate me from the charge of having taken one step beyond what was necessary, or what he would himself have done under similar circumstances.—C. J. M."

# LETTERS FROM COUNT D'ORSAY TO CHARLES J. MATHEWS, ESQ.

#### "Capo di Monte, 31ier Decembre, 1894.

"MON CHER CHARLES,-Il est inutile que je vons repete combiens nous vous avons regretté, vous vous en doutez bien. Au surplus qu'il vons suffice de savoir qu'il y a un grand vide à votre place que personne ne peut remplir.

"Depuis votre depart Naples est à peu près le même, à l'exception que l'ardeur des curieux est un peu calmé par l'horrible evenement arrivé à Pæstum. Vous aurez sans doute appris par les journaux que Mr. and Mme. Hunt y ont été assassinés, bientôt l'on sera obligé d'avoir une escorte pour aller à Pompeii. Il n'y a que les artists qui sont à l'abri de ces attaques, car les brigands savent qu'ils sont armés de pied en cap, canifs, compas, &c. Enfin malgré ces armes, je suis content de vous voir de retour de Pæstum, car votre maison ne me faisait pas l'effet d'être bien assuré. Dans ce moment il y'a à Naples, le peintre du cabinet de S. M. le Roi de Prusse, cela ne veut pas dire grand chose. Mais malgré cela, cet homme est arrivé gonfié de pretention, et enflé de presomption. Le brave Gell, protecteur general des humbugs s'est cru obligé de l'adopter. Il nous l'a presenté ainsi que ces dessins. Cet homme a passé deux mois dans l'interieur du Museé de Portici, et a calqué toutes les peintures, et malgré son grand desir de les manquer, cela lui était impossible, car rien n'est aussi facile que de calquer avec du papier de soie. Eh bien, Gell est enthousiasmé, il pretend que c'est un prophete qui arrive dans ce pays pour sauver les arts, et si certainement l'homme était réellement superiour, il dirait, Oh, nasty boy ; vous voyez que Sir Willy est toujours do même. Le description de votre voyage nous a beaucoup amusés, et si j'ai un conseil à vous donner pour imiter un prefet Français, c'est de faire tout ce qu'il y a de plus ridicule, vous êtes bien sur de ne pas manquer le rôle.

" J'oubliais de vous parler du Capitaine S— qui est encore plus bête si cela etait possible. Il a dans ce moment une peine de cœur depuis que je lui ai dit que ces cheveux etaient de la première qualité pour faire un coussin. En outre il a une peine de jambes en se rappelant que vous courrex mieux que lui, il n'y a pas deux jours qu'il me rappellait, que vous êtiez plus jeune que lui, qui etait la seule raison.

"Strangways est parti pour Smyrne; Baillie est ici, et va probablement le suivre; je suppose qu'il le rencontrera en Turquie, dans tous les cas il trouverait sa tête au dessus de la porte de serail du Grand Seigneur, car dans co pays ils vous coupent la tête sans grande ceremonie.

"Nous parlons souvent de vous, et plus souvent nous pensons à vous, et si vous n'êtes pas un ingrat vous devez faire de même.

"Adieu, mon cher Charles; ecrivez moi, car je vous assure que l'amitié que je vous porte est trop sincere pour la laisser passer dans silence.

"Forever your devoted

COMTE D'ORSAY."

" 25th Pebruary, 1825.

- G002 C

"'God bless our souls !'—My dear Matthias, S——\* is gone; et se trouve probablement déjà sur cette route de Kent (d'hcureuse mémoire) ; son depart nous a tous attriatès—pour un quart d'heure ça il avait assaisonné son adieu d'une abondance de larmes qu'il avait conservé dans son réservoir pour cette heureuse circonstance. Enfin il est parti le cœur gros, et les poches pleines, nous lui avons tous fait un cadeau, et j'ai decidé Lord Bleasington de lui donner cet infortuné *Cachet Maria* que Smith a reçu avec autant du plaisir que le commandement d'une frigate de seconde classe. Nous avons tous la même sensation qu'un malade au quel on a retiré son emplâtre.

" Je vous conseille de craindre plus les faux-pas de votre jument grise (si du vit encore par consequence si elle tombe encore), que ceux que vous pretendez faire dans la langue Française. Votre lettre etait trop bien pour ne pas continuer, et vous savez combien nous vous aimons et que l'absence ne diminue rien, ainsi de temps en temps envoyez une epitre Française, elle sera très bien reçue.

"Je suis faché d'être obligé de vous parler d'un sujet très triste, mais il faut que vous sachiez qu' Elisabeth vient de manquer la robe rouge de sweet Mary. A dater de ce moment la guerre civile a été déclarée, et ce n'est qu'en sacrifiant Elisabeth pour reprendre Vincenza que les hostilités ont cessé. Vous voyez donc que Mary se porte mieux, puisqu'il s'agit de combat de robes, rouges, &c., j'oubliais de vous dire qu'il est definitivement connu que Vincenza porte perruque Mary en a eu la preuve en main dans un combat singulier. Je vous donne ces petits details pour que vous n'oubliez pas si vite notre interieur de famille. Ne parlez pas de cela à personne, car sweet Mary serait tres fachée. Il parait que Williams et Blayney conservent partout leurs traits

\* Lieut. S-, a retired naval officer, who had the command of Lord Blessington's yacht, La: Bolivar.-R. R. M.

caracteristiques ; je perçois que le dernier regardait Polichinel pour savoir s'il etait plus ridicule que lui. J'ai reçu une lettre de Millingen qui souffle à Paris plus que jamais, et je pense que ses voisins l'ont fait deloger, à cause de son souffement pulmonique, car il a été obligé d'aller du bruit de Paris où son asthme sera confondu avec les voitures que passent continuellement, rue neuve des Petits Champs où il loge maintenant ; je crains que ce cher antiquaire ne casse pas ses vieux os, et surtout, s'il apprend qu'il y a une conspiration formée contre lui, par un jeune temeraire que arrive sur l'horizon pour prouver que tout ce que James a ecrit ne signifie rien. Vous pensez bien sans doute que Gell protége cet homme, mais malgré tout, je pense que Millingen sortira victorieux de sa lutte Etrusque. Et quoiqu'il soit d'un petit calibre ses boulets feront plus de bréches que les hombes des autres qui eclatent sans rien dedans. Au surplus s'il meurt je le ferais reduire en cendres et mettre dans notre lacrymatoire Etrusque il y a plus des places qu'il en fant, et c'est réellement un tombeau digne d'un maigre antiquaire : j'espere que vous n'avez pas oublié un complimenteur (cela veut dire un flatteur Français), son nom est Durand, que vous avez vu au Belvidere bien decidé à ne jamais quitter celle qui fait son bonheur, qui le console de toutes ses pechés et le dedommage de tous ses chagrins dans ce monde ici bas-c'est à dire sa collection. Eh bien M. Durand n'a rien eu de plus pressé en arrivant à Paris que de la vendre au Roi de France, pour une somme bien capable de le consoler d'une perte si cheri à son triste cœur-le voils donc veuf et decidé d'epouser des momies cas il va se donner dans cette branche d'instruction ou pour mieux dire de commerce.

"B-, B-, and Co. ont fait banqueroute. Adieu medailles cigarres et autres agrements de societé. L'abbé perd par cette faillitte, 700 guinées, mais il est bien decidé de les regagner par une route quelleconque Medici viscra son passeport et Circelle le contresignera. P---- pretend que c'est un grand comfort que de ne pas faire banquerouto. D'abord il n'a jamais eu grande idée de la maison B---- il pense très peu de F---- et encore moins de Rothschild, mais en revanche il pense beaucoup de D-et de P----Dans ce moment M. G. se fait faire des pantalons probablement sur le modèle des miens, mais c'est un coup de politique, c'est pour prouver aux tailleurs de la ville que sa maison tient bon ; malgré que M--- ne met jamais le pied dans le bureau il me l'a encore certifié sur parole d'honneur la plus sacrée foi de gentilhomme de Jersey et autres lieux, on a decouvri dans Pompeii des choses qui sont magnifiques et belles ; si on ne les veut pas trop vanter nous devons aller les voir quand cette fureur d'etrangers sera calméo-vous concevez qu'il est inutile d'aller à Pompeii pour voir tous les associés de Day and Martin, et de Barclay and Perkins. Vous n'avez pas d'idée de la figure des Anglais qui sont dans ce moment à Naples-ce sont réellement les Anglais pour vire. Je vous assure que si le Baron Stültz, de Clifford Street, arriva dans ce moment il fera une grande figure parmi ceux ci.

"Je commence à m'appercevoir que ma lettre avance il me reste juste la slace de vous souhaiter beaucoup d'instruction et de plaisir dans le bureau où

vons allez entrer. J'espere un jour voir votre merite mis à execution; ne croyez pas que cela soit à batir des chateaux en Espagne, car il y en a plum qu'il n'en faut. Enfin, mon cher Charles, si tout le bonheur que je vous souhaite vous arrive vous ne pouvez manquer d'être heureux. Lady B—— vous envoye un million d'amitiés, Lord B—— eloigne dans ce moment, sans cela je suis persuadé qu'il vous envoyerait au moins 1500 choses aimables—pour Mary — elle vous dit tant de choses que je n'ai plus assez de place de les mettre—pour moi je vous assure de mon amitié inalterable et vous prie de presenter mes hommages à madame votre mère et mes compliments à votre père.

"Lady B—— se rappele au souvenir de votre mère qu'elle aime de tout son cœur. Adieu, et pour toujours votre tres devoué D'Ossar."

#### "17lème Novembre, 1831.

"MON CHER CHARLES, — J'etais bien loin de penser lorsque je vous ecrivais à Brighton, que vous seriez frappé aussitôt du coup deplorable qui fait souffrir toute votre famille ainsi que vos amis. Mon style eut été moine gai, car la perte que vous venez d'eprouver me fait un réel chagrin, ce fidele serviteur (Nanini) etait tellement au dessus de sa classe qu'on ne pouvait le voir sans s'y attacher, et je conçois que dans votre vie, un evenement aussi imprevu devient une epoque bien sensible.

"Je sais, mon cher Charles, ce qu'il en est de perdre quelqu'un qu'on estime; ne regrettez pas de n'avoir pas assisté aux derniers moments du pauvre Nanini; c'eut été une source intarissable de souvenirs encore plus penibles, et son image defaite se representerait continuellement à votre imagination, sans que ce souvenir puisse vous être d'aucune consolation positive. J'ai perdu mon pauvre ami Blessington et ma mère dans l'espace de deux mois; ils sont morts dans mes bras, et lorsqu'ils m'entrent dans l'idée e'est toujours leurs derniers moments qui se presente de preference. Je voudrais me les representer dans d'autres situations de la vie, mais cela me devient difficile. Conservez donc du pauvre Nanini tout le souvenir de son attachement pour vous, tout le beau naturel de son excellente nature, et vous sentirez malgré vos regrets, que votre souvenir de lui apportera toujours quelque chose d'agreable dans votre imagination. Il y a peu de consolation à apporter à quelqu'un qui vient de faire une perte irréparable, mais enfin il est du devoir d'un ami sincere, de montrer sa sympathie, c'est ce qui m'a engagé à vous ecrire.

"Votre affectionné ALFRED D'ORSAY."

#### "Londres, 1st September.

- GOO2 C

"MON CHEE CHARLES,—J'étais trop lié avec votre bon père, et trop ami aussi avec vous, pour faire ce qu'on appele une visite de condolence, ainsi vous m'excusez pour n'être pas allé m'attrister, plus que je ne l'étais par la perte que nous avons faite. J'étais encore l'autre jour à Goodwood, et je puis avouer en vertu de ma sincerité, que j'avais le cœur bien ulceré, en étant sur le même spot, où l'année avant je plaisantait avec votre cher père. Vous ne

dontez pas, mon cher Charles, de tout l'interet que j'eprouve pour tout ce que vous concerne, et si j'ai commencé par une preface si longue de mes sentimonts, c'est pour en venir à un sujet du quel depend la necessité de l'entreprise que vous avez sur les mains. Depuis le moment que j'ai su que vous avez pris l'Adelphi j'ai decidé avec Lord Worcester que nous ferions tout notre possible pour entrainer la societé en votre faveur, à force d'y penser, et d'en parler. Je m'apperçois, que premièrement le plan de Y---- est, de vous faire succomber ; il vous abandonne personellement, pour tacher de vous faire sentir qu'il est indispensable ; cette saison est un trial qu'il vous donne, esperant qu'en cas de failure vous rejettiez tout entre ses mains. Il faut donc y remedier bon gré malgré. Reeves aussi part pour l'Amérique. Mme. Honey est engagée ailleurs, enfin la plupart des vieilles associations de ce theatre se retirent. Je viens donc vous conseiller d'entrer en arrangement avec le proprietaire du Queen's Theatre, qui transporterait sa troupe avec la votre, l'union ferait la force, et grace à vos talents, vous triompherez completement du piege que Y- vous a tendu. Le Queen's Theatre a été très successful cette saison ; encore hier ils avaient £90 de recette ; c'est extraordinaire pour la saison. Chesterfield, Worcester et moi, y avons une loge, et nous avons envié d'en avoir une à l'Adelphi, et hier au soir en parlant de ce sujet à Bond, il m'a dit qu'il serait enchanté de reunir sa troupe à la votre, et de fermer par consequence le Queen's Theatre. Pensez à cela, voyez si vous pouvez y trouver votre avantage, et dites le moi.

"Soyez mon interprete près de votre mèrc, de tous mes sentiments les plus affectionnés, et croyez moi votre ami sincere, CTE. D'ORBAY."

"MON CHER CHARLES,-J'ai un très bel habit tout brodé du quel j'ai un peu grown out ; j'ai pensé que vous seriez bien aise de l'avoir, car un clever tailleur pourra arranger de manière que vous etonniez et l'Olympic avec ; vcnez le chercher car je vous le donne-il est tout neuf.

" Votre affectionné

D'ORBAY.

"My best love to the dear mother."

"MON CHER CHARLES, -J'aime beaucoup votre nouvelle piece, et vous l'avez très bien joué, il faut prier l'orchestre de vous accompagner un peu plus bas, car le tintamarre qu'ils ont fait ait empeché que l'on puisse comprendre le quart de votre grand aria. Vous ferez bien aussi selon moi, de retrancher deux couplets du Wolsh song. Votre French lady est parfaite, c'est la meilleure qu'on ait encore representò sur un Theatre Anglais. Usez de votre influence pour faire mettre de suite un perruque noir à Oxberry, il sera l'image de George Wombwell ; il en a le costume et les manières dans la perfection, et cela fera un effet complet ; Wombwell n'en sera pas faché, au contraire, et je pense que Liston ayant profité de moi on peut très bien prendre cette petite liberté qui profitera beaucoup. Donc etablissez un petit perruque noir bien curlé avec deux petits favoris sur les cotés du bout du menton d'Ecco. D'ORSAY "

"Au revoir, cher Charles. Votre affectionne

# No. II.

# LETTERS FROM COUNT D'ORSAY TO DR. FREDERICK PORSTER QUIN. "Sième Août, 1831, 8 Seamore Place, May Fair.

"Cher et estimable Quin, regenerateur de l'humanité souffrante ! nouveau prophete dont les disciples s'essouflent à chanter les louanges, et qui finiront par triompher comme la civilization regnante ; comment se fait il que vous oubliez entièrement votre disciple Alfred ! n'attendez pas en vain l'arrive d'un ange de ciel pour m'eclairer, mais deroulez vos papyrus pour y graver les progres de la marche gigantesque de cette methodus medendi, qui jointe à votre intelligence vous assure pour votre vieillesse un ombrage de lauriers dont l'opaisseur permettrait à peine que vous soyez encore plus eclairé par le rayon de gloire que le Ciel dirigera sur vous. Maintenant que je vous ai dit ma façon de penser à votre egard, parlons de moi dans un style meins laconique.

"Depuis mon arrivée dans ce pays il ctait difficile de pouvoir donner un fair trial à la methode, étant toujours obligé à diner de boire un verre de vin, avec tous ceux qui ont soif. Ainsi je l'ai abandonné trop tôt pour me guerir, mais toujours à temps, pour me penetrer, que jusqu'à ce jour le genre humain a vegeté au lieu de vivre. Il faut donc que je recommence malgré que je souffre moins ; repenetrez vous de ma santé, consultez vos oracles, et voyez à mo reprendre en main comme vous l'aviez fait. Je suivrai ponctuellement vos avis, et vous aurez au moins la gloire d'avoir gueri un des trompettes de la renommée de la methode, et un ami sincere. Detaillez bien la manière de prendre les remèdes, et prescrivez non pas en paraboles, mais dans votre style persuasif. Notre ami Baillie est parti pour la Pologne, il veut voir de près ces victoires dont ont parlé beaucoup, et qui n'arrivent jamais ; il sera probablement arreté dans sa route par les troupes de votre ancien ami et maitre le Roi des Belges. Que dites vous de son idée d'avoir accepté le trone la Belgique. Comme son ancien médécin vous avez sans doute prescrit quelque remède pour le faire defendre et apprécier par ' les braves Belges.' Adieu, brave Quin. Je vous serre la main non pas de toutes mes forces, mais de tout mon cœur. Votre devoue et sincero ami, ALFRED D'ORSAY."

#### " Crockford, Minnit.

"CHER QUIN,—Je passe ma vie à votre porte, et si le diable vous emportait, il ne pourrait le faire mieux que vous ne le faites. Aujourd'hui j'ai été de bonne heure chez vous pensant vous attrapper, mais c'est en vain. Je voulais savoir quelques details de votre entrevue avec Lord ————; car quoique j'ai moins d'amitié pour lui depuis sa conduite à mon egard, il faut pourtant que je cause encore de lui avec vous. Vous avez beau le defendre; c'est l'homme le plus froid que la mèr du nord ait pu jeter sur les côtes d'Angleterre. Son indifference le rend complét sous ce rapport. Vous m'echauffez la bile en le defendant commes vous le faites. Je vous repête qu'il n'a plus d'amitié pour moi, et qu'il a transferé son attachment sur mes parens en

France, dont il a recomment fait la connaissance. Je l'ai rencontré l'autre jour en sortant de chez vous, et il m'a reçu d'une manière si refroidissante, que le vent d'Est ne m'a pas rechauffe depuis plusieurs jours. Je l'ai vu à l'opera l'autre soir, où il n'a pas daigné tourner la tête pour me regarder. Je l'ai rencontré chez le peintre C-, où il m'a reçu si comiquement que Bouffé aurait été jalous de ce rôle. Je l'ai vu chez notre ami le Duc de B-, où il m'a donné une main morte, et lorsque je l'ai regardé (très peu à la verité), j'avais peine à concevoir que c'etait le même bon camarade avec lequel vous et moi avons passé de si bonnes soirées, et eu de si agreables et spirituelles conversations. Vous me dites que c'est ma faute que nous ne sommes plus amis, et vous me grondez de my thin skin, et bien, pour me conformer à vos desires j'ai été trois fois à sa maison. Il etait sorti avec son polichinelle de -Enfin au milieu de tout cela je suis assuré de bonne part qu'il se donne les airs d'imaginer que je me suis conduit mal pour lui. Concevez vous cela, bon Quin, vous qui savez ce qu'il en est, et combien j'avais de l'amitié pour lui. Je desire donc que vous lui parliez : tachez de le voir-cela sera pourtant une chose assez difficile-car il se croit maintenant homme d'état, destiné a tenir le gouvernail des affaires de la Grande Bretagne ; de sorte qu'il est toujours entouré d'un tas de courtisans lesquels flattent son amour propre et l'empechent do se servir de son bon sens. Comme il se leve à 8 heures du matin pour aller dejeuner avec le Premier, et qu'il se couche à 1 heure la nuit pour rever politique, choisissez adroitement un entre acte ; le fait est, bon Quin, que je suis assuré qu'il a beaucoup plus d'amitié pour vous que pour mol maintenant, chose qui incontestablement prouve son esprit et son jugement éclaire ; mais qui est neanmoins peu flatteur pour votre ami affectionné.

"ALFEED D'OESAY.

"P.S.—Vous avez, mon cher, une manie insupportable, celle de toujours defendre les absens. Ne savez vous pas qu'il y a un proverbe Français qui dit 'que les absens ont toujours tort ? Cette mode dure toujours, et que diable ? vous qui êtes le pink of fashion, devez suivre la mode."

# " Mercredi.

"Mon Bon QUIN,—Viens donc drop in à 7½ heures; nous comprendrons alors ce que ces dames ne peuvent pas comprendre. Il est etonnant que l'homme que nous aimons le mieux au monde, soit à peu près celui que nous voyons le moins. Eh bien ! T. F. a rencontré mes parens à Paris et les a tellement bragué sur son amitié et admiration pour moi qu'ils se sont imaginés que c'était un attachement d'enfance que je les avais caché; c'est pourtant à toi que je dois ce succès parmi toutes les choses que je te dois. Scélerat d'homme, je t'embrasse. Ton meilleur ami, D'Ossav."

" Paris, Mardi.

"Mon сият Амі,—Je puis bien dire que dans toute ma vie je n'ai jamais ressenti un aussi grand chagrin que celui de perdre, pour un instant même, Vol. II.—I'

l'illusion que vous étiez mon plus sincere ami, vous ! un ami d'enfance presque; car Quin nous sommes ami depuis 1815, vous à qui je dois tant, même plus que la vis, et moi qui ne rêve qu'après le jour où je pourral vous donner les preuves d'une affection plus que fraternelle. Le monde est bien méchant et bien envieux pour aller jusqu'à vouloir faire croire que vous êtez infidel à l'amitié, je pense, et même j'insiste pour que vous alliez voir D— et que vous lui demandiez de ma part qui à eu l'impudence de lui parler ainsi de vous. Vous direz à D— que je n'ai pas pris la peine d'écrire à l'egard de L—, car je n'y attache pas d'importance. Vous c'est un cas tout particulier. D— m'ecrivait, ne comptez pas trop sur les amis d'Angleterre. Il me mettait même en garde contre A— précisement dans le moment que je recevais deux lettres de lui dans la même semaine. Je n'ai pas pris la peine de relever aucune de ces insinuations, mais pour vous c'etait trop fort, celà m'allait droit au cœur. Voyez le donc je vous en prie.\*

" Je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur.

#### "Votre affectionné

ALFRED.

"P.S.—J'ai obtenu pour Mr. de C—— une des meilleurs places que l'on puisse obtenir en France, 16,000 francs par an, qu'on ne peut jamais lui oter; et retraite pour lui et sa veuve. Donc le mariage se fera le 22d de ce mois."

"Samedi, 1845.

"Quin! Blagueur imperturbable! depuis que tu vis dans un espèce de Vatican, en Mount Street, tu te donnes des airs comme les successeurs des Casars ne s'en donnent pas; et tu ecris que je ne fais que m'amuser, lorsque je travaille huit heures par jour. Pense donc, qu'en m'arretant à ta porte c'est mon cœur qui m'arrête 'malgré' bon gré (comme dit la celebre Step—), et que c'est une chance de hasard que je cherche pour te voir puisque tu a la petitesse de nous abandonner. Oh Quin! *l'eusse* te cru!! Oui je te plains comme un œuf, de n'avoir pas vu ces dames depuis si long temps, et je te felicite de ne m'avoir pas recontrè, car entre mon amitié si demonstrative et mon courroux si intempestif je t'aurais remodellé, ce que aurait pu produire peut être une belle statuette pour la galerie de ton Palais Quirinale.

"La comtesse chaque jour dit comme refrain, comme c'est drole que Quin ne vient pas, et qu'il donne pour excuse qu'il est obligé d'aller voir des malades à Kensington.

"Relis cette-lettre souvent, elle te poignardera à l'endroit sensible, car tu as du cœur Quin, mais je crains qu'il engraisse.

"Ton vieux pupille,

#### D'ORBAY."

6,0020

 D'Orsay was laboring under an arroneous impression when he wrote this letter. Of all men, Dr. Quin is the last person who would be likely to prove forgetful of the obligations of friendship, either toward the absent or those present.—R. R. M.

" Octobre 6ième, 1846.

"Cher Quin, aimable ami, ne m'ecris pas ei souvent, car réellement je n'ai pas le temps de repondre à toutes tes lettres que tu ne m'envoyes pas. Ah! tu ne trouves pas six heures de disponibles pour faire une partie de campagne avec nous, et tu te sauves pour des semaines, plantant tous tes choleras, et tous tes malades, et amis inconsolables : aurais tu suivi l'exemple de L...., et serais-tu parti pour te marier ? S'il en etait ainsi je te souhaite heures de bonheur-sacré vilain humbug. Ton ami malgré tout, ALFED."

"GALLANT UORO,--Non cognosco Io il cuoco. C'est Galeotto Capece de Duci di Regina chi m'a detto ché era un stupendo ripostiere cuocissimo. Ainsi addressez vous à regina et ne me compromettez pas. Car je ne recommande les gens qu'à coup sur; et si vous voulez absolument vous assurer du merite de ce cuisinier, vous pouvez en donnant un diner chez vous, et m'invitant être assuré que je vous dirai exactement ce qu'il en est.

"Reponse s'il vous plait et tout à vous.

" Votre ami affectionné.

D'ORBAY."

"Co Vendredia, 30eme Juillet, de l'année trente quatre de l'Homœopathie. "L'ANI QUIN,—C'est sans doute parceque je me porte comme le Pont Neuf que tu ne passes plus chez moi. \* \* Je t'en prie, fais moi la grace de penser moins à *l'Homzopathie* et un peu plus à *l'amitié*. J'y gagnerai sans quoi, je serai obligé de retomber malade expres pour avoir le plaisir de te voir; ce n'est, certes, pas une raison parceque tes doses sont si reduites que tes visites doivent so ressentir de la methode. Adieu, brave Quin.

"Est ce que tu as juré de ne jamais plus diner chez nous ! il y a si long tems qu'on ne te voit plus que ma fois je commence à le croire.

"Tout à toi,

ALFRED."

"Le 2d d'Avril, Kensington Gore.

"MAUVAIS FARCEUR DE QUIN,—Commé tu te moques de moi hier à C— H——! et me fais avaler des bêtises et fais rire tout le mondé à mes depens. Je ne sais diable comment tu fais, mais pas un dans tout le Grande Bretagne a le talent de me mettre dedans comme toi, avec tes sacrées histoires et ta mine si comiquement serieuse. J'avoue j'étais fairly sold mauvais plaisant que tu es. Mais mon bon Quin je t'en prie ne vas pas dire comme tu as fait hier en riant c'est vrai—que je commence à baisser c'est à dire que je n'ai plus autant d'esprit qu'autrefois ; vois tu, si on repete cela dans le monde comme venant de toi, diable m'importe si on ne le croira pas i et il y a un tas d'imbecilles qui seront enchantés de te citer comme l'ayant dit, et, badinage à part, cela ne me conviendra pas de tout. Je veux conserver non seulement la reputation de l'esprit que j'ai, mais bien plus, tout l'esprit qu'on me prête comprends tu cela ! Soit donc bon enfant, sans quoi je dirai partout que l'hommoopathie ne vaut rien.

"Cependant, ingrat que tu ea, je suis malgré tout, aujourd'hui comme toujours, ton ami à la vie à la mort, ALFRED D'ORSAT."

"38 Rue de la Ville l'Evêque, Paris, Mardi (Avril, 1649). "Mon non QUIN,—J'ai eu un depart imprevu, heureusement, que je suis safe de ce côté. Il a fallu que je me decide de partir à 3<sup>h</sup> de la nuit pour ne pas manquer le Dimanche. Ces dames vous raconteront qu'une de mes premières pensées ici a été pour vous Vous le voyez par ce peu de mots. Aimez moi toujours de loin, car je vous aimais bien de près.

" Votre meilleur ami,

ALFRED."

VER DO

#### LETTRE DE M. ALFRED DE VIGNY AU COMTE D'ORSAY.

"Je partais pour Birmingham, cher ami, lorsque j'ai reçu livre et billet de ta part : me voici en pleine forge à present, observant les Cyclopes dans leur antre-et j'en ai déjà les mains noires. J'oublie l'odeur du charbon en lisant le voyage de Lady Blessington, et il me semble que je respire un beau bouquet arrivé de Florence. Je vois passer bien des noms que je connais, et je serai heureux d'en parler avec l'auteur de ce charmant livre et des gracieuses fantaisies.

"C'est une aimable chose que cette galerie de portraits qui commence par celui de la voyageuse. J'ai et le peintre et les tableaux avec moi, cela me fait bien plaisir et je y reviendrai tous les jours.

"Comme la patrie nous fait toujours, Lady Blessington, au milieu de Venise, n'a pas resistó au plaisir de peindre une campagne Anglaise—c'est un paysage, c'est un tableau de genre d'une verité charmante et dont l'etendu montre le plaisir qu'elle prend à catte promenade ideale qu'elle prefere bien au reel voyage. Et ce pauvre Byron, je le retrouve partout grace à elle, que je la remercie d'en parler encore et en vers si melancholiques. Je crois en verité qu'il se promene et s'assoit entre elle et toi. Gore House est son Westminster Abbey. Que c'est bien, que c'est rare de savoir se souvenir ainsi—que l'on merite d'être aimé pour cela. Garde ce souvenir de bonheur touts ta vie. N'oublie pas ton ami, ALFEED DE VIENY."

#### No. III.

# LETTERS OF COUNT D'OBSAY TO B. R. MADDEN, AND SOME CORRESPONDENCE IN RELATION TO HIS STATUETTES, &C.

"You must have seen by the newspapers that I have completed a great work, which creates a revolution in the Duke of Wellington's own mind, and that of his family. It is a statuette on horseback of himself, in the costume and at the age of the Peninsular war. They say that it will be a fortune for me, as every regiment in the service will have one, as the duke says publicly that it is the only work by which he desires to be known, physically, by portraits. They say that he is very popular in Portugal and Spain. I thought

# APPENDIX. .

possibly that you could sell for me the copyright at Lisbon to some speculator, to whom I would send the mould. What do you think of it ! Inquire.

"D'ORSAY."

#### "Gore House, May 9th, 1845.

"MY DEAR MADDEN,—I wish that you would pretect, with all your strength, power, and eloquence, the contemplated project of a rail-road between Lisbon and Madrid. The name is Vaughan et Cie; my nephew, the Duke de Guiche, is one of the directors, and Tom Duncombe and General B—— will be the active men with the Portuguese government, as that government owes him a great deal of gratitude for his services, and Palmella and M—— are of opinion that he will succeed in obtaining the concession, because governments are very generous when they can oblige without putting their hands into their own pockets. B—— is going very soon to Lisbon; he will see you, and you must aid him, and I am sure that you will be glad to do it. We have received the Portuguese papers that you sent me, and what is very curious is, that, without knowing one word of that language or Spanish, I could understand them perfectly well.

"Lord H—— is a great friend of B—— ; in fact, he is a great favorite at Lisbon, which will aid the undertaking. The old instituteur of the king, and who is his chamberlain, is devoted to B—— ; Mr. Deutz, I think, his name is.

"Lady Blessington sends you her kindest regards.\*

"Believe me always yours most faithfully, COUNT D'ORGAY."

"Gore House, Thursday.

"I was fain to believe that you had bolted at once to Ireland, particularly without saying adieu.

"I hope that you won't find a ship direct for Havre.

"Miss Power has communicated your letter to me. It was precisely about Tojalt that I wanted to speak to you. I know his man of business in the

\* Count D'Orsay, in the difficulties of his position in 1845, vainly looked to various visionary speculations for the means of extricating himself from embarrasaments that were, in fact, overwhelming and insurmountable. A schedule of his liabilities, which I have seen, was prepared by him in 1845, with a view to some arrangement with his creditors, whose claims then amounted to £107,000 (and these claims did not comprise many debts to private friends, which were not likely to be pressed, or which could not be enforced, probably amounting to about £13,000 more). In the event of such expected arrangement being made, an idea was entertained of procuring for him " the benefit of the act"-in plain terms, of declaring him a bankrupt ; but there were difficulties in the way of identifying him with some legitimate commercial or agricultural pursuit. One of the most remarkable illusions at the period above referred to, which took possession of his mind, was the hope of making a vast and rapid fortune by succeeding in the attempt of the alchymists of old, of converting the baser metals into gold ! Some foreign schemers and impostors had persuaded the count they had discovered the great arcans of alchymy, and all that was wanted was the necessary funds to set to work. The poor count lived to see the folly of this speculation ; like that of many other schemes suddenly adopted in his difficulties, they began brilliantly, and ended in a bubble.-R. R. M. + The Minister of Finance in Portugal in 1845.

city, who deals largely for him in the funds. He has, I think, £200,000 in the Portuguese, and never gave the slightest hint as to any chance of discomfiture in that market. Certainly he must be wide awake as to his own interests, and must be in a good position to feel the pulse of the administration. Does he see only one side of the question, or is he one of those men who like to be blind ! Let have a resumé of the letter you showed me. COUNT D'ORBAY."

"Believe me yours most faithfully,

" Paris, May -, 1852. "MY DEAR MADDEN,-You go to St. Germain by the half past twelve o'clock train from the Rue St. Lazare. You find a carriage at the station at St. Germain, which will take you for three france to Chambourcy and back.

"Go to the curate, Mr. Penon, and say you come from me. Send for the beadle, who will take you to the tomb. Yours ever, D'ORSAY."\*

# No. IV.

#### LETTERS FROM R. R. MADDEN TO COUNT D'ORSAY.

"(1841), Sloane Square.

- GOOVE

"MY DEAR COUNT,-I suppose a man like your classical friend, who had made the grand tour, and had sojourned a long time especially in Southern Italy, finding himself alone in a sponging-house in London, might thus soliloquize: 'I have been all over Italy, traveled in vetturas, swum in gondolas, sailed in feluccas, rode on cuccias, performed divers pedestrian feats in Romagna and Liguria. I have seen St. Peter's, Pompeii, Herculaneum, Vesuvius ; sauntered through the Vatican, made pilgrimages to lovers' tombs and the sites of poets' birth-places. I have wandered among ruins of shrines and temples, lost myself in gorgeous palaces and great Gothic wildernesses of cathedral churches. I have been dazzled with the glories of the rising and the setting sun on the Bay of Naples, the Lago Maggiore, the Gulf of Spezia, the sea of the Mediterranean. I have drunk in odors, without stint or measure, of sweet and fragrant flowers. I have been inebriated in orange groves with the perfumed air of those trellised walks, with the interwoven branches of the vine, and mingling rose-buds. I have lived in the sweet South, and felt some influences thereof in waking dreams and reveries, feeling as if my senses were overpowered with the ecstasy of their enjoyments, and my soul gave itself up to the illusions of this Italian life, as if it would never awaken to encounter its realities in a gloomy sponging-house in a narrow street in London, redolent with vapors of stale porter and English gin, with fumes of tobacco, with which the dingy red curtains are thoroughly saturated, presenting from every dirty window a boundless contiguity of shade afforded by the

\* The above note, the last I received, was written to me while on a visit to Paris, in the latter part of May, 1852, a few weeks only before the death of poor D'Orsay : with it I received the key of the inner door of that tomb in which the remains of Lady Blemaington were deposited.

surrounding brick walls, surmounted by chimney-pots in various degrees of dilapidation; a sombre sky, in which some demon has upset his inkstand, and a sanded floor, an utter stranger to the great moral influence of scap and water.' Yours, sincerely and truly, R. R. MADDEN."

"MY DEAR COUNT,-The announcement of your completion of a statuette of the Emperor of Russia gave me no pleasure. The tendencies of art toward hero-worship are rather too strong already.

"I would have been better pleased to have heard you had been devoting your fine talents to the representation of some living philosopher, if there be one alive, or some nobleman of nature of a literary turn, or some here of humanity, if any such are left among us, than chiseling the poor innocent marble into the hard traits and facial angles of any great fighting fellow. It would be a small ambition to swell the throng of the hero-worshipers of our times, the idolaters of the war principle, the glorifiers of the work of Waterloo or Warsaw. Don't be angry, my dear count. Yours, R. R. M."

# No. V.

## WORKS OF ART OF COUNT D'ORSAY.

The three works of art which D'Orsay prided himself on most were the statuettes of the Emperor of Russia, Napoleon, and the Buke of Wellington, upon which the following critical observations, made at the time of their appearance, may be interesting:

#### COUNT D'ORSAY'S STATUETTE OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

"The peculiar merits of the accomplished and versatile artist are displayed to great advantage in the dignified air, carriage, and soldierlike attitude of the emperor, and the strong resemblance to the original, despite the smallness of the scale and the difficulties of the material. Great skill is manifested in concealing the disproportion so manifest in the living figure—the excessivo length of the lowemextremity in relation to the trunk. The bright color of the bronze, approaching to the fine, faintly-obscured golden hues of the old Florentine bronze castings, adds not a little to the effect of this admirable statuette."

### COUNT D'ORGAY'S EQUESTRIAN STATUETTE OF NAPOLEON.

"The taste of Count D'Orsay has long been recognized in the most polished circles of English society. In dress he has led the fashion, while as an artist he has evidenced a degree of talent very seldom met with in an amateur. Of late he has surprised the world by a further manifestation of talent. He has become a sculptor, and, by a series of brilliant statuettes of wellknown characters, has given still another proof of the diversity of his genius. The statuette of Wellington was illustrated some time since; we are now enabled, by his kind permission, to engrave the companion work of art—the statuette of Napoleon—from a sketch furnished by Count D'Orsay himself. It has been drawn upon the wood by Gilbert, and engraved by Mr. W. G. Mason. The original is now at the birth-place of the conqueror. The Prince Demidoff having presented to the town of Ajaccio this statuette of Napoleon, it has been placed in the grand salls of the Hotel de Ville. The following account of the ceremony observed on the occasion is quoted from 'The Journal de la Corse' of the 14th of September: 'The equestrian statuette of the emperor, by the Count D'Orsay, completes the small Napoleon Museum, which we owe to the munificence of Cardinal Fesch, which excites the admiration of all foreigners.' "\*

## COUNT D'ORBAY'S EQUESTRIAN STATUETTE OF HIS GRACE THE DUER OF WEL-LINGTON.

"It seems as if the veritable war-horse of Job's exclamation stood before us, 'pawing the earth with his foot, and snuffing the battle afar off.' But still he obtrudes not himself into the subject-matter of the testimonial, except as an effective foil, impressing more strongly the ideas to be conveyed by the whole. Cool, reflecting, and observant, the duke sits like a general who perceives the game already in his hand ; but how much more sagacious calinness does the action of his restive horse convey, by the comparison of very opposite characters thus forced upon the attention of the spectator. Neither must it escape observation how much the depressed head and arching neck of the animal assist in producing that classic unity of effect which is produced in a grouped scene where a pyramidal outline has been successfully preserved. In features and form the duke is represented as he was a quarter of a century ago. The costume, also, is adapted to the time to which the statuette refers, and which may naturally be presumed to be the year of Waterloo. The two greatest generals of the day had not previously been actually opposed in personal command; and as Napoleon's statuette, it is to be hoped, will always accompany our present subject, it is but right and proper, therefore, that these rival heroes should be represented as they contemporamously appeared on that occasion, especially as, in future history, they will ever be mutually suggestive of each other's career. The costume chosen strongly indicates the simplicity and truth of exalted genius. No blanket-like toga or stirrupless lower limbs detract from the dignity or the feeling of what ought to be the appointments and dress of an English field-marshal on active service; and we defy all comparison, for real classical effect, with all or any of the many sculptured absurdities in Greek or Roman attire which a wretchedly snobbish taste has succeeded in crecting in some of the finest situations in the metropolis. We admire exceedingly the character of the friezed cocked hat of the rank Count D'Orsay has chosen for his Wellington."†

"One of the last of the late lamented Count D'Orsay's studies was a stat-\* The Pictorial Times. † ibid.

464 \*

uette of the duke on horseback, the first copy of which, in bronze, was carefully retouched and polished by the artist. The work is remarkable for its mingled grace and sprightliness. The duke, sitting firmly back in his saddle, is reining in a pawing charger, charmingly modeled, and a peculiar effect is obtained by the rider dividing the reins, and stretching that on the left side completely back over the thigh. The portrait is good, particularly that of the full face, and very carefully finished, and the costume is a characteristically closely-fitting military undress, with hanging cavalry sabre.\* Altogether, indeed, the statuette forms a most agreeable memorial, not only of the duke, but, in soms degree, of the gifted artist."<sup>+</sup>

#### No. VI.

# DEDICATORY LETTER OF SIR E. B. LYTTON TO COUNT ALFRED D'ORSAY.

"MY DEAR COUNT D'ORSAY, —When the parentage of Godolphin was still unconfessed and unknown, you were pleased to encourage his first struggles with the world. Now, will you permit the father he has just discovered to reintroduce him to your notice ! I am sorry to say, however, that my unfilial offspring, having been so long discowned, is not sufficiently grateful for being acknowledged at last : he says that he belongs to a very numerous family, and, wishing to be distinguished from his brothers, desires not only to reclaim your acquaintance, but to borrow your name. Nothing less will content his ambition than the most public opportunity in his power of parading his obligations to the most accomplished gentleman of our time. Will you, then, allow him to make his new appearance in the world under your wing, and thus suffer the son, as well as the father, to attest the kindness of your heart, and to boast the honor of your friendship !

"Believe me, my dear Count D'Orsay, with the sincerest regard, yours very faithfully and truly, E. L. B."

#### No. VII.

#### MEMORANDUM OF LADY BLESSINGTON RESPECTING THE EXPECTED AP-POINTMENT OF COUNT D'ORSAY.

In 1841, an effort was made to have Count D'Orsay appointed to the office of secretary of the French embassy in London. All the influence of Lady Blessington was brought to bear on those persons with whom the appointment rested, especially on the Count St. Aulaire, the French embassador at the court of St. James's. In opposition to these views, it was believed by

\* Mr. Walesby, of 5 Waterloo Place, London, has published Count D'Orsay's smaller and last equestrian statuette of the Duke of Wellington, in bronze. The statuette is aixteen inches in height, on a black marble pedestal, eighteen inches in height by twenty in width at the base, surrounding the edges of which are reposing lions, and a richly follated wreath in bronze. + Morning Chronicle, December 334, 1832

Lady Blessington that parties had represented to the British sovereign the Count D'Orsay in so unfavorable a light, that her majesty had rayé the count's name when a list of invitations to a ball had been presented to her.

Among the papers of Lady Blessington, there is a memorandum of hers, embodying the objections which had been raised to the proposed appointment, and her views in relation to them.

. "With regard to the inventions relative to our count, there is not even a shadow of truth in them. Alfred never was presented here at court, and never would, though I, as well as his other friends, urged it; his motive (for declining) being, never having left his name at any of the French embassadors of Louis Philippe (not even at Count Sebastiani's, a connection of his own), or at Marshal Soult's, also nearly connected wirh his family, he could not ask to be presented at court by the French embassador, and did not think it right to be presented by any one else. Prince Ernest he never knew, and consequently could not be presented by him; and the etiquette of not having been engaged to meet the queen unless previously presented at court is too well known to admit of any mistake. The Countess ------, the daughter of Nesselrode, could not be invited to a ball given by the Beauforts because she had not previously been presented at court. I enter into these details merely to show the utter falsehoods which have been listened to against Alfred. Now, with regard to his creditors, his embarrassments have been greatly exaggerated ; and when the sale of the northern estates in Ireland shall have been effected, which must be within a year, he will be released from all his difficulties. In the mean time, he has arranged matters by getting time from his creditors. So that all the fuss made by the nomination being only sought as a protection from them, falls to the ground. There has been much hypocritical prudery in the affair. When the Duc de D-fled London, and was lodged in a sponging-house, my old friend, the Duc de Lavel Montmorency, paid the debt, 100,000 francs, and released him. He then, after this public exposure of his embarrassment, got himself named as attaché here to protect. himself; and Lord Aberdeen, then, as now, at the Foreign Office, when appealed to on the subject, said he would do all in his power to save him from annoyance. I mention all these facts to show how ill Alfred has been treated. If the appointment in London is still deemed impracticable, why should not they offer him the secretaryship at Madrid, which is vacant ?

"Alfred intrusted the affair (of the appointment) to M— and W—. He received positive assurances from both that he would receive an appointment in the French embassy here, and that it was only necessary, as a mere matter of etiquette, that St. Aulaire was to ask for his nomination to have it granted. The assurances were so positive that he could not doubt them, and he accordingly acted on them. The highest eulogies on Alfred's abilities, and .power of rendering service to the French government, were voluntarily pronounced to St. Aulaire by Lord B—, the Duke of B—, and other persons of distinction. M. St. Aulaire, not estisfied with these honorable testimonies,

-C100210

consulted a *coteric* of foolish women, and, listening to their malicious gossiping, he concluded that the nomination would not be popular in London, and so was afraid to ask for it.

"It now appears that the Foreign Office at Paris is an inquisition into the private affairs of those who have the misfortune to have any reference to it; a bad plan, when clever men are so scarce in France, and particularly those well born and well connected : a government like the present should be glad to catch any such that could be had. MARGT. BLESSINGTON."

# No. VIII.

## COUNT D'ORSAY AND RICHARD J. LANE.

The most eminent of English lithographic artists, Richard J. Lane, Esq., was a very intimate friend of the count. The portrait drawings by the late Count D'Orsay, to the extent of one hundred and forty representations of the Villa Belvidere, the Palazzo Negroni, the Hotel Ney, Scamors Place, and Gore House, were lithographed by Mr. Lane, and published by Mr. Mitchell, of Bond Street. This collection is so remarkable, and includes so many portraits of eminent persons, which are in vain to be sought for elsewhere, that it would appear desirable to have a correct list of those admirably executed portraits laid before the public.

### COUNT D'ORSAY'S PORTBAITS.

Mr. Mitchell, of Bond Street, has published a series of the portrait drawings by the late Count D'Orsay, hitherto limited to private sirculation: the entire series, with the exception of about twenty, is now given to the public, and has been received with general admiration.

Lord Byron. La Comtesse Guiccioli. Marquess of Conyngham. Earl of Durham. Right Hon. B. D'Israeli, M.P. Colonel Stanhope. Viscount Enfield. Count Matouchewitz. (2)\* Lord Allen. Sir William Massey Stanley. Theodore E. Hook, Esq. Thomas Carlyle, Esq. William Jerdan, Esq. Lord Dudley Stuart. R. M. Milnes, Esq., M.P. Tyrone Power, Esq.

Count Alfred Vidil. M. Liszt. Ambrose Isted, Esq. Colonel John Lyster. Charles Standish, Esq. Sir Harry Goodricke. George Herbert, Esq. Little Gilmour, Eeg. Earl of Litchfield. The Count D'Orsay. (3) Marquess of Normanby. Earl of Chesterfield. Duke of Beaufort. Marquess of Worcester. (2) Duke of Wellington. Lord Anglesey.

\* The number after the portrait denotes more than one drawing of the same person

Sir C. Cunningham Fairlie. Sheridan Knowles, Esq. Albany Fonblanque, Esq. Alfred Montgomery, Esq. Lord Alfred Paget. (2) Captain Locke. Dr. Ferguson. Captain Home Purves. Countess of Chesterfield. Honorable Mrs. G. Anson. G. J. Guthrie, Esq. Earl of Malmesbury. Lord Frederick Fitz-Clarence. Colonel Tyrwhitt. Viscount Powerscourt. Sir Philip Crampton. Sir Willoughby Cotton. Honorable William Cowper, M.P. Honorable James Macdonald. Honorable Major General Anson. Emperor Napoleon III. (2) The late Lord Canterbury. Lord Lyndhurst. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart. Lord Elphinstone. Lord Jocelyn. - Trelawney, Esq. Walter Savage Landor, Esq. Major F. Mountjoy Martyn. Count Kielmansegge. (2) Charles Dickens, Esq. Mr. Dowton. Honorable A. Villiers. Viscount Ossulston. Comte de Grammont. Duc de Guiche. Comte Valentine Esterhazy. Miss Marguerite Power. Countess of Blessington. Marquess Wellesley. Dwarkanauth Tajore. The Honorable Captain Rous. Honorable John Spalding. Comte de Noailles.

Earl of Erroll. Viscount Maidstone. Honorable C. Stuart Wortley. Honorable C. W. Forester. C. C. Greville, Esq. Sir G. Wombwell. Marquess of Hastings. Earl of Wilton. Earl of Pembroke. (2) Sir Henry Mildmay. Captain Mildmay. Viscount Cantilupe. Earl of Bessborough. M. Eugene Sue. M. Berryer. Honorable Charles Gore. F. Sheridan, Esq. C. Sheridan, Esq. Countess of Tankerville. Duc de Grammont. R. Knightley, Esq. Colonal Gurwood. Honorable Spencer Cowper. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer. A. B. Cochrane, Enq. Mr. W. Anderson. M. J. Higgins, Esq. Ralph Osborne, Esq. Prince Moskowa M. Sulemein, Count Bjornstierna. H. Luttrell, Esq. John Bushe, Esg. Lord Clanricarde. John Liston, Esq. Honorable Frederick Byng. B. Lumley, Esq. Mrs. Romer. George Jones, Esq. Captain Marryatt. Colonel Hunter Blair. S. Ball Hughes, Esq. Mrs. Maberley. Lord George Bentinck. (2)

0.00010

Dr. Quin. Dr. Currie. Vicomte D'Arlincourt. Baroness Calabrella. Honorable G. Barrington. M. Girardin. Honorable Colonel C. B. Phippe. Sir Edwin Landseer.

Each portrait may be had separately, price 5s., but the work complete at 4s. each. Size-14 inches high, 104 inches wide.

Knowing the great esteem and respect in which Mr. Lane was deservedly held by Count D'Orsay, on account of his worth and probity, no less than on account of his great merit as an artist and lithographer, I addressed a note to him, stating I was aware how intimately acquainted he had long been with Count D'Orsay, and requesting such aid and information as might help to enable me to set D'Orsay before the English public in a better light than that of a mere man of fashion, an *arbiter elegantiarum* of modish circles—a wit even, or a quasi artist, feeling he could jump into art with as much ease and elegance as he could vault into his saddle. And as the world had plenty of evidence of that sort of eminence and agility, I sought such testimony rather as might show him to have been something more and better than an exquisite or a *diettante*—of his being an original thinking man, of some noble qualities, of a large heart, and a kindly, generous disposition.

## LETTER FROM RICHARD J. LANE, ESQ., TO E. R. MADDEN, ESQ.

# "3 Osnaburgh Terrace, October 27th, 1854.

"DEAR SIR,—The request that you have made imposes on me a duty which I will endeavor to fulfill in a manner to do justice to the memory of Count D'Orsay on those points on which you have asked my opinion.

"As a patron, his kind consideration for my interest, and prompt fulfillment of every engagement, never failed me for the more than twenty years of my association with him; and the friendship that arose out of our intercourse (and which I attest with gratitude) proceeded at a steady pace, without the smallest check, during the same period, and remained unbroken, when, on his final departure from England, he continued to give me such evidence of the constancy of his regard as will be found conveyed in his letters.

"In the sketches of the celebrities of Lady Blessington's salons which he brought to me (amounting to some hundred and fifty or more), there was generally an appropriate expression and character that I found difficult to retain in the process of elaboration; and although I may have improved upon them in the qualities for which I was trained, I often found that the final touches of his own hand alone made the work satisfactory.

"Of the amount and character of the assistance of which the count availed himself in the production of his pictures and models I have a clear notion, and I rejoice to think that you will make evident before your readers what I believe I have already impressed on you.

"When a gentleman would rush into the practice of that which, in its mechanism, demands experience and instruction, he avails himself of the

help of a craftsman, whose services are sought for painting-in the subordinate parts, and working out his rule beginnings. In the first rank of art, at this day, are others who, like the Count D'Orsay, have been unprepared, excepting by the possession of taste and genius, for the practice of art, and whose merits are in no way obscured by the assistance which they also freely seek in the manipulation of their works; and it is no less easy to detect, in the pictures of the count, the precise amount of mechanical aid which he has received from another hand, than the graces of character and feeling that are superadded by his own. I have seen a rough model, execute entirely by himself, of such extraordinary power and simplicity of design, that I begged him to have it moulded, and not to proceed to the details of the work until he could place this first model side by side with the cast in clay, to be worked up. He took my advice, and his equestrian statue of the first Napoleon may fairly justify my opinion.

"For art he had a heartfelt sympathy, a searching eye, and a critical taste, fostered by habitual intercourse with some of our first artists.

"I cheerfully place at your disposal one letter of his, especially valued by me, of the 21st of February, 1850, and another very remarkable letter, written from Paris soon after the elevation of the Prince NAFOLEON LOUIS to the Presidency of the French Republic.

"I have the honor to remain, dear sir, your very faithful servant,

"RICHARD J. LANE,"

- GOO2C

#### LETTERS FROM COUNT D'ORSAY TO RICHARD J. LANE, ESQ.

"I rejoice to read your opinions of the prince. I well remember the circumstance you mention,\* and his visits to you when you did my two lithographs of him.\*...

"..... The last election was even more wonderful than the first, for then he had the whole army with him. Rely upon it, he will do more for France than any sovereign has done for the last two centuries, if only they give him time."1

\* I reminded him that, on the morning of the day of the first election of the president, he came to my house before church time, and diverted me from graver duties, to listen to his confident anticipations of the result of that memorable day. "Think," said he, "what is the ordinary November weather in Parls; and here is a beautiful day. I have watched the mercury in my garden. I have seen where is the wind, and I tell you, that on Parls is what they will call the sun of Austeritz. To-morrow you shall hear that while we are now talking, they yote for him with almost one mind, and that he has the absolute majority."-R.J.L. + October, 1839.

<sup>‡</sup> D'Orsay's efforts to gain over public opinion in England for Louis Napoleon were as uncessing as his endeavors to inspire private friends with flyorable sentiments in relation to the prince and his pretensions. I have a letter of his now before ms, dated the 18th of June, 1845, addressed to a literary man of great emhence, connected with one of the leading London newspapers, earnestly entreating of him to use his influence with some of the principal writers in the London journals, and editors of them, to get them to abstain from writing sgainst Louis Napoleon. "Do you think," he says, "you could prevent—to write these attrocions, false ponsenzes against Prince Napoleon ? The fact is, that —

# " Paris, 21st February, 1850.

"MY DEAR LANE,-I can not really express to you the extent of my sorrow about your dear and good family. You know that my heart is quite open to sympathy with the sorrows of others. But judge, therefore, how it must be, when so great a calamity strikes a family like yours, which family I always considered one of the best I ever had the good fortune to know. What a trial for dear Mrs. Lane, after so many cares, losing a son like yours, just at the moment that he was to derive the benefit of the good education you gave him. Poor Miss Power is very much affected, I assure you. There is no consolation to offer. The only one that I can imagine is to think continually of the person lost, and to make one's self more miserable by thinking. It is, morally speaking, a homeopathic treatment, and the only one which can give some relief. You can not form an idea of the soulagement that I found in occupying myself in the country (at Chambourcy) in building the monument which I have erected to dear Lady Blessington's memory. I made it so solid and so fine, that I felt all the time that death was the reality, and life only the dream of all around me. When I hear any one making projects for the future, I laugh, feeling as I do now, that we may to-morrow, without five minutes' notice, have to follow those we regret. I am prepared for that, with a satisfactory resignation. I am sure that you have those feelings. Give my most affectionate regards to your dear family, and believe me always, far or near, your sincere friend, D'ORSAY."

# No. IX.

#### COUNT D'ORSAY'S FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND.

The Count Marcellus, who was French chargé d'affaires at the court of London during the ministry of Chateaubriand, in his work "Politique de la Restauration en 1822 et 1823" (Paris, 1853), 'makes mention of a ball he gave in London, at the period of the invasion of Spain by the Legitimists, when the London mob had made an attack on the hotel of the French minister. The ball, he says, was attended by the Duke of Wellington—various representatives of the Congress of Verona—all the world of fashion were there and, "lastly, D'Orsay brought in his train the ordinary circle of dandies who made his escort."

This is the earliest mention I have seen in any published work of D'Orsay's sojourn in London previously to the return of Lady Blessington from the Continent in 1831. At the time of his visit to England, his brother-in-law, the Duke de Grammont (then Duc de Guiche), who, during his exile from France, had served in the English army (in the tenth dragoons), was sojourning in London, and D'Orsay's visit on that occasion was to his sister and her husband.

At the period of Count D'Orsay's second visit to London, some months is the *ame damnie* de Guisot and Louis Philippe, and the articles upon France are a great deal more than ridiculous."-R. R. M.

after the French Revolution of 1830, the Marshal Sebastiani (who had married a sister of the present Duc de Grammont) was embassador at the court of St. James's, and his being there was one of the inducements which had led D'Orsay to take up his abode in London at that time.

### No. X.

#### THE DUKE DE GRAMMONT.

The titles to nobility of the house of Grammont go as far back as the year 865, the period at which this family, originally from Arragon, made, at the time of the election of the King Sancho Garcia Eneco, its first appearance in the public affairs of the kingdom of Navarre, under the title of Ricos Hombres De Natura, or first grand barons, equivalent in these days to the title of grandes of Spain of the first class.

The family of Grammont are allied by marriage to the royal blood of Arragon, of Navarre, to the ancient counts of Foix, of Bearn, and to the Orleans family. It belongs to the small number of the houses of sovereigns which form a part of the French nobility, and exercised its right of sovereignty in its principality of Bidache and Barnache, in Lower Navarre, until the year 1789.\*

Comte Philibert de Grammont, of notoriety in England in the time of Charles the Second, was one of the latest celebrities of this distinguished family; he died in 1707, aged eighty-six.

Count Anthony Hamilton, the brother-in-law of Chevalier de Grammont, and the writer of the count's Memoirs, was born in Ireland about 1648, and died at St. Germaine-en-Laye in 1720, aged seventy-four. Count Hamilton was specially qualified for the task imposed on him by his brother-in-law. He was to Grammont what Boswell was to Johnson.

## No. XI.

#### ANTOINE GENEVIEVE HERACLIUS AGENOR DE GRAMMONT, PRESENT DUC DE GRAMMONT, PRINCE DE BIDACHE, &c., &c.

The Duke de Grammont, born in 1789, married, July 23, 1818, Anne Quintina Albertini Ida, née Comtesse D'Orsay, and had issue,

1. Antoine Alfred Agenor Grammont, Duc de Guiche, born August 14, 1819, an elève de l'Ecole Polytechnique, and officer of artillery, married Emma Mary, daughter of W. A. MacKinnon, Esq., M.P.

2. Antoine Philibert Leon Count de Grammont, Duc de Lesparre, born July 1, 1820 (an elève of the Ecole Militaire de St. Cyr, and an officer of cavalry), married, June 4, 1844, Marie, daughter of Vicomte de Ségur.

 Antoine Alfred Onerius Theophile de Grammont, Comte de Grammont, born June 2, 1823 (an officer of infantry), married, November 21, 1848, Louisa de Choiseul Praslin.

\* Annuaire Biographique, ed. 1643, p. 63.

ChOOV 0

 Antonia Armandine Agiae de Grammont, born October 5, 1826, married, November 26, 1850, Theodore, Duke de Prat.

5. Antonia Gabrielle Leontine de Grammont, born March 2, 1829.\*

The Duke de Grammont had two sisters :

 Armandine Sophie Leonice Corisande de Grammont, married, in 1806, Viscount Ossuldon, present Earl of Tankerville.

2. Aglae Angelique Gabrielle de Grammont, married, firstly, at St. Petersburgh, General Demidoff, a Corsican by birth, and a connection of Napoleon Bonaparte; and, secondly, the Marshal Count Sebastiani, a native of Corsica, and connected likewise with the Bonaparte family.

The family De Grammont is now divided into two branches.†

# No. XII.

# MARSHAL COUNT SEBASTIANI.

The marshal was a native of Corsica, of an ancient family, connected with the Bonapartes. He entered the French army at an early age, and took a distinguished part in the Italian campaigns and Peninsular war. He married a sister of the present Duc de Grammont—the widow of an eminent Corsican in the service of Russia—General Demidoff. In the Peninsular war, Marshal Sebastiani distinguished himself particularly in the reformation of ecclesiastical abuses connected with the possession of property.

"In Spain he was notorious for ransacking convents with merciless avarice, and for mutilating or destroying the airy tracery in the time-honored halls of the Alhambra. The glorious building was converted by Sebastiani into stables for his horses and barracks for his debauched dragoons."1

He was the unfortunate father of the ill-fated Duchess de Praslin.

"Infclicis patris-infelix proles."

The marshal died at Paris in July, 1851, in his eightieth year. The Comtesse de Sebastiani had died in 1842. The funeral rites of the marshal were performed with extraordinary pomp at the Church of the Invalids, and were attended by the president of the republic, the marshals of France, all the principal generals, the corps diplomatique, and a great number of the principal inhabitants of Paris.

"When the solemn service was proceeding in the church, one of the wax

\* Almanach de Gotha, Paris, 1854, p. 114.

† La branche cadette est représentée par :

Antoine Eugène Amable Stanislaus Agénor de Grammont, Comte de Grammont D'Aster, ou Comte Agénor de Grammont, pair de France, fils d'Antoine Louis Raymond Geneviève de Grammont, Comte de Grammont D'Aster et d'Amable de Catelan décédés.

Les sœurs sont :

Antoinette Claire Amélie Gabrielle Corisande de Grammont D'Aster, mariée à Roger Gubéléon, Comte de Salmour en Plémont.

Thérèse de Grammont D'Aster, mariée au Marquis D'Aversand de Toulouse.

Antoinette Marie Madeleine Amable Amédée de Grammont, mariée au Comte Gravier de Vergennes.-Ann. Biog. t Gentleman's Magazine, November, 1851, p. 537.

tapers placed round the catafalque fell against the black cloth drapery, and in a moment the whole of the decorations were in a blaze. Great fears were entertained for the building, and more immediately for the military trophies suspended in it; but eventually only a few of the latter were destroyed.\*

# No. XIII.

#### LORD MOUNTJOY AND LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

An imaginary conversation by Walter Savage Landor, between Lord Mountjoy and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, addressed to the Rev. Julius Hare, Trinity College, Cambridge, by the author. Post-mark of letter inclosing a copy of it to Lady Blessington, Firenza, February 12th, 1829.

There are two notes of Mr. Landor appended to this conversation, in which the character of the son and heir of Lord Mountjoy (the late Earl of Blessington) are spoken of in very complimentary terms. In the second note the recent death of the earl is referred to, and the fact mentioned that the "Imaginary Conversation" of Lord Mountjoy with Lord E. Fitzgerald had been only completed when the news had arrived of the sudden death of Lord Blessington.

[Lord Mountjoy, the stanch and early friend of the Irish Roman Catholics, was slain by the people in rebellion in 1798. Lord E. Fitzgerald perished at the hands of authority in the same rebellion, he the head and front of its offending.]

LORD EDWARD. "My dear Mountjoy, I wish I could entertain the flattering hope that you have granted me admittance to you as much from your old friendship as from your invariable politeness."

MOUNTJOY. "Such a wish is itself a proof to me that I was in the wrong, if I did not."

LORD EDWARD. "Neither my knowledge of your easy temper, nor of your warm and generous heart, gave me all that assurance which I now receive from the pressure of your hand; a diversity in politics, I need not tell you, has made several of my earliest friends and nearest relations turn their backs upon me."

MOUNTJOY. "I hope I shall never turn mine on a good soldier, friend or enemy."

LORD EDWARD. "I will be sworn for you; if the last spark of honor and chivalry is to be extinguished on the earth, it will be in the breast of Mountjoy."

MOUNTION. "Lord Edward, let us leave off compliments, which, while they were in use, were used principally to display some grace in the person, or to conceal obliquity in the mind."

LORD EDWARD. "Faith ! if that is the good of them, you have the best right of any man to vote them out of fashion : now to the business of my visit. The people, you have long been aware, my lord, are highly exasperated against

\* Gentleman's Magazine, November, 1851, p. 538.

a. La0020

the government. I will not ask you whether you think they are so with reason or without; certainly there is danger of an open insurrection."

MOUNTIOY. "Lord Edward, when a dog is mad, I do not ask what drove him mad; I defend my own dogs and myself from his fury as well as I can."

LORD EDWARD. "Sometimes it is wiser to get out of his way."

MOUNTION. "I neither can nor would get out of the way, gladly as I should see every root of grievance torn up from a country but too fertile in them."

LOBD EDWARD. "We were together in the association of Dublin volunteers, which, supported by others throughout the kingdom, was then strong enough to have set at defiance the battered and broken arms of our oppressor, and could have accomplished all that was wanting for the permanent good of Ireland. The English government no longer had money or credit; the English people, exhausted by the expenditure of the war, alienated by the misconduct of it, began at last to perceive and to acknowledge the justice of the American cause. Ours was the same under much longer and much worse irritations; we had a larger and a better army to assert it; more within our reach to confiscate justly for the support of it ; and we should have had the same allies. When we could have done every thing for our country, what did we ? We sat down again, contented with paltry concessions and empty promises. England thought herself generous for granting them; Ireland for her easy acceptance of the grant. In England, every generosity is called a folly ; in Ireland, every folly is called a generosity. We are now told that too much has been done for us, and truly I believe it, since every thing is too much for us which we do not for ourselves."

MOUNTION. "Lord Edward, our country endures no injury to which I am not as sensitive as you are; we differ only in the expediency of resistance; we have lost the only opportunity we ever had of being the confederates rather than the subjects of England, or, what is yet better than confederacy, a part. Britons, Saxons, Danes, Normans, have united; what Minders the Irish !"

LORD EDWARD. "English policy,"

MOUNTION. "I see no reason why salt water rather than fresh should separate those whom affections and interests draw together."

LORD EDWARD. "Nor do I; but the wholesale butchers, who have turned Ireland into their slaughter-house, have so ensanguined the knot that it will hold no longer."

MOUNTION. "Nothing, in the whole of our misfortunes, is so deplorable as that it should continue to be the policy of our rulers to bind us rather by restrictions than by generosity—a bad policy with any nation, but worse with the Irish than with any other, for among the Irish the very vilest and the most inconsiderate are brought over and attached to you by one kind action, and alienated by one effort of control. Who would imagine that the English aristocracy and the Irish democracy should be equally strenuous in producing the same result! Yet so it is; if you can not lead the blind man, do not mock him, my dear Lord Edward. The trick may bring about the calamity.

It now appears to be the intention of certain men that we should throw ourselves into the arms of France, and thus render our country the arena for all the battles of the English with all their enemies."

LORD EDWARD. "How much better would it have been, as you remarked, to identify the two countries, and to render every man in each the neighbor of his neighbor. It seems an absurdity, a contradiction, an impossibility, that it should not be so; yot, where all men, with equal wishes and knowledge, may not aspire to equal rank and estimation—where a thought on God is a crime in the eyes of him who has another thought on the same God—where a son, if he follow his father, is stripped of his civic rights for it, and interdicted his natural, what hope, then, can we have of justice, or what desire of reconciliation !"

MOUNTJOY. "I will not discourse with you on open war."

LORD EDWARD. "But show me, if you can, in all the records of history, a war of nation against nation more manifestly just."\*

MOUNTION. "The cause of justice is but little forwarded by compromising the cause of humanity; we are hardly the people that can teach the English to be wiser, or that can compel them to be more equitable. I wish we were : we would then begin the first lesson to-morrow. As matters stand, by any attempt at resistance we should only make the brutal more brutal, and the suffering more suffering; and the end of it would be, that every peaceable man would leave the kingdom by choice, and every brave man by proscription. I think it criminal to contend without a chance of success, unless it be where, by the sacrifice of our lives, as well as theirs under us, we can give time for others to come on, who may continue or renew the contest with better hopes. In that case our bodies may well fill up the straits, and the idlest of strangers will never write *fool* above our epitaphs. I see clearly the expectations of the United Irishmen, and no less clearly the disappointment and delusion of them. The French and Irish can never cordially agree."

LORD EDWARD. "Why do you think so !"

MOUNTION. "Because the one will no longer be ruled by priests; the other will be ruled by none else."

LORD EDWARD. "It must, indeed, be a tremendous curse that can render them endurable. We may want them for a time."

MOUNTJOY. "Their time will be longer than ours ; hopes, fears, consciences, are tossed about, and distributed by their hands."

LORD EDWARD. "Too true; throw in likewise a moiety of the wives, present and future; they find spouses both for God and man, with good accommodation; and not only do they bring about marriages, but they can make heavy ones light and light ones heavy, and can put other horns above the devil's in any doorway they have once entered."

MOUNTJOY. " If England had the equity and wisdom to place Ireland by her

COOL

\* That such is not the case at present is quite certain, on the authority of the Duke of Wellington and of nearly all the principal men in the cabinet .-- W. S. L.

side in the same level, and no lower; if she would grant to the Irish all the rights of citizens, as she hath done to the Canadians-"

LOED EDWARD. "Which renders it the more galling, the more iniquitous, the more intolerable."

MOUNTION. "Then, indeed, the priesthood could make no further appeals to the passions of the ignorant, and the contest for mastery would shortly lie between the people and it. Popery would loss her hold on the latter's ignorance; for among the Irish, if the acutest sense is that of injustice, the quickest is that of ridicule—the expression of which two feelings can never exist together. Ireland will grow more Catholic every day she continues to be oppressed; less Catholic every day after she is relieved from oppression. Faction will cease within the first century of this real Reformation, which it seems wonderful that the Protestant clergy should be reluctant to bring about."

LOED EDWARD. "Not at all; the Protestant clergy leap from the goat-fold to the sheep-fold ; from the sheep-fold to the ox-stall, and being there, grow too lazy to budge. Who among them would not abandon parishioners for a vicarage for a deanery, a bishopric for an archbishopric, and the house of God for the House of Lords ! The government-be the party what it may, Whig or Tory-never wished our pacification ; a state of discontent, of discord, and of turbulence, kept up artificially and sedulously by them, is necessary as a plea to keep up likewise a large establishment here, both military and civil, and the people of England are induced to pay taxes for it, on which many hundred dependents of every administration rear their families. Were Ireland flourishing, as she must be under any other system, the rival oligarchies would lose a large portion of their patronage ; England wavers perpetually in every branch of her policy, excepting this. The Horatii and Curatii, who contend for supremacy, instead of three, are about nine on a side, and in the families of these we are to look for the secret. Why, by their consent we are never to meliorate our condition : the people of England would gain some millions yearly by our freedom, by our more equality with the French-Canadiane. The means of keeping them in subjection to these raling families would be lost by leaving us unbound."

MOUNTION. "The English would benefit in wealth by it quite as much as we should, and greatly more in the reduction of taxes; all that they would lose would be the sentiment of contempt for the generality of us, and of hatred for the remainder."

LORD EDWARD. "If they persist, my life for it, they shall lose one of these sentiments, and very soon."

MOUNTION. "I see nothing but a divided people and a corrupt Parliament."

LORD EDWARD. "You shall see neither much longer. Those who separate themselves from the people are no part of it, and what is corrupt will drop off, or must be cut off: who could regret it? Was there ever an association, even an assemblage in any lane of the worst city, or in any forest of the wildest

country, so proffigate and shameless, so barbarous and rapacious as our Irish peers !"

MOUNTJOY. "Little better, I confess it, than the Poles."

LORD EDWARD. "In Poland, every thing is noble that is not a slave; in Ireland, every thing that is-"

MOUNTION. "Our peerage, with the exception of six or seven."

LORD EDWARD. "Take the six, give me the seventh, and I pay you down his weight in rubies : such scrapings from sugar-casks and tobacco-wrappers never was flung among the muscle-shells and skate-tails of Kelvoc slugs of Flushing—so disorderly a gang of cut-throats and cut-purses never sat on the same benches in any galley of Tripoli or Marseilles.\* The poor are sent back to their parishes; it were greater equity to send back the rich, who, without some gross injustice, some intolerable grievance, ought not to live away. Have we no cart to carry, no constable to escort our packed peddlery ! Wonderful it must appear, that England, as a residence, is preferable to Ireland among those who, in the London gaming-houses, are liable to be mistaken for the candle-snuffers whenever, in the hurry of their rapacity, they forgot to put a star before them for a light to steer by."

MOUNTION. "Your estimation of our peerage is pretty correct, and you are as little to be accused of envy as of ambition; you yourself are likely to be, one day, the first nobleman in the empire; for where there is only one duke, surely that one is above any, where there is fifteen or twenty."

LOAD EDWARD. "I have never permitted the contingency to enter into my calculations. Were I a duke to-morrow, and every thing went on well and prosperously both with me and with our country, I declare, before you and before God, I could throw my dukedom off my back, if by so doing I could run the quicker to raise up one honest and brave fellow from oppression."

MOUNTION. "I believe you, and you are the only man I could believe who should make me a similar protestation."

LORD EDWARD. "The better of the lords are very hostile to me, not for what I think about the rest, but for what I would do in regard to all."

MOUNTJOY. " No wonder."

LORD 'EDWARD. "And yet, Mountjoy, such men as yourself, for instance, ought to rejoice at being no longer confounded with brokers, and bankers, and bullock-drivers—ought to rejoice at that personal distinctness which alone is true distinction—ought to rejoice at that superiority as gentleman which is seen more advantageously when people are not standing upon stilts about you. Is it not a shame to hold by favor from another what we can take to ourselves by right! Reason has a long time lain fermenting in the canker of society, and must soon cast off the froth. The generour juice, I swear by

<sup>4</sup> Lord Edward Fitzgerald may be imagined to have formed this erroneous opinion on the Irish peers, whom (equally erroneous) he deemed actuated by corruption in the business of the Union : he spoke unguardedly of all whom he thought rogues, and it would have been well for him if he had been more suspicious than he was.-W. S. L.

God and my country! shall be distributed by a hand both steady and unsparing."

MOUNTION. "I will not irritate you nor myself by discussing the views of a political body so universally hated and despised, yet I hope, Lord Edward, you do not believe the invidious and spiteful story raised about them by the factions, that Mr. Pitt intends a union of the two nations, by means of their giving each member of the peerage a thousand pounds a year, and other indemnities for loss of privilege."

LOAD EDWARD. "No, no, my lord, what I have said of them I think is pretty near enough the truth: The Irish would tear them in pieces as betrayers; the English would feed the cels of the Thames with them, rather than endure such bloodsuckers on their shoulders. I am no visionary in evil; I see enough of it. I know its proximity and magnitude; I distinguish its form and color. I want neither telescope nor darkened glass."

MOUNTJOY. "Let us attempt to allay the passions of the multitude, and to enlighten the prejudices of the rest."

LOED EDWARD. "The only chance of assuaging the multitude is in their being used to suffer. Weak as a hope, and weaker as an argument; and what are the prejudices of the rest ! and where do they exist ! Take from them the prospect of living on the plunder of their country, and what you call prejudices vanish. I came to your house, my dear Mountjoy, with intentions which I ardently wish may not be quite so fruitless. The people are more angry with those whom they know to be patriotic, and yet who will not join them when they are with the old stagers on the king's highway of oppression and speculation. Hence their love for you, which was unrivaled, is converted into acrimony !"

MOUNTION. "Whatever I could do, constitutionally and conscientiously, I have always done for them, and will do always. It would not become me to throw up my commission in the hour of danger; would you yourself commend me if I did! Your silence shows me that, if any thing were necessary to show it, my resolution is right."

LORD EDWARD. "There are questions that might involve my security, my life itself, which I could answer you at the first appeal; this I can not. Let me guard as warmly as I wish, and as effectually as I can, the safety of a citizen and a soldier more widely and more worthily esteemed than any other in Ireland. I need not inform you of armed bands in every part of the kingdom—I have already told you of their exasperation against you. Let me now come to that point which pains me, and warm you that I have heard your life threatened should you appear in any array against them. Why do you laugh !"

MOUNTION. "What man's life is not threatened who appears in arms, and in the face of an enemy !"

LORD EDWARD. "Faith, I did not think about life or danger in the common accidents of war; but in America there began a custom which nothing short

of national independence can ever authorize-the custom of singling out officers !"

MOUNTJOY. "A high compliment, if hand to hand !"

LORD EDWARD. "But the rifleman is rude at compliments, and I should be grieved to the heart at your falling, be the cause what it may."

MOUNTION. "I have little inclination to die just at present, and less to desert my station. If you heard any threats against my life, individually, you ought to have seized the threatener by the collar, and to have delivered him over to the laws."

LORD ENWARD. "I chose to do what I believe to be more efficacious. The apprehension of one would excite a thousand to avenge him, by doing what he left undone. Should you be ordered to quell any disturbance, vain as I know it is to request you not to be the foremost, let me entreat you rather to be heard and known among your own men than by those opposite."

MOUNTIOY. "Lord Edward! both sides shall hear and know me. The service that is imposed on me is indeed most painful, and, for this very reason, the discharge of it shall be complete and prompt. We are lost when our affections glide in between us and our duties; and I perceive you do not like a moralizer, and look graver than one yourself."

LORD EDWARD. "If all moralizers were Mountjoys, I could listen in the thickest of a sermon. In general, men are given to moralizing when their most ravenous desires are crop-full, and when they are determined to sit quiet and enjoy their sunny side of life; you take to it, for the first time, when you are resolved on more activity than ever, and are as ready to die as to live."

MOUNTION. "Lord Edward! in this I am confident we agree : that a glorious death is the best gift of heaven, and that an early one is not the heaviest of its dispensations."

LORD EDWARD. "True, true; God bless you, Mountjoy (going). I must not falter; but-are all the rest in the kingdom worth this man !"

### No. XIV.

#### LETTERS TO AND FROM LORD BLESSINGTON.

### Letters from the late Duke of Richmond to Lord Mountjoy :

"Dublin Castle, March 24th, 1810.

60000

"MY DRAR MOUNTJOY,-I perfectly remember your speaking to me on the subject of an earldom, which I understood from you the Duke of Portland had given you hopes of when any promotion to that dignity should take place, and am glad to find it is recognized by Mr. Perceval.

"With respect to the next vacancy in the order of St? Patrick, I can assure you that it is not promised, and that I shall be glad to take your wishes into consideration with other claims; at the same time, I must say that there are several stanch supporters of the present administration who have not, so lately at least as yourself, received a mark of their good wishes. I am sure I

need not say that I shall, on many accounts, be glad to attend to your wishes when I conceive I can, with fairness to the general good of the country and of other well-wishers to government. Yours, dear Mountjoy, very sincerely, "Riccisconp."

"Phonix Park, January 12th, 1811.

"I will take a note of your wishes respecting your chaplain, Mr. Ellison, and also Humphries.

"The difficulties are, however, great. Formerly the supporters of government claimed sinecures for themselves. Those are nearly done away, so that they now ask for livings for their relatives and friends. By this means the claims for Church preferment have increased enormously.

"As for Humphries, I do not exactly see what can be done for him. Few things are compatible with the situation he holds.

"If any thing should occur that would answer for him, and which, consistent with necessary arrangements, I could appoint him to, I shall have much pleasure in so doing." RICHMOND."

### "Phoenix Park, June 30th, 1811.

"I am sorry it so happens that you will not be in Ireland at the time I shall be in your part of it. The reasons, however, are good; I hope we shall yet meet before your return to England.

"I am very much obliged to you for the bust of Charles the Second.

"Charles Gardiner and one of the 7th have hired a cottage at Clontarf; it is generally called 'Rattletrap.' RICHMOND."

### "Phoenix Park, August 3d, 1811.

"At present it is impossible for me to settle about the winter shooting ; but if I remain in Ireland, and can manage it, I shall be happy to accept your invitation and that of Mr. Browne.

"As for a room, I care not one farthing about it, and can sleep quite as well on a floor as in a bed. I am obliged to him for his offer of the Tyrone mountain. RICHMOND."

Letter from Mrs. Siddons to Lord Mountjoy :

### "Westbourne House, Paddington, July 1st, 1812.

"MY DEAR LORD,—It is impossible to express the vexation which I have felt from being deprived of the honor of your presence at the theatre on the 29th; and it is more, much more grievous to me, that you, to whom I feel indebted for so many polite and gratifying attentions, should be the only per-

\* In a letter of a previous date, October 28th, 1809, the following passage relating to the major above-mentioned occurs: "I have appointed Brigadler Major Humphries to your district. He is an active, jolly man, and will, I am convinced, give you satisfaction. Pray let me recommend him to your notice."-RICHMOND.

VOL. II.-X

1.4.1

son who has had cause to complain of the arrangements of that night. Allow me, my lord, to trouble you with the inclosed vindication of my conduct and attentions, and with my most grateful acknowledgments for your temper and forbearance on so vexations a predicament. Indeed, indeed, my lord, your gentle and considerate goodness upon that occasion has left an impression of your character upon my mind of higher value than all those gifts, whether of birth, or taste, or talents, with which you are endowed and ever possibly have made. I have the honor to be, my lord, your lordship's most obliged and obedient servant, SARAH SIDDONS."

Letters from Lord Blessington to Charles James Mathews, Esq. :

"Villa Gallo, Tuesday, October, 1824.

S- 60020

"MY DEAR C. MATHEWS,—In returning to you your sketch of the house we proposed to build, I wish to say a few words respecting the deferring of a project which I had last year so much at heart. You may recollect that it was determined, in case the site and ground plan were approved, the foundation should be commenced this summer, so that in five years, at farthest, the building should be completed; at the same time I said, whatever faults there were in the plan should be attributed to me, leaving you any praise which it might receive.

"It appeared to me the project was not warmly received, and I said no more about it, but wrote to your father, telling him to say nothing to you, as, after the trouble taken, it might be disheartening.

"There was a point which I did not mention to your father, but one of some consequence, namely, that I found the plan suggested by Mr. Branson to raise funds to meet the annual expenditure would not succeed. I told your father that I would patch on, looking forward to better times for a building suitable to the grounds. I still look to that 'golden age.'" I also told him that if you would give me your opinion and advice in my patch-work, I would be much obliged, but I should be cautious not to injure your reputation as an architect by letting people believe you could be to blame for the faults committed by me.

"This will make your family and friends perfectly understand that no change took place in my opinion of you, or my confidence in your zeal and abilities.

"The project has caused one solid good: it led to a year's study in Italy, and has enlarged your mind without endangering your morals. You will therefore return to your home improved in taste and uncorrupted in heart.

"May you live to be a blessing to the mother who adores you, and a true friend and comfort to so fond and kind a father as yours. And believe me to be your sincere friend, BLESSINGTON."

"N.B .- With respect to the elevation, I wish, at your leisure, you would

\* That "golden age" of Irish isodlordism which has boomed so long in the distance, and marges at last in the era of the Encumbered Estates' ('ourt.-R. R. M.

put in the wing, as intended, of the Gothic work, and I think the appearance would be better if the tower for the staircase and chimney was altered.

"B."

"Villa Gallo, February 1st, 1825.

"To prove to you, my dear C \_\_\_\_\_ M \_\_\_\_, how I value your letter, I will merely say that I have just received it; and while Michael is preparing my coffee, which Johnny Purves used to call Daddy Olay, I sit up to reply. Your pretty mother has bestowed on you her *eloquence de billet*, but she has also given you some portion of her reserve, for you say nothing of the garden or of herself. Now you know I have a tenderness for both, mais nous ne parlerons plus.

"It is true they do dig up fresh treasures, and we hear of, and intend to see them ; but, with all our love for the sublime and beautiful, a fresh assortment of potatoes would be most agreeable to our humble appetites. Artichokes we have, but, alas ! no gravel-pits and few coal-mines ; consequently, the walks are bad, and the fires expensive. Our volcanic mountain does not smoke, but my chimney does. The count does wear calicoes and nankcens. I continue as I did in summer, with my flannel and patent hosiery. We have our Gaetanos-Giovannis-Amelioras, but wish fervently for a John and a Betsy, and Sal would turn our heads. Naples is a delightful place-not to eat in, although I name it with awe. I dined on Sunday with Sir W. Drummond, and went to the Opera, where I heard the Sekart-is that right !- and saw the Telamon, Colonel Stanhope's passion. The last played in the new ballet, founded on the Exile of Siberia; but the empress is made a man, as the men here are made women, and the women men. You, however, allude to Naples as the point recollective, and if you did feel that you incurred my displeasure, you must acknowledge that my intention was to supply the place of those who value you more than I can describe; and though you might for the moment consider me severe, your cooler moments must have admitted that I would have no object but your advantage. Your father told me that you had the best heart in the world, and your conduct has proved it. I feel that you left us as innocent of vice as when you left your mother's fostering care ; and if improved in temper and manners, as well as knowledge, your parents must acknowledge that your time was not misspent.

"I have just read your letter to Lady Blessington, and she is as much pleased with it as myself, and desires me to say 'mille do choses."

"Fortunately for your comparatives, the day is lovely, the sky blue propre, the barometer nearly two sections above 29<sup>1</sup>, but we have had snow, thunder and lightning, wind, hail, and rain. The Revenge ran to Malta in thirty-six hours—nine knots an hour under bare poles, and thirteen with a foresail. The *post-captain* has been thinking of going for more than a quarter of an hour, but is by no means gone, although he has the prayers of every one in the house for a speedy voyage. His grisvances are much too numerous to relate.

and 'imaginary ones' when I dins out Mr. Steadfast recounts. Scene—The Horns at Kennington, or the Elephant and Castle, where he wishes to insinuate that he is a welcome visitor. There has been one scene, I hope not to hear of a second—not that I think he is much improved by the rehearsal; and he may perhaps live to consider himself fortunate if his 'Much Ado about Nothing' concludes with 'All's Well that End's Well.'

"I am happy to hear that you are in favor with the speaker, for he is a man high in the estimation of the world, and whom I am sure you will always treat with marked respect, and, in return, be assured of receiving kindness.

"As your mother has resigned my bantling to C— B—, I am satisfied she did not think it worthy of being healed; as Kemble said of Miss Owenson (Lady Morgan), 'Time was, Mr. Curran, when they strangled such reptiles in their birth.' If the poor baby dies a natural death, you may write its epitaph.

"Great events have happened here. Ferdinand is gone, and Francis reigns in his stead. The spies are sent to the right-about, and Abbé C----- is in the grumps. He has had a pitched battle with his dear Mary, and we are encouraging her to call him out.

"I have made an architectural plan of the Belvidere for certain purposes, and wished much that you had been here, as I might have put you *en train*. We are great friends with Sir Richard Church, and he has the charge of the plan—more of that hereafter. We have finished the billiard-table, and established a handsome library.

"The carpet, marble slabs, escritoire, &c., are taken from Lady B---'s large sitting-room, and the sofa has been covered, and arms added, and occupies the drawing-room. The billiard-room is the large room at the top of the marble stairs; two green doors have been moved from our rooms, and put up in the dining-room. The landau is repaired ; the linings and hind seat taken off, and we have bought a carriage, saddle, and horses. We have found out the means of living better for less money, and as we are to remain, determined to be comfortable. The count is sitting for his picture to M. le Comte, who has succeeded à merveille. Lady B--- is to sit to him, and I also. All we want is books. We have got permission from Medici for them to land. Before Mr. Hamilton went away, I asked him to dinner, and thanked him for his kindness to you. Sir William Gell has the gout. We have seen Saint Angelo's collection. He is a nice little man, and has beautiful things. I dine to day with M. Antrobus, the charge d'affaires. You will say, what a resolution ! I have written a second tale in three volumes, and am employed in a political and historical work. We leave this, I believe, for Rome in the beginning of April, when the chimney is to be built ; from that I go to England. Write me word what you are doing, and tell me about your father, mother, &c. Give my kindest remembrances to both. Lady B-- generally speaks for herself better than I can speak for her. Gibbon's 'Decline

Google

and Fall' is the thing at present. Remember two things: this letter is for you and not for St. James's Square, and that I am most truly yours.

" BLESSINGTON."

### "Florence, June 21st, 1827.

"After a tedious expectation of your arrival at Pisa, we received a long letter, which deserves an answer, addressed Milan. It would give us great pleasure to see you before your pilgrimage, and we hope that it may happen. Whether you can catch us at Parma, or cross so as to meet at Turin, depends upon your own plans. If you have not seen Turin, you ought to see it, as an architect.

"I hope your father will have his usual success, and that your mother and her garden are as pretty as ever. Sir W. Gell talks of going to Egypt, thence to Syria. In Greece you will find Sir R. Church in high feather, and if you go to the Ionian Islands, our friend Sir Charles commands one of the most agreeable.

"Count D'Orsay is sitting for his bust to Bartolini, and I hear it is admirable. You must see it as you pass through. Mr. Hayter is also at full work at a new picture. A Mr. Salter has made an admirable copy of the Titian Madonna and Child. The plays have wound up with 'The Honey-moon' and 'The Maid of the Inn.' Our Charles played the young smuggler with good effect. You would have been a wonderful addition. BLESSINGTON."

#### " Paris, Hotel de la Terrasse, July 14th, 1828.

"Oh ! it is an age, my dear Landor, since I thought of having determined to write. My first idea was to defend 'Vavasour,'\* but the book was lent to one friend or another, and always out of the way when the pen was in hand. My second inclination was to inquire after you and yours ; but I knew that you were not fond of corresponding, so that sensation passed away. And now my third is to tell you that Lady B-has taken an apartment in the late residence of Marshal Ney, and wishes much that some whim, caprice, or other impelling power should transport you across the Alps, and give her the pleasure of again seeing you. Here we have been nearly five weeks, and, unlike to Italy and its suns, we have no remembrance of the former but in the rolling of the thunder; and when we see the latter, we espy at the same time the threatening clouds in the horizon. To balance or assist such pleasure, we have an apartment bien decoré with jardin des Tuileries en face, and our apartment being at the corner, we have the double advantage of all the row, from morn till night : diligences and fiacres-coschmen cracking their whips -stallions neighing-carts with empty wine-barrels-all sorts of discordant music, and all kinds of cries, songs, and the jingling of bells. But we hope this is our last day of purgatory ; for, though the skies are loaded with more

\* A novel, by Lord Blessington, entitled "Vavasour," in 3 vols. 8vo, Colburn, 1828; not very auccessful.-R. R. M.

water than one could expect after so much pouring, yet, midst thunder, lightning, and rain, we are to strike our tents and march.

"So much for us and Paris. What think you of public affairs! The Miguelites and Pedroites seem to talk bigly of war, but, 'by my honor,' they seem very chary of their flesh. Pauvres Diables of Portugal, they seem upon the eve of falling into a worse state than their Spanish neighbors, who have more room to run away from their oppressors.

"Turning from the Peninsula to the island of Erin, we see the Roman Catholics, under the orders of their priesthood, defeating one of the most honest and honorable members of the Irish representation.

"It is not permitted to our Church to interfere at an election. Why should the members of another, which from its situation ought to be moderate, I should say humble, be allowed to preach the damnation of souls for the exercise of intellect! and what intellect could be so muddy as to see public or private service better performed by a lawyer, who, if he can take his seat, will not be listened to; or by a civilian, who has served the public, and Ireland in particular, for so many years, honestly and zealously! But a truce to Irish politics.

"Of French affairs it is needless to speak. The Chamber of Deputies seem to agree upon the necessity of economy; and there appears a probability of an advance in the system of liberality.

"In Greece, affairs seem asleep. Ibrahim is looking hunger in the face. What the rest are doing, no one seems to know. On the frontiers of Turkey, the trowser gentlemen seem to fight well behind their walls; but if the army follow the fashion of their sultan, and ride with long stirrups and English saddles, adieu to the effect of the cavalry. The Turk will no longer be a part of his horse, and his coup de sabre will be parried as easily as the thrust of a small-sword; but now my paper says halt—and so do you—and so do I: so all three are agreed.

"Adieu, and believe me ever truly yours,

В.

"P.S.-We are now fixed in 74 Rue de Bourbon. I leave Paris for England to-morrow."

Letter from Lord Blessington to W. S. Landor, Esq. :

" Saturday."

- G002 C

"My DEAR MR. LANDOR, —As I am one of those unfortunates who never miss an opportunity of catching a cold *en passant*, I have been suffering these last two days, and do not think that I shall be early enough in the field to take the Palazzo Pitti before my departure. You will be suprised to hear that Benjamin Constant and two of his party have been at a card-party of his most Christian majesty, so that I think his most Catholic majesty will be left in the lurch, and that the Cross will triumph over the Crescent.

"But every thing political now gives way to the new administrations of England and France. Lord Lansdowne, they say, will be foreign secretary, and Lord Holland privy seal. The Bar is not pleased by the appointment of

Plunkett to the Rolls, with a peerage; but he will be a fine make-weight against Eldon in the next debate upon one Irish question.

"They talk of Lord Mountcharles coming here. I think he will be vice chamberlain. Sir J. Leach will not go to Ireland: he is wrong, for he would do well there, and get excellent claret, as well as agreeable society, both of which agreenens, on dit, his honor has no objection unto.

"On Tuesday, the 15th, L \_\_\_\_ N \_\_\_ plays the 'Iron Chest.' I do not know yet whether I shall come over for it or not—I love plays so much, that I think I shall.

" Believe me very sincerely yours,

BLESSINGTON."

Letters from Lord Rosslyn to Lord Blessington :

[No dats, but must have been written in 1829, immediately previous to the introduction of the Catholic Emancipation Act.]

"MY DEAR LORD BLESSINGTON,-Knowing the deep interest you have always taken in the peace and prosperity of Ireland, and the anxious zeal with which you have upon every occasion exerted yourself in favor of the repeal of the civil disabilities upon the Catholics, I take the earliest opportunity of apprising you of the present situation of that question.

" It has become of the utmost consequence to obtain the best attendance of the friends of civil and religious liberty, in order to give all possible support to the measure proprosed by the Duke of Wellington.

"I am persuaded that you will feel with me that the present is a crisis that calls for every possible exertion and sacrifice from those who have as strong feelings and as deep a stake in the peace and prosperity of Ireland as you have; and you can not fail to be aware that the object of the Orange and Brunswick Clubs in both countries is to defeat the salutary measures proposed by the Duke of Wellington, and, consequently, to endanger the security of all property in Ireland, and the peace of the empire.

" If you see this subject in the same light that I do, you will not hesitate to come over to take your seat; and I should venture to suggest to your lordship, if that should be your determination, that you should come before the second reading of the bill, and remain till after the committee; and if you will do me the honor to signify your commands to me, I will take care to give you timely notice of the day on which it may be necessary for you to be in the House of Lords for the purpose of taking the oaths, and will take the charge of seeing that your writ is ready. RossLYN."

"St. James's Square, 23d September, 1829.

"I write to thank you for your letter, and to express the satisfaction I feel in your promise of support to this important and interesting question; and I have no doubt that the public expression of your sentiments will do credit to your talents, and be of advantage to the great cause to which you have so long devoted your attention—the peace and prosperity of Ireland.

"I trust you will not leave Paris later that the 12th, for it is desirable that you should be in London by the 17th, to take your seat. Yours faithfully, "RossLyn."

## No. XV.

## LETTERS OF SIR WILLIAM GELL TO DE. FREDERICE FOSTER QUIN.

"Rome, January 1st, 1823.

"CARMO MID CUDIND E DOTTORS, —I arrived here, notwithstanding my malady, and all the prophecies that I should not set out, somewhat better in health than when you saw me, though I was carried in and out of the carriage, and have not till lately been out without my arms round the necks of two servants. However, I now stumble over my garden with two canes as supporters, for without them, and particularly without high heels, I walk in the shape of the figure 7, in spite of the German doctor and his remedies.

"Maubles" is in great glory, and is going to give two smole bolls to open the Caunival. I believe she is very useful to society in all points of view.

"When you see Lady Mary Deerhurst, tell her I hope she is coming soon, and that there are a great many families here, besides her aunt, Lady Caroline, and that the world is very gay indeed. Lady W---- I saw on the stairs yesterday, and she was dressed in a shroud of white satin, with a great deal of blonds lace, having bled herself with leeches till her face was all of the same color. We have at present a sort of melting snow here, but not so melting but that all my walks are white, all my lemons frozen to death, and all my geraniums retired into the next world. I fear much my lemon-trees will follow the fruit, and I have positively got out my skates this morning, that if the ice bears, as it will if it freezes again in the Villa Borghese, I may lend them to somebody who will show the Romans what skating is. Pray give my love to Miss Douglass, and Sir William and Lady Drummond.

"Most truly yours, my dear doctor,

W. GELL,"

From Sir W. Gell:

" Rome, March 19th, 1823.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR QUINIBUS,—My cruel stars, and the tyranny of the two Miss Berrys, who will not be at all grateful for my exertions, force me to return to Naples in the beginning of April, sore against my will, as April and May are the only months when it is worth while to assist at Rome. I made them a promise so long ago to accompany them to Naples, that I was in hopes, indeed almost certain, that they would either have forgotten it, or hired a more active cavaliere servante to assist them in their projects; but it seems I am detected, and that I have very little hope left of being able to divert them from their undertaking. Have, therefore, your mind's eye upon the houses of your neighbors.

\* Gell thus designated an English duchess, on account of her peculiar pronunciation of the word marbles, and the letter R in general, to which she gave the sound of W.-R.R. M.

"My medicine is come to an end, and that brute of a Doctor Necker will not send any more, so that I am at present reduced to his Ledum Palustre; and, I suppose, in consequence, have the gout in both of my elbows, a knife in my knees, and a nail in my instep, besides a cold back, and a sort of general weakness, if I become at all cold from the external air. Nevertheless, I am not prevented yet from going about; and when you hear that I climbed on my own crazy legs to the top of St. Peter's, to take some angles with a sextant, and besides that, I have been out in a storm, between rain and snow, with an icy wind, in a gig, for five hours together, you will be inclined to think I deserve what may follow.

"Our weather still continues to be bad, and the peaches are only now just coming into blossom, whereas on the 24th of March I have seen the oak-trees even on the Hill of Albano in leaf. Even the grass shows no symptom of growing yet, and the country looks as wintry as ever.

"Maubles is well, though dried to a stick by a cold, so as to have been in great danger of calling upon you to set her up again. Dr. C—— seems to be going on with great success, though he has lost a patient or two of consequence, and I observe on his green chaise a bend in the arms, crossing the wrong way, which ought to be a sign of illegitimacy. But I rather think Esculapius himself was in that predicament.

"This place seems filling for the Holy Week, when the dullities become an object to the sheep who follow others to the waters of Babylon.

"I hope the Rocca conducts himself, with his ugly face, according to your wishes, and that the old cat sometimes pays you a visit, and jumps on your breakfast table.

"I hope you have all the success you deserve with your patients, and, as you are not too old to learn, I send you a recipe of your friend, Dr. Pomposity, to Lord Newburgh: 'Eat a little at breakfast, and a little at luncheon, and, in short, do every thing you can to spoil your dinner.'

"Under these awful sentiments I take leave, being most truly, my dear doctor, your sincerely affectionate William Gell."

### From the same :

#### "28th March, 1823.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR QUINE, —I fear neither your prayers nor my sins will keep me from Naples. I shall have to set out the first Sunday in April, and shall lose all the beauty of the spring in April and May at Naples, where there is none, as summer and winter, dust and rain, join on without spring in your country. Nobody regrets it more than I do, not even yourself; but so cruel Fate wills, and you go out and I come in with mutual disgust. Should you decamp much before my arrival, which we will call on the 9th, pray recommend to the fatherly protection of the beauteous Rocca the conservation of my goods and chattels! I conclude, having been your chamberlain, he will soon rebel, and not last above a week after my return. The people here do

X 2

nothing but take Misereres, not Mindercrus, in large doses; they dine at the cawdinal's, and thence to the church, to be illuminated by about two hundred tin lamps in the shape of a cross; there they walk about and chatter till they are turned out, and then go to parties at night.

"Mawbles is in all her glory, and heads the *Misereres*, the fire-works, and the illuminations; but the best authorities state the very diminished effects of her *chatems* in the cawdinal's *hawt*. The Princess G—— is arrived, and as Mias D—— says she has bought up all the tea on a speculation, let us hope she will be able to dispose of a bargain to her. The Duchesse of Chablais has found in her excavations two Bacchuses, two Nymphs, and an anomalous small deity, about three fest long, sitting up like a dog, with little wings. It strikes me as rather outre for a lady's collection, but I dare say 'tis the fashion. The Bacchus is so fine that the people dispute as to its being a first-rate work or not, but I dare say it will fall in price quickly. I find I have nothing to add but that I am most truly yours, my dear Doctor Q——,

" WILLIAM GELL."

## From the same :

#### "Naples, Tnesday, July, 1823.

"DEARSET OF DOCTORS,—Your kind note I received yesterday, and, being free from pain, I thought myself already arrived at Castelamare, and of the difficulty I should have in getting a stable. But, though the spirit is willing, the body is so confoundedly crazy that I find nothing is to be done with it, and I am now fretting myself almost ill again, having promised to dime with the Douglasses to-day, without a foot to stand upon, and how I am to do it the Lord only knows. I am very much flattered by the kind remembrance of Prince and Princess Razamousky, which pray tell them, and how hard I take it of Fate to have made me ill prior to the time of their play.

"You know, I suppose, that the ancient and respectable tumble-down Basilica of San Paolo *fuori della mura* is burned down at Rome, for which I should grieve but little, if, with the timbers of the roof, they had not contrived to calcine all, or nearly all, the beautiful columns, which, if decently arranged, would have been quits invaluable. Pray let us know how the Esculapian tour with Lord Byron goes on in Greece, and what the Duchess of Devonshire says about your going. So no more at present from yours to command,

" WILLIAM GELL."

- C10079 0

The montion in the preceding letter of an Esculapian tour in Greece is in relation to an application made by some friends of Lord Byron to Dr. Quin, to accompany his lordship to Greece in the capacity of his traveling physician. The subject is referred to in a letter of the Duchess of Devonshire to Dr. Quin, in a letter from Rome, dated July 17th, 1823 :

"You must feel, I am sure, it is quite impossible that I could give you the advice you ask for. It is one of those cases in which the opinion of men of worldly experience is of much more value, and it appears evidently that Sir

W. Drummond and Sir W. Gell are against your accepting what appears an uncertain and hazardous engagement.

"The cardinal\* is wonderfully recovered, and the Pope is going on as well as possible. It is quite miraculous; but yesterday there was a cruel event for Roms. San Paolo took fire, and exists no longer; it is impossible to give any idea of the destruction and devastation. I went with the Duc de la Val yesterday, and the cardinal, whom we met there, conducted us to all the parts where, amid burning beams and falling pillars, it was still possible to go. The roof, in falling, broke down the columns, and, on the opposite side, the violence of the fire calcined those beautiful fluted columns which had stood for fifteen centuries—all, all destroyed in five hours."

In another letter, dated July 22d, 1823, the duchess refers to the same subject :

"I shall be anxious to hear what your decision has been about Lord Byron's offer, and what Sir W. Drummond and Sir W. Gell advised you. I came from Rome the day before the Pope died. The change was sudden, for we had great hopes of preserving him, and I believe he might have been so, had the proper medicines been given in time. The excellent cardinal is in a state of great affliction for the loss of his tried friend. Living twenty-two years in the service of his sovereign, he never left him hardly, and sat up the last three nights at the bedside till quite exhausted—he nearly fainted. I am delighted that Lord Byron is going to Greece; his noble and inspiring genius, when it may be wanted, will reanimate the exertions of the Greeks. Heroic efforts they have already made, and they will, I hope, be rewarded by freedom and independence.

"The acrimonies here are fierce and awful. The conclave begins, I believe, this day week; it is to be held at the Quirinal. They will, I hope, suffer less from the confinement there than elsewhere. Adieu, my dear sir, yours very sincerely, E. D."

On the same subject, Sir William Drummond wrote to Dr. Quin, at Naples, July 18th, 1823 :

"I am very inadequate to give you any advice on the proposal which has been made to you. The salary which you require, in consequence of giving up your practice here, does not appear to me too much. You must expect to meet with some difficulties, and to endure some privations, if you go to Greece. Still, there is something very attractive in such a voyage, and something even more attractive in making it with a man of such extraordinary talents and genius as Lord Byron. But I really do not feel that I ought to offer any opinion on the subject. You have other friends here, who are better able to advise you. Have you consulted the Ducheas of Devonshire, and what does her grace advise ? Believe me, ever yours, W. DRUMMOND."

\* The Cardinal Gonzalvi.-R. R. M.

## From Sir W. Gell:

" Rome, June 6th, 1994.

"GEEAT QUINSBURG,—I still continue uncertain whether I shall have the good fortune to meet you at Lady Mary Deerhurst's at dinner. If not, a good voyage to you, and many pleasant hours. Look in drawer A. (a sketch of a table, with drawers numbered, is given), and try to find a book of pedigrees, which is green leather on the outside, and red velvet within, and has arms and genealogies in it. This please to send me by a safe hand, that I may see what I can do for my relation's imaginary peerage of D—. Excuse the infernal trouble I give you. I can not help it. Believe me ever your affectionate aunt, W. GELL."

From the same :

" Rome (no date).

"The great Dr. Quin is requested to give the inclosed letter to the illustrious Watson, who will perhaps do me the favor to set down in French or Italian for Dr. Necker my brother's numerous answers to questions already sent.

"The Quinibus flestrin is moreover requested to deliver these books to Mr. Craven, with permission to take out of my library for his use a small book in blue paper boards of heraldry for Craven's use, which will answer all the questions said Craven put to me. Thirdly and lastly, the great doctoribus will arrange, according to his skill and exquisite taste, certain terra cottas of Prestum in the library. WILLIAM GELL."

#### From the same :

"Rome, June 15th, 1890.

- GOO2 C

"GRANDISSIMO QUINIESTRO, — Don't you want a remarkably nice, active, clean, young, and attentive servant, who can drive and take care of horses well, and lived as postillion with the Duchess of Chablais! He has served several people here this year, and has from all the very best recommendations possible. He can cook for one or two, on occasion, and would be really a very good servant for you, being just out of place. Besides all these things, he is a very respectable youth in appearance, and is very honest, so that you, being a careless man about your money, might make him your secretary, without fear of his becoming Rocca over you. You had better provide yourself an abode on the 1st of July, when I propose (the thioves willing) to return about eight in the morning to you and my dusty house at Naples, and languish out the summer, as Egypt is, I fear, and you may fear also, gone upside down for the present, if the Pasha is deposed. Believe me, most affectionately yours, Willing GELL.

"We took possession on Sunday, and I wish you had seen the monsignors with purple gowns on horseback fall off."

### From the same :

#### "Ronen, May 10th, 1894.

"MY DEAR DOCTORIBUS,-I don't know whether your compliments on the flourishing state of my health were the signal for the devil to recommence his torments, for I was, after reading your epistle, seized with a slow, deliberate fit, which began by being nothing at all, and is now arrived in both knees, both feet, and an elbow, not to mention the fatal consequences produced by an ass-ride of seven hours in the sun, so that I can neither walk, stand, sit, nor lie down ; and it requires no small share of genius to know how to proceed under so many untoward circumstances. Nothing can exceed the beauty of our climate just now, as they have put off May this year till July ; but Craven, who writes from the banks of a little lake called Wallensee, near Munich, says there is a hard frost every evening, snow yet reaching down to the lake, even the elder not in flower, nor the apples yet in bloom ; and all this, he says, two days after he had been eating oranges and cherries, and roasting himself in Italy ! Oh, the delights of a German climate! He says neither peas nor salad yet exist at Munich, and that, in consequence of the change of atmosphere, he has got every sort of cough, cold, and consumption possible, and longs for a box of your celebrated Leake's patent pills. I scrambled all over this country on jackasses, while I was well, in a very agreeable manner. We went in a party to somebody's overgrown feudal palace, which the people very kindly lent us, and Lady Mary Deerhurst became the hostess of the castle, while we passed our days in exploring the country.

"I have long ventured an opinion, that wherever there was an ancient town, some traces of its walls or buildings will be found, if any one would take the pains to search; but I only spoke of Greece, whereas now I think the same may be said of Italy; and I should not despair of finding out, in time, all the towns which Romulus and the Tarquins took. We have found in the Via Appia that, by turning three miles to the right at about eight miles from Rome, and making for the highest of the eminences toward the sea, there is an ancient city, the walls of which are quite perfect as far as two, three, four, or five courses all round. The stones are great square masses of tufa, and have all the appearance of an ancient Greek city; it is about half a mile round, and in the form of a parallelogram, or nearly so. It is quite singular that the Roman antiquaries always stick to the modern carriage-road, as if they had all the gout like me.

"The gout being in my elbow, I can not write any better, so you must excuse me. Craven saw Lady W—— at Venice and Vicenza, but she was so entirely taken up with Mr. Battier's case, and the decease of Lord Byron before he had time to reform, that she had little time left for Egypt, so means to take England on her way there, having first gone to the military governor for a courier, which she is sure is the only way to avoid being cheated. In short, she is to winter at Catania, on her way to Egypt, if she is not exhausted before that time by the double cases of Mr. Battier and Lord Byron. What

fun she must have, and all unknown, as you say, to the inhabitants of Cheshire, in being able to agitate her nerves so much out of a newspaper. Speaking of which, I send you a Greek inscription, which some think sepulchral, and some a dedication. It is newly discovered, and you scholars may comment on it, and you and Sir William Drummond may make it out together. You will perceive that it is of a period when the Romans thought it right to affect Greek literature. The Greeks have begun to write to Dodwell and myself to assist them, as their maladetta revolutions has left them nothing to live on abroad, and the total want of any government at home hinders them from staying there. They are Athenians who write, and are fled to Genos.

" WILLIAM GELL."

### Letter of introduction of Dr. Quin from Sir W. Gell to Lady Manvers :

"Naples, July 23d, 1824.

MY DEAR LADY MANVERS,—I send you in this letter Dr. Quin, the medical gentleman who came out with the poor Duchess of Devonshire, and who was with her at her death. He is going to England for a few months, and will give you all the news of Italy, and tell you that the new Torlonis house, at the Porto del Popolo, is finished, and that a pendant to it has started up on the other side, exactly similar. There will be no dancing this year, on account of the Anno Santo, so I don't know what your ladyship and I shall do to achieve our long engagement. Eating turkeys, however, is not yet forbidden, and, I dare say, we shall have all sorts of queer figures, and strange people of all countries, as pilgrims, to console us for the loss of our hops. I am very much improved in general health, and am delighted to hear that you are also much better. Your house at the Seninella, at Ischia, is tenanted by the Duchess of Sagan, the great lady of Courland, who is cured of all her misfortunes, when she has any, by Dr. Quin's prescriptions.

"I think my expedition to Egypt is expiring, and shall hope to put in practice our plot for meeting at the Holy City. You will find Dr. Quin a very clever and agreeable person, and not one who sits still and says nothing, as a certain person did whom I once introduced to you.

"Truly and affectionately, my dear Lady Manvers, your slave and dog, "Wittlam GELL."

From the same to Dr. Quin :

"Rome, 4th January, 1825.

ChOOV 0

"DOCTISSIME QUINTE, —The book about which you order me to write is in three volumes, and if Dr. Nott, Nell, or Noll be a friend of yours, you may lend it to him—only make him return it when he has finished his studies. I wish you would make Sir William Drummond send you back the volume of Cellarius, for fear he should forget it, which would ruin the whole work, and I have suffered so much from the lending of odd volumes, that I have a right to look sharp. I am quite delighted, as well as surprised, at the progress of

the illustrious Rocca\* in arts and humanities, which pray tell him from me. We have lost, somehow or other, a certain number of pages of had writingpaper, on which was written a part of a novel, about a family of the name of Tregannock. The author being at Rome, it was laid out in my house at Naples to be brought to him, but somehow mislaid, and never arrived, and being now wanting, we are distressed for it ; there may be about twenty sheets of letter-paper, sewed together very ill, and perhaps doubled lengthways down the middle. It begins with the words, 'Well said, Mr. Nathaniel Randall Tregannock,' and that is all we can recollect of it; and if you can find this most precious MS. about the house, pray send it by Mr. Frederick Dundas, or any other traveler.

"So Mawbles is at the very pinnacle of glory, dealing out protection, dispensation, and plenary indulgence in the bosom of her admiring family. I hope my geraniums are not all dead of the frost at Naples, as they are all defunct, without confessing their sins, at the pressing instance of a hoar frost.

"You have now balls and routs enough, as I hear, to keep the world alive, and to swell the lists of Galen and Co. One does not desire that either an earthquake or an eruption should take place, but if it must, one wishes to be witness of it; and so, if the people will persevere in being ill, I wish they would at least have the good sense to fall into your hands. Senna and sirup of buckthorn are your fellows, for they have all overeaten themselves, and are overgorged.

"Don't imagine I neglect my Dr. Necker, whose poisoned sugar I take every five days with great success and the most innocent results. I am uncommonly well withal, and go out every day to dinner, without finding myself worse. Moreover, my pains seem diminishing gradually, and I waddle about with tolerable success. Last night I went to the Opera of the Princess Volkonsky, 'the Camilla' of Paer, in which she performed admirably, and, though ill supported by the rest of the company, succeeded, on the whole, very well, being the first Opera I have ever seen at a privato theatre. Don't tell any one that I am not coming back to Naples soon, but you need not begin to fear for yourself till April. Believe me most truly yours, great descendant of Queen Quintiquiniestra, W. GELL."

### From the same :

"Rome, Friday night.

"MY DEAR QUINIBUS,—I have written to the Drummonds some days ago, and sent them a silver medal of Lord Byron, therefore I have no right to dumpify. I have deluded my tyrant, the gout, for some time. If the Abbate Giustio calls, listen to all he has got to say about the library, which is to be sold, and let me know the result. Lord D—— says he would rather trust the negotiation to you than any body he knows, which is sensible of his lordship,

\* A servant Sir William Gell had recommended to Dr. Quin.

is it not ! Write soon, and then I will tell Mawbles that you are a good boy. God bless you, magnanimous Quin his Curtius, your sincere friend, "WILLIAN GELL,"

#### BIBLIOTHECA QUIMENSIS.

"Though of all things, dear doctor, I know you know much, I should never have dreamed you had studied Low Dutch, Or supposed that the subjects your studies would choose Was a large folio Jewish account of the Jews ! I know, my dear Quin, and we all of us know, That Jewish accounts are on long folio : And too well do I know for my dear money-bags, That in Jewish accounts the interest ne'er flags. But those great, thick, fat tomes about Aaron and Moses, What connection on earth can they have with small doses! Four close-printed volumes of folio pages, Composed by the sagest of Israel's sages. The story of those who sell second-hand togs, Done into language of Dutchmen and frogs. Oh, tell me, dear doctor ! oh, tell me, are such The books you most fancy in English or Dutch ? There must be some reason-I'm certain there is, Why books such as these show their ugly phiz. And, after reflection, I think I have hit on The reason you bought them to carry to Britain. It is this : as you say that all maladies must Yield to infinitesimal doses of dust, It may be that those volumes the patient espies, W. G." Are only put there to throw dust in his eyes.

From the same :

"Rome, April Sth-

"My dear Dr. Quin, I have now to ask, If you won't think I'm going to put you to task, To take in my servant, and give him his room— His name is Luigi, my coachman and groom— Who is going to Naples for carriage and horses, And to spend a large sum of money, which worse is. So, if you'll be so good to order your man To get his room ready as fast as he can— Above or below, 'tis to me all the same, And then send him back just as fast as he came, You'll oblige me, and serve me, and much I shall thank you, And among my particular friends I shall rank you.

As to balls and to dinners, and fêtes and such bawbles, The city's most truly indebted to Mawbles, Who, being a person of great notoriety, Contrives to be useful to all the society, Inviting the people to parties and routs, Promiscuously treating the ins and the outs. In short, I may say we are going on well, And that I am most truly your friend,

" WILLIAM GELL."

### TO THE GREAT DOCTORIBUS.

"Apollo had two famous sons, Phaeton and Æsculapius; The first dared drive his horses once, The other drove the vapors.

Now Æsculapius is grown gay, He too must manage horses, Sport chariot and cabriolet, And be a friend of D'Orsay's.

Apollo's learned son, beware, Why daah at such a rate on ? Be wise for once, and have a care, Lest you should fall like Phaeton.

HYGEIA.

No. XVI.

" Apothecaries' Hall, St. Valentine's day."

LINES TO LADY BLESSINGTON, BY W. S. LANDOR. In vol. L, page 251. "What language, let me think, is meet For you, well called the Marguerite. The Tuscan has too weak a tone, Too rough and rigid is our own; The Latin—no, it will not do, The Attic is alone for you. W. S. L."

A Latin version by Mr. Landor of the above lines followed the latter, which escaped notice in time for insertion in its proper place, and is therefore placed in this Appendix.

> " Quoniam carmine te alloquar decenter Vero nomine dicta Margarita ! Sermo est durior Anglicanus : atque Tuscus displicet : est enim vigoria

Expers : aptior est quidem Latinus Atque non satis est mihi sibique Te sermo Atticus unice decet.

W. S. L."

The charms, mental and personal, of Lady Blessington, were fully appreciated by another literary celebrity, as we learn from the following lines, terminating some others, descriptive of the frivolous amusements of belles wholly devoted to the varying mode, and each recurring change in the empire of fashion.

> "But thy bright mind eclipsing e'en thy face, The Muse with justice claims thee from the Grace. Thought gives the geme which Love in beauty set, And every fairy at thy cradle met. From the dull world around escaped a while, I breathe the air which brightens in thy smile : Ah ! half already of that gift possess'd, Which, conquering space, is destined to the bless'd. How little thought this jailer flesh can bar, Our souls how rarely where our bodies are."

## No. XVII.

### REV. THOMAS STEWART.

The Rev. Thomas Stewart, who was assassinated in Italy some five-andtwenty years ago, was a nephew of Sir William Drummond, and a brother of Sir William Drummond Stewart, of Grandtully, Perthshire. On conforming to the Roman Catholic religion, he was admitted into the Benedictine order in Sicily, and later, at Rome, was received into the order of St. John of Jerusalem.

His assassination took place on the shores of the Adriatic, between Senigalia and Ancona. Some lines of this gentleman, addressed to Lady Blessington, written while he was a layman, will be found in vol. i., page 260, of more than ordinary merit.

#### No. XVIII.

STATUARY, VASES, AND BRONZES, THE PROPERTY OF GENERAL COUNT D'ORSAY, THE FATHER OF COUNT ALFRED, CONFISCATED IN 1793, AND APPROPRIATED BY THE STATE, CLAIMED BY THE COUNT IN JULY, 1844.

#### CONSULTATION FOUR M. LE CONTE D'ORBAY CONTRE LA LISTE CIVILE.

"M. Pierre Gaspard Marie Grimod, Comte D'Orsay, d'Autrey et Nogentle-Rotrou, Baron de Rupt, seigneur de la principauté souveraine de Delaine et autres lieux en Franche Comté, Seigneur D'Orsay Courtabœuf. la Plesse, les Villefeux, etc., etc., et qui comtpait au nombre de ses aieux maternels le Duc de Sully, ministre et ami de Henri IV., ne put échapper au mesures ré-

volutionnaires qui en 1793 menaçaient la noblesse Française. Atteint par les lois renduces contre les émigrés, ses biens furent confisqués par l'état et mis sous le séquestre.

"Lors de son émigration, M. le Comte D'Orsay était propriétaire, entre autres biens, de l'Hôtel D'Orsay situé à Paris, Rue de Varennes, Faubourg St. Germain, et de la terre seigneuriale D'Orsay près de Palaiseau, arrondissement de Versailles, et dont dépendait un château considérable, et aussi célébre par le luxe de sa construction que par les souvenirs historiques qui s'y rattachaient.

"L'Hôtel et le Château D'Orsay, les jardins et le parc qui en faisaient partic, contenaient une grande quantité de statues, de groupes, de bustes et de vases, en marbre et en bronze, d'une immense valeur, que la famille du Comte D'Orsay y avait réunis à grands frais, et que ce dernier avait augmentés encore par les nombreuses acquisitions qu'il avait faites en Italie en 1780, avec le goût qui a toujours été l'apanage de cette illustre maison.

"Maître de cette collection précieuse et unique, le gouvernement Français se garda bien de la vendre. Il la conserva avec le plus grand soin, et bientôt après en enrichit ses musées, ses palais, et leurs jardins. Plusieurs des statues, groupes, bustes, vases qui se trouvent aujourd'hui dans les palais et les jardins des Tuileries, du Luxembourg, et de St. Cloud, qui en font l'ornement, et qui sont l'admiration des artistes et des étrangers, ont appartenu à la riche collection de M. le Comte D'Orsay.....

"Nous pensons donc, qu'en fait comme en droit, M. le Comte Alfred D'Orsay, par réprésentation de M. le Lieutenant Général Comte Albert D'Orsay, son père, est fondé dans sa réclamation contre la liste civile ou le domaine de l'état, qui est en ce moment en possession des objets d'art confisqués pendant la Révolution sur M. Pierre Marie Gaspard Comte D'Orsay, son aieul.

" Délibéré à Paris, le 7 Juillet, 1844.

"CHABLES LEDRU, Avocat à la Cour Royale de Paris."

"Catalogue des Statues, Groupes, Bustes, Vases, Fúts de Colonnes, Gaïnes en Bronze et en Marbre, Appartenants à Monsieur le Comte D'Orsay :

"D'après le Catalogue imprimé qu'en avait faire M. le Comte D'Orsay père, avant la Révolution en 1791; et l'indication des lieux, &c., où ces différents objets se trouvent placés.

"Ces divers objets d'art furent saisis dans l'hôtel du Comte D'Orsay pendant la Révolution Française, et placés dans les Palais Nationaux."

#### BRONZES.

Apollon du Belvedère, fondue à Rome par Villadier; à la Malmaison.—Antinoüs, fondue à Rome par le même; Jardin des Tuileries.—Une Amazone; à la Malmaison.—Mars en Repos, fondue à Rome par Villadier; aux Invalides.—Deux Bustes, l'un de femme; à la Bibliothèque Mazarine: l'autre en recherche.—Louis XV., donné à la section par un homme d'affaires de mon père. — Deux Vasca, restés dans l'Hôtel. — Deux Girandoles; restées dans

l'Hotel. — Deux Girandoles, idem. — Neptune au Milieu d'un Rocher ; resté dans le jardin de l'Hôtel.—Un Casque ; en recherche.—Un Mascaron D'Eole, qui soutenait le Mercure, en bronze, qui a été volé dans le jardin de mon père ; au Muséum.

#### FIGUERS ET GROUPES, EN MARBRES BLANCS ET DE COULEUR.

Lucius Verus, statue colossale antique ; au Museum, salle des fieuves .----Auguste Empereur, grande statue moderne ; Vestibule du Luxembourg .--Minerve, petite statue de 4 pieds en albâtre Oriental antique ; en recherche. -L'Amour et Psyché, groupe moderne, fait à Rome par Belaitre, et son piédestal ; Galerie des tableaux du Luxembourg. - Atalante et Hippomène, groupe en marbre ; Jardin de St. Cloud .- Apollon et Marcias, groupe moderne en piedestal ; Magasins du Luxembourg .- Castor et Pollux, groupe moderne ; Jardin des Tuileries. - Bacchus et un Faune, groupe moderne ; Jardin des Tuileries .- Pété et Arethuse, groupe moderne .- Phèdre et Hippolite, groupe. -Neron, grande statue antique ; au Muséum .- Un Centaure sur son piédestal ; Jardin de St. Cloud .- Deux Petites Figures Antiques, l'une au Musée, l'autre dans les Magasins du Musée. - L'Amitié, statue (sous le No. 107) ; Galerie des Tableaux du Luxembourg .- Antinous, petite statue antique ; au Museum .- Apollon (petite statue) tenant sa lyre, antique ; Magasin du Musée. -Venus Anadiomède, antique ; Jardin du Luxembourg .- Bacchus, statue antique ; en recherche. - Cérès, statue moderne ; Jardin du Luxembourg. --Achille, statue antique ; au Musée .- Cérès (ou livie), statue antique ; Jardin du Luxembourg. - Coriolan, statue moderne ; idem. - Antinoüs, statue moderne .--- Cerès, statue moderne .--- Cerès, statue moyenne antique ; au Musée. -Venus Victrix, statue moyenne antique ; idem .- Apollon, petite statue antique ; idem .- Vénus de Médicis, copie .- Appoline .- Vénus Callipige .- Lc Gladiateur Blessé; Jardin de St. Cloud. - Hercule Farnèse, petite statue.-Deux Prêtresses. - Deux Figures Modernes, une Bacchante et un Faune ; Appartemens des Tuileries. - Deux Autres Figures Modernes, Bacchus et Flore; en recherche.-Medaillon D'Antinoüs; resté dans l'Hôtel.-Deux Lions, modernes; à l'entrée des Tuileries dans le Jardin. - Deux Sphinx, vendus.

84 Bustes de Marbre Blanc sur leurs Gaines, Groupes et Figures au Magasin de Louvre-Magasin de Musée aux Tuileries-restées dans l'Hôtel.

#### VASES, COLONNES, GAINES, PIEDESTAUX EN MARBRE.

37 Vases, Magasin de Luxembourg—au Musée aux Tuileries—restées dans l'Hôtel.

"Un Grand Vase, forme de Medicis, avec un bas-relief, représentant le sacrifice du Minotaure, sur un fût de colonne Torse, le tout antique en marbre de Paros ou Pantélique ; au Musée, vestibule au bas de l'escalier.

"Il se trouve aussi dans le Musée trent-six fûts de colonnes cannelées en marbre blanc veiné qui peuvent valoir 2001, pièce.

(Isoook)

"Quarante-deux gaines plaquées en marbre de différentes couleurs qui peuvent valoir 150f. pièce.

"Il se trouve à Versailles une statue en marbre blanc dans l'atèlier du marbrier venant du château, et destinée à être placée au tombeau de Madame la Comtesse D'Orsay, la mère.

"Portraits de famille à Versailles, entr'autres celui de Madame la Comtesse D'Orsay, sa mère.

" Plusieurs tableaux provenants du Château D'Orsay, à Versailles."

## No. XIX.

### COUNT D'ORSAY'S GORE HOUSE PICTURE.

A garden view of Gore House, the residence of the late Countess of Blessington, with Portraits of the Duke of Wellington, Lady Blessington, the Earl of Chesterfield, Sir Edwin Landseer, Count D'Orsay, the Marquis of Douro (now Duke of Wellington), Lord Brougham, the Misses Power, &c., &c.

In the foreground, to the right, are the Duke of Wellington and the Countess of Blessington; in the centre, Sir Edwin Landseer seated, who is in the act of sketching a very fine cow, which is standing in front, with a calf by its side, while Count D'Orsay, with two favorite dogs, is seen on the right of the group, and the Earl of Chesterfield on the left; nearer the house, the two Misses Power (nieces of Lady Blessington) are reading a letter, a gentleman walking behind. Further to the left appear Lord Brougham, the Marquis of Douro, &c., seated under a tree in conversation. On canvas, 3 feet 8 inches by 3 feet 2 inches, in a noble gilt frame.

This interesting and valuable picture, perhaps the best production of Count D'Orsay's, was sold at the Gore House sale in 1849, and is now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Walesby, No. 5 Waterloo Place, London.

### No. XX.

### LORD BYRON'S YACHT "THE BOLIVAR" (SUBSEQUENTLY LORD BLESS-INGTON'S PROPERTY). FROM MR. ARMSTRONG, AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG COMMANDER," "THE TWO MIDSHIPMEN."

Mr. Armstrong, the author of several nautical novels, gives the following account, in a letter dated August 1st, 1854, of his first meeting with Lord Byron in Italy, and some particulars.

" It was in the year 1822 or 1823 I was residing at Nice, scarcely then twenty years of age, when I received a letter from Lord Byron. He said he heard I had a schooner yacht to dispose of, and wished to know the tonnage and price. I had not made up my mind to sell the yacht, but I thought this too good an opportunity to be thrown away, as his lordship was said to be going to aid the Greeks, and my yacht would get a name, as she was remarkably fast.

"I answered his lordship at once, stating tonnage and price Shortly after

I received his lordship's reply. This letter I gave, some years ago, to the late Mr. Murray, the publisher.

"In it, I think his lordship stated that a friend of his, a captain in the Sardinian service, said he could build a new one in the arsenal of Genoa for a less sum-£800, or something to that purpose. I answered this, and shortly after received another letter, requesting to know if I would take less for the schooner; and among other things, his lordship asked me what society there was in Nice, as he had an idea of taking up his residence there.

"I wrote, in reply, that I offered my yacht for £300 less than she cost me. I built her at Savona, a rather pretty place, some thirty miles from Genos. As to the society of Nice, it could not be better any where; highly aristocratic, as many of the English nobility were there, and also the ex-King of Sardinia, and last, though not least, Lady Blessington had a house there.

"Her ladyship was much liked, and behaved very liberally to one or two artists who were there at the time—one a first-rate portrait painter, but very poor; so much so, that he could not make his appearance any where. She relieved him from his difficulties, and enabled him to proceed to Rome with a wellfilled purse. This was not the only charitable act her ladyship performed. But I am wandering away from my subject.

"The last letter I received from his lordship stated that he had begun to build his schooner in the arsenal of Genoa, under the superintendence of Captain Wright, who then commanded a Sardinian vessel, and regretted giving me so much trouble, and also that he had abandoned his intention of residing in Nice. Some months after this I went to Genoa, and hearing that Lord Byron's yacht was nearly ready for sea, and was lying in the arsenal, I went with a friend to have a look at her. She was lying near the platform, and she surprised me, she was so much smaller than my own schooner. There were three planks alongside, and on these stood a gentleman very intently occupied with the putting on of a narrow gold moulding round the yacht.

""Well,' said I, rather loud, to my friend, ' if that yacht sails with that heavy foremast shipped so far forward, it's curious; she is not half the size of mine, after all; but I should like to see her inside.'

"The gentleman on the plank turned round, looked me in the face, and said, 'Would you like to come aboard, sir ?' 'Very much indeed,' I replied, 'thank you ;' and, without thought or more words, I jumped down on the plank, by which thoughtless proceeding I very nearly sent the gentleman and myself into the arsenal, only saving myself by taking a good grip of him, and he of the shrouds, and then we both scrambled on deck, leaving the frightened painter holding on by the bulwarks.

"We then went into the cabin, which was most luxuriously fitted up, couches soft and tempting, marble baths, &c.; in fact, not an inch of space was lost. In the course of conversation, the gentleman said, opening a deek, and taking a letter, 'I think I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Armstrong.' Before this, I guessed the gentleman I was so near ducking was Lord Byron,

-Ciooyle

and I said, 'Then I have the honor of speaking to Lord Byron !' he bowed and said, 'Why did you not mention in this letter the length, beam, depth, dcc., of your schooner, which you say is twice as large as this !'

"'Well, I might have done so, certainly, my lord, but you merely said tonhage, and then saying you could build one for £800 put me out; this has cost you more.' 'Double,' said his lordship, 'and not yet finished.' This schooner turned out afterward a very dull sailer. ARMSTRONG."

### No. XXI.

NOTICES OF LORDS HOLLAND, GREY, LANSDOWNE, ERSKINE AND MR. PERRY, IN THE HANDWRITING OF COUNT D'ORSAY: THE LATTER PROBABLY THE PRODUCTION OF LADY BLESSINGTON.

### LORD HOLLAND.

C'est impossible de connaitre Lord Holland sans éprouver pour lui un vif sentiment de bienveillance ; il a tant de bonhomie que l'on oublie souvent les qualités superieures qui le distinguent, et c'est difficile de se rappeller que l'homme si simple, si quièt, si naturel, et si bon, soit un des senateurs les plus estimés de nos jours.

#### LORD GREY.

Si M. B. Constant eut mieux connu Lord Grèy, il ne voudrait pas laisser ses droits à l'estime et à l'admiration de la posterité rester sur la limite bornée d'un orateur eloquent. Ci titre, qui est le plus beau pour beaucoup d'autres, est le moindre pour Lord Grey, qui est reconnu en outre pour ses principes nobles et inalterables, dignes et éclaireis, et par une grandeur de caractère qui force le respect même de ses ennemis, et inspire l'admiration de ceux qui sont honorés de son amítié. Quand je parle de ses ennemis je devrais dire ceux de la liberté et de la justice pour laquelle il est le vrai champion, sans pour et sanfs reproche.

#### MR. PERRY.

Mr. Perry a bien merité cet éloge. Je l'ai beaucoup connu. Sa vie privée était ansei aimable que son caractère public était digne et respectable. Il est mort dans l'année 1821, après une longue maladie, regretté par tous ses amis nombreux, et estimé par tous ceux au quels son nom était connu.

### MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE.

Le Marquis de Lansdowne a bien realisé les ésperances données par Lord Henry Petty. Honnête, sage, franc, liberal, moderé, et surtout toujours consistant, il offre un vrai modele d'un homme d'etat. Il est bien rare de trouver un homme qui unit autant de connaissances profondes et variés et de talents distingués avec un caractère aussi doux, si égul, et si digne.

#### LORD ERSKINE.

Lord Erskine n'était pas moins remarquable pour son grand esprit et som savoir, qui ont si bien éclairci les lois, et si courageusement defendu la liberté de son pays, que pour sa bonté de cœur, et generosité de caractère. Donné de tous les talents les plus brillants, qui le rendait le charme dans chaque societé, par sa conversation, qui laissait toujours dans l'esprit de ceux avec lesquels il parlait des images frappantes, lumineuses, et agréables, il est mort en 1824, suivi dans le tombeau par les regrets de tous ceux qui vencrent le genic, qui respectent les talents, et qui admirent leur union avec les meilleures qualités du cœur.

## No. XXII.

## MADAME DU DEFFAND AND MADAME GEOFFRIN.

#### MADAME DU DEFFAND.

Lord John Russell, in his "Life of Lord William Russell" (Pref., ix.), tells us, "What most contributes to render biography amusing is a certain singularity, and some degree of forwardness and presumption in the hero."

Campbell said to me, when he was preparing for the press his biography of Mrs. Siddons, "The uniform propriety of my heroine admits of no incidents which her biographer can avail himself of to create an interest and an excitement for the public."

Madame du Deffand can not be complained of in those respects by any of the numerous tribe of writers of memoires pour servir. There is a certain singularity, some degree of forwardness and presumption in the heroine, and certainly no lack of indecorum in her at any period of her career. It always seemed to me this singular woman's power and dominion in the exalted circle over which she presided was owing, in a very great degree, to the fear ahe inspired, and the belligerent qualities that were mixed up with her personal attractions.

"Many things," it is said, "are regarded with awe and deference, mainly, perhaps, on account of the occasional arrogance of dogmatism bred in solitary ruminations, and promulgated with an oracular tone and air." Many women, too, and ladies of brilliant salons in particular, may inspire sentiments of admiration—wonder—a sense of subjection to their powers, by an exercise of their talents that would be intolerably pretentious and presuming, overbearing and unbearable, only for the beauty, gracefulness, or *esprit* that accompanies it. We need not travel to France, or go back to the days of Louis XV. or XVI. for instances of this sort of dominion in society, and admiration, mingled with apprehension, excited by it.

The great enemy of Madame de Geoffrin, because her successful competitor in the Parisian salons of literature and philosophy à la mode about a century ago, Madame la Marquise du Deffand, in fashionable society a queen,

having dominion over men of the first order of intellect in her time, had been, for a short period *only*, a mistress of the regent; and throughout a long career, a woman of wit, of remarkable powers of conversation, wonderful vivacity, and extraordinary agreemens, considering that for a considerable period of that prolonged career she had been stone blind. In her old age and blindness she went to operas, plays, balls, and public entertainments. When she was obliged to give these up, she had parties and conversationes at her own house, gave suppers twice a week, had all new works read to her, and approached eternity making epigrams, songs, and jeux d'esprit, corresponding with Voltaire, and laughing at the superstitious mummeries of religious rites and ceremonies.

Madame du Deffand was born in 1697; she died in 1780, retaining to the last her vivacity, conversational power, love of literary society, and repugnance to religion and its ministers.

Madame du Deffand has been immortalized in memoir notoriety by the Baron Grimm and Horace Walpole. The hotel in Paris of the Marquise du Deffand, about the middle of the last century, was the head-quarters of the fashionable infidel philosophy, the political gallantry, and sprightly literature of the day. Her salons were the resort of wits, wags, savants, and literati. In 1754, this patroness of literature à la mode, renowned no less for her hospitality, her influence over men in power, her gallantry, and the grace and elegance of her manners and appearance, was totally deprived of sight. She continued, however, the *rôle* of a *bel esprit*, received intellectual celebrities of all nations at her salons as heretofore, and corresponded with distinguished people, with some in very impassioned language—Horaco Walpole, especially, among the number—for a great many years subsequent to her blindness, from 1766 to 1780. In 1769 Walpole thus describes Madame du Deffand :

"She makes songs, sings them, remembers all that ever were made ; and having lived from the most agreeable to the most reasoning age, has all that was amiable in the last, all that is sensible in this, without the vanity of the former, or the pedant impertinence of the latter. I have heard her dispute with all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects, and never know her in the wrong. She humbles the learned, sets right their disciples, and finds conversation for every body. Affectionate as Madame de Sevigné, she has none of her prejudices, but a more universal taste; and with the most delicate frame, her spirits hurry her through a life of fatigue that would kill me if I was to continue here."\*

"In a dispute, into which she easily falls, she is very warm, and yet scarce ever in the wrong; but judgment on every subject is as just as possible, in every point of conduct as wrong as possible; for she is all love and hatred; passionate for all her friends to enthusiasm; still anxious to be loved—I don't mean by lovers; and a vehement enemy, but open. As she can have no amusement but conversation, the least solitude and *ennui* are insupportable to her,

\* Memoirs of Horace Walpole, by Warburton, vol. II., p. 316. Vol. 11,---Y

and put her into the power of several worthless people, who eat her suppers when they can eat nobody's of higher rank, wink to one another, and laugh at her; hate her because she has forty times more parts, and venture to hate her because she is not rich."\*

### MADAME GEOFFRIN.

An able writer in the "Quarterly Review" for May, 1811, describes the intellectual qualities of Madame Geoffrin in the following terms: "This lady seems to have united the lightness of the French character with the solidity of the English. She was easy and volatile, yet judicious and acute ; sometimes profound, and sometimes superficial. She had a wit, playful, abundant, well toned ; an admirable conception of the ridiculous, and great skill in exposing it ; a turn for satire, which she indulged not always in the best-natured manner, yet with irresistible effect ; powers of expression varied, appropriate, flowing from the source, and curious without research ; a refined taste for letters, and a judgment both for men and books in a high degree enlightened and accurate. As her parts had been happily thrown together by nature, they were no less happy in the circumstances which attended their progress and development. They were refined, not by a course of solitary study, but by desultory reading, and chiefly by living intercourse with the brightest geniuses of her age. Thus trained, they acquired a pliability or movement which gave to all their exertions a bewitching air of freedom and negligence, and made even their faults seem only the exuberances or flowerings-off of a mind capable of higher excellencies, but unambitious to attain them. There was nothing to alarm or overpower. On whatever topic she touched, whether trivial or severe, it was alike en badinant ; but in the midst of this sportiveness, her genius poured itself forth in a thousand delightful fancies, and scattered new graces and ornaments on every object within its sphere. In its wanderings from the trifles of the day to grave questions of morals or philosophy, it carelessly struck out, and as carelessly abandoned, the most profound truths ; and while it aimed only to amuse, suddenly astonished and electrified by rapid traits of illumination, which opened the depths of physical subjects, and roused the researches of more systematic reasoners. To these qualifications were added an independence in forming opinions, and a boldness in avowing them, which wore at least the resemblance of honesty; a perfect knowledge of the world, and that facility of manners which, in the commerce of society, supplies the place of benevolence."

Horace Walpole thus speaks of Madame Geoffrin : "Madame Geoffrin, of whom you have heard much, is an extraordinary woman, with more common sense than I almost ever met with."

\* Memoirs of Horace Walpole, by Warburton, vol. ii., p. \$78.

G0020

# No. XXIII.

## EDWARD RUSHTON, OF LIVERPOOL.

The memory of this illustrious man of humble rank and fortune is indebted to a correspondent of Lady Blessington for a well-written notice of his merits, and some eulogistic lines not devoid of trath and poetry.

This communication is signed "Thomas Noble," and dated the 2d of December, 1844.

## RUSHTON'S MEMORY.

"The man to whom these lines are a sincere tribute, united, in a perfection of which there are few examples, those distinguishing characteristics of a reasoning, sensitive being, fortitude and affection. His mind and his heart were equally capacious; the former, endowed with activity and energy of thought, was comprehensive of every moral and political truth; the latter, excited by the purest benevolence, was ardent in domestic love; open, liberal, and independent in social intercourse; boundless in devotion to the freedom and welfare of mankind, his soul had an elasticity of temperament which not bodily infirmity, nor misfortune, nor even affliction could subdue.

"It was this, his elasticity of soul, that has imparted to his poetic composition an unabating vigor of expression. With indignation against the oppressions of mankind, the perverters of intellect, the subjugators of reason, the violators of humble affection, and plunderers of industry, he who, 'midst clouds of utter night,' well knew what mournful moments wait the blind, poured forth from his luminous and contemplative mind eloquent streams of reproof, of commiseration, of hope to the wretched, and of freedom to the enslaved.

"I knew him for little more than three years, but it required only to know him once to esteem him forever. The generous liberality of his opinions proved in an instant the extent as well as the strength of the principles on which they were founded.

"For my own part, I felt immediately convinced that he had taken his stand with Truth, and that he had the tenacity of mind ever to abide by her. I was not deceived: what he was one day, that he was continually; and had he lived, my esteem for him could not have increased.

"In his death, what an example of sincerity, energy, and independence have not I, and all who knew him, to deplore! THOMAS NOBLE."

> " Is there a spot to thee, O Freedom, known, That owns no altar and that dreads no throne— Where servile men to tyrant man ne'er bend, Nor mock the God they can not comprehend ?

Is there a spot uncursed by martial fame, Where conquest never cast its meteor flame—

Where mighty heroes would be paltry things, And thrown, unnamed, aside with slaves and kings ?

Is there a spot hypocrisy hath ne'er Profaned, nor made a mart of—one place where Religion seeks for ministers the true, The pure, the faithful, and the humble too ?

Is there a spot where man's unclouded mind, Conscious of social bonds that bind his kind, Frames, firm in all his rights, the law that sways, Is independent still, and still obeys !

Oh! in that spot let Freedom's vot'ries place A column on an adamantine base; 'Gainst its firm shaft let Independence stand Our Rushton's lyre, eternal, in his hand.

Off from its chord a dirge and daring sound Shall burst upon the wretched nations round, Till startled slaves th' arousing thunder hear, And all oppressors vile shall learn to fear."

Perhaps it may not be irrelevant to this subject to place before the readers of the preceding notice an account of a single act of the remarkable man who is the subject of it, very worthy of attention and admiration.

A very remarkable letter of Edward Rushton, of Liverpool, addressed to Washington, was published in 1797. The writer was then laboring under blindness. He was embarrassed, and nearly indigent in his circumstances a liberal in politics, an admirer of Washington, and an enthusiastic advocate of the American Revolution.

Washington was then at the height of his glory-President of the United States, and Commander-in-chief of the American army.

Rushton, being a plain, honest, simple-minded sort of man, could not understand the anomaly of a liberator on a grand scale being a holder, a buyer, and a seller of slaves—a man interested in the robbery of the rights of other people. So Edward Rushton wrote to George Washington a letter in his plain, straightforward way of setting forth his views, and a nobler letter is not to be found in the English language. It is painful to learn that the illustrious American Republican had the littleness of mind to send back the bold but respectful letter of the poor blind Republican of England without deigning to write one word in reply to it. Yet Washington must have been aware of the character of his unsought-for correspondent—that he was a man who had suffered in some degree for his devotion to Republican principles—that he had

lost his sight in consequence of his humanity in attending to sick slaves during the prevalence of a pestilential malady on board a crowded slave-ship-that he was a consistent philanthropist, and a good hater of injustice of all kinds.

The following extracts from his letter are well deserving of reproduction at the expiration of half a century, and perhaps those who read them will be disposed to think less enthusiastically of the magnanimity of George Washington.

"It is not to the Commander-in-chief of the American forces, nor to the President of the United States, that I have aught to address : my business is with George Washington, of Mount Vernon, in Virginia; a man who, notwithstanding his hatred of oppression, and his ardent love of liberty, holds at this moment hundreds of his fellow-beings in a state of slavery. Yes, you who conquered under the banners of Freedom, you who are now the first magistrate of a free people, are, strange to relate, a slave-holder. That a Liverpool merchant should endeavor to enrich himself by such a business is not a matter of surprise ; but that you, an enlightened man, strongly enamored of freedom-you who, if the British forces had succeeded in the Eastern States, would have retired with a few congenial spirits to the rude fastnesses of the Western wildernesses, there to have enjoyed that blessing without which a paradise would be worthless, and with which the most savage region is not without its charms-that you, I say, should continue to be a slave-holder, a proprietor of human flesh and blood, creates in many of your British friends both astonishment and regret. It has been said by some of your apologists that your feelings are inimical to slavery, and that you are induced to acquiesce in it at present merely from motives of policy. The ONLY TRUE POLICY IS JUSTICE ; AND HE WHO REGARDS THE CONSEQUENCES OF AN ACT RATHER THAN THE JUSTICE OF IT, GIVES NO VERY EXALTED PROOF OF THE GREATNESS OF HIS CHARACTER. . . . . . . Of all the slave-holders under heaven, those of the United States appear to me most reprehensible; for man is never so truly odious as when he inflicts on others that which he himself abominates. The hypocritical courtesan who preaches chastity, yet lives by the violation of it, is not more truly disgusting than one of your slave-holding gentry bellowing in favor of democracy."

Rushton died in 1814. He was a man of great virtue, a patriot on a large scale, a philanthropist in the true sense of the term, a practical Christian ; his life was spent in advocating justice at home and abroad, and doing works of mercy and kindness to his fellow-men. I have dwelt so much on the consistency of the philanthropy of Rushton, because it is so rarely encountered of a perfectly unsectarian character. The lives of Clarkson, Buxton, Sturge, Rushton, and Romilly afford striking exceptions to this role. There are, however, in the variable atmosphere of the mind, influences which seem to excite the pity of men for one class only of unfortunates, or at one period for a particular train of calamities or peculiar description of suffering ; and at another time, and in the case of persons in misfortune of some particular community, which seem to stifle every emotion of sensibility. If we love justice and liberty

abroad, we can not be otherwise than faithful to their interests at home. If we hate the injustice that is offered to black men in Africa or the West Indies, it is also incumbent on us to reprobate all the oppressions that are done under the sun to white men in European countries. If the cruelty of slavetrading is the cause of enormous suffering which we deplore, and use all our offorts to put an end to, the wickedness of legislation which admits of dreadful wrong and suffering being inflicted in the shape of evictions, dispossessions, and destitution of thousands of our fellow-creatures at our own doorswhich leaves a million and a half of the people of a Christian land in a state of beggary for six months in the year, and in permanent pauperism one million of its inhabitants-is an evil that is the occasion of tremendous calamities. which we are surely called on to devote a large portion of our philanthropy to remove and alleviate. But if, instead of doing this, we share in the guilt of sustaining and supporting a system which suffers such evils to exist, what is to be said of our philanthropy ? Why, either that we are mistaken enthusiasts-like Granville Sharp and William Wilberforce, who united the advocacy of the abolition of slavery in Africa with that of the maintenance in Ireland of the sanguinary atrocities of the penal code-or sunctimonious hypocrites, who speculate in theoretical benevolence, and exercise practical inhumanity in all our political conduct with respect to millions. of our fellow-subjects, guilty only of a creed not fashioned like their own. Oh ! it is time to put away these unfounded pretensions to philanthropy. The basis for all true philanthropy must be large and deep, capable of sustaining tolerance in affairs of religion, in matters that affect political opinions, in all things that concern national distinctions, and differences of class and clime, capable of enabling charity to deal with all in a Christian spirit.

## No. XXIV.

A correspondent of Lady Blessington, one of England's foremost men, and of the master-spirits of his time, in a letter to her ladyship, thus estimates the labors of Monsieur Eugene Sue, the author of "The Wandering Jew :"

"Sue's 'Wandering Jew' seems to me a failure, and I don't like the attack on the Jesuits, whom I have always honored for their immense services to science, letters, and humanity. Here, I dare say, you do not agree with me.

"But though I shall never, I suppose, turn Catholic, I feel, if I had been a Catholic, I should never have been any thing else. I love the grand enthusiasm of its earnest believers, and the child-like faith of its simple flocks. I love its ascent into faith above reason."

L:0002

## No. XXV.

### SEPARATE NOTICES OF SOME OF THE EMINENT OR REMARKABLE PER-SONS WHO WERE CORRESPONDENTS, FRIENDS, OR ACQUAINTANCES OF LADY BLESSINGTON.

In the following notices I have endeavored to set before my readers some of the leading features in the character or career of persons intimately acquainted with Lady Blessington, of whom mention has not been made in connection with the correspondence. The object held in view in giving these slight sketches was to represent the persons referred to as they were known to Lady Blessington and her immediate friends, and to recall such traits of character, or traces of events in their career, as might bring them to the reader's recollection, and renew the acquaintance that many of those readers, who were visitors at Seamore Place or Gore House, may have had with them.

The society had some undoubted claims to pre-eminent excellence that could boast of such *habitués* as the elder D'Israeli and his son, Landor, Dickens, the Bulwers, the Smiths, Luttrell, Spencer, Moore, Galt, Ritchie, Reynolds, General Phipps, Landseer, Lawrence, Maclise, Ainsworth, Thackeray, James, and so many others of the celebrities of various countries, and such occasional guests as Grey, Canning, Russell, Wellington, Wellesley, Durham, Burdett, Abinger, Lyndhurst, Auckland, Brougham, and their fellow-magnates of the aristocracy, intellectually gifted, or patrons of intellectual pursuits connected with art or literature.

Of many of these celebrities some outlines have been prefixed to their cor respondence.

### LORD LYNDHURST.

It has been my object, in those notices I have given of eminent persons intimately acquainted with Lady Blessington, and peculiarly regarded by her with favor and confidence, and an implicit reliance on their friendship, to give expression to her opinions of their merits as I find them scattered over her correspondence, or noted down in detached memoranda among her papers, or treasured up in the remembrance of her gifted niece, Miss M. Power.

Lady Blessington felt a pride as well as a pleasure in the friendship of persons of exalted intellect, and probably she felt more pride in the position in which she apparently stood in the estimation of Lord Lyndhurst, with two or three exceptions, than on account of the intimacy of her relations with any other intellectual celebrity, for she entertained an opinion of his lordship's mental powers so exalted that it would be difficult to exaggerate its elevation. On the other hand, it is obvious that his lordship's friendship was based on an appreciation of Lady Blessington's talents, generous nature, and noble disposition, that did justice to them. Indeed, when we find men of such exalted intellectual powers among the celebrities most highly favored who were to be found in the salons of Seamore Place and Gore House, we have evidence that

the attractions of the fair lady who presided over those reunions were of a high order.\*

The son of John Singleton Copley, Esq., the painter and Royal Academician, might have made an indifferent artist had he been brought up to his father's profession. Happily for him, he was brought up for the bar, and bccame one of the first lawyers, perhaps the first lawyer, of his time. Of unquestionable talents and great powers of mind, an excellent scholar, of sober judgment, clear and sound, active, serious, and earnest in business, in society no one is more agreeable, animated in conversation, and evidently conversant with the literature of the day, as well as with the lore of ancient times. He has the art of inspiring confidence and winning regard by his simplicity of manner, playful humor, and warm interest in the concerns of those with whom he associates. This eminent man was born on the other side of the Atlantic, in Boston, in 1772, and is now, in his 83d year, in the full possession of all his great faculties. He was called to the bar in 1804, and after attaining signal success in his profession, and passing through its several gradations and preferments, he was appointed Master of the Rolls in 1826, and the following year the successor of Lord Eldon, when he was raised to the peerage. Having resigned the seals in 1830, he filled the office of Chief Baron of the Exchequer till 1834, when he resumed the seals for another year, again resigned, and in 1841, for a third time, was appointed Lord High Chancellor of England, which office he retained till 1846. He married, first, a daughter of C. Brunsden, Esq., widow of Lieutenant Colonel Thomas, who died in 1834; secondly, a daughter of Lewis Goldsmith, Esq., in 1837, and has issue by his first marriage four children, and by the second one daughter.

### LORD ERSKINE.

The name of Lord Erskine often occurs in the journals and letters of Lady Plessington. At the early period of her London career, Lord Erskine was an intimate friend of her ladyship, and one of the peculiarly favored and most highly honored of the visitors at her mansion in St. James's Square.

\* The attractions which such persons found in Lady Bleasington were assuredly of a higher order than those of the reigning beauties of any of the salons which Grammont has so graphically described, and Sir Peter Lely depicted. Those of Sir Peter's beauties of "the sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul"--of Grammont's enchantresses---"the languishing Boynton," "the lovely Jennings," "the serious Lyttleton," "the fair Stewart," "prety Miss Blague," "the beautiful Hamilton," "the agreeable Miss Price," though "short and thick," "the susceptible Miss Hobart," and no less so "the unlucky Miss Warmestre," the irreststible damsel

### "With her young wild boar's eyes ;"

the fascinating Lady Chesterfield, Lady Shrewsbury, Lady Carnegio, Mrs. Roberts, and Mrs. Middleton, so sprightly and spirituelle, so very *piquante* in conversation—these needed all the graces of the style of Anthony Hamilton to make us understand the power of their *agremens* even over such modish men as the Earl of Ranelagh, "that mad fellow Crofts," "the beau Sidney," "Little Jernyn," "the incomparable Villiers." and other adepts in gallantry, who had grown gray in the service of the sovereign beauties of the salons.

G00210

The Honorable Thomas Erskine, born in 1750, third son of the Earl of Buchan, having served both in the army and navy, turned to the legal profession, and was called to the bar in 1778. He rose to the summit of his profession as an advocate, in which capacity he continued till 1806, when he was elevated to the office of Lord High Chancellor, and to the peerage in the same year. He married, first, in 1770, a daughter of Daniel Moon, Esq., M.P.; and secondly, Miss Sarah Buck, and died at Almondell, near Edinburgh, the 17th of November, 1823, in his seventy-fourth year.

Lord Byron spoke to Lady Blessington of Erskine as "the most brilliant person imaginable, quick, vivacious, and sparkling; he spoke so well that one never felt tired of listening to him, even when he abandoned himself to that subject of which all his other friends and acquaintances expressed themselves so fatigued—self.... Erskine had been a great man, and he knew it; and, talking so continually of self, imagined that he was but the echo of fame." He was deceived in this (continued Byron), as are all who have a favorable opinion of their follow-men; in society, all and each are occupied with self, and can hardly pardon any one who presumes to draw their attention to other subjects for any length of time.

Lord Erskine is thus spoken of by Lord Brougham :

"The disposition and manners of the man were hardly less attractive than his genius and his professional skill were admirable. He was, like almost all great men, simple, natural, and amiable; full of humane feelings and kindly affections. Of with the had little or none in conversation, and he was too gay to take any delight in discussion; but his humor was playful to buoyancy, and wild even to extravagance; and he indulged his roaming, and devious, and abrupt imagination as much in society, as in public he kept it under rige orous control. ...

"The striking and imposing appearance of this great man's person has been mentioned. His Herculean strength of constitution may also be noted. During the eight-and-twenty years that he practiced at the bar, he never was prevented for one hour from attending to his professional duties. At the famous State Trials in 1794, he lost his voice on the evening before he was to address the jury. It returned to him just in time, and this, like other felicities of his career, he always ascribed to a special Providence, with the habitually religious disposition of mind which was hereditary in the godly families that he sprung from."<sup>e</sup>

"The ministry of Mr. Pitt did not derive more solid service from the bar in the person of Mr. Dundas, than the opposition party did ornament and popularity in that of Mr. Erskine. His Parliamentary talents, although they certainly have been underrated, were as clearly not the prominent portion of his character....

"He never appears to have given his whole mind to the practice of debating; he had a very scanty provision of political information; his time was al-

. Historical Sketches of Statesmen in the Time of George III., p. 130.

ways occupied with the laborious pursuits of his profession; he came into the House of Commons, where he stood among several equals, and behind some superiors, from a stage where he shone alone, and without a rival; above all, he was accustomed to address a select and friendly audience, bound to lend him their patient attention, and to address them by the compulsion of their retainer, and as a volunteer coming forward in his own person, a position from which the transition is violent and extreme, to that of having to gain and to keep a promiscuous, and, in great part, hostile audience, not under any obligation to listen one instant beyond the time during which the speaker can flatter, or interest, or amuse them."\*

" It remains that we commemorate the deeds that he (Mr. Erskine) did, and which cast the fame of his oratory into the shade. He was an undaunted man-he was an undaunted advocate. To no court did he ever truckle ; neither to the court of the king, neither to the court of the king's judges. Their smiles and their frowns he disregarded alike in the fearless discharge of his duty. He upheld the liberty of the press against the one, he defended the rights of the people against both combined to destroy them. If there be yet among us the power of freely discussing the acts of our rulers ; if there be yet the privilege of meeting for the promotion of needful reforms ; if he who desires whelesome changes in our Constitution be still recognized as a patriot, and not doomed to die the death of a traitor, let us acknowledge with gratitude that to this great man, under Heaven, we owe this felicity of the times. In 1794, his dauntless energy, his indomitable courage, kindling his eloquence, inspiring his conduct, giving direction and lending firmness to his matchless skill, resisted the combination of statesmen, and princes, and lawvers, the league of cruelty and craft, formed to destroy our liberties, and triumphantly scattered to the winds the half-accomplished scheme of an unsparing proscription."†

## HENRY ERSEINE.

The brother of Lord Erskine, the Honorable Henry Erskine, for many years the leader of the Scotch bar, died in 1817, the same year which deprived Ireland of the great leaders of its bar, Curran and Ponsonby. Henry Erskine was a man of distinguished talents and brilliant wit. He was appointed Lord Advocate of Scotland at the same time his brother was made Lord Chancellor of England. He was an ardent and able advocate of civil and religious liberty. The conversational powers of Henry Erskine were of the highest order; his epigrams and witticisms, his clever impromptus, in verse as well as prose, were hardly inferior, it is said, to those of any of his brilliant contemporaries of the bar or the senate.

### THE EARL OF DUDLEY.

This nobleman (born in 1782) acquired distinction in the House of Com-+ Historical Sketches of Statesmen in the Time of George III., p. 131. † 1bid., p. 135.

C10002 C

mons as Mr. Ward. He gave great promise of ability in early life, possessed powerful talents, varied accomplishments, generous sentiments, and active sympathies with the wronged and the unfortunate. He visited Naples, and resided there for several weeks in 1823. He was no less loved by those who knew him, than marveled at by all who came in contact with him, for his singularity of character, absence of mind, and abstraction in society.

In the apring of 1827, in Mr. Canning's newly-formed administration, Viscount Dudley filled the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs. On Mr. Canning's death, in August, 1827, in Lord Goderich's administration, he held the same office as he did in the Canning ministry. In January, 1828, at the onset in the formation of the Wellington administration, Lord Dudley was continued in his post; but on the resignation of Mr. Huskisson, he retired from the ministry along with Lord Palmerston and Mr. C. Grant.

Sir W. Gell wrote to Lady Blessington in July, 1834, that he had received a letter of introduction from some friend in England, which was duly presented to him by the recommended party. The letter of introduction ran thus:

This production is so exceedingly like some of the epistles and sundry of the audibly-thinking escapades of the late Lord Dudley and Ward in conversation, that I am induced to cite the following anecdote from Moore's Memoirs:

"Dec. 9. Lord Dudley, it is well-known, has a trick of rehearsing over to himself, in an under tone, the good things he is about to debiter to the company, so that the person who sits next to him has generally the advantage of his wit before any of the rest of the party. The other day, having a number of the foreign ministers and their wives to dine with him, he was debating with himself whether he ought not to follow the Continental fashion of leaving the room with the ladies after dinner. Having settled the matter, he muttered forth, in his usual soliloquizing tone, 'I think we must go out all together.' 'Good God! you don't say so !' exclaimed Lady -----, who was sitting next him, and who is well known to be the most anxious and sensitive of the Lady Whigs with respect to the continuance of the present ministry in power. 'Going out all together' might well alarm her. A man not very remarkable for agreeableness once proposed to walk from the House of Commons to the Travelers' Club with Lord Dudley, who, discussing the proposal mentally (as he thought) with himself, said audibly, 'I don't think it will bore pie very much to let him walk with me that distance.' On another occasion, when he gave somebody a seat in his carriage from some country-house, he was overheard by his companion, after a fit of thought and silence, saying to himself. 'Now, shall I ask this man to dine with me when we arrive in town ?' It is said that the fellow-traveler, not pretending to hear him, muttered out in the

same sort of tone, 'Now, if Lord Dudley should ask me to dinner, shall I accept his invitation ?'"

Lord Dudley's eccentricities were of the most singular kind, and were productive of strange and ridiculous occurrences. While holding the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs, an amusing instance occurred of his absence of mind, even in his official capacity. Some misunderstanding had taken place between the Russian and the French governments. The object of the English ministry being to mediate between these powers, Lord Dudley had to forward private dispatches to both governments of great importance, which rendered it necessary to keep each government ignorant of the communication made to the other power. Lord Dudley, in one of his customary fits of absence of mind, inclosed the letter for the Russian minister in the envelope addressed to the French, and vice versa. When the mistake was discovered, Lord Dudley was greatly agitated. But his anxiety was speedily terminated by a communication from the English embassador at Paris stating that his excellency the French minister had returned the letter for the Russian minister, which had been sent to him, saying, "Je suis trop fin, pour être pris par tel artifice de Milord Dudley."

His lordship's eccentricities increased very much from the period of his retirement from the ministry in 1827; nevertheless, one of his ablest speeches was made in 1831, against Lord Grey's government, in resistance of what he deemed the republican tendency of the Reform Bill.

His mental infimities, after that period, rapidly augmented. His friends had the pain of seeing this able and accomplished man snatched from his exalted position and from society in the prime of life, bereft of reason, and eventually reduced to imbecility by a succession of paralytic attacks. Death happily terminated this most awful of all human sufferings and humiliations in March, 1833, when he died, in his fifty-second year.

#### LORD AUCKLAND.

This amiable nobleman, who filled the high post of Governor General of India, under the Melbourne administration, for many years, was a warm and faithful friend of Lady Blessington, and her sister, Lady Canterbury. After his return from India, he resided at Eden Lodge, Kensington Gore, the grounds of which were only separated from those of Lady Blessington by a hedge, across which his lordship and Lady B—— often conversed. Lady Blessington has left a record of one of those conversations in her Diary of December 24th, 1845:

"Lord A—, speaking of the efforts to form a new ministry, said he was not sorry they had not succeeded; they should have been too weak for any useful purpose. They might have endeavored to carry one great measure, and should probably have failed in their attempt to carry even that. Peel might have intended to support them, but his followers would not have been followers of him when out of power, though they might be so when he was

prime minister. Peel has a better chance, therefore, of carrying a measure on the Corn Laws than they had, and he only hoped that Peel's measure would not fall very far short of what they should have proposed.

"Of the manner in which Lord John's attempt to form a government failed, he would say nothing. It was not good for public opinion and public discussion, and it was not agreeable to personal feeling, and he wished that the impressions which it had left might pass away."

The favorite pursuit of Lord Auckland was the culture of flowers, and the great perfection to which he brought them was a source of no small pride and satisfaction to his lordship.

Lord Auckland was born in 1784, and died in 1849, at the seat of Lord Cowper. In 1830 he filled the office of President of the Board of Trade; in 1835 he was appointed Lieutenant Governor of India, was recalled in 1841, and made First Lord of the Admiralty in 1846.

One who knew him well has left this attestation of his worth : "A more kind, a more true, and a more just man never lived than Lord Auckland."

#### LURD HOLLAND.

The present lord, when Mr. Henry Fox, was intimately acquainted with Lady Blessington in Italy in 1824 : frequent mention is made of him in her diaries. In August of that year she speaks of him as having been an inmate of their abode—a most agreeable, entertaining, and lively companion, humorous and piquant in conversation, turning peculiarities of persons at all bordering on the class of *ridicules* to an amusing account, and rivaling D'Orsay even in his own particular province of drawing out people who can be made ridiculous, and laughed at, without being conscious of the use made of their society.\*

In one of Lady Blessington's works, Henry Fox is spoken of as "such a forced plant as might be expected from the hot-bed culture of Holland House, where wit and talent are deemed of such importance that more solid qualities are sometimes, if not sacrificed to their growth, at least overlooked in the search for them. Accustomed from infancy to see all around him contributing to the amusement of the circle they compose by a brilliant persiflage, a witty version of the on dits of the day, epigrammatical sallies, which, though pungent, never violate *les bienséances de société*, and remarks on the literature of the day full of point and tact, it can not be wondered **a** that he has become

\* How far hosts and hostesses can reconcile the bantering privileges they accord to friends who are reputed droll and witty, the sanction given by them to the practice of making any particular guest ridiculous, and drawing out any peculiarities of his that may render him absurd in the face of a company, while pretending to pay attention to him, and to bring the merits of his conversation or opinions into notice—can reconcile, I say, this practice with the obligations and the duties of hospitality, is a question that may be answers. In a few words. The conferring of such a privilege—the giving of such a sanction—is a vulgar and a gross violation of the rights of hospitality, and an unpardonable breach of faith with people who, having been invited to partake of it, are entitled to its protection.

what he is—a most agreeable companion. As, however, he possesses no inconsiderable portion of the sweet temper and gayety of spirits of his father, he may yet attain the more worthy distinction of becoming an estimable man."\*

It is very probable that the preceding remarks were made at a later period than some others of Lady Blessington in reference to the same distinguished person. The intimate acquaintance and friendship that had subsisted between the Blessingtons and Mr. Fox in Naples had been interrupted. An estrangement had taken place, which existed for some years, and was followed by some explanations that were creditable to the feelings of both parties.

About the same period that Lady Blessington refers to in her notice of Mr. Fox, Moore, also having met him in Italy, makes the following mention of him in his Journal :

"I have also seen Henry Fox, Lord Holland's son, whom I had not looked upon since I left him, a pretty, mild boy, without a neckcloth, in a jacket, and in delicate health, seven long years agone."...." I think he has the softest and most amiable expression of countenance I ever saw, and manners correspondent."<sup>†</sup>

Lord Holland was born in 1802. He married, in 1830, Lady Mary Augusta Coventry, only daughter of the Earl of Coventry. He entered the diplomatic service in 1831, was some time attaché at St. Petersburg, was minister plenipotentiary at Florence from May, 1838, to June, 1846, and succeeded to the title, as fourth baron, October 28th, 1840, on the death of his father in his sixty-seventh year.<sup>‡</sup>

Lord Holland lived much abroad for some years previously to his father's death, principally at Florence. His lordship's abilities, and agreeableness of manners and conversation, seem destined to conciliate the opinions and re-

\* The Idler in Italy, Par. ed., p. 354. † Moore's e of Byron, p. 576.

‡ Lord Holland was born in 1773; his father was the elder brother of Charles James Fox. In March, 1793, he set out on a Continental tour, visited Spain, passed into Italy, and resided for some time in Florence with Lord Wycombe. While in Italy he formed an intimacy with the wife of Sir Godfrey Webster, of Battle Abbey, county Sussex, in consequence of which the latter brought an action against him, and obtained damages to the amount of £6000.

She was the daughter and heir of Sir Richard Vassall, Esq., of Jamaica, and was first married, June 27th, 1756, to Sir Godfrey Webster, county Sussex, Bart. By that marriage she had insue two sons, the late Sir Godfrey V. Webster, Bart., formerly M. P. for Sussex, who died in 1836, and Colonel Henry Webster; and one daughter, Harriet, married in 1816 to Captain the Honorable Sir Fleetwood Pellew, R.N. and C.B.

Lady Webster's marriage was dissolved by act of Parliament in June, 1797, and her ladyship was remarried the following month to the late Henry Richard, third Lord Holland, who died October 22d, 1840, and had four children by that marriage, of whom two died at an early age. Her ladyship had issue before her second marriage, Charles Richard Fox, colonel in the army and sid-de-camp to the queen, who married, in 1824, Lady Mary Fitzelarence, daughter of King William IV. and Mrs. Jordan.<sup>1</sup> The dowger Lady Holland died on the 16th of November, 1846, in her seventy-sixth year.

1 Gentleman's Magazine for 1846, p. 91.

- GOOVIC

gards of his father's former friends and associates. But to render Holland House as heretofore, a place of intellectual and social agreeness of the most varied kind—to keep up its ancient celebrity as a rendezvous of the most distinguished personages of the day, the resort of "the high-thoughted spirits of the time," of all *renommées* in letters or in arts, of exalted positions in political life, is a consummation hardly to be expected.

The accomplishments and qualities of heart and mind which were united in the late Lord Holland are not so transmissible as titles, and estates, and without them Holland House never could have been what it was, or be again what it had been. They are characterized well and truly, in a few words, by an able writer in "The Examiner," which appeared at the time of the death of the late lord. The charm of his conversation had a power of fascination in it ; his mind was full of anecdotes, which were always happily introduced and exquisitely narrated. "Lord Holland was a benignant and accomplished man; the last and best of the Whigs of the old school. He was something more and better than a Whig of any school. He was ever true to the cause of civil and religious liberty-a friend of merit wherever it could be founda lover of literature, of an understanding thoroughly masculine, yet his taste was of a delicacy approaching to a fault. His opinions were maintained earnestly and energetically, but with a rare and beautiful candor-a wit without a particle of ill nature, he was of a joyous and a genial nature. He possessed the sunshine of the breast, and no one could approach him without feeling it."

### LORD ROSSLYN.

Sir James St. Clair Erskine, Bart., created Earl of Rosslyn in 1801, succeeded to the title and estates of his uncle, Lord Loughborough, in 1802, as second earl. His lordship was a general officer, colonel of the 9th regiment of Dragoons. He married, in 1790, the eldest daughter of the Honorable Edward Bouverie. He was a Councilor of State to the king in Scotland, and Lord Lieutenant of Fifeshire, and died in January, 1836, in his seventy-fifth year. Lord Rosslyn, on entering into politics, linked himself with the Tory party, and for some time, on all great questions and important occasions, he acted as whipper-in to his party. In 1829, we see by his letters what an active part he took in that capacity on the Catholic Question. His amiable qualities in private life endoared him to all who knew him, and caused him to be one of the most esteemed friends of Ledy Blessington.

## MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.

Constantine Henry Phipps, son of Henry, first Earl of Mulgrave, was born in 1797. He was educated at Harrow, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He married a daughter of Lord Ravensworth in 1818, and entered Parliament for the borough of Scarborough. His first speech in Parliament was on the Catholic Question, in which he strongly and ably advocated that object. His

next great display in Parliament was when he seconded Lord John Russell's earliest resolutions in favor of Reform, and went farther than the terms of those resolutions in promulgating his views on the general subject of Reform. The embarrassing circumstance of opposition to the political opinions of his father caused him to retire from Parliament for some time. He proceeded to the Continent, and resided two years in Italy, during which period an acquaintance with the Blessingtons took place. At the end of 1822 he again entered Parliament, and again distinguished himself as an able and undaunted advocate of Reform.

In April, 1831, he succeeded his father in the earldom of Mulgrave.

In 1832, at a very critical period, he was appointed Governor General of Jamaica.

Lord Mulgrave, having returned to England from Jamaics, and remained for some time not on very cordial terms with the ministry, was invited to take office under Lord Melbourne, and was appointed Lord Privy Seal, which office he held till the first break-up of the Melbourne ministry in 1834.

In May, 1835, on Lord Melbourne's return to office, he was appointed to the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

I have an intimate knowledge of the intentions and views of Lord Mulgrave when he entered on the duties of the office of the new viceroy in the government of Ireland. These intentions were, To deal with Ireland as if it was an English county, in a straightforward, manly, impartial manner : to know of no anomalies in its condition which could render it necessary to have one rule of right and justice, and one line of policy for the regulation of affairs of government when dealing with the people in Ireland, and another when the power of government was to be exercised in England over Englishmen, but to administer the laws in a spirit of equal and impartial justice toward all the King of England's subjects in Ireland : to make the magistracy respected, and to keep it respectable : to remove unfit men from the bench of magistrates, whether on account of their being bankrupts in fame or fortune, or fanatics, and furious political partisans : and by making no distinction between candidates for office on account or on pretense of religion, and by giving a civil character, as much as possible, to various subordinate services in the Castle, which had formerly been of a military kind; and by discountenancing the practice of packing juries, to make English government reverenced as well as feared in Ireland.

These intentions were calumniated by the selfish leaders of one party, and depreciated by the disappointed *pretendants* to exclusive Castle influence of another. The interests of Orangeism and Ribbonism, the pretensions of political factions, were not promoted by his rule, but England's imperial interest was greatly served by the government of Lord Mulgrave in Ireland.

In April, 1839, he resigned the vice-regal office, and was shortly after appointed Secretary to the Colonies, which office he held only from September till December of that year, when he was made Secretary of State for the Home Department, and continued in that office till September, 1841.

CHOOL

In 1846 he was appointed embassador to the court of France, and held that appointment till after the coup d'état, when he was succeeded by Lord Cowley.

Lord Normanby's first novel was "Matilda, a Tale of the Day;" the next, " Contrast ;" the last, " Yes and No."

The literary antecedents and dramatic tastes of his lordship might not have led to very large expectations of sudden and signal success in a political career for the young lord. But saven years did not slapes between the theatricals in Florence and those in Jamaica, in which the part of governor was played with great ability at a very critical period, and in front of a very unruly and adverse audience. As an eye-witness of the performance, I feel qualified to express an opinion on its merits.

The short but important government of Lord Normanby in Jamaica in 1833 and 1834, that had to prepare the way for the emancipation of the negroes, and to carry that measure into effect in the midst of difficulties that can hardly be overstated, was conducted with remarkable ability and courage. —courage that had to encounter, face to face, armed opponents of that measure, and astuteness that knew how, by blandishments and affability, to conciliate adversaries in council and assembly, and to make wives and daughters of refractory members ancillary to governmental objects.

To form any opinion of those difficulties that were encountered and overcome by Lord Normanby, it is necessary to have some idea of the constitution of the West India houses of Assembly, and to bear in mind the enormous change that was about to take place in West India affairs and interests.

In 1832, Lord Normanby's services were transferred to another stage, hardly less trying to the talents of a state actor than that of Jamaica. It is the fashion to underrate those talents that are very prominently and ostentatiously exhibited, and to argue that demonstrative men, who show them off to the most advantage they can on all occasions, are only intellectual coxcombs, whose inordinate vanity is incompatible with great qualities of mind. The fact is, that great qualities of mind are often found accompanied by an inordinate amount of self-esteem, sometimes prejudiced indeed by it, but not destroyed. From the political arena of party strife in Ireland, the lord—now Marquis of Normanby—after a repose of some years, in 1846 passed to another scene of turmoil in the diplomatic line, and performed the arduous duties of an embassador in Paris during the revolutionary horrors of 1848.

The eldest son of the Marquis of Normanby, George, Earl of Mulgrave, M.P., was born in 1819, and married in 1841.

### THE BARL OF WESTMORELAND.

Lord Burghersh, born in 1784, succeeded his father as eleventh Earl of Westmoreland in 1841. In 1811 he married a daughter of William Wellesley Pole, late Earl of Mornington, and for several years subsequently to his marriage resided on the Continent. He entered the army in 1803, and served in the expedition to Hanover in 1806 and 1807 as assistant adjutant general in Sicily; on board Admiral Duckworth's fleet in the action and passage of the Dardanelles; in Egypt, with the force under General Wauchope; served in Portugal in 1808 as adjutant general under Sir Arthur Wellesley, and in 1809 as extra aid-de-camp to Lord Wellington at the battle of Talavera; was appointed to a lieutenant colonelcy in 1811; in 1813 was accredited as military commissioner to the head-quarters of the allied armies in Germany under Prince Schwartzenberg; served in France in the campaign of 1814; was appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Florence in Angust, 1814; served with the Austrian army in the campaign against Naples in 1815; was made a Privy Councilor in 1822; he was British minister at the court of Florence in 1825; became a major general in 1825; was made a K.C.B. in 1838, and lieutenant general the same year; was appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Berlin in 1841; succeeded to the peerage in 1841; made G.C.B. in 1846; and transferred from Berlin to Vienna in 1848.

This nobleman, though not remarkable for exalted intellectual powers or high attainments of a literary kind, is much esteemed by those who know him for his upright principles and honorable character, his kindness of heart and amiable disposition. He is a great musical amateur, has composed several pieces, and has done much to promote musical art in England.

Lady Blessington, in her diary at Genoa, thus makes mention of the arrival in that city of Lord and Lady Burghersh, and of their popularity there being the same as it was in every other part of Italy :

"They have done much to efface the impression entertained by Italians that the English aristocracy are not much devoted to the fine arts, or prone to encourage them; for Lady Burghersh is said to be not only a *connaisseuse* in painting, but to have arrived at no mean excellence in it herself; while the kind-hearted and excellent Lord Burghersh is a proficient in music, and has composed some very charming things."

## LORD HOWDEN.

John Hobart Caradoc, Lord Howden, K.C.B., entered the army in 1815; served as aid-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington in 1817 and 1818; was attached to the embassy in Paris in 1825; charged with a special mission to Egypt and Greece in 1827; was present at the battle of Navarino same year; at the siege of Antwerp; was sent on a special mission to Spain in 1836; appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Rio Janeiro in 1847; and was transferred to Madrid in May, 1850. In Italy he was well acquainted with Lady Blessington.

### THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

The celebrated Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Stanhope, a renowned wit, a statesman, and man of letters, born in 1695, died without issue in 1773.

Google

The present earl, George Augustus Frederick, was born in 1805, succeeded to his father, Philip, fifth Earl of Chesterfield, in 1815. He married, in 1830, a daughter of the first Lord Forrester.

His lordship traveled in Italy previously to his marriage, and was intimately acquainted with Lady Blessington.

Chesterfield House was one of the places of fashionable resort of Count D'Orsay during his sojourn in London, which was most frequented by him. The old *renommée* of this house as a place of assemblage of distinguished persons, the foremost fashionables and wits of the day, was maintained for some years by the present earl. The friends of Lord Chesterfield speak warmly of his amiable, generous, and kindly disposition. Of his friendship for Lady  $B_{---}$ , and his generosity in the mode of evincing his regard and admiration, I have seen some very remarkable tokens. Among others, at the sale of the affects in Gore House, there was sold a portfolio of massive chased silver covers, with gold bands and clasp, which was stated by the auctioneer to have cost upward of £300.

## LORD GLENELG.

This nobleman, when Mr. Charles Grant, chief secretary for Ireland, as well as after his elevation to the peerage in 1835, and while he filled the office of colonial secretary, was intimately acquainted with Lady Blessington, and greatly estecmed and respected by her.

He is the son of the late Charles Grant, Esq., M.P. for Invernesshire, a member of a junior branch of the family of the Grants who were sheriffs of Inverness in the thirteenth century.

Lord Glenelg is a living instance of the facility with which a cry can be got up in England against a particular member of an administration beginning to be unpopular, by powerful or unscrupulous parties, whose views or interests may be impeded or prejudiced by the integrity and straightforwardness of his views in the discharge of his duties; and of the meanness of his colleagues, who may be led by selfish considerations to allow their colleague to be made a scapegoat and a sacrifice of atonement for their shortcomings and the sin of their unpopularity.

During the whole period of Lord Glenelg's tenure of office in the Colonial Office, I had ample opportunities of knowing, officially and practically, in the West Indies, the efficiency of his conduct in his office, and the deep interest he took in the abolition of slavery and the traffic in slaves; and having often need of all the countenance and protection I could get from my superiors at home for the discharge of very arduous and invidious duties, I had always reason to know any appeal of mine to Lord Glenelg could never be made in vain. It is a gratification to me to have an opportunity of making this avowal of my sentiments with respect to a very honest, ill used, and misrepresented public servant.

## THE BARL OF CARLISLE.

The Honorable George William Frederick Howard, son of George, sixth Earl of Carlisle, made the acquaintance of Lady Blessington in 1824 at Naples, and, as her journals inform us, was one of her most intimate acquaintances and constant companions to the remarkable places and monuments of antiquity in the vicinity of Naples.

In May, 1824, Mr. Howard accompanied her ladyship to Pastum, and one that occasion presented Lady Blessington with a poem written by himself, entitled "Pastum," which will be found at page 93 of vol. i. of this work. The original document is endorsed by Lady Blessington, "A Prize Poem, given by Lord Morpeth to me at Naples in 1824."

The present peer graduated at Christ Church, Oxford. From his earliest years he was addicted to literary pursuits, and cultivated a taste for poetry with some success. He contributed to the Annuals edited by Lady Blessington articles in prose and verse, till political cares and senatorial duties seemed to him incompatible with flirtations with the Muses; and as such, he declined Lady Blessington's last pressing application for a contribution to her Album. As Lord Morpeth, he was well and advantageously known in Ireland, in the office of Chief Secretary, from 1835 to 1841, the period of the career of his lordship most honorable to his character, and creditable to his talents and integrity. Subsequently he filled the office of Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests. He was born in 1802, and succeeded his father in 1848.

### THE MARQUESS OF CLANEICARDE.

The marquess was one of the friends of Lady Blessington, in whose steadfast kindness and regard she placed the highest confidence. This nobleman is known better and more advantageously to private friends than to the public. To the latter he is merely known as a respectable, upright, painstaking, and efficient servant of the state, in every high office he has filled, whether of a minister at a forsign court, a postmaster general, or a member of the present government. To private friends he is known as a man of amiable disposition, prompt to serve his friends, and unchangeable in his friendship.

The marquess was born in 1802, succeeded his father in the earldom in 1808; was created marquess in 1825, and married, the same year, the only daughter of the Right Honorable George Canning, and has issue seven children, the eldest of whom, Lord Dunkellin, born in 1827, is a captain in the Coldstream Guards (recently a prisoner in the hands of the Russians). The marquess was formerly embassador extraordinary at the court of St. Petersburg, and in 1850 filled the office of postmaster general.

From the house of Clanricarde (the family of De Burgh) was derived the Viscounts Bourkes, of Mayo, long since extinct in Ireland, but not so in Spain. The title, honors, and arms of the Viscount Bourkes, of Mayo, are still claimed by a descendant of the representative of the ancient family, who was ex-

-- Google

pstriated after the battle of the Boyne, and, having acquired distinction in the Spanish service, was ennobled by the Spanish sovereign.

In 1845 I was introduced in Madrid to the Spanish grandee who claims the title of Viscount Mayo.

## LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Lord John, third son of the late Duke of Bedford, by the second daughter of George, Viscount Torrington, was born in August, 1792. Ho was placed at school first at Sunbury, from whence he was removed to Westminster, and thence to Cambridge, where his education was completed. Long before Lord John made his débût on the stage of Parliament, took a leading part in politics, and addressed polemical epistles to Episcopal performers in statechurch panics, he figured in theatricals of another sort (on one occasion in the character of "Friz"), and composed epilogues, which were recited by him at private plays "with due emphasis and discretion." It is curious to see in this notice of Lord John's first appearance on any stage an account of another young gentleman, on the same occasion, reciting an epilogue also, and favoring the company with some songs of his own composition, who was destined to become a great poet, and, some forty-five years later, to have Lord John Russell, a great statesman, for his biographer.

When Moore and Russell made their appearance on the same stage in Dublin, January 22, 1807, Moore was twenty-eight years old, and Lord John fifteen years of age.

During the viceroyalty of the Duke of Bedford, the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham, near Dublin, was the scene of fashionable festivity, accompanied with private dramatic entertainments, which are recorded in the pages of the "Dublin Evening Post" of that period.

In the "Post" of January 22, 1807, an account is given of a fancy ball and a "dramatic exhibition," attended by the Duke and Duchess of Bedford.

"On Monday evening there was a select party of about one hundred, at which the Duko and Duchess of Bedford also were present as part of the audience, to see a dramatic exhibition, cast in the following manner for the farce 'Of Age To-morrow :'

	114 678.
Frederick	
Baron Pistlebe	rg Hon. Mr. H. Stanhope.
Molkus	
Friz	Lord John Russell.

#### Women.

Lady Bromback Lady	C.	Stanhope.
SophiaLady	C.	A. Stanhope.
Maria Lady	Α.	M. Stanhope.

"The quarrel of Brutus and Cassius was admirably recited by the Marquis of Tavistock and the Hon. Mr. Henry Stanhope, the former particularly excellent.

"The farce 'Of Age To-morrow' was pleasingly executed by the dramatis persons, and gave universal satisfaction to the company.

"Lord John Russell delivered with due emphasis and discretion a very neat epilogue of his own composition, which did equal honor to his poetic taste and recitation; and Anacreon Moore also repeated some lines by way of epilogue, which, we understand, were from the pen of Mr. Atkinson, and we hope at some future day to be favored with a copy of both those pieces.

"Between the acts, Mr. Moore favored the company with some of his lyric compositions, which, as usual, charmed every ear.

"The ballet, conducted by Mr. J. Crampton,\* in which the charming family of the Stanhopes joined, was elegantly executed and highly applauded; and, in fine, the tout ensemble of the evening's amusement was every way entertaining."

Doubtless the *tout ensemble* of that evening's amusements were far more entertaining than the performances in which Lord John has played so distinguished a part since the year 1813 to the present period.

Lord John's parliamentary career commenced in 1813. He set out in political life an adherent of the party who supported Mr. Fox's principles, and adopted his watchwords—Civil and Religious Liberty, and Parliamentary Reform. He represented Tavistock from July, 1813, till March, 1817, and also from 1818 till March, 1819; Huntingdonshire from 1820 till 1826, and sat for Bandon Bridge from 1826 till 1830; was made a Privy Councilor in 1830; filled the office of Paymaster of the Forces from December, 1830, till the end of December, 1834; was returned for Devon in 1831; sat for South Devon from 1832 till 1835; filled the office of Secretary of State for the Home Department from 1835 to August, 1839. He represented Stroud from 1835 to 1841; filled the office of Secretary of State for the Home Dupartment, 1841; and has represented the city of London since July, 1841. He was First Lord of the Treasury from July, 1846, to February, 1852; was Secretary of State for Foreign affairs, ad interim, from December, 1852, till February 20, 1853, and is now President of the Council.

The principal great events of Lord John's career are comprised in the following data :

In 1815 he opposed the war against Napoleon, when the latter escaped from Elba, on the principle of non-interference in the affairs of self-government of foreign nations.

In the same year he published his first literary work, "The Life of Lord William Russell."

In 1817 he denounced Lord Castlereagh's Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

\* The brother of one of Ireland's most celebrated medical men, Sir Philip Crampton.

Control

In 1819 he made his first motion in favor of Parliamentary Reform.

In 1820-1 he took an active part in behalf of Queen Caroline.

In 1822 he made another motion for Parliamentary Reform with great effect, and had 164 supporters.

In the same year he proposed a measure of Reform, one of the propositions of which was the abolition of the rotten boroughs, and a pecuniary compensation to the owners of them, deeming it would be "a wise economy to expend a million of money in the purchase," &c.

In 1826 he renewed his efforts for Parliamentary Reform, and procured the second reading and committal of a bill for transferring the principle of returning members for small corrupt boroughs to others more popular and wealthy.

In 1828 he proposed a measure for the repeal of the Test Acts, which was carried in the Commons, but only passed the Lords after such mutilations as to render it, in the opinion of many of its supporters, a nullity.

In 1829 he zealously advocated the cause of Catholic Emancipation, of which measure he has been an old, able, and conscientious advocate.

In 1830 he moved for leave to bring in a bill to enable Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds to return members to Parliament, but the motion was lost by a majority of 48.

In the same year he spoke in favor of a motion for the removal of Jewish Disabilities.

In the same year he opposed O'Connell's proposed plan of Parliamentary Reform, including the ballot, universal suffrage, and triennial Parliaments.

On the 1st of March (1831), being appointed Paymaster of the Forces on Lord Grey's administration, he submitted to the House his scheme of Parliamentary Reform—the first governmental proposition of that kind; when the second reading was carried by a majority of one, in a house of 603 members.

On the 24th of April following, Parliament having been dissolved, he again submitted his measure, and had a majority of 136. After going through the committee, it was read a third time the 20th of September, and passed by a majority of 109. In October the bill was lost in the Lords.

In October, same year, ministers again brought in their bill, "revised and improved," and Lord John carried it through the Commons without a division on the 23d of March, 1832.

On the 27th of March, ministers being defeated in the House of Lords, resigned; but, by the advice of the Duke of Wellington, they were recalledbrought forward their measure *de novo* in the Lords, and carried it.

In 1833 Lord John gave his strenuous aid to the governmental measure for the abolition of negro slavery.

In 1834 he brought forward a measure to enable Dissenters to marry in their own places of worship.

The 30th of March, 1935, he moved for "a Committee of the whole Church to consider the Temporalities of the Church of Ireland." He argued, on that occasion, that the surplus revenues ought to be appropriated to purposes of

general aducation. His motion was carried by a majority of 33 in a house of 611 members, a result which eventually caused the resignation of Sir Robert Peel's government.

In June, 1835, being Secretary of State for the Home Department, he brought forward his great measure of Municipal Reform in England, which was carried through both houses, and was followed eventually by a Municipal Reform Bill for Ireland.

In 1841 he attempted unsuccessfully the reduction of the Sugar Duties, and subsequently, the same year, proposed a fixed duty of 8s. on corn instead of the protection sliding scale.

In 1845, Peel being in office, Lord John wrote a letter from Edinburgh declaring his conversion to total repeal of the corn laws.

In 1850 Lord John addressed a letter to the Bishop of Durham, which answered a temporary purpose in Parliament, and furnished Mr. D'Israeli with a model epistolary composition for similar use on a like emergency in " the Recess."

In 1851, Lord John, being First Lord of the Treasury, proposed a plan for a Local Militia Force, which was successfully opposed by Lord Palmerston, and being defeated, he resigned.

The recent career of his lordship is too well known to need any reference to.

### LADY CHARLEVILLE.

The late Dowager Lady Charleville was the daughter of Thomas Tomlins Dawson, Esq., a member of the family ennobled in the person of the first Lord Cremore. She was educated chieffy in France, and, though a Protestant, received the best part of her education in a French convent previously to the French Revolution. Soon after her return to Ircland she was married to James Tisdale, Esq., of the county Louth. He died in 1797, and one daughter by this marriage, Maria Tisdale, who married Dean Marlay, survived both her parents, and her husband also. In 1798 she married Charles William, Lord Tullamore, who in 1800 was created Viscount Tollamore, and in 1806 Earl of Charleville. Prior to her marriage, in the early part of 1798, her name was disagreeably connected with a translation of Voltaire's "Pucelle d'Orleans," made and printed for private circulation some time previously to her second marriage by Lord Tullamore.

Her co-operation in the translation was intimated in a satirical poem, published in 1804, entitled "A Familiar Epistle to Frederick Jones, Esq.," manager of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, ascribed to an Irish barrister, briefless, but not brainless, now a Privy Councilor, an Admiralty official, a renowned and a redoubtable Quarterly Reviewer. In a recent number of "The Gentleman's Magazine," it is stated that, in a note to the satire above referred to, Lord Tullamere's English version of the "Pucelle" was said to be indebted to "lawn sleeves and gauze petticoats"—the lawn sleeves being understood to belong to the late Bishop Marlay, and the petticoats to Lady Charleville.\*

" Vide " Gentleman's Magazine," 1651, Part i . p. 429

- Grocy C

The note in question, which I copy from the fourth edition of the satire, published in 1805, makes no allusion to "lawn sleeves and gauze petticoats," but to the "bipennifer arcs" of the reputed translation of the "Pucelle."\*

Lady Charleville invariably denied having had any thing whatever to do with the work referred to, and there can be very little doubt but that the imputation was utterly unfounded. Lady Charleville, though partly educated in a Roman Catholic convent, was what is termed "a stanch Protestant" in her religious opinions, but she was no bigot; and while residing among her husband's tenantry at Charleville, in the King's county, she promoted the interests of the poor of all denominations, without respect to creed or franchiso politics. She died in London in 1852.

She had lost the use of her lower extremities for a great many years before her death; and though she went into society, and frequently rode out, she had to be carried to her chair or carriage, or moved about her apartment in a sort of Bath chair at her solries and conversationes, which, at the period I had the honor of her acquaintance, from 1833 to 1835, were hardly exceeded by any in London for their agreeableness and the brilliancy of intellectual enjoyments that were found in them.

The Earl of Charleville died in October, 1835, reduced to a state of helplessness by disease of a paralytic nature, that was painful to witness for many years before his death. He was a generous and a kind-hearted man, addicted to literature, and partial to the society of literary men.

### THE PRINCE MICHAEL SOUTZO.

The Prince Michael Soutzo was formerly Hospodar of Moldavia; a man of very superior abilities and most polished manners, whose varied life and vicissitudes of fortune were full of interest, and many of the episodes in whose career were as romantic as remarkable. In 1826 and 1827, the prince and his family were residing in Pisa, where a little colony of Greeks was established, among whom were some of the highest families of the Fanaar. The Prince Carragia, the Hospodar of Wallachia, the Greek Archbishop of Mitylene, and the Prince Soutzo, resided in the Palazzo Lanfranchi, in which Byron had lived.

In May, 1827, Lady Blessington gave a dinner in the forest of Pisa to the Prince and Princess Soutzo, the Duchess de Guiche, the Prince and Princess Constantine Carragia, and several Greek notabilities of the Fanaar and of Wallachia, some of whom probably were indebted for the advantage of hav-

• "'Multa morum elegantia," and perhaps I may even add 'ingenio illustris," will Lord Charleville permit me to say that I do not approve the expenditure of his taste and talents on a certain translation attributed to him? I know that, like Ovid's personage, it has been said to be bipennifer area; but this I can hardly believe. I am happy, however, to be able to offer to my Lord Charleville the unmingled praise of being a generous and knowing patron of learning, and a most amiable and honorable gentleman."—Familiar Epistle to F. Jones. 4th ed., Dublin, p. 61.

VOL. II.-Z

ing heads on their shoulders to the circumstance of having had the happiness to realize the blessings of exile in a foreign land.

Lady Blessington speaks of the Greek acquaintances she made at Pisa as friends. "They were clever, intelligent, and amiable." "The talents of the Prince Soutzo were too remarkable not to place him in a distinguished position whenever his country was sufficiently tranquil to permit a government to be established, in which doubtless he would be called to fill an important aituation. She had never known a more interesting family than his, nor one in which talent and worth were so united."

#### GEORGE BYNG, ESQ., M.P.

Poodle Byng is better known to London celebrities than George Byng. Esq., of Wrotham Park, Middlesex. Mr. Byng, brother to Lord Strafford, was born in London in 1764, the eldest son of the Right Honorable Robert Byng, by Anne, daughter of the Right Honorable William Conolly, of Castletown, in Ireland, granddaughter of Thomas, Earl of Strafford, and sister to the Countess of Buckinghamshire. In 1788 he became a candidate for the representation of Maidstone, but was defeated. In 1790 he was returned for Middiesex, on the Liberal interest, on the retirement of John Wilkes. From that time till he expired, he never ceased to represent the great metropolitan county. Mr. Byng could boast what few members of Parliament were ever able to hoast : for a period of fifty-six years he enjoyed the confidence of his constituents, and was returned by their suffrages to sixteen Parliaments. Middlesex contains three parts of the city of London. Its two representatives, therefore, are regarded as the most influential members in the House, as representing especially the commercial interests of England. All Mr. Byng's sympathies were with the Whigs, yet he was respected and esteemed for his integrity and consistency by his political opponents. "He was a thoroughbred, true-hearted gentleman, a stanch partisan, and, on the whole, diligent in the discharge of his public duties, yet neither learned, eloquent, nor profound."\*

On the last day of the year 1846, Mr. Byng, finding old age and infimities beginning to interfere with his parliamentary duties, then in his eighty-third year, addressed the electors of Middleser, and in his address observed : " J am, I believe, the oldest member of either house of the Legislature, and I entertain the deepest feeling of gratitude and thankfulness to Divine Providence that my life has been spared to witness the accomplishment of all the great measures of public policy which I was early taught by my most dear and valued friend, Mr. Fox, to be essential to the security and perfect development of the English Constitution." This was a fitting close of a long career of a consistent Whig politician. Mr. Byng, ten days after he published this farewell address to his constituents, had departed this life. He died on the 10th of January, 1847. Mr. Byng married, in early life, Harriet, eighth daughter of

\* Gentleman's Magazine, 1847. p. 309.

ChOOV 0

Sir William Montgomery, Bart., of Maybec Hill, county Peebles, whose sister had married the first Viscount Mountjoy, father of the late Earl of Blessington.

### THE RIGHT HON. E. CUTLAR FERGUSON.

This gentleman, descended from an old and honorable Scotch family, in the early part of his career was an ardent admirer of Mirabeau, one of "the friends of the people," a sympathizer with the Scotch Reformers, and with those of Ireland who were rather in advance of Reform. So early as 1792, he published a pamphlet entitled "The Proposed Reform in the Representation of the Counties of Scotland considered." In 1798, being intimately acquainted with Arthur O'Connor and his associates, then proceeding on a treasonable mission to France, he attended the trial of O'Connor at Maidstone; and at the termination of it, an attempt being made to effect the escape of O'Connor, the Earl of Thanet and Mr. Ferguson were charged with joining in the attempted rescue, for which they were tried, convicted, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. Lord Thanet was imprisoned in the Tower, Mr. Ferguson in the King's Bench prison. In 1799, Mr. Ferguson published an account of the proceedings against him and Lord Thanet. In 1797 he had been called to the bar, but his reforming principles excluded him from all patronage, and any chance of practice at his profession at home. He went to India, and followed his profession there with honor and emolument, and returned after twenty years' absence with an improvement in his position, but no change in his liberal principles. He was returned for his native county to Parliament in 1826. In Parliament and out of it, he was an able, eloquent, and energetic champion of the cause of Poland and its unfortunate people. In 1834 he was appointed Judge Advocate General, and also a Privy Councilor. He died at Paris, in his seventieth year, in November, 1839.

### SIE THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

The father of Sir Thomas was a brewer, at Reading, in Berkshire. Thomas was born in January, 1795. He gained a scholarship at the grammar-school at Reading under Dr. Valpy. While a boy, he showed a taste for versifying, and a turn for literature and politics. At eighteen he came to London, to study law under Chitty, the pleader. He published, in periodicals of that period, some papers in favor of religious toleration. In 1815 he wrote critiques on poetry and literature, which led to his first acquaintance with literary men in London. In 1821 he was called to the bar, and the following year married a Miss Rutt, eldest daughter of J. I. Rutt, Esq., of Clapton. He found time, while pursuing his professional avocations, to produce the successful tragedy of "Ion" in 1836, and subsequently two plays, "The Athenian Captive" and "Glencoe," which were of inferior merit to the former drama. His "Vacation Rambles" did not contribute much to his literary fame. He acquired eminence in every position in which he was placed: as a leading member of the bar—a member of Parliament—a sergeant at law; and finally, in

1849, as one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas. The career of this eminent and good man, from his onset in life to the recent close of it on the bench, was in keeping-uniformly entitled to the admiration of all thinking and good men. Talfourd, seeking eminence in his profession, distinction in literature, renown in his judicial capacity, was always true to the interests of humanity and of literature. He had strong sympathies with his fellow-men -with poverty and suffering. He had a sound taste in matters appertaining to art and letters, and kindly feelings toward those who cultivated those pur-It has been truly said that "the noble sentiments uttered by Justice suits. Talfourd in his last moments gave a charm to his sudden death, and shed a hallowed beauty about the painfully closing scene of this great man. They forcibly illustrated the loving soul, the kind heart, and the amiable character of this deeply-lamented judge." After speaking of the peculiar aspect of crime in that part of the country where he delivered his last charge, he went on to say :

"I can not help myself thinking it may be in no small degree attributable to that separation between class and class, which is the great curse of British society, and for which we are all, more or less, in our respective spheres, in some degree responsible, and which is more complete in these districts than in agricultural districts, where the resident gentry are enabled to shed around them the blessings resulting from the exercise of benevolence, and the influence and example of active kindness. I am afraid we all of us keep too much aloof from those beneath us, and whom we thus encourage to look upon us with suspicion and dislike. Even to our servants we think, perhaps, we fulfill our duty when we perform our contract with them ; when we pay them their wages, and treat them with the civility consistent with our habits and feelings; when we curb our temper, and use no violent expressions toward them. But how painful is the thought, that there are men and women growing up around us, ministering to our comforts and necessities, continually inmates of our dwellings, with whose affections and nature we are as much unacquainted as if they were the inhabitants of some other sphere. This feeling, arising from that kind of reserve peculiar to the English character, does, I think, greatly tend to prevent that mingling of class with class, that reciprocation of kind words and gentle affections, gracious admonitions and kind inquiries, which often, more than any book-education, tend to the culture of the affections of the heart, refinement and elevation of the character of those to whom they are addressed. And if I were to be asked what is the great want of English society, to mingle class with class, I would say, in one word, the want of sympathy."\*

From Sergeant Talfourd to Lady Blessington :

" My DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON, -On my return from Scotland on Saturday, Notes and Queries, April 29, 1834.

discost.

I found your charming work, some foretaste of the delicate beauties of which I had enjoyed in the extracts of the Examiner, and for the full enjoyment of which I have now heartily to thank you.

"The airy graces of its style, and the loveliness of its illustrations, came upon me very opportunely between the perils and distresses of a most tumultuous passage, and the stormy duties which compelled me to leave home today for this place, where I have to undergo many dinners, &c., for the next ten days. From those whom it was delightful to visit when they were no more than friends, and whom now I shrink from as if they were creditors, I turn to your book for recreation.

"I remain, dear Lady Blessington, ever faithfully yours,

"T. N. TALFOUED."

### GENERAL THE HON. EDMUND PHIPPS.

Edmund, the fourth son of Constantine, first Lord Mulgrave, was born in 1760. He entered in the army in 1780. He served in Jamaica, Gibraltar, in the Low Countries, and in England and Ireland; obtained various honors and preferments, and attained the full rank of general in 1819. He entered Parliament in 1794 for the borough of Scarborough. He was re-elected at each subsequent election till that of 1832, when he retired.

General Phipps was the uncle of the present Marquess of Normanby. He possessed refined literary tastes, and an excellent judgment in literary matters, and extensive information; mingled for upward of half a century with the most emizent and talented men of his time, and was greatly loved by all who knew him. He died in Venice on the 14th of September, 1837, after a few days' illness, without issue.

## WILLIAM GODWIN, ESQ.

The author of "Caleb Williams" was born at Wisbeach in 1756. He was the son of a Calvinist minister, and was educated for the ministry at the Dissenters' College at Hoxton, under Rees and Kippis.

In 1778 he was appointed to a congregation at Stowmarket, in Suffolk. About 1782 he abandoned the Church, and devoted himself to literature. His first published work, entitled "Sketches of History," appeared in 1784. Soon after the outbreak of the French Revolution, he was engaged as a writer in "The New Annual Register." A work of his attracted very extensive notice, entitled "Political Justice," in 1793. This performance, on account of the novelty and boldness of its doctrines, brought down a tempest of wrath and reprehension on his head : this work was followed by "Caleb Williams," which fully established his reputation. In 1797, his work "The Inquirer" appeared ; a little later, "St. Leon;" in 1801, a tragedy, produced at Drury Lane, called "Antonio;" and in 1804, "The Life of Chaucer," and "Fleetwood." Till 1817 he was almost lost sight of by the public, when he published ed his novel, "Mandeville." In the interim, he was engaged in London on a

small scale in the bookselling trade, but was unsuccessful in it. For many years subsequently he gave himself up wholly to literature : at various intervals appeared "An Essay on Sepulchral Monuments," "A Reply to Malthus on Population," "The History of the Commonwealth," "Cloudesley." "The Lives of the Necromancers," &c. Mr. Godwin was twice married. His first wife, whom he married in 1797, was the celebrated Mary Woolstoneuraft, by whom he had one daughter, the late Mrs. Shelley. In 1801 he married a widow lady, who survived him.

While struggling for his support in London in a small bookselling business, he published several little books for the instruction and amusement of children, under the name.of Edward Baklwin. He was continually engaged in literature, likewise, as a contributor to various publications, and a compiler of several biographies.

His private worth, lofty sentiment, and originality of mind, his courteous manners and pleasing address, gained him the friendship of some of the great men of his age—Fox, Sheridan, Macintosh, Grattan, and Curran.

For his very ably-written and successful novel, "Caleb Williams," he received only £84, while for the most hastily-written, and perhaps the most trashy of all his works, "An Inquiry into Political Justice," he was paid £700; and for a novel of far inferior merit to that of "Caleb Williams," "St. Leon," he got 400 guineas.

His last years were made comfortable by an appointment of Yeoman Usher in the Court of Exchequer during Earl Grey's tenure of office, which office he retained till his death, which took place in Palace Yard, April 7th, 1836, in his eighty-first year.

Godwin was one of the earliest of the literary friends of Lady Blessington in London.

## JAMES PEREY, ESQ.

Mr. Perry, born in 1756, was a native of Aberdeen, at which University he was educated, and then removed to London, where he applied himself to the law, and was called to the bar; but, devoting himself to politics, and becoming proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle," he relinquished the legal profession. He settled in London in 1777. He wrote for the "General Advertiser" and "London Evening Post" for some years; subsequently established the "European Magazine," and soon afterward became editor of "The Gazette." Having purchased the "Morning Chronicle," he raised that paper to the first eminence among the public journals.

In 1810, an ex-officio prosecution, for an alleged libel on the House of Lords, was instituted against him in the King's Bench; and the result of this prosecution was the imprisonment for three months of Mr. Perry in Newgate.

Shortly before Lord Blessington's second marriage, Mr. Perry, then a stranger to his lordship, did an act worthy of an honorable man : he refused to allow his paper to be made the vehicle of a foul calumny, intended to give an-

- GOOD C

noyance to the feelings of his lordship, and injury to the character of another person, respecting the death of a gentleman who had recently met his death in the Fleet Prison by falling through a window in a state of inebriety—Captain Farmer.

Mr. Perry died on the 4th of December, 1821, in his sixty-sixth year.

The original publisher and proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle" was Mr. William Woodfall.

In the latter years of Mr. Perry's life he drew a very large income from the paper (larger than the future prosperity of the paper justified, upward of  $\pm 10,000$  a year).

On the death of Mr. Perry in 1821, the "Morning Chronicle" was purchased by William Clement, Esq., editor and proprietor of the "Observer," for £40,000, payable by installments of £10,000 each. In 1834, struggling with great difficulties, Mr. Clement sold the "Chronicle" to Mr. John Easthope for about a quarter of the sum he had paid for it.

Mr. Clement died in 1852.

#### JOHN ALLEN, ESQ.,

one of the visitors at Seamore Place, the intimate friend of Lord Holland, the inmate for many years of his house, "one of the most acute and learned of our constitutional antiquaries,"\* died on the 3d of April, 1843, in his seventythird year, in South Street.

Mr. Allen was born in 1770, at Redford, a few miles west of Edinbro'. He graduated at the University of Edinburgh as M.D. in 1791, and in 1792 was associated with the Scotch Reformers, Muir and Palmer, in their political efforts for reform. Since the beginning of the present century he was almost a constant inmate of Holland House, and after the death of Lord Holland continued to reside there for some years. Mr. Allen contributed largely to the "Edinburgh Review." He was profoundly versed in history, and singularly clever in unraveling difficulties, and applying his knowledge of past times to present circumstances, and passing subjects of public or literary interest.

For upward of forty years Mr. Allen mingled with the scientific and literary society of Holland House; in the library of Holland House, and in its salons, with the best books, "in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science had its place,"t and the most distinguished people. Mr. Allen passed as long a period in literary and social ease and enjoyment as Mosca passed in the wilderness, wandering in dismal and dreary places. Mr. Allen was one of the members of the Commission of Public Records, and a master of Dulwich College.

#### SIR DAVID WILLEIR, R.A.

Lady Blessington made the acquaintance of Wilkie in Italy. In her journal at Pisa in March, 1827, she mentions the celebrated painter spending a Str James Macintosh. † Macaulay, of Holland House.-Ed. Rev.

few days with her. Elsewhere she frequently alludes to his remarkable simpplicity and amiability of disposition.

When deeply engaged in his professional pursuits, his whole mind was absorbed in them. He was so abstracted when thus engaged, that passing occurrences, or the entrance of visitors and presence of persons in his studio often seemed unperceived by him. His friends recounted many amusing traits of his absence of mind and characteristic simplicity, and no doubt embellished many of them.

He is represented as lamenting in his studio an act of savagery committed in his absence—"his model had been eaten in it." The model thus made away with turned out to be a biscuit which he had been "painting from nature."

Wilkie had extreme difficulty in comprehending the point of a good joke, and a strange propensity to make puns, which, however well begun, always ended abortively.

Lady Blessington used to tell of his being found once at a friend's house in a deep reverie, contemplating some repairs that were being made on the roof of the house, and while striving hard to effect a pun on the word roof, repeating aloud, "Rufus! Rufus! yes, there was a monarch of that name : dilapidated houses might well cry out . . . ." then, looking up at the roof, exclaiming, "Yes, truly something might be made of it," and then abandoning the attempt, failing to do any thing successful with his embryo pun.

Wilkie commenced his career in London in 1805 with his Village Politicians. He was one of those fortunate children of genius who commence their career with complete success—who go to bed on a particular night unknown and unappreciated, awaken the next day, rise with the sun shining on their fortunes, and find themselves famous all at once.\*

From 1825 to 1828, ill health of mind and body compelled Wilkie to cease his more arduous labors, and to make a Continental tour in Spain and Italy. In the latter country his head-quarters were chiefly at Rome.

In 1814 he was again obliged to shandon his occupation and to travel for his health. He proceeded to the East, and returned to his own land no more.

The works of Wilkie, like those of Hogarth, possess one great claim to admiration, which caprice or fashion, and the revolutions in art, and style, and taste, can never seriously affect. They are true to nature, and they are indicative of generous feelings and general sympathies with humanity at large.

\* The following was the succession of Wilkis's principal works from 1805 to 1825: "The Village Foliticians," in 1805: "The Blind Fiddler," 1807; "The Card Player," 1808; "The Cut Finger," 1809; "The Rent Day," 1809: "Boys Digging for Rats," 1811; "A Game-keeper," same year: "Blind Man's Buff," 1819; "The Village Fostival." 1813; "The Letter of Introduction," 1814; "Distraining for Rent," 1815; "The Rabbit on the Wall," 1810; "The Breakfast," 1817; "The Errand Boy," 1818: "The Abbotsford Famity," 1810; "The Penny Wedding," 1820; "The Reading of the Will," 1821; "The Newsmongers," 1822; "The Chelsen Pennioners," 1823; "The Parisb Beadle," 1824; "The Smugglars," 1825; dec., dec.

Wilkie was born at Culls, near Cupar, in Fifeshire, in 1785. He died in the Roads of Gibraltar, on the 1st of June, 1841, on board the Oriental, on his return from Egypt, in his fifty-fifth year.

## DANIEL MACLINE, R.A.

The city of Cork has given some very eminent men to art and literature. Daniel Maclise was born in Cork in 1811. From his earliest years he manifested a great taste for art and considerable talents for drawing. The desk of a banking house was relinquished by him for the easel before he was sixteen. He commenced his career as a professional artist by painting portraits, and drawing landscapes and eletches of the peasantry in his rambles in search of the picturesque along the banks of the Blackwater, and at a later period of the Avon and Avoca, and the grotesque in all congregations of the people, at fairs, wakes, weddings, and patterns.

Young Macline studied, not only in his profession, in galleries and studies, but for it in anatomical schools, and even in dissecting rooms; and likewise in libraries he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the history of art and artists.

The first drawing of his that was exhibited in the Royal Academy, Somerset House, was in 1828. He was successful from the start in London in that year. He obtained two prizes before he was twelve months in London; one for a drawing after the antique, another for a copy of a Guido.\*

After having studied in the Paris galleries for some time, he commenced his career in London in oil painting on a large scale, and obtained the gold medal of the Academy in 1831 for his "Choice of Hercules." From that period his status in English art was determined—his succeeding works were so many successive triumphs. His principal productions appeared in the following order:

1832, "Allhallows' Eve;" 1833, "Love Adventure of Francis;" 1834, "The Installation of Captain Rock," and "Illustrations of Bulwer's Pilgrims of the Rhine;" 1835, "The Ladies and the Pescock:" between that period and 1840, when he was elected a Royal Academician, he painted some of his best works, among which were the "Interview between Charles I. and Cromwell;" "Macbeth and the Witches:" since 1840, his numerous works have established his early fame. Few modern artists have produced so many works, sock of which have been unsuccessful.

The artist who painted "Malvolio smiling on Olivia," "The Banquet Scene in Macbeth," "Scene from Undine." and "Macready as Werner," has

\* Cork can boast of having given birth to many very distinguished artists. Rogers, "the father of landscape painting in Ireland;" his pupil Butts, who commenced his career as a scene-painter at Crow Street Theatre; Nathaniel Grogan, a self-taught artist, a man of considerable talents; John Corbet, an eminent portrait painter; Barry, the celebrated painter; Rogan, one of the first of living British aculptors; and lastly, Macline, the subject of this brief notice.

ChOOV 0

condescended to lend his talents to the illustration of Magazines and Amnuals, and even, in his early days, to contribute his poetical talents to some of them.

Lady Blessington was frequently indebted to him for sketches for her "Keepsake" and "Book of Beauty," which illustrations contributed not a little to their success.

Maclise was a constant visitor and a favored guest at Gore House. D'Orsay had a great regard for him, and was an enthusiastic admirer of his works.

### SIR BOWIN LANDSEER, K.B., B.A.

The father of the renowned and unrivaled painter of animals was an emgraver of celebrity. Edwin Landseer was born in 1803. He has great merits, not merely as a painter of deer, and dogs, and horses, but as an artist, most akillful in his delineation of human figure, and of original genius in the representation of vast aubjects, in small isolated series of individualized parts, conceived and wrought with such powers of comprehension and concentration, that in a single episode of "Peace" and "War," all the blessings of the former and all the horrors of the latter are conveyed to the mind of the person who looks on those master-pieces. Landseer, true to the dignified character of high art, has not lent its aid to the glorifications of war in the great picture of his which bears that name. He represents war in one of its results —a desolated rural scene, distant gleams of configration, a lurid sky, a wasted garden, a rural peasant hut; and all that we have of the immediate horrors of battle is a dead horse, and the rider slain with the foot stretched across the saddle.

This eminent artist was elected a Royal Academician in 1631, and was created a K.B. in 1850.

It has been my good fortune on several occasions to have met this distinguished artist at Lady Blessington's.

Few of the frequenters of Gore Honse were more sincerely esteemed and more kindly received, on all occasions, than Sir E. Landseer. Independently of his great eminence in his profession, the wonderful fidelity of his representations, so true to nature, so full of originality, poetry, and quaintness of conception, so perfect in touch and execution; his social qualities, his facility for diffusing pleasure, and being pleased by those around him; his anecdotal talent, his refined tastes and manners, secured him a hearty welcomption every circle, and the most distinguished society. There is in Landseer's compositions an exquisite delicacy of organization, an acute sense of perception of all that is harmonious in nature or art, a nervous susceptibility of all impressions, pleasing or poetical, such as it would be difficult to find in other artists. His chefe d'œuvre are "The Highland Drovers," "Laying down the Law," "Bolton Abbey," "Lady and Spaniels," "The Sanctuary," "The Challenge," "High Life and Low Life," "Jack in Office," "Shepherd's Grave and Chief Mourner."

ChOOV C

#### BENJAMIN ROBERT HATDON, ESQ.

The recently published life of this great artist, from his Autobiography and Journal (edited by Tom Taylor and Son, 1853), exhibits the struggles of a man of high purposes, and bold, independent mind, who braved all sorts of enmities and opposition for one glorious object—the elevation of the art of his country. He waged this war, that began in manhood and ended with his life, without wealth, title, powerful patronage, or protection.

His style of painting, with all its grandeur and with least of its defects, is best exhibited in his "Solomon," "Jerusalem," "Dentatus," "Macbeth," "Napoleon," "Lazarus," "The Mock Election," "Eucles," "Aristides," and "Curtius." Haydon's style of writing—perspicuous, vigorous, and pithy, is shown to the best advantage in his diaries, and to the least in his letters.

### SIR GEORGE HATTER.

The earlier works of this eminent painter gave great promise of excellence; but it is the calamity of artists who have been early patronized by royal personages to abandon nature in her simple forms and humble aspects for subjects appertaining to state ceremonials, court pageants, or royal progresses suggested by courtiers, or commanded by sovereigns or their consorts. Sir George Hayter has been much patronized by the Queen and Prince Albert.

#### RICHARD J. WYATT, ESQ.

Mr. Wyatt went to Rome in 1822, and worked for some time in the studio of Mr. Gibson. A recent account of his career, in the "Gentleman's Magazine," makes mention of him as "the eminent British sculptor, whose works are so well known at home, and whose fame is spread in every part of the world where the fine arts are valued." He is said to have executed commissions to the extent of £20,000 sterling.

Frequent mention will be found of him in Lady Blessington's "Idler in Italy."

He died in Rome on the 27th of May, 1850, in his fifty-seventh year.

## . THOMAS UWINS, ESQ., B.A.

Among the many artists either already eminent or rising to eminence, who made the acquaintance of Lady Blessington in Italy, was Mr. Uwins the painter, who in 1824 was introduced to her ladyship at Naples by Sir William Gell. Mr. Uwins had already acquired celebrity by several works, in which the glowing scenery and picturesque inhabitants of Rome and Naples were delineated in a style of the highest excellence.

#### FRANCIS GRANT, ESQ.

This eminent artist, remarkable for his excellence in painting horses, and

the style of his portraits in general—the striking resemblances given in them. and the grand simplicity of character with which they are invested—is of ancient Scotch family. He commenced life with a large fortune, and having lost it, he determined to turn his talents to account, and became a professional artist. One of the first portraits he painted professionally was the wellknown equestrian one of Count D'Orsay, who was an intimate friend of his. The count had previously, I think, executed a fine bust and statuette of the artist. Mr. Grant has the advantages of a fine person and gentlemanly manners. He is highly esteemed by those who know him for his integrity and worth. He has been twice married. His present wife is a nicce of the **Duke** of Rutland.

## EMILE DE GIRAPDIN.

This eminent French journalist was born in Paris about 1802. Early in life he established a literary journal, and had proceedings taken against him by his own father for assuming the name of his litigious parent. He became connected at different periods with a great number of literary journals; at the time of the Revolution of February, he held the office of "Inspecteur des Beaux Arts." In the several periodicals conducted by him, he has invariably displayed a great fund of eleverness, of common sense, of practical businesslike habits; but all his journals broke down in the long run, and some of his distinct works—his "Emilie" among others.

He married a celebrated literary lady, Mademoiselle Delphine Gay,<sup>\*</sup> and entered into another kind of joint-stock partnership with a gentleman, a clever, speculative man, who, in conjunction with his friend, established the "Presse" newspaper in 1836, one of the most influential of all the journals of France. In a previous joint-stock speculation he had been unsuccessful, and was prosecuted for defrauding the shareholders by paying dividends out of capital, and was acquitted of the charge.

The foolish notion that a newspaper was to be established and sustained in order to advance particular political opinions, and not solely with a view to the promotion of pecuniary interests or individual advantages in political speculations, was never professed, much less entertained, by Monsieur Girardin. Few ministries and prominent leaders of parties have not been occasionally dallied with ar denounced, turned for some time to an account, advocated for, or, being found to be impracticable and untractable, warred on with great energy and ability. This eminent journalist claims the merit of being "no party man." He gives to mankind all he has to give—his "Presse," and gets as much as he can for it. Parisian newspaper advertising, under his editorship, vied to some extent with that of the "Times." This very clear-sighted journalist several years ago perceived that the different factions

\* Byron, in a letter to Moore, speaks of a romantic Parisian correspondent of his, Sophia Gay. This lady was the mother of the celebrated poetees and beauty, Mademoiselle Delphine Gay, we are told by Moore.

60020

of the Chambers were bringing parliamentary intrigues, alias French constitutional politics, into disrepute. The public—"hors des factions"—were becoming sick of reading of their sayings and doings. He invented the *fcuilleton* system; he cut off half a foot or more of politics on each paper, and devoted the space to spicy novels, of the convulsive, compendious style of modern romance, and discarded dull political writers for the sentimental celebrities and thrilling-interest authors of the greatest vogue at the time—Balzac, Dumas, Dudevant, Sue, Soulie, &c.

About five years ago, the "Presse" was making, clear of all expenses, nearly 200,000 francs a year. Louis Napoleon, in December, 1852, took some measures for the improvement of public morality, against the promulgation of political opinions which might not be in harmony with his own views of the interests of order, and his own Idées Napoléons. He wrote a few lines published them in the "Moniteur"—the independent journals were suppressed. Poor Monsieur Girardin and his partners lost 200,000 francs a year; but then they have the great consolation of knowing that Les Idées Napoléons have prevailed, and the empire is established, even though it be on the ruins of the press.

M. Girardin lent his aid in the Chamber of Deputies and in his journal to pull down the ministry of Guizot, and to discredit the power and authority of his master. At the period of the downfall of Louis Philippe, he was busy in the closing affairs of the unfortunate citizen-king. Without any osteneible mission from any party, or authority for taking on himself the office of counselor of the ruined sovereign, he assumed that office, and received the act of abdication from the hands of Louis Philippe. He gained nothing by this service to the Republican cause. It inspired no confidence, and obtained no recompense.

During the short regime of Cavaignac, M. Girardin was for some time under arrest and the surveillance of the police.

M. Girardin has once more taken to newspaper-writing, as it now is permitted to exist in Franco-handcuffed journalism-every effort of which reminds the writer of the shackles on the hand that holds the pen, and makes the reader feel as if the attempt at freedom of discussion was akin to the mockery of that amusement which is witnessed in Carolina-the dancing of slaves in the presence of their drivers, in sight of the lash, and perhaps of some of their fellow-slaves in the stocks.

In 1834, M. Girardin turned his attention to his advancement in the senatorial line: he became a member of the Chamber of Deputies. Two years later, he commenced a force war of aggression on the character of the editor of a rival newspaper—Armand Carrel, of the "National"—a man of great ability, and, for a French journalist professing patriotism, a man of singular integrity and sincerity of principle, and of singleness of mind. Carrel challenged the aggressor, and the young Republican editor of the "National" was killed by the editor of the "Presse."

#### SANUEL CARTER HALL, ESQ .- MRS. A. M. HALL.

Mr. Hall was born at Topsham, Devonshire, in 1800. In conjunction with Mrs. Hall, some of the most popular illustrated works on Ireland have been published by him. Mr. Hall edited the "New Monthly" for several years. He established the Art Union. He edited the "Book of Gems," the "Book of British Poets," "Book of British Ballads," "Baronial Halls," and several other illustrated works.

The principal works of Mrs. Hall are "Sketches of Irish Character," in 3 vols.; "The Buccaneer," in 3 vols.; "The Outlaw," in 3 vols.; "Unche Horace," in 3 vols.; "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life," in 3 vols.; "Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes," in 3 vols.; "The White Boy," in 2 vols.; "Stories of a Governess," &c., in 1 vol.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall were for many years on terms of very intimate acquaintance with Lady Blessington. Lady Blessington's regard for Mrs. Hall, and appreciation of her talents, were often warmly expressed when that lady was not present ; and Mrs. Hall's kindly sentiments toward the memory of Lady Blessington have been recently expressed to me in a way which does great credit to that lady, and affords matter for reflection, by comparison, by no means favorable to many who professed to be the friends of Lady Blessington while she lived in splendor, but who, when the crash came, and the brilliant salons of Gore House were no longer open to them—and a little later, when the grave had closed over the remains of the poor mistress of that noble mansion—were unwilling to be reminded of their former protestations of regard, and perhaps considerately thus acted, conscious as they were of the hollowness of those professions.

A person in humble life, but of high principles and right notions on all subjects within the scope of her knowledge and observations, having a perfect knowledge of Lady Blessington and all that concerned her for the last eighteen years of her life, thus expresses herself to me on the subject that has been glanced at in the preceding remark: "My opinion is, that no woman ever was overwhelmed with such professions of friendship and attachment from so great a number of insincere acquaintances."

There are many exceptions, I must observe, to the rule, if such it may be considered, in this assertion.

## LADY E. S. WORTLEY.

Lady Emmeline Charlotte Elizabeth Stuart Wortley, a daughter of the Duke of Rutland, born in 1806, married the Honorable Charles Stuart Wortley, a brother of the present Earl of Wharncliffe, who died in 1844. Lady Emmeline has traveled much, and contributed a great deal to our periodical literature. Her performances are chiefly postical, some of them of considerable merit. If there be not evidence in them of the highest order of talent, there are ample proofs in them of an amiable disposition, of kindly and benevolent feelings, and of a generous and noble nature.

Of the many fair contributors to the "Book of Beauty," there are few whose compositions rank higher than those of Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.

There are some lines on Death, of this gifted and amiable lady, in the volume for 1843, of great beauty, beginning thus :

> "Say, what shall still this bounding heart, Bounding as boundless—strong and wild ? Or what shall heal each wounded part, With gentlest bealings, soft and mild, And still this restless storm of breath ? Death !"

Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley edited "The Keepsake" in 1836 and 1837. Among her prose articles in that annual, 1837, there is an article of much interest, entitled "A Visit to Madame Letitia, mother of Napoleon, May 26, 1834."

She has published "Travels in the United States during 1849-50," in three volumes; and a continuation of her "Travels in America, and other Sketches," in one volume.

## G. P. R. JAMES.

Few novelists, with the exception of Dumas, have equaled Mr. James in fertility and apparent facility in production. It is impossible that so many compositions should not be of very unequal merit. Few of them, however slightly constructed or hastily executed, are devoid of interest. The titles alone of his novels will serve to exhibit the extraordinary rapidity of production above noticed.

As the demand in this case, as well as in that of other commodities, must regulate the supply, it follows that the novel-reading public are satisfied with these brain-stuffs of their hard-worked author.

With several of his works they have a good right to be content, and with some, it is probable, the writer himself is not. These are the novels of Mr. James, "and their name is Legion:" Richelieu; Darnley; De L'Orme; Henry Masterton; The Gipsy; Philip Augustus; Mary of Burgundy; John Marston Hall; One in a Thousand; The Desultory Man; The Robber; Attila; The Huguenot; Charles Tyrrell; Rose D'Albret; The Stepmother; The Smuggler; Delaware; Agincourt; Arrah Neil; Heidelberg; The King's Highway; The Man-at-Arms; Corse de Leon; Henry of Guise; The Ancient Regime; The Jacqueric; Morley Ernstein; Forest Days; Eva St. Clair; The False Heir; Arabella Stuart; The Castle of Ehrenstein; Russell; The Convict; The Whim and its Consequences; Margaret Graham; Sir Theodore Broughton; Gowrie, or the King's Plot; Beauchamp; The Forgery; The String of Pearls; The Woodman; The Old Oak Chest; Henry Smeaton; The Fate; Revenge; Pequinillo. In all, 138 volumes!

Sydney Smith's account of the antediluvian diffusive style of writing (apro-

pos of Dr. Parr's Character of Fox) should be commended to the attention of all voluminous, as well as of lengthy and tedious writers.

"There is an event recorded in the Bible, which by men who write books should be kept constantly in their remembrance. It is there set forth that, many centuries ago, the earth was covered with a great flood, by which the whole of the human race, with the exception of one family, were destroyed. It appears, also, that from thence a great alteration was made in the longevity of mankind, who, from a range of seven or eight hundred years, which they enjoyed before the flood, were confined to their present period of seventy or eighty years. This epoch in the history of man gave birth to the twofold division of the antediluvian and the postdiluvian style of writing, the latter of which naturally contracted itself into those inferior limits which were better accommodated to the abridged duration of human life and literary labor. Now to forget this event-to write without the fear of the deluge before his eyes. and to handle a subject as if mankind could lounge over a pamphlet for ten years, as before their submersion, is to be guilty of the most grievous error into which a writer could possibly fall. The author of this book should call in the aid of some brilliant pencil, and cause the distressing scenes of the deluge to be portrayed in the most lively colors for his use. He should gaze at Noah, and be brief. The ark should constantly remind him of the little time there is left for reading ; and he should learn, as they did in the ark, to crowd a great deal of matter into a very little compase;" a valuable suggestion to more authors than Dr. Parr.

Sismondi tells us that his great History of the Italian Republics occupied him for eight hours a day during a period of twenty years; and when he finished that work, he sat down to a new literary labor, "The History of France," which occupied him for the same length of time, daily, for a period of twentyfour years.

Now, if we deduct the Sundays from the period devoted to each work, and allow the hard worker of the brain one day in the week to rest his wearied mind, we will find that this great historian devoted to his work on the Italian Republics 50,080 hours of his life; and to that on French History, 61,086 hours; the sum total of which labor, on two works, amounts to 111,166 hours!!!

Yet we are told by Southey that "the best book does but little good to the world, and much harm to the author."

### W. M. THACKERAY, ESQ.

An artist and an author, with talent sufficient for success in either pursuit, Mr. Thackeray commenced his career in London some years ago, and for some time had to struggle through many difficulties. He began by the publication of some illustrated tales and sketches of slight merit. His peculiar talents soon found numerous persons to appreciate them. His "Vanity Fair" made his reputation, and surpassed his other works. Perhaps, in merit, his "Pen-

610020

dennis" approaches to it, and next to that production his "Harry Esmond." He began his career as a painter, but soon abandoned that pursuit for literature. He illustrated some of his early works. He has traveled much. and is a good linguist. Few persons who entertain the ordinary opinions that are held concerning humorists would imagine the sterling qualities of solid worth and faithfulness in friendship which belong to Mr. Thackeray. With strangers, reserved and uncommunicative; to those who know him, he is openhearted, kindly-disposed, and generous. To great sensibility, and an innate love of all that is good and noble, he unites sentiments of profound hatred and contempt for falsehood, meanness, worldliness, and hypocrisy; and a rare power of satirizing and exposing it. In analyzing character and describing its various shades of differences, he possesses great strength and originality of style and expression.

His latest occupation has been the delivery of Lectures in the United States on the humorous and miscellaneous writers of the last century, which had been commenced by him in England.

His principal productions are, "Our Street," in one vol.; "Vanity Fair;" one vol.; "Book of Snobs," one vol.; "Pendennis," two vols.; "Great Hoggarty Diamond," one vol.; "Doctor Birch," one vol.; "Rebecca and Rowens," one vol.; "Comic Tales," two vols.

#### WASHINGTON INVING.

A glance at one of the eminent of our transatlantic celebrities in the "Homes of the New World" will give a tolerable idea of the external man, his manners, and mode of life.

#### LEVING AT HOME.

"His house, or vills, which stands on the banks of the Hudson, resembles a peaceful idyll; thick masses of ivy clothe one portion of the white walls and garland the eaves. Fat cows fed in a meadow just before the window. Within, the rooms seemed to be full of summer warmth, and had a peaceful and cheerful aspect. One felt that a cordial spirit, full of the best sentiment of the soul, lived and worked there. Washington Irving, although possessing the politeness of a man of the world, and with great natural good temper, has, nevertheless, somewhat of that nervous shyness which so easily attaches itself to the author, and in particular to one gifted with delicacy of feeling and refinement. The poetical mind, by its intercourse with the divine spheres, is often brought somewhat into disharmony with clumsy earthly realities. To these belong especially the visits of strangers, and the forms of social life, as we make them in good society upon earth, and which are shells that must be cracked if one would get at the juice of either kernel or fruit. But that is a difficulty for which one often has not time. A portrait which hangs in Washing Irving's drawing-room, and which was painted many years since, represents him as a remarkably handsome man, with dark hair and eyes, and a head

which might have belonged to a Spaniard. When young, he must have been unusually handsome. He was engaged to a young lady of rare beauty and excellence; it would have been difficult to find a more handsome pair. But she died—and Washington Irving never sought for another bride. He has been wise enough to content himself with the memory of a perfect love, and to live for literature, friendship, and nature."\*

### WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, 28Q.

The author of "Rookwood," "Crichton,"<sup>†</sup> "Jack Sheppard," "The Tower of London," "Gny Fawkes," "Old Saint Paul's," "The Miser's Daughter," "Windsor Castle," "Saint James and Saint Giles," &cc., was well known to Lady Blessington, and appreciated by her.

Mr. Ainsworth, it need hardly be observed, is a man of talent and research, of great facility in composing, successful in dealing with historical incidents, depicting character, presenting striking scenes with historical incidents, giving to works of imagination a life-like air, and sustaining an interest in his stories.

### J. H. JESSE, ESQ.

The subject of this notice is a young man of remarkable abilities and strong contrasts of character. A few years ago, to the most singular passion for boyish freaks and fantastic frolics, practical jokes, and ludicrons recreations, he added the very opposite predilection for hard study and close research. Historical literature has occupied him chiefly. He has published "The Court of England, from the Revolution in 1688 to the death of George the Second," in three volumes; "Memoirs of the Pretenders," in two volumes; "Memoirs of the Court of England during the reign of the Stuarts," in four volumes, an extensive and interesting picture of the period, full of research, yet amusing and gracefully written; "Memoirs of George Selwyn and his Contemporaries," in four volumes. His other works present the same general features of interest and instruction.

In 1848, Mr. J. H. Jesse published "Literary and Historical Memorials of London;" and in 1850, a second series of that work, under the title of "London and its Celebrities," two vols. 8vo, Bentley.

## HENRY F. CHORLEY, ERQ.

As a litterateur and musical critic Mr. Chorley holds a high place, and still higher, in every society he frequents, as an amiable gentleman, of honorable principles, strongly attached to his friends, and entirely confided in by them. Though reserved and silent in the presence of strangers, in the company of those he is intimately acquainted with he is communicative and agreeable. He has traveled on the Continent, and made good use of his powers of obser-

" "Homes of the New World," by Fredriks Bremer.

t Mr. Ainsworth, it is said, in this character intended the portraiture of Count D'Orsay.

COOKS .

vation and keen perception of the ridiculous. He possesses a fine musical organization, a delicate ear, and refined taste, though not a musical performer of much excellence on any instrument. His style of writing is quaint, original, and always in good taste. His principal works are "Pomfret, or Public Opinions and Private Judgments," a novel, in three volumes; "Sketches of a Sea-port Town," in three volumes; also some plays, and numerous poetical pieces in various periodicals. Mr. Chorley was very intimately acquainted with Lady Blessington, and was held in high regard by her.

## WILLIAM JERDAN, ESQ.

This gentleman, for many years editor and principal writer in the "Literary Gazette," in his recently published "Reminiscences" has given the world an account of his career as a journalist. My acquaintance with him extends over a period of twenty years. In conversation as well as in writing, he exhibited considerable talents and information. He was well versed in the literature of the day, and the state of art and science of his time, and for many years the paper he edited was one of the most able journals dedicated to these subjects. In speciety his conversation was sprightly and agreeable, with a dash of dry humor in it, that savored more of Scotch than of Irish wit; but there was often a piquancy in his remarks, which gave a peculiar zest to his conversation, and rendered his society amusing to people in general.

Mr. Jerdan, prior to 1815, had conducted the "Satirist." Afterward he became a partner in the "Sun" evening paper, of which he was the joint editor with Mr. Taylor. He published, nearly forty years ago, "The Paris Spectator," in three vols. 12mo; also a translation of Monaieur Jouy's well-known work of "Il Hermite de la Chausse d'Antin." Mr. Jerdan, from 1817 to the close of 1850, was editor of the "Literary Gazette." In April, 1853, a pension of £100 a year was conferred on him in consideration of his literary labors. For some years before his retirement from the "Literary Gazette," he was harassed by pecuniary difficulties and heavily afflicted by domestic calamities. On the occasion of his retirement, he received testimonials of regard from the foremost of his contemporaries, literary, scientific, and artistic. Mr. Jerdan at present edits "Tallis's Weekly Newspaper."

### WILLIAM CRARLES MACREADY.

This eminent tragedian was born in London in 1793, and educated chiefly at the celebrated school at Rugby. His father, who was a lessee and manager of several provincial theatres, had intended to bring up his son to the legal profession, and was about sending him to Oxford, when his affairs became embarrassed, and caused these plans to be relinquished. The boy was taken from school to assist his father, and transferred to the stage in 1810, and made his first appearance in a provincial theatre, in the character of Romeo, when he was scarcely seventeen years of age. His *débút* was successful, and his career continued to be so in many of the theatres of the chief towns in En-

ChOOV 0

gland for four or five years. In 1815 he visited England and Scotland with great success, and in 1816 made his first appearance on the London boards at Covent Garden, in the character of Orestes, in "The Distressed Mother." His first appearance in London was a decided hit ; but the establishment of his fame and position on the London stage, with such competitors as Kemble, Kean, and Young, was a long and arduous struggle, and for nearly ten years it had to be maintained before he could be said to be a great tragedian, worthy of representing the great Shakspearian tragic characters. The highest place in tragedy was held for nearly a quarter of a century by Mr. Macready. This eminent actor studied for his profession, and considered that to be a great actor it was advisable for him to become a good scholar, an accomplished gentleman, a well-ordered man, with a well-regulated mind, and finely-cultivated taste. In France and in America, as well as in his own country, Mr. Macready not only won golden opinions from all kinds of people, but wore his honors well to the end of his theatrical career. He retired from the stage a few years ago, universally esteemed, admired, and respected.

In March, 1851, a banquet, on an extraordinary scale of magnificence, was given at the Hall of Commerce, in London, on the occasion of Mr. Macready's retirement from the stage. Of the merits of Mr. Macready, which received so much applause on that occasion, "The Athensum" observed :

"We look back to what we remember of other actors-we look round to what is still to be seen, and it is precisely because we do not think that Mr. Macready has brought his art to the highest measure of excellence that we refuse to concede to him the attribute of genius in its strictest sense, as distinct from talent. An actor may have a good figure, expressive features, a fine voice, a keen intellect, a cultivated taste, an educated eye for the picturesque, large experience of the external signs of passion, and great power in expressing them ; he may have knowledge of life, of history, literature, and art -Mr. Macready has all these-yet will not their possession establish a claim to the so often rashly misapplied epithet of genius. Hard to define, its presence is never to be mistaken. Its power in the performer is akin to that of the dramatic poet. You do not see the individual character in the man he is portraying any more than you see the individual poet. Sentence by sentence, and scene by scene, the character develops before you. Not this burst nor that look arrests you by the way; you are borne resistlessly along by a power which at once satisfies the imagination and the heart. Critical you can not be while under its spell ; but when all is over, and the imagination cools, the image of the man's whole nature is left a living reality in your memory, and you feel that such he was, and that he could be no otherwise. Whence comes this power but from the quick and deep sensitiveness of a nature that sympathizes with, and can lose itself in all forms of humanity-a quality which belongs to the great actor in comedy as well as in tragedy-nay, which, we believe, makes him who is greatest in the one great also in the other ? This quickness and breadth of sympathy-this power of losing himself in his part,

we have always missed in Mr. Macready. He lent it to him, he did not lend himself to it. We recognized the able illustrator, but we never bowed before the unconscious inspiration of genius. In his greatest scenes there was nothing, as Horace Walpole said of Mrs. Siddons, 'which good sense or good instruction might not give.' Looking steadily to the laurel from the first, sparing no labor, avoiding no self-denial, Mr. Macready's ambition has not only been crowned with success, but with success have come all those collateral advantages which embellish and sweeten life."

### E. M. MILNES, ESQ., M.P.

Mr. Milnes devoted much of his time and talents to literary pursuits some ten or twelve years ago. He published several poetical pieces of merit in the periodicals in the early part of his career, and even of late years has occasionally relinquished political pursuits for those of literature. In 1839 he published his collected Poems.

For some years he was a regular contributor to the Annuals edited by Lady Blessington, and his pieces, whether in prose or verse, were always marked by a high moral tone, by a liveliness of fancy, originality of mind, and correctness of taste and style. In politics, he was a strenuous supporter of the late Lord George Bentinck, and ally of Mr. D'Israeli.

In private circles he stands high as a man of amiability as well as talents, of straightforward views and honorable principles, kind-hearted, and agreeable in society. In the past year he married the Honorable Miss Crewe, daughter of Lord Crewe.

Louis Blanc, in August and September, 1848, when an exile in England, was known to Count D'Orsay and Lady Blessington. In reference to an attack that had been made on him, charging him with inciting the populace against the government of which he was a member, Lady Blessington had recourse to the recollections of her friend, Mr. Monckton Milnes, who had been in Paris at the time, and the following was his statement, in September, 1848, of his remembrance of the occurrences referred to:

"I do not know Monsieur Louis Blanc, nor sympathize with his opinions ; but having been in the Assembly on the 15th of May, and having carefully read the *enquete*, I am convinced in my own mind that the decision of the Assembly was a surprise to him, and that his manner to the people when in the enceinte was deprecatory, and not encouraging. I should certainly say he seemed to desire to get them away."

#### BOBERT BERNAL OSBORNE, ESQ.

Mr. Bernal Osborne, both in society and in public, is remarkable for those qualities which manifest originality of mind, great quickness of perception, and liveliness of imagination, energy in thought and language, and enthusiasm in any cause or side of a question espoused by him.

Captain Robert Bernal, on his marriage with the only daughter and heir-

ess of Sir Thomas Toler, of Newtown, county Tipperary, the eighth baromet of the name—brother, I believe, of the notorious Judge Toler, the Lord Norbury of 1798—formerly chief justice of the Common Pleas, assumed the name of Osborne, and is now Secretary of the Admiralty, and M.P. for Middleser.

The old family estates of the Tolers passed away by this marriage.

## ALEXANDER BAILLIE COCHRANE, ESQ.

This gentleman, of great promise in his early days, is the son of Sir Thomas Cochrane, R. N. He traveled in the East and Greece, and sojourned in Southern Europe sufficiently long to acquire a taste for its arts and literature. He has written many pieces of merit in the Annuals and other periodicals, and those "vers de société," which serve, at least, as presages of talent fitted for future occupations of more importance and utility. His first introduction into public life seems to have been in the ranks of the Protectionists, under Sir George Bentinck.

Mr. Cochrane, in the literary society of Gore House, passed for "a young man of refined tastes and good abilities, of a romantic turn of mind, and enthusiastic temperament; rather given to exercise his intellectual faculties in startling paradoxes, and the maintenance of propositions requiring ingemuity and courage to sustain." A work of fiction, entitled "Ernest Vane," by Mr. Cochrane, in two volumes, appeared some years ago.

## TERRICE HAMILTON, ESQ.

Mr. Hamilton was for some time in the East India Company's service; was officially employed abroad in 1811; was appointed Oriental Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople in 1815, and Secretary of Embassy in 1815, when he obtained a pension.

## HENRY REEVE, ESQ.

The letters of Mr. Reeve correspond to his conversational talents. He is an amateur in literature, writes prose and verse with grace and facility, and, though possessing excellent abilities, has figured hitherto as an anthor only in Annuals and Albums. His knowledge of language, and acquaintance with Continental literature and general information, and agreeableness of manner, are exhibited fully, but not ostentatiously, in conversation. His high character as a man of honor and integrity gives an additional advantage to his intellectual qualities in society. His popularity in it is of that kind which is most readily accorded to talent, when united with amiability of disposition, kind-heartedness, and good nature.

Mr. Reeve, a few years ago, held a post in the Privy Council Office, and there he enjoyed the good opinion and confidence of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, Lord Minto, and other influential men.

000210

#### HENRY CHESTER, ESQ.

Mr. Henry Chester was attached to the late Lord William Russell's special mission to Lisbon in 1833; has been a clerk in the Council Office since 1826, and is now assistant secretary to the Committee of Council on Education.

#### C. GREVILLE, ESQ.

The position of this gentlemen in society, his high character for intelligence and literary acquirements, his knowledge of public affairs and eminent public men, his high standing, too, in official life, as clerk of the Council, give him much consideration and influence in the circle of his acquaintance. Mr. Greville is a well-known member of the turf. He is of a noble family. His mother, Lady Charlotte Greville, I believe was the daughter of the third Duke of Portland, who married Charles Greville, Esq., in 1793.

#### T. N. LONGMAN, ESQ.

Mr. Thomas Norton Longman, who died in 1842, in his seventy-second year, was well known to Lady Blessington, and highly respected by her. From the period of the death of his father in 1797, he had been at the head of tho great publishing firm of Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman (all of whom had been at various times his partners). Mr. Longman's personal property amounted to nearly £200,000. He left two sons, Thomas and Charles, his successors in the business, who had been his partners. His eldest daughter was married to Andrew Spottiswoode, Esq., the queen's printer.

#### COUNT VON KIELMANSEGG.

The count was an intimate acquaintance and a correspondent of Lady Blessington. He was a general in the Hanoverian service, and died at Linden, aged 83, in September, 1851. He was born at Ratzebourg in 1768, entered the army in 1793, served against the French in Holland, and commanded a brigade at Waterloo.

#### F. MILLS, ESQ.

In Rome, Mr. Mills resided in a beautiful villa on the Mount Palatine. "It occupies," says Lady Blessington, "the site of the palace of the Cœsars, and is arranged with exquisite taste. The gardens are charming beyond description, presenting an unrivaled view of Rome and the Campagna, and containing some most interesting fragments of antiquity, seen to peculiar advantage, mingled with trees and flowering plants of luxuriant growth. The owner of this terrestrial palace is worthy of it, possessing a highly-cultivated mind, great suavity of manners, and qualities of the head and heart that have endeared him to all who knew him."

Mr. Frank Mills has been confounded with Charles Mills (born in 1788, and

deceased in 1828), the author of "The History of Mohammedanism," " History of the Crusades," "Travels of Theodore Ducar, at the period of the Revival of the Arts in Italy," and "The History of Chivalry.""

Mr. Charles Mills has had the honor, likewise, of being taken for the anthor of "The History of Indis," and complimented on its merits-for James Mill, who died in 1836.

#### THE DUC DI BOCCO BOMANO.

The Duc di Rocco Romano, one of Lady Blessington's intimate friends when residing in Naples in 1824, was a Neapolitan general of some celebrity, and, in the opinion of Lady Blessington, the very personification of a prear cheralier, "brave in arms, and gentle and courteous in society." Though upward of sixty years of age at the period referred to, the old general was full of life and vivacity—a man of gallantry in every sense of the word, and equally at home in camps or fashionable circles. Those acquainted with the Villa Belviders will not easily forget the military air and carriage, and venerable appearance of the old Duc di Rocco Romano, now many years gathered to his fathers.

#### HON. WILLIAM THOMAS HORNER FOR STRANGWAYS.

This gentleman, a son of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Ilchester, was attached to the embassy at St. Petersburg in 1816; at Constantinople in 1820; at Naples in September, 1822; was appointed paid attaché at the Hague in January, 1824; secretary of legation at Florence in March, 1825; at Naples in February, 1828; and envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the Diet of the Germanic Confederation in August, 1840, which post he held till 1848, when he retired on a pension.<sup>+</sup> This gentleman was an intimate acquaintance of Lady Bleesington, as was likewise his brother, John Charles Strangways, born in 1803, married in 1844 to a daughter of E. Majoribanks, Esq.

#### CAPTAIN THOMAS MEDWIN.

In November, 1821, Captain Thomas Medwin found Byron sojourning in the Lanfranchi Palace at Pisa, which he had taken for a year.

Medwin published in 1823, "Conversations with Lord Byron, noted during a Residence with his Lordship at Pisa in the years 1821 and 1822." At a later period he published in the "Athenseum" his "Recollections of P. B. Shelley;" and in 1823, "Translations of the Agamemnon and Prometheus of Æschylus," which display considerable talent, and frequently preserve the beauty of the original.

The author of "Recollections of Lord Byron" resided with me in Naples

00210

\* Like several others of our great literati, he was destined for the legal profession, and -had been articled to a conveyancer.

† Foreign Office List, 1854.

for some time about thirty years ago. He was then a young man of gentlemanlike manners and good address, of bookish habits, and, in conversation and in society, agreeable, well-informed, and good-natured.

His work treating of Byron was partly composed in the apartments he shared with me, and it seems to me, now, that his verbal anecdotes of Byron and oral description of his mode of life were more interesting than his published account of them.

Captain Medwin published also a work in fiction, entitled "Lady Singleton, or the World as it Is," in three volumes.

#### ALBERT SMITH, ESQ.

Whether in society or on the summit of Mount Blanc, in a monster balloon, the columns of "Punch," or in the company of the "Marchioness of Brinvillieres," "Christopher Tadpole," or of "A Gent about Town," Mr. Albert Smith is equally amusing. He is the son of a general medical practitioner at Chertsey, and was intended for the medical profession. He studied medicine in London and in Paris, and abandoned his profession about 1818 for that of literature. He was one of the original contributors to "Punch," and for some time one of its principal managers. Easier circumstances and less necessity to struggle with the world in very early life might perhaps have given his talents a better chance to ripen and turn to a good account, and have afforded them a higher direction. By Lady Blessington and her surviving friends he was looked on as "a man of considerable comic talent, a humorist, an excellent mimic, quick of perception and comprehension, apt to see things in a ludicrous light, sprightly and animated in conversation, as a writer possessing much facility in composition; but he was known also to them as a kindhearted person, an excellent son and brother, possessing sterling qualities, seldom found in those who pass in society for humorists and jest-makers."

#### CAPTAIN WILLIAM LOCK.

The Locks of Norbury Park had been at a very early period of Lady Canterbury's career in London very intimate friends of hers and her sister's.

One of that family, Captain William Lock, a young man remarkable for great comeliness, was drowned, about seventeen years ago, in the Lake of Como, in sight of his newly-wedded bride.

The mother of Captain Lock was a Miss Jennings, daughter of a person of some notoriety in his day, the celebrated "Dog Jennings," thus called on account of having brought from Greece a fragment of an ancient sculpture, which was named the dog of Alcibiades. A brother of this gentleman married a Miss Ogilvie, a daughter of the Duchess Dowager of Leinster.

#### DR. EDWARD HOGG, M.D.

The author of "A Visit to Alexandria, Damascus, and Jerusalem during the successful campaign of Ibrahim Pasha," 2 vols. 8vo, 1835, died at Ches-

VOL. II.-A A

ter, aged 65, in March, 1848. Dr. Hogg set out from Naples in April, 1832, on his Eastern visit, and returned to Italy the year following. A man whom Gell regarded with esteem, and looked on as a friend, could neither be destitute of companionable qualities or intellectual gifts. He had practiced his profession with success and reputation for some years in England, and retired from it in easy circumstances, but in very impaired health. He was an amiable man, of literary tastes, deeply interested in antiquarian researches, especially those connected with the history of early civilization in the East, and the examination of the proofs of that early advancement of which he speaks in the graceful, modest preface to his "Travels," "still existing in the stupendous monuments of Egypt and Nubia."

#### C. M. TALBOT, ESQ.

This gentleman is of an ancient family, and of ample means—generous, simple in his tastes, and unaffected, but somewhat peculiar in his habits. He has traveled a good deal, and now lives retired in Wales.

#### WILLIAM THOMAS FITZGEBALD, ESQ.

This gentleman, one of the vice-presidents of the Literary Fund, died in London in 1829, aged seventy.

Mr. Fitzgerald claimed to be a descendant of the Desmond branch of the illustrious family of the Fitzgeralds of Ireland, and was the son of a Colonel John Austen Fitzgerald, who served in the Dutch armies.

He was educated partly at Greenwich, and at the Royal College of Navarre, in the University of Paris. Mr. Fitzgerald had figured at the court of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth and his queen, and even in the select circles of the Petite Trianon.

In 1782, having returned to England, he obtained an appointment in the office of the Navy-Pay Office, in which he continued for a great many years. His exuberant loyalty was only exceeded by the exuberance of his poetry. His poetical pieces published in newspapers, prologues, political squibs, odes to sovereigns, and invocations to princes to arm against France, lines on battles, and peans for victories, would make several volumes.

#### JOHN BUSHE, ESQ.

The son of the late chief justice, better known, perhaps, by the more familiar appellation of Johnny Bushe, is extensively known in the fashionable world. He has traveled much on the Continent, in the East, India, China. &c.; and wherever he had been, his hereditary turn for humor and drollery, in addition to the singularity of his adventures, his warmth of feeling, frank and generous disposition, eagerness to oblige, truly Irish indifference about the cares of life, and characteristic ease in the enjoyment of all its present advantages, rendered him popular and well-remembered.

L1000210

#### THEOPHILUS GODWIN SWIFT, ESQ.

The family of Godwin Swift, we are told in a recent remarkable work, who came to Ireland during Ormond's power, and acted as attorney general for the, Palatinate of Ormond, was descended from a Yorkshire family, originally from Belgium (Swift or Suyft), settled at Rotherham.

The attorney general of Ormond, Godwin Swift, married, first, Miss Deane, of the Muskerry family, by whom he had issue, Godwin, the ancestor of the Swifts of Lion's Den, and three other children. He married, secondly, a Miss Delgarno, daughter of a rector of Moylisker.\*

The celebrated dean, according to Sheridan (Life of Dr. J. Swift), was a member of a younger branch of an ancient Yorkshire family. His grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Swift, was distinguished for his general exertions in favor of Charles the First, and his subsequent sufferings and ruin. Five of his sons went to seek their fortune in Ireland, one of whom, Jonathan, was the father of the famous dean. He had married a Leicestershire lady of little fortune, a Miss Abigail Errick, a relative of the wife of Sir William Temple, and had died in distressed circumstances about two years after marriage, seven months before the birth of his only son, Jonathan. After his death his widow came to Ireland, and was received into the family of her husband's eldest brother, Godwin Swift (who had married a relative of the old Marchioness of Ormond, and, to the great offense of his family, subsequently a sister of Admiral Deane, one of the regicides), a lawyer of great eminence and large income, which he squandered away, however, on idle projects. At his house in Hoey's Court, Dublin, Jonathan was born, in November, 1667. At the death of Godwin Swift, it was found that his affairs were in a ruinous condition : the mother of Jonathan returned to England, established herself in Leicester. and there remained. The place of Godwin was supplied for some time to young Swift by a cousin, Willoughby, the eldest son of Godwin Swift, who resided in Lisbon. In the year 1688, young Jonathan left Ireland, and proceeded on foot from Chester to visit his mother, then residing in Leicester ; and soon after, his intimacy with Sir W. Temple commenced.

Those who are curious to know the grounds on which the surmises rest of Sir W. Temple being the father of Jonathan Swift, and the celebrated Stella being the half-sister of the latter, may refer to Exshaw's "Gentleman's and London Magazine," 1757, p. 555, and to Surgeon Wilde's "Closing Years of Dean Swift" (2d edit., 1849, p. 108), a work of singular interest and considerable research. The dean died in October, 1745, in his seventy-eighth year.

The representative of this family was a person of considerable notoriety in Ireland about half a century ago, Theophilus Swift, Esq., Barrister-at-law.

In a letter to Sir Walter Scott respecting the celebrated dcan, he thus spoke of his own father, Mr. Deane Swift :

"\*My father, having an easy fortune, had taken to no profession. He was \* Lyon's Grand Jury Lists of Westmeath, p. 303.

an excellent scholar, but a very bad writer. He was a very moral man, and, from an innate love of religion, had made divinity his immediate study. He had taken the degree of A.M. at Oxford, and was every way qualified for an excellent divine.<sup>7</sup> Theophilus goes on to state that Sir Robert Walpole offered his father preferment in the Church, and that his friend the dean provented him from availing himself of the minister's offer because he had a grudge against Walpole on account of the neglect he had experienced at the hands of the latter. And he adds that his father dared not disoblige the dean at that time, because he owed the doctor £2500, for which he had given a mortgage on his estates, and that he left his son to pay the debt after his death."\*

Theophilus Swift, Esq., Barrister-at-law, a native of Herefordshire, but settled at an early age in Ireland, an eccentric celebrity of his day, who claimed descent from the celebrated eccentric of the same name, the renowned Dean of St. Patrick, labored under an inveterate disease, which political nosologists term pamphleteering. He commenced his career of a pamphleteer by a satirical poem, entitled "The Gamblers." "A Poetical Letter to the King" followed, in which he slandered Colonel Lennox, the subsequent Duke of Richmond, Viceroy of Ireland, and, being challenged by the colonel, fought a duel in July, 1789, and had the honor of being wounded by his dinguished opponent. He next published a letter to W. A. Brown, Esq., on the duel of the Duke of York with Colonel Lennox in 1789; next, "A Vindication of Renwick Williams, commonly called the Monster," in 1790.

He signalized his progress in the career of a pamphleteer in 1794 by assailing, in a pamphlet of 192 pages, "The Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin," charging them with perjury, violation of the college statutes, marrying against the same, &c., &c.; and, being prosecuted by one of them, Dr. Burrowes, he was cast into prison, but had the consolation of prosecuting successfully the doctor for a libel, and having him imprisoned also while he was undergoing the penalty of his offense.

Theophilus Swift had two sons, Edmund Lenthall and Deane Swift. The former was educated at Oxford; the latter was an under-graduate in Trinity College, Dublin, where he quarreled with Dr. Burrowes, one of the examiners; and his father, on the son's account, waged war on all the heads of the University, and the whole of the fellows in particular. Theophilus ended his career by tormenting a daughter of a respectable Protestant clergyman of Dublin, the Rev. Mr. Dakkyn, with violent protestations of love, and bitter complaints of not being accepted by the lady, embodied in a pamphlet addressed to her father, for which he was challenged by a relative of the young lady (she being then about to marry a Mr. Lefance); but Theophilus declined to accept any thing from the Dakkyns except the young lady's hand, and died, like his pamphlet, in the summer of 1815.

Deane Swift was a young man of considerable ability, an excellent scholar, \* Nichols's Illustrations of Literature of the Eighteenth Century.

ChOOL C

a good Latin versifier, and an able writer. From the time of the war with the fellows, and the composition of divers sarcastic epigrams on them, no more was heard of young Deams Swift till the memorable year of 1798, when his name occurs in certain governmental documents, representing him as a person not particularly loyal in his opinions; and then he disappears from the stage of Irish politics and the page of Irish history, and is only known to have quitted Ireland at the period above referred to, and not to have returned to it. About twelve years ago, the late General Arthur O'Connor informed me that the author of the stirring treasonable letters against Lord Camden's government, published in "The Press" newspaper, the Dublin organ of "The United Irishmen," under the signature "Marcus," was Mr. Deane Swift, who had field from Ireland, and was no more heard of. He and Dr. Drenma were the chief pensmen of the Dublin leaders, but the strongest and most stirring leading articles in that paper were written by Swift.

Peter Fumerly, the printer of "The Press' in the early part of 1798, was prosecuted for the publication of the libelous letters against Lord Camden, signed "MARCOS," in which letters the words in capitals, "REMEMBER ORR" (the first person executed, charged alone with taking the cath of the United Irishmen), were frequently repeated in the way of appeal to the passions of the people, and thus were rendered so familiar as to become the great cry of the lower orders of the disaffected.

O'Connor supposed the writer of those letters had been long dead. Shortly after, however, on my return to London, a friend of mine brought me an invitation to dine with the keeper of the regalia of the Tower, and in making the acquaintance of that excellent gentleman, it was no small surprise to me to find an official charged with the custody of her majesty's crown, Edmund Lenthall Swift, Esq., the brother of the formidable penman of the "United Irishmen," Mr. Deane Swift, the "MARCUS" of the "Treasonable Press," whose writings had so seriously troubled the repose of Lord Canden, endangered his government, and for which eventually the writer had to fly to save his life, after having to some extent compromised his brother by them. I found General O'Connor's statement to me confirmed by Mr. Edmund Swift, and further learned that his brother was living, and then residing at Gravesend, in comfortable circumstances, highly respected by all classes.

The last time I saw Mr. E. Swift was in 1847; his brother was then living.

Edmund L. Swift, Esq., was keeper of the regalia of the Tower so far back as July, 1817. He died in the enjoyment of his office of great trust in 18. He was an occasional contributor, in verse and prose, to the "Gentleman's Magazine."\*

In the November number of that periodical for 1817, he published some verses on the death of the Princess Charlotte, entitled "The Heart," strangely contrasting with the effusions of his brother in the "Press" newspaper of 1797 and 1798, under the signature of "MARCUS."

\* "Gentleman's Magazine," July, 1817, Part li., p. 3.

A few years ago, Mr. Swift had the misfortune to lose his eldest son, Mr. Theophilus Godwin Swift, aged thirty-two, at Hobart Town.

#### P. B. SHELLEY, ESQ.

Though Lady Blessington was personally unacquainted with Shelley, so many references to him are to be found in her letters and journals, and especially in her "Conversations with Lord Byron," that the following brief notice of him may not be misplaced. Lady Blessington was intimately acquainted with Shelley's career previously to his second marriage, and had much valuable authentic information given her, both oral and written, respecting his early career, by some of his most considential friends, of which she has left some very curious records in her papers."

"Timothy Shelley, the second baronet, died April 24th, 1844, at his seat, Field Place, Warnham, Susser. He was born in 1753, and married, in 1791, Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Pitford, Esq., of Effingham, Surrey, by whom he had issue Percy Bysshe, the celebrated poet, and five other children.

"The one true friend of Byron-the only one to whom Byron appears to have been truly attached, and who was faithful in his friendship-T. B. Shelley, was born in August, 1792, at Field Place, the seat of his father in Sussex.

"After passing some years at the preparatory school of Leon House, in Brentford, he was sent to Eton at thirteen years of age, and in due time commenced his college course at Oxford. His passion for poetry first manifested itself about the age of fifteen, in some effusions indicative of a taste for ghost stories, and German relations of marvelous enchantments, and 'hopes of high talk with the departed dead.""

His near relative, Captain Medwin, remembers no display of precocity of genius in his earlier years. "His parents were not remarkable for any particular talents." One of his earliest characteristics was a sovereign contempt for the universal idol (Mammon). Another, of rather a later growth, was an abhorrence of tyranny and injustice. In his childhood, even, he tells us he formed resolutions

> "To be wise And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies Such power, for I grow weary to behold The selfah and the strong still tyrannize Without repreach or check."

In his novel of "Lastrozzi," a very wonderful work for a boy of sixteen, he embodied much of the intense passion that had already taken possession

\* Though Lady Blessington had never been personally acquainted with Shelley, she had heard so much of him from his dearest friends, that she took a deep interest in every thing that concerned his brief and remarkable career, and from his immediate friends and companions she obtained a good deal of information respecting it, which threw much light on that strange and eventful history. From various memorandums of hers on that subject, the following particulars are collected.

- GOOVIC

of his heart—his hopeless passion for his beautiful cousin, Miss G—... Shelley's expulsion from college on a charge of Atheism; the misery of seeing the girl he adored married to another; the unhappiness of his relations with his father; the apparent inveteracy of that parent's animosity to a youth before he could be said even to have approached the age of reason, to have attained maturity of mind or body—all these things are familiar with the lovers of Shelley's poetry, who are interested in his unhappy fate, and need no further reference in this notice of the salient points in his career.

There is a curious coincidence in the early tastes of children who in after years become distinguished for exalted genius, or some great qualities which lead to signal intellectual successes in after life : they shun in childhood the scenes of uproarious merriment of their juvenile companions ; they show no liking for rural sports and games, and the ordinary out-door amusements of boys, especially those of boisterous habits ; they seem to need silence and scclusion for their meditations and communings with nature and with themselves.

Shelley's natural disposition in childhood was a striking instance of this kind of turn for gravity and retirement, and premature concentrativeness of ideas.

Of this kind, also, was the childhood of Dante and of Savonarola. Byron was an exception to the rule; his youth was venturous, daring, pugnacious, turbulent, and demonstrative of a desire to distinguish himself among his schoolfellows in all athletic sports and exercises.

The prevailing turn of Shelley's mind toward mystic speculations and strange abstractions at a very early period of his career, appears to have had, at times, an unhappy influence alike on his bodily health and mental sanity.\*

Shelley married, or, according to Captain Medwin, he was inveigled into marriage at eighteen. The union, we are told, was not made in heaven, nor apparently on earth with any reasonable prospect of felicity. It is easy to visit the sins of such an ill-starred union on the unhappy wife of an inferior rank to that of her husband—on the weaker vessel, on the woman of few friends in her former position, and who, when driven from it on the wide world, having no hope left, died by her own hand. But it may be that the sorrows of that unhappy union are mistaken for the sins, and the victim has been wrongly regarded by us

Harriet Westbroke, the first wife of Shelley, was the daughter of a retired coffee-house keeper. With this lady it is stated he lived very unhappily, and after bearing him two children, a separation took place, and a little later, she died by her own hand in 1817.

Shelley married while yet a stripling, and his friend Legh Hunt says, "the wife he took was not of a nature to appreciate his understanding, or, perhaps, to come into contact with it uninjured in what she had of her own."† They

\* Moore's Life of Byron, ed. 8vo. 1838, p. 7.

† The reasoning of Mr Legh Hunt on this untoward event—this "one painful passage in his life," is hardly less revolting than the conduct which led to it.

separated by mutual consent after the birth of two children. We are told, by way of apology for Shelley's conduct in this mutually voluntary separation, and something more, in the letter of license accompanying it, that Mrs. Shelley was a person of inferior rank, and that Shelley's family disapproved of the match.

Whatever her rank was, the unfortunate lady believed herself to have been ill used by her husband; and while Mr. Shelley was residing in Bath, paying court to another lady, news came to him that his wife had destroyed herself. "It was a heavy blow to him," we are told, " and he never forgot it."

The first Mrs. Shelley is represented by Mr. Hunt in a very unfavorable light, especially in an intellectual point of view. I have had evidence before me which would go very far to contradict that opinion. In the year 1812, and early part of 1813, Mr. Shelley was reduced by pecuniary distress to the necessity of frequently supplicating a friend for the loan of small sums of money to meet his current expenses, he and Mrs. Shelley living at that period in the most straitened circumstances.

In March, 1813, Mr. and Mrs. Shelley were residing in Dublin, at No. 35 Great Cuffe Street, Stephen's Green, a locality sufficient to show the nature of the pecuniary circumstances in which Shelley was then placed. He and Mrs. Shelley were then, to use his own words, "overwhelmed by their own distresses, but still not indifferent to those of others, suffering or struggling in the cause of liberty and virtue," and therefore he sent instructions from Ireland to apply £20 to the benefit of the Hunts.

Shelley was then slowly recovering from an alarming illness, accompanied by great nervous excitement and depression of spirits, brought on by dread of assassination, and night-watchings, and terrors, occasioned by an imagined attempt made on his life, the 26th of February, 1813, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, while residing in Wales.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, and a sister of Mrs. Shelley, had retired to rest about half an hour, when Shelley, imagining he heard a noise in the lower part of the house, rushed out of bed, and, armed with two pistols which he had loaded that night, expecting to have occasion for them, ran down stairs and entered a room from whence it seemed to him the noise had proceeded. Mrs. Shelley, in narrating the occurrence, stated that Shelley saw a man in the act of making his escape through a window that opened into a shrubbery. The man, according to that account, fired at Shelley without effect. Shelley then attempted to fire at his assailant, but the pistol did not go off. The man then rushed on Shelley, knocked him down, and while on the ground a struggle took place between Shelley and his assailant. Shelley managed during this struggle to fire his second pistol, which he imagined had wounded the man in the shoulder, for he screamed aloud, rose up, and uttered terrible imprecations and threats in the grossest language, calling God to witness that he would be revenged-that he would murder his wife ; that he would bring disgrace on his sister ; and ending with these words : "By G-, I will be revenged."

6002C

The villain had fied, as they (Mr. and Mrs. Shelley) hoped, for the night. The servants had not gone to bed when this occurrence took place, yet Mrs. Shelley makes no mention of their having made their appearance at all on the scene of this rencounter during the struggle, notwithstanding the firing of the shots, nor did she mention being present herself till about eleven o'clock, when "they all assembled in the parlor, where they remained for two hours." Mrs. Shelley stated that her husband then desired them to retire, as there was no farther attack likely to be apprehended. She went to bed, and left Shelley and a man-servant, who had only become an inmate of the house that day, sitting up. Mrs. Shelley had been in bed about three hours when she heard a pistol go off, and immediately ran down stairs, where she found her husband greatly excited. She saw that his dressing-gown and the windowcurtains had been perforated by a ball. The servant-man who had been left sitting up with Shelley, by her account was not present when the shot was fired. He had been sent out to see what o'clock it was, and after having done so, on hearing some noise at the window, Shelley, as she states, went forward in that direction, when a man thrust his arm through the glass and fired at him. The ball passed through the curtain and his dressing-gown, Shelley fortunately standing sideways at the moment the assassin fired. Shelley immediately attempted to fire his pistol at the man, but it would not go off. He then made a lunge at him with an old sword which he found in the house ; the assassin tried to wrest the sword out of his hand, and while in the act of so wresting it, the servant-man Daniel rushed into the room, and the man then took to flight and disappeared.

When Mrs. Shelley saw her husband after this second attempt, it was four o'clock in the morning. The night had been most tempestuous—a most dreadful night—the wind was so loud, it seemed to her like thunder, and the rain came rattling down in torrents.

The next day the occurrence was the subject of general conversation in the locality. A Mr. L — spread a malicious report that the whole was a fabrication of Shelley, and the object of it was to furnish an excuse for leaving the place without paying his bills, this Mr. L — having an enmity to Shelley, on account of being slighted by the latter, and once having obtained a pamphlet which Shelley had published in Dublin, of a political nature, and having sent the same to the government, denouncing its principles and its possessors. On the Saturday following the Shelleys took their departure for Tarr y calt, and determined shortly after to proceed to Dublin for a change of scene, that might lead to some new train of thought most urgently required at that time for the restoration of his health and spirits.

Shelley, in his account of the attempted assassination, said he had been fired at twice by the assassin, and one of the balls had penetrated his nightgown and pierced his waistcoat. He was of opinion it was no common robber they had reason to dread, but a person seeking vengeance, who had threatened his life and his sister's also.

AA2

-Google

Within a week of the date of the occurrence above mentioned, Shelley's e of mind was not only one of depression, but of desperation; he spoke is escape from an attempted atrocious assassination, and the probability eing then heard of no more, in a very incoherent manner.

'he whole alleged attempt at assassination, there can hardly be a doubt, s an imaginary occurrence—the creation of an overworked mind, greatly ited, controlled by no religious sentiments—of a state of mental halluciion remotely occasioned by excessive metaphysical abstraction, immediateaggravated by impaired bodily health and extreme physical debility.

Those who contributed perseveringly and industriously to undermine the gious sentiments of this noble-minded being, for such he was with all his its, one originally good and excellently gifted, naturally endowed, too, with timents of a reverential kind for the Creator, and with feelings of grateful niration of the glorious and beautiful works of creation—those persons, is of whom are still living, might well lament for the success of their efs to unchristianize Shelley, if they had the grace to be conscious of their n grievous errors in matters of fact.

Accore says of Shelley, "With a mind by nature fervidly pious, he yet reed to acknowledge a supreme Providence, and substituted some airy abaction of 'universal love' in its place."\*

We are told by Legh Hunt that "Shelley was subject to violent spasmodic ns, which would sometimes force him to lie on the ground till they were r, but he had always a kind word to give to those about him when his ugs allowed him to speak."

Ine of the earliest and most intimate friends of Shelley, in whose house in adon, at the period of his first married life, and subsequent to the separai, Shelley was in the habit of staying when in town, informed me that he a subject to violent paroxysms of pain in the head, so violent and oververing, that, while they lasted, he would lie down on a sofa, and writhe in my of suffering, that seemed almost to drive him to distraction.

Polidori, the Italian physician of Lord Byron in Genos and Milan, in his face to the "Vampire," gives a curious account of one of Shelley's occanal hallucinations, for the truth of which Byron vouches.

'It appears that, one evening, Lord Byron, Mr. P. B. Shelley, two ladies, I the gentleman before alluded to, after having perused a German work ed 'Phantasmagoria,' began relating ghost stories, when, his lordship havrecited the beginning of Christabel, then unpublished, the whole took so ing a hold of Mr. Shelley's mind that he suddenly started up and ran out he room. The physician and Lord Byron followed, and found him lean-

against a mantel-piece, with cold drops of perspiration trickling down his s. After having given him something to refresh him, upon inquiring into cause of his alarm, they found that, his wild imagination having pictured him the bosom of one of the ladies with eyes (which was reported of a lady

\* Moore's "Life of Byron," p. 316, 8vo ed., 1838.

in the neighborhood where he lived), he was obliged to leave the room in order to destroy the impression."\*

The belief to which he clung with most tenacity, we are told by his friend Hunt, was in the existence of some great pervading "spirit of intellectual beauty." The sweet cadences of melodious music, the lustre of the stars, the loveliness of flowers, the beauties of nature, the excellencies of art—these, we are told, were the spiritual influences which went to the formation of his religious opinions. The works of Bernard de St. Pierre contributed, perhaps, to make him a natural religionist; and one work of Mr. Godwin, on "Political Justice," made him a philosophical Radical and a metaphysical Republican.

"Shelley's figure was tall and most unnaturally attenuated, so as to bend to the earth like a plant that had been deprived of its vital air; his features had an unnatural sharpness, and an unhealthy paleness, like a flower that has been kept from the light of day; his eyes had an almost superhuman brightness, and his voice a preternatural elevation of pitch and a shrillness of tone, all which peculiarities probably arose from some accidental circumstances connected with his early nurture and bringing up. But all these Hazlitt tortured into external types and symbols of that unnatural and unwholesome craving after injurious excitement, that morbid tendency toward interdicted topics and questions of moral good and evil, and that forbidden search into the sccreta tially resolved the whole of Shelley's productions."<sup>†</sup>

Shelley's lines-" Written in dejection, near Naples"-contain some passages exquisitely beautiful and pathetic; some, too, of a mournful interest, and calculated to recall his own sad fate:

"I see the deep's untrampled floor,

With green and purple sea-weeds strown ;

I see the waves upon the shore,

Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown.

I sit upon the sands alone :

The lightning of the noontide ocean

Is flashing round me, and a tone

Arises from its measured motion,

How sweet! did my heart share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,

Nor peace within, nor calm around,

Nor that content surpassing wealth,

The sage in meditation found,

And walked around with inward glory crown'd;

Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.

\* Moore's Life of Byron, p. 394, 8vo edit., 1838.

t "My Friends and Acquaintances," by P. G. Patmore, vol. ill., p. 134.

Others I see whom these surround ; Smiling they live, and call life pleasure : To me, that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,

E'en as the winds and waters are; I could lie like a tired child,

And weep away the life of care

Which I have borne, and still must bear, Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,

And I might feel in the warm air

My check grow cold, and hear the sea. Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony."

The second Mrs. Shelley was the daughter of William Godwin, by his union with Mary Woolstonecraft, the author of the "Rights of Women." This gifted lady became the wife of P. B. Shelley in 1818. Soon after their marriage, they left their residence at Great Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, for Italy, where they resided till the fatal accident by which Shelley perished, in his thirtieth year, in the Gulf of Terici, with his friend, Edward Elleker Williams, on the 8th of July, 1822. Her first work, written during her residence in Italy, was " Frankenstein," one of the most remarkable works of fiction of the time. After Shelley's death she had to devote herself to literature to enable her to provide for herself and two young children. She produced, at intervals, " Valperga," " The Last Man," " Iodore," one or two other works of fiction, biographies of foreign artists and men of letters for the "Cabinet Cyclopedia." She edited, moreover, the poems and various fragments of Shelley, and, lastly, published, in 1843, in 2 vols. 8vo, her " Rambles in Germany and Italy in 1840, 1842, and 1843." Mrs. Shelley's elder son, William, died in childhood ; the survivor is the present Sir Percy Florence Shelley, Bart., who succeeded his grandfather, Sir Timothy Shelley, in that title in 1844. Mrs. Shelley died at her residence, 24 Chester Square, London, aged fifty-three, on the 1st of February, 1851.

"The remains of Shelley are deposited near those of his friend Keats, in the cemetery at the base of the pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius in Rome. In his preface to his lament over Keats, Shelley says, 'He was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the Protestants, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. It is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sucet a place.' The inscription on the monument of Keats, who died in Rome in 1821, briefly tells the sail story of the short career of the young English poet, the friend of Shelley: 'This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart al the malicious power of his

- G002 C

enemics, desired these words to be engraved on his tomb : HERE LIES ONE WHOSE MAKE WAS WRITTEN IN WATER.'"

" I have been here to-day, to see the graves of Keats and Shelley. With a cloudless sky, and the most delicious air ever breathed, we sat down upon the marble slab laid over the ashes of poor Shelley, and read his own lament over Keats, who sleeps just below, at the foot of the hill. The cemetery is rudely formed into three terraces, with walks between ; and Shelley's grave occupies a small nook above, made by the projections of a mouldering walltower, and crowned with ivy and shrubs, and a peculiarly fragrant yellow flower, which perfumes the air around for several feet. The avenue by which you ascend from the gate is lined with high bushes of the marsh rose in the most luxuriant bloom, and all over the cemetery the grass is thickly mingled with flowers of every dys."\*

## No. XXVI.

#### THOMAS MOORE.

Moore's anecdotal talents have been referred to at page 270 of this volume. In 1835 I dined with Moore, in Dublin, at a large party of upward of twenty persons, many of whom were distinguished intellectual people. At dinner I sat between Moore and a barrister not remarkable for talent, but highly respected, an amiable, inoffensive, meek, well-mannered, gentleman-like, goodhumored person, naturally timid and retiring, and rather advanced in years, who was named Cornelius, but was no centurion, and, though familiarly called Con by his intimate friends, was never supposed to be a descendant of him "of the hundred fights." On the opposite side, near the head of the table, sat an important-looking personage, tall, gaunt, and bony, once evidently of Herculean strength and stature, now bent and somewhat shrunken, but still of formidable breadth of shoulders and size of hands, if one might be allowed to use that expression in speaking of such enormous appendages to human wrists. This portentous-looking gentleman, of a grim aspect and a gruff voice, was the redoubtable Tom, commonly spoken of as a younger brother of Tom was the representative of a class now happily Jack the Giant-Killer. defunct in Ireland-the Sir Lucius O'Trigger school, of pleasure-loving, reckless, rollicking, elderly gentlemen of good family, who always went into society on full cock, and generally went off, leaving some striking proofs of their valor, and the value they set on their own opinions, behind them-men of a great fame for fighting duels, of indisputable authority in all controversies concerning hair-triggers and matters of etiquette in affairs of honor, in pacing the ground, and placing a friend well on it; capital judges of prime port and claret, flaming patriots after dinner, greatly disposed to be oratorical and tuneful, and with a slight dash of sedition in their songs and speeches. He belonged to that school whose disciples, like the good Master Shallows of former times,

\* Willis's Pencilings by the Way, p. 84.

as they grow old, remember "the mad days that they have spent," when they were "such swinge bucklers in all the Inns of Court," and "heard the chimes at night," and "drew a good long bow, and shot a good shoot"—veterans who had seen much service in the field with the hounds, after the fox and the hare, and in the hunt elsewhere, after other game, in their early days, when " the watchword was 'Hem, boys!"—lusty fellows once, "who would have done any thing, and roundly too," but who, in their latter years, " poor esquires in the county," and justices of the peace, begin to think, "as death is certain, that all must die;" all their "old friends are dead," and then, being dejected, and becoming sanctimonious, kindly take the interests of religion and the state under their immediate protection, and ultimately obtain some celebrity as *Cautholic* notabilities, "voteens, suffering Loyalists," and arbiters of all matters in controversy in society affecting their opinions of what is genteel, pious, or well-affected to the Constitution, and the Hanoverian succession, as established in the house of Brunswick.

Moore had been particularly joyous and brilliant in conversation during dinner. The cloth was removed, the contagion of his wit and humor had spread around him, the dullest person in company had become animated, every one had some anecdote to tell. Poor Con, the barrister, the mildest and most harmless of men, told a story of Father O'Leary and the Protestant bishop of his diocese dining together, and joking on a point of discipline, the gist of the story being some facetious observation of the prelate, which had been taken in jest, and had been enjoyed as a joke by Father O'Leary himself. Every body at table laughed at the story but one person, and that unpleased and very unpleasant individual was Tom, who looked unutterable things, the obvious meaning of which was, "Shall we have incision ! Shall we imbrue ! Have we not hiren here !" "Now let the welkin roar !" Now for " a goodly tumult !"

Slowly, and with alarming solemnity of aspect, the large, bony frame of the fire-eater of former times was seen rising up, supporting its great bulk on the knuckles of both hands, planted on the table far inward toward the centre, and stretching across decanters and glasses in a most formidable attitude in the direction of the unhappy Cornelius, who looked exceedingly astonished and alarmed. Moore gazed around him on the faces of the guests inquiringly, and, if he dared to speak, would evidently have asked what the deuce was the meaning of the coming row. The generality of the guests awaited the explosion, as if a thunderbolt was about to fall on the head of the petrified barrister. Tom took a minute or two to fix himself in his terrible position, and to concentrate his fiery glances and scathing frowns on the pale and shrinking victim, the ill-starred Con. Not a word was spoken, but a hollow, grumbling noise could be distinguished, a kind of preface to a horrid growl-" mugitus labyrinthi"-such a grumble as a sick giant, in the recesses of some deep cavern, might be expected to utter in extremity ; and now the bellowing of the mountain of a man, marvelously distempered by his choler, commenced in good

earnest. His volcanic fury thus disembogued in a torrent of incoherent threats, denunciations, and invective :

"How dar you speak disrepectfully of the clergy of my Church ! How dar you do it, sir ! I say, Con, how dar you insult my religion !"

Poor Con, terror-stricken, held up his hands imploringly, and, in most tremulous accents, vainly protested he meant no offense whatever to the faith or feelings of any man, woman, or child in Christendom.

"How dar you, Con-tell me what you mean ! How dar you attempt to interrupt me ! You had the baseness, Con, and you know it, sir, to insult the ministers of my religion. How dar you deny the cowardly attack, sir ?"

Con, pale as death, but with no better success than before, made another imploring appeal to be allowed to deny the alleged insult.

"There was a time, Con, when, with this hand [lifting his right arm as he spoke, clinching his fist, and shaking it vehemently across the table at his victim]—there was a time, Con, and well you know it, when I would have smashed you for this outrage. But I scorn you too much to take any other than this slight notice of your heinous offense against every thing sacred and profane !"

Frowning awfully, the indignant champion resumed his seat, and the dismayed barrister, who began to pluck up his courage from the moment Tom declared his excess of scorn prevented him from having recourse to actual violence, began to sit up more perpendicularly in his chair; for, previously to that, he had been sinking gradually, fading away before the face of his infuriated assailant's overwhelming wrath, till it was to be foared he would eventually have slidden down altogether from his seat and slipped under the table.

Silence reigned; the guests looked at one another, discreetly holding their tongues; Moore seemed to be exceedingly annoyed and sickened. After a little time, he whispered to me to follow him, and, to the great disappointment of the company, he rose before any of the guests had stirred, and took his departure. I followed him, and the first words he uttered when we were in the street were the following: "So disgusting an exhibition of brutality I never witnessed in my life."

We went to the theatre; it was a command night, and Lord and Lady Mulgrave were there in state. Moore was soon recognized by the audience, and greeted with loud cheers and plaudits. After a short time, one of the aids-dc-camp came to the box where we were sitting, and conveyed an invitation to Moore to sup with his excellency at the vice-regal lodge. Moore then accompanied the aid-de-camp to the box of the vice-regal party, and on his appearance there the cheering for him was renewed. He returned to the box I was in before his excellency made his exit, and brought me an invitation from Lord Mulgrave (whom I had the honor of knowing in Jamaica) to the supper-party that night at the Park. I accompanied Moore to that entertainment, without exception the most delightful I ever enjoyed. The principal guests at supper were Lord and Lady Cloncurry, the lord who was a prisoner in the Tower in 1798, and his lady, the near relative of the foully-mur-

osbie; Sir Grey Campbell and his lady, the eldest daughitzgerald; Thomas Moore, the historian of the rebel lord; idual who, a little later, was the author of the "Lives and Irishmen." There were present also Miss Ellen Tree, Sir Philip Crampton.

Duke of Richmond, of the good old times of the Orange and the vice-regal lodge, and the unhappy shades of Will-Manners could only have come up and gazed that night whom the viceroy was surrounded, and among whom there marksman or representative of an Orange lodge, how have been! Moore that night sang and played several melodies, in his own most exquisite style-more than one a persons who had figured in the stormy affairs of 1798 ght tears into the eyes of the daughter of Lord Edward

## No. XXVII.

#### L. E. L.

in the first part of this volume, of Mrs. Maclean's death e, and the circumstances attending it, was written, a pub-1, entitled " Recollections of Literary Characters and Cele-Irs. Thomson, author of "Memoirs of the Court of Henry spondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough," &c. In f the recent work of Mrs. Thomson," there is a biographi-., the author's reminiscences of her, and (at page 92) an ease, wherein some matters are stated for the immediate lean's death, for the first time presented to the public, ion, and the more so on account of Mrs. Thomson's claim s of information for many of the alleged facts detailed by reviously referring to the marriage of Miss Landon with "The common surmise is, that L. E. L. married the Coast to be married, to fly from the slander, to have a 1. No, these were not her reasons, for she was truly and one who she declared was the only man she ever loved. she pined in his absence, she sacrificed for him the friends, icty to which she had been accustomed. But she made

ken of diffusely rather than explained was the fact of the or, who, having been ardently loved by poor L. E. L., the er loved, all of a sudden, after being so accepted, and havrespondence with her, without any assigned or assignable 1, had ceased to hold any intercourse with her, and had lections of Literary Characters, &c., vol. 11., p. 86.

..... G000

betaken himself to Scotland, without any intimation of his departure from London, and thus left her in a state bordering on despair.

The mystery of the sudden breaking off of the marriage, however, terminated in Mr. Maclean's return from Scotland, the renewal of his engagement, a joyful wedding with a man who had seemed to Mrs. Thomson, at the time of the marriage, " like one who had buried all joy in Africa, or whose feelings had been frozen up during his last inauspicious visit to Scotland."

The marriage, which was attended by Sir E. B. Lytton, the kind and constant friend of Miss Landon, and which had been made a mystery of, according to Mrs. Thomson's account, for about a month after its celebration, was apparently the false step referred to. Had it been called a fatal one, there would have been something in the account not to be impugned; but that Mrs. Thomson's impressions of this marriage being the result of strong feelings of attachment, the ardent affection of first fond love on the part of the lady, are entirely erroneous, there can not be the slightest doubt. That Mrs. Thomson has stated correctly the words of Miss Landon declaratory of such sentiments, I have no doubt ; but I know that pride has its anomalies as well as other passions, and does not bear, in great extremities, to be too literally interpreted ; and it is difficult to conceive any greater extremity than the sacrifice which Miss Landon made of her happiness, in abandoning friends. country, and pursuits for the hand and name of Captain Maclean, a dreary home, and, as she anticipated, an early grave on the coast of Africa.

Mrs. Thomson, to a short passage of about a dozen lines in the text of her notice of L. E. L., adds a long note of six pages on the subject of her death. In the former we are told, "All that is known of her death is this: she was found, 'half an hour after taking from a black boy a cup of coffee brought by her order,' leaning against the door of her chamber, sitting as if she had sunk down in an effort to rush to the door for help. A bruise was on her check, a slight bruise on the hand which was pressed on the floor—(these details are not in the inquest, but are true)—an empty phial (so said the maid who found her) in her hand."

If Mrs. Thomson's account is correct, Mrs. Maclean was found by the English servant-woman, Mrs. Bailey, in a sitting posture at the door. But on the inquest, Mrs. Bailey swore she had found the body of her mistress lying on the floor near the entrance; and no evidence was given by any person examined on the inquest of any coffee having been brought to her that morning by a native servant.

Mrs. Thomson further adds, the black boy was about ten years of age who had brought the coffee, and that when Mrs. Bailey returned to the dressingroom, she found the cup standing empty on Mrs. Maclean's table. I never heard one syllable of this at Cape Coast. If such a circumstance took place, it was suppressed at the inquest, and it was withheld from me. But Mrs. Thomson says Mrs. Bailey mentioned this circumstance to the late Mrs. Liddiard, of Streatham.

Mrs. Bailey certainly did not say one word that has been reported, in her evidence on the inquest, about a cup of coffee having been brought to her mistress in the interval between her first entering Mrs. Maclean's room that fatal morning and her second appearance there, when she found Mrs. Maclean lifeless, to all appearance, on the floor. If any other servant previously entered the room that morning, and brought any liquid to the poisoned person, that servant ought surely to have been examined on the inquest. If the circumstance took place that is stated by Mrs. Thomson, the suppression of such evidence would be calculated, no doubt, to excite a suspicion that the inquiry was not intended to ascertain the real facts of the case.

When Mrs. Bailey left the room of Mrs. Maclean, her mistress was apparently well; about half an hour, at the utmost, elapsed before she returned to the room, when her mistress was apparently dead.

Did the boy bring the coffee before Mrs. Bailey's first appearance in Mrs. Maclean's room! Who was that boy! Was he a son of a native woman who had to quit the castle on the arrival in the arsenal of Mrs. Maclean! Are the poisons known to the natives on the west coast of Africa of that deadly virulence and swiftness in destroying life, that death was likely to result from the administration of one of them within a period of half an hour after the time of taking it !

Were there good authority for the statement made to Mrs. Liddiard, these are matters which it might be desirable to have inquired into, if Mrs. Bailey could answer them, could be relied on, and could not be intimidated or tampered with. Some of the questions my own knowledge of the facts enables me to throw some light on. The boy who brought the coffee was not the son of the woman referred to. There was no child of hers by Captain Maclean living at the time I was on the Gold Coast, nor long previously to that period. The poisons known to the natives of Africa are not generally productive of instantaneous death.

Mrs. Thomson states several circumstances relating to her last letters to her friends, which are unquestionably true, as far as they go, showing those communications "were not the letters of a newly-married and happy wife."

In one of these letters she complained bitterly that, in spite of her entreaties, Mz. Maclean had ordered her attendant, Mrs. Bailey, the only woman in the settlement, to return to England, and Mrs. Thomson truly states, " that decision seemed to give her, Mrs. Maclean, inexpressible vexation, as, indeed, in naturally might." The decision was inexplicable to the friends of Mrs. Maclean, and might reasonably be so.

Mrs. Bailey was the wife of the steward of the vessel in which the Macleans went out to the Gold Coast from England. On arrival, Mrs. Bailey went to live at the castle, and appeared to every one there in the capacity of lady'smaid to Mrs. Maclean. Her husband, at the same time, became a kind of factotum to Mr. Maclean, and eventually was put in charge of Captain Maclean's yacht schooner, and became the master of that vessel.

Ciocy)

He was master of that vessel long after his wife's departure from the settlement. I think I heard he had returned to England on Mr. Maclcan's business, had come back to the colony, and resumed his command of the yacht.

Not very long before the death of Mr. Maclean, a friend of his at Cape Coast, much in his confidence, recently deceased, a gentleman with whom I was well acquainted, stated that some revelation (in the shape of a letter) had been made to Mr. Maclean of a serious nature, which he, Mr. Maclean, was not prepared for by any previous rumors with which he had been made acquainted in England.

Whether the alleged revelation had any thing to do with the decision come to with regard to the return of Mrs. Bailey to England, no one living, with one exception, now can say. I allude to this statement, because I think it very probable that for Mr. Maclean's decision there may have been some excuse, if not a cause, of which the public are unaware. Mrs. Bailey's discretion may not have been more remarkable at Cape Coast Castle than it proved on her return to this country.

Mrs. Thomson lays great stress on the fact that the medical attendant of L. E. L., while residing in London, Dr. A. T. Thomson, had stated in a letter which he published in the "Times" shortly after the death of Mrs. Maclean, "that he had attended her (Miss Landon) as a friend for a period of fifteen years, and that he had never ordered prussic acid for her in any form." Mrs. Thomson states also that the medicine-chest, which had been fitted up for her by Mr. Squires, of Oxford Street, did not contain that medicine, and that none of the prescriptions for her, for years, which had been compounded by that eminent chemist, by whom all prescriptions for her were usually made up, included prussic acid; and that "Mrs. Sheldon and her daughters, who had watched over Mrs. Maclean during a long illness, and who knew her habitual course of life thoroughly during the two years that she resided under their roof, asserted positively that they had never known her to take it."

The inference that Mrs. Thomson leaves, or rather leads, her readers to draw, is, that Mrs. Maclean, having no prussic acid in her possession ordered by her physician or supplied by her druggist, could not have poisoned herself with that drug, either unintentionally or willfully.

But Mrs. Bailey deposed at the inquest that she had found in the hand of Mrs. Maclean an uncorked bottle, when she discovered the body lying on the floor, and the bottle, when produced, was found labeled "Hydrocyanic Acid." She farther deposed, "She afterward corked the bottle and put it aside." She added, also, that she had seen her mistress take a drop or two of the medicine in the bottle, in water, two or three times, when ill with the spasms, to which she was subject. Mr. Maclean deposed that, when he had been called to Mrs. Maclean's dressing-room on the occasion of her death, he saw a small phial upon the toilet-table, and asked Mrs. Bailey where it came from. "Mrs. Bailey toild him that she had found it in Mrs. Maclean's hand; and that phial (she added) had contained Scheele's preparation of prussic acid. His wife

had been in the habit of using it for severe fits of spasms, to which she was subject. She had made use of it on the voyage from England to his knowledge. He was greatly averse to her having such a dangerous medicine, and wished to throw it overboard. She requested him not to do so, as she would die without it."

Dr. Cobbold, the medical officer of the Castle, deposed that, from his examinstion, he came to the opinion that death was caused by the improper use of the medicine, the bottle of which was found in her hand. He deposed farther to a smell of prussic acid about her person.

In the face of this evidence, it is more difficult to admit Mrs. Thomson's inference than to deny the possibility, nay, the probability, of Mrs. Maclean's having procured a bottle of Scheele's preparation of prussic acid on some one of those numerous occasions of her spasmodic seizures to which she had been subject in England, especially after those severe mental disquietudes to which I have elsewhere referred. Any very intimate friend who visited her on such occasions, and found her suffering from these spasmodic attacks, might have spoken of their experience of the effects of that medicine in such seizures ; and if she acted on their suggestion while so suffering, the probability is, she would not have waited to procure the sanction of her ordinary physician, but would have sent to the nearest apothecary's for the medicine, and not to a druggist in Oxford Street, upward of two miles from her place of abode.

But, supposing that the idea of self-destruction had ever entered the head of L. E. L. while residing in England and previously to her marriage, is it not quite clear that it is not from her regular medical attendant she would have sought a prescription for such a drug! and it is not at the druggist's where she had her prescriptions made up for many years that she would have sought this dangerous drug. In-such a case, it is quite evident that the inference of Mrs. Thomson would be deserving of no consideration.

But there are two difficulties connected with this subject which present themselves to my mind, and I am quite at a loss to solve them. The uncorked phial which Mrs. Bailey deposed she had found in the hand of her dead mistress when produced at the inquest was found labeled "Acid. Hydrocyanicum delatum. Pharm.: Lond., 1836: medium dose, 5 minims." But not one word was mentioned in any of the depositions as to the name and address of the druggist or apothecary, which invariably, I believe, is to be found at the top and bottom of all labels of poisonous drugs of this description.

This bottle was not produced to me by Dr. Cobbold nor by Mr. Maclean when I was at Cape Coast Castle, and Dr. Cobbold had professed to afford me all the information he could give me on the subject of my inquiries touching the death of Mrs. Msclean; and, very unfortunately, the great importance of that circumstance had totally escaped my sttention at Cape Coast Castle; it never occurred to me to inquire for that bottle, and to examine the label, with the view of ascertaining the name of the druggist or apothecary from whom it had been obtained.

- GOOVE

The other difficulty above referred to is this: Mr. Brodie Cruickshank, in his recent work, commenting on the evidence at the inquest, of which he was one of the jurors, says that the manner in which Mrs. Bailey alluded to the important circumstance of finding the bottle in her mistress's hand, only doing so in answer to a question from Mr. Maclean, and the manner Mrs. Bailey behaved, also, after her return to England, making some flagrantly false statements—" these considerations (he adds) induced him to discredit altogether Mrs. Bailey's testimony, and to believe that the phial had not been found in Mrs. Maclean's hand at all." But Mr. Cruickshank (the friend and advocate, be it observed, of Mr. Maclean) makes no doubt whatever that Mrs. Maclean had been poisoned by prussic acid, and had taken that drug inadvertently in an excessive quantity.

Here ends all the evidence that has been given to the public on this mysterious and melancholy affair. Many of those with whom I have communicated on the subject at Cape Coast Castle are no longer living. Mr. Maclean has been long dead; the magistrate before whom the inquest was held the 15th of October, 1838, Mr. Swansey, is dead; Dr. Cobbold, the medical officer of the Castle, who was oxamined at the inquest, is dead; and Mr. Brodie Cruickshank, one of the jurors on the inquest, whose work, "Eighteen Years on the Gold Coast of Africa," &c., was only published about eighteen months ago, has just ended an early career in Lisbon.

Mrs. Bailey, on her arrival in England immediately after the death of Mrs. Maclean, manifested some striking evidences of an inordinate passion for notoriety. Other persons have shown an undue desire to make a public opinion of their impressions, and to have Mr. Maclean regarded, as he was by them, not only with favor, but with deep interest and affection. Efforts like these may carry every thing before them for a time, but eventually they not only fail, but the pertinacity with which they are made engenders doubt, stimulates inquiry, and determines its pursuit. The minds of people, in the long run, revolt at attempts to force conclusions on them which are not legitimately arrived at. From the following extracts from official papers, the reader will be enabled to form his own judgment as to the character of the person, in his public capacity, which, as in his private one, has been the subject of a great deal of unjust opprobrium—of unmerited eulogy.

In the archives of the Colonial Offices, there are various documents connected with the subject of the administration of the Gold Coast government while Mr. Maclean held the office of President of the Council, and of complaints brought against it, especially on account of the execution of a native under peculiar circumstances, and the death of another native a few hours after a flogging, administered by Mr. Maclean's orders, and in his presence. A great deal of matter that has reference to other serious complaints against Mr. Maclean I omit, and confine myself entirely to extracts fairly taken from the original official documents, without offering any comments on them.

## Extracts from a Letter from J. J. H. Burgoyne, Esq. (late of Cape Coast), is James Stephen, Esq.

#### "London, September 21st, 1837.

"SIE,—Without one exception, every English merchant on that coast (Cape Coast Castle) was possessed of a retinue of 'pawns' or slaves; and from persons under the latter denomination, Mr. Maclean, the president himself, sold into the Dutch Batavian service, contrary to his will and inclination, a man named 'Coffee Sam,' and was possessed, moreover, of several other natives as 'pawns,' who served him in a variety of domestic purposes.

"Corporal punishments of an inhuman description have been repeatedly inflicted during my residence upon the coast upon natives, on account of their owing debts to merchants, and for other trivial offenses, for which chains, and imprisonment too, were uniformly their portion; and, in one instance, the death of an unhappy victim ensued within twelve hours after a corporal punishment of five hundred lashes, which had been inflicted on the sole responsibility of Mr. Maclean himself (Quabino, a slave of Mr. Hanson).

"Vessels engaged in the slave-trade, under the flags of Spain and Portugal, have frequently anchored at Cape Coast Castle during my sojourn there. The masters received from within the very fort the articles of merchandise that were requisite for the prosecution of the traffic in which they were engaged, and those masters were accommodated in the apartments of the president himself.

"Wretched slaves, who, flying from the cruelty of savage owners in different neighboring states, have thrown themselves upon the protection of chiefs friendly to the British, Mr. Maclean made a uniform practice of causing to be delivered up; with respect to which system (so directly in opposition to the commands conveyed in Lord Bathurst's circular, dispatched the 31st of December, 1825) I am in possession of documents in the hand-writing of Mr. Maclean, which prove of themselves how invariably he pursued it; in one of which documents that gentleman says, 'I have recovered the two runaway slaves that you wrote to me about; the man slave has been redeemed, and the money paid for him; the woman slave I now send by the messengers.' And that wretched woman slave was put to death by the savage chief to whom she belonged at the instant of her arrival at Coomasie !

"Mr. President Maclean, assisted in his judicial office solely by the merchants composing the council, of which he was the head, I have known to condemn natives to death, which condemnation has been executed without any reference whatever to the authorities, either at Sierra Leone or in England.

"A mulatto man, named Graves, committed a murder at the British settlement of Commendale in 1836, by cruelly beating one of his slaves, and afterward suffocating him with burned peppers. Graves was brought before Mr. Maclean, the president, and the council, at Cape Coast Castle ; but a reference

#### APPENDIX,

in his case to the authorities at Sierra Leone would have formed a dangerous precedent, and might, perchance, have thrown a light upon the death of poor Quabino, Mr. Maclean's own victim; so Graves was liberated after a short confinement, which he was informed he underwent on account of certain debts that he owed to English merchants of Cape Coast, and not for having caused the death of his slave !!!

"I have the honor to be, &c., &c., &c.,

" (Signed),

J. J. H. BURGOYNE."

## Affidavit of Sergeant Hobbs.

"The affidavits forwarded to England by Mr. Gedge, as a justice of the peace, to the Colonial Office, and to the African committee, set forth, that Quabino was, on a certain day, tied over a three-pounder field-piece by order of Mr. Maclean, outside of the fort of British Accra, where (Mr. Maclean standing by) he, Quabino, received first 300 lashes; that after this, a fresh cat was obtained from Mr. Beaunermiens, and 200 lashes more inflicted. From the said place of punishment he (Quabino) was conveyed to a cell, where, at daylight on the very next morning, he was found lying on his face, dead."

## Affidavit of Henry Pococke.

"One of the *buglers*, who inflicted the lashes, and who swears to their number (500), also testifies to having seen Quabino dead on the following morning.

"The other bugler, who assisted at the punishment, stated the same facts, and was about to be examined on oath respecting them by Mr. Gedge, as a magistrate, when Mr. Maclean, having heard of his (Gedge's) intention, confined Paine in the guard-room of the Castle, and there left him for weeks."

#### Affidavit of Thomas P. Grant, of Annamboe, a British Merchant.

"A merchant at Annamboe declared on oath that he had seen the punishment inflicted; that Maclean was present, and directing the punishment; that on the following morning he saw the same man (Quabino) dead; that a kind of coroner's inquest assembled to view the body; that of this jury he was a member; that neither himself nor any of the others were sworn; that they entered on the face of the proceedings a verdict of 'Died from suffocation,' and this without reassembling; other proceedings were drawn up, and signed by the said members, he signing as well as the rest, these last proceedings (which he declared on oath he never even read) recording an altered verdict of 'Died by poison;' and that no evidence of the wretched Quabino's having taken poison had ever been adduced to justify this last verdict; he had no other reason why he consented to either verdict than because he was told by Ridley (the foreman and coroner) that it was 'all right.'"

## Extracts of a Letter from George Maclean to the Committee of Merchants.

"London, October 14th, 1837.

01000010

"GENTLEMEN,—I shall now proceed to notice and refute, scristin, the several accusations contained in Mr. Burgoyne's letters—accusations, I may say, which as yet are unsupported by proof; for the few documents of which Mr. Burgoyne has furnished copies prove little or nothing, even if taken in the perverted sense in which he affects to understand them. \* \* \* \*

"I observe that the character assumed by Mr. Burgoyne, in bringing forward his charges, is that of champion of the 'deeply injured and oppressed race' of Africans on the Gold Coast. Now it will be readily admitted that the previous conduct of a person appearing in such a character ought to be able to bear the strictest scrutiny, and that his motives ought to be above suspicion. At present, I shall only touch on Mr. Burgoyne's character as an officer, and I think that not only your records, but those of the Colonial Office and Horse Guards will bear me out in saying that his conduct has not been such as to entitle him to the favorable notice of any department of government. A reference to the records of the Horse Guards will show that, when a lieutenant in the 33d regiment, Mr. Burgoyne was tried by a general court-martial, and cashiered by the sentence of that court ; that when, by the elemency of the commander-in-chief, he was reinstated in his rank, though placed at the bottom of the list of lieutenants of the 93d regiment, he was obliged to leave the army after serving some time, receiving the value of his commission. 1 now proceed, as I proposed, to reply to his charges scriatim :

"1st. I am accused of having wantonly, or, at least, by an undue severity, caused the death of a native at Accra, named Quabino, inasmuch as I, by my own sole authority, caused 500 lashes to be inflicted upon him, in consequence of which he died in twelve hours thereafter.

"It will scarcely be believed that the occurrence, misrepresented by Mr. Burgoyne in every particular, actually took place two years before he arrived in the country, and that, consequently, he could know nothing of the matter save what he might have heard from vague report : as might be expected under such circumstances, the charge is false in almost every particular. It is false that I, 'on my own authority, ordered the man alluded to to be punished.' It is false 'that he received 500 lashes.' It is false, utterly false, that he 'was punished with undue severity,' or that 'he died in consequence of such punishment.'

"I am enabled to produce an official document, addressed by Mr. Gedge himself to you, gentlemen (of a date long subsequent to that of the proceedings in question), wherein he repudiates in the strongest terms the whole of those proceedings, expresses his deep regret that he should have been unwarily led by Mr. Burgoyne to institute them, and states, in fine, that subsequent inquiries had fully and generally satisfied him that no grounds whatever

existed for the accusation attempted to be got up against me. But further, I will presently show that Mr. Burgoyne did, in subsequent letters to the president and council, express himself in nearly similar terms, in which he fully acquitted me, not only of the charges in question, but of all, or nearly all of the other charges, which he now, for the vilest of purposes, thinks proper to revive, in a country where he deems his own character unknown, and where he, perhaps, thinks it will be difficult to disprove his reckless allegations. After what has been already stated, I need scarcely add, that the documents called 'affidavits' were papers drawn up by Mr. Burgoyne himself, and assented to by these men (who, being ignorant of their contents, and not being Christians, could not make 'affidavits' of such) through fear; at least, they afterward came to me, requesting to be made acquainted with the substance of those documents, and expressing their readiness and wishes to swear to any counteracting statements which I might think proper to draw up; to which offer I, of course, paid no attention.

"I trust you will be of opinion that this Mr. Burgoyne's first charge is sufficiently answered.

"2d. Mr. Burgoyne's second charge is, 'that a system of pawning' the natives, and thence of coercive labor, prevails on the Gold Coast.

"The prevalence of this system, even if there were (which there is not) any thing morally wrong or illegal in it, can not be charged against the government of Cape Coast Castle, since it has prevailed in that country from time immemorial, and the local government possesses neither the right nor the power to interfere with it. This system (which, under different names and modifications, prevails more or less in every country in the world) is peculiarly adapted to a state of society so constituted as that on the Gold Coast of Africa; and Mr. Burgoyne might as well exclaim against the system of apprenticeship in England, as it also induces a system of coercive labor.

"The system which Mr. Burgoyne impotently attempted to make a handle, in order to excite a prejudice in this country against the resident merchants on the Gold Coast, is simply this : a man owes a debt, perhaps, which it is utterly out of his power to pay ; he thereupon applies to a person of property, and offers to serve him as a laborer or domestic servant, as the case may be, at a low rate of wages, provided he (the person of property) will pay the debt, the debtor binding himself to serve his new employer until he shall have saved enough, or otherwise acquired property sufficient to repay the sum advanced on his own account. But his master has no more power over his ' pawn' than he has over any other servant : if he were to ill use him, the servant has only to apply to the next magistrate, and the master would at once be punished ; or, if the 'pawn' is dissatisfied with his situation, he has only to apply to any one whom he would prefer as his master, and he will, in nine cases out of ten, pay his debt (which the former master is obliged to accept), and take him as his servant. Many persons become 'pawns' when there is no necessity whatever for the step, merely for the purpose of securing regular and steady

Вв

employment. In short, to relieve a debtor of his obligations, and to accept of his services in lieu of the debt, is not uncommon, I presume, in England, or any country in the world, and the system of pawning in Africa is nothing more or less—at all events, as I have already said, the local government is not answerable for it.

"Mr. Burgoyne goes on, in his usual reckless manner, to assert that natives are indiscriminately flogged for owing sums of money to the merchants. This I do most distinctly and fearlessly deny; and I defy Mr. Burgoyne to produce a single instance of what I would be the first to denounce as a gross and wanton cruelty. Mr. Burgoyne alleges as a charge against the head government what he must or ought to have known to be utterly destitute of foundation. He alleges, namely, that I, assisted by the council, did, upon our own authority, try, condemn, and execute a man for murder. It is utterly false that we ever did so in any one instance. The case alluded to by Mr. Burgoyne you will find in our dispatches of the 12th of August, 1834, which most distinctly prove that our interference in that case was strictly confined within the limits prescribed by your dispatch of the 21st of January, 1835 : to see, namely, that no injustice was committed toward the wretched criminal, and that he did not suffer unnecessary torture or cruelty, which, but for such interference, would most certainly have been practiced. What was done was done in the face of day, in the presence of assembled hundreds ; and it is surprising how Mr. Burgoyne could have ventured to a statement so capable of being at once and most completely refuted.

"I now come to the case of a man named Graves, who, according to Mr. Burgoyne's statement, committed murder at British Commendale, from the merited consequences of which crime he was screened by me, inasmuch as a strict inquiry into the case might have induced a similar inquiry into the case of the Accra man Quabino. \* \* \*

"I have frequently known her majesty's cruisers to lie at anchor, in Cape Coast roadstead, alongside of vessels which both the commander of the former and myself had every reason to think were employed in the slave-trade, but with which we had no power to interfere; but when I could interfere, I have always shown myself zealous and anxious to do so; and the report of more than one of the commanders of her majesty's ships to the Admiralty will show that my exertions in that cause have been unremitting, and not in vain.

"I have the honor to be, gentlemen, &c., "(Signed)

GEO. MACLEAN."

## Extract of a Letter from the London Committee to the President and Council of Government at Cape Coast Castle.

"21st January, 1835.

- Cicicia C

"Upon perusal of your proceedings in council of the 12th of August, 1834, we observe that the president brought under your consideration the case of a man who had committed murder, and then a prisoner in Annamboe Fort; and

it was agreed that the murderer should be tried by the native authorities, and that you should only interfere in so far as to prevent injustice and inhumanity.

"We conclude that the criminal was found guilty, but we trust that the execution of the sentence was solely in the hands of the natives, and that you took no responsibility upon yourselves. These occurrences, however, although they may be perfectly proper, expose you and us to serious responsibility, and it is impossible that they should be conducted with too much caution.

"We therefore direct, that in every case which seems in the least likely to affect the life of an individual, three magistrates may be present, and that we may receive a certificate, signed by them, that they had been present during the whole of the trial; that, to the best of their opinion, the judgment of the Pigmies and Cabooceirs was correct, and the criminal justly punished."

# Extracts from the Proceedings in Council at Cape Coast Castle, the 11th of November, 1833.

"After which, he, the president, read a letter which he had received from Mr. Hansen, of Accra, soon after his arrival at that place, requesting his interference in recovering some of his servants who had escaped from prison, and who had made themselves over to the fetish in a village in Aquapim; in which letter Mr. Hansen stated that he had applied to the Danish government to recover them, but without effect.

"The president stated that he had succeeded in bringing them to justice; that one of them, on being punished, had poisoned himself. Upon which occurrence taking place, the president intimated that he had summoned a jury of all the gentlemen at Accra to hold an inquest on the body, Commandant Ridley being coroner. A copy of the coroner's inquest was then read.

"Present, Geo. Macloan, President; J. Swansey, R. Roberts, J. Jackson, Members."

## Letter from J. Jackson, Esq., of Cape Coast Castle, laid before the London Committee.

#### "Cape Coast Castle, 23d November, 1833.

"GENTLEMEN,—The public mind is so ill satisfied with the cause of the death of the man flogged by the president at Accra in October last—it is said, 500 lashes, and that he died in a close and loathsome jail in less than twelve hours after enduring his punishment—that I think it my duty to acquaint you therewith, and to declare my firm persuasion that a fair, full, and impartial inquiry can not be obtained while the president remains in authority here; the dread of the consequences of rendering themselves obboxious to him—no man considering himself safe, his conduct has been so arbitrary—would alone sufface to restrain them from giving evidence. However, it is not of this subject only I find fault; and as I am told other gentlemen will forward to England the

particulars, I, therefore, will no longer dwell upon it; but of his tyrannical, arbitrary, and oppressive proceedings generally I complain, in entire disregard of the council, as stated in my letter addressed to the president and council in July last, and again touched upon in that of the 23d of September.

"That, in my own behalf, and in behalf of the natives of Africa, I entreat your consideration of the matter, with the view of affording us protection, restraining the president within the just exercise of his authority, and, I hope, restoring the conduct of affairs here, as they were originally intended by his majesty's government, to the wholesome management of a council.

"I have the honor to be, dcc., (Signed), J. JACKSON."

#### "London, 9d April, 1834.

"At a committee held this day—present, George Bains, Robert Brown, Matthew Foster—the committee had under consideration Mr. Jackson's letter of the 23d of November, also the minute of council of the 11th of the same month, respecting the man flogged at Accra, when Mr. Gibson stated 'that he was at Cape Coast in October, and until the early part of January, and also at Accra both before and after the punishment; that the subject was frequently mentioned in conversation at both places, and the general opinion was, that the man did not die from the flogging, but from taking poison; that the public mind did not appear dissatisfied with the inquiry that had taken place; and that he considered Mr. Maclean a most humane and able man, and in every respect highly qualified for his office.' (Signed), TIMOTEY GIBSON.''

#### " London, 5th April, 1834.

COOOL

"The committee resumed the consideration of the above-mentioned subject, when Captain Longridge, of the ' Prince Oscar,' who, they had been informed by Mr. Gibson, was present at the punishment, and was one of the members of the inquest, attended, and stated, 'that he was present at the punishment, and passed again before it was finished ; that it had been inflicted with a cat that had been very much used, so that it had become quite soft ; that the man received, he believes, about 250 lashes ; that the punishment did not exceed that which he had seen inflicted upon a schoolboy ; that he afterward saw the man walking through the court-yard of the fort to the prison, after having received his punishment.' He further stated 'that the man cried out at the early part of the punishment, but not afterward while he attended ; that the Cabooceirs, Pigmies, and chief men of the place attended the inquiry upon which he received his sentence; that the man was confined during the night, with about twenty others, in prison, and in the morning was found dead ; that an inquiry was held by Mr. Ridley, commandant of the fort-President, Mr. Fry, M.C., Mr. Hanson, Mr. Bannerman, Mr. Grant, Mr. Barnard, and Captain Longridge, who, after hearing the evidence of the other prisoners, gave it as their opinion that the man died from taking poison ; that there was no surgeon at Accra or at the Danish fort ; that the members of

the inquiry were not sworn ; that he was not aware that the public mind was at all dissatisfied on this subject.' (Signed), J. LONGELDGE."

## Copy of a Letter from Sir George Grey to the Committee of Merchants for Superintending the Affairs of the Gold Coast.

"Downing Street, 4th December, 1837.

"GENTLEMEN,-I have laid before Lord Glenelg your letter of the 16th ultimo, inclosing various documents in answer to the charges preferred against the local authorities at Cape Coast Castle by Mr. Burgoyne, in his letters of the 2d, 16th, 21st, and 25th September, 1837.

"After fully considering the statements made by Mr. Burgoyne, and your own and Mr. Maclean's counterstatements, and the evidence adduced on either side, Lord Glenelg has formed the following conclusions, which his lordship instructs me to communicate to you.

"First. With regard to the case of Quabino, Lord Glenelg finds that, in the month of October, 1833, Quabino, a native servant, belonging to Mr. Hanson, a British subject, residing under the protection of James's Fort, Accra. was punished at that place by flogging ; that after the punishment he was committed to jail ; that within twelve hours of his commitment he died ; that an inquiry was held by seven gentlemen, of whom the commandant of the fort was the president, into the cause of Quabino's death ; that the members of the court of inquiry were not sworn ; that they examined the fellow-prisoners of the deceased ; that the court formed the opinion that Quabino died from having taken poison; that no medical examination was or could have been made, because there was no surgeon at Accra or at the neighboring Danish fort ; that this transaction engaged the attention of your predecessors, who received the statement of Messrs. Longridge, Roberts, and Gibson on the subject, and from their concurrent evidence drew the conclusion that the punishment of Quabino was not the occasion of his death. Notwithstanding the necessarily imperfect nature of the investigation, owing to the impossibility of medical examination, Lord Glenelg sees no ground sufficient for doubting the correctness of this conclusion. At the same time, I am to observe, that it does not appear by what authority of law the punishment was inflicted, nor to what extent Mr. Maclean is responsible for that sentence ; and that his lordship is of opinion that the infliction of so many as 250 lashes (the number assigned by Mr. Longridge) was a measure of a very severa nature, in de-" fense of which some very urgent reason ought to be adducible. Lord Glenelg, therefore, must call on Mr. Maclean to state what was the offense of Quabino, under what law he was tried for it, and by whom the trial was conducted, and what precautions, if any, may have been taken to prevent the punishment being urged beyond the point at which it would become dangerous to the life or health of the sufferer.

"Secondly. Lord Glenelg can not regard that which is called in these papers the 'pawning system' without considerable doubt as to its propriety. It

is, in effect, that of engaging to serve an employer until the laborer shall, by the wages of his labor, have redeemed any debt which he may owe to the person whom he undertakes to serve. To such an engagement there can be no valid objection, if regard be had merely to the abstract justice and reasonableness of conduct. It is simply an agreement to pay in labor a debt which there is no other means of liquidating; but in a country in which slavery has so long prevailed, contracts of this kind may be readily made a pretext for perpetuating, under a new name, the ancient system; and it appears to Lord Glenelg that no such contract onght to be valid unless made for some abort, definite period, and in the presence and with the consent of some magistrate, who should be responsible for the fairness of the transaction.

"Thirdly. Mr. Maclean would appear to maintain that, upon the Gold Coast, slavery is still lawful. If his reasoning be that it is lawful within any territory in the Gold Coast within her majesty's dominions, this is a very serious misconception. Nothing can be more complete or unequivocal than the terms in which Parliament has provided for the abolition of slavery in every part of her majesty's dominions.

"Fourthly. The restitution of fugitive slaves when reclaimed by the neighboring chiefs is a practice which Mr. Maclean admits and vindicates the existence of. Without undertaking to say that the defense is unsatisfactory, it appears to Lord Glenelg that the practice requires a more ample explanation than it has yet received; especially is it necessary to state on what grounds is supposed to rest the legality of sending any person from a British possession into a foreign country, there to be dealt with as a slave; what are the specific evils which the surrender of these persons is designed to obviate, and what are the grounds on which it is apprehended that any such evils would result from refusing to restore them into slavery.

"Lord Glenelg farther directs me to state that, subject to the preceding remarks, he considers the answers to Mr. Burgoyne's charges as entirely satisfactory; and his lordship regrets that he should, however unintentionally on his part, have been made the channel of conveying to Mr. Maclean imputations on his character at once so injurious and so unfounded.

"With reference to your suggestion that Rear Admiral Elliott should be instructed, on his arrival on the Gold Coast, to inquire into the system of government pursued by Mr. Maclean during his presidency, I am to inform you that Lord Glenelg has intimated his opinion to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty that such an inquiry would be highly satisfactory, if it can be effected without inconvenience to the naval service on that station.

"I am, &c., (Signed),

GEO. GREY."

0100

#### Letter from Geo. Maclean.

"The crime, or, rather, series of crimes, which subjected him to trial and punishment, were singularly aggravated, and, in that country, are of rare occurrence. In the month of March, 1833, he, with three accomplices (all in the employ of Mr. Hanson), planned and executed, in the dead of night, three distinct burglaries—two in British, and one in Danish Accra.

"In the commission of these crimes they grossly maltreated several unprotected women, and finally, having collected all the plunder upon which they could lay their hands, escaped into the mountainous district of Aquapim. After much trouble and expense, they were captured in the month of May, and sentenced to work as prisoners until the amount of property whereof they had robbed their victims should be made good, as well as a sum of money in the shape of compensation for the injuries they had inflicted upon the sufferers.

"The case, upon this occasion, was heard before the new commandant (the late Mr. Ridley) and another magistrate, assisted, as is usual, by several of the Cabooccirs or head men; and the latter, though greatly exasperated against the prisoners, agreed to the mode of punishment above stated as affording the only means whereby the unfortunate sufferers could receive reparation of their losses. The four prisoners had not been confined two weeks in pursuance of this sentence, when they contrived to break out of prison during the night time, and, having committed a fresh burglary in British Accra, again escaped into Aquapim, taking care, however, upon this occasion, to take refuge with the fetish or prisets, &c.

"The Aquapims persisted in their refusal to surrender the fugitives, whereupon I dispatched a force fully adequate to the object in view, with strict injunctions to confine itself to the particular service in which it was sent, viz., to secure and bring to Accra the four criminals.

"This service, after considerable trouble and difficulty, was accomplished. But it ought here to be mentioned that the man Quabino, whose death occurred subsequently, attempted, when he saw his capture was inevitable, to commit suicide by hanging himself, which he had nearly accomplished when discovered by the sergeant of the party, to whom he thus declared ' that his master should never get another day's work out of him.'

"Such were the circumstances under which the four prisoners were brought before myself and another, and the Cabooceirs of Accra, when the extreme atrocity of the crimes committed by the prisoners in the first instance, joined to their prison-breaking and subsequent burglary, led to a unanimous sentence, on the part of their judges, that they should be severely whipped in different parts of the town, as well for the sake of example, as to show the inhabitants generally that, under no circumstances, could such atrocious criminals escape from merited punishment. To obviate the possibility of danger to the lives or health of the criminals from the severity of the punishment, previously to the execution of the sentence I directed Mr. Mark Clelland (a young man who had formerly been attached to the army medical department, and had often attended military punishments when the king's troops were in

the country) to attend the punishment of the prisoners, and to stop it whenever he saw the slightest cause, my orders being that they were not to be so severely punished as to prevent their speedily resuming their work as laborers. When Mr. Clelland made his report to me after the punishment of the man Quabino, and when I inquired whether he was so much hurt as to require medical treatment, he assured me that he required no extraordinary attention or treatment whatever; and, having seen the man myself, I can with truth declare that he had been very slightly punished ; indeed, so slightly as to justify the words of Captain Longridge, one of the witnesses, ' that he had seen a schoolboy more severely flogged.' \*

" I have, dcc.,

(Signed),

GEO. MACLEAN."

a. 61002 0

## INDEX.

- ABELL, Mrs., Napoleon's pet English child at St. Helens, "Betay Balcombe," ii., 89. Aberdeen, Lord, Gell's reference to fam-
- ily of, 1., 341.
- Abinger, Lord, notice of, ii., 230; letters of, 234.
- Acton, Lady, her theatricals at Naples in 1834, i., 374.
- Acton, Sir Frederick, notice of, i., 401.
- Aguilar, Colonel, inclosing a lock of Mrs. Hemans's bair to Lady B., ii., 383.
- Alpinula, Julia, remarkable sepulohral inscription, ii., 111, 129, 130.
- Anson, Henry, acquaintance with Lady B. at Florence, i., 101.
- Arlincourt, Vicomte M. De, notice of, and letter to Lady B., i., 452.
- Auckland, Lord, notice of, ii., 516, 517 Auldjo, John, his ascent to summit of Mont Blanc, i., 380; letter to Lady B., 466.

- Barings, the, at Florence in 1828, ii., 185. Bathurst, Miss, account of her death by drowning at Rome, i., 337 ; reference to her death, 403, 404; account of finding her dead body, 426; Lord Aylmer's account, 134
- Beattie, Dr. William, notice of, letters and poems, ii., 340.
- Biography, observations of editor on its legitimate inquiries, i., 1; of Sir Egerton Brydges, 4; of a German writer, 6; on, in respect to Goldsmith's Life, 8.
- Blakeney, General, present at the mar-riage of Miss M. Power, i., 513.
- Blessington, Lord, notice of origin, Right Honorable Charles John Gardiner, 2d Viscount Mountjoy, i., 43; notice of 1st Viscount Mountjoy, career, death, 42; succession of his son, large fortone, 44; adopts his father's political principles, ib.; elected a representative peer in 1809, ib.; first speech in House of Peers, ib.; part taken by him on

queen's trial, ib. ; young lord's manners, deportment, and education, ib. ; taste for the drama, lavish in his patronage, 45; habits of self-indulgence. 46; acquaintance with Mrs. Brown in 1808, ib.; establishment at Worthing, ib.; in Portman Square, ib.; his son, Charles John, born there, ib. ; in Manchester Square, ib.; his daughter, Emilie Ronalie, born there, ib.; mar-ringe with Mrn. Browne in 1812, ib.; birth of Lady Harriet Frances Anne Gardiner, 47; Lord and Lady Mount-joy proceed to Paris, ib.; death of Lady Mountjoy at Paris in Sept., 1814, ib.; ages of children, birth and death of son and heir, ib.; dates of marriages of daughters, ib. ; grief for Lady Mountjoy, 48; funeral pageant of great magnificence, ib. ; remains of Lady M. conveyed to Dublin, ib. ; vast expenditure, lying in state, extraordinary pomp and splendor, ib.; scene at the house of mourning, ib.; burial in St. Thomas's Church, Dublin, ib. ; second marringe, in February, 1817, with Mrs. Farmer, 50; present at marriage, Sir W. P. Campbell, W. Purves, Robert Power, F. S. Pole, ib. ; his residence, Henrietta Street, Dublin, 53 ; his prodigality, 54 ; dinner there, first introduction of Lady B. to his friends, 53; one guest at that bridal party who had been last there when Lady M.'s remains were lying in state, ib.; vast expenditure of preparations for visit to Mountjoy Forest, 54; evidence of unsoundness of judgment in his lavish expenditure, ib. ; created earl, 43 ; embarrassments at time of marriage, 54; annual income from Irish estates, 55; visit of editor to Tyrone estates, ib.; liberality as a landlord, ib. ; builds a theatre on one of his estates at Rash, ib.; private theatricals there, enormous expenditure, 56; actors and actresses domiciled at Rash, ib. ; Moore's reference to those theatricals, ib, ; dilapidation of the house, disappearance of theatre,

CHOOL

B B 2

B.

INDEX.

58 : assists at banquet to John Philip Kemble, on his retirement, 57; asaista in the Kilkenny theatricals, ib.; played The Green Knight in Valentine and Orson, ib. ; the Rash theatricals from 1802 to 1812, ib.; theatrical tastes of Lord B.'s father, 537; visits his Tyrone estates with General D'Orsay and a Blessington, Lady, Miss Power's acnon of the Duc de Guiche, 60 ; his last visit to them in 1825, ib. ; sets out for the Continent in Sept., 1822, 63; hires the cook of an emperor, provides a vast batterie de cuisine, 68 ; renews his acquaintance with Byron at Genoa, 70; buys Byron's yacht "The Bolivar, 79 ; receives the news at Genos of the death of his son and heir, 102, 103; an account of his surviving children, 102; his two daughters left in Ireland, in charge of his sister, Lady Harriet Gardiner, ib. ; makes a codicil to his will at Genoa, 22d June, 1823, naming Count D'Orsay sole guardian of his surviving son, and his sister guardian of his daughters, reciting engagement enter-ed into with Count D'Orsay to marry one of his daughters, 104; bequeaths £3000 a year to Lady B., 105; 31st Aug., 1823, executed a new will, provides for intended marriage, reduces annuity to Lady B., ib.; D'Orsay's marriage took place the 1st of Dec., 1827, 108 ; great extravagance in Paris in 1828, 116; large outlay in decoration of the Hotel Ney, ib.; proceeds to England in 1829, to vote for Catholic emancipation, 118, 119; editor visits his lordship at St. James's Square, 119; his deep interest in the Catholic question, ib.; letter to editor: his views for the amelioration of Ireland. 119, 120; letter of introduction to Lord Strangford, ib. ; having voted on Catholic question, returns to Paris, 120; 23d May, 1829, on his return to Paris, dies suddenly, 121 ; remains conveyed to Dublin : deposited in family vault in St. Thomas's Church, ib. ; letters of W. S. Landor on the death of, 121, 122; the embarrassment of his affairs at the time of his death, 123; value and extent of his Irish estates, from the schedules to act of Parliament for their sale passed in 1646, 123, 124; lists of mortgages, debts, bequests, &c., 124-126; remnant of the vast properties of the Mountjoys now unsold, 129; detailed account of encumbrances on his estates from schedules of act for their sale, 524 ; rental of the

estates from ditto, 528; account of his death, in letter to Landor, ii., 104 : letters from Duke of Richmond to, ii . 480; letter from Mrs. Siddons, 481; his letter to C. J. Mathewa, 482; to

count of her family : early life, i., 10; pedigree of the Sheehy family, 11; account of her mother's family, the Sheehys, 14; details of persecution of Father Sheehy, 484, education, home, family circle, 15; removal from Knockbrit to Clonmel, 16; first marriage and results, see Power, 1804, 27; residence at Cahir, 32; in Dublin, 33; at Sidmanton, Hants, 50 ; second marringe with Lord B. in 1818, ib.; the peculiar character of her beauty, 51; first presentation to his Irish friends, 53; she accompanies Lord B. to his Tyrone estates, ib.; costly prepara-tions made at Mountjoy Forest, 53; singular contrasts of splendor and misery, 54; numerous claims on Lady B.'s bounty, 36; removal of Lady B. from Manchester Square to St. James's Square, 60; launched into fashionable life, ib. ; the eclat of her beauty and graces of her conversation, ib.; turn for grave irony, 61 ; reference to her by Moore, visits her with W. Irving in 1822, ib.; brilliant society in St. James's Square, ib. ; surrounded by the first celebrities of the time, 62; first acquaintance with Count D'Orsay in London, ib. ; illustrious personages visitors at St. James's Square, 62, 63 ; leaves England on a Continental tour in 1822, 63; Miss M. Anne Power accompanies them, 64; Count D'Orsay joins their party in France, 69; extensive preparations in Paris for their tour, 65; renews her acquaintance with Denon, ib.; mentions two visits to Paris previous to 1822, 66; Moore's frequent visits to her at Paris, ib. ; in Moore's company, descends " La Montagne Russe," id. ; observations on art in the galleries of the Louvre, 67; admires a Madonna and Child by Raphael in spite of her "stern Prot-estantism," ib.; scta out for Switzer-land, 68; joined by Count D'Orsay, and sets out for Italy. 69; her works, "The Idler in France," "The Idler in Italy," ib. ; is introduced to Byron, 1st April, 1823, at Genos, ib. ; her description of Byron, 70; Byron's ac-

count of this interview, 72; first mention of D'Orsay in her diaries, ib. ; arrangements for the count's accompanying the party to Naples, ib. ; Byron's Iking for D'Orssy, 73; Byron's epi-gram, "Il diavolo è ancora entrato in Paradiso," ib.; lines of Byron to, 74; letter of Byron to, 75; parting with Byron, 76; Byron's farewell letter to. ib. ; second visit to Genoa ; visits his former abode, 77; observations on Byron's death, ib.; refers to "consequences resulting from the violation of lies, never severed without retribution," 78; no cordial friendship between her and Byron, ib. ; departure from Genoa for Naples, 2d June, 1823, 79 ; arrival in Rome, 5th July, 1823, 80; disappointed, departs after nine days for Naples, 81; fustidious tastes, id.; occasional aims at stage effects, 82 ; arrival at Naples, delighted with its scenery, climate, site, &c., ib. ; her glowing description of the bay, ib. ; yachting excursions, 89; her account of "The Bolivar," ib. ; residence in the Palazzo Belvidere, 91; singular beauty of its site and scenery, ib. ; her description of it, 91, 92; visits to Pompeii and Herculaneum with Gell, 92; her lines on Pompeii, 93; visits to ancient monuments, with eminent savane und artists, 92; visita Pæstum with Lord Morpeth, Mr. Millingen, &c., 93; notice of ruins of Pæstum, 95; ascent of Mount Vesuvius, ib.; celebrities who frequented the Palazzo Belvidere, 07, 98; removal to the Villa Gallo in March, 1825, 99; de-parture from Naplea in February, 1826, ib.; proceeds via Rome to Florence, sojourn there, ib.; revisits Genoa, meets Lord John Russell, 99, 100 ; returns to Pisa, remains there till June, 1827, 100; returns to Florence; ac-quaintance there, 101; returns to Rome, December, 1827, rents the Palazzo Negroni, 107 ; enormous expenditure there, ib. ; the seeds of the Encumbered Estates' Court sown in Italy, ib. ; editor, on return from Egypt, visits the Blossingtons in Rome, 108; suw there the first time the young Countess D'Orsay, then three months married, ib.; preparations for departure from Rome, May 7th, 1828, 109; parting entertainment given to her by Mr. Mills, ib.; among the guests, Sir William Gell, Mr. and Mrs. Dodwell, 110; Gell and Count Esterhany see her take her departure, ib.; Gell's fears expressed that they should meet no more, ib.; refers to her visit that day to Sir W. Drummond's grave, ib.; visits the shrine of the Santa Casa at Loretto, 111; philosophizes à l'Anglaise on superstitious mummeries. ib. ; witnesses the execution of three men at Ravenna, 111, 112; renews her acquaintance at Venice with W. S. Landor, 112; visits the Ambrosian library at Milan, ib. ; her account of a lock of the golden hair of Lucretia Borgia, and several letters of here to Cardinal Bembo : obtains some of the bair, reference to it in the "New Monthly Magazine" for 1825, 113; visits the shrine of San Carlo Borromeo, in the Duomo of Milan, 114; at the close of 1828 revisita Genos, 133; five years previously knew Byron there, 115; on last occasion saw Lady Byron and her daughter there, ib.; departure for Paris, and close of her Italian life, ib.; returns to Paris in June, 1828, after an absence of six years, ib.; first visitors, Duke and Duchess de Guiche, ib.; rents the Hotel Ney, 116; great expenditure in adorning said hotel, ib.; the magnifi-cence of the decorations, &cc., ordered by Lord B., suitable for royalty, ib. ; her description of the chambre A coucher and dressing-room : the bed, with its gorgeous hangings, supported on the backs of large silvered swans, &c., 117; the luxurious adornments and furniture compared with those of the imperial palace at Fontainebleau, 118; publication of her memoirs suggeated by one of her friends, ii., 379, 380 ; return to London in 1830, i., 130 ; conversational powers : love of intellectual society, ib.; three leading circles of London intellectual celebrities some twenty years ago : the remarkable women who presided over them, ib. ; conversational powers of Fox, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, Lord Holland, Madame de Stael, 133, 134 ; her love of London life, like De Stael's love of Paris, 135; establishment in Seamore Place in 1831: beginning of third phase in her literary career, 142; her picture of "the modern Mecænases of May Fair," patronesses of "lame poets and petits litterateurs, who run about drawing-rooms as docile as lapdogs," ib. ; reasons for giving up house in St. James's Square,

143; description of the reunions of London : celebrities at her house in Seamore Place, ib. ; Willis's references to those réunions, and their ce-lebrities, 144; B. R. Haydon's references to her soirées, 155 ; her house robbed in Seamore Place, ib.; removes to Gore House, ib. ; changes in her tastes at different epochs, 156 different periods of editor's renewed acquaintance with her, 157; character of Gore House society, ib. ; laudable aim of Lady B. in bringing people together of opposite pursuits, opinions, and interests, 159; one of her foreign guests, Monsieur Julien le jeune de Paris, in his youth a secretary of Robespierre, said to be a regicide, a terrorist in his youth, a philanthropist, a poet, and a sentimentalist in his old age, ib. ; his recitations in the first age, 10.; nis recitations in the first revolution, 180; at Lady B.'s, of his dolorous poem, "Mes Chagrins Poli-tiques," ib.; his free gift of tears, 161; D'Orsay's talent in drawing out Ju-lien: a scene with Dr. Quin, editor, &c., &c., 163; Julien and L. E. L., 165. 165; embarrasaments consequent on the expensive establishment of Gore House: D'Orsay's difficulties, and claims of many persons on her bounty, ib.; strictness and punctuality in her accounts, ib.; folly of thinking of sustaining a fashionable position by the aid of literature, ib.; Charles Lamb's opinion on literature as a calling for a livelihood, 166; expenditure at Gore House, ib. ; costly efforts to maintain a literary position : Scott's reference to Lydia White, 167; pressure of misfortunes and pecuniary losses, 167, 168; beginning of literary ca-reer in St. James's Square, with the publication of "Sketches of Scenes in the Metropolis," &cc.: the first sketch, descriptive of the ruin of a fashionable London establishment, and an auction of its magnificent furniture, might serve for that of the sale at Gore House twenty-seven years later, 179 ; vicissitudes and changes of fortune of occupiers of Gore House, 529 ; arrives in Paris the middle of April, 1849, 181; takes an appartement near the Champa Elysée, and furnishes it with much elegance, ib.; preparations made in vain: takes possession of the new abode on the 4th of June, 1849, and dies the day following, after a sojourn of five weeks in Pans, 183; on arriv-

al in Paris, found coldness and neglect in some quarters where she had a right to expect kindness and grazi-tude, 181; accueil of Prince Louis Napoleon, ib.; plans for a new literary career formed in Paris, 182; vague and unfounded rumors concerning her death, 163; striking coincidences in circumstances of the sudden deaths of Lord and Lady B. in Paris, each event shortly after arrival from London, ib. ; reminded, in a letter to her a few weeks before her death, by a British peeress, of the necessity of remembering religious duties, ib.; on two Sundays, while in Paris, attended the church of the Madeleine, 184; Heath's failure, Irish famine, and difficulties leading to the break-up at Gore House, 168; advice of a friend on ditto, 169; in April, 1849, the longimpending crash, 171; execution put in, ib. ; for two years previously, constant fears of executions, arrest of D'Orsay, and precautions to prevent them, ib.; particulars of first intimation of the execution in Gore House, ib. ; auction at Gore House-foreshadown of that denouement in some of her works : her remarks on the old curiosity shops of Paris, and breaking up of great establishments, 172; the concluding words, "So will it be when I am gone," 173; catalogue of magnificent effects and furniture of Gore House, ib.; 10th May, 1849, and following days, editor attends sale, meets several of the old guests and intimate friends of the house, sees Lawrence's portraits of Lord and Lady B. sold, several of D'Orsay's portraits, the library, Lady B.'s ornaments of gold and silver, 174; letters of a few kind friends to her on the break-up, 177, 178; departure from Gore House, accompanied by her nieces, for the Continent, 14th of April, 1849, and end of the London career of Lady B., 178; state of religious opinions for many previous years, weariness of spirit, vague desires for retirement from the turmoil of a life in salons and literary labors, 184; remarkable conversation of editor with D'Orsay respecting Lady B.'s religious sentiments and creed shortly before his death, 300; particulars of her last illness and death given in a letter of Miss Power to editor, 184; account of monument erected by D'Orsay, 186; English inscription by

Barry Cornwall, 187; Latin inscrip-| tion, altered from one by W. L. Landor, ib. ; Landor's original inscription and translation, ib. ; reference to an inscription on the tomb of Dryden's daughter, 188; different accounts of the ages of Lady B. and sister, 189; notices in the public journals of her death, ib. ; view of her literary career, tastes, and talents, 192; some analogies with those of Madame Geoffrin, 193; D'Alembert's account of Madame Geoffrin-" La passion de donner"-unceasing beneficence : her soirées, encouragement of authors, artists, literati, &c., ib. ; testimonies of Mr. and Mrs. Hall to Lady B.'s active and untiring benevolence, 195; her engerness to discover merit in others, and enjouement of her appreciation of it, 197; an outline of a class of habitual depreciators of talent, who ignore all merit superior to their own, ib.; naturally of a frank, generous, noble, and kindly nature, 198; testimony of one fifteen years about her, to her generous disposition, her numerous charities and sympathies with the unfortunate, id.; various instances of her benevo-lence, irrespective of all considera-tions but the necessities of people, constantly augmenting : her life a continual struggle with difficulties, and Borghese, Prince, "the noble Roman," her position in the brilliant society around her a state of splendid minery, Boulter, Primate, recommendation of 201 ; vanity of consolution in such cir-201; vanity of consolation in such cir-mr. Gardiner, i., 40. cumstances sought in the worldly wis-Brougham, Lord, notice of, ii., 242; letdom of Rochefoucault, ib. ; the undue importance she attached to the writ- Browne, Mrs., née Campbell, early acings of the modern French philosophere, 203; her fatal gift of pre-eminent attractiveness in society, 205; the double influence exercised by her of intellectuality and beauty, ib. ; the Bulwer, Sir Edward Lytton, in Italy in necessity of keeping up a dominion obtained by such influence by constant administrations of cordial profeasions of affection and admiration, epistolary or conversational, ib.; Dr. Butwer, Sir Henry, notice of, ii., 196; Parr's designation-" the most gorge-letters to Lady B., 202; letters of Lady ous Lady Blessington," 206; the mis-ery of being continually en scene, 207; Bunsen, Chevalier, Prussian minister at reflections on various subjects, MS. Rome in 1828, ii., 355. books of hers, named "Night Thought Burdett, Sir Francis, notice of, ii., 253. Books :" some of them well deserving Borrell, William, Gell's reference to his of attention, on the wrongs and woes of women, 209; several short pieces year, i., 347. in verse of the same character, 211, Bushe, Chief Justice, Marquess Welles-212; notices of her works, 214; notice ley's reference to, ii., 151, 157.

of the Annuals edited by her : contributors to them ; origin and decline of those periodicals: specimen of Lady B.'s poetical contributions, 226; when income from novel writing and the editing of Annuals fell off, efforts to derive emolument from a connection with periodical literature of another kind: engagement with the "Daily News" as a contributor of exclusive intelligence, 234 ; income derived from her literary labors for several years. 235; waifs and strays of thoughts and observations, 235, 236; lines addressed to her by various persons, 251 ; notice of her correspondence with celebrities of all climes and pursuits, princes and princesses, peers, divines, statesmen, lawyers, literati, artista, military heroes, exiled patriots, actors, &c., 317; letters to Captain Marryatt, ii., 320; to Sir Henry Bulwer, 199; to Sir R. Peel, 250; to Dr. Beattie, 344; to Mrs. Mathews, 416; to Lady W., respecting L. E. L., 69; to R. R. Madden, 357; to Charles Mathews, 412; to Madame Guiocioli, 19; to Charles Bianconi, 377; to W. S. Landor. 102; to John Forster, 144; to a young lady, referring to unhappiness, 428.

- 200; embarrassments of late years B. F., letters to Lady Blessington signed, ii., 253.
  - remarkable for his obesity, i., 101.

  - ters of, 245.
  - quaintance with Lord B., i., 46; her family, children, ib. ; her marriage with Lord B., ib. ; death of Major Browne, ið.
  - 1833, i., 367; entertained by the Archbishop of Sorrento, 368; notice of, 1i., 168; letters of, to Lady Blessington, 173; epistolary poem to ditto, 187.

  - new yeat and cravat for each day of the

Bute, Lady, Gell's reference to, i., 347. Butera, Princess of, death at Naples, i., 361.

Byron, Lord, early acquaintance with Lord Bleasington, i., 45; refers to Lord B. in all the glory of gems and anuffboxes, ib.; becomes acquainted with Canterbury, Lady, Lady B.'s account of Lady B. at Genoa, 69; lines and letters to Lady B., 74; observations of Lady! of Lord and Lady, 1., 476. Blessington on his death, on revisiting Caroline, Queen, her career in Italy from Genoa in June, 1828, 115; Lady B then saw Lady Byron and her daugh-ter there, ib.; Byron's references to D'Orsay, 272 ; Gell's reference to his death, 340; anecdote of him passing Charleville, Lady C., intellectual society the Alfred Club, 365; letter of, in refcrence to Polidori, 470; original poem of, ii., 5; death, and removal of his re-Chesterfield, Lord, notice of, ii., 522. mains, 16; Lady B.'s remarks on his Chevalier le C., author of voyage to the character, 106 ; Landor's remarks on, 126; Mr. Armstrong's letter respecting the yacht "Bolivar," 501.

- Jenkins, i., 31; notice of her literary
- talents, ib. Cook, Henry, letter to Lady B., ii., 388. Caldwell, Miss Bess, Gell's references Cork, Dowager Lady, her celebrity as to, i., 354, 356, 359.
- Caledon, Lord, colonel of Tyrone militis in Clonmel, i., 32.
- Campbell, Lady Mary, Gell's reference to, 1., 348.
- Campbell, Thomas, animosity to Lord Byron, i., 78; notice of, ii., 274; let- Correspondents of Lady B., letters of ter of, 275.
- Campbell, the Abbé, Gell's reference to Corry, James, early friend of Lord Blessquarrel with him, i., 348; notice of him, 388.
- Canterbury, Lady Ellen, daughter of 56; on a visit at mountury rores, do. Edmund Power, widow of John Home Coventry, Lady Augusta, Gell's refer-Purves, Esq., i., 12; for early life, see . ences to her beauty, i., 363, 364; idem, to intended marrisee with Hon. H. Lady Ellen, daughter of
- Canterbury, Lord and Lady, brief notice of them ; Mr. Purves, having obtained Cowper, Hon. Charles Spencer, marries the office of British Consul at Pensacola, proceeded to his post, and died there in September, 1827; and De-Crampton, John, assists in Lord B.'s cember 6, 1828, she married, secondly, the Rt. Hon. C. Manners Sutton, Esq., Speaker of the House of Commons, i., Craven, Hon. Keppel, beginning of his 479; children's difficulties consequent on Sir C. Sutton's loss of office of speaker in 1835; his death in July, 1845, followed by that of Lady Can-terbury, Nov. 16, 1845, aged 54, 480; nome account of her amiable daughter. Mrs. Fairlie; lines of D'Israeli to a beautiful mute, an interesting child of Mrs. Fairlie, of singular beauty and

intelligence, 481 ; death of that child, Jan. 31, 1843; death of Mrs. Fairlac, in April, the same year; some evi-dences of the angelic nature, amiable disposition, and spiritualized mind of Mrs. Fairlie, 482

- her death, Nov., 1845, ii., 115 ; notice of Lord and Lady, 1., 476.
- 1814, 1., 323; her chamberlains and household, 323, 415; Miss Demont's diary, 344; Gell's possession of sixty or neventy of her letters, 377.
- at her house, i., 141; letters under this signature, ii., 256.
- Troad, i., 360; signed letters of, ii., 256.

Clanricarde, Lord, notice of, ii., 524.

- Cochrane, Baillie, letter to Lady B., ii., 394.
- Calabrella, Baroness, marries Captain Colman, George, the younger, notice and lettera of, ii., 292.
  - Cook, Henry, letter to Lady B., ii., 388.
  - Miss Monckton in Johnson's time ; her
  - soirces of late years, i., 141, 142 Cornwall, Barry (B. W. Proctor), notice of, ii., 275 ; letters of, 276.
  - Correspondence of Lady B., notice of, 1., 317.
  - theirs omitted, ii., 256, 257
  - ington, i., 49; taste for theatricals; assists at Lord B.'s private theatricals,

  - to intended marriage with Hon. H. Fox, 367.
  - the widow of Count D'Orsay ; notice of, i., 47.
  - theatricals, i., 56; letter of Sir C. P. in reference to them, ib.
  - acquaintance with Lady B., i., 416; chamberlain to Queen Caroline in 1814, 323, 324 ; letter to him of Mr. J. Ramsay, in re Gell, 328 ; Gell's references to him, 340; mythological emblems, mysteries, and explanations of. for Lady Blessington, 345; death of his brother, Lord C., 349; buys a large convent near Salerno, 374 ; receiving

C.

company in his convent, 380; Gell's reference to his son's intended marriage, ib. ; diplomatic career of his son, 417; reference to the convent at Penta, 382; notice of, 409; letters of, to Lady Blessington, 418.

D

D., letter to Lady B. signed, ii., 249.

- Dallas, George, letter to Lady B., ii., 388.
- Deerhurst, Lady Mary, references to her by Gell, i., 336, 339, 348; ditto "going over the mountains of China," 356.
- Deffand, Madame du, her epistolary and conversational talents, i., 320; ii., 504.

Delavigne, Casimir, notice and letters of, i., 458, 459.

- Devonshire, Duchess of, her death, at-tended by Dr. Quin, i., 337. Dickens, Charles, notice of, ii., 220; let-ters of, 223.
- Dillon, Lord, author of an epic poem at Florence, i., 101.
- D'Israeli, Isaac, notice of, ii., 204; letlers of, 208.
- D'Israeli, Right Hon. Ben., notice of, ii., 208; letters of, 216; Lines of, addressed to "a beautiful mute," i., 481.
- D'Orsay, Count Alfred, first acquaint-ance with Lady B. in England, i., 62; acquaintance renewed in Florence, ib.; sets out from Avignon with the Blessingtons for Italy, 69; first ac-quaintance with Byron at Genoa, 73; Byron's liking for him; sits for his portrait to D'Orsay, ib.; Byron's allu-sion to the French count, a Cupidon dechaine, 72; displays his talent at drawing out people on Lieut. Smith, R. N., 90; engagement entered into with Lord B. to marry one of his daughters, recited in codicil to Lord B.'s will, June 22, 1823, 104; engage-ment set forth in a later will, Dec. 1, 1827; marriage with Lady Gardiner, 108; his father, General D'Orsay, and the Count Leon, accompanied by Lord B., visit the Tyrone estates in 1825, 60; marriage settlement, moneys charged on Lord B.'s estate, &c., 125, 126; deed of separation, 129; his pecuniary difficulties, arrest in London for a debt of £300 to a Paris bootmaker, 168; tradesmen allow his debts to stand over on account of the advantage of his patronage, ib. ; on his keeping at Gore House two years previously to break-up there, 171; on intima-

tion of execution put in, told oy Lady B. he must quit London immediately 172; departure for Paris before break of day following morning; end of his London career in April, 1849, ib.; arrival in Paris; expectations formed of Louis Napoleon's friendship, 182; former services rendered to the prince, ib.; his profound grief at the loss of Lady B., 190; notice of the count : his origin, early life, some account of career in London, of his pursuits in art, the close of his career, observations on his talents, and the application of them, 269; his death, August 4, 1852, 280; religious sentiments in his last illness ; remarkable conversation with editor on religious subjects, 299; attended by the Archbishop of Paris, 279; singular inconsistencies in his character, 281 ; his embarrassmenta, reckless extravagance, an ut-ter ignorance of the value of money, inordinate and ill-regulated generosi-ty, forgetfulness of the obligations he contracted for the sake of others, ib. ; his works of art and talent as an artist: portrait and busts of Wellington, busts of Napoleon, Emperor of Russia, Lamartine, Girardin, Napoleon Bona-parte, son of Jerome ; pictures of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Byron, Dwarkanauth Tajore, 284; verses of Lamartine to D'Orsay on his artistic talent, 288; Haydon's references to ditto, 292; references to his mother's family, Madame Crawford (La belle Sullivan), the mother of Countess D'Orsay, 294; his grand-mother, Madame Crawford, compared by Lady B. to Ninon de l'Enclos; conquests of Ninon at 56, 70, and 80 years of age, 295; notice of his death in the "Presse" by Emile Girardin, 301; his funeral, 302; concluding observations on the count as a man of wit: the wit combats of Gore House compared with those of the days of Dorset, Sedley, Ethelridge, Denham, and those of the times of Horace Walpole, Selwyn, Townsend, Bubb Doddington, &c., 307, 309; various kinds of wit, in conversation, in displays of eloquence, in bon mots, epigrams, vers de société, &c., ib. ; reference to Curran's conversational wit, 309 ; in Hyde Park, in recent times, as described by Patmore ; contrast with Grammont, as described in the same place in 1659, 311; Dickens's tribute to his memory,

314 ; Patmore's reference to his position in English society, ib.; the Alpha and Omega of all moralizing on the career of a young man thrown on life in a position beset with temptations : there is no protection for it : no hope for its safety or success, where there is no dependence on religion and restraints imposed by it, 315; his remains deposited in the same sepulchral chamber in which those of Lady B. were deposited at Chambourcy, 317; of the architect of this remarkable monument-now the inmate of it : all that remains, "Pulvis et umbra, nomen, nihil," ib.; his letters to W. Dodwell, Edward, the antiquarian, cuts S. Landor, ii., 429; his letters to John Forster, 432; quarrel with Charles J. Mathews at Naples : statement of Mr. Mathews: correspondence and proceedings in this affair in August, 1824, 447; amicable arrangement, 450; let-Dogherty, Mrs., relative of Lady Bleas-ters to Mathews; letters to Dr. Fred-ington, living near Cashel, i., 37. ters to Mathews; letters to Dr. Fred-erick F. Quin, 456; letter to, from Donoughmore, Lord, the patron of Ed-Alfred de Vigny, 460; letters of, to editor, ib. ; letters from editor to count, Dorner, Mrs., Gell's reference to, i., 358. 462; his embarrassments and amount Druids' origin, Landor's notion of, ii., 122. of debt in 1845, 461; notice of his Drummond, Sir William, beginning of principal statuettes, 463; dedicatory acquaintance with Lady B at Nap es, letter to him prefixed to Godolphin by Bulwer, 465; memorandum respecting his expected official appointment in the French embassy in 1841, ib.; his friendship for Richard J. Lane, the eminent artist : Mr. Lane lithographs about 150 of the count's sketches of the celebrities and habitues of the Villa Belvidere, Hotel Ney, Seamore Place, Gore House, of which 137 have Drummond, Lady, at Naples in 1832, i., been published by Mitchell, 467; editor's communication to Lane's inquiries as to the count's talents as an art- Drummond, Sir W., letter to Dr. Quin, ist, and Lane's reply, 469; his letter to Lane from Paris, eulogizing Prince Dudley, Lord, references to, by Gell, i., Louis Napolcon, 470; another letter of his to Lane on the loss of his only Durham, Lord, letters of, ii., 238. son, 471; his first visit to England, Dwyer, Miss Anne, early instructress ib.; notice of his connections, the Grammonts and Mareschal Schastiani, 472; claims on government for statues and pictures seized during the Revo-Epistolary curiosities, various letters, lution, ii., 498; notice of his Gore ii., 396.

House picture, 501. D'Orsay, Lady Harriet, early life, i., 47; left under the care of her aunt, 102; arrangements for her marriage in 1823, Erskine, Lord, verses addressed to Lady 104; marriage with Count D'Orsay, Dec., 1827, 108, 275; editor meets Lady Harriet at the Blessingtons'

sonal appearance, apparent infelicity, ib.; results of that marriage, ib.; re-turns to England with Lady B. in 1830, 143; takes up her residence in Seamore Place late in the year 1631, ib.; visits the Continent with her aunt, latter end of 1833 or beginning of 1834. 109; in September, 1835, residing with her aunt and sister in Dublin, ib. ; marriage settlement, 126 ; arrangement entered into by the count in 1838, 283 ; becomes a widow, August 4th, 1852, 280; concluding observations on the unhappy marriage with the count, 316; in Naplea in 1832, 369.

- up a mummy in Rome, i., 347; Gell's references to, 351, 354; his deathmarriage of his widow, 372; Countess Spaw at Rome in 1834, 380 ; notice of, 427.
- mund Power, i., 20.

- i., 97; his death-grave at Rome visit-ed by Lady Blessington in 1828, 110; Gell's references to, 335, 337 ; quarrel with Abbé Campbell, 348, 383; comments of Rev. A.F. Hare on his skepticism, 472; reference to his death, 359; reference to his works, 360, 361, 385; letter of Lady Blessingtoh to him, 473; notice of, 385.
- 369; Gell's account of her tremendous dinners, 374.
- ii., 491.
- 337, 338.

of Miss M. Power, i., 15.

### E

- Errington and Co., Gell's reference to Mesars. Errington and Lyne Stephens, Naples, 1834, i., 378, 380.
- B., ii., 392.

shortly after her marriage, 108; per-Fairlie, Isabella, death of Lady B.'s

0.00016

favorite, "the beautiful mute," the daughter of her niece, 31st January, 1831, i., 113; approaching death of Gardiner, Charles John, son of Lord B., the child's mother notified to Landor, 114.

- Farmer, Captain, an officer of the 47th Regiment at Clonmel, i., 26; acquaintance with Miss M. Power, id., offer death in Paris, 109. of marriage, id. ; marriage and its re-Gardiner, Lady Harriet, daughter of Lord sults, 27; marriage certificate, 513; separation, 28; Lady B.'s account of Gardiner, Lady Harriet, sister of Lord the cause, ib. ; this account impugned by Captain Farmer's brother, 29; de-Gardiner, Right Honorable Luke, son fended by his brother; his letter, 513, of Lord B., notice of, i., 40, 41; death 514; quarrel with a brother officer, 29; sells out-proceeds to India, 34; re-Garrow, Miss Theodosia, letters to Lady turns home-killed in the Fleet Prison
- in 1817, ib.; inquest on his body, 35. Garth, Captain, reference to, i., 409. Farmer, Mrs., refusal to accompany Gell, Sir William, beginning of acquaint-Captain F. to India, i., 29; account of marriage and separation by Mr. Sheehy, 30; account of her residence at Cahir, 32; he denies injurious reports against her, 31 ; her residence for some years at Sidmanton, Hampshire, 50 ; her residence in London, Manchester Square, 34, 50; early acquaintance with Lord B., 50; Lord B. a visitor at her house, Manchester Square, 34; marriage with Lord B. in 1818, 50.
- Faulkner, Sir Frederick, notices of, i., 401, 402.
- Ferguson, Cutlar Ronald, letter to Lady B., ii., 382; notice of, 531.
- Filangiere, the, Gell's reference to, i., 360.
- Fitzgerald, Sir William, at Cuma in 1832, i., 363
- Fitzherbert, Mrs., reference to her marrisge by a Catholic priest, supposed to be the Abbé Campbell, i., 389.
- Fonblanque, A., Lady B.'s eulogium on his character, ii., 109; Landor's opin-Geoffrin, Madam, Lady B. compared ion, "We have nothing like him in the political world," 130; notice of, 320, 321; letters of, to Lady B., 322; Bul-246; notice of, 523. wer's reference to, 176.
- Forster, John, Lady B.'s reference to in letters to Landor, ii., 109, 111; Lan-Graham, John, account of the death of dor's references to, 126, 128; notice of,
- Fox, Gell's reference to " Black Fox" at
- Naples, i., 356. "Fuller, Jack," notice of, ii., 286; let-ters of, to Lady B., 287.
  - G.
- G., letters to Lady Bleasington signed, Grammont, Duchesse de, has the papers 11., 247.
- Galt, John, Gell's reference to, i., 354;

notice of, ii., 322; letters of, to Lady

- notice of, i., 46, 47.
- Gardiner, Miss Emilie Rosalie, daughter of Lord B., notice of, i., 46, 102; marriage to Mr. Charles White, and
- B., notice of, i., 47, 102.
- B., guardian of his daughters, i., 102.
- at the age of ten, 103.
- B., ii., 87.

- ance with Lady B. in Naples in 1824. i., 92; accompanies Lady B. to Pompeii, &c., 93; constant visitor at Villa Belvidere, 97; renews his acquaint-ance with Lady B. at Rome, 110; his parting with her in Rome in 1828, ib. ; mournful anticipations at parting, ib. ; his death in April, 1836, referred to by Lady B., ib.; notice of his life, 322; his letter to Lady Blessington, 333; lines written in Rome, 347; his dog family, 364; a model letter of introduction to him, 380; at Gell's convent in June, 1835, 381; affecting account in his last letter to Lady B. of the breaking down of his health, loss of memory-singular illusions, 382; letter of introduction of editor to grand admiral of Egyptian fleet, 384; Cra-ven's account of last illness and death, 419; Lady B.'s account of his death to Landor, ii., 108; Bulwer's account of, 175; letters to Dr. Quin, 488.

- Godwin, William, letter to Lady B., ii., 382; notice of, 533.
- Lord Mountjoy at Newhall, i., 42.
- 142; letters to him from Lady B., 144. Grammont, Duc de, married a sister of ox, Gell's reference to "Black Fox" at Count D'Orsay when in England as Duc de Guiche; previously to Lady B.'s departure for the Continent, scquainted with her, i., 68; accueil of Lady B. on her arrival in Paris in April, 1849, 181.
  - of Count D'Orsay. His journal, alluded to by Byron, was burned by

himself some years previously to his Hogg, Dr., at Naples in 1832-'3-'4, death, i., 274; brief notice of, 298. 361, 369, 374; ii., 553. death, i., 274; brief notice of, 298.

- of the present duke, accompanied the French princes into exile: the mother Holland, present Lord, notice of, ii., 517-died in Holyrood House in 1803, i., Holman, Lieutenant, R. N., the blinced 297; her remains conveyed to France traveler, ascends Mount Vesuvius in in 1825, ib.; Lady Tankerville, sister of present duke, a beauty of celebrity much admired : another sister of pres- Hook, Theodore, notice of, and letter, ent Duc married Marshal Sebastiani, 298; letter of, to Lady Blessington, Hunt, Mr. and Mrs., their murder near ib.; letters of the duke to Lady B., ii., 380, 381.
- Guiccioli, la Contessa, notice of, ii., 3 first acquaintance with Guiccioli at Ravenna, 5; personal appearance, 6; Irving, Washington, a contribution to color of her hair, 7; proofs of disinter-
- estedness, 9; second marriage with an "elderly gentleman," 16; letters to her from Lady Blessington, 18; letters from J. her to Lady Blessington, 27; second husband of the countess, the Marquess de Boissy, 34.

H., letter to Lady B. signed, ii., 255.

- Hacket, Alderman, a schoolfellow of Robert Power, i., 18; his account of
- the Powers, ib. Hallam, Lady B.'s acquaintance with at Florence, i., 101.
- Hamilton, Terrick, Esq., Gell's reference to, i., 368.
- Hardinge, Lord, present at the marriage of Miss M. Power, i., 27, 513.
- Hare, Francis, reference to, in a letter of Lady B., ii., 103.
- Hare, Julius, Gell's reference to, as "Julius Hirsutus," i., 355.
- Hare, Rev. Augustus F., remarkable let-471, 472; Lady B.'s reference to his noble qualities, ii., 103.
- Haydon, B. R., letters to Lady B., ii., 387.
- Hemans, Mrs. Folicia, Lady B.'s admiration for her writings, ii., 81 ; place of burial, and inscription on mural slab, 82
- Herculaneum, notice of visits of Lady B. and Sir W. Gell to, i., 97.
- Herschel, Sir John, makes Lady B.'s acquaintance in Naples, i., 92.
- Hesse, Captain, singular notice of him by Lady B., and of his correspondence with a royal personage, i., 406.
- Hill, George, letter to Lady B., ii., 391. Hill, Mr., subsequently Lord Berwick.
- minister in Naples in 1831, i., 364.

Grammont, Duc de, father and mother Holland House Society, Lady B.'s ofservations on, i., 137.

- June, 1821, accompanied by editor, i., 95.
- ii., 293.
- Pastum, i., 333, 334 ; detailed account of, ii., 412, 413.

Lady B.'s Album, ii., 382.

-, Mr., of Brussels, curious communication-mysterious occurrence, ii., 396.

- Jekyll, Joseph, notice of, ii., 277; letters to Lady B., 281.
- Jenkins, Thomas, Captain 11th Dragoons, stationed at Tullow, i., 30; intimacy with the Powers, ib. ; supposed attachment to Miss M. Power, ib. ; his family and fortune, ib.; his military career, ib.; residence in Dublin in 1809, ib.; his establishment in Hampshire, ib. ; his subsequent embarrassments, ib. ; his marriage and death, 31 ; Meagher's reference to him, 32; Bernard Wright's reference to him, ib.; Lord Blessington's acquaintance with him, 49; present at a dinner given in Dublin by Lord B., ib. ; departure of Capt. Jenkins and scene, ib.; subsequent visit to Mountjoy Forest, 59.
- ter to, in re Drummond's skepticism, i., Julien, Monsieur, le jeune, secretary of Robespierre-figured in the Reign of Terror in a public recitation of Revolutionary odes by Madame Fontenay, i., 159; figures as a dolorous poet with le don des larmes at Seamore Place and Gore House-recites his "Mes Chagrins Politiques," 160; another scene with Dr. Quin and James Smith. ii., 300.

## K.

Keats (the poet), Landor's account of W.'s ungenerous criticism, ii., 130, 131.

### L.

Lamartine, Lady B.'s acquaintance with, at Florence, i., 101; poem addressed to D'Orsay, 288.

H.

- Lamb, Charles, Laudor's and Coleridge's Lyndhurst, Lord, notice of, and letters, eulogiums on, ii., 123; reference of 11., 246, 511. Landor to an affecting story of his sis-
- ter, ib.; lines of Landor on, ii., 281. Landon, Miss Letitis E., notice of, ii., M., R. C., letter from Greece to Lady B., 39; marriage of, 7th June, 1838, with Mr. Maclean, 44; death of, 13th Octo-Mackinnon, Colonel, transmitting a lock ber, 1838, 45; editor visits Cape Coast Castle in Feb., 1841, ib.; his account of Mr. Maclean, 46; observations on Mackintosh, his conversational powers, inquest, &c., 48; charged by Lady B. to get her husband's consent to set up Maclise, D., notice of, ii., 537. a monument at Cape Coast Castle, 56; Macready, W. C., letters to Lady B., ii., called on by Mr. Maclean to inquire into the death of L. E. L., 57; result Madden, R. R., lines of Dr. Beattie adof inquiry, 63 ; soized with fever while occupying the room in which L. E. L. had died, 64; neglect experienced during illness, 66 ; death of her husband, 28th May, 1847, *ib.*; a lament for L. Manners, Lord, the Orange regime in E. L. by W. S. Landor, 68; destitute Ireland, ii., 151. state of her mother after her death. Manning, Mr., the celebrated Chinese 69; Lady B.'s account of her death to Lady W., ib. ; letters of Miss Landon Manvers, Lady, Gell's reference to her, to Lady B., 73; Bulwer's reference to, ii., 183; further observations on her Margravine of Anspach, Gell's reference
- death, 568. Landor, Walter Savage, first acquaint-ance with Lady B., i., 101; notice of his career, ii., 99; letters from Lady Marsault, Madame la Comtesse St., B. to him, 102; letters from, to Lady B., 117; verses to him from Lady B., 116; comments on the paltry grant of George IV. to Coleridge, 118; visit to a Roman Catholic Chapel, 133; D'Or-say's letters to him, 429; imaginary conversation between Lord Mountjoy conversation between Lord Mountjoy personal appearance in 1822, ib. and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, commu-Mathews, Charles James, joins nicated to Lady B. in Feb., 1839, 474; lines addressed to Lady B., 497.

Landseer, Sir Edwin, notice of, ii., 538. Lansdowne, Marquess, letter to Lady B., ii., 246; notice of, 503.

- Lawrence, Sir T., notice of, ii., 263 ; letters of, 265; lines on waltzing, ib.
- Lindsay, Lady Charlotte, Gell's reference to, i., 358, 366.
- Loewe, Dr., a celebrated linguist, accompanied Sir M. Montefiore to the East, 11., 93.

Lola Montes, a letter of hers, ii., 399.

- "very nice people from Ireland," i., 347.
- Lucca, Duc de, his pilgrimage to Rome, i., 348.
- Luttrell, Henry, carly acquaintance of the Blessingtons with, i., 63; Gell's reference to, 352; notice of, and lct-Matuschewitz, Count, notice of, i., 430; ters, it., 289.

M.

- ii., 384.
- of Lord Nelson's hair to Lady B., ii., 383.

- 381; notice of, 547.
- dressed to, ii., 344, 353; correspondence with Lady B., 357; correspondence with D'Orsay on the part of C. J. Mathews, 447; letters from D'Orsay to, 451.
- scholar, Gell's reference to, i., 356.
- 1., 347.
- to, i., 344, 354, 357; notice of, 410.
- Marryatt, F., notice of, and letters to Lady B., ii., 310.
- Mary Anne, youngest daughter of Edmund Power, i., 13; her marriage and separation, 36; lives with her father in Ireland, 37; return to England in 1839, id.; accompanies the Blessing-tons on a Continental tour, 64; her
- the Blessingtons at Naples, i., 64; his early career, sojourn with the Blessingtons in Italy, ib. ; amiable character, comic talents, ib. ; an inmate of the Palazzo Belvidere, ii., 442; accompanics Lady B. to Pestum, i., 93; notice of, ii., 441 ; quarrel with D'Orsay-proceedings and correspondence in that affair, 447; subsequent amicable correspondence with the count, 451; lettern of, to Lady B., 406.
- Mathews, Mrs., letters of Lady B. to, ii., 414.
- Lucas, Mr. and Mrs., Gell's reference to Matthias, James (Purauit of Literature). Gell's reference to him in Naples, Nov., 1833, at the age of 81, rather younger than ever, i., 369; idem-in Naples, June 2, 1834, then " in his 93d year," 379; Bulwer's reference to, 11., 175.
  - letters to Lady B., 431.

ChOOV 0

- Meagher, Jeremiah, vice-consul at Lisbon, account of the Powers, i., 18; account of Bernard Wright, 19; fur-ther account of Miss M. Power, 32.
- Melleray, Abbot of Mount, letter to Lady B., ii., 392.
- Millingen, the antiquarian, makes Ludy B.'s acquaintance at Naples, i., 92; initiates her into the mysteries of numismatics, ib.; notice of, 425; letters from to Lady B., 426.
- Mills, Frank, Gell's reference to, i., 337.
- Milnes, Richard, Mr., letter to Lady B., ii., 396.
- Mirabeau, his description of a celebrated beauty, i., 52.
- Montague, Lady Mary Wortley, her epistolary talents, i., 320. Montehore, Sir Moses, Gell's reference
- to, i., 350; instance of devotion and filial affection, 417; world-wide benevolence and charitableness of heart and mind, ii., 93, 94.
- Montmorenci, Duc de Laval, notice of, 1., 403.
- Moore, Thomas, early acquaintance of the Blessingtons, i., 57; reference to Lord B.'s theatricals, 56; visits Lady B. with Washington Irving, 61; renewa his acquaintance with her at Paris, 66; Odin's stone pillar, Sir W. Scott's aclines of his to Ludy B., 254; notice of, count of, i., 375. ii., 267; his first lines, 269; letters of, O'Flagherty, Father, the parish pricest of to Lady B., 270; Galt's remarks on "The Loves of the Angels," 327; let-ter to the editor on slavery, 167.
- Morpeth, Lord, acquaintance with Lady Ossian's poems, reference to, by Sir W. B. at Naples, i., 93; his prize poem on Prestum, ib. ; notice of, ii., 524.
- Mountjoy family, burial-place at Cap-pagh, near Rash, i., 58; desire of Lord B. to be interred there, ib.
- Mountjoy, Downger Lady, residing at Pagani, Padre, President of the Roman Rash after her husband's death, i., 55 ; Catholic Colleges of Rugby and Ratresiding in Dublin in 1807, 58; death in 1839, 102.
- Mountjoy, Lady, notice of family, mar- Parr, Dr. Samuel, Gell's reference to his ringe, and death, i., 46-51.
- Mountjoy, Lord, vide Blessington.
- death in Greece, i., 412.

### N.

- -L.-, an eccentric correspondent from, to Lady B., 318. of Lady B., laboring under singular de-Perry, James, the editor of the Morning N. lusions, ii., 402.
- Naples, editor's notice of Naples and its vicinity, i., 82; Willis's notice of the

bay, 85; Lady B.'s notice of the bar 87; evening passed by editor on board "The Bolivar" in the bay, 89.

- Napoleon, Prince Louis, the present Emperor of the French, attention pased and services rendered to him when are exile by Lady B. and Count D'Orsay . how repaid on a throne, i., 181, 182, 278, 281, 303-306; notice of his origina and career, 529-537; Duke of Wellington's opinion of the prince, 304 : on his elevation to the presidency of the Republic, ib.; Lamennais's observation to editor respecting the prince, 306: Landor's lines, the Quest of Honor, applicable to him, ib. ; visited in Bath in August, 1846, by Landor, ii., 140; Landor's great interest in and anxiety for the welfare of the prince, January, 1849, 141 ; Landor writes to the president, ib.; remarkable letter of Duke of Wellington in reference to, i., 304. Nizzensitter, C., letter to Lady B., ii.,
- 385.
- Normanby, Lord, theatricals at Florence, i., 99, 359; reference to, 101; letter to Lady B., ii., 248; notice of, 519.

Cappagh, patronized by Lady B., i., 60; Lord B.'s liberality to him, 59; his amusing correspondence, 60.

- Scott in Italy, i., 375.
- Ossuna, Duc d', notice of, i., 442; letters to Lady B., ib.

## Ρ.

- cliffe, his learning extolled by W. S. Landor, ii., 133.
- death, i., 347 ; the doctor's "holy kiss, 353 ; notice of, ii., 257 ; letters of, 259 ; Murray, James, Captain of 47th Regi-ment, suitor to Miss M. Power, i., 28. Murray, Lord Charles, account of his sojourn in Naples in 1822, career and Peel, Sir Robert, disposal of his papers
  - for publication, i., 4; letter to, of Lady B., ii., 250; statements of, on the aubject of Lady B.'s letter, 251; lotter from, to Lady B., 318.
  - Chronicle, refuses to insert a slander in h.s paper relative to Captain Farmer's death, i., 35; heginning of his

La(3)(39) 0

acquaintance with Lord B., 36; notice of, ii., 505, 534.

- Phipps, General, letters to Lady B., ii., 386.
- Piazzi, the celebrated astronomer, notice of, i., 92, 405; letter to Lady B., ii., 392.
- Pilgrim, the, his lines and letters to Lady Power, Michael, amiable disposition, B., ii., 399.
- Polidori, notice of, i., 468.
- Popery, triumphs of, singular instance of one, ii., 399.
- Powell, John Allan, law agent of the Milan commission, friend of Lord B., 1., 44.
- Power, Anne, eldest of the children of E.
- Power, death, i., 25. Power, Edmund, father of Lady B., early history, i., 11; recklessness, improvidence, 17; magisterial terrorism, ib.; patronized by Lord Donoughmore, 19; Lady B.'s account of terrorism in his family, ib. ; notice of, 20 ; his pursuits, tastes, and appearance, ib.; exercise of magiaterial duties-rebel hunting, 21; shooting a peasant boy, ib.; indicted for murder, 22; name expunged Pratt, Mizs, author of "Inheritance," from magistracy, ib.; inquest on boy shot, 515; indictment and sworn in-formations, 517. Barry W., letters to Lady B.
- Power, Edmund, unfortunate in his mer- Purves, Mrs., Miss Ellen Power, mencantile speculations, i., 19; ditto in his newspaper speculations, ib.; ditto in his magisterial, 20; his paper prosecuted for a libel on Colonel Bagwell, ib.; report of first trial, Bagwell v. Power, 520; report of second trial, M'Carthy v. Watson, 537; Miss Ellen Power examined on last trial, 540 death of his first wife, 36; second marriage, iô.; supported in his latter years by his daughters, ib.; amount of pecuniary aid from Lady B., ib.; end of his unfortunate career, 37.

- Power, Edmund, Jun., death of, i., 25. Power, Miss Ellen. See Mrs. Purves. Power, Miss Ellen, younger sister of Miss M. Power, Landor's reference to, ii., 136.
- Power, Capt., brother of the preceding, his death in India, a fine young man of twenty-two, ii., 146.
- See Mrs. Power, Miss Marguerite. Farmer.
- Power, Marguerite, early life, i., 10; her personal attractions, 25; attentions of Captain Farmer, 26; offer of marriage to her, ib.; repugnance to Captain R., H., letter to Lady B., ii., 394.

Farmer, 27; unhappy results, 28; sepa-ration, ib.; Lady B.'s account of same, ib. ; return to her father's, ib. ; distinguished officers present at her marriage : the present Lord Hardinge, General Blakeney, ib.

- early death, i., 22; his duel with Captain Kettlewell, 537.
- Ponsonby, Lord, minister at Naples in Power, Miss Margaret, niece of Lady B., 1832, i., 364. memoir of her aunt, i., 10; her affectionate regard for her aunt's memory, ib.; obligations of the editor to her, ib. ; her poetry praised by Landor, ii., 140.
  - Power, Miss Mary Anne, the youngest daughter of Edmund Power, i., 13; marriage with Count St. Marsault, 36; separation, ib.; attention to her father, 37; sojourns with Mrs. Dogherty near Cashel, ib. ; mentioned in Lord B.'s will, 106; reference to her age-said to be fifteen years younger than Lady B., 189; Gell's references to her, under various designations, 334, 342, 344, 349, 352, 355, 357, 364, 367.
  - Gell's reference to, i., 362.

  - tion of her marriage, i., 13; her remarkable beauty, 26; admiration she excited at the "coteries" of Tipperary, io.; ear-ly acquaintance with Colonel Stewart, 32; marriage with John Home Purves, Esq., 13; at a dinner given by Lord B. in 1815, 49; on a visit at Mountjoy Forest, 59; death of Mr. Purves, 479; second marriage with Lord Canterbury, ib. ; death in her 54th year, 16th November, 1845, 480; born the latter part of 1791, 189.

## Q.

- Quin, Dr. Frederick F., reference to by Gell, i., 337; notice of him, 399; let-tem of D'Orsay to 456; scene at Seamore Place with Julien, i., 163; ditto at Gore House with ditto, ii., 300.
- Quinlan, Mr., a distant relation of Lady B., i., 37; assisted E. Power with money to fee counsel when tried for murder, ib.

## R.

- Farmer, ib.; marriage with Captain R., L., letter to Lady B., ii., 300.

- Ramsay, James, of Naples, sketch of Sheridan, Miss Louisa, notice and letters Sir W. Gell, i., 328; Gell's reference of, to Lady B., ii. 87 to him, 379.
- Reilly, Charles, Surgeon R.N., espouses the cause of Abbe Campbell, i., 348;
- tera, ii., 338.
- and the Filangiere of Naples, i., 360, 361.
- Richardson, Dr., letter to, from Mrs. E.
- quently traveling physician to Lord Blessington in the East, i. 47; letter on death of Lord B., 123.
- letters to Lady B., ib.
- ingtons, i., 63. Romer, Mrs. Isabella, notice of, ii., 94:
- letters to Lady B., 95.
- Rose, Mr., Gell's reference to "the man of Greek inscriptions," ii., 347.
- Rosslyn, Lord, letters to Lord B., ii. 487; notice of, 519.
- Rothwell (the painter) at Naples in 1834, i., 373, 374.
- Russell, Lord John, early acquaintance with the Blessingtons, i., 63; eulogized by Lady B., 100; letter to Lady B., it., 242; notice of, 525.

- S., A., letter to Lady B., ii., 401. Saurin, Attorney General of Ireland, Marquess Wellesley's account of his Orange regime of fifteen years, ii.,
- 151. Scarfe, Captain, Gell's reference to, in re Strangford, Lord, notice of, and letter to
- Abbe Campbell, i., 348. Scarlett, Sir James. See Abinger, ii., Strangways, J., an intimate acquaintance of Lady B. in Italy, i., 101.
- Schwartzenberg, the Prince, notice of his Sue, Monsieur Eugene, notice of, i., 446; career, i., 435; letters to Lady B., 437. Scott, Sir Walter, at Naples in 1832, i.,
- 361, 362; idem, 365, 366; Gell's remi-niscences, 368, 370, 372, 375, 377.
- Sevigné, Madamo de, her epistolary talent, i., 320.
- Sheehy, Edmund, Esq., maternal grandfather of Lady B., i., 13; persecution and death, 14; detailed account of ditto, Appendiz.

- R., J. C. W., singular epistle to D'Orsay, Sheeby, Father Nicholas, relative of ii., 402. Rachel, Mademoiselle, letter to Lady B., and death, ib., detailed account of
  - of, to Lady B., ii., 87. Sigourney, Mrs. Lydia H., notice of, ii.,
- 81; letters to Lady B., 83; styled " the American Hemans :" similarity of her notice of his career, 396. Reynolds, F. Mansell, notice of and let-Smith, James, notice of, ii., 296; letters
  - and poems, 302.
- Ricciardi, the, Gell's references to them Smith, Lieut., R. N., commander of "The Bolivar," i., 89; D'Orsay's talent in drawing out people tried on him, 91; referred to by Lord Blessington,
- M. S., ii., 90. Richardson, Dr., attended Lady Mount-Sorrento, Archbishop of, Gell's refer-ence to, i., 334; death of his favorate Annette, 360; his letter on cats, 369; notice of, 428; letters of, to Lady B ... 429.
- Roberts, Miss Emma, notice of, ii., 91; Spencer, Hon. W. R., notice of, ii., 288. letter of, to Lady B., 289.
- Rogers, early acquaintance of the Bless-Stael, Madame de, conversational talents of, i., 134.
  - Starke, Anna Maria, Gell's reference to : gives parties and misereres in Rome, 1., 347
  - Stewart, Colonel, of Killymoon, Gell's reference to, in Italy in 1829, i., 359 ; Gell's inquiry after the amiable colonel of Killymoon, 381.
  - Stewart, Thomas, nephew of Sir W. Drummond, lines to Lady B., i., 260; subsequently becomes a Benedictine monk, 474; his assassination, ib.; further particulars of, ii., 498.
  - Stewart, William, Esq., of Killymoon, colonel of Tyrone militia, i., 32; sta-tioned at Clonmel in 1904, ib.; intimacy with the Powers, ib. ; notice of, ib.; intimacy with Lord Blessington, 59; entertained at Mountjoy Forest in

  - letters to Lady B., 450; observations of an eminent litterateur on his writings, it., 510.
  - Swift, Godwin, reference to him in a letter of Lady B., ii., 103; Landor's ref-crence to him as "a representative of the earliest patriot in Ireland," 119.

Tajore, Dwarkanauth, the celebrated

0.000010

Hindoo Baboo, notice of, i., 462; let-| ter from, to Lady B., ib.

- Talbot, C. R. M., letter to Lady B., ii., 389.
- Talbot, Sir George, his "great and good dinners" at Rome, i., 347.
- Talfourd, Sir T. N., letter to Lady B., Wellington, late Duke of, notice of, ii., ii., 532; notice of, 531. 158; letters of, to Lady B., 162.
- Tegart, Arthur, early acquaintance of Lord and Lady B., i., 50; notice of, ib.
- Torlonia, Duc, et Banguier, Luigi Chiave's account of his death, i., 461.

U.

Uwins (the painter) makes Lady B.'s acquaintance in Italy, i., 92; his pic-tures referred to by Gell, 362; letter White, Charles, marries Lady Emilie acquaintance in Italy, i., 92; his picto Lady B., ii., 387.

- Vespucci, Contessa America, notice of,
- ii., 77; letter to Lady B., 79. Vigny, Alfred de, notice and letters of, 1., 460.
- Vyse, Colonel, at Naples in 1832, i. 364.

- Wade, General, an old Irish officercommandant of the Castello dell Novo. Naples, i., 85; some account of his origin, 401.
- Watson, Dr., a celebrated linguist, i., 335, 369.
- Watson, Solomon, a Quaker banker of Clonmel, libel on Colonel Bagwell in

Power's paper, i., 537; action against fim by M'Carthy, 538.

- Wellesley, Marquess, notice of, ii., 149; his reference to an old Orangeman named Saurin, 151; letters to Lady B., 155.
- 158; letters of, to Lady B., 162. Wellington, present Duke of, notice of, ii., 167; letter to Lady B., 168.
- Westmacott, Richard, the eminent sculptor, acquainted, i., 92; notice of, and letter to Lady B., 465.
- Weatmoreland, Lady, Gell's reference to, i., 353.
- Westmoreland, Lord, letter to Lady B.,
- Rosalie (Mary) Gardiner, i., 47; letter
- to Lady B., ii., 389. Whyte, Miss, at Rome in 1828, i., 357; visited by Sir W. Scott near Pæstum,
- 361; scenery at Portici in 1834, 373. Wilkie, Sir D., letter to Lady B., ii., 387. Wilkinson, the Egyptian traveler, Gell's reference to his discoveries, i., 358.
- Willis, N. P., notice of, ii., 329; letters of, to Lady B., 332; reference to Sir W. Gell, i., 326.
- Wright, Bernard, Alderman Hacket's account of, i., 16; tortured by Sir T. Judkin Fitzgerald, i6.; detailed report of proceedings v. Fitzgerald, 509; in the employment of Power, 19.
- Wycherley, the comedian, when verging on eighty—his last counsel to his young wife, ii., 17.

C1007010

THE END.