

generacy. If he is left to himself another twelvemonth, he will take to grazing on the garden stuff, like another king of old. But the men are no better than the chiefs. Whenever and wherever they came in contact with the police, the result was the same. Right gave courage, strength, and aim to the loyal side. Before the day was over the rebels were at their old game of assassination, and it will be long indeed before Ireland is rid of that crime, but open rebellion is for ever checkmated.

Look at the shifting tableaux on the common of Boulagh.

1. Five thousand rebel pikes, with O'Brien strutting before them.
2. A detachment of police dashing at them.
3. O'Brien on all-fours among the cabbages.
4. A deserted field of battle, in which, after a pause, assemble from all quarters, 1500 horse, foot, and artillery.

Yet Boulagh is only an out-of-the-way village, and the arrangements which ended in this decisive victory and overwhelming concentration had not been made twelve hours before.—*Times*, August 2.

ARREST OF MR. SMITH O'BRIEN.

THURLES, SATURDAY NIGHT.—This evening, at eight o'clock, Mr. Smith O'Brien was arrested in the town of Thurles, just as he was on the point of leaving for Limerick. The arrest was made without the slightest resistance either on the part of the prisoner or the people, and the infatuated rebel chief is now on his way to Dublin. He was recognised in passing through the principal street of Thurles by—Hulme, a guard in the employ of the Great Southern and Western Railway Company. Mr. O'Brien asked him the way to the railway station, and Hulme having answered the question, immediately sent a soldier off for reinforcements. He himself followed Mr. O'Brien to the station. On arriving there, Mr. O'Brien asked for a second class ticket to Limerick, the price of which he paid. His manner was so embarrassed that the clerk noticed it, and particularly the tremour of the hand. He did not, however, recognise his face. Having given more money than was sufficient to pay the fare, the clerk returned him 6d. change, but he took no notice of this, and was walking away, when the clerk called him back. On his return, he asked which was the right platform to go to, and being told that it was that opposite where he stood, he crossed the line to get to it. There he was immediately arrested by Hulme, who commanded him to surrender himself in the Queen's name, and seized his arm to prevent any resistance or the use of a weapon. Head-constable Hanover, D, who held the warrant for his arrest, immediately assisted Hulme, and Mr. O'Brien was at once disarmed of a small pistol which he carried in his waistcoat pocket, and which was the only weapon he had about him. The reinforcement which Hulme had the prudence to send for, and which consisted partly of police and partly of soldiers now arrived, and Mr. O'Brien was at once conducted to the gaol, where arrangements were made for his lodgement during the night. General Macdonald, however, wisely determined to send the prisoner without a moment's delay to Dublin, and accordingly, in an incredibly short space of time, a troop of dragoons and a detachment of infantry were drawn out as an escort to the station. In the mean time the people began to assemble in groups, the voices of women were heard waxing eloquently rebellious, and every moment increased the signs of popular agitation. General Macdonald's arrangements, however, were made and carried out with the greatest expedition and precision. The entrance to the gaol was cleared by the police, a strong body of infantry held the station, and a troop of cavalry swept the streets clear of the crowds that had assembled there. The shopkeepers were imperatively ordered to close their doors, and the General himself entered one or two where a disposition was shown to disobey his orders, and struck terror into the inmates. In consequence of these vigorous measures not the slightest difficulty was experienced in conveying Mr. O'Brien from the gaol to the station. He was taken there on a car, which was also occupied by Mr. Gore Jones and Captain Fitzmaurice, the resident magistrate, and by General M'Donald. A strong escort of infantry and police accompanied the prisoner, who was safely placed in a special train previously prepared for the purpose of conveying him to Dublin. Mr. O'Brien occupied the centre seat in the carriage, and in the same compartment were Lieutenant Alexander M'Donald, four armed policemen, and the sub-inspector of constabulary at Thurles. The train started on its way a few minutes after ten o'clock.

Dublin, Sunday morning, six o'clock.—Mr. O'Brien has arrived, and has been safely lodged in the Royal Barracks here by Lieutenant M'Donald, to whose care his father, the General, intrusted the prisoner. Mr. O'Brien was prohibited from speaking or moving on the way on pain of instant death. He therefore tried to sleep, but his efforts were not successful. His manner during the journey was, upon the whole, confident and self-possessed, though the uneasiness of his mind would occasionally betray itself in his face, and in the restless manner in which he changed his position from time to time. He yawned frequently, as, I believe, to account for the tears which came starting into his eyes, and I could see that anxiety of mind and personal exposure have left deep traces behind them on his features. On reaching the Dublin terminus he walked to the barracks, guarded by a party of thirty policemen, who had accompanied him by the train. This capture is decisive as to the fate of the Irish rebellion, and it is gratifying to think that it has been effected so quietly. A report had for some hours previously been industriously circulated in Thurles that Mr. O'Brien had escaped to a sea-port in Galway, and sailed for America.

Viscount Hardinge left town this day to take command of the troops at Clonmel.

I am this moment informed that Mr. O'Brien has been sent to Kilmalsham, under the same escort as that which accompanied him to Dublin. Prince George of Cambridge has thus lost no time in providing for his safe keeping.

The few provincial journals which reached this morning are totally barren of intelligence. All seems to be quiet in the south.

The news of Mr. O'Brien's arrest, although arriving at the untimely hour of two o'clock this morning by special engine from Thurles, flew like wildfire over the town. Even at this early hour the subject forms the topic of discussion at every street corner. People appear panic-stricken at the fate of the leader of the insurgent army. Evident discontent at his pusillanimous surrender without resistance is the prevailing feeling among the lower classes.—*Times* Office, Monday, August 7, 5-30, A. M.

MR. S. O'BRIEN.

The thousand and one romances about Mr. S. O'Brien have suddenly given way to a most simple and unromantic conclusion. The unfortunate gentleman strayed into Thurles on Saturday, walked down the principal street, and asked a railway guard the way to the station. He was recognised, and eventually apprehended in the quietest manner possible, just as he had taken a second-class ticket for Limerick. Everybody will ask what O'Brien could be thinking of to run into the lion's mouth so directly and yet so ungracefully. Had he surrendered himself to General Macdonald at the head of 2000 men, the incident would

have gone down to an indiscriminating posterity, together with the surrender of Porus, of Dost-Mahomed, of Abd-el-Kader, and a hundred other victims of fortune. The British press would have done their best to cut down the scene to its smallest proportions, but the fact would have survived. Moreover, Mr. O'Brien would thereby have established a claim to a merciful sentence. As it is, he has allowed himself to be picked up like a £500 note in the gutter. There was just enough concealment to deprive his movements of the dare-devil character they might otherwise have had. He took a second-class ticket, and was too nervous to wait for the change. Never was there so indecisive and so characterless a proceeding. It suggests the idea of a man in a dream; but O'Brien is not quite so innocent, and therefore not quite so favoured by fortune as the fair somnambulist who walks the plank in her Majesty's Theatre. But when the King of Munster was enjoying a sort of royalty on the Keeper Mountains, what induced him to drop down in the main street of Thurles, swarming with policemen, detectives, soldiers, railway functionaries, newspaper correspondents, and all that was dangerous? The nursery rhyme says—

The man in the moon
Came tumbling down;
And asked his way to Norwich.

In this case he asked his way to Limerick, but the sequel bids fair to be very much the same as in the mysterious legend aforesaid. Mr. O'Brien will most probably visit a southern latitude, and, as an inmate of one of her Majesty's dockyards, become acquainted with the diet the legend refers to.

Thurles, for a very insignificant place, has contrived to get a good share of the insurrection. The ingenious and no doubt treasonable gentleman who made Thurles the seat of the first outbreak, who fired its station, tore up its rails, and demoralized its soldiery and police, could hardly have imagined that within a few days that station would cover and confine the chief of the insurrection, that policemen and soldiers would there be assembled round the great culprit, and those rails would convey him to Dublin. There was a prophetic force in the lie which fulfilled it the wrong way. The same word which struck terror throughout England is now a signal for confidence. We shall all remember Thurles; not as the focus of a destructive and bloody rebellion, but as the place where Smith O'Brien found himself too close watched and hemmed in by soldiers and policemen to hold out any longer; and where accordingly he attempted to fly from a country which, instead of nourishing rebellion, could not even harbour one solitary rebel.

Mr. O'Brien is a prey of that sort which loses its value the moment it is caught. While the chase lasted and the scent lay weak, the prize was inestimable. The papers were full of his imaginary doublings and windings, as well as the multitude, the strength, and the ardour of the pack. An interest was beginning to attach to the Pretender of Munster and the Boscobels of Tipperary.

King Charles hid himself in the oak, and King O'Brien in the cabbages. Rumour also added the coal-pit to the adventures of the modern fugitive. But O'Brien was growing in story; he was rising into the majestic, and looming into the mysterious. Passing from ridge to ridge, from the sides of Slievenamon to the tops of the Keeper and the Galtee mountains, then sinking to the subterranean world, and heard of alternately in mid Europe and the Atlantic, he was acquiring just that sort of prestige which takes deepest root in the Celtic imagination. Had he never more appeared in this vulgar working life he would have lived a thousand lives in romance. The hunter would have seen him still on the hills, and the colliers would still have heard his council assembled in the pit. Whether O'Brien cares for such ideal greatness after the prospect of more substantial power, we know not; but certainly he has dashed a world of poetry to the ground. Mr. Hulme, a tight-buttoned railway official, detects him in the street; in a few minutes head-constable Hanover D, produces a warrant for his arrest; they take away his pocket pistol and conduct him to the gaol. In a quarter of an hour General Macdonald sends him to Dublin, and in a few hours from his arrest he is lodged in Kilmalsham with the rest of the traitors.

We have therefore caught our hare, as Mrs. Glass says; but now our difficulty begins, what are we to do with him? Smith O'Brien is a traitor and a rebel; nay, he is more, he is a murderer; for he gave the word for the attack on her Majesty's servants, the fifty men besieged in widow Cormack's house. According to the law, and according to the universal idea of the crime, he is guilty of actual rebellion. He therefore deserves to die. It is needless to say that he would have died for his crime in almost any age or any country but this. Nor can we deny that it is necessary to surround with wholesome terrors so great and dangerous a crime. If judge and jury do their duty, Smith O'Brien will at least hear the sentence of that death which the success of his design would have inflicted upon thousands. If, however, her Majesty should be advised to commute the sentence, we have no doubt the people of this country will readily acquiesce in such an act of generosity and mercy. Notwithstanding the gravity of his crime, notwithstanding the bloodshed he has entailed, Mr. O'Brien moves a contemptuous sort of pity even more than our indignation. It is impossible not to smile at the serio-comic air of his adventures. But to laugh at a man and hang him also is taking it out both ways. Were O'Brien found lunatic, that would save his life. He is not lunatic, but crazy—as crazy as Don Quixote when he charged the windmills, or the sheep, or when he rescued the wild beasts or the convicts. We are not blind to the bad temper, and even malice, Mr. O'Brien has uniformly exhibited; but on the other hand, we cannot help giving him the benefit of the eccentricity, vacillation, and folly, which have marked his career, and rendered abortive his criminal designs.—*Times*, August 8.

THE REBEL LEADERS.

The *Hue and Cry*, thus sketches the personal appearance of the rebel generals and their aides-de-camp:—

William Smith O'Brien.—No occupation, 45 years of age, 6 feet in height, sandy hair, dark eyes, fallow narrow face, has a sneering smile constantly on his face, full whiskers, sandy, a little gray; well set man, walks erect, dresses well.

Thomas Francis Meagher.—No occupation, 25 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches in height, dark, nearly black hair, light blue eyes, pale face, high cheek bones, peculiar expression about the eyes, cocked nose, no whiskers; well dressed.

John B. Dillon, barrister, 32 years of age, 5 feet 11 inches in height, dark hair, dark eyes, thin fallow face, rather thin black whiskers; dressed respectably; has a bilious look.

Michael Doheny, barrister, 40 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches in height, sandy hair, grey eyes, coarse red face like a man given to drink, high cheek bones, wants several of his teeth, very vulgar appearance, peculiar coarse unpleasant voice; dress respectable; small short red whiskers.

Michael Crean, shopman at a shoe-shop, 35 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches in height, fair or sandy hair, grey eyes, full face, light whiskers, high forehead; well-set person; dress dark shooting frock or grey tweed, and grey tweed trousers.

Francis Morgan, solicitor, 43 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches in

height, very dark hair, dark eyes, fallow, broad face, nose a little cocked, the upper lip turns out when speaking, rather stout, smart gait, black whiskers.

Patrick James Smith, studying for the bar, 29 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches in height, fair hair, dark eyes, fair delicate face, and of weak appearance, long back, weak in his walk, small whiskers; clothing indifferent.

John Hetherington Drumm, medical student, 20 years of age, 5 feet 3 inches in height, very black and curly hair, black eyes, pale delicate face, rather thin person, delicate appearance, no whiskers, small face and nose; dressed respectably.—Methodist.

Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, connected with the *Nation* newspaper, 23 years of age, 5 feet 3 inches in height, black hair, dark face, delicate, pale, thin man; dresses generally black shooting coat, plaid trousers, light vest.

Joseph Brenan, sub-editor of the *Felon* newspaper, 22 years of age, 5 feet 6 inches in height, dark hair, dark eyes, pale fallow face, very stout, round shoulders, Cork accent, no whiskers, hair on the upper lip, soft sickly face; rather respectably dressed, a little reduced.

Thomas Devin Reilly, sub-editor of the *Felon* newspaper, 24 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches in height, sandy coarse hair, grey eyes, round freckled face, head remarkably broad at the top, broad shoulders; well set; dresses well.

John Cantwell, shopman at a grocer's, 35 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in height, sandy hair, grey eyes, fair face, good looking, short whiskers, light, rather slight person; dresses genteel; supposed a native of Dublin.

Stephen J. Meaney, sub-editor of *Irish Tribune* newspaper, 26 years of age, 5 feet 11 inches in height, dark hair, full blue eyes, dark face, small whiskers going under the chin, smart appearance, was a constable of C division of police, discharged for dirty habits, stout person; generally dressed in black.

Richard O'Gorman, Jun., barrister, 30 years of age, 5 feet 11 inches in height, very dark hair, dark eyes, thin long face, large dark whiskers, well made and active, walks upright; dress, black frock coat, tweed trousers.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN.—At the present moment the following account of Mr. O'Brien and his family may be read with interest. He was born at Dromoland, county of Clare, on the 17th of October, 1803, being the second son of Sir Edward O'Brien, fourth baronet (who died in 1837), by the daughter and co-heiress of W. Smith, Esq., of Cahirmoyle, county of Limerick. The latter lady was a very rich heiress. The issue of this marriage, in addition to the subject of our notice, consisted of eight other children, including Sir Lucius, the eldest son; Edward, born in 1806, and married to the daughter of Massy Dawson, Esq., late M.P., a scion of the house of Cremorne; Robert, born in 1809, married to the daughter of Sir Aubrey de Vere; the Rev. H. O'Brien, married to the daughter of J. Godley, Esq.; Grace, unmarried; Anne, married to the Rev. A. Martineau; Harriet, married to the Rev. C. Monsell, a relative of Mr. Monsell, M.P., the colleague of Mr. Smith O'Brien in the representation of Limerick county; Katherine Lucia, married to the Hon. and Rev. Amyard Harris, brother of the Earl of Malmesbury, one of the prebendaries of Salisbury, and rector of Wilton. The present head of the house of O'Brien, or Bruen, is the Marquis of Thomond, who adopts the latter form of orthography, and he deduces his descent from the royal line of Thomond, a race of princes which sprang from the celebrated Hibernian monarch, Brian Borroime, or Boru, who commenced his reign in 1002, terminated it with his life near Clontarf, 1014. Should the present marquis die without male issue, Sir Lucius O'Brien will succeed him as Baron Inchiquin; but not to the higher titles, which will become extinct. In reference to the existence of these titles, it may be added, that in 1543 Murrough O'Brien, the then head of the house, repaired to England, and resigned his sovereignty to Edward VI., and was in recompense created Earl of Thomond for life, and Baron Inchiquin. The second holder of the baronetcy, Sir Edward O'Brien, was son of the Right Hon. Lucius O'Brien, who died during the lifetime of his father, by Catherine, daughter of Thomas Keightley, Esq., of Harlingford, county of Herts, grand-daughter of the first Earl of Clarendon, and first cousin of Queens Mary and Anne. In the latter points the records of the several families agree. Mr. O'Brien married about twelve years since the daughter of Joseph Gabbett, Esq., of Limerick, by whom he has had issue either six or seven children. Mr. O'Brien is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge. When first returned for the family borough of Ennis, in 1830, Mr. O'Brien was a Tory, and as such opposed Mr. O'Connell in the case of the memorable Clare election. He subsequently became a Whig, then a Radical, and in 1843 he first joined the repeal ranks. Since 1835, he has represented the county of Limerick. On the last occasion he succeeded in defeating Mr. Caleb Powell, the Old Ireland candidate, by 24 votes. Mr. O'Brien fought a duel with the late Mr. Thomas Steele, having exchanged two shots with that gentleman. Sir Lucius O'Brien, elder brother, is lord-lieutenant of the county of Clare. The Dowager Lady O'Brien is still living, and possesses a property of about £5000 per annum, to which her second son was always considered to be the heir, but in other respects than as a heir in prospect. Mr. O'Brien never was wealthy. He has, when in Ireland, taken up his residence at the seat of his mother.

ARRESTS.—A great many arrests have been made; among the persons captured are Mr. Halpin, secretary of the Irish League; Frank Morgan, solicitor to the Dublin Corporation; James E. Lalor, one of the most bloodthirsty writers in the *Felon*; Hyland, pike-maker, two gunsmiths of Dublin, Mr. Charles Taafe, a barrister, and president of one of the clubs; Mr. John Francis Blake, proprietor of the *Galway Vindicator*; Mr. Coll Rochford, an attorney of that town, and a gunmaker, named Callaghan; Mr. Merson, of the *Drogheda Argus*; Mr. Houston of Belfast; Messrs. J. B. Russell, James Parcell, and Edward Smith, of Clonmel, &c. Seventy pounds were found on Mr. Purcell's person, on his capture. It was supposed he was proceeding to join the camp.

MORE ARRESTS.—John Lawless, secretary to a club held at Sandymount, was arrested yesterday, and committed to Newgate. Francis Hanley, of North Earl-street, has also been arrested. A person named Nolan, who came over to Ireland from America, as a leader, and another person named Fitzpatrick, have been arrested at Thurles. Dr. Cane, the late Mayor of Kilkenny, and a prominent agitator, was arrested this morning at three o'clock. At an early hour on Monday morning, a party of police entered the extensive establishment of the Messrs. Pim, for the arrest of several young men holding situations there, who were suspected of treasonable practices. The names are as follow:—James Crotty, alias Captain Crotty, Roscrea; James Baker, alias Captain Baker, with William Walsh, Henry Brackston, Edward Beahan, Thomas Bergin, Richard Bergin, Richard Johnson, and John Sheehan, each holding the same rank in the rebel service. After their capture the prisoners, together with the various arms, ammunition, and documents found in their possession, were conveyed to the Commissioners' office, Lower Castle-yard, and an order drawn up by the Commissioners of Police, Colonel Brown and O'Ferrall, for their commitment to Kilmalsham, whither they were forthwith transmitted.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

When the shades of evening close,
 Welcoming to soft repose,
 And the stars, like angels' eyes,
 With magic beauty fill the skies,
 Till all that's bright, and all that's fair
 To loving hearts seem centred there;
 Then let music's thrilling power
 Aid the calm stillness of the hour,
 Till heaven, with all its glorious light,
 Descend upon our raptured sight,
 And peace and hope, and joy and rest,
 Steal gently o'er the troubled breast.

Alas! 'tis but a transient feeling
 O'er the ruffled spirit stealing,
 The eyes may close in peace at night,
 But cares return with morning light—
 And stamped upon man's noble brow
 The marks of grief are lingering now.

There was a time, ere sun's chill blight
 Shed round the earth the shades of night,
 When joy, unchequered and serene,
 Without a cloud to mar the scene,
 Filled Eden's bowers with hues so fair,
 That heaven itself seemed imaged there.

And still at times sweet thoughts will rise,
 Which take their source from Paradise;
 And hopes, and joys, and tender fears,
 And grief's sweet balm—the bliss of tears;
 And glimpses of that happier shore—
 That haley calm when tolls are o'er—
 And thus the soul aspires to rise
 Triumphant through the glorious skies:
 To best this "vesture of decay,"
 And soar to brighter worlds away.

J. D.

LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Look at the bright side! The Sun's golden rays
 All nature illumine, and the heart of man cheereth;
 Why wilt thou turn so perversely to gaze,
 On that dark cloud which now in the distance appeareth.

Look at the bright side! Recount all thy joys;
 Speak of the mercies which richly surround thee.
 Mope not for ever on that which annoys;
 Shut not thine eyes to the beauties around thee.

Look at the bright side! Mankind it is true
 Have their failings, nor should they be spoken of lightly;
 But why on their faults, thus concentrate thy view,
 Forgetting their virtues which shine forth so brightly.

Look at the bright side! and it shall impart
 Sweet peace and contentment and grateful emotion.
 Reflecting its own brilliant hues on thy heart
 As the sun beams that mirror themselves in the ocean.

Look at the bright side! nor yield to despair;
 If some friends forsake, yet others still love thee,
 And when the world seems mournful colours to wear,
 Oh, look from the dark earth to heaven above thee!

The Romance of the Peerage, or Curiosities of Family History. By George Lillie Craik. Vol. 1. Chapman and Hall.

The author of an historical work upon a plan new to our literature, is entitled to give his own explanation of its scope and design. Mr. Craik, in a preface to the volume before us, thus describes the intention with which his *Romance of the Peerage* is undertaken.

The conception of some such work as the present has probably occurred to many persons. The subject is seen at the first glance to be an abundantly rich one, and it is also nearly unbroken ground. Unbroken, at least, by the plough, or for any productive purpose. It has been subjected, to be sure, to a species of spade husbandry; left exclusively to the genealogists, it has lain like a large and fertile tract of country made over to the grave-diggers. That there are serious difficulties in the way of reclaiming it to the uses of popular literature may, however, be inferred from the attempt never having been made.

In these circumstances the present undertaking claims, as it will need, all the indulgent consideration due to the labours of a first adventurer. The subject is as pathless as the ocean; and, for any such purpose as that in hand, chart or survey of it there is none. The most comprehensive of the common books of reference embrace only the driest and dearest of the facts belonging to it. The really curious and indicative facts, those in which the life and spirit of the subject reside, must nearly all be sought for elsewhere.

At the same time, it is with facts alone that the present work professes to deal. It aspires in nowise to the airy splendours of fiction. The romance of the peerage which it undertakes to detail is only the romantic portion of the history of the peerage.

It is rather strange that Family History should have been so much neglected as it has been by literature. While it stands between History commonly so called, or national history, and the history of individuals, or Biography, it is as distinct from both as these are from one another; and, with something of the peculiar character of each, it has no want of attractions of its own. It supplies many illustrations both of the political, the biographical, and the literary history of past ages. But, in particular, it would seem to be mostly in Family History that we are to find the History of Society, which indeed means, in the main, the history of domestic life.

The work, therefore, offers itself as, in the first place, a contribution, however slight and imperfect, to the History of Society in England. And, being that, it must be, further, a contribution to the History and Philosophy of Human Nature. The great æsthetic poet has pronounced that "the proper study of mankind is Man." It is fortunate that it should be so, for this is also, under one form or another, the most popular of all studies. In the present age the favourite medium or vehicle from which its lessons are imbibed is Fiction. What is the modern novel but the Philosophy of Human Nature and Human Life teaching, more or less wisely, by example? And is not a novel also, usually, a family history? Real history, of whatever kind, with its indispensable alloy

of the prosaic, and its incompleteness and comparative shapelessness, will always show to a disadvantage, in many respects, beside its brilliant rival; yet its more unpretending qualities, too, have their value, and their claim to attention in relation to this matter. For one thing, the real must ever be, to a certain extent, both the standard and source of the ideal. The more that the former, therefore, is studied and known, the better for the latter. And, after all, with whatever deficiencies it may be chargeable, there is that in the Truth which is never to be found in Fiction. There is something in it which holds even the imagination with a more forceful grasp.

The question whether the family history of the peerage is better adapted for the purpose than that of any other class, is answered by the fact that it lies within ascertained limits, that it has been in many ways largely recorded, and that there is not one of our ennobled families that has not been mixed up with almost every rank of the people. The most exalted have been tumbled down, and the most lowly have been raised. "The romance of the peerage in this way," observes Mr. Craik, "often descends to both the middle and the working classes." And while thus assuming historical relation to the general subject of family or social history in England, the plan of the work would seem in some sort to embrace a history of the Peerage itself, sufficiently continuous and comprehensive for the purposes of the general reader.

For our own parts, let us at once say, that Mr. Craik's design appears to us an extremely good one, and that we are glad to see it in competent hands. A compiler would have turned it to mere book-making, for which it offers tempting resources. It is precisely that kind of book to which scrupulous care and diligent labour were essential, and in this respect we cannot speak too highly of the volume lying on our table. It is conscientiously done. There is no attempt to make the romance independent of the fact. Mr. Craik might be sworn on oath to its most romantic avowal; nor even in his inferences from the more obscure order of details, does he assume the character of a gossip-monger, or dealer in the marvellous. Original documents are used throughout, to tell us what stories his book contains; the order and arrangement, the knowledge which supplies missing links, the perception of character and motive which infuses life into historical narrative, and the imagination which give unity and connection to the whole, being very admirably supplied by Mr. Craik.

Nevertheless we doubt if the present volume should be taken as a fair specimen of what the work is likely to be in the lighter, more various, and what we may call more readable characteristics. The particular subject selected takes too wide a sweep, and appears to have been too evidently chosen as a general foundation for the work, to suppose that the succeeding volumes will not greatly differ in the disposition of subjects, and particular apportionments of space to each. In reference to what is before us, too, it is to be kept in mind that though the same title, *Lettice Knollys*, run through 340 of the 400 pages contained in the volume, the subject subdivides itself into some six or seven separate romances, connected only by blood or marriage with the original and leading theme. It is a piece of family biography stretching over some ninety-five years of a single life, and those among the most eventful in the English history; involving the most famous men and women of the periods of Elizabeth and James; and for the most part dealing with events which all the labour and researches of historians have not hitherto availed to place on other than that debatable ground which lies between fiction and fact. We must also say that to ourselves the narrative has proved for the most part new. With many of its incidental details we were of course acquainted, but not with the curious connecting links that bind them into a family history. In this view we regard the book as a quite original contribution to our literature. "The long succession of strange occurrences now to be detailed," says Mr. Craik, "is here presented in a complete and connected form for the first time: many of the facts are to be found in print only in a native state, imbedded in certain masses of old papers; some have never appeared in print before." Among the discovered documents are some that throw new and satisfactory light on the character and fortunes of Lady Rich, the Stella of Sir Phillip Sidney's *Sonnets*. There are also five remarkable letters relating to the death of Amy Robsart, Leicester's first wife and Scott's heroine, copies of which the noble editor of *Pepys's Diary* (Evelyn had lent them to Pepys) would seem to have had in his possession since the commencement of his editorial labours, without thinking them worth the trouble of giving to the world, till, some few weeks ago, he ascertained that a somewhat laborious search in the Pepysian library had revealed them to Mr. Craik!

Lettice Knollys, though a name unfamiliar, even to habitual readers of history, played an extraordinary part in the vicissitudes of Elizabeth's long reign. She was a near relative of the Queen, and married, for her first husband, the gallant and wise but unfortunate Walter Devereux, the first of Elizabeth's Earls of Essex. While this husband still lived she connected herself with Robert Dudley, the great Lord Leicester, and to that intrigue the life of her first husband is suspected to have been sacrificed. Dudley, if all these suspicions (leading certainly to the "door of proof") are true, murdered Lord Essex, whose widow he married two years afterwards; and who subsequently became the instrument of retribution by herself administering poison to her second lord. Within a year after Leicester's death she married her third husband, Sir Christopher Blount, who was master of the horse to her son, the second Lord Essex, and who died on the scaffold for participation in Essex's mad attempt. There is a passage in the course of the book illustrative of the jealous and uneasy discontent with which Elizabeth continued to regard the mother of her favourite, even after her marriage with Blount, which, as it shows the authentic style of Mr. Craik's narrative, and the curious points he elicits from old correspondences, we will quote. The letters are those of Rowland White, Sir Robert Sydney's secretary, who writes gossiping dispatches to his patron.

On the 14th of January, 1598, he writes:—"My Lady Leicester is now come to town, and many went to meet her." On the 15th of February he tells of her having been present the night before at "a very great supper," given in Essex House by Sir Gilly Merrick (Essex's steward), along with Lady Rich; her other daughter the Countess of Northumberland, the Earl and Countess of Essex, and others. "They had two plays," he says, "which kept them up till one o'clock after midnight." But she had not

yet been suffered to behold the royal countenance. On Ash Wednesday, the 1st of March, White thus reports:—"I acquainted you with the care I had to bring my Lady Leicester to the Queen's presence. It was often granted, and she brought to the Privy Galleries, but the Queen found some occasion not to come. Upon Shrove Monday the Queen was persuaded to go to Mr. Comptroller's [Sir William Knollys's], at the Tilt End, and there was my Lady Leicester, with a fair jewel of three hundred pounds. A great dinner was prepared by my Lady Chandos [wife of Sir William Knollys], the Queen's coach ready, and all the world expecting her Majesty's coming; when, upon a sudden, she resolved not to go, and so sent word. My Lord of Essex, that had kept his chamber the day before, in his night-gown went up to the Queen, the Privy way, but all would not prevail; and as yet my Lady Leicester hath not seen the Queen. It had been better not been moved for my Lord of Essex, by importuning the Queen in these displeasing matters, loses the opportunity he might take to do good unto his ancient friends." The next day, nevertheless, the conjunction was actually brought about. "My Lady Leicester," White writes again, on the 2nd of March, "was at Court, kissed the Queen's hand and her breast, and did embrace her, and the Queen kissed her. Mr. Lord of Essex is in exceeding favour here. My joy is so great that I forget to answer your letters." But Elizabeth, having thus gone through her part, saw no reason why the thing should be carried farther. On the evening of Friday, the 10th, White informs Sidney that the Earl of Essex had an hour before left town for Grafton, Northamptonshire, where he meant to overtake his mother that night, late as it was. "She," adds White, "as you have understood, was graced by the Queen, and departed from Court exceedingly contented; but desirous again to come to kiss the Queen's hand, it was denied, and, as I heard, some wretched unkind words given out of her."

Lettice Knollys did not marry again, but the romance of her life continued in the various and tragic interest of the lives of her children. The brilliant and unhappy Lord Essex (Robert Devereux) was her son; and the divorced wife of Lord Rich, Sir Phillip Sidney's Stella, the mother of Lords Warwick and Holland, afterwards the wife of Charles Mountjoy Earl of Devonshire, was her daughter. Her grandson, the third Lord Essex, was the divorced husband of the infamous Lady Somerset; and she lived to see him deserted by his second wife the year after Charles the First's fatal dissolution of his third parliament. She was upwards of ninety-four when, on Christmas Day 1634, she died. She had lived in six reigns, and become venerable by the vicissitudes as well as length of her days. Mr. Craik, though strongly marking her participation in the murders of two husbands, finds his heart quite warm to her at last; and thus moralizes her appearance in her latter days, in that country retirement at Drayton Bassett which she seems to have seldom left after the execution of her son and her third husband. The verses referred to are those written by her great-grandson, Gervas Clifton, and hung upon a painted board by her tomb in the collegiate church of Warwick; where they still remain to indicate that old English custom.

It is impossible not to have a considerable respect for her, think of some things what we may. One can imagine her, with attenuated but still erect frame, and face that has lost its bloom but not all its grace either of expression or of form, neither its natural liveliness nor its courtly elegance, slowly taking her regular morning staff in hand, while every villager or villager's child she meets makes humblest obeisance to the ancient lady, and has a kind word in return. It is like the middle of the preceding century come back again, an apparition of the early Elizabethan time in an advanced condition of quite another state of things. One thinks, as she passes on, with how many realities of old splendour, or at least pictures of such taken from the life, that memory must be hung, which no other possesses, which no other ever will possess. She has seen what others can only fancy; she has breathed the actual air of that foreign land, one might say of that extinct world, of which others can only attain a comparatively faint, possibly a very false, conception from report. What to us are but guesses, dreams, ingenious fabrications, are certainties to her. She is to us like one who has been down among the dead. Think of her calling to mind sometimes the days when the first Essex, then the young Viscount Hereford, won her heart and hand, not far from fourscore years ago! It must seem to herself like looking back upon a previous state of existence, when she might almost doubt if she was the same being that she is now. Her descendant it will be observed, says very little in his poetical tribute of her first husband, and nothing at all of her third; indeed he all but blinks Essex, though his own great grandfather, as completely as Blount, for the Queen's favourite, for whom she is said to have quitted the Queen's favour, must be understood to be Leicester. The verses however, paint her old age as having been much what we should fancy it would be. Her kindness to the poor, which is so strongly dwelt upon, as an interesting feature in the delineation, and one which all that is known of her would especially lead us to expect to find in it. What is said about the "better sort" being in the habit of repaying to her "as to an holy court," may be thought a little more difficult to understand.

Let us subjoin another passage, on occasion of the death of Blount, which indicates more distinctly Mr. Craik's view of her character. To have lived to such an age in such circumstances as her's would certainly imply no great sensibility of temperament.

Her third marriage, so precipitately gone into, had, therefore, turned out upon the whole a bad business for the poor Countess. She cannot be pronounced, indeed, to have been fortunate in any of her three matrimonial adventures; but the first and second had conferred at least some outward distinction, had made her great, if not happy; the third had brought her no compensation of any kind, nothing but loss both of reputation and of estate, in addition to the flood of misery in which it had ended by plunging her. Whatever she may have felt it prudent or becoming to profess after having sacrificed so much to become his wife, we can hardly suppose that the life she led with Blount (when they were together, for he was much away from her) can have been one either of much happiness or much affection; to say nothing of the evidently insincere character and tyrannical temper of the man, or of his dark and discreditable history, and broken or at least unestablished fortunes, his extravagant or thoughtless habits, and the waste he went on committing upon her property, probably made her often in her secret heart rue the day when she put herself in his power. But she was of a light, easy, healable nature; ingenious in forgetting whatever it might be unpleasant to remember; not given to unavailing regrets, unnecessary self-reproach, or any kind of self-tormenting; in all circumstances disposed to make the most of the present, without thinking much either about the past or the future. She could not but be overwhelmed and prostrated at first by such a crushing calamity as had now fallen upon her; her unfortunate son, with all his dazzling and attaching qualities, of whom she used to be so proud, whom she had so infinitely loved, of whom