

**"PATIENTLY SHOULD THAT BE BORNE WHICH NO COUNSEL CAN AVOID."**

out that dreary day the faithful wife sat taking notes for her husband's defence. But to what purpose? Conviction was a foregone conclusion. At the close of the impeachment, and when the witnesses had done their work of blood and sworn away the life of the noblest gentleman in the land, the prisoner was called upon for his defence. He saw that his case was hopeless, but for the dear one at his side he made an effort—fruitless, as he and all present well knew. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. That was a dreadful sight! The handsome nobleman in his suit of black, looking with the proud daring of conscious innocence in the faces of his persecutors and his foes. The beautiful, faithful wife looking up into his face with cheeks whiter than his own, and the ladies around subdued to sighs and tears. The picture readily recalls Miss Aikin's lines—

"Grant me but her!" the noble prisoner cried;  
No friend, no advocate, I ask beside.  
Secure in conscious fortitude she rose,  
A present aid, and checked her gushing woes.  
Throughout the court a thrill of anguish ran,  
Now, for the sainted wife, and now, the God-like man!"

Failing to obtain justice, the fond and sanguine wife sought mercy at the foot of that throne upon which her father, the Earl of Southampton, had done so much to place its then occupant. But, however willing Charles might be to oblige the daughter of his benefactor, he lacked the courage to do a just and grateful act, from the fear of alienating his ministers, and of unpopularising himself. The king's better nature being proof against the prayers of Lady Russell, an appeal was made to his cupidity. The Duke of Bedford, the father of Lord William Russell, offered to pay over to Charles's favourite, the Duchess of Portsmouth, the sum of £100,000 as the price of his son's pardon. But even this temptation the royal *roué* withstood, not from principle, but from fear of exposing his knowledge of the prisoner's innocence. The last hope gone, the heart-broken Lady Russell set herself to the task of soothing the last moments of her beloved lord, and this duty she continued to perform unremittently, with a gentle smile upon the lips, and despair and misery in the heart, until the gates of the dreaded Tower of London separated husband and wife for ever in this life, and the last act of a fearful tragedy was performed in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, on the 21st of July, 1683. When the parting took place, both husband and wife preserved a solemn silence, Lord Russell only exclaiming—"The bitterness of death is past!"

For forty years this unfortunate lady mourned the memory of her murdered husband, until, after a life of exemplary virtue, she rejoined him in that world "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Her letters, written after her husband's death, give a touching picture of her conjugal affection and fidelity; but no expression of resentment or traces of a vindictive spirit mingle with the sentiment of grief by which they are pervaded.

### Additional Notes to January.

#### A NOBLE FRENCHMAN!

(11.)—The military career of ABRAHAM FABERT, a French marshal of great reputation, was one which the French military commanders of modern days would have done well to emulate. He was the son of a printer, and was born at Metz, in 1599. When only thirteen years old, his father procured him a commission in the army; and such was his skill and ardour for the service, that he rose to the first rank in his profession, and distinguished himself by a series of exploits which have had but few parallels in modern warfare, and more especially in saving the French army in the retreat from Mayence. As a reward for this, Louis XIV. offered him the *cordon bleu*, and to which none but those of ancient descent were properly entitled, but he refused it, because, said he, "I will not have my mantle decorated by a cross, and my name dishonoured by an imposture." So highly was he esteemed for his sense of honour, that Mazarin declared, "If Fabert can be

suspected, there is no man living in whom we can place confidence." Fabert died in 1662, greatly regretted by all patriotic Frenchmen.

#### AN EVENTFUL CAREER.

(12.) That remarkable woman, LADY EMMA HAMILTON, was the daughter of a female servant named Harte. At the early age of thirteen, Emma went into domestic service, in the house of Mr. Thomas, of Hawarden, Flintshire, and after staying there nearly three years got tired of her situation, when proceeding to London, she got a place in the house of a shopkeeper in St. James's Market, and soon after was engaged to wait upon a lady of rank, where she passed her leisure time in reading novels and plays. She employed herself in imitating the manners of persons on the stage, from a desire to become an actress. In this way she laid the foundation of her extraordinary skill in pantomimic representations. Becoming neglectful to her mistress, she was dismissed, and went to serve in a tavern frequented by actors, painters, musicians, &c.; and whilst in this capacity, she formed an acquaintance with a Welsh youth, who, being impressed into the navy, Emma hastened to the captain who had pressed him, and obtained the boy's liberty. She remained with this officer some time, but quitted him, however, for a gentleman of large fortune, who kept her for a time in great affluence; but getting tired of her extravagance, and induced by domestic considerations, he dismissed her. Reduced to the greatest poverty, she became one of the most common of degraded females. Then she went into the service of Dr. Graham, a noted quack, and the two deluded the public in a curious way. He advocated the use of mud baths to procure beauty and longevity, and in support of his theory was in the habit of exhibiting himself immersed in mud to the chin, accompanied by a lady remarkable for her beauty. She was called Vestina, goddess of health, and appeared in the mud bath like the doctor, but made the most of her beauty with the aid of powder, paint, flowers, &c. More than one visitor fell in love with her, and amongst others, Charles Greville (of the Warwick family), who would have married her but for the interference of his uncle, Sir W. Hamilton, who, it is said, made an agreement with Greville to pay his debts, on condition that he should give up his mistress; and it has been thought that, in his endeavours to save his nephew, he fell into the snare himself, and became a victim of her arts. Be this as it may, Sir William made her his wife in 1791, and proceeding to Naples, where he was ambassador, he introduced her at court, where the queen became so infatuated with the new ambassadress, as to have her a frequent visitor at the palace. It was here that the renowned Nelson became enamoured of her, and she became his mistress, and asserted a wonderful influence over him even in political matters. After the battle of Aboukir, which brought Nelson so much fame, Lady Hamilton went everywhere with him, and, despite her notorious profligacy, was received with almost equal enthusiasm to that displayed towards England's greatest naval hero. She subsequently went with Nelson into Germany, where the figure they cut at the courts which they visited is represented by several eye-witnesses as anything but dignified and becoming. She was inordinately fond of champagne, and not unfrequently indulged in it till in a state not altogether decent.\* It was at one time believed that she had borne a daughter to Nelson, but this has never been satisfactorily explained. She died near Calais, in 1815.

\* It is related that upon one occasion, when Sir William Hamilton was residing at Naples, he had to leave home one day, when a visitor was left alone to dine with Lady Hamilton and her mother, who had followed her from England. In the course of conversation, when the excellence of the Lacryma Christi, the famous Italian wine, was talked of, the mother ejaculated, "Oh! how I wish I had some English gin here!" The visitor, who had taken some with him, directly despatched his servant to his hotel at Naples for it. On his return, the mother, delighted with the familiar flavour, soon bore evidence of the improvement the juniper-berry had upon her vulgar tongue; and the glass increasing, she declared in ecstasy she "had not never enjoyed the good creature (gin) since she left England; it was far betterer than all your outlandish wines."