

Abbey, the famous seven acres of Convent Garden, and the Palace in the Strand over against the Duke of Buckingham's. It is a far cry from young Russell, the country lad wandering through the quiet Dorsetshire Park, to Lord Bedford, Knight of the Garter, Privy Seal, giving away the bride at the marriage of Mary with Philip of Spain whom the Earl had been chosen to escort from Corunna. One may be sure the calm-faced, bearded statesman and soldier made the best of the life at Court and Camp, as he had made the best of his youthful days of training, and probably had little to regret when at last he laid himself to rest, the first in the lonely little chapel at Cheneys where now so many of his descendants have gathered silently to bear him company.

Yesterday I came upon the beautiful village, perfectly tranquil and serene, standing near to the stream that twists about the meadows. You cross by a narrow wooden bridge, underneath which in the clear brown water you can watch the speckled trout slip past at lightning speed, and so to a primrose-bordered lane leading to the heart of Cheneys. At first it seems too good to be true, as the children say, for the church, manor-house, cottages, well, green, and great clumps of trees, are all so exactly where and what they should be, that it is as if you were in front of a stage ready for the performance of some village play. You wait for the music to begin, for the doors to open and the choruses to sound, for the entrance of the heroine in chintz, and the hero in a flowered waistcoat.

Someone, watching me curiously as I followed the road, told me, before I spoke, where to ask for the keys of the church, and then went on officiously before, to show me the way, as if I, being a stranger, might not be able to manage for myself in foreign parts. When it was found I had breeding enough to do the civil thing in the way of raps at the cottage door, I was left alone. Then there came out a tidy woman, who, exclaiming at my special permission (for the Duke of Bedford has of late, since the near advent of the railway, shut his private chapel to the public), sent off a messenger in a lilac pinafore post haste for His Grace's bailiff, and then, standing waiting in the church porch, she entertained me till the arrival of the keeper of the inner sanctuary with what she thought best worth remembering in her life. She had always been in the service of the Duke and his family and everything was connected more or less indirectly with them, the great folk of whom she speaks so affectionately. I was listening to an oddly graphic little sketch of what she knew of the murder of Lord William Russell by his valet Courvoisier, whose name she corrupted to *Kerverseer*—a little sketch in which she introduced a delightful bit of conversation with a head housemaid of the name of Sophy, herself being Betsy—when the bailiff entered, clanking his keys, and my friend slipped back to her little kitchen with her stories half-told and I turned into the quiet aisle, through the glass door under the arch, and so into the mortuary chapel.

Such a beautiful sight is the chapel with its wonderful monuments, some finer than any in Westminster Abbey, and quite perfect. There lies, carved in alabaster, with his face to the west, the figure of John Russell, of Barwick, his work finished, his hands folded, waiting, resting by the side of his wife. He had lost an eye at the storming of Morlaix in 1522, they tell you, and if you look closely you will find the sculptor has not forgotten the fact. For the rest it is the face of a persevering, sensible man, who would let no opportunity slip, and who knows himself capable of doing his work thoroughly. His wife, who is by his side, large featured, broad-browed, straight forward ("very gentleman-like," as Sydney Smith said of Mrs. Grote), must have been of immense help in the building of her husband's fortune. Near by is their son Francis, godfather of Drake, sometime friend of Mary of Scots, who has stretched himself out in ruff and corslet, with his sword by his side. But the effigies which attract as much attention as the alabaster ones are those at the farther end of the chapel, wrought in memory of William Lord Russell, beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here sits the bereaved father plunged in theatrical grief by the side of a mourning lady, who is too young (surely) to be the mother of Lord Russell, and must be meant for the excellent Lady Rachel, who so bravely carried the burden of her grief. Both the patriot and his wife are in the vault beneath where rests now our old friend Lord John Russell, whose face one knows so well from the Leech cartoons. High overhead hang the helmets of the dead soldiers of the family. The brave eyes that once glanced through these rusty visors are dust and ashes now, and in honourable retirement the iron caps are dropping to pieces in the seclusion of a village church.

Mr. Matthew Arnold spent the quiet hours at Cheneys on Jubilee Day, "to get away from it all," as he said. And Mr. Froude has come here often to fish, and has written in *Fraser's* a paper on the many attractions to be found in the place. Still comparatively few find their way, beyond a handful of belated cockneys thrust from town by the horrors of a bank holiday. Long may Cheneys remain midnight unknown. A holiday amongst its trees is a pleasure that to even hardened holiday makers remains unique.

WALTER POWELL.

No intellectual investment, I feel certain, bears such ample and such regular interest as gems of English, Latin or Greek literature deposited in our memory during our childhood and youth.—*Max Muller.*

### TO A FOREST VIOLET.

Ah me! ah me! how slenderly  
And frailly thou art made;  
'Tis fair to see how tenderly  
Thou smilest in the shade.

The piping birds hop heedlessly  
Across thy lonely spot,  
But warning words come needlessly  
To those who worship not.

The lowly state assigned to thee  
Beseeems thy pensive mood,  
And every fate is kind to thee,  
In thy rich solitude.

Leaves with delight thy covers are,  
From noon-day's scorching glare;  
The dews of night thy lovers are,  
And cherish thee with care.

What son of man can look within  
Thy dark-hued, simple face,  
And fail to scan the book within  
Thy pure and perfect grace?

Our world-bound hearts are dutiful  
To yield their homage now,  
Where, free from arts and beautiful,  
Sweet nature's child art thou.

O not with scorn but lowliness,  
We learn the thought in thee—  
That thou wast born in holiness,  
We in iniquity.

Friend of our strolls! we come with thee,  
Where reverent feet have trod,  
And our sin-swept souls are dumb with thee,  
Before our Father—God.

S. GREENWOOD.

### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

THE recent appeals in the New York Courts to test the legality of the Act providing for death by electricity instead of by hanging have again drawn general attention to the subject of capital punishment. There is a certain rude justice in the old Mosaic law "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but the constant bunglings that stem in most cases to attend executions by hanging have done much to increase the numbers of those who would abolish capital punishment altogether. It is questionable whether any thought of the after punishment to be awarded his crime enters into the mind of the murderer. Were capital punishment done away with, and a life sentence substituted, it is not to be supposed that murders would increase. But as long as capital punishment is the law of the State, it is high time that those whom we condemn to death should expiate their sentence devoid of the degrading surroundings which attended the execution of poor Harvey; and this it is to be hoped electricity will satisfactorily accomplish.

Death by hanging is not necessarily a cruel or painful one, if proper attention be paid to the details. It is generally believed that death takes place very rapidly, and without causing any suffering; the violent convulsions that are so often observed being similar to those which occur in epilepsy. A man named Hornshaw, who was on three occasions resuscitated from hanging—a feat which he performed in London for the amusement of the public—stated that he lost his senses almost at once; and other persons who have been restored state that the only symptoms of which they were conscious were a ringing in the ears, a flash of light before the eyes, then darkness and oblivion. The cause of death in hanging is complex. The compression of the windpipe by the cord, the obstruction of the return of venous blood from the head, and of the flow of arterial blood to the brain, the stretching or tearing of the nervous structures of the neck, and in some instances dislocation or fracture of the vertebrae, may concur in the production of the fatal effect, which, though attended with violent struggles in some cases, is probably nearly instantaneous.

The mode of punishment by hanging was first adopted in England in 1241, when Maurice, a nobleman's son, was hanged for piracy. After this it became a common occurrence; the public hangman was regarded as a Crown official, and was looked upon as a personage of no small note. When we consider that during the long reign of Henry VIII., the average number of persons executed in England was some two thousand annually, the hangman must have had almost daily work, and thus explains the importance he occupied in popular imagination, and the frequent mention of him in contemporary literature.

The first hangman on record was "one Bull," who flourished in 1593. He was succeeded by Derrick, referred to in the "Fortunes of Nigel," and mentioned in a political broadside as living in 1647. In the ballad of the "Penitent Tailor," reference is made to his successor, Gregory Brandon—

I had better to have lived in beggary,  
Than to have fallen into the hands of Gregory.

At this time it became the custom to prefix the title "of Squire" to the names of hangmen. This is said to

have originated in a practical joke played upon the garter-king-of-arms. He was induced to certify the authenticity of a coat-of-arms of a gentleman named Gregory Brandon, who was supposed to reside in Spain, but who turned out to be the hangman. The garter-king was committed to prison for his negligence, and hence the popular error, that "an executioner who has beheaded a state prisoner becomes an Esquire." Gregory was succeeded by his son Richard. "Squire Dun" followed; and after him came Jack Ketch, or Squire Ketch, first mentioned in 1678. He was the executioner who beheaded Lord Russell and the Duke of Monmouth. Lord Macaulay, in speaking of the execution of the latter, says "He then accosted Jack Ketch the executioner, a wretch whose name has, during a century and a half, been vulgarly given to all who have succeeded him in his odious office. 'Here,' said the Duke, 'are six guineas for you. Do not hack me, as you did my Lord Russell. I have heard that you struck him three or four times. My servant will give you some gold, if you do the work well.'"

Previously to 1783, Tyburn was the chief place of execution in London. It took its name from a small stream which ran from Hampstead to the Thames, through St. James' Park, but which has long since disappeared. The gallows seem to have been a permanent erection, resting on three posts, whence the phrase "Tyburn's triple tree." Hogarth's *Idle Apprentice* was executed here, and the print which represents the scene gives a good idea of an execution there.

Among the most memorable executions at Tyburn were those of Elizabeth Barton, the holy maid of Kent, and her confederates, John Felton, the murderer of the Duke of Buckingham; Jack Sheppard, the highwayman; Jonathan Wild, the thief catcher; the Rev. Henry Hackman, murderer of Miss Reay, and the Rev. Dr. Dodd. The last named enjoyed a high reputation as a popular preacher, and a successful littérateur, and was appointed tutor to Philip Stanhope, fifth Earl of Chesterfield. His extravagant ways proved his ruin, as it tempted him to forge the name of his pupil to a bond of £4,200, for which he was arrested, and, though he refunded the money, he was executed in 1777. His writings are numerous and varied, chief amongst which are his "Beauties of Shakespeare," and his "Reflections on Death," together with a beautiful poem, "Thoughts on Death," which was composed during the time that intervened between his conviction and execution.

Under a statute of William III., prosecutors who secured a capital conviction against a criminal were exempted from all manner of parish and ward, "offices within the parish in which the felony had been committed." Such persons obtained what was called a "Tyburn ticket," and the privileges thus conferred must have been highly valued, as they sold at a high price. "Last week," says the *Stamford Mercury*, of March 27th, 1818, "a Tyburn ticket sold in Manchester for £280."

The associations of Tyburn have naturally led to the suppression of the name in the street nomenclature of London; but it survives in that given to the quarter of the metropolis described by Mr. Thackeray as "the elegant, the prosperous, the polite Tyburnia, the most respectable district in the habitable globe."

Prior to the institution of death by hanging, other more barbarous modes of inflicting death were long in use. With several nations of antiquity the punishment of crucifixion prevailed, but chiefly amongst the Romans and Carthaginians. The commonest kind of cross was simply two beams of wood joined together in the form of the letter T, or sometimes like the letter X; but the regularly constructed cross, on which the Romans executed their criminals, had a piece of wood at the top, to which was affixed the name of the culprit and the crime for which he suffered, as in the case of our Lord. The hands and feet were either nailed to the cross or tied to it with cords. It was the most painful as well as the most degrading of punishments. Even when fastened with nails, the wretched victim usually lingered in torture for three days before death released him from his sufferings; and when cords only were used he hung there till he expired from exhaustion and want of food. No Roman citizen could be crucified with them; it was reserved only for slaves, and the worst of malefactors. But with the Carthaginians it was the death usually inflicted on their unsuccessful generals. It was thus Bomilcar, the nephew of Hamilcar, died at Carthage, 310 B.C.

But the cross, once so infamous that no free-born Roman would pollute his lips by even naming it, now that Christ has died upon it, is a symbol of honour and glory, as well as of religion. It is the decoration of the distinguished soldier, the adornment of beauty, and the precious ornament of kings and queens.

A mode of execution practised in Spain and the Spanish colonies is that known as the "garrote." Originally, it consisted in simply placing a cord round the neck of a criminal, who was seated on a chair fixed to a post, and then twisting the cord by means of a stick—whence the name—inserted between it and the back of the neck, till strangulation was produced. Afterwards a brass collar was used, containing a screw, which the executioner turned till its point entered the spinal marrow where it unites with the brain, causing instantaneous death. The inquisitors were wont to grant as a favour this mode of strangulation, before being burned, to such condemned persons as recanted. If the executioner was unskilful, however, the pain was very great.

The guillotine, as an instrument of decapitation, was introduced during the French revolution by the convention,