

friendship; but a few days afterwards there were rumors that the elder brother had disappeared, and, at the next sessions, Samuel Goodyere, late Captain of the 'Ruby,' was indicted for aiding and abetting in the murder of Sir John Dinely Goodyere, Baronet.

"The son of the unfortunate gentleman, who came into some portion of the family property, and seemed always to expect to make good his title to the whole, cut so strange a figure in the world that people might well wonder how so comical a person should be, as it were, the only living representative of such a tragical event. Sir John Dinely spent years in the pursuit of various ladies of fortune, until he had almost entirely exhausted his own means. By that time, and when he was a spare, middle-aged gentleman, with queer, old-fashioned, seedy garments, which yet had about them something of a court fashion, the interest of Lord North procured for him the pension and residence of a poor Knight of Windsor. His one foible—his character being quite harmless and good-natured—was a kind of amorous Platonism; all his talk and most of his amusement was in reference to his supposed proceedings to obtain a wife, until he became a public character, and his matrimonial advertisements, his old-fashioned finery, and his rather comical figure, were so well known to the public, that he became a character, and was recognized as one of the queer folks of the time. Of course his small pension made the practice of strict economy a necessity, and in Windsor he might sometimes be seen on his way from the chandler's shop carrying his own small purchases; but not without a certain dignity, which showed that he believed he was only under a temporary reverse of fortune. Very different was his appearance when he was on his way to the place where he hoped to meet some fair respondent to one of his advertisements in various country newspapers. If the day turned out to be wet, he was generally mounted on a pair of high pattens, and his costume was at least half a century behind the time, consisting of an embroidered velvet waistcoat, satin breeches, silk stockings, and a full-bottomed wig. Perhaps the interviews and adventures which ensued from his pursuit of matrimonial fortune repaid the trouble; for numerous assignations were kept, some of them, it is feared, by practical jokers, who damaged the holiday attire of the poor vain gentleman; but he kept on advertising, and waiting and hoping for the lady who, with a fortune of not less than a thousand a year, would consent to become a baroness, and receive a settlement of a possibly contingent three hundred thousand pounds when Sir John obtained his rights.

"The old gentleman never achieved success in this strange pursuit, but died in 1803 still a Windsor pensioner; but he persevered to the last. Perhaps the fame which he had obtained, founded as it was on a sort of contemptuous amusement, became sweet to him after he had given up his hopes of an alliance. At all events, he

persisted in advertising to the last, and the terms of his proposals were not in the least abated. In one of them he says, 'As the prospect of my marriage has much increased lately, I am determined to take the best means to discover the lady most liberal in her esteem by giving her fourteen days more to make her quickest steps towards matrimony, from the date of this paper until eleven o'clock the next morning; and as the contest will be superb, honorable, sacred, and lawfully affectionate, pray do not let false delicacy interrupt you in this divine race for my eternal love and an infant baronet.' In the *Reading Mercury* for May 24, 1802, appeared an address to 'Miss in her Teens,' saying, 'Let not this sacred offer escape your eye. I now call all qualified ladies—marriageable—to chocolate at my house every day at your own hour. Pray, my young charmers, giving me a fair hearing, do not let your avaricious guardians unjustly fright you with a false account of a forfeiture, but let the great Sewell and Rivet's opinions convince you to the contrary, and that I am now in legal possession of these estates, and with the spirit of a heroine command £300,000, and rank above half the ladies in our imperial kingdom. In the *Ipswich Journal* of August 21, the same year, he addressed 'The Angelle Fair of the True English Breed,' and winds up by saying, 'Pull no caps on his account, but favor him with your smiles, and pears of pleasure await your steps.' These effusions were all signed, and applicants were directed to address him at his residence at Windsor. Sir John Dinely was another word for a sort of amatory Don Quixote, a man whose absurdity had something about it which gave it an *air tendre*. His great amusement—besides that of attending auctions when the poor old fellow could afford to spend a shilling or two—was an occasional visit to Vauxhall or to a London theatre. Before going to either he apprised the public of his intention by an advertisement, and always took up his position in the front row of the pit, or paraded in the most conspicuous portion of the 'Royal Gardens.' Singularly enough, his visits to these places of public entertainment were in the nature of an extra attraction, for the Sir John Dinely nights were sure to draw a large attendance, especially of the ladies, who went to see the strange, old-fashioned gentleman, with sentiments, the nature of which it would be difficult to guess, except they were, like himself, the shadow of something in which the comical was a little subdued by a sort of melancholy dignity."

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— Among the jewels in the Swiss department of the Exposition, is a very handsome beetle, with diamond eyes, enamelled wings, glittering with precious gems. You touch a spring and he raises his wing-sheath and shows a watch, possibly half an inch across.