

ACCOUNT OF THE EARL OF ROSEBERRY'S SON AND A
CLERGYMAN'S WIFE, IN ESSEX.

In the Cambridge Journal of October, 1752, is the following article:—

Extract of a Letter from Colchester, August 18.

"Perhaps you have heard that a chest was seized by the Custom-house officers, which was landed near this place about a fortnight ago; they took it for smuggled goods, though the person with it produced the king of France's signature to Mr. Williams, as a Hamburgh merchant: but people not satisfied with the account Mr. Williams gave, opened the chest, and one of them was going to run his hanger in, when the person to whom it belonged clapt his hand upon his sword, and desired him to desist, (in French) for it was the corpse of his dear wife. Not content with this, the officers plucked off the embalming, and found it as he had said. The man, who appeared to be a person of consequence, was in the utmost agonies, while they made a spectacle of the lady. They sat her in the high church, where any body might come and look on her, and would not suffer him to bury her, till he gave a further account of himself. There were other chests of fine clothes, jewels, &c. &c. belonging to the deceased. He acknowledged at last that he was a person of quality, that his name was not Williams, that he was born at Florence, and the lady was a native of England, whom he married, and she desired to be buried in Essex; that he had brought her from Verona, in Italy, to France, by land, there hired a vessel for Dover, discharged the vessel there, and took another for Harwich, but was drove hither by contrary winds. This account was not enough to satisfy the people; he must tell her name and condition, in order to clear himself of a suspicion of murder. He was continually in tears, and had a key of the vestry, where he sat every day with the corpse; my brother went to see him there, and the scene so shocked him he could hardly bear it, he said it was so like Romeo and Juliet.

"He was much pleased with my brother, as he talked both Latin and French, and, to his great surprise, told him who the lady was; which proving to be a person he knew, he could not help uncovering the face. In short, the gentleman confessed he was the Earl of Roseberry's son, (the name is Primrose,) and his title Lord Delamere, (Dalmeny) that he was born and educated in Italy, and never was in England till two or three years ago, when he came to London, and was in company with this lady, with whom he fell passionately in love, and prevailed on her to quit the kingdom, and marry him; that having bad health, he had travelled with her all over Europe; and when she was dying, she asked for pen and paper, and wrote, 'I am the wife of the Rev. Mr. G——, rector of Th——, in Essex; my maiden name was C. Cannom; and my last request is to be buried at Th——.'

"The poor gentleman who last married her protests he never knew, (till this confession on her death-bed) that she was another's wife; but, in compliance with her desire, he brought her over, and should have buried her at Th—— (if the corpse had not been stopped) without making any stir about it. After the nobleman had made this confession, they sent to Mr. G——, who put himself in a passion, and threatened to run her last husband through the body; however, he was prevailed on to be calm. It was represented to him that this gentleman had been at great expense and trouble to fulfil her desire; and Mr. G—— consented to see him. They say the meeting was very moving, and that they addressed each other civilly. The stranger protested his affection to the lady was so strong, that it was his earnest wish, not only to attend her to the grave, but to be shut up for ever with her there.

"Nothing in romance ever came up to the passion of this man. He had a very fine coffin made for her, with six large silver plates over it; and, at last, was very loth to part with

her, to have her buried. He put himself in the most solemn mourning, and, on Sunday last, in a coach, attended the corpse to Th——, where Mr. G—— met it in solemn mourning likewise.

"The Florentine is a genteel person of a man, seems about twenty-five years of age, and, they say, a sensible man; but there was never any thing like his behaviour to his dear, dear wife, for so he would call her to the last. Mr. G—— attended him to London yesterday, and they were very civil to each other; but my lord is inconsolable—he says he must fly England, which he can never see more. I have heard this account from many hands, and can assure you it is fact. Kitty Cannom is, I believe, the first woman in England that had two husbands attending her to the grave together. You may remember her to be sure: her life would appear more romantic than a novel."

ETYMOLOGY.

All our words of necessity are derived from the German; our words of luxury, and those used at table, from the French. The sky, the earth, the elements, the names of animals, household goods, and articles of food, are the same in German as in English; the fashions of dress, and every thing belonging to the kitchen, luxury, and ornament, are taken from the French; and to such a degree of exactness, that the names of animals which serve for the ordinary food of men, such as *ox, calf, sheep*, when alive, are called the same in English as in German; but when they are served up for the table they change their names, and are called *beef, veal, mutton*, after the French.

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET SHELLEY.

With those who think we view in thee

The champion of their creed,

If theirs, in truth, a creed can be,

Who from belief are freed—

Who view with scorn all modes of faith,

Though seal'd by many a martyr's death,

With such I fain would plead;

And, in that love which knows no bound,

Once more a brief alarm would sound.

If Christians err, yourselves admit

Such error harms them not—

If you are wrong, and Holy Writ

No juggling, priestly plot,

But Truth's own Oracle reveal'd—

Then is your condemnation seal'd,

And hopeless is your lot!

You doubt the Gospel:—keep in view,

What can be doubted—may be true!

But O! to you—who halt between

The Christian's—sceptic's part:

Who now to Revelation lean,

And now to sophist's art—

As one who many doubts has known,

Aware what conflicts like your own

Awaken in the heart—

This simple watch-word let me give:

'Believe!—obey!—and ye shall live!'

That time and labour are worse than useless which have been occupied in laying up treasures of false knowledge, which it will one day be necessary to unlearn; and in storing up mistaken ideas, which we must hereafter remember to forget. Timotheus, an ancient teacher of rhetoric, always demanded a double fee from those pupils who had been instructed by others; for in this case, he had not only to plant in, but to root out.