Per. 2705 d. $\frac{397}{18}$
THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

First wife of Napoléon Bonaparte.

Born 1763
Married to Bonaparte 1796
Divorced 1810.
Died 1814.

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Court Magazine.
N. 93 of the series of ancient portraits.

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A Family Journal
OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c., &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIR OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE,
FIRST WIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Illustrated by a full-length authentic Portrait, No. 93 of the series, beautifully colored from the original by Isabey; including Anecdotes of the Imperial Family.

(This portrait the binder will have to transpose from the December number.)

The first effect produced upon the mind, in perusing the history of the subject of our present memoir, must be combined admiration and astonishment at the wonderful dispensations of Providence, as exemplified throughout the eventful life of the first wife of Napoleon Bonaparte. That the daughter of a simple West India planter was predestined to become empress of a great nation, does, indeed, seem strange; yet to the fulfilment of such a destiny was Marie Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie appointed. Some there were amongst the superstitious colonists, who prophesied that the little stranger was born to greater things than passing her life in her native island, and two circumstances seemed to her own parents to justify these predictions; the first of which was, her having been born with her head wrapped in that uncommon membrane termed a caul, and the next that by a singular coincidence her entrance into this world was announced by the roll of the drum, by salvos of artillery, by the enthusiastic rejoicings of her countrymen, not, it must be confessed, in honor of M. de Tascher de la Pagerie having had a second daughter born to him, but in consequence of the enfranchisement of their country, the treaty that restored Martinico to France having been signed on the identical day of her birth, viz., the 24th of June, 1763.

* In most countries this seems to be considered, however absurdly, an omen of future prosperity.

A—January, 1841.
During the period of her infancy and childhood, Josephine de la Pagerie is represented by her biographers as being remarkable for liveliness, but, she is said to have been otherwise, as wayward, as petulant, and as idle as most other children that are over indulged. The extreme tenderness of her father and mother, slaves as they almost were to her will, would truly have spoiled the sweetest disposition, and, certainly, hers was on the high 'road to ruin,' until her mother very wisely took upon herself the entire control of the perverse child, whose bad habits once corrected, she became the idol, not only of her doting parents, but of all to whom she was known, and before she attained the age of ten years, numerous instances are recorded of the goodness of her heart. The father of our young creole had a sister residing in France, a madame Renaudin, who, having no children of her own, was most anxious to adopt one of her brother's daughters; and, upon the birth of Josephine, offered to take the entire charge of her. Such a proposal was by no means to be rejected, but, on consideration, the parents thought it more eligible for their eldest girl, who was some years the senior of her sister, and, accordingly, wrote word to madame Renaudin that they would gladly confide their daughter Maria to her care, for they considered Josephine as yet too giddy and too troublesome to quit the paternal roof.

Madame Renaudin pronounced herself fully satisfied at this decision, especially since she had received the portrait of her eldest niece, who was remarkably handsome, and she even declared her intention of uniting her immediately on her arrival in France to the eldest son of her friend the marquis de Beauharnais. The preparations for the departure of mademoiselle de la Pagerie were concluded, and the vessel that was to bear her from her native isle within a day of sailing, when the fair Maria was seized with illness of a most alarming nature. Her mother, frantic with grief and apprehension, was then repeatedly heard to declare, that she had always believed that her beloved girl was doomed to an early death; and, that, instead of bestowing her sweet Maria to the fond care of a rich and noble husband, they would shortly have to consign her to the grave. These words were prophetic; the amiable and interesting girl was in a few weeks borne to her tomb, amidst the tears and regrets of the whole colony.

Poor Josephine who had thus lost her dearest friend and constant companion, was for several months plunged in the deepest affliction. This death produced a sensible alteration on the mind and manners of Josephine. She had lost the companion of her youth, and, consequently, all that her young heart clung most to upon earth. From giddy, mischievous and wayward, she now grew gentle, submissive and studious. Her whole aim was to imitate the sister she had lost, and so well did she succeed, that she became, as it were, another being, her buoyant spirits gave way to a soft melancholy, and the merry tones of her sweet silvery voice were hushed. It was with feelings both of pain and satisfaction that her parents noticed this astonishing change in their child:—of satisfaction because she so closely resembled the almost perfect being they had lost:—of pain because they found she was no longer happy. It was several months after the death of the lovely Maria, before letters reached them from madame Renaudin. That lady, after deeply lamenting the premature decease of her eldest niece, declared her readiness to receive the little Josephine in her place. She even stated that this plan had not met with the approbation of the marquis de Beauharnais, who was quite willing that one sister should be substituted for the other. She also added, that the viscount himself had made no opposition, and she requested that her brother (who of course could not but rejoice in the advancement of his now only daughter) would lose no time in fixing the departure of her niece. Preparations were, therefore, instantly commenced, and speedily concluded for her quitting Martinico.

It is our duty here to state a circumstance that was said to have taken place long previous to this period: indeed, if there be any truth whatever in it, it must have been months before the death of the fair Maria. We allude to a singular prediction that was made by an old negro woman to Josephine and the truth of which has been averred by all her biographers, with but one exception. Mademoiselle Avrillon in her memoirs declares it to have been altogether a fiction, and like the prediction said
to have been made to madame de Maintenon* a story got up by the idle and superstitious. But mademoiselle Avrillon seems not at all acquainted with the early life of Josephine, so that it may be assuredly true that she never heard the empress allude to the circumstance, but it was probable that there were many other events of her life that the empress did not think necessary to discourse upon with her femme de chambre. Be the oracle, however, true or false, it is our business to record it: and all persons will agree, that if it is not altogether a made up story, it was a most extraordinary prediction, inasmuch, as that it was fulfilled to the letter.

It appears that there dwelt at that period in the island of Martinico, an aged mulatto woman whose extraordinary skill in predicting the future was universally acknowledged. It would seem then that Josephine de la Pagerie, at that time about thirteen years of age, went, in a girlish frolic, in company with two of her young companions, to consult the oracle relative to their future destinies. To one of a singular fate was predicted, which is that said to have been realized in after years. Josephine upon showing her hand, was surprised at a sudden exclamation from the fortune teller: and, timidly, enquiring what the lines upon her palm denoted, whether happiness or the contrary, was still more struck with the answer of the woman who, when she had sufficiently scrutinized the fair hand she held in her own, told her that hers would be a checkered life, that there were great misfortunes, but likewise great prosperity in store for her; that she would be one day at nearly the lowestebb of human misery, and, shortly after, fill the most exalted station. That her destiny would be fulfilled in Europe, whether she would be called to replace a fair flower that would droop and die amidst the preparations for a great event. That that event would be celebrated later—it would be a marriage commenced for another, but concluded for her. That this union would not turn out a very happy one, and through great troubles which would break out in the kingdom in which she was destined to dwell; that her husband would meet with an early and a tragic death and leave her a widow with two young children; that, she would then see days of poverty, but she would find protection, and before very long be united to a second husband, a man of the sword, but then little favored with the gifts of fortune; that he would rise to eminence and subdue powerful nations, and that his glory would fill the whole world; and that she would then be a crowned queen, and that after astonishing the world by her wonderful elevation, her happiness would vanish like a dream, and that she would again equally astonish the world by her downfall.

This extraordinary prediction it would seem made a deep impression upon Josephine, who, in after life, notwithstanding that she did not speak of it to her femme de chambre, was often known to refer to it.

But, to return to our first subject.—Some months after the death of her eldest sister, Josephine de la Pagerie—who had just completed her fifteenth year—quitted her native island for France. With the exception of one terrific storm, in which the vessel lost her main and mizen masts, the voyage terminated successfully. Madame Renaudin herself received her niece, and a little companion who was sent to France to complete her education at the port of Marseilles and conducted them to her residence at Fontainebleau, where, as soon as she had recovered from the effects of the voyage, mademoiselle de la Pagerie was presented to her future father in law. All madame Renaudin's anxiety now tended to hasten her niece's nuptials. The marquis de Beauharnais was willing, but a most unforeseen obstacle arose—none other than the rejection of his proffered wife by the intended bridegroom, who, displaying the portrait of the beautiful girl to whom he had been previously engaged, declared he would never marry any woman upon whom he could not look with more pleasure than he did upon that.

This young man had an uncle who also upheld him, and firmly, in this resolution; hoping thereby to gain him for his own daughter, so that the marriage of poor Josephine seemed to stand every chance of being altogether broken off; and, at the time, nothing it seems could have pleased her better:—"we are wholly unknown to

* For memoir and portrait of this lady, see our Magazine for September. 1835.
each other," she observed to her aunt, who was complaining of all the displeasure this affair was giving her: "If we are compelled to marry under existing circumstances we may perhaps never feel anything but indifference for each other; our minds, our hearts, our feelings may never agree, can a union then brought about under such disadvantages ever prove a happy one? oh! dear aunt if you would put an end to it, you know not how happy you would make me; or even if you would defer it for the present!" Such were the continual observations of the unhappy girl, who at length succeeded in obtaining a short respite from her aunt, which brief space she passed at Panthemont where the companion of her voyage had been already placed.

Whilst in this retreat, mademoiselle de la Pagerie received frequent visits from the viscount Beauharnais, and she acknowledged afterwards that she never heard him announced, without feeling a strong presentiment, that, sooner or later, she was destined to become his wife.

Madame Renaudin who possessed one of the kindest hearts that ever warmed the breast of woman, now began to regret sincerely that she had ever developed her projects to her brother, since she dreaded lest his parental authority should finally force her niece to take a step that would render her miserable for life. "If it is, indeed, her destiny," the excellent woman would exclaim, "all the authority we can exercise cannot alter the irrevocable decree, let us wait, patiently, then, and see what will turn up; if this strong aversion continue, much as it will grieve me to part with her, Josephine shall return to her beloved Martinico; no, never, never shall my niece have it to say that I am the cause of her misery." These words were addressed to her friend madame Devirieux, the amiable abbess of Panthemont, who, with a benevolence and delicacy that was deeply felt by mademoiselle de la Pagerie encouraged her to fulfill the wishes of her family by giving her hand to the viscount de Beauharnais, from whom a reluctant consent had at length been extorted.

Neither the pride nor sensibility of mademoiselle de la Pagerie received the slightest shock in this instance; she was informed that the viscount de Beauharnais now desired their union, and her answer was that she was ready to meet the wishes of her family, and that she had no doubt but that the viscount would soon possess all the affections of her heart. His obedient conduct was duly appreciated by her friends, and, without another struggle, she became the wife of a man who possessed the most eminent qualities of both heart and mind, and it was not long before he became the exclusive object of her affectionate, and devoted heart. Josephine at this period had not completed her sixteenth year. The birth, in due time, of her two children, Eugene, and Eugenie Hortense, completed the happiness of the young wife, and perhaps her wedded life might have been one of uninterrupted felicity, had it not been for the artifices and abominable perfidy of a lady she was in the habit of receiving at her house. This vile woman, with whom the husband of Josephine had long carried on a scandalous intrigue, set every faculty of her soul at work to bring about a separation between the husband and wife. M. de Beauharnais was not it must be acknowledged the most fruitful of husbands, but Josephine knew not of these deviations from rectitude and would have remained in happy ignorance on the subject, had not her eyes been opened, and a sense of her wrongs imposed upon her by her false friend. Josephine complained, her husband recriminated, and to make bad worse, that abandoned woman who had wrought all this misery, actually dared to calumniate the innocent wife to her husband, until she succeeded in making him believe Josephine to be really as abandoned as she painted her.

M. de Beauharnais had often applied for permission to present his wife at the court of Louis the sixteenth and Marie Antoinette, and although the permission was accorded, the presentation was somehow or another deferred from time to time. The establishment of the viscount and viscountess de Beauharnais was on the most magnificent scale, and the most distinguished personages in France were received at their house, not that a select circle of esteemed friends would have been more to the taste of its mistress; but Beauharnais was ambitious, and Josephine too anxious to please him to interfere in the slightest degree with his wishes. Thus it was, that for a few years Josephine's life glided tranquilly by, her time fully occupied by
her maternal duties which she fulfilled with the utmost tenderness, and the etiquette imposed by the rank she held in society. At length her husband entered her apartment one day, and exultingly announced that the queen had designed to appoint the day and hour for her presentation in the private apartments. M. de Beauharnais dwelt largely on the signal favor about to be conferred upon her, and although she did not in any way partake of his extravagant joy, she, nevertheless, promised to forget nothing that etiquette required her to observe on so momentous an occasion.

The fair partner of Louis the sixteenth had in great measure done away with the imposing ceremonies attendant upon court presentations, but still there remained ancient forms of state that could by no means be infringed upon, and of these was the costume required for the occasion: the long tightly laced stomacher, the enormous hoop, the cumbersome mantua or court train.* We may fancy the dismay of our young creole, accustomed from infancy to a dress of simple muslin, when she found herself attired in her court costume. Her hoop prevented her from passing through the doors except sideways; moreover her head ached from the weight of the immense superstructure raised upon it, and, last though not least was the fear of forgetting in her novel situation, some of the numerous items contained in the code of court ceremonies, which she had been forced to commit to memory. Happily however for their youthful candidate the moment she was in the queen's presence her fears nearly vanished. Marie Antoinette received her with that charmingly kind manner which was so peculiarly her own, and so well calculated to encourage timid debutantes like the mild and gentle Josephine. Thus made at ease, Madame de Beauharnais surpassed herself, and received, not only the most flattering compliments from the circle, in general, but the kindest and most condescending expressions of good will from every member of the royal family present.†

Josephine was delighted with her reception at court, and her husband was in absolute extacies.

Clouds nevertheless will overshadow the fairest sky, and madame de Beauharnais' felicity was fated not to last. At this period it was that her wicked rival began to pour her insidious calumnies into her husband's ear, whose sudden change of manner towards her soon plunged her into the deepest affliction. Things continued in this state for some months, during which time Beauharnais lived wholly separated from her. Vainly did the unfortunate Josephine seek a reconciliation with the husband who had so cruelly abandoned her; at length when nearly reduced to despair, the recollection of her friend's perjury and a thought that she was, also, her rival shot through her heart like a burning arrow. Maddened with jealousy, and no longer able to bear her husband's neglect, she wrote to him stating her suspicions, and demanding a prompt explanation of his extraordinary conduct. On the following morning Beauharnais answered her in person, when a long and animated discussion took place, ending as Josephine fondly and fervently believed in a reconciliation, but in this she was doomed to be cruelly disappointed, for her husband was still under the influence of his wicked mistress. The dismay and horror of the neglected wife may be better conceived than described, when, a few days after this interview, she was informed by her uncle that monsieur de Beauharnais, not content with the separation then existing between them, was actually bringing the affair before the courts. He was also commissioned, he said, to tell her that her son was about to be removed from under her change. This sad intelligence completely overwhelmed madame de Beauharnais, who instantly retired with her little Hortense to the convent of Panthemont, which retreat she did not quit until the suit between her and her husband, and which as we have seen was brought on entirely at his instigation, was, and most justly, decided in her favor. It may be imagined to what a degree her husband's feelings had been wrought upon by the pernicious woman whose arts had brought about the misery of these two persons, when we state that

* For memoir and portrait of the lovely and unfortunate Marie Antoinette, see this Magazine for August, 1836.
† Josephine was never publicly presented at the court at Versailles, but was received twice by the queen in the private apartments.
part of the period of madame de Beauharnais' retreat was employed by the viscount in making a voyage to Martinico for the purpose of obtaining, what had never existed, namely:—proofs of the misconduct of his wife before the period of her quitting her native isle for France! this seems scarcely credible, yet it is a fact. The total failure of his undertaking did not, however, induce the viscount de Beauharnais to withdraw his proceedings, but, on the contrary, to pursue them with still greater avidity, and the trial accordingly came on. But Josephine had powerful friends, and, better still, her innocence to befriend her; whilst her husband could only allege suspicion, from the testimony of one perjured negro, who had once been in the service of Beauharnais' mistress, and who was placed by her in the household of Josephine as a spy upon her actions. This wretched creature confessed some years afterwards, that what he did not see, he invented. Alas! many reputations are, perhaps, lost upon similar evidence.

Our readers will rejoice with us that justice was rendered to the suffering and calumniated wife by the high court of parliament of Paris: M. de Beauharnais lost his cause, and was sentenced, moreover, to receive back his wife, provided she chose to return to him, or upon her refusal to do so, to pay her an annual income of 10,000 francs. Poor Josephine's troubles were, however, not at an end: true, her innocence was established beyond all test, but her husband was lost to her—she feared for ever.

It was on this occasion that madame de Beauharnais received a most touching proof of the innate kindness and excellence of heart of the amiable Marie Antoinette. The queen, amongst others, had heard the particulars of the famous suit between M. de Beauharnais and his wife, and being convinced, as, indeed, all the world was, of her innocence, she sent a message to Josephine, saying, she hoped that would not keep her from Versailles, for it would always give her the greatest pleasure to receive madame de Beauharnais. A few days after this flattering message, Josephine had the honor of a private interview both of the king and queen, who most graciously assured her that upon all occasions she might look to them for protection for herself and children. In speaking of her beloved Martinico, Louis XVI, alluded most gratefully to the large sums of money his ancestors had accepted from 'generous people' as he termed them. Before her departure Marie Antoinette with that inestimable graciousness of manner which characterized all her actions, took from her own neck an antique medallion on the reverse of which were the miniature portraits of the king and herself, and clasping it upon Madame de Beauharnais, she bade her wear it for her sake, at the same time promising her a commission for her son, when he should arrive at an age to profit by it. Alas! how circumscribed is human foresight! how little did Marie Antoinette, at that moment, think that a few short years, would see Josephine de Beauharnais, occupying that throne of which she herself was such an ornament! Inscrutable, indeed, are the ways of Providence.

Madame de Beauharnais who had ever kept up a constant correspondence with her parents, now received pressing letters to induce her to go to Martinico; as soon as she had made up her mind to this step, she applied to her husband for permission to take both her children, but this request as far as it related to the little Eugene, was coldly and formally refused; she saw, however, both child and father previous to her departure from France.

Our limits permit us not to dwell upon this portion of the life of the empress Josephine, suffice it to say that in the bosom of her family, beneath the bright sun of her beloved island, surrounded by the friends of her infancy and childhood, madame de Beauharnais once more tasted the sweets of life, and the absence of her husband to whom notwithstanding all her wrongs she was still devotedly attached, and of her noble boy, were the only drawbacks to the uninterrupted happiness she was at that period permitted to enjoy. Three years had now elapsed since madame de Beauharnais had been separated from her husband, and all her thoughts turned once more on France. In vain did her father and mother solicit a longer sojourn: "I must see my boy : Beauharnais will relent!" was her constant reply when overpowered by these solicitations, and once more bidding farewell to her beloved family,
she departed on her second and last voyage to France, where the remainder of her destiny was to be accomplished. This voyage was a perilous one. Twice the vessel had hair-breadth escapes of being run down, and thrice she took fire. A few days after landing in France, the dreadful news reached her of a terrible revolution having broken out in her native island. The negroes had revolted, having first refused to work, and, setting fire to numerous habitations, had murdered such of their unfortunate masters as were obnoxious to them. It may be imagined how such intelligence was calculated to distress the tender heart of Josephine.

A favorable change, meantime, took place in the domestic affairs of Madame de Beauharnais, (her husband had no knowledge of her return,) when an interview was brought about by his father and a madame de Fontainebleau who were both fondly attached to Josephine. The little Hortense, attired in the costume of her mother’s native island was first presented to the father: “my child, my child,” he exclaimed, catching the little girl to his bosom, “I cannot be mistaken, she is the very counterpart of what I was at seven years old.” And he kissed her over and over again. “And our dear mother, will you not see her father?” exclaimed both children, simultaneously throwing themselves into his arms. In another moment the injured and forgiving Josephine was pressed to her beloved husband’s heart!

The march of the revolution was at this time pacing onward with hasty strides, and the viscount de Beauharnais who had lately been promoted to the rank of general, was one of its most determined partisans.

He first became a member of the tiers état, as the commons were called, and voted with the majority of that assembly. He was next appointed president of the National assembly. All know that at this time France was divided into three classes or orders: the clergy, the nobility, and the commons or tiers état. At first the commons were the lowest order of the three, but controversies having arisen between them, the tiers état finding the public voice in their favor, seized upon the whole of the authority, assuming at the same time the title of National assembly. General Beauharnais filled the above post at the period of the king’s flight to Varennes, on which occasion he displayed the utmost courage and firmness in saving the unhappy monarch from insult. Without compromising either his honor to those in whose employ he acted, or the dignity of the post he occupied, he considered it as a duty to visit and render what assistance he could to his sovereign. He had many private interviews with Louis XVI, and it is, also, well known that more than once his voice was elevated in the cause of royalty. In writing to me of her friends madame de Beauharnais thus alludes to the part taken by her husband, at that time, in the revolution.

“The most seducing offers have been made to Alexander, but he knows how to resist these flattering illusions of favor, and declines them all. It is time that he is downright fascinated at this glowing prospect of liberty, but his views are as upright, as pure, as honest, and as incorruptible as his noble heart. This is why he only appears in either of the assemblies but in the character of an orator of the second class. His reputation of an honest man will follow him to the last. He seeks no place, for the military career is of all others the best suited to him.”

Events now began to move onwards with a terrific speed. Beauharnais sought to withdraw himself from the vortex into which he had plunged headlong, but this was no easy matter. Ostenibly he dared not oppose the faction he had professed to serve, and the fatal 21st of January 1793, still found him belonging to the National assembly. The horrible events of that day, however, opened his eyes to the liberty thirsted for by the French nation. Liberty! alas! to what ignoble deeds is thy glorious name appropriated! More than ever anxious to retreat from the edge of what he now began to call a precipice; general Beauharnais became an object of suspicion, and was, accordingly, arrested, and conveyed to the Luxembourg. Now it was that the real troubles of the unhappy madame de Beauharnais commenced, all that she had previously suffered being nothing in comparison to this dreadful blow—the more dreadful as daily experience showed her how few of those, who, unhappy enough to fall into the grasp of the blood-thirsty wretches that presided over the destinies of
France at that day, were suffered to escape. All her endeavors now tended to mitigate, as much as lay in her power, the sufferings of her husband. She succeeded in obtaining permission to visit him, and on one occasion was suffered to take her children with her.

A few nights previous to her husband’s trial, if such a mockery could be so called, madame de Beauharnais was herself arrested and conveyed to the prison of the Carmes. The gallant Beauharnais was brought before the revolutionary tribunal, condemned and expired on the scaffold on the 23rd of July, 1794, having scarcely completed his 34th year.

Poor Josephine was ignorant of her husband having ever been brought to trial; for during the period of her own captivity she had never heard a word of him, until the day after he suffered, when she saw his name among a long list of others in a newspaper. This dreadful shock, although her mind was prepared for it, completely overwhelmed her with grief.

Josephine’s own escape was very singular. Early on the morning of the 10th Thermidor (28th of July) and five days after her husband’s death, the turnkey of the prison entered the chamber occupied by her and several other ladies, and prepared to remove the miserable bed upon which madame de Beauharnais had hitherto slept. To an exclamation of surprise, uttered by one of the ladies, the man replied “we want it for a new prisoner, she,” nodding towards Josephine, “she is going to be taken to the conciergerie, and, from that, to the guillotine.” Hereupon all madame de Beauharnais’ companions in misfortune commenced weeping and sobbing violently. It was probably more to divert their attention from the immediate cause of their grief, than from any real hope that she would be spared for the fulfillment of the prophecy, that Josephine is said to have related to them on this occasion the particulars of the famous prediction made to her at Martinico, ending her narrative with—“you see that not only am I not to be guillotined, but that I am to be one day a crowned queen!”

Amongst her fellow prisoners, however, there was one, madame d’Aguillon, who was not to be so easily consoled. Between this lady and Josephine there existed a strong friendship, cemented no doubt by their mutual sufferings. The idea of her friends being actually under sentence of condemnation, for so she interpreted the turnkey’s words, had such an effect upon her, that she nearly fainted. Her companions led her to an open casement, and whilst they gazed through the iron grating, they saw an immense concourse of persons rushing down the street, at the same time that the most tumultuous acclamations filled the air. Eagerly they looked on, straining every nerve to see, or catch a sound, when their attention was suddenly drawn to a female, apparently of the lower class, who was looking up and making the most strange gestures, as if to attract all their notice to herself. When she was certain of having succeeded, she put her two hands to her mouth in order that a sound should be conveyed more distinctly to them, and pronounced one word.—It was “Robespierre.” She repeated it two or three times, till they made signals that they had heard her, and then drawing her hand quickly across her throat gave them to understand that his head had been taken off. “Robespierre dead!” they all exclaimed, “can it be possible?” It was, possible; and, shortly, their doubts were set at rest, for hearing the gruff voice of one of the turnkeys, in the passage, outside their door, they listened, and heard him give his dog a kick, and bid him with a terrible oath, get out of his way for a ———— Robespierre as he was! “This energetic phrase,” as Josephine remarked, “told them they had nothing more to fear, that the tyrant was dead, and that France was saved!”

The joyful news spread quickly through the prison. Josephine’s bed was restored, and both herself and her companions slept in peace.

On the night after the fall of Robespierre, madame de Beauharnais and her

* It appears that several days previous to the one in question, orders had been given for the removal of Madame de Beauharnais, on that very morning, 10th Thermidor, to the Conciergerie. The reason why the order was not attended to was owing to the prodigious number of prisoners that were to be removed. Whether Josephine was forgotten, or left behind intentionally, neither she nor any other person ever knew.
companions were set at liberty. Oh! with what excess of anguish did the devoted wife at that moment lament her husband's untimely fate. "If my dearest Alexander had been spared but these few days more, he too would have been saved!" she cried as she threw herself weeping upon the neck of her friend the duchess d'Aiguillon. "But the oracle would not have been fulfilled!" whispered her friend. "True," she answered, "but my husband's life, before the throne of the universe!"

The widow of general Beauharnais was now restored to her children, and dreadful was the state in which she found them. Her son, her Eugene, of whom she was so proud was working for the miserable pittance that scarcely kept life and soul together. Yes, the son of general Beauharnais was in the employment of a joiner, and his sister Hortense, was suffering the most dreadful privations. Their father's property had become the prey of the spoliators of France. Nothing, nothing, was left.

At an immense distance from her own family and without the means of regaining her native island, madame de Beauharnais found herself in the most horrible state of destitution. Her friends even, those to whom she could have applied for assistance, had fled or emigrated, and the few that still remained were like herself reduced to nearly the last frightful state of indigence.

The friend who had madame de Beauharnais' interest at heart, strenuously recommended her cultivating the acquaintance of the celebrated deputy Tallien. This personage, at the period to which we allude, had become all powerful. The energy and courage he displayed on the ninth thermidor will never be forgotten. Madame de Beauharnais found no difficulty in gaining access to him, when she painted to him, in the most glowing colors, her admiration and gratitude for the political miracle he had already effected, she concluded by hinting that there was yet much to be done, and after adding that she hoped one day to see her own beloved children reinstated through his means in their father's rights, her kind and benevolent heart pleaded with all the eloquence of which she was mistress; the cause of all those unhappy persons whose parents and friends had, like her own husband, died victims to the popular fury.

Tallien appeared greatly struck at the noble heroism of her conduct, and expressed his admiration of her courage. He advised her, however, to have patience, for he would not conceal from her, he said, that time alone could bring about the great act of retributive kindness which she solicited from him. The deputy Tallien was at this time about to be united to a lovely and amiable Spanish lady, who happened to be one of the most intimate friends of madame de Beauharnais. At this horrible period, when even the most helpless females were not exempt from the terrors of the prison and the guillotine, this lady had been arrested in one of the provinces, confined for some time in a prison at Bordeaux, and removed from thence to the Petite Force, in Paris. Here she was visited by the monster Robespierre, who tried every means to denounce Tallien (to whom she was supposed to have been attached,) and Isabeau.

Finding menaces of no avail, he next tried what could be done by fair means, promising her the immense sum of 300,000 francs and a passport for Spain if she would only conform to his wishes and those of his associates; the alternative to this compliance was death. Madame de Fontenay, for she was then a widow, demanded eight days for reflection. Although confined au secret, she found means of writing a few legible lines on a piece of cambric, and adroitly concealing the writing, in the heart of a cabbage, which she had requested the jailer to bring her to eat, she watched her opportunity when she knew that Tallien would be outside the prison, to throw it to him, from the window, where, it appears, he was in the daily habit of visiting. Tallien judging that the vegetable contained some communication of importance, took it home, and soon became acquainted with its contents. The deputy at once began to sound the depth of the abyss upon whose brink he stood, and hastened to accelerate the events of the 9th Thermidor.

Of course this ingenious contrivance took time for its completion, and for several days this courageous and devoted woman, who was continually persecuted to sign what was required of her, expected hourly to be dragged to the guillotine.

At length on the 29th of July, (11th Thermidor) the day after the tyrant Robespierre, had expatriated his crimes upon that scaffold, to which he had devoted so
many of his brave countrymen, madame de Fontenay was conducted to the bar of the National Convention. Not liking to appear alone, she requested and obtained permission for her friend madame de Beauharnais to accompany her: she was aware of Josephine’s incarceration in one of the prisons of the capital. Accordingly, on this appointed morning, a guard of soldiers entered the room occupied by the widow and her friends in misfortune, to convey the wretched prisoner to the assembly. No explanation having been made to Josephine, she of course thought she was about to be carried to the guillotine. Her firmness did not however forsake her: she took an affectionate leave of her fellow captives, and, with her own hands, cutting off her long hair, she left it with them, charging any one of them that might be fortunate enough to escape the fate that awaited her, to deliver it to her orphan children. No pen could do adequate justice to her feelings on finding her error. The two ladies appeared at the assembly, when the recital of their misfortunes and sufferings caused an honest indignation amongst the more humane members of the Convention. Consolations and promises were eagerly vouchsafed to them, many of which, as is not uncommon on such occasions, were forgotten. The principal, however, was not long delayed. Although both were taken back to their different prisons, they were released that same night. Tallien was almost immediately united to the generous woman who had saved him, and at her earnest entreaty he accorded his most powerful protection to the widow of general Beauharnais. Josephine had, also, at this time the good fortune to find another powerful friend in the celebrated Barras, then one of the five executive directors, and in the course of some months, having received large remittances from her family at Martinico, she was once more placed, if not in affluence at least above the possibility of want. She retired to Fontenobleau, where her time and cares were devoted to the superintendence of the education of her daughter, Hortense de Beauharnais.

At the time of the rising of the national guard against the Convention, Barras had been chosen commander in chief of the army. This director, however, finding himself unequal to the task, confided it in his turn, to three of the most able officers of whom the country could boast; namely: Brune, Moreau, and Bonaparte: the latter was, at that period, only second lieutenant in a regiment of artillery. Every person knows how the young Corsican acquitted himself in the affair of the 13th Vendémiaire, we therefore proceed, at once, to his first interview with madame de Beauharnais.

It was, it seems, at the house of a mutual friend that they first met. Bonaparte went in, accidentally, and Josephine afterwards said, that no sooner did she hear his name announced than she started and was seized with a cold shiver that pervaded her whole frame: she was totally unable to account for this emotion. She quickly, however, recovered her presence of mind, and although there were several other persons present, she was the first to engage with him in conversation. They spoke of the events of the 13th Vendémiaire. Madame de Beauharnais made an observation on the regret he must have felt, at being forced to spread consternation as he had through the capital. “If you had had time to reflect for a moment,” she said, “upon the dreadful mission that had been entrusted to you, you would have trembled for the consequences that must, necessarily, ensue?” “It is possible, madame,” answered Bonaparte, coldly, “mais, que voulez-vous?” These expressive words were accompanied by the usual shrug of the shoulder. “Soldiers,” he went on, “are but puppets in the hands of a director: they must move, where and how the government lists: all they have to think of is, to obey. The sections, however, have no reason to complain. I spared them: for the most part my cannon were only charged with powder. All I wanted was to give the Parisians a little lesson.” The tone of calm immovable sang-froid in which Bonaparte spoke of the late massacre of so many of the unfortunate inhabitants of Paris, before she could reply, completely disgusted madame de Beauharnais. Bonaparte concluded his speech: “These slight skirmishes,” added the hero, “are no more than the first dawning of my future glory!” “Ah!” cried madame de Beauharnais, quickly, “if your glory is to be purchased at such a price as that, I would sooner a thousand times that you were counted amongst the victims.” Pichegru was present at this conversation, and it was not difficult to perceive by his grave and pensive air that he approved not the sentiments
of the ambitious young soldier. Some one now observed "it appears that a general of division is about to be appointed to the command of the army of the Rhine." "I heard," added another, "that a new army is about to be directed against Italy." Bonaparte testified some surprise at this intelligence. He knew not, then, that the executive directory had decided upon giving him this important command. "Italy!" exclaimed the young hero enthusiastically, "it is a vast and noble field for cultivation, happy he who undertakes it!" then stopping short, as though he had committed an indiscretion, he turned towards the ladies with a smile, and, after an instant, added in a tone of the most exquitite politeness, "ladies, I do not imagine my stay in France will be much longer protracted; I have thoughts of undertaking a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Loreto," and, he added gallantly, with a bow that included all the ladies present, "that, with the intent of making you admire its wonders."

In these and similar discourses did the time pass most delightfully and rapidly according to madame de Beauharnais' ideas. Previous to retiring, Bonaparte once more drew the undivided attention of the circle to himself. "I am a stranger," said he "to the crimes of the French revolution. Look upon me, then, I beseech you, but as a soldier of the 13th Vendémiaire; I advised, I executed one of the most complicated, as well as the ablest manœuvres, but I was forced to employ stratagem. Here was not a war of tactics, but a war of extermination; victims were indispensable, all that lay in my power was to diminish their number." With these concluding words the hero bowed gracefully, and withdrew.

We have already stated that madame de Beauharnais, had two powerful friends in Tallien and Barras; to this we may add that she was also well received by the whole five directors, and in the constant habit of soliciting favors for some or other of the unfortunate emigrants; but in these cases, her first applications were invariably made to Barras.* On the day following that on which she had seen Bonaparte for the first time, she called on Barras, to remind him of some benevolent application she had made, and which he had neglected. "Ah! madam," said the director, "I have been thinking that you, who are so indefatigable in your exertions for the good of others, should bestow some thought upon your own welfare. You are not, I trust, averse to marry, come, what say you to this little Bonaparte? we are going to make him general-in-chief, and he will conquer Italy for us."

Madame de Beauharnais could not conceal her astonishment, at this proposal, to which, however, she was far from assenting.

"What an inconceivable project!" was all she could utter at this moment.

"Pray reflect upon it!" returned the director. "Here is a new country for him to conquer, and I'll answer for it that Bonaparte will speedily make his fortune: he is ambitious, and thirsts after glory. His marriage with you gives him a rank in society, whilst you, on your part, gain a protector for yourself and children. Doubt not, madam, but that our young Corsican, will make a noise in the world, and, more especially, if he has the happiness of forming an alliance with a partner as good and as amiable as yourself. Had I not studied the character of the man, and found him possessed of every quality, public as well as private, it is a step I would by no means have proposed to you. I see not one objectionable point about him, manners, talents, temper, reputation—he possesses all—all in fact that can be desirable to the heart of woman."

"Or rather," timidly advanced Josephine, all that the heart of woman must fear."

"Fear!" exclaimed Barras.

But so it was, Barras' proposal to madame de Beauharnais was anything but couleur de rose, she found Bonaparte's manners full of assurance; his pretensions exaggerated; moreover, she thought his temper and character odd and whimsical; in short, after two or three interviews with him, madame de Beauharnais ceased to visit at the house of one of her intimate friends where the general was in the habit

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* Would it not seem that the young general had a presentiment of the campaign to Egypt, which was not even thought of at this period?

† The friendship of this deputy for her, gave rise to some unfounded calumries, which, as they were absolutely false, we pass over in silence.
of passing all his evenings. They however met frequently at Tallien's house, and as Josephine remarked to her friend madame Tallien the more she avoided meeting with Bonaparte, the more frequently did it seem they were doomed to encounter each other. Madame Tallien, to whom, let us remark, general Bonaparte was at that period much attached, but whose gratitude and affection to the man she married prevented her returning the passion, used all her influence with madame de Beauharnais to induce her to accept the proposal made by Barras, whilst another friend of Josephine's warmly pleaded the cause of the future conqueror, so that she was beset on all sides. Bonaparte, himself, had not, however, as yet troubled her with his addresses: he was violently piqued at the refusal of madame Tallien to sue for a divorce from her husband and follow his fortunes, and now he appeared wholly captivated by the charms of madame de Beauharnais' other friend. So it would seem, that, of all three, the one really destined for him, was the one that pleased him least at their first acquaintance. At length, however, but whether by his own accord, or at the instigation of Barras, does not appear, Bonaparte commenced paying particular attentions to madame de Beauharnais. Josephine now acknowledged to Barras and her two female friends that her heart was already devoted to the brave young general La Roche: this was a death blow to the wishes of her friends, they, nevertheless, tried the experiment of intercepting La Roche's letters to her, for the space of one month—an experiment that perfectly succeeded; for madame de Beauharnais, seeing herself thus neglected, consented to give her hand to Bonaparte, and their nuptials were celebrated, forthwith; Bonaparte declaring himself the happiest of men, and proclaiming that his triumph over the heart of his beloved Josephine was the presage of the numerous victories he would gain during his Italian campaign. Bonaparte set off for Italy the day but one after the celebration of his marriage,* which was kept secret for some weeks, but his wife remained in Paris.

At the period of her marriage with general Bonaparte, Josephine was received at the houses of all the nobility that had been fortunate enough to escape the horrors of the revolution. The motive that caused the concealment of the step she had taken, seems to have been the dread of the reproaches she would have inevitably received from many persons whose friendship she was desirous of cultivating. She herself said it would have cost her too much to have acknowledged, at first, that she had given her hand to le petit Bonaparte, as she was wont, ironically, to term him.

At the moment of parting with his newly made wife, Bonaparte is said to have addressed her in these remarkable words, in answer to a recommendation from her of her children to his protection: "Yes, madam," said he, "I swear to you to be a second father to your children, and never to give you cause to repent the choice you have deigned to make. I here vow to the excretion of posterity, the first of us that seeks to break those ties interwoven not alone by esteem and friendship but formed under the auspices of love;" then embracing her, affectionately, he added: "I owe you much Josephine, but remember my words; I will soar far above all that man can possibly imagine for me, or I will lose my head!"

When this marriage came to be known, it produced a wonderful sensation in the Parisian world. Many persons made no secret of their disapproval; the family of madame de Beauharnais were even loud in their complaints and murmurs. Tallien and his wife were, indeed, almost the only friends that remained to console poor Josephine, both for the step she had taken, and the absence of a husband that was already become dear to her.

Bonaparte meantime pursued his victories in Italy: the arrival of every fresh courier gave intelligence of his having added new laurels to those he had already acquired. He wrote constantly to Josephine, and his letters breathe all the ardor of the passion he felt for her at that time. The few following extracts are from those written during his campaign in Italy, they are addressed to the Citoyenne Bonaparte at the Citoyenne Beauharnais, Rue Chantereine No. 6, Chaussée d'Antin, Paris:—

* It was only a civil marriage that united Josephine to Bonaparte, hence the reason why there was so little difficulty in dissolving it.
“My dearest love,

I received all your letters but not one has made such an impression upon me as the last: what can you mean my adorable Josephine? by writing to me in such terms? think you not that my position is sufficiently cruel without your adding to my regrets and overturning my whole soul? what a style! what sentiments! they are a fire that consumes my poor heart. My own Josephine, away from you there is no gaiety; away from you the world is a desert and I alone in it. You have robbed me of more than my soul, you are the only thought of my life.”

“Love me as your eyes, but that is not enough; love me as yourself, better than yourself, than your life, than your soul, than your all, sweet love, pardon me, I rave.”

“Good night! good night! I pray you let me sleep, how often I press you in my arms, what a happy dream! but it is not you.”

Write me ten pages it may console me a little, you are ill, you love me, I have grieved you, you are suffering, and I cannot see you: this thought distracts me. I know not how to expiate my wrongs towards you. I blamed you for remaining at Paris, and it was caused by your illness. Pardon me my dear love: the love you have inspired me with has turned my brain; I shall never regain my senses, it is an incurable disease.”

“In your next letter, my dearest love be sure to tell me you are convinced that I love you beyond all that is possible to imagine; that you are persuaded that every instant of my life is consecrated to you, that I never pass an hour without thinking of you, that the thought of another woman has never entered my mind; that they are all without wit, without grace, without beauty in my eyes, that you, and you alone, such as I see you, such as you are can please and absorb every faculty of my soul, you see into the inmost recesses of my heart, it has not a thought that is not open to you.”

“Well, my incomparable little darling, I will tell you my secret; laugh at my folly, remain in Paris, have lovers, let all the world know it, and never write. Do it, and I will love you ten times better. If this is not folly, fever, delirium!—and I shall never cure of it—Oh! yes, by heaven though, I will care of it; but do not tell me you have been ill, do not seek to justify yourself. Good God, you are forgiven. I love you to madness, never, never will my poor heart cease to adore my beloved.

Farewell my adorable, a kiss upon your lips, another upon your heart.

BONAPARTE.”

Madame Bonaparte now set out to join her husband in Italy, where she was received by the conqueror with every mark of admiration and regard. During her stay she visited Leghorn and Florence, but her habitual residence was at Milan, where it is said that an Alpine gipsy having attracted her attention as she passed her windows, Josephine sent for her, and once more had her fortune told: extraordinary to say, this woman again predicted to her that she would be crowned.

The most enthusiastic rejoicings took place in honor of madame Bonaparte’s arrival at Milan. She was constantly to be seen accompanying the general in his walks to reconnoitre the enemy, and to see that his own troops were in the various positions he wished them to occupy. On these occasions he was not over pleased to be burthened with the company of a lady, and took care to select the most difficult paths in order to weary his companion. Sometimes he would make her climb a slippery rock, at others lead her as far as the first batteries, where the growing of the cannon, close by, would continually cause her to start with terror; at these times Bonaparte would laugh heartily, crying at the same time: “courage madam, a soldier does not gain his laurels by reposing on a bed of down. To be worthy of him to whom you gave your hand you must visit the sick, and console them, you must bind up their wounds with your own hands; and, above all, you and your women must employ yourselves in making lint.” One day that he had ventured to take her nearer than usual to the enemy’s lines, a shell fell, and burst some paces from them, wounding several persons close by. Josephine uttered a piercing shriek, and tearing her arm from under that of her husband was about to run away.

* We by no means vouch for the truth of this statement; it seems rather too much of the marvellous, to gain our belief.
as speedily as she could, when Bonaparte seized fast hold of her; "you will never be a Jane Hachette," said he, seriously, "if such a trifle as that can terrify you." "If I had my castle to defend against the attacks of the enemy," returned Josephine, forcing a smile, I would no doubt imitate the courage of some great heroine, but here, my dear husband, are you tormenting these poor peaceable inhabitants, merely for the pleasure of gaining a great name: as for me, I neither have the will, nor the courage to follow your example." Here the tender Josephine became overpowered by her recent terror and her emotion at perceiving the looks of painful expression visible on her husband's countenance. Bonaparte kindly conducted her to a little grassy knoll, where his attentions and the assistance of some persons who were fortunately close at hand soon succeeded in calming her perturbed spirits. To the care of these persons Bonaparte now committed his wife, and after vowing, that, henceforth, no woman, and more especially Josephine, should ever approach within twenty leagues of his head-quarters, he pursued his walk, to reconnoitre the enemy and visit his wounded.

Bonaparte now growing tired of this state of inaction since Josephine joined him, left her at Milan, whilst he pursued his glorious career in other parts of Italy. Will posterity believe that in one single campaign the whole of Italy was conquered? that three opposing armies were successively destroyed; that more than fifty pair of colors remained in the hands of the victors; that forty thousand Austrians laid down their arms; and, to sum up all, that thirty thousand French troops, and a general of twenty-seven years of age, had wrought these prodigies! yet so it was. But to return to Josephine. Bonaparte had by this time become so fully sensible of the goodness of her heart, as well as the excellence of her judgment, that he never failed to ask her opinion upon the various plans he had formed. His excellent wife invariably endeavored to induce him to lean to the side of mercy and moderation, and in many instances he listened to her persuasions.

At this period, their sentiments, their tastes, their inclinations were perfectly congenial; in short, so wholly did they seem formed for each other, that one soul, one spirit seemed to animate them. Josephine thought herself the happiest of women, and repaid Bonaparte's attachment with the most tender return. At this time however poor Josephine saw but the bright side of her husband's character. He had not yet given way to those transports of violence that rendered her afterwards so unhappy, but alas! the change was near at hand. Ambitious, she had always seen him, jealous, she but now discovered him, and what two passions can be more fatal to man than these two combined? are they not capable of destroying the best inclinations, and of driving those over whom they obtain the mastery, to the most dreadful excesses? It was during her stay at Milan that the delicate mind of madame Bonaparte was first wounded by the suspicions of her husband. General Bonaparte placed spies about his wife, who acquainted him of the most trivial circumstances; if she received letters, Bonaparte suspected she was carrying on a criminal correspondence. We know that "trifes light as air, are, to the jealous, confirmation strong." Thus, discord began to usurp the place of better feelings between the hitherto happy couple, and things seemed to assume such a threatening aspect that Josephine felt the utmost alarm for their future happiness. It was on the occasion of some jealous dispute whilst at Milan, that Bonaparte forgot himself so far, as in a frenzy of passion, to give a kick, that deprived it of life to a small lap-dog belonging to his wife, and of which she appeared particularly fond. The unfortunate little animal that met with this untimely fate, had been the gift of general la Heche, Bonaparte's less fortunate rival. Some days afterwards, the general appeared ashamed of the brutal act of which he had been guilty, and as an atonement, had a monument erected to the little victim of his passion, who still lies under his mausoleum in the gardens of Mondéze near Milan. We find on another occasion that Bonapare exasperated at his wife's perseverance in soliciting the pardon of the father of a large family sentenced to be shot, actually turned her out of his house in the rue Chantereine, into the streets, at eleven o'clock at night, giving at the same time the strictest orders to his people not to attempt to permit her to re-enter. The weeping, ill-treated wife now scarcely knew whither to turn her steps, until she recollected that one of her intimate
friends lived at no great distance; this lady not only kindly received and gave her what advice and consolation lay in her power, but early on the following morning re-instated the unhappy Josephine, and brought about an immediate reconciliation between the couple.

It is well known that the next expedition undertaken by Bonaparte was that of Egypt, whither, however, Josephine did not accompany him. The general had but a short time allowed him to prepare for what he termed "a rash and gigantic enterprise." Madame Bonaparte was most desirous of going with him but he refused to allow her. It was, however, afterwards decided that she should follow, and she had actually embarked in the Orient, which was on the point of sailing, when Bonaparte changed his mind (in consequence, it was thought, of a dispute that had arisen between them) and she received orders to return forthwith to Paris. These commands were instantly complied with by the disappointed wife, who returned to the capital to watch over the interests of her ambitious husband.

Josephine was no stranger to the cabal that had been formed against her husband in Paris. She well knew that the chief object of the five Directors in sending out their expedition to Egypt, was to work the ruin of him whom they had learned to fear, and two chances presented themselves for the accomplishment of their hopes:—

in the first place, Bonaparte must infallibly conquer Egypt, in which case it amounted almost to a certainty that his ambition would lead him to assume a sovereign authority over the Mamelukes, and force them to declare him their king; by this culpable action, he would of course become the most formidable enemy of the French republic, and the overthrow of this audacious usurper would be by them achieved.

In the second place there were many probabilities (owing to the disadvantages under which he must labor in carrying on a war so far from home) that, instead of subduing that country, as he had Italy, he would be forced to submit to the Beys, in which case the republic might charge him with want of caution, with inaptitude, with treason, perhaps; he might too be accused of having dissipated the treasures confided to him; in a word, brought to a court martial to answer for his conduct: under each of these suppositions, therefore, the directors would have him in their power, and the general would find it a difficult task to escape the numerous shafts directed against him from all parts. Thus it was, to use a homely phrase, that the five executive directors "reckoned without their host." And silly enough they looked, when they saw the plots and plans of their own five wise heads, outwitted by the superior tactics of the daring soldier.

The situation of madame Bonaparte, as may be imagined, was not an enviable one. Independent of her anxiety on her husband's account, exposed as he was to a thousand dangers, she had been able to discover, in great part, the plans of the directors. Another source of disquietude presented itself to her sensitive heart, she saw her friends, pity that the world thus miscalls those ephemeral beings that crowd around us in our moments of prosperity and disappear if a cloud passes over the sunshine of our days! She saw, then, her friends, or those who styled themselves such, fall off, one by one, until all had deserted her, save the Talliens and one other. This was a moment of anguish for Josephine, and she felt it, deeply, but more for the being whose destiny was so closely united to her own, than for herself. She still tried to preserve a slight intimacy with her former protector, Barras, and upon the dreadful tidings reaching her that Bonaparte had been assassinated at Saint-Jean-d'Äcre, she hastened to the house of the director, where she found Barras closeted with his colleague Le Tourneur. As soon as they perceived her enter, Le Tourneur exclaimed in an under voice, which was, however, loud enough for his words to be distinguished by Josephine: "'Tis the wife of that scoundrel Bonaparte, well, if he is not dead for Europe, he is at least dead for France." The feelings of the tender wife, at this remark, may be imagined, but Josephine experienced one consolation from the director's words: there seemed to be a doubt of the truth of the report, and once more she gave herself up to anticipations of a brighter nature.

She now retired to Malmaison, where she continued to reside during the remainder of the eighteen months that Bonaparte was absent. See was, however, too much alive to his concerns wholly to give up Paris. She frequently passed a few
days at a time in the capital canvassing her husband’s interest with all the ardor of她的 devoted heart. Her endeavors proved eminently successful, she had gained over new and staunch friends to their cause, and she had succeeded in disarming the directors of some portion of their ill-will against Bonaparte.

Madame Bonaparte’s residence at Malmaison was enlivened by the presence of her daughter, Hortense de Beauharnais. That interesting young lady was pursuing her education under the superintendence of madame Campan, whose establishment at Saint Germain en Laye was, at that period, the most celebrated in France. Mademoiselle de Beauharnais was gifted with the most eminent qualities. Good, kind, humane, charitable, and ever ready to oblige, her gentle and docile disposition rendered her one of the most tractable pupils madame Campan ever had: still Hortense de Beauharnais loved independence, and could not bow to oppression, but she freely yielded her own opinions to those of whom she formed a favorable judgment. She was remarkable at madame Campan’s for her close attention to her various studies, as well as for her amiability towards her young companions, by whom she was universally beloved. She had been greatly distressed when learning her mother’s determination to bestow her hand upon general Bonaparte, and for a considerable length of time after the marriage had taken place, she could not overcome her dislike to him. Her invariable observation at that time, was, when the news of his repeated victories reached her: “There is a victory that I can never forgive him, I mean the one he has gained over mamma’s heart!” The kind disposition of the gentle Hortense, was not, however, proof against her mother’s remonstrances, and when madame Bonaparte represented to her how much all three gained by her union with such a man, she succeeded in conquering her aversion so completely, that she became one of his most enthusiastic admirers. Mademoiselle de Beauharnais now redoubled her exertions, in order to perfect her education. She excelled, particularly, in drawing and painting, danced exquisitely, sang and accompanied herself upon the piano-forte in a pleasing manner, and even composed some romances which were long in vogue in the fashionable circles of Paris. When madame Bonaparte was absent for a day, whether detained by indisposition or any other cause, mademoiselle de Beauharnais did the honors of her step-father’s table, and acquitted herself with the utmost grace and elegance. She did not wholly quit madame Campan’s establishment until her marriage, and generally passed her vacations with her great aunt, or in company with her cousin mademoiselle de Beauharnais† who was educated at the same school with herself.

The marriage of mademoiselle Beauharnais with Louis Bonaparte took place on the 3rd of January 1802. It was thought that a previous attachment, on the part of the young wife, was the cause of the undisguised aversion displayed by her towards her newly made husband—an aversion which, unfortunately, neither time, nor the birth of her two children could ever overcome. This unhappy marriage was a source of eternal regret to Josephine. In vain it was that she took upon herself the office of mediatrix; all her endeavors to bring about a reconciliation between them, proved unavailing, and it was with feelings of the deepest concern that she saw herself forced to admit of the necessity of a separation.

Nothing could equal the transports with which Bonaparte hailed the birth of Hortense’s eldest son, a satisfaction that ‘busy scandal’ was vain to interpret by a nearer connexion between the first consul and the new-born babe, than that of uncle and nephew. This odious calumny needed no refutation, and was treated with that scorn it so justly merited.

At the time of the birth of this child, Bonaparte’s gigantic views were still buried in his own bosom. He aspired to the throne, and was even then pretty sanguine of success; but, to the nation at large, his designs were still impenetrable. Josephine

* This lady was Madame de Renaudin, of whom we have already spoken, as aunt to Josephine. On the death of her husband, she gave her hand to the Marquis de Beauharnais, father to Madame Bonaparte’s first husband.

† Mademoiselle de Beauharnais was afterwards the celebrated Madame de Lavalette, whose heroic devotion to her husband saved his life, after the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France.
had not yet fulfilled his most ardent hope—that of presenting him with a son. They had already been married upwards of six years and a half; and he now began to despair of the possibility of this desirable event being ever accomplished. He determined then, upon the adoption of an heir, and none appeared to him to have so many claims, as the little Napoleon: at once the son of his brother, of his step-daughter, and the grandson of his beloved Josephine.

To the fate of this child we shall have hereafter to refer. We leave him for the present. Meanwhile the affairs of France had taken a decided turn for the worse: the French people were determined to shake off the yoke of the five directors who had become odious to them. “Now is the propitious moment!” Josephine would constantly exclaim, “and he is absent—nay, perhaps, worse.”* In this dilemma she consulted with his brothers, Lucien and Joseph, and by their advice despatches were forwarded to the different ports of Italy, so as to acquaint Bonaparte on his arrival of the state of things in France. At length the news reached her of his having landed—instantly she set off to Lyons, hoping to meet him a day or two sooner. She was however disappointed, Bonaparte was equally in haste. On landing at Ajaccio, his first care was to enquire into the political state of France. Most eagerly did he put question after question to the public and military functionaries, till M. Coffin, French consul at Cagliari, satisfied his impatient curiosity by putting into his hands a packet of the latest French papers. Bonaparte seemed actually to devour their contents. As each passage favorable to his views successively fell under his observation he would stamp his foot impatiently exclaiming: “I shall be too late—I shall never be in time.” He was detained seven days at Ajaccio by contrary winds; this interval he employed in taking the most minute precautions to avoid the various cruisers that were sailing about. A felucca was lashed to his vessel, and thirty stout rowers taken on board, so that upon the least alarm Bonaparte would have thrown himself into the felucca and by dint of oars have gained the coast of Provence. He set sail on the 7th of October, landed at at Frejus three days afterwards, and arrived in Paris on the 16th of the same month, 1799.

The political events that followed the return of general Bonaparte to France, are too well known to require comment from us. We will confine ourselves then, to the furnishing a few dates that will at once recall those important events to the minds of our readers. It was on the 9th of November (18th Brumaire) that a new form of government was decided upon in France. The legislative body was convoked to Saint Cloud for the following day, when Bonaparte escaped from imminent danger of being assassinated. On the 13th of the following month (December) the consular government was established, and three consuls named, viz.: Napoleon Bonaparte, Cambacérès, and Le Brun. It was on the 2nd of August 1802 that Bonaparte was named consul for life.

A new era now opened upon Josephine. She was the inhabitant of the palace of a long line of kings. She rejoiced in the successes of her husband, but little did she know to what length his ambition would ultimately lead him. At this period, madame Bonaparte firmly believed that his intentions were to place Louis the eighteenth on the throne of his ancestors; and for a time, the first consul did not undeceive her. It was now that the admirable qualities which distinguished the heart and mind of Josephine, shone eminently forth; now that she had it in her power to accomplish all the good that she meditated. Her whole soul was bent upon drying up the tears of the unfortunate, alleviating their miseries and by acts of beneficence shedding happiness around. She not only drew about her all those old friends who had assisted her in the days of her adversity, but she pleaded the cause of every sufferer. It sufficed in her eyes to be laboring under misfortune, to give the sufferers a claim upon her benevolence. Never, never did she turn a deaf or an unwilling ear to the tale of a petitioner. By her influence she caused an immense number of names to be erased from the fatal list of emigrants, by which means very

† It was then several months since she had received letters, or, indeed, any intelligence direct from her husband.

B—January, 1841.
many persons entered once more into possession of such of their properties as had not yet been sold, and those who were unfortunate enough to see their possessions in other hands received something to indemnify them; some again got pensions, and others were appointed to vacant situations, or new posts created for them. The benevolence of this truly incomparable woman was not confined to one class of society, but extended itself to all ranks; and what rendered her bounties still more meritorious, was the extreme delicacy with which her acts of goodness were administered. It was a sort of instinct with Josephine, (if we may so term it) to spare the feelings of those whom she relieved or obliged. The sick, the poor, the great, the humble, alike experienced its influence. Volumes could be filled with the recital of the kind acts of madame Bonaparte, even before the period when she had much in her power, but as that power increased, so, likewise, increased with her, the will for doing good. Her devotion to her husband was another of Josephine’s eminent qualities. It was a devotion uncontradicted by any act of her life, that was present at every instant of the day or of the night, that shewed itself under every form, under every circumstance. A devotion in short as indefatigable as it was heartfelt. Bonaparte well knew how to appreciate these admirable qualities, and at this period of his life did not show himself ungrateful. Unceasingly occupied in anticipating his slightest wants, or wishes, her movements partook even of the wonderful celerity that characterised his own. Excursions of business or pleasure, journeys long or short as to time or distance, were undertaken at a moment’s notice, whether by night or by day. More than once when a sudden whim seized her husband, did she leave her bed in the middle of the night to accompany him without previous notice. All Josephine’s biographers agree in the particulars we have here stated, as well as in remarking that the affection and admiration she evinced for the great man who had become the arbiter of her fate, partook more of a feeling of adoration than of any earthly sentiment; she would at any time cheerfully have laid down her life for him, and we verily believe, that had such a sacrifice been demanded, she would have found it less painful than the one required of her at a later period. Still the life of the first consul and his wife was not alone, one of sunshine; angry disputes would often arise between them. From the period that Bonaparte no longer teased her with his jealous suspicions, Josephine on her side, thought that she saw a rival in every woman to whom her husband paid the slightest attention: these continual fits of jealousy were a great source of annoyance to Bonaparte. Another of his causes of complaint was the unbounded extravagance of his wife. He was often heard to declare that he could not afford her the means to satisfy her love of expenditure, and to procure it for her by taxing a nation, such a thing was not to be thought of. Of all subjects the one most frequently reverted to by madame Bonaparte in her moments of confidential intercourse with the first consul, was the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne. It is firmly believed, that, at this time, she had no idea whatever of the plans Bonaparte had formed to place the crown upon his own head; and some authors seem of opinion, that, ultimately, her persuasions would have produced the desired effect, had it not been for the atrocious attempt of the 3rd Ventôse, better known perhaps as the plot of the infernal machine. It was after the failure of this horrid conspiracy that Bonaparte first threw off the mask with her. “How can you ask me,” he would say, “to restore a crown that I have every certainty of placing upon my own head? Yes Josephine, you will one day see me rise so superior to other men, that the might of kings will even be eclipsed by my glory!” It would be an unpardonable omission, were we to neglect devoting a few lines to the crime that left an indelible stain upon the memory of Napoleon Bonaparte—that plunged all France into despair and consternation, and that weighed so heavily upon the heart of Josephine; we allude to the death of the ever to be lamented duke d’Enghien. Josephine always seemed to consider general Moreau as the primary, though innocent cause of this fatal catastrophe. It appears, that in the course of conversation, the first consul put some questions to him relative to the personal bravery of the exiled Bourbons. “Yes, general, they are all brave,” returned the officer, “and the duke d’Enghien is, besides being an excellent commander, adored by the soldiery: this prince is every way worthy of the great name
of Condé." "Is he ambitious?" demanded Bonaparte. "I know not, but he seems to aspire to a glory that it may one day be difficult to restrain." "How do you mean?" quickly enquired the first consul. "General," said Moreau, "a brave man loves to serve his own country in preference to all others." From this moment Bonaparte decided upon his fate. He now sought to get the prince into his power, and M. de Calaincourt was charged with the orders for his arrest. Unhappily, this event was accomplished, and the young duke conveyed to the fortress of Vincennes.

It was at this stage of the affair that Josephine became acquainted with her husband's intentions; she instantly repaired to his private cabinet where she used every argument and entreaty, to induce him to spare the prisoner's life. "Bonaparte!" she cried, "it is a stain that no glory will efface, your name will be handed down to posterity as a blood-thirsty tyrant. Spare him, spare him, oh! my husband! or his innocent blood will fall upon your own head! Bonaparte," she continued, throwing herself at his feet, "Here on my knees let me entreat you for his life, listen not, I beseech you, to the peridious councils of traitors who only seek your ruin.

"This language becomes too offensive madam," interrupted Bonaparte, sternly, "I order you to retire instantly, to your own apartment." And he arose from his seat, and opened the door. The weeping Josephine quitted his presence, and sent instantly for madame Letitia and one of her daughters, who arrived in all haste. All three accompanied by Hortense de Beauharnais once more entered the closet where Bonaparte was still in conference with Murat. They threw themselves at his feet, bathed his hands and knees with tears, conjuring him at least to defer the execution of the unfortunate duke. All was in vain, they threw them off, and paced the room in the most violent agitation. "If the prince," exclaimed Josephine, "had ventured upon the French territory, there would at least have been an excuse for your odious determination, but he was at Eichwein, under the especial protection of the elector of Baden, thus do you venture upon the infringement of those solemn treaties that bind nation to nation. He was there by your tacit consent, and your word should have been inviolable, instead of which the grandson of the great Condé finds himself torn from a country, where he expected to have found hospitality, and that by the orders of a man whom in no one instance did he ever offend. And now what will the partisans of the first consul say?—will they not say, Bonaparte has sacrificed the only member of the Bourbon family that was within his grasp, the only one, that, at this crisis, could have disputed him the passage to the throne of the unfortunate Louis the sixteenth! Yes, Bonaparte, I have at length divined your ambitious projects! But oh! let not your path to that throne, be stained, I beseech you, with the blood of the innocent. Remember it will fall upon your own head, and upon the heads of those by whose iniquitous advice you are about to tarnish all your glory!" At this moment, Murat who had remained a silent spectator of this distressing scene quitted the chamber.

"I would have gone to Vincennes," burst at length from Bonaparte, "but he prevented me," and he pointed to the door by which Murat had left the room. "But 'twas best," he added, more calmly, after a brief pause. "Had I seen, I must have pardoned him—who knows even but that—" and he paused again. "Yes, 'tis best as it is," and he continued pacing the room in an uncontrollable state of agitation. Two officers now entered: Bonaparte addressing one of them pointed to his mother and sister; "I entrust these ladies to your care," said he, "order an escort to accompany them home!" and he resumed his agitated walk up and down the room. "Josephine," at length said he, "pity me, for I stand much in need of your compassion. He pulled out his watch hastily. "Would," he cried, "that I could be spared the regret I now feel, would that I could revoke the fatal order—but it is too late!" "Oh!" shrieked Josephine, throwing herself into his arms. "Oh! my dearest husband, it is the voice of mercy which at length speaks in your heart, say not that it is too late, let messengers be sent, say but the word. Shake me not off. No, I will not leave you, until you shall have pronounced the pardon of the duke d'Enghien. Buonaparte, my husband, in this one instance listen to the words of your Josephine. Ah! my beloved, I entreat, I conjure you, for the sake
of your own untarnished glory, abstain from this foul crime! Pardon, pardon, Bonaparte, say but the word and he is saved." And she clung to him so frantically that all his endeavors could not shake her off. At length, after some violent hysterical sobs, she relinquished her hold by degrees and would have fallen to the ground had he not supported her: the unhappy Josephine, completely exhausted by her unavailing efforts, had fainted. He carried her to the next room, and leaving her in charge of her daughter, returned to his chamber, and locked the door. It was long before Josephine recovered, and when she did, nothing could induce her to leave the room where she then was. Her husband she knew was still in that adjoining.

At four o'clock in the morning Murat, accompanied by Hulin, returned to the Tuileries, and having gained admittance to the closet where Bonaparte had passed the intervening hours, were quickly followed by Josephine.

Bonaparte's first words were; "I will not have him put to death." Murat started and looked upon him, for a moment, with the utmost surprise depicted on his countenance. He then in a low tone announced that the fatal mandate had been already carried into execution. The first consul turning dreadfully pale sank into his chair, and covering his face with his hands remained for some time plunged into a profound meditation. At length the entrance of some persons caused him to start up, they were generals, who by the conternation so visibly depicted upon their countenances, clearly showed how deeply they censured the political conduct of their leader, and, above all, their horror at the base assassination which had that night been consummated. Caulincourt, who had been kept in ignorance of the facts, now came to enquire into the truth of some vague reports that had reached him. Bonaparte himself in a few words related what had passed. "Shot!" exclaimed Caulincourt, and falling to the ground in a swoon, he remained for a considerable time in a state of utter unconsciousness. Upon his recovering he is said to have upbraided Bonaparte in the bitterest terms, for having given him any part to perform in the fatal tragedy.

The conspiracy of Pichegru, Moreau, the Polignacs, and George Cadoudal is too well known to require any mention being made of it in this memoir. These several attempts, however, to overthrow the power of Bonaparte, only served to consolidate it, and to give new impetus to his advance towards that goal, to which his ambitious views had ever tended. He accordingly succeeded in getting himself proclaimed emperor of the French, and king of Italy, on the 18th of May, 1804, and was crowned with the empress on the 2d of December following.

Had Josephine been ambitious she was now at the very climax of her wishes—she was empress—queen: the words of the oracle were fulfilled. It was not, however, with the brightest anticipations that she saw Napoleon prepare for the great ceremony that was, as it were, to legitimate his assumption of the regal dignity. Nor was it without some secret misgivings that she heard him continually declare that it would far surpass the coronation of the French kings in splendor, and that he would send for Pius VII., as France contained not a prelate worthy of placing the imperial diadem upon his head. As the eventful day drew nigh, Josephine's terrors increased, so much so that she fell into a state of melancholy languor that distressed as well as surprised him. When, on the morning of the coronation, Napoleon questioned her upon the cause of what he termed an ill-timed dejection, her answer was not well calculated to allay his displeasure. "I had flattered myself," she said, "that my husband would, in this instance, have surpassed himself;—but—the illusion is vanished, this day destroys my hopes." Her disordered imagination even led her to believe that the apparition of the murdered Louis XVI. was constantly floating before her eyes, casting upon her, ever and anon, she said "looks of mingled pity and reproach. And it is firmly believed, that had not Napoleon extracted a solemn promise from her, no human power could have induced her on that day to have entered the church of Notre Dame.

* Through Josephine's intercessions, and those of the Duchess de Polignac, that lady's husband was saved from the guillotine. Cadoudal and others were beheaded. Pichegru was found dead in his bed, strangled, it was thought, by order of the first consul; some, however, assert that Bonaparte was a stranger to this crime, and that Pichegru put an end to himself. Moreau was exiled to America; the history of this brave general, mortally wounded at the battle of Dresden, is well known.
After the emperor had been anointed, and that he had snatched the crown from the hands of his holiness, pope Pius VII., and placed it himself upon his head, he proceeded with his own hands to crown the empress. As he placed the glittering emblem of the imperial dignity upon her brow, he observed her eyes bedewed with tears: "What," he whispered in a low and agitated tone, "what! Josephine's tears flow! She, alone, on this ever memorable day, seems a stranger to the happiness of him whom alone she should love." His eyes sparkled, and his frowning brow gave his countenance a singular expression of harshness. At this moment Duroc approached, and whispered a word or two in his ear: "'Tis well, very well," said the emperor, half aloud, and with these words his countenance brightened, and he cast a look of ineffable tenderness upon his wife, who answered it by one of those sweet expressive smiles that he so well knew came direct from her heart.

Josephine had now a difficult card to play. It was Napoleon's express desire that she should keep up the dignity of her exalted station, while, at the same time, her own grateful and affectionate heart forbade her looking coldly upon those friends, whose kindness, and, in many instances, generosity, had soothed her in her days of adversity. Tallien and his amiable wife were of this number. No sooner did Bonaparte see himself raised to the consular dignity, than he told Josephine that her intimacy with Madame Tallien was no longer agreeable to him, and hinted that he wished her excluded on the days of public reception. The two ladies continued, notwithstanding, to see each other frequently; but the mysterious manner in which these visits were conducted was a perpetual source of annoyance to Madame Bonaparte, who was not ignorant that a constant system of espionnage was kept up at the palace, Duroc, the grand marshal, having instructions to lay a written report, nightly, before Bonaparte, by which means he became acquainted with the most trivial occurrences that had taken place in the course of the previous twenty-four hours. Irksome as Josephine must have found these regulations of her suspicious husband, complaint never passed her lips. She, however, expostulated with him on the affair of the Talliens, so that, until he became emperor, she still ventured to receive her old friend. Napoleon was, nevertheless, determined to put an end to the intimacy; and when absent from her with the army, he wrote her the following letter, dated Berlin:

"My love,—I received your letter, and am glad to find the place you are in pleases you, and above all to know that you are in good health. Who should be happier than you! You should not give way to disquietude, but should pass your time as agreeably as you possibly can. That is my wish. I forbid you to see Madame Tallien * under any pretext whatsoever. I will listen to no excuse. If you wish to please me and to retain your hold upon my esteem, never transgress the present command. I know she visits you at night, goes secretly to your apartment: give orders to your porter not to admit her.

I shall shortly be at Malmaison, I give you notice, so that arriving at night I may not find lovers: I should be sorry to disturb them. Farewell, my love, I long to see you, and to assure you of my tender affection.

Napoleon."

It is not difficult to perceive that the excellent Josephine had been calumniated to her husband. She was perfectly aware that she had enemies, and, strange to say, for the most part they were members of the imperial family. Joseph Bonaparte could not bear the empress; Lucien, also, disliked her, and, in concert with Murat, was the first to whisper the word 'divorce' in the ear of Napoleon. As to Madame Murat (Caroline Bonaparte), she did not even think it necessary to preserve an appearance of amity with her sister-in-law, but took the greatest delight possible on every occasion of humbling her. It was not, then, surprising that the otherwise forgiving Josephine should be provoked into an occasional retort, so that a perpetual warfare was kept up between the two.

Madame Letitia was also a great source of vexation to her daughter in law: no wonder, their characters being so essentially different; the one, remarkable for her unostentatious generosity; the other, for her extreme parsimony. Madame Letitia highly disapproved of the luxury displayed at the court of her son, and commented

* Madame Tallien was at this time princesse de Chimay.
loudly upon what she termed Josephine's extravagance. "She will ruin him, she will ruin him," she was wont to say to her daughters when she could prevail upon them to listen to her complaints, "there are no bounds to her extravagance, only look at their dinners, every thing to induce people to eat! Why does she not follow my example, and go down to her kitchens and see herself into all the minute details of her expenses; how often have I told her, aye and my son, too, how to economize, and they will not listen to me; well, my son will see if she does not ruin him." In these and similar invectives, the old lady, who could have written a treatise upon practical economy, was often heard to indulge. Madame Letitia, was herself in the daily habit of visiting her kitchens, when her cooks, scullions, &c. were subjected to a pretty close inspection. Nothing in fact escaped her prying examination: "do not fail to serve plenty of vegetables at all the tables," she would say to them, "nothing so wholesome as vegetables, they are such excellent purifiers of the blood, every person should eat them. And mind, very few entrées, they come very expensive, besides, they only serve to provoke the appetite, without satisfying it, and encourage people to eat too much." This lady was as parsimonious in every other department, as in that of the table. Her style of dress resembled that of a young person of fifteen years of age. Her robes were all of muslin or lawn, she preferred white as there was no danger of its changing color, and she wore a wreath of flowers on her head on great occasions. She had been remarkably handsome and even at the period of which we speak her features still retained much of their former beauty. Napoleon, who by the way was a great adept in female attire, often censured his mother's style of dress, he found it too juvenile for her years, and too mean to appear in at his court. On one occasion he entreated his sisters Elisa and Pauline, to assist her in the purchase of some stuffs more conformable to her age and rank. After a great deal of persuasion, she was induced to go to a celebrated magasin, where, however, she found every thing too dear, protesting that she could not afford to pay such prices for her robes. Madame Bacchiocchi, however, insisted she must, and articles to the amount of one thousand crowns were selected. This dreadful extravagance threw the old lady into a fever that confined her to her chamber for ten days.

After the departure of her son Lucien, Madame Letitia went to reside in his hôtel. There she was required to keep up more state; but in her arrangements she was as penurious as ever. To her grooms of the chambers she only gave 1200 francs a year wages, and neither fed them nor the valets. She had three cooks, and allowed them each one apron and one rubber per diem; and one towel between the three. She retained a water carrier that she employed when living in the faubourg St. Honoré, because he furnished her with that liquid at the reasonable rate of five centimes (one sou and a quarter), instead of two sous the two pails, it was likewise in her bargain with him that he should draw two or three pails of water from the well, daily, to wash the utensils, &c. She never provided food for her household, but merely gave them what was left at her table, the only person she undertook to feed, being an old femme de chambre whom she had brought from Corsica, and who had been with her thirty years. It sometimes happened that her two daughters Elisa and Pauline, when in a playful mood, would go to dine with their mother: on these occasions Madame Letitia would invariably have to send to the baker's for bread, the daily allowance of that necessary article of consumption being restricted at her house, to three small loaves of half a pound each, which served for herself and her femme de chambre. When Napoleon, at length, insisted upon her keeping up an establishment, suitable to her rank, the old waiting woman took up her station every day outside the dining room door, to watch the dishes as they went out, and such as happened to be untouched, or that could by any culinary process be made to serve again, she had instantly conveyed to a closet of which she kept the key, so as to make sure of them for the following days. Whenever any observation was made to her upon her extreme parsimony she would answer, "when I had a large family to maintain, and nine children to feed, I defrayed the expenses of my house with less than one hundred louis a year. Now I have my son Lucien to support, for he has no place, and he is a great expense to me. He cannot
afford to give a fortune to his girls, so I must do it: besides, it is always best to save
.where one can, we never know what is going to happen."

On his return after the disastrous Russian campaign, Napoleon was informed that
his mother had the immense sum of five millions of francs, concealed in a small box
behind a certain picture in her dining room. Being really in want of money, he
asked her, one day that she was at the Tuileries, to lend him a sum that he was
much in need of, which loan would oblige him materially. "Good heavens, sire,
how can you ask me for such a sum?" exclaimed the terrified old lady. "I am
told you have it and more," returned the emperor. "Well," exclaimed madame
Letitia, "it is wonderful to see how your majesty has been deceived, I have not a
single half crown, sire, beyond what is absolutely necessary for the expenses of my
house." "Ah!" said Napoleon, "it was a service I expected from you." "But
I assure you sire, I have nothing left, I sent it all to a friend of ours—Lucien is a
great expense to me." "Well, well, mother, say no more about it," returned the
emperor, immediately changing the conversation. The old lady thought she had
escaped; but Napoleon knew he had been rightly informed and, accordingly, a few
days after he went incognito to his mother and told her he was come to dine en
famille with her. As soon as he rose from table, he walked round the room as if to
examine the pictures, and stopping before the identical one, turned to madame Le-
titia; "Mother," he said, "I would be greatly obliged by your giving me this
painting." "Willingly, my son," said the old lady, "I will send it to the Tuil-
eries." Without speaking, Napoleon pulled the bell. "Take down that picture,"
said he as soon as the servant appeared. Madame Letitia here interfered, she would
send it to him the next morning—that very night—nothing would do, the emperor
must he obeyed. The picture was taken down, and the box containing the treasure
exhibited to his view. This Napoleon seized upon: "Take them both to my
carriage," said he and wishing his mother a hasty "good night," he followed the
attendant, leaving the frugal old lady perfectly astounded with surprise and dismay.

Notwithstanding these peculiarities of character, madame Letitia possessed some
sterling qualities. She delighted in rendering services, and readily undertook to
solicit the emperor's pardon in favor of any person who had either incurred his dis-
pleasure, or was placed in any unfortunate dilemma, on which occasions she would
exert herself to the best of her power, and where she was happy enough to succeed,
was overjoyed to impart her success to those who had applied to her, especially if
her negotiation had been in a case of life or death. Her daughter Elisa (madame
Bacchiocchi) next to Napoleon was counted one of the most talented of her family.
She was grand duchess of Lucca and Piombino; but the duchess of Guastalla,
Pauline, was her favorite sister. She was first married to general Leclerc, and, after-
wards, to prince Camille Borghese. The exquisite beauty of this lady is well
known: nothing could be seen or imagined that approached nearer to perfection
than she did in face and in form. At this present day the most fashionable ' presse
papier' that can be presented to a lady is the model of the hand of the princess
Pauline. Her external beauty was unfortunately, almost the only qualification she
possessed. Totally uneducated, her conversation was as insipid as it was tiresome.
Dress, being the only topic which she could discuss. With the conduct and morals
of the princess Borghese we have nothing to do, we merely speak of her as a sister
of the greatest man of the age. Ignorant and vulgar as she was in her language and
manners, even Napoleon was completely subdued by her incomparable beauty. She
succeeded in gaining a most wonderful ascendency over his mind, notwithstanding
that he was frequently shocked at the numerous instances of her misconduct which
continually reached his ears: "what!" exclaimed the princess Pauline, when she
first heard the project of the divorce with Josephine alluded to—"what prevents our
doing as the Ptolemy's did, why do we not go and reign in Egypt, for I'd divorce
too, and then I would marry my brother?"

She disliked her first husband general Leclerc, exceedingly; he had fallen in love
with her beauty and spoiled her by his too great submission to her whims. At the
time of their marriage the Bonaparte family were poor, and the match was considered
an excellent one for her. At the period of the expedition to Saint Domingo, Bona-
parte (then first consul) confided the command of the troops to general Leclerc, and insisted that Pauline should go out with him. "I would be happy to serve France again," said Leclerc, in reply to his brother in law who had just announced his intentions, "I would be happy to serve France, but, general, a most sacred duty prevents my accepting the offer." "I knew it," said Bonaparte, "it is your love for Paulette,* but she shall go out, it will do her good, the air of Paris is bad for her, see what a coquette she becomes, she shall go with you, so that's settled." "Oh! certainly," observed Leclerc, I should grieve at being separated from my wife, but that is not sufficient cause to induce me to refuse an honorable command, I would leave Pauline under the care of her family, who love and cherish her, my fears would not be on her account, but on that of my own poor sister, whom I should leave unprotected and alone, for a length of time, perhaps for ever. She is young, and handsome, her education is not yet complete. I cannot give her a fortune how then can I leave her? my brothers even are not here. No, general, I must remain, I cannot do otherwise, I leave it to your own heart to decide—you, so devoted as you are to your own family cannot advise it. "Certainly not," answered the first consul. "But you must marry her to some one, marry her at once, to-morrow, suppose, and then you are free to go out." "But"—responded Leclerc, "I told you I have no fortune to give her, and—"And where am I?" returned Bonaparte. "Go, go my dear Leclerc, and get on quickly with your preparations. Your sister shall be married to-morrow, I do not yet exactly know to whom, but that matters not: she shall be married, and—well married!" "But"—pursued Leclerc, "you heard what I said, I think," interrupted Bonaparte, "I believe I spoke plainly, no observations then." General Leclerc accustomed like all the other generals under Bonaparte's command to look upon him as a master, who had been so short a time before their equal, bowed and quitted the room, without adding another word. A few moment's after general Davoust entered, he had come he said, to acquaint the first consul with his marriage fixed for the following morning, "with mademoiselle Leclerc?" said Bonaparte, "a very suitable match, I give you joy," "No, general, with madame——" mentioning the name of the lady to whom he was engaged. "To mademoiselle Leclerc," interrupted Bonaparte laying an emphasis upon the name. "I told you, I think, that I considered it a suitable match, and now I tell you it shall take place, immediately." "But, general, madame,—and I have long been attached to each other, and now that she is free, nothing will make me give her up." "Nothing," responded Bonaparte fixing his eagle eye upon the countenance of Davoust. "Nothing, except my will. You must set off instantly for St. Germain, go to madame Campan's and ask to see your intended, you will be presented to her by her brother, general Leclerc, à propos he is now at my wife's, and may as well accompany you, his sister mademoiselle Aimée Leclerc will be in Paris to-night. I recommend the Corbeille to you, I expect it to be handsome, as I shall give away the bride, and take upon myself the fortune and outfit, the marriage must be celebrated as soon as the forms required by law have been gone through, and it shall be my care to abridge them as much as possible: you hear what I say"—continued Bonaparte, "I must be obeyed." This long speech was uttered quickly and concluded in that tone which when assumed by the first consul, every person knew admitted not of a denial. He now rang the bell, and ordered general Leclere to be sent for. As soon as he appeared: "Well," said Bonaparte, to him, was I in the wrong to say your sister would be married directly—here is her future husband? Go off at once to St. Germain, and let me not see either of your faces, again, until everything is arranged, I detest all discussions upon motives of interest," and he turned upon his heel. The two generals, both equally astonished, prepared to obey. Davoust remarkable for his rough unpolished manners was even awed, and prepared to submit with the best grace he could. Arrived at madame Campan's he was introduced to his bride elect, who, though a lovely and amiable girl, failed to please him; the interview, as may be imagined, was an unpleasant one for all parties: that night mademoiselle Leclerc was removed to Paris,

* Thus Napoleon often called his sister.
and the marriage was celebrated a day or two afterwards. For some years, this mariage forcé proved an unhappy one: the charming young wife had much to suffer from the continual reproaches of her husband, who always regretted his widow; all her sufferings, however, could not alter the angelic sweetness of her disposition; she was unwearied in her attentions to her uncouth husband, and her children became her only solace. At length Davoust was even forced to admire the innate goodness of his wife, and regretted the harshness with which he had hitherto treated a woman who had gained the esteem of all who knew her. His subsequent kindness made amends for his previous neglect and the prince and princess of Eckmuhl became as happy a couple as any within the pale of mortality.

The following anecdote illustrative of the character of Pauline Bonaparte, is recorded of her. Although the hôtel she inhabited in Paris was one of the most considerable of the capital, it was not sufficiently extensive to please its mistress, who having ascertained that the apartments in the adjoining house were upon the same plan of construction as her own, decided upon purchasing that one and adding it to hers. She accordingly despatched an emissary to the proprietor, offering a large sum (indeed, infinitely more than its value) for the house. The owner, a man of property to whom money was no temptation, politely declined the proposal. The princess now offered to rent the first floor from him, but this overture was also negatived; and thus the negotiations were dropped. Spring being near at hand, and the princess Pauline knowing that at that season her uncomplying neighbour was in the habit of removing to one of his country estates, appeared to have totally forgotten the circumstance. At length the owner of the coveted mansion departed, and no sooner had he done so than the princess assembled a number of masons, builders, carpenters, and decorators, and set them at work, first to break a door-way in the wall that divided the first floors of the two houses, and next to clear the rooms, of which she had thus taken forcible possession, of their furniture, which was piled up on the stairs and landing; this being accomplished, the door-ways conducting to the other apartments of her neighbour’s house were walled up. It may be imagined that the house just seized upon, in this very unceremonious manner was wholly untenanted, but not so. The concierge (porter) had been left in charge of the dwelling, but of course his expostulations were not attended to. He wrote to his master, who, furious at the innovation, hastened back to town, where he found every thing in the situation that has been described, and upon one of the tables that had been thrust out of his drawing room, a card with the address of the princess’s lawyer. Of this card he did not condescend to take the least notice; but went from lawyer to lawyer, and from judge to judge to seek redress for his wrongs. The unanimous advice of all the persons he consulted was, to submit quietly, go to the princess’s man of business, and get the largest sum he could for the dwelling. This plan he thought it best to pursue; he called upon the person to whom he had been directed, who, instantly, placed a sum in his hands which he himself deemed far more than equivalent to the value of the house, and withdrew perfectly contented, after signing an act whereby he acknowledged the princess Pauline purchaser of his hôtel; and, perhaps, not a little pleased in the sequel, to be delivered from his close vicinity to such an enterprising neighbour.

The most amiable member of Bonaparte’s family was unquestionably thought to be Lucien. He was at least the only one amongst them that always preserved a sort of dignity and independence: excepting the principality of Canino, which it would have been difficult for him to have declined, although it in no way bound him to serve against his judgment and principles, he could scarcely be ranked as belonging to the family of the royal parens. Napoleon could never pardon his inflexibility; Lucien was not an instrument in his hands, as were his other brothers. In refusing the dazzling propositions made him by the emperor, he preserved a right to freedom of action for himself, and freedom of opinion towards Napoleon. Lucien Bonaparte contracted two marriages, both of which were, unfortunately, mésalliances: the history of his first match may not generally be known. At the period that Bonaparte was only general-in-chief of the army in Italy, he had succeeded in procuring a small but lucrative post for his brother Lucien. Banished to the seat of his employ-
ment, a small town in one of the provinces, Lucien’s time at first hung heavy upon his hands. His affinity, however, to the successful hero who was already making a noise in the world, together with his assiduity in matters of business, and his facility of public speaking, now gained a reputation for him amongst the inhabitants of the little town. He was in the habit of taking his meals at a small inn, kept by a person of the name of Boyer. As is generally the case with innkeepers, ‘mine host’ had a pretty daughter, who in a very short time conceived a very favorable opinion of their young customer. To this decided preference over her hitherto rustic admirers, Lucien gratefully responded, and his assiduities soon had the effect of distancing all former pretenders to the heart and hand of the fair damsel, ‘mine host’ now considered himself in duty bound to enquire into particulars, and demanded what were Lucien’s intentions respecting his daughter. Upon the declaration of the young man that they were honorable, both father and daughter evinced the greatest satisfaction. Several months now passed rapidly away, not, however, without the subject being frequently renewed by the wary parent; during this period Lucien had distinguished himself as the chief orator of the popular society: still no immediate marriage was talked of, and both father and daughter began to have serious fears that such a talented husband and son-in-law would never fall to their lot. One night, however, that our orator had concluded a most brilliant speech embracing the advantages to be derived from virtuous conduct, and purity of morals, the happiness of the marriage state and universal equality, the applause of the assembly became almost deafening. A member requested leave to address them in his turn, which being granted, a second claimed the same privilege: the speaker was none other than père Boyer, who addressed, if not all the assembly, at least one member of it, in these words:—

‘Citoyen. Thou hast spoken like an angel, but to prove the truth of thy words, show that thou art convinced of it thyself; begin then by becoming my son-in-law at once, for thou hast just said that all men are equal, and my daughter has received thy promises—’ the good man paused to take breath, whilst Lucien, taken unawares by so singular an apostrophe, interrupted the speech by publicly and solemnly protesting that he was ready and willing to fulfill his engagements; and the marriage took place a very short time after this strange scene.

During many years this union proved a most happy one, and the inn-keeper’s daughter made Lucien Bonaparte the happy father of two fair girls: Charlotte and Amelia. At length, however, the wife perceived a change in her husband’s tenderness, possessing as she did the most acute sensibility of heart, she was unable to support his coldness and infidelity. Distress of mind threw her into a rapid decline which put an end both to life and suffering in the course of a few short months.

This loss affected Lucien Bonaparte far more than could possibly have been imagined; he was at this time minister of the interior, and had just concluded the purchase of the park of Plessis-Chamant. To this spot he had the remains of his wife conveyed, and a monument every way responsive of his grief and fortune erected to her memory, and, thither he was wont frequently to repair for the purpose of indulging in his sorrow.

In after years Napoleon projected a marriage between his niece Charlotte, and the prince of the Asturias, but without deigning to consult her father. When this scheme became known to Lucien he got into a furious passion: “No,” wrote he to the emperor, “no, I will never consent to sacrifice my children to your politics. God alone knows what may be your designs upon Ferdinand, but I know that you have done too much against that unfortunate prince to permit of his ever becoming my son-in-law.” The effect produced upon the impetuous Napoleon on the reception of such a letter may be more easily imagined than described. He, however, pardoned Lucien’s violence, and then turned his thoughts towards the grand duke of Wurtzborg, whom he was persuaded would be proud of the alliance with made-moiselle Charlotte; but the young lady, having seen the grand duke, herself, de-

* At the period of the revolution when all men were acknowledged to be equal, the custom was to address each other in the second person singular.
clined the offer and wrote a long and most childish epistle to her father, wherein she stated her repugnance to the husband selected for her. This was sufficient for the hot-headed Lucien, who, again, wrote to his brother, declining the honor of the alliance, and demanding to have his daughter instantly sent back to him. "Restore her to me," said he, at the conclusion of his letter, "restore her to me, or braving my proscription and your orders, I will go myself to seek her, into your very palace of the Tuileries." It was now Napoleon's turn to be offended, and he was deeply. "Let her begone!" burst from the emperor, "let her quit Paris in the course of four-and-twenty hours, and never let me hear her named again!" This peremptory order was obeyed. Lucien apprised of the return of his daughter, went twenty leagues of her journey to meet her. "My child," he cried, pressing her in a transport of joy to his paternal bosom, "my dearest child, I committed a great error, but you are restored to me, the evil is repaired."

These anecdotes of Lucien Bonaparte cannot but shew him in the light of an honorable man, a kind husband and a doting father. We grieve to say that his second marriage was far inferior to that with the inn keeper's daughter, it is too disgraceful in fact to permit of our entering into its details. The only circumstance with which we had to reproach him, was the having been the first to propose a divorce* between his brother and the kind-hearted Josephine. "You must part from the empress Josephine; a princess of the blood of the Caesars must have the glory of giving heirs to the great Napoleon. From that moment his dynasty will be established for ever!" These were the words over which Napoleon pondered long before he could summon resolution to put them into execution.

But we have wandered away from our immediate subject, wandered away from the tender-hearted Josephine. To resume then:—We have now to refer to a calamity of a domestic nature, that materially influenced the future destinies of the empress. We have already mentioned Napoleon's views with respect to the infant son of his brother Louis and Hortense de Beauharnais. Alas! those views were frustrated by the heavy hand of death! The young prince, the idol of his adopted father died of the croup in Holland, in 1807, in the fifth year of his age. This interesting boy, upon whose head Napoleon had decided the crown should descend, had already displayed that extraordinary precocity of intellect, so frequently with children the fore-runner of early death. Napoleon Bonaparte had passed a decree by which it was enacted that the title of emperor and the imperial dignity should descend in his family from male to male by right of primogeniture. Having no son of his own the emperor reserved to himself the power of adopting the sons or grandsons of his brothers, in which case, these, his adopted sons, would become his immediate heirs to the throne in direct line of succession from himself. The death of this boy was a cruel stroke for the emperor, who gave way to the most intense grief; never, in fact, was he seen, before or after, in such a state of profound affliction as upon this occasion. The sorrow of Josephine, poor, tender Josephine! was also most heart-rending. The tears that she wept at the loss of her little grandchild were but the forerunners of those which she afterwards shed upon her own account, for, from the death of this boy she had to date the sorrows that ended but with her life.

The emperor had taken the greatest delight in watching the movements and actions of this boy. "He will resemble me in character," he would often exclaim; (the child already bore the strongest likeness to the emperor that it was possible to conceive,) "he is worthy of succeeding me—who knows but he may, even, surpass me!" And he would join in his infantine sports, and play at soldiers with him, making him go through the exercise, and then he would listen with delight, as the child imitated upon his little drum, with astonishing accuracy, the various beats that he was in the habit of hearing continually, and which he had already learned to distinguish. This quickness of perception gave his uncle the greatest hopes that his

* Some say the idea originated with Madame Letitia; Fouché was the first person out of his own family, who ventured to touch upon this delicate subject, to Napoleon. He proposed it in a confidential memorial, addressed to the Emperor, but which was widely distributed.
fond anticipations would be one day realized. Thus did the great Napoleon, upon whom hung the fate of nations, pass many an hour upon the terrace of Saint Cloud!

It was a great source of pleasure to Josephine, as new year's day drew near, to visit all the most celebrated toy shops of the capital, for the purpose of making a selection for her grand-children. This great matter being accomplished she would next proceed to the packing, and she has actually been known to stand by, for the space of three or four hours at a time, to superintend that important part of the business.

One new year's day, that the little Napoleon was in Holland with his father and mother, the contents of his immense case, just arrived from grand-mamma, were laid before him. Having thrown a mere cursory glance over the tables laden with toys of every description, the little prince, without making a single observation, quietly returned to his chair in the window, and, in a few moments, his whole attention seemed absorbed by something that was passing in the park. Surprised at a carelessness so rarely displayed by her child, the queen of Holland drew near to ascertain what it was that seemed to engross the attention of her boy. Nothing, however, was to be seen, except the long dreary avenue leading to the palace, and which from the late heavy rains was laid nearly under water. Hortense, half vexed at seeing her mother's presents thus disregarded, enquired if he felt no gratitude towards his grand mamma, for having sent him so many pretty things. "Oh! yes, I do mamma," answered the little prince, "but this does not surprise me, for I am accustomed to grand mamma's kindness." "Then all these beautiful toys do not please you?" returned his mother. "Yes, mamma, they do—but—" "But, what?" enquired the queen. "There is something else that I desire above all." "Tell me what it is my sweet boy, and I promise that you shall have it?" "Oh! no mamma, you would not—" and he shook his little head, despondingly. Hortense was quite puzzled. "It is money to give to the poor?" she said after a moment's reflection, thinking she had divined the grand secret; "No, papa gave me money this morning, and I have distributed it, already, it is——" and he paused again. "Well, say it," said his mother, "you know how well I love you, so you must be certain that I will not refuse to humour you this first day of the new year, say, therefore, my precious child, what shall I do to please you?" The little boy now took courage, and looking up smilingly into his mother's face, "It is mamma," said he, "that you would allow me to go and play in that beautiful mud, in the avenue, nothing in the world would amuse me so much as that."

To the great dissatisfaction of the little Napoleon this whim was not complied with, and the young prince passed the greater part of the long wished for new year's day in tears, declaring that he never could be happy unless he was permitted, like other little boys, to run about in the mud and the rain.

From the moment the fatal disease, that so prematurely carried off this adored child, first seized him, every remedy within the power or knowledge of man was resorted to, though in vain. Death had marked him for his own, and a very few hours of suffering sufficed to snap the thread of his young existence. The grief of the bereaved mother was, at once, heart-rending and awful to behold. No prayers, no entreaties, could induce her to quit the chamber of death. Determined to remain, she had entwined her arms in those of the chair in which she sat, with so much strength, that, unable to disengage them, otherwise than by main force, her attendants were compelled to remove her, chair and all. Her sufferings were dreadful, her grief being of that frightful nature that is denied the relief of tears. For the space of several hours queen Hortense, remained in a complete state of insensibility, immovable, pale as death, her eyes fixed, a slight and difficult breathing being all that announced that life had not fled. The most serious alarms were conceived for her safety, and every possible means of consolation was resorted to. All was in vain. Hers was a grief seemingly beyond the power of mitigation and her speedy dissolution was looked forward to by her medical attendants as its certain result. As a last expedient, the chamberlain recollecting an experiment he had seen successfully tried on a similar occasion, brought in the body of her dead child, and laid it across her knees. The unhappy mother thus suddenly restored to an acute sense of her cruel
bereavement, uttered a piercing shriek, and, seizing the beloved remains, pressed them a thousand and a thousand times to her maternal bosom, whilst a deluge of scalding tears fell upon the inanimate face of her lovely boy who a few short hours before, blessed with life, and health, and spirits, had so joyously returned her caresses. In as brief space as the journey could be accomplished, the tender Josephine was by the side of her beloved Hortense, whom, to her inexpressible grief, she found nearly reduced to a state of mental alienation. Time, however, that seldom failing healer of the human heart, together with the affectionate cares and consolations of her excellent mother, succeeded in alleviating her distress; and, by degrees, she was at length brought to a comparative state of cheerfulness and resignation to the divine will. But it was long, long, before she was completely restored, if ever the vacancy left by the death of the little Napoleon was filled up in her heart. Her devoted affection for her second son Louis is, however, well known. But it was decreed that the wedded life of Hortense de Beauharnais was to be one of trial: her unhappy conjugal differences, with her husband, the death of her darling child, and the hair-brained conduct of her second son,* to which may certainly be added her sufferings on her mother’s account, all contributed at least to shorten the length of her valuable existence. It was the death of the little prince that decided the divorce between Napoleon and the empress. We have already said that the step had been suggested to him long before but it was this lamentable event which finally decided him. One of Napoleon’s first remarks, after the severity of the sudden shock had a little subsided, was: “This is most unfortunate for Josephine, for the greatest expectations were placed upon the head of that boy.” A remark which clearly proved that the scheme had already found a responsive echo in his own heart.

The matter was eagerly discussed between the members of his own family, who, without a single dissenting voice pronounced for the divorce. At this period Josephine was totally ignorant of these debates upon a measure that was to hurl her from the pinnacle of her greatness, and, we may add, happiness, for she was happy, notwithstanding the passing clouds which so continually obscured the sunshine of her days. She was dotingly attached to Napoleon, who undoubtedly loved her, and had the highest possible opinion of her good sense. Thus it was that her days glided by in that calm security which seemed to defy even the changes and chances of fortune: occupied, as was her wont, in acts of charity and benevolence, in rendering services, in soothing the afflicted, in watching over her husband’s interests, in conciliating the persons whom, through the natural brusquerie of his character he had offended; in sounding the opinions of those by whom she was surrounded, in order to turn such opinions to his advantage, such were the engagements of this angelic woman, whom, Napoleon, in the madness of his ambition, had the folly, the ingratitude to cast off. True, he did not do it in a moment of irritation, nor was he actuated by passion for another object. No, it was to give an heir to the throne of France, it was to perpetuate a dynasty to which Providence had allotted but a few short years of duration; long, did he pause, hesitate, ere he finally adopted this rigorous measure. The inflexibility of his political opinions at length prevailed, and he thought himself forced to remove the crown from the head upon which it had been placed by his own hand. But how to acquaint Josephine with this cruel determination? The empress had begun to conceive some suspicions of Napoleon’s intentions, some vague rumours were afloat which caused her a good deal of uneasiness, still the emperor had never, even in the most remote degree, alluded to the possibility of such an event. This reflection somewhat soothed her, and she awaited in trembling anxiety the return of Napoleon from Germany to set her fears at rest for ever.

* It may not be amiss here to remark that Napoleon never seemed to have formed the idea even of making the present Prince Louis Bonaparte, his successor. All his hopes were centered in his eldest little nephew, and adopted son. The event of his divorce with Josephine, and his marriage with Marie Louise, prove the truth of our remark. Once that Josephine heard him allude to the succession of the little Napoleon, she asked him what he proposed doing for the young prince Louis: “Oh!” said the Emperor, “my crown descends to Napoleon, and as to the other, I mean to establish him sovereign of the East; his kingdom will be composed of Upper and Lower Egypt. And who knows,” added he, “but that it may be reserved to my family to build a modern Athens, upon the ruins of the ancient Grecian empire!”
Unwillingly do we pass over many of the remarkable occurrences of this most interesting period of the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte yet our limits, unfortunately, compel us to do so. We, therefore, proceed at once to the events subsequent to the celebrated battle of Wagram, fought on the 6th of July, 1809, when Napoleon completely defeated the Austrian army and compelled the enemy to sue for peace.

On the 27th of October, a letter from marshal Duroc, dated from Munich, was received at Saint Cloud, containing the joyful intelligence of Napoleon’s return. The emperor was to arrive at Fontainebleau on the 30th of the month, and ordered that his own, as well as the empress’ household, should be in readiness to receive him there, on the evening of that day. Orders to this effect were immediately issued, and preparations forthwith commenced. It, however, most unfortunately happened upon this occasion, as previously in more than one instance, that the emperor’s impatience to reach Fontainebleau, caused him to travel with such amazing rapidity, that instead of arriving on the evening of the 30th, his carriage drove into the courtyard of the palace on the 29th at one o’clock p.m. The consequence of this unlucky contretemps was, that the palace, where he expected to have found a devoted wife, and brilliant cortège awaiting his return, presented but the chilling, desolate appearance of a long-deserted mansion, not even a solitary domestic was there to receive him, none but the humble concierge, who, hastily, stepped forward to perform the duties of his office.

This apparent negligence, as may be imagined, threw him into an exceedingly ill-humour. The only persons with Napoleon, were Duroc, who travelled with him, and the courier, who immediately preceded him; the latter he did not suffer to alight, but dispatched him, without a moment’s loss of time, to Saint Cloud to announce his arrival. Here was a most untoward event. None were absolutely to blame, yet all were more or less in fault, and himself in some respects to blame for coming so much before the appointed time. The departures of the household from Saint Cloud were fixed for the 29th, and rather late in the day, as it was not supposed they would be wanted before the evening of the 30th. Napoleon, however, gave himself no time to reflect upon the causes of the delay, but, while away the tedious moments, proceeded, with no very good grace it is true, to visit a suite of new state apartments that had lately been constructed, furnished, and decorated for the sole purpose of giving employment to the manufacturing and working classes of Lyons and Paris. The emperor, followed by Duroc, surveyed the splendid suite of rooms over and over again, occasionally exclaiming that he was dying with hunger, and consulting his watch every few minutes. At length five o’clock struck, and, at the same moment, the carriages containing the pages drove into the court; these were followed, in less than half an hour, by the emperor’s valets and some other attendants. No sooner did the emperor perceive these last, than he was by the carriage door in an instant, “And Josephine?” he exclaimed hastily, putting in his head. “Sire,” answered the first valet de chambre, though quite at random, “the empress will be here in the course of ten minutes, perhaps, even, her majesty may arrive sooner.” “Fortunately,” uttered Napoleon, in a sharp key, and without adding another word, audibly, at least, returned to his apartments, gesticulating and muttering to himself words of seemingly great import that were wholly unintelligible. At length, at a quarter before six, the empress drove up. Contrary to his usual custom, Napoleon did not go to receive his wife, but remained seated in the library, deeply intent, to all appearance, upon a book he held in his hand. Josephine, who had been seeking him through the whole apartments, now entered the library. “Ah, ah! so there you are madame!” said the emperor, without rising or giving her time to apologize, “at last! well, by my faith, I think it is time for you. I was just going to start for Saint Cloud.”

Poor Josephine, altogether dreadfully annoyed at the circumstance, and cruelly mortified at such a reception, after so long an absence, tried to excuse herself, and, in a faltering voice, which in vain she essayed to render steady, answered: “But it is your fault Bonaparte, you sent us word you would not arrive before to-morrow,

* When Josephine spoke of Napoleon to any third person. She invariably gave him his title.
and here you are, already; tell me, how did you come?" "It is always I, who am in the wrong Madame," retorted the Emperor, not deigning, at first, to notice her question: "Always my fault—I came as I usually do—you had better make enquiries of Duroe—besides I thought I had given you notice, a week ago—but 'tis always the same thing."

Reproaches like these, to which the Empress was so little accustomed, quickly brought tears into her eyes. The Emperor, pursuing in the same strain without any regard for the sensitive feelings which he had scarcely ever before—put to so rude a test, wounded Josephine to the very heart; who, stung to the very quick, in her turn, let a few sharp words escape her: word now followed word, and reproach followed reproach, until, for the first time the word divorce,—was pronounced by the Emperor. Josephine uttered a shriek, that seemed to rive her very soul in twain: whilst, half fainting and gasping for breath, she threw herself upon her knees, and with uplifted hands, and nearly inarticulate sounds, besought him to unsay the dreadful word! "Oh! no, no," sobbed the unhappy creature. "Say no—Bonaparte!—dearest—Great God—can it be possible?—No—Bonaparte, no!"

Napoleon, now seeing the unfortunate Empress, gasping and choking at his feet, perceived, at length, that he had gone rather, too far. Grieved, and vexed with himself, for having thus given way to anger, he softened his voice and raising the Empress from the floor: "Well, no, no," said he kindly. "No, never! come," and he drew her gently towards him. A sad smile passed over the lips of Josephine, who, however, spoke not. "Come, 'tis time," said the Emperor, pressing both her hands in his, "'tis true, that I am ill tempered, to-day; but let us think no more of it, forgive me, and another time be more exact, there, kiss me!" And he embraced her, tenderly.

But the fatal word had been pronounced, the dreaded fiat had gone forth, the downfall of Josephine had been decided. This delay of a few hours, the consequent reproaches, the scene we have endeavored to describe, the reconciliation, even; all, all in a word was a fatality that hung over her. From that moment the least clear-sighted observer would have said, that ere three months had elapsed the Emperor's marriage would be annulled.

The Empress, by this time had dried her tears, and after promising to "think no more of it," had retired to dress for dinner, saying she would be back in a quarter of an hour. Accordingly, at half-past seven, she made her appearance in the library, where Napoleon was engaged with M. M. de Montalivet and Decrès, who had just arrived from Paris, whether they had been sent for. Poor Josephine, who had summoned her most smiling looks, so that no trace of the late cruel scene should remain, exclaimed, in that soft clear silvery tone for which she was so remarkable and which never failed to find its way to the hearer's heart:—"Well, you see I have not been long." "Hum! Hum!" returned Napoleon, at the same time examining a little time-piece, affixed to one end of his desk,—but turning quickly towards the Empress and gazing at her for a moment, he looked pleased and added, with an approving smile:—"At least I have not lost by the delay—you look so divinely—is it not true, gentlemen?" he said, addressing the two ministers. Both bowed assent.

Josephine was delighted at these praises. She had always been noted for her exquisite taste in dress; and, on this occasion, her anxiety to please was so great, that she surpassed herself. Whilst we are upon this subject, we may as well add, that, let the fashion be what it might, the empress Josephine, could never be induced to put on any article of dress that was either ugly or unbecoming. The colors she wore were perfectly adjusted to her complexion, and the make of her dresses such as to set off to the best advantage, the elegance of her shape. What appeared an unstudied morning dress, for she loved simplicity in her attire, was what became her best. She was likewise most particular, that her toilet should always look fresh and new.

"The Emperor says—the emperor orders," &c. But when in conversation with him she never called him otherwise than "Bonaparte," the name under which he had first captivated her heart: speaking of her, Napoleon, generally said, "the empress," unless in familiar conversation when he used the words, "my wife"—or "Josephine." In addressing her it was always this latter; unless in days of grand ceremony, or after altercation, when it was always "madame."
Napoleon could not bear a faded dress, nor one that had the appearance of having been much worn, so that if hers by any chance got creased, she was sure to change it directly. A considerable time was spent by her, daily, in her dressing-room in deciding upon her dinner costume; and she has been often known to change, when fully attired, because she might be looking paler, and such and such a dress was not calculated to set her off to advantage. By this means she almost wholly concealed the approaches of age. She had, in fact, preserved herself so well, that by looking at her, (even upon close inspection) no person would have guessed her age. She was by no means remarkable for perfection of feature; but her eyes and hair were beautiful, the latter of a light brown shade, and her eyes dark blue, large, and shaded by long silken lashes that gave them the most extraordinary softness. The goodness of her heart was indelibly stamped upon her countenance, and hers was a goodness, not alone confined to man, but extended to everything around her. A suffering animal would find compassion in the breast of Josephine, and if she saw but one of her flowers droop, she would tend and nurse and water it, 'till its bright blossoms once more renewed, would recompense her for the fostering care.

On the present occasion Josephine wore a polonaise or tunic of rich white satin, trimmed all round with swansdown; it was a dress that became her, particularly, and upon her head, a sort of diadem composed of blue flowers intermixed with silver wheat, forming a beautiful contrast to the color of her hair.

Dinner being announced, Napoleon gave his hand to the empress to conduct her to the dining room. "Excuse me, gentlemen, said he, to the ministers, "I will return to you in five minutes." Upon a considerate observation from Josephine, that, perhaps, they had not dined, the emperor hastened to invite them. They were not, however, much the better for this attention, for in less than ten minutes Napoleon had finished his dinner, and risen from table. Their excellencies were obliged to follow, as matter of course, and having remained another hour in consultation with the emperor, they set off for Paris where, though in the middle of the night, they were at length enabled to dine. As to the empress, on that day she scarcely tasted a morsel of food, but she was in the usual habit of either dining before Napoleon, or returning to the dinner table after he had quit it.

There was a reception on that evening at the palace of Fontainebleau, and never did Josephine exert herself so much to please. Not the slightest trace remained upon her calm benignant countenance, of the dreadful scene that had so lately taken place; to have forgotten it, she could not, but the last words of her adored husband still rang in her ears. "No, never, let us think no more about it," and she resolved to forget it, as the emperor himself seemed to have done, for he certainly appeared that night to greater advantage than usual. He was cheerful, amiable, and condescending. Spoke to every lady present, gave each of them news from the army: there was not one in the saloon that had not a husband, a brother or a son in the late campaign. In short he seemed desirous to please, and he fully succeeded. On that night, Josephine laid her head upon her pillow, without a single misgiving of the misery in store for her, declaring, as her attendant quitted the chamber, that the emperor had been charming with every body, but more particularly with herself.

The next day an accumulation of visitors arrived at Fontainebleau; amongst them Napoleon's sister, the princess Pauline, the queen of Holland and prince Eugene, who had been named viceroy of Italy. As may be imagined the unexpected presence of the two latter personages was hailed with transports of joy by their tender mother, who did not at first perceive the depression that hung so heavily over the minds of both. As to Pauline, she never appeared so gay and so light hearted; she scarcely took the slightest notice of the empress; and, actually, whilst she remained at the palace had parties in her private apartments nearly every evening, from which Josephine was, as it were, excluded, for they never commenced until her majesty had retired to rest. Napoleon frequently attended these reunions, his dear Paulette having made a point of his being there he could not refuse.

It was Napoleon's original intention, from the moment he decided upon the divorce, to make the first communication to Josephine himself; he thought he could do it more delicately than any other person, and that without much difficulty he
would bring her to consent to the measure, especially as he proposed descanting largely upon its necessity. The unforeseen circumstance, however, of her non-arrival at Fontainebleau, until some hours after himself, completely changed his plans. Without giving himself time for a moment's reflection, he construed the delay into a want of attention on the part of his wife. As we have seen, the fatal word was spoken in a moment of uncontrrollable irritation, and then, as if to make things worse, the unhappy Josephine was told to think no more of it! This additional cruelty was by no means intended by Napoleon: the truth was, that the dreadful anguish displayed by Josephine, together with the sight of those tears which never failed to reach his heart, totally unfastened him for the completion of his painful task. He then consoled her, as we have seen, and decided upon giving to another the ungrateful office of acquainting her with his unchanged determination; and whom so fit to be entrusted with this sad commission as her own children? Eugene! Hortense!—To them then he wrote, with orders to join him immediately at Fontainebleau. This summons was quickly answered, and before their mother knew of their arrival they had had a long and confidential interview with the emperor.

Poor Josephine was not long before she poured into their friendly bosoms the tale of her sad fears and sufferings; but she concluded by assuring them that her fears were nearly at rest. It was now their duty not to flatter these false hopes, and they both declared themselves doubtful of so happy an issue. In short, without precisely acquainting her with the very worst, they found means to instil into her mind those apprehensions, that depriving her of the security she had just expressed, would, at least, help to mitigate the fearful intensity of the stroke, whenever it came.

The persons that were eye-witnesses to the cruel facts we are relating, all concur in expressing the heart-felt sorrow they experienced on behalf of their most excellent and most unfortunate sovereign. That close congeniality, that intercourse of hearts, and minds, that had so long subsisted between the Emperor and Josephine, was all destroyed: they met without the slightest interchange of sentiments. Napoleon was grave, silent, and evidently pained; the dread of being left alone a moment with the empress, seemed continually to haunt him. Josephine, on her part, seemed fearful to address him, and if she did, it was in a tone scarcely raised above a whisper. Her eyes, those speaking eyes, the emblem of her soul, were mostly downcast and filled with tears; or if, for one moment, they were fixed on his face, and encountered those that had once looked upon her with love, they were instantly withdrawn. But this painful state of things could not last. Josephine, notwithstanding her conviction, that all was at an end, still nourished a slight hope which however she tried to conceal in the inmost recesses of her bosom. She never had the opportunity of entering into conversation with one of the ministers, or any other high dignitary of the empire, that she did not try by some indirect questions to ascertain what they knew of the business; but these persons, unable or unwilling to satisfy her, only returned evasive answers to her queries, leaving her in the same state of uncertainty as before. At length Napoleon summoned all his resolution, and decided upon putting an end to the affair at once. He, therefore, commissioned queen Hortense to prepare the empress, by degrees, for all that was to follow.

The king of Saxony arrived in Paris, on the 13th of November; Napoleon and the empress quitted Fontainebleau, on the following day to take up their winter residence as usual at the Tuileries, where the presence of that excellent monarch frequently broke in upon a tête-à-tête that could not occasionally be avoided between them. But it was visible that Napoleon's embarrassment increased in proportion to the disquietude and preoccupation of the empress. The unhappy Josephine had lost all hope, and was now summoning up resolution to meet the bitter stroke with firmness. They dined alone on the 28th and 29th of November. A visible alteration for the worse had taken place in the appearance of Josephine; the meal passed off both days in absolute silence; their majesties did not remain at table more than ten minutes. On Thursday the 30th, the storm burst upon her devoted head. They again dined tête-à-tête. Napoleon was gloomy and silent, and, the empress, whose tears fell fast, wore a large white bonnet, evidently to conceal her

[C—January, 1841.]
features. They had not been seated more than seven or eight minutes, when the emperor enquired of M. de Bausset, who was in attendance, what sort of weather it was, and, at the same time, he rose from the table, Josephine slowly following into the next room, (called the emperor's saloon). A page now entered with coffee. Napoleon who had hitherto always received the cup from the hand of Josephine, took it off the salver himself, and having hastily swallowed its contents, signed to de Bausset and the page, to leave them. They instantly retired, when M. de B — , judging from the emperor's countenance that something unpleasant was about to happen, threw himself into a chair that chanced to be near the door of the emperor's saloon. There he sat for some time, ruminating upon the sad drama that was about to be enacted so close to him, compassionating in his heart, the unhappy empress, when, suddenly, his whole attention was arrested by most violent shrieks and cries, which he knew to proceed from the empress Josephine. The groom of the chambers, who was seated at the other extremity of the table, got up, and rushing to the door, laid his hand upon the lock; fortunately, de Bausset was in time to stop him. Meanwhile the cries and screams increased to a frightful degree, and de B — had some trouble in preventing the groom of the chambers from going into the room to offer his assistance, to his unfortunate mistress ; at that instant the door opened, and the emperor putting out his head: called, "Come in Bausset, and shut the door," he did as he was bid, and, cruelly, shocked he was, at the scene before him. There, upon the carpet, lay the wretched Josephine, her members agonized and distorted by the most frightful convulsions, uttering cries and shrieks, and moans, at once so piercing, and so plaintive, that it would have torn the most obdurate heart to have listened to them. "No, I shall never survive it!" And then, she would lie still, and motionless, as though life and feeling were extinct, till the next moment her cries would re-commence, more vehement, more heart-rending than ever.

The emperor was dreadfully agitated: "Are you strong enough," he inquired, at length, of de Bausset, "to lift Josephine, and carry her to her chamber, by the private stair-case that leads hence to her apartment, so that she may receive the assistance her situation requires?"

De Bausset raised the unhappy empress, slightly, at first; then, assisted by Napoleon, lifted her entirely in his arms. The emperor snatched a taper from the table, and, opening the door, lighted him down a long dark passage conducting to the stair-case already mentioned. Arrived at the first stair, and about to make a false step, de B—— observed to the emperor that the stair-case was so narrow, it would be impossible for him to descend without falling. No sooner did Napoleon hear these words, than he quickly opened a door upon that landing, and calling to an attendant, stationed day and night in a room close by, gave him the candle to hold, and lifting the empress' feet himself, they began to descend; the emperor walking backwards. At this juncture de Bausset's sword some how got entangled and they would have been precipitated from top to bottom had it not been for his presence of mind in requesting the emperor to pause. They both thought Josephine had fainted. De Bausset supported her round the waist with both arms, her back was towards him and her head reclined upon his right shoulder. At the instant that he saw himself in danger of falling, he clasped her more tightly to him, at the same time that he made an effort to recover his footing. Josephine hereupon uttered a low moan, and said gently, "You hurt me, you hold me too tight." It was the first token she gave that she had not lost consciousness. Happily, they descended in perfect safety, and deposited their precious charge upon an ottoman in her sleeping apartment. Napoleon instantly ran to the bell and pulled it violently; three or four of the empress' female attendants now rushed into the room, terrified at the loud and unusual ringing. Napoleon then passed into a little saloon contiguous to Josephine's chamber whither M. de Bausset followed.

The emperor was pale as death, his countenance bore evident tokens of the intensity of his feelings, his agitation was beyond control; for several minutes he could not

* The particulars of this scene are taken from a work written by that gentleman.
articulate a word, and, when, at length, he spoke, it was in broken sentences, interrupted between every few words by his trying to regain breath. In his trouble of mind, for he scarcely knew what he said or did, he gave de Bausset a sufficient insight into the momentous affair which then occupied his thoughts, to account for the dreadful state in which he had seen the ill-fated empress: "The interests of France——" he ejaculated, "demand—that I should perpetuate my dynasty—and deeply as it wounds my heart—a divorce has become—a rigorous duty——I am the more afflicted—at the effect it produced to-night—upon Josephine—for she must have known—these some days, from Hortense—the cruel obligation—that condemns me to part from her—from my very soul I pity her—but I expected to have found more firmness—I was not prepared for such an outbreak of her grief——", and he paused, the violence of his feelings preventing him from articulating, and his eyes were filled with tears. The whole of this dreadful scene had not occupied a space of more than eight or ten minutes. Napoleon instantly despatched messengers for his physician Corvisart, queen Hortense, Cambacérès, and Fouché; before he returned to his apartment, he went back to see Josephine, and found the poor sufferer more calm and more resigned. M. de Bausset adds that on his return to the room, occupied by the pages and grooms of the chamber, in order to avoid being questioned he stated that the empress had been seized with a violent fit of hystéric, and that his assistance had been required to remove her to her chamber. He also says that although the emperor had not given the slightest hint of who the princess was whom he had destined to fill the place of the excellent Josephine, he had not the smallest doubt, from the observations he had been enabled to make during the late negotiations of Schönbrunn, that the decision was already made in favor of an Austrian archduchess. At the period of the divorce the empress Josephine had attained her forty-sixth year.

Josephine's destiny was again changed, and she resolved to submit to her cruel fate without a murmur. Never, indeed, at any period of her life did she display more true dignity and greatness of mind than upon this trying occasion. The weakness she displayed upon hearing her final doom from the lips of Napoleon, was the last she ever exhibited. As a highly talented writer has so justly remarked, "She descended from the throne, but she did not fall from it." There was nothing degrading, nothing humiliating in the repudiation of the empress Josephine. By Napoleon it was deemed a necessity which compelled him to sacrifice everything to what he considered the grand political interests of France. On the part of Josephine it was a generous immolation to the good of the nation, and the will of the man upon whom she had always looked with respect and admiration, and whose word had ever been to her a law. Thus it was that the benedictions of the whole nation followed her to her retreat, and that at a subsequent period, the highest powers of Europe all concurred in rendering homage to the exalted virtues and the self-abdication displayed by the first wife of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The most interesting, also, of the decorations along the line of route, followed by the recent funeral procession of Napoleon's remains, (December, 1840,) was a colossal statue of the Empress Josephine, erected at the extremity of the bridge of Neuilly, on the road leading to the château de Malmaison, before which the train paused on passing, thus shewing the respect and esteem in which her virtues are held by the French nation.

From the moment the future destiny of the empress had been definitively announced to her by Napoleon, Josephine kept her own apartments, and did not again preside at the court where her place was filled by madame Letitia. She was, however, forced to appear twice in public, once at the church of Notre Dame, where a Te Deum was celebrated in honor of the peace that had been signed with Vienna: on which occasion, for the first time in her life, she did not occupy her seat in the carriage of Napoleon, but went and returned, attended only by her ladies, in one of her own. Her next and last appearance in her public character of empress of the French, was at the splendid fête given in celebration of the same event at the hôtel de Ville. On both occasions the emperor had sent her word that her presence was indispensable. It was not many days after these public rejoicings that the day was fixed for annulling their marriage.
Accordingly, on the 18th of December the counts Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely and Defermont delivered a message from the emperor to the senate, in which the project of the divorce was submitted for their deliberation. The project contained five articles.

1stly. The marriage between the emperor Napoleon and the empress Josephine is annulled.

2dly. The empress Josephine is to preserve her title of empress queen.

3dly. Her dowry is fixed at the annual sum of two* millions of francs from the Treasury.

4thly. All the settlements, present and future, made by the emperor in favor of the empress Josephine upon the funds of the civil list, shall be considered binding by his successors.

5thly. The present Senatus-Consulte (imperial decree) shall be transmitted by message to her majesty the empress queen.

The count Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, in an appropriate speech, stated that it was by mutual consent that the emperor and empress had decided upon this great and noble sacrifice to the interests of France, and that the project now only awaited their sanction.

Prince Eugene de Beauharnais† next addressed them, and after gratefully acknowledging all the benefits his family had received from the emperor, who had acted the part of a father to himself and sister, concluded by saying, that however deeply his mother would feel the separation, she was proud and happy to be enabled to testify her devotion to the will of the emperor, and the sincere interest she felt in the welfare of France.

The day after this message to the senate was appointed for those proceedings which were to be performed by the parties themselves. Accordingly, the high chancellor of France, together with all the other grand dignitaries and officers of the crown, assembled, on the afternoon of that day, in the state apartments of the Tuileries; the members of the imperial family being also present. Upon the entrance of the emperor, the debate instantly began, and at the moment fixed upon, which was about one hour after, the folding-doors were thrown open and the "empress" announced. Poor Josephine! she was supported, on one side, by her son, and Hortense at the other. She seemed dreadfully exhausted by her sufferings, and walked with the utmost difficulty. The faces of both ladies were in some measure concealed by large white satin bonnets, but the pale face and red swollen eyelids of the empress were visible to all. The proceedings were continued as soon as Josephine was seated. The emperor now began to read the act which was to separate them forever, but his voice trembled, and his emotion was so overpowering, as to oblige him to make a long pause between each sentence. As soon as he had concluded, it became Josephine's turn. With difficulty she rose half way from her seat, but quickly fell again into her chair. She did not, however, faint, but by a violent effort, summoning up a courage which seemed almost supernatural to the by-standers, she rose again with the assistance of her son and daughter, who were forced to hold her up, and commenced in her turn, to read the fatal paper she held in her trembling hands, and upon which her tears poured fast. But the words that she pronounced were unintelligible; her voice trembled and was suffocated with tears and sobs. This dreadful trial was too much for the heart of Josephine, she had scarcely pronounced the last word of the cruel act, when the paper dropped from her hands, and, fainting, she fell into the arms of her son: she was then placed, gently, in her chair, where, after some time, the remedies resorted to by the queen of Holland had the effect of restoring her, alas! to misery. During this time Napoleon, to all appearance, suffered martyrdom; he durst not publicly approach her, but his

* It appears that M. Hilaire, from whom we have taken these particulars, was mistaken. Madame Arvillian, and some others, asserting that Napoleon settled three millions annually upon Josephine, which a letter of the Emperor's further corroborates.

† The son of Josephine and the Viscount de Beauharnais. When about to be united to the amiable daughter of the King of Bavaria, it is well known that Napoleon adopted him for the purpose of equalizing his rank to that of the princess of Bavaria. This happy marriage was a source of consolation to the Empress in her own misfortunes.
agitation and uneasiness were manifested in every possible manner. For a single instant his eyes never quitted the form of her, who had been so long associated with his destinies, who had loved him so devotedly, who had been, as it were, his guardian-angel, not only in preserving him from evil, but in dissuading him from many an act of tyranny, that would have drawn maledictions upon his head.

During the whole of this trying scene, a pin might have been heard to fall, so general was the consternation, so deep the attention. Josephine at length recovered sufficiently to permit the remainder of the ceremonies required by law to be gone through.

The chancellor’s secretary then proceeded to the reading of the article from the Code relative to the subject of ‘divorce.’ The high chancellor himself, next stood up, in order to make the application of the article to the present case, which being concluded, he declared the marriage of the emperor Napoleon with the empress Josephine to be annulled.

The formalities of this great separation being thus gone through, Josephine proceeded to take a formal and public leave of the emperor, after which both their majesties retired separately to their private apartments, which they did not quit again that day.

It had been previously arranged that Napoleon as well as the empress would quit Paris on the following day, the one to pass a few days at the Trianon at Versailles, the other to proceed to her future home at Malmaison!

From an early hour on the morning of the fatal day that Josephine was to quit the dwelling of her husband for ever, the way leading to the empress’ apartments, was uneasiness thronged with visitors come to offer condolence to their beloved, and unhappy sovereign, and many a heavy heart was amongst them. A number of her own ladies prayed for permission to follow her in her retreat: and, in no one instance was a dry eye seen to take leave of her who had been a friend to all. The carriages that were to convey the empress and her suite to Malmaison were ordered for two o’clock, and, as Josephine entered hers, she perceived the emperor attended by his staff, passing to the Place du Carrousel to review some troops. This sight affected her, deeply, still she preserved an outward semblance of fortitude, but it was long, very long, before she recovered any real degree of calmness.

A few days after Josephine had taken up her abode at Malmaison, she was agreeably surprised one morning at the reception of a note from the emperor, inviting her to go and dine with him at the Trianon. As may be imagined, she joyfully accepted it, and as it was to be a tête à tête, she took with her only a single female attendant. That night upon her return to Malmaison, she appeared more reconciled to her lot and more cheerful than she had been for several previous months. With regard to Napoleon he was, evidently, for some time, quite miserable without Josephine. Willingly would he have gone daily to have visited her, but his position forbade it, he therefore passed his time in writing to her, in sending to enquire the state of her health and in seeking to anticipate all her wishes. Every thing that he thought would amuse and please her, every thing that he imagined would serve to render her retirement less painful he bestowed upon her. His generosity had, in fact, no bounds. Knowing her excessive fondness for the cultivation of flowers, he sent her the sum of one hundred thousand francs to be expended in enlarging her green houses and hot houses, and in encreasring her splendid collection of exotics. He recollected her having once expressed a wish to purchase a farm called Boispréau, contiguous to the château of Malmaison: he now accorded her two hundred thousand francs for that purchase, and at the same time advanced her one million of francs upon the three she was to receive, annually, for the purpose of paying off some debts that he heard she had contracted. He, also, presented her with a sum amounting to no less than six hundred thousand francs, which he had left in a desk at Malmaison, to be expended in the purchase of plate and linen. He sometimes visited her, but certainly not so frequently as he would have wished, on account of the jealousy displayed on these occasions by Marie Louise. After his second marriage his visits, always announced beforehand, were attended with a far greater

* His letters to the Empress after the divorce always commenced with “My dear Josephine,” or “Mon Amie.”
degree of ceremony and restraint than those he made her previously; on these occasions he was always accompanied by two of the great officers of his household. The moment the emperor's carriage came in sight of the house, Josephine made it a rule to go out of doors to meet him. This avoided a vast deal of etiquette and ceremony that could not but have been painful to both. On alighting from his carriage he took the empress by the hand, but never embraced her. He then offered his arm, and they took a walk round the plantations, sometimes seating themselves on a mossy bank under the shelter of some spreading tree, but always taking care to keep in sight of the windows. Their conversation could not be over-heard, and upon these occasions it was thought that Napoleon, often submitted to the excellent judgment of his former partner, some of those gigantic plans, which ultimately proved his downfall. That of subduing Russia, Josephine predicted, from the first, would be his ruin; and how truly were her words verified. During these visits the gentlemen who accompanied the emperor remained in the saloon, with the ladies of honor, until they saw the signal for departure. Josephine always re-conducted Napoleon to his carriage, and did not enter the house until he had driven away. Economy was frequently the subject of their conversation: during these little promenades, the emperor always endeavored to impress upon her mind, the necessity of a certain degree of economy. He was aware of her unbounded prodigality: it was certainly a great fault, but the only one that could be discerned in her character. The following letter written after their separation shows how anxious he was in this respect:

"My dear Josephine,

Put order in your affairs, do not spend more than 1,500,000 francs a year, and lay aside as much more, this will give you a sum of 15,000,000 in ten years, for your grand-children: how delightful to be able to do something useful for them. Instead of this, they tell me you have debts: that would be very naughty. See to your affairs yourself, and do not get imposed upon. If you wish to please me, let me find you put by a large purse. Only think what a bad opinion it would give me of you to know you were in debt with 3,000,000 a year."

As may be imagined, all these attentions on the part of the emperor were deeply appreciated by Josephine, who, had it not been for Napoleon's second marriage, would in time, perhaps, have been consoled, but that event widened the chasm that lay between them, to such an extent, that it was impossible for her to forget for one moment what she had been and what she, then, was.

But there was still another formality to be gone through. We have already stated that Josephine's marriage to Napoleon had been only a civil contract; it has, however, been said, that at the time of the marriage of one of Josephine's nieces, which took place at night in the chapel of the Tuileries, her marriage with the emperor received the sanction of the church, but, only, in the presence of her son and daughter, and one, or, at most, two other persons. The reason for this privacy, seems to be the empress' unwillingness to admit of the length of time that intervened between the actual period of her union with Napoleon, and the celebration of the religious rite. Be that as it may, and we can neither vouch for its truth, nor prove it false, but in order to convince the world that the ceremony had taken place, it was necessary to show that that marriage was likewise annulled. Accordingly Napoleon and Josephine presented a request to the officiabilité (or doctor's commons) of Paris, by whom the divorce was confirmed on the 12th of January 1810.

As the time approached for Napoleon's second marriage, Josephine's uneasiness became daily more apparent. At length the day was fixed, and the unhappy empress saw the necessity for removing to a still greater distance from the scene of her rival's triumph. As she was resolving this affair in her mind, she received an intimation from the emperor, that, her absence, at that moment, would be desirable, at the same time bestowing upon her the domain of Navarre, which in the reign of Louis XIV had belonged to the princes of the house of Bouillon. The château is, perhaps, the most beautifully situated of any in France, it had fallen a good deal to decay, but Napoleon was to have it put in order, and furnished in a style, worthy the sovereign, about to become its mistress. It turned out, however, that between the preparations for the arrival and marriage of the new empress, and the anxiety
to remove Josephine, both repairs and furniture had been forgotten. The feelings, then, of the forsaken empress, on her arrival at the château of Navarre, which took place on the very day Marie-Louise entered Paris, may be imagined, when we say that the mansion was in a perfect state of dilapidation, with scarcely a tenable room in it! Will it be believed,—but we need not ask—we know it will—that this angelic woman, this model of every virtue, public as well as private, never uttered a single murmur; never a complaint passed her lips, and still she suffered! Oh! what despair was at her heart—it was, then, the sacrifice appeared to her in all its bitterness, then she felt that she was, indeed, neglected. Her husband—for she still, in her heart, considered him such, was, then, occupied with another, a rival—a wife that had supplanted her—and then her children, her beloved Hottentse her excellent warm-hearted Eugene, the presence of both was required in Paris, both must do honor to the new idol. And she was alone! It was only those who had known her long and intimately that guessed what was passing in her heart, yet no outward demonstration of anger or even displeasure was visible in Josephine.

The empress Josephine only remained at Navarre until the termination of the fêtes given in honor of Napoleon’s nuptials with the arch-duchess of Austria: two or three letters passed between them, in one of which he announced to her, that it would give him pleasure to see her once more at Malmaison, to which she returned in the course of a few days. Immediately after this, she had the grief of seeing her daughter depart for Holland. It seemed to be fated that she was not to be happy. About the middle of the month of June, and shortly after the return of the empress from Navarre, she was recommended by Corvisart, the physician, in whom Napoleon was known to have had much confidence, to proceed to the waters of Aix; there a few days before her departure the emperor paid her a long visit, it was his first, since his marriage; and, although she told her ladies that he had never been more amiable with her, still it left an impression of sadness on her mind that was not easily effaced. The empress remained nearly five months absent, having visited Switzerland &c. During the whole time she preserved her incognito, travelling under the name of the countess d’Alberg. On her return she proceeded to her château of Navarre, which, by this time, presented a different appearance, to what it did at her first visit. The empress remained at her estate until the end of the month of March. There it was that she received the first tidings of the birth of the king of Rome, in a letter written by Napoleon himself, and which contained the following words:

“My dear Josephine,
I have a Son —— I am at the very summit of happiness.”

The kind-hearted empress expressed the most lively satisfaction at the pleasure this event gave her. She read the letter over and over, testifying her gratitude to the emperor for having thought of her at such a moment. “Oh! yes,” she exclaimed “he is — he must be happy; and — I, too!” She added, as a tear started to her eye “I am happy — happy that the emperor is so — happy to see the wishes of the nation, at length, realized — yes, I now reap the fruits of my painful sacrifice, since it has insured the prosperity of France!” Thus too was every selfish thought banished from the heart of this most amiable woman. Thus did she truly rejoice in the happiness of him, who had not spared her to bring about this most desirable circumstance. The empress gave a splendid ball to the inhabitants of the town of Evreux, in celebration of the event that had filled all France with joy. Josephine now returned to Malmaison, where she found various occupations and innocent amusements to beguile the tediousness of her days; for, unless Napoleon, or her children were present, she never could have been truly said to enjoy life, not even the brilliant sphere in which providence had placed her, could at any time have made amends to her, for the absence of those beings in whom her very heart and soul were content. At Malmaison, her loved retreat, she was once more in the midst of her birds and flowers, her menagerie — her plantations were all to be visited. In short at no period of her life could Josephine have been so happy. Free mistress of her actions, she could at length indulge in those amusements and employ-
ments that were most congenial to her heart and mind. Naturally of a lively disposition she delighted in society; large dinner parties took place constantly at her château, regular concerts were also established for one evening in the week; when all the talent of the metropolis was congregated in the saloons of Malmaison. Private plays were acted, and her ladies often had recourse to see one of the most fashionable amusements of that time viz: acting characters. Napoleon still occasionally visited her, to the annoyance indeed of the new empress, who was not a little jealous at his attentions to his former wife. In short, Josephine's most trivial wishes were instantly complied with by the emperor, even to that of sending the infant king of Rome to her in consequence of a desire she had expressed to see him. As may be imagined the sight of this child renewed all poor Josephine's grief. It was the only time she saw him. She lavished the tenderest caresses upon the beautiful boy, and said, that though the sight of him had vividly recalled the past to her imagination, still it had afforded her more pleasure than any thing (save the emperor's visits) since she had quitted the Tuileries.

It was with a heavy heart and gloomy forebodings that the empress Josephine saw Napoleon depart on the Russian campaign. She never entertained a good opinion of this step, and its fatal results proved the accuracy of her judgment. Never probably would Napoleon have been the great man he was but for his union with Josephine.

Immediately after his departure the empress set out for Milan; she had decided upon this step in consequence of the approaching confinement of her daughter-in-law, her son prince Eugene having been called to the army. Shortly after Josephine's return to Malmaison, her sinister predictions began to be realized. The great success that had hitherto crowned Napoleon's enterprises, seemed all at once to have forsaken him. The most disastrous accounts arrived from Moscow. Bulletin after bulletin was had with avidity by the empress, who vainly tried to conceal the anguish that devoured her. Her eyes were perpetually filled with tears, she lost her rest: in short, a visible change for the worse had taken place in her looks, as well as in her health. These bad accounts from the army were not the only causes of her grief. She had already perceived an alteration in the persons by whom she was surrounded. Those who were loudest in their protestations of devotion and fidelity, were the first to show themselves ready, with the slightest breeze to depart. Napoleon's star was no longer in the ascendant, and it was time to use precaution. Such were the thoughts that occupied the grand dignitaries of the empire, many of whom did not even take the trouble of concealing them from the empress. This was the state of things when, at the moment that the news of the emperor's death would scarcely have astonished them, a courier arrived in all haste at Malmaison to announce his arrival at the Tuileries!

Here was news that produced a mighty change. Every visage brightened, the careless grew attentive, those, even, who in their impatience to throw themselves at the feet of a new sovereign, had been already hinting, that the pressing urgency of their private affairs must cause them shortly to absent themselves from Malmaison. These suddenly forgot their own concerns, affected more admiration, more devotion and more enthusiasm than ever for the empress. The praises of Napoleon were to them, an inexhaustible theme, for they even found means to turn his late defeat into future advantages. But the blow was struck, Josephine's never failing judgment had taught her what she had really to expect from those flatterers!

The emperor made but a brief stay in Paris, already he had returned to the army which had been left under the command of prince Eugene, and the battles of Lutzen, Bautzen and Wustzen, were successively fought. The battle of Dresden was one of the most signal victories he had even gained; but next came the battle of Leipzig, which decided the fate of the great Napoleon. The events subsequent to this memorable battle, are too recent to require our pausing upon them. We return therefore to Josephine, whose despair had become frightful. Until now all the fatal consequences of her divorce had not been revealed to her, and she became inconsolable at the thought that the task of consoling her beloved Napoleon, was no longer hers. Beyond doubt, the premature decease of this most devoted wife may
be attributed to the emperor's misfortunes. Paris was now under siege, and who can paint the dismay—the horror—the dreadful anguish of the empress as the roaring of the cannon fell upon her ear, and all its concomitant horrors struck upon her heart! It had been decided, that until the empress Marie Louise and her son quitting the Tuileries, the empress Josephine should remain at Malmaison. Accordingly, upon the departure of the former, Josephine completed her preparations, and set off for her château of Navarre, carrying with her such of her valuables as were of a portable nature, her pearls and diamonds, of which she had a great number, having been sewed in a wadded petticoat for greater security: this she took about her person. It is scarcely necessary to say that the journey was a sad one; it had lasted two days, and, by the time the empress arrived, she was in a state of mental disquietude respecting the fate of Napoleon and her children. The whole of that night she never closed her eyes, and the next day saw her anxiety, if possible, increased. At length, a courier reached Navarre, he was the bearer of a letter from queen Hortense, it announced that the emperor, not being in Paris, was supposed to be at Fontainebleau. This news was corroborated by a person who arrived on the following day from Paris.

As soon as tranquillity was restored to the capital, Hortense, who had seen the allied sovereigns, wrote again to her mother, to induce her to return to Malmaison. The queen of Holland spoke in high terms of the reception she had received from all their majesties, and, most particularly, from the emperor Alexander, who had requested her to testify to the empress the great desire he felt to see her.

It was with the deepest anxiety painted upon every feature, that the empress listened to the details of all that had befallen Napoleon; and it was evident to every person who knew her, that, from the instant she heard of his exile to Elba, she never knew a happy moment. From that time it was that her health declined so rapidly! Can it be doubted, then, that the primary cause of her death took its rise in Napoleon's reverses.

Josephine was visited by all the sovereigns, assembled at Paris, at that momentous epoch. The emperor Alexander, especially, took every opportunity of testifying the admiration and respect that he felt for the empress' virtues. There was a delicacy in the conduct of this amiable monarch, that was most soothing to her heart. As may be supposed, the late events formed the usual topic of conversation, yet, frequently, as he discoursed upon these circumstances, in no one instance did he ever forget that he was speaking to her, who had once been the wife of his fallen enemy—no, notwithstanding that Napoleon had bestowed upon him the epithet of Barbarian of the North! Josephine, on her side, made no secret to the emperor of Russia, of the lively affection, and heart-felt interest she still possessed in the person and fortunes of Napoleon. She expressed her surprise that Marie Louise could have suffered herself to be restrained by secondary considerations from going to share the fallen fortunes of the man she professed to love so well. “Although I am no longer his wife,” said Josephine, sadly, “I would go, and join him to-morrow, were it not for the dread of causing disagreeables between him and the wife that he preferred to me. For, it is at this moment of all others, when I know him to be forsaken by nearly every one upon whom he relied, that it would give me the most unspeakable pleasure to be near him. By sharing, I would lighten the burden of his griefs, and by my presence aid him to support the tediousness of his exile. 'Till this moment—much as it has afflicted me, I knew not half the misery of this cruel divorce!'”

It now becomes our painful duty to record the closing scenes of the life of this estimable woman. The queen of Holland was residing at this period at her château of Saint Leu*, bestowed upon her by Napoleon at the time of her separation, and the emperor Alexander having expressed a wish to visit it, was invited to spend a day there, the following Monday being fixed upon. The empress, whose health was greatly impaired by her recent mental sufferings, at first declined her daughter's invitation, but, subsequently, yielded to her pressing solicitations. At an early hour, then, on the appointed morning, the empress, attended by only one or two

* Delightfully situated in the valley of Montmorency.

D—January, 1841.
of her ladies, set out to join the Russian Emperor at breakfast, at Saint Leu. Josephine did not appear so much fatigued, on her arrival, as might have been expected, but as she was then following a strict regimen, she declined partaking of the breakfast: so that, with the exception of an infusion of Tilleul* and orange flowers, she took nothing whatever that morning. The consequence was, that on her return from a drive in the park, whither she had accompanied the royal visitor, she found herself so ill, that she was forced to lie down. In about three hours, afterwards, she arose, and returned to the saloon, where she remained, until dinner was announced, when, retiring for the second time to her chamber, she persisted, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of her attendants, in going through the duties of the toilet. Once more, she made her appearance in the saloon, where, although she felt really ill at the time, she exerted herself to the utmost to do the honors, and make the visit pass agreeably to the monarch. This exertion did not then seem to injure the empress, but on the contrary to restore in some measure her wonted animation. Upon the departure of the illustrious stranger, her majesty retired to bed, and passed an excellent night. After breakfast on the following morning, Josephine, who appeared infinitely better, returned to Malmaison, and, for several days, although suffering more or less, she would not succumb. On the 10th of May the emperor Alexander dined with her, and, in the evening, having walked a short time with her in the gardens, she was taken so ill that she was obliged to be carried back to the house; she rallied again, however, until about the 20th, when she became seriously ill, at the same time that hopes were entertained of her recovery. The first bad symptom was an eruption, like that of a military fever, which appeared and disappeared again, as suddenly, in the course of twenty-four hours. Shivering fits and nausea accompanied by violent pain in the chest, next came on, and, on the night of the 26th, the empress first complained of sore throat. On the following day, the emperor of Russia, together with the king of Prussia and his sons, dined at Malmaison. It was on this occasion, it appears, that M. Horare, the empress' medical attendant endeavored to dissuade her majesty from quitting her bed, and, it is said, that for the first time in her life, the amiable Josephine answered, him, sharply: “you should know M. Horare,” said the empress, “that I cannot possibly do otherwise.” The suffering Josephine persevered, but no sooner was she dressed than, overcome by her excessive weakness, she fainted, and was obliged to be conveyed to her bed again. The queen of Holland, who had been at Malmaison since the first symptoms of her mother's disease, undertook to receive their majesties. On the 27th and 28th, the sore throat that the empress complained of began to assume an alarming appearance, and, on the evening of the 28th, mortification had commenced. The sufferings of Josephine, on this night, were most acute, on account of her difficulty in breathing, which increased to such an extent, that her majesty narrowly escaped suffocation more than once. On the morning of the 29th of May, at twelve o'clock, death put a period, at once to the life and trials of the beloved and deeply lamented empress Josephine: the disease that proved fatal being a putrid sore throat, or quinsy.

Six days after her decease, her body was interred in a vault, beneath one of the altars in the church of Rueil.†

Her son and daughter applied for permission to erect a tomb to the memory of their deceased mother, which permission was not granted until the year 1825.

This simple and elegant tribute to the memory of the best of mothers, and most devoted of wives, bears no pompous inscription. The renowned name of Josephine lives in the hearts of her subjects, and succeeding generations will be taught to bless her memory; for her virtues will be handed to posterity as forming the brightest contrast to that imperious glory by which Napoleon astonished the world.—

The words on the tomb are simply these—

To Josephine.

Eugene—Hortense.

* The blossoms of the lime tree.  
† Contiguous to Malmaison.
STANZAS TO THE OLD YEAR.

Farewell, old year! with thee I fain would linger,
Ere thou art lost in time's unfathomed sea:
Fain would I trace, with fancy's magic finger,
Some reminiscence bright and blest of thee.

Old year! thy spring tide was a time of joy,
And memory paints a brilliant gorgeous scene,
Which time may mellow, but can never destroy,
When England rose to greet her matron queen:

Then banners waved, and all was revelry—
Hymeneal wreaths adorned a glittering throne,
And Europe lent her flowers of chivalry
To grace the pageant as it journeyed on.

And, hark! the solemn organ loudly pealing,
While with the people's shouts the air is riven,
And then Victoria, at the altar kneeling,
With "humble voice" lifts up her heart to heaven.

A few short months, and then, thou changeful year!
Thy annals tell us of a funeral train
Of warriors, bending o'er a hero's bier,
And proudly bearing it across the main.

Vale of the Tomb! no more dost thou enclose
His dust, whose warlike spirit swept the world—
Whose soul departed, crushed by blighting thrones,
Of wild ambition from her eyrie hurled.

A few fair flowers, placed by affection's hand,†
Are all that there remains to tell of thee;
The pilgrim now must seek the sunny land
Of France, to worship at the cemetery.

Genius of war! how did thy spirit burn
To plant thy eagles on proud Acre's brow;
Her relics were not doomed to deck thy urn—
To England's standard only would she bow.

Marengo, Hohenlinden, Austerlitz,
Have stamped thee hero; but o'er Acre's shore
Thy warlike spirit discontented fits,
And moans responsive to the billows roar.

Thou fleeting year! once more to notes of gladness
My lyre I tune, for joy still rules the hour:
Though Nature wears a robe of Wintry sadness,
And withering blasts are felt in field and bower.

November! though thy clouds were dark and frowning,
A beauteous flower has come to cheer our clime:
A bud of promise, all our wishes crowning,
Long may it grace our land, unsnatched by time!

May He, that clothes the lily of the field,
Adorn thee, regal flower, with every grace!
May He, through life's rude storms, be still thy shield,
And near his throne of glory give thee place!  E. E. E.

* The valley where the ashes of Napoleon reposed is called "the Valley of the Tomb."
† Madame Bertrand planted flowers at the grave of Napoleon.
THE MARINER AND THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

*A Tale of the Sea Coast.*

**AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF POOR JACK.**

In the autumn of 1798, a farmer, named Barham, had a dispute with his laborers on his farm. He had offered a reduced rate of wages which they had refused to accept, and as he could not keep up to the terms they required, they simultaneously quitted their work: far from being of a sordid disposition, he had no desire of encreasing his private gains, but was compelled to act in this manner, in consequence of the depression of farming business in general. He did not, however, feel it necessary to state the real cause, consequently many of the men were led to attribute it to a different motive, and the present autumn did not promise to be sufficiently profitable to make up for the past years' losses. Collecting some poor people out of employ to do the work on terms which his usual laborers had refused, every thing appeared at first to go on smoothly, till a few evenings after the harvest had been got in, when he was suddenly aroused from his bed by a cry of fire, and, to his dismay, beheld his barn and stacks in a blaze: spite of all his exertions they were in a few hours utterly destroyed.

This was indeed a night of woe to him: he was reduced to beggary.

The morning broke upon the scene of devastation:—Barham stood in the midst, pale and motionless as a statue, his eyes bent on the ground, and his heart torn with anguish: frantically he exclaimed, "Ruined! ruined past redemption." His little daughter Esther seeing her father's agonized looks ran towards him, and taking his hand, and looking in his face, ejaculated, "Father, dear father, are you not well?" Barham started from his reverie, raised the child in his arms, and imprinted a kiss on her forehead, as the burning tear of agony burst forth to relieve his aching heart.

"Oh, my daughter!" exclaimed he, "what will become of you?"

"Dear father," replied she, "you will take care of me, now that my mother is dead."

"Aye, my child, but if I am unable to do so."

"Then I will take care of you," replied she, "when I am old enough to work in the field."

"Bless thee, bless thee girl!" responded the father.

Several of the neighbouring farmers now came to condole with Barham, because they had always considered him to be an opulent man, and readily proffered every assistance, as taking the charge of Esther, while he was enabled to arrange his affairs, and learn the extent of his losses. Too soon, however, these mercenary hollow friends discovered that his circumstances were but indifferent, and that this catastrophe was such as he could not surmount.

The tide changed with the flood of evil news, their friendly promises of future aid were all forgotten, and poor Esther turned adrift, to seek protection how and where she could.

Barham was so overcome at this cruel treatment, that he became thoughtful and abstracted, he would wander alone through the most unfrequented paths just as chance might direct him, and without the least regard to distance. Having strayed further than usual, the shades of evening fell quickly around him, and it was completely dark ere he observed to what a bye spot he had wandered. The sky was veiled by impenetrable clouds, and the rising wind gave token of a coming storm: he felt completely bewildered, he could distinctly hear the dash of waters; big drops of rain began to fall, the distant thunder pealed and gradually approached; a vivid flash of lightning revealed to him that he was close to an inlet of the sea; a second flash
displayed to him a small vessel close in shore. This called him to himself, and he recollected that he was full five miles from the miserable habitation in which he had resided since his farm had been destroyed. He therefore determined to return without loss of time, finding that the storm was increasing. He had not proceeded far, when a rough voice sounded close to him.

"What ship, ho!" Barham paused.
"You mistake—I am not a sailor," replied he.
"That voice!" exclaimed the stranger, "surely we have met before."
"Perhaps so," replied Barham.
"I thought I was right," continued the stranger; you are the person; it would be hard indeed if I could forget you."

What would you have from me?" enquired Barham. "Alas! I have nought to give. I am now but a houseless beggar."
"Don't say that," continued the stranger; "don't tell me that you have fallen into distress."
"Alas, it is too true," replied Barham, "I am completely ruined."
"I'm glad to hear it," replied the stranger.—Barham started in anger.
"That is to say, I am glad, because I shall have the satisfaction of rendering assistance, and partially repaying the obligation which I owe you."
"I am at a loss to understand you," ejaculated Barham.
"You shall soon understand me better," continued the stranger.—If you have forgotten me, I still remember you, and tho' its too dark to see your countenance, I know you by your speech. Your name is Barham, the kind, the humane farmer of West Point Creek."

"You know me then!" exclaimed Barham surprised.
"Yes," rejoined the stranger, "and I have good reason to do so." Have you forgotten the poor fellow that you discovered concealed in your barn about two years since whom you suspected to be a thief: but who told you he was only pursued by revenue officers, who wished to seize and prosecute him as a smuggler; have you forgotten also—when the myrmidons came and asked if they might search your premises, you allowed them to do so, but disguised me and set me to work amongst your labourers, by which means I escaped discovery;—have you forgotten when one of the labourers suspected me as the pursued person, and was about to give information, you prevented him, and bought his secrecy with gold;—if you have forgotten all this, I have not. At that time I had a heavy venture afloat, but my ship escaped, for my cunning mate suspected there was something amiss, so he weighed and got out to sea, before the officers could get on board; they attempted to pursue him; but he got the weather-gage of them and shook his mizen at them by way of a farewell. I was left on shore surrounded by enemies, hunted down by harpies of the law, but saved by your humane interference. You gave me ten pounds at parting, because I was penniless, and I have now come to repay it. Yonder lies my trim little vessel the Wasp, come on board and you shall have your money with good interest, and a hearty welcome into the bargain.

Barham was astounded. "What!" exclaimed he, "are you the fugitive Brian Gilbert?"

"The same," replied the stranger: "come, come, time wastes quickly—I don't altogether feel so safe on land, as on board my own little bark: leave this place, you have now no ties to bind you here."

"You mistake, I have one, but only one," exclaimed Barham, "and such an one that death alone shall snatch from me."

"Indeed," said Gilbert, "and what sort of a tie is that?"

"A daughter, an only daughter!" ejaculated Barham, "the only tie which binds me to this world. She was protected by some of my former friends, but when distress entered my door, their friendship soon vanished into air, and she, poor child, has now no other being to look up to but myself."

"Aye, that's the very way of the world," rejoined Gilbert. "When poverty comes in at the door, friendship flies out at the window. But it is too late to return to-night, and the rain is pouring fast—come on board and wait till the storm is
over, and, then, either myself or one of my men shall help you to bring your daughter on board; take my advice, quit this spot altogether, and try your fortunes elsewhere; it's of no use striving to get through the world with a yoke round your neck. Your late misfortune has plunged you into debt and difficulty, you are not safe here, of course you know that."

"Not safe!" exclaimed Barham. "Explain yourself, I do not understand you. What have I to fear? I am guilty of no crime."

"Yes," interrupted Gilbert, "poverty!—That is considered a crime among you landmen."

"And what have I to fear?" exclaimed Barham.

"The bailiffs," replied Gilbert, "Dont you know that there is a writ out against you for money due to your ground landlord?"

"Bailiffs, I could not suppose it possible," exclaimed Barham.

"It is not only possible, but true. So come away, every moment is unsafe," said Gilbert, as he seized his hand to draw him forward: "your child will be safe till you return; surely no one would have the heart to turn the poor girl out of doors such a night as this." Gilbert conveyed him to the beach and hurried him into his boat, which soon after reached the vessel.

Poor Esther who was left in the care of a neighbour, had been accustomed to be treated with marked kindness; but, as soon as it became known that Barham was a broken man, she quickly experienced a change; she became a burthen to the family, and they did not refrain from openly declaring that they wished Mr. Barham would fetch his daughter away as they had not sufficient room to accommodate her. Barham, however, not appearing, it was resolved upon, to send her home to him on the following day. Accordingly, Bennet the carrier, was commissioned to take charge of her, and convey her to her father's residence. When he arrived, he found the place vacant, the house closed and Barham absent. In this dilemma he knew not what was best to be done, and considered it a wiser plan to take her back again: but Esther would not hear of it, and begged the carrier to let her remain; she would wait, she said, at the door, until her father's return. Any thing she declared was preferable to going back again." The carrier seemed puzzled—"Really girl,"—said he—"to hear you talk, one would suppose you had met with ill usage."

"I do not say that," replied the girl. "I was treated well at first, and was always looked upon as a welcome companion for their children, I was treated as one of the family. But when they found that my father was not the rich man they had supposed; their conduct underwent a complete change. I could do nothing to please them; my former companions appeared to shun me, rather than receive me with their usually good humored smile; in short, I suddenly appeared to be a burthen on the family, and they seemed to be anxious to get rid of me."

"Umpf," said the carrier,—"that's rather awkward to be sure; and since you seem resolved not to return, why, I suppose I must leave you behind, so good by, my good girl." With these words, the carrier mounted his little van, and drove off. Esther paused;—she looked up at the mean dwelling which was now her father's only home; young, as she was, she had sensibility enough to feel the reverse of fortune which had fallen upon them. The memory of her departed mother now flashed across her mind. It was still day light, the church yard was not far distant; hither, she bent her steps. An humble stone marked her mother's grave; here she knelt and prayed—sad recollections filled her mind, the tears rolled down her youthful cheeks: at length, overcome with grief, she threw herself on the hallowed turf, weeping, bitterly. A man having the appearance of a mariner at length passed across the church yard, and being attracted by the girl's cries, approached, and raised her in his arms, and having partially recovered her, asked a few questions. She briefly related the events of the last hour: the mariner was moved by her forlorn situation.

"Well, my poor child," said he, "since you have no home, I will find you one; the world is wide, and Providence is good. Cheer up my good girl, cheer up: what, though you've run close under a lee-shore, you haven't foundered yet. Come with me, then, girl, dry up your tears: I will be your father until you find your own. 'Twould be hard indeed to see a trim little bark swamped by the breaking waters,
when throwing out only a stream cable would tow her out of danger. So come my
good girl I'll convey you safe to a welcome home.

Arthur Blunt (for that was the name of her new friend) took Esther home to his
dwelling, and, as he entered the door, his wife met him with her usual welcome of
"come Arthur all's ready; your prize is on the table, and your jug of ale by the
side of it; and as for your supper, that can be got ready, as soon as ever you please.
But whom have you here, Arthur! Where did you meet with that little girl?

"I will tell you all in a few minutes," replied Arthur. "Stir up the fire, pour
out a glass of ale, and listen to me." His wife quickly accomplished the task, and,
drawing the three legged stool close beside Arthur, listened attentively to his narra-
tive: "I had left farmer Ashton's house and was proceeding down the road, when
I recollected that there was a short cut across the fields, through the church yard,
I was just entering the wicket, when I thought I heard the sound of some young
person crying piteously; —I listened — all was still; — at length the moans were
repeated; I searched round about, when just by the side of a new made grave, I
discovered this little girl kneeling and weeping most bitterly; she told me of her
misfortunes, and finding that she was thrown upon the world without a friend,
without a home, poor little girl, the anguish of her heart spoke earnestly through
her eyes; that I felt it impossible to leave her in such distress; so, recollecting we
had lost our little daughter, it appeared to me as if providence had thrown this
little creature in our way, and I thought — "I know your thoughts." — interrupted
his wife "They were that if this child shewed a good disposition, you would receive
her, succour her and adopt her as your own. Arthur, Arthur, your heart is in the
right place, and be assured providence will never forsake you: she is a pretty little
soul, and if her disposition proves as mild and benign as her looks, you will not
have cause to repent your humanity. 'Come to me my little friend,' continued the
dame, as she beckoned Esther to approach: 'Come to me, and let me give you
something to refresh you; I dare say you are both hungry and fatigued.'

The dame judged, rightly, grief had so absorbed her young mind that she never
thought of food for the last twenty-four hours: forthwith, the good woman set some
provisions before her, and encouraged her to eat heartily.

A feeling of self approbation played around Arthur Blunt's heart, as he watched
his little portee, when he heard the drizzling rain beating against the windows,
and recollected that his hospitality had shielded the little wanderer from the pitiless
storm. And now Alice, said he, addressing his wife: "— Where shall our little friend
sleep?"

"Oh, leave that to me, replied Alice."—I'll make up a bed on the couch in
yonder corner, and I'll be bound she will lie both warm and comfortable."—"And
sleep soundly too, added Arthur, for she seems sadly tired."

The tender-hearted Alice busied herself about the bed—a spare pillow from their
own and a blanket, aided by Arthur's thick boat cloak, finished the preparations.
Arthur Blunt smoked out his pipe, quaffed off his ale, shook the hand of his little
portee, as he wished her good night, and, followed by Alice, was about to quit the
room, when the amiable little girl, seizing the hand of each, and dropping on her
knee between them, while her fall dark eyes were raised to Heaven, ejaculated,
"God bless my good, my humane preservers!" Amen, rejoined Arthur, as he
gently patted her on the head in token of approbation.

Esther, left alone, commended herself to the care of providence, and invoked a
blessing on her poor father; then, throwing herself on the couch, a sound sleep cast
a veil of temporary oblivion over her cares and her troubles.

As soon as Barham got on board the sloop, Gilbert took him down to his sloop,
and, opening a small chest, brought forth a small canvas bag, and counting out
twenty gold pieces on the table, said, "There's your money, friend." Barham
paused—"You are wrong," said he, "ten pieces are all that is due to me."

"I tell you twenty is what you are entitled to," replied Gilbert, as he forced them
into his hand. "Ten was the original sum, but ten more is due for the hire of it.
Look you friend; had it not been for your timely aid, I might have perished from
want, or have sought my fortune on the highway; but, thank Heaven, I have
escaped those alternatives, and, solely, by your means; so no more words, but take
the money. At this moment a hearty laugh was heard at the headmost part of the
sloop.

"Ah! my fellows are in a merry mood," observed Gilbert. "The jolly dogs are
in hopes of a profitable venture, we've run our cargo safe, and, to-morrow morning,
era break of day, we leave the British coast. Say, friend Barham, will you sail with
us, eh? A little money ventured brings a good round sum, provided we get safe
through the business," Barham paused—the question was an awkward one, and he
knew not how to reply. "Come," continued Gilbert, "let me introduce you to
my crew."

"Hold, hold!" exclaimed Barham. "You forgot the tie which binds me to the
shore—my child, my poor Esther. Would you have me desert her, and leave her
unprotected in an uncharitable world! No, Gilbert, no.

"Well, well," replied Gilbert, we'll go ashore and look for her, and bring her
aboard with us. Come, cheer up man, if dry land is too hot to hold you, there's
plenty of room on the rolling sea. There are no cursed bailiffs or land sharks to
worry you there; no, the mariner can pay his debts with a flying topsail when it
comes to the worst.—"Come, say you will return, and I'll introduce you to my
fellows." Gilbert waited for no reply, but seizing Barham by the arm conducted
him to another part of the vessel.

Here, in a dingy smoky cabin sat about a dozen rough looking fellows singing and
carousing; they were too busy about their various avocations to observe the entrance
of Gilbert or Barham. Four of the men were seated on small tubs playing at cards,
a rum cask serving them for a card table. Opposite to them sat a party drinking
and singing; around a rough hewn square table before them covered with bottles,
kegs, drinking horns, and tobacco pipes.

Joe Pipes, the mate, had just at that moment finished a song, and the merry
rogues were joining in boisterous chorus—

"Let winds blow foul and storms arise,
The smuggler boldly gains the prize."

"Bravo, bravo," cried Mat Martin, "let's have a toast after that good song."

Why then, I'll give you—

"May the man vot rums his cargo handy,
Never pay dooty (duty) for his brandy."

"Bravo, bravo," cried all, "hurra, hurra, hurra," and the toast was drunk with
glee.

"That's my trick, Jack Hawser," exclaimed one of the card players.

"It a'nt no such thing," exclaimed Jack, "I took it with my knife."

"You're a knave for saying so," reiterated Bob Growler, "And you're a fool re-
plied the other."

"I'm not such a fool," exclaimed Bob, "but I can take the con-
ceit out of you, if you dare stand across the chest with me."

"A fight! a fight!"

exclaimed the crew,—at this moment Gilbert darted forward.—"Silence!" ex-
exclaimed he, with a menacing frown, "is bedlam broken loose, or have you mixed
your grog so strong that it has stolen away your brains? So! a pretty set of
senseless fellows I am leagued with! You that ought to be so quiet, that we might
not excite observation from the excise sharks, are creating such a disturbance as will
probably awaken the attention of the authorities, who might pay us a visit on board,
which would ruin us all. Get to your hammocks, you noisy rabble, and sleep your-
\n
selves sober. Who keeps the watch to-night?"

"I and Bill Gibbons," replied a sturdy looking fellow. "That's well," said Gilbert, "you are generally steady to your
duty. Up on deck, then, and keep a good look out. I am going ashore on a
little business; two hands must accompany me in the boat—who volunteers?"

"I," said Joe Lynch, "and I," said Bob Grim. "Away then to the boat," cried Gilbert,

"and, d'ye mark me, fellows, the tide serves an hour before daybreak, and we must
drop down with it, and get to sea, without loss of time; is all ready?"

"All, all," cried the crew. "That's well, away then to your hammocks."
Gilbert was quickly on deck, they launched the boat and in a short time reached the shore. Gilbert and Barham landed, leaving the two men in the boat, who kept her afloat about a cable's length off the shore, and remained in waiting to take them on board as soon as they returned. Barham hastily bent his steps towards the place where his daughter had taken refuge, but all the information he could gain was, that she had been sent home by the carrier. Exasperated at the base conduct of his pretended friends, the disappointed Barham vented a curse on their inhumanity, and in a fit of desperation rushed towards his late dwelling, calling frantically for his daughter; but she was not there; there were others, however, to whom his presence was welcome. The bailiffs who were in possession of his farm had their emissaries abroad, and judging that his present dwelling would be the most likely spot to meet with him, they were prowling about, ready to pounce upon their prey. Hearing some one calling the daughter, they assured the father was in their clutches, and darted forward to make their capture; but, at this instant, Gilbert had reached the spot, and seizing Barham's cloak, tore it from him, throwing it over his own shoulders; they consequently seized him instead of Barham, who made off towards the shore where the boat awaited him. Gilbert finding himself in custody of two men, turned coolly round and said,—"Gentlemen, what are you about? you need not hold me so tight, what do you want with me?" "We want George Barham," said one of them, "and you're the man." "The d—I am," said Gilbert, laughing, "this is a piece of information which surprises me,—I never knew I was Mr. Barham the farmer, until this moment.

"Ah, that won't do with us," replied one of the men, "we are not to be put off with an idle excuse; but step over the way with us to Mr. Shark the lawyer, and, as he knows Mr. Barham personally, he will be able to tell us how to act. Gilbert willingly accompanied them, as the shortest way to get rid of his unwelcome companions, and anxious to be on board again. No sooner did he meet the gaze of Mr. Shark, than the eagle-eyed lawyer, exclaimed, "this is not Mr. Barham. This was an extinguisher to all the bailiff's hopes, and with cringing apologies to Gilbert for the mistake, they slunk out of the way, while Gilbert hastened down to the waterside, where he found Barham waiting his arrival. No sooner was Gilbert aboard than the boat pushed off, and he speedily arrived in safety alongside the Wasp. The tide was now at flood, and the preparations complete, the anchor was weighed, with the utmost silence, and in less than two hours she was safe out at sea. Here George Barham had leisure for reflection, he eyed the shore as it receded from his sight, a cold feeling seized his heart as he reflected that he was leaving his only child behind him, perhaps, never to behold her more. In vain did Gilbert endeavour to rouse him, and convince him that it was better to be free, than languish in a debtor's prison; Barham's thoughts were solely bent on the fate of his child, and he inwardly repented the hasty step he had taken; but it was now too late to retract; the breeze was off the land, and in one short hour more, that shore which bore all he held dear had faded from his sight.

The morning broke and the bright sun in all its glory shone brightly on the humble but picturesque cottage of Arthur the mariner. Esther was so overcome with fatigue that she had slept soundly during the night, and when she awoke in the morning, the beautiful rustic prospect which met her eye, and the warbling of the feathered songsters that fluttered round her window cheered her young heart. She ventured into the little garden and looked around, every thing was new to her, and for a few moments she seemed bewildered, and had but a confused recollection of the events of the previous night. Arthur and his wife were soon stirring, and Esther met them and poured forth her gratitude in tears of joy and thankfulness.

Still there was a void.—Her father—her anxious father was not there to meet her in his arms. She felt the loss, and her sorrowing heart heaved at the sad remembrance. "Ah, poor girl," said Arthur, "she feels grateful for our care of her, and she looks upon us as if we were her father and mother;—but there's a wide difference between our kindness and a parent's love, and she knows it too. Come, come, cheer up, my lass," continued Arthur, as he placed his hand on Esther's forehead,
“you shall tell me your history to-day after our breakfast, and then I'll see what can be done for you: so cheer up, my lass, there's always hope while the anchor holds, and after this be certain Arthur Blunt will stand by you as long as the great commander above allows him to keep afloat.”

Their frugal breakfast over, Esther related the particulars of her father’s misfortunes and the burning of his house and stock.

“Ah, poor Barham,” exclaimed Arthur, “I've heard something about this same burning, and I only wish I was along-side the lubber what caused it; wouldn't I give him a starting with a rope's end. Poor Barham,—then there's them law-sharks on the look out for him, ready to throw out their grappling-irons to run him aboard the prison-ship. Well, I only hope they won't catch him in shoal water, that's all—only let him have plenty of sea-room, and I'll be bound to say he'll carry sail enough to keep ahead of them. I have only two days more to remain on shore, and then I'm off again to sea; therefore, as time runs short, I must go on a cruise and see if I can discern where this same father of yours has cast anchor—only let me get alongside of him, I'll defy any of them bailifffs to lay a finger on him.

“But, sir, there may be danger,” interrupted Esther.

“Danger child,” replied he, “danger from them law varment?” I don't care a twist of oakum for the whole crew of them. No, no, in all dangers I always sing:—

“There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will take care of the life of poor Jack.”

So giving his wife a hearty embrace, and a kiss of kindness to Esther, Arthur took his hat and stick, first proceeding to view the ruins of what was once the farmhouse at Barham, and next went in search of the late owner. Ah, said Arthur, this was never done by accident. The pirates have been at work here and sent in their fireships while the crew were sleeping in their hammocks. “I would ask a few questions as to where this same Barham can be found, only unfortunately there is no one to ask, that I can see; except there's an old chap yonder that seems to be taking an observation. I'll hail him and overhaul his log-book.” So saying, Arthur made his way towards an elderly farmer who was intently gazing on the scene of desolation which lay before him.

“I say, messmate,” cried Arthur, “can you give any notion as to where I may find Barham, I mean him who was once commander-in-chief of this farm?”

“Why, as to that matter,” replied the stranger, “I hardly know how to answer you. Perhaps you may be a friend to him, or, perhaps, you may be one of them ere bailiff’s what wants to put him in gaol; because he owes a matter of money to the people here.”

Arthur's eyes glared with fury as he exclaimed,—“Why, you sniggering land swab, do you mean to say that I look like a bum-bailiff. I, Arthur Blunt, who sailed with old Jervis, and, since that, have been a matter of three voyages to the Indies—

I, who never gained a penny by any man's labor but my own—I, who would sooner be cast adrift in a cockle-shell without biscuit, grog, or compass, than injure a fellow creature,—take me for a bailiff!—you—you—.” Here Arthur was almost choked with rage, when the farmer took advantage of the pause, and exclaimed:—

“I'm sure I meant no harm, master sailor, but I never saw you before, and as there be so many deceptions and disguises practiced by them ere bailiff's, one can hardly tell who is who. It was but last week that poor farmer Netherby was threatened with an execution on his goods, and one of his neighbours cautioned him to keep his door shut and not to let any one come in except he was certain he was neither a broker nor a bailiff. And one of these cunning rogues found he could not get in by fair means: so he put on a tattered old coat, and went begging with hardly a shoe to his foot, and he went to old Netherby's house and begged for a bit of bread, saying that he hadn't tasted bit nor sup for twenty-four hours. And this so grieved the farmer that he said he should have something both to eat and drink, and a good rest by his fire-side, to help him on his way. But no sooner did he open his door, than this rascally bailiff walked in and presented his warrant, and then the goods
were all sold off before the poor farmer could find the money to save them. So you see, sir, it behoves one to be very cautious."

Arthur's anger was calmed by the farmer's reasoning, and, extending his hand to him said, "I see your drift at once, friend, you have been deceived by false colors before, and so you thought you'd overhaul my log, and hoist out your signals before you brought to. Well! well! there was good seamanship in that to be sure. Well now, as I've answered signals, and you find all fair and above board, can you tell me where I may find this same Barham?" The farmer could give him no further information than that of having seen Barham a few days before, walking very pensively towards the sea-coast, and as he had not been heard of since, he feared he might have laid violent hands on himself. "Towards the sea-shore?" echoed Arthur. "If that's the case, I'll shape my course in that direction, and go on a voyage of discovery."

"What care I?" exclaimed Arthur, "what care I for the squire's agent? If they turn me out of my cottage I can soon get another, no fear of getting a house over my head as long as I've got shot enough in my locker to pay for it: no, no, a sailor need never fear, for—

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, Will provide for the wants of poor Jack."

Arthur swung his stick to and fro as he sung his favorite stanza, and bent his way towards the sea-shore. Here he made every possible inquiry, but without success, and returned to the cottage just as wise as he left it.

Gilbert's lugger was a fine sailing vessel, and her passages were in general very quickly accomplished, nor did her usual good fortune fail her on this occasion, as she gained sight of Flushing on the following evening, and brought up with the night tide. The busy crew lost no time in getting her cargo of spirits and tobacco ready. Gilbert and Barham went through the town together, and Gilbert explained to him the manner in which he conducted his contraband trade, to all of which Barham listened with a degree of coldness which rather surprised Gilbert, whose intention was to make him an offer of joining the concern. But Barham's thoughts were all engrossed by his Esther, whom he left unprotected and unprovided for in England, and although he had appeared to listen to Gilbert's arguments, he hardly understood the nature of them, and remained silent and thoughtful; at length Gilbert broke silence and said—

"I plainly perceive, George Barham, that you are still undecided how to act. Listen to me, and I have no doubt prudence will direct you. Here in Holland you are safe from your persecutors; no creditors can haunt you. In England nothing stales you in the face but misery, starvation and a gaol. Here you have the means of living like a citizen, with every comfort around you."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Barham. "By what means? Money I have none, except the twenty pounds which your generosity has put into my possession, and—"

"Tut tut man," interrupted Gilbert, "You may increase your twenty pounds every two or three weeks, until at the year's end, you will find it amount to hundreds."

"Indeed!" said Barham. "But how!—explain yourself."

"To be sure I will," rejoined Gilbert. "Observe.—My avocations are such, that I can seldom be on shore, I am here for a few days, and then off to England. I remain there only long enough to run our cargo, and then I return for a fresh stock. Now I have long had it in contemplation to have a resident agent in Flushing. You are the person whom I would name for this office. What say you? You shall have a fair profit on all the transactions that pass through your hands."

"All places are alike to me," replied Barham. "But my poor girl!"

"Never fear for her," replied Gilbert, "I shall be in England soon again and will seek her out, and if you wish it, will bring her over to you: in the meantime, let us all hope she is safe in good quarters.

"Promise me this, and I am satisfied," said Barham. "I promise, and there's my hand on it," said Gilbert. "Now go with me to yonder town, and there we'll
talk further on matters of business, and draw up an agreement as to the management of our future affairs.

* * * * * *

Time passed on quickly.—Arthur had gone to sea again, and Esther gradually grew up a fine handsome girl, and was looked upon with no little envy by some of the damsels of village. She grew fonder and fonder of Arthur's wife every day, and their affections were reciprocal; she wanted but one thing to make her happy, and that was some tidings of her father, whose fate appeared to her wrapped up in impenetrable mystery. Gilbert had been to England several times, and, although he had made repeated inquiries respecting her, he had never succeeded in tracing her.

About the month of August a yearly festival was held in the neighbouring village, and Esther, at the instance of her kind patron, Alice, was invited to join in the sports. The lasses of the village were all present, and dressed in their best attire: they displayed a multitude of happy and pretty faces; but the air of melancholy which played upon the features of Esther, added a charm to her handsome countenance that placed her far above the reach of competition.

Among the visitors whom chance had brought among the merry villagers, the squire's son, Leonard, stood foremost. Of course he was received with the most marked respect by the peasants, and although at first his presence acted as a restraint on their pastimes, yet as he threw off all reserve and joined in the dance, all further restraint quickly vanished. The beauteous Esther attracted his attention, he chose her for his partner, and after the dance his attentions towards her were most marked. They walked together amidst the merry group until he contrived to draw her aside from the observations of her companions, and then he declared a passion for her: and she, poor girl, untutored in the wiles of falsehood, listened to his professions with some degree of interest, for the handsome manly countenance of the squire had made some impression on her young heart: he professed love, and she believed his vows were sincere: the consequence was that a clandestine meeting was appointed on the following day, at the village festival. Night drew on apace, and Esther with her kind protector Alice, returned home attended by many of the guests who lived in the same village. On reaching the cottage, Alice found a letter from her husband, Arthur, stating that his ship had just brought up at Falmouth, and she might expect him home in a few days; these were joyful tidings both to Alice and Esther, for Alice dearly loved her husband, and Esther looked upon him as a father. Esther retired to rest for the night; but sleeping or waking, the squire's son was before her—it was, indeed, love at first sight. Morning came, and the indulgent Alice asked her how she liked the festival; to which Esther replied, she was never happier in her life; and requested she might go once more, to which Alice consented, and on the following day she went again to the merry-making, where Leonard was true to his appointment, and bespoke Esther for his partner in the dance. Gilbert had again reached England on the preceding day, and finding the anxiety of Barham increased to a painful degree each time that he returned to Flushing without tidings of his daughter, he resolved to prosecute his search with redoubled vigor. Hearing of the village festival, he thought it not unlikely that he might gain some clue to the object of his search by visiting the merry throng; he, therefore, accompanied by Hawser and Growler, bent his way to the festival. Leonard after the dance redoubled his attentions to Esther, and, with numerous interrogatories, at length asked her name. "Esther Barham, sir," replied she. "Esther Barham!" repeated a voice near them. Both started, and close to a cluster of trees they observed a stranger muffled in a boat-cloak, who bent a steady look on Esther.—It was none other than Gilbert. "If you are named Esther Barham," said he, "this paper is for you;—read it—in a few minutes I will return; you must then be prepared to determine what course you will pursue."

"This is strange!" exclaimed Leonard, "a letter delivered in this mysterious manner; and by a man whose appearance is not—"

"I care not for my appearance," vociferated Gilbert, as he eyed Leonard fiercely. "I care not for my appearance, young stripling. The letter is from her
father, and if you were the king himself, I should deliver it to her without asking your permission.

"From my father?" exclaimed Esther, "Oh, thanks, thanks kind stranger."

In an instant the letter was broken open, and she eagerly perused its contents.

"I know that hard. Yes, it is from my dear father, he wishes me to go to him in a far distant land, Yes, stranger, I will obey his command, I will follow you any where to meet my father—wait but until I find my dear Alice, my kind protector, that I may inform her of the glad tidings, and I will then go with you."

With these words she darted forth, and was out of sight in a moment.

The whole proceeding occurred so quickly, that Leonard was quite bewildered, for, until that moment, he had considered the girl was securely in his toils. Gilbert remained immovable, Leonard eyed him, steadfastly, and, at length, in a marked, and bitter tone, exclaimed, " Had not you better follow her?"

"That's my business, friend—mind your own affairs, and don't interfere with mine," said Gilbert, gruffly.

"You are a rude fellow! Do you know to whom you address yourself?" asked Leonard.

"I am no fellow; and I neither know nor care to whom I am addressing myself," replied Gilbert.

"You shall know quickly then," retorted Leonard.

"I am Sir Eveliegh's son, and am not unattended, as you shall see. Thereupon, giving a signal, six smartly dressed grooms were at his elbow in a moment."

"And I am your father's son," exclaimed Gilbert, "and I am not unattended, as you shall see.—Ho, Hawser!—Growler! They appeared, instantly.

One of Leonard's attendants exclaimed with an oath, "that's the notorious Gilbert Brien, the smuggler, for whom a reward of fifty pounds is offered: forward, lads, and seize him."

"Hold!" said Gilbert, as he presented a brace of loaded pistols, an example which was quickly followed by Growler and Hawser, "The first man that dares advance an inch, shall be saluted with a brace of bullets."

"Avast heaving there!" cried a voice, and in an instant Arthur was between the parties, and the next moment Alice and Esther were circled in his arms.

"Why, what does all this shy fighting mean? Here have I only just come ashore after a long cruise, and find you all at loggerheads."

Ellen embraced the good Arthur as she exclaimed, "Oh my kind protector, that stranger brings a letter from my father, who calls on me to accompany him to Holland." Arthur seemed puzzled how to answer. At length he said gently, "We must go girl. It is right and proper that you should join your father as he desires; but then you see there's an objection to that, for we've just declared war against Holland, and if you go there you'll get into shoal water. No—that won't do, but we'll send a message that shall ease your father's mind, and tell him that you are under the protection of Arthur, the mariner, who will stand by you as long as he can carry an inch of canvass."

"And pray, Mr. Arthur, what right have you to interfere in this business?" enquired Leonard.

"By the divine right of Him that guides us safely through the storm, by the right of nature, which teaches us to defend the weak against the strong, by the right of Neptune's sons, who are always forward in protecting woman."

"Mr. Arthur," retorted Leonard, "you shall suffer for this insolence: you shall turn out of your cottage to-morrow—"

"And I'll turn in to another the day after," rejoined Arthur. "D'ye think I care for your bit of a cottage? No, give a sailor a good birth all right and tight, and he don't much care who's his landlord, so long as he can pay his shot. Suffer, indeed,—no, no, that's out of your power young Spanshankle, for as the song says:—"

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will take care of a berth for poor Jack."

Leonard darted an angry look towards Arthur and Gilbert, and quickly left the spot, followed by his grooms.
Arthur then turned to Gilbert, saying, "I'll tell you what my friend, although I don't know what ship you belong to, and although your figure head is not the handsomest I ever saw, you shall go with me to our quarters, and there we'll overhaul the letter, and then settle what's best to be done; so make sail, and lose no time my hearties." Gilbert said, he would but give a few directions to his men, and quickly follow." Arthur, therefore, preceded Esther and Alice, while Gilbert, who saw the danger of remaining in England since this rencontre with the squire, gave directions to Growler and Hawser to have the boat ready, and to see ever thing prepared for sailing in case of accidents, as he should make but a short stay at Arthur's cottage.

Gilbert was received with a hearty welcome, and a council was held as to what was best to be done. Arthur held that it was proper the mandate of Esther's father should be obeyed, and that she ought to go over to Holland to him; but there existed a great difficulty; war being declared between the two countries: this objection was however overruled by Gilbert, who stated, that as Darcham was connected with him he would answer for their security; this declaration joined to the most anxious wish of Esther to visit her father, carried the motion of sending her to Holland. Independently of this, Arthur had another reason, which was to get her out of the reach of the young Squire, whose intentions towards her, he felt assured were of the worst description. All precautions were instantly made, and after a most affectionate parting from her benefactors, the gentle Esther departed from the cottage under the guidance of Gilbert. Evening was now fast approaching, which favored the embarkation, and Gilbert on reaching the narrow pass which led to the beach where his boat was waiting, gave the signal-whistle, and Growler and Hawser were seen rowing the boat from the place where it was concealed.

"I am glad you have arrived," said Growler: "We have been anxiously waiting for you, and we must get on board without a moment's delay, for I don't think it is all right with us.

"Indeed!" said Gilbert, "what has happened?"

"I have seen a great deal of movement on the shore," continued Growler: "the Squire's men have been going to and fro, and I have seen sailors near the mansion who carry the navy belt and cutlass; signals, too, have been made along shore, and I suspect the government cutter will be athwart of us soon."

"Away on board instantly, then," said Gilbert; and he lifted Esther into the boat, and they pulled swiftly for the lugger; but they had hardly got on board, when a shot was fired at them: and, to their dismay, the revenue cutter was seen veering round a point of land. "Up with every stitch of canvas," cried Gilbert, "if we can't fight her, we'll give her a tight run for it: my good little sea-boat—my dear little Wasp has never yet been beaten for sharp sailing, and I know she'll run well at a pinch." The cutter tacked, and as she showed her broadside she gave the lugger a salute of three guns—one of which carried away some of the gaff-tackle. The lugger, however, kept the lead, and gained way, ahead; but she could not get beyond reach of their guns. Gilbert himself stood at the helm and encouraged his crew, who, nothing loth, kept every stitch of canvas stretched before the wind. The shot flew thick and fast, for the cutter perceived they would not be able to catch the lugger, unless some of their shot could cripple her. At length, some of their mizen-tackle was carried away, and a heavy block falling on Gilbert's head, nigh killed him on the spot; some of his crew lifted him in their arms, he could only exhort them to endeavor if possible to save the ship, and, as he faintly ejaculated—"Keep her close to the wind, my lad," death closed his eyes for ever. Hawser took the helm, and he and Growler the command of the vessel. The superior sailing of the Wasp distanced their pursuers, whose guns could no longer reach them, and before midnight they were completely out of reach. During the bustle of the chase Esther had been quite forgotten, and it was not until Growler and Hawser went down to the cabin that they recollected her. Poor Esther, overcome with wear, had crouched beneath one of the cots: and the pallid hue which overspread her features gave her, if possible, a more interesting appearance than ever. Growler and Hawser raised her up and placed her on a couch. Growler eyed her with a milder countenance
than was his custom: and, significantly turning to Hawser, whispered, "She's very beautiful, ain't she?"

"She is, indeed," replied Hawser, "and I dare say her father, who is now our agent and has money at command, will pay us handsomely for having brought her safe to Flushing."

"True," replied Growler, "but we are not at Flushing yet, and between you and me, I don't see any particular reason why we should go to Flushing at all.

"What do you mean?" said Hawser in astonishment.

"I mean," continued Growler, "that if we go to Flushing we shall have the agent and two or three partners coming in for treble share of our profits. They sit lazily at home in security, while we do all the work and run all hazards. We have lost our captain, and as we are now on our hands, I say the wisest thing we can do is to appropriate the ship to our own use. There's no law between smugglers, except one, and that is possession, and possession is nine points of the law." Hawser, paused, looked wise, and, at length, said,—"Growler, there is some reason in what you've said, but there's much danger in it, and we shall lose by it in the end. Suppose we take the trade into our own hands. How are we to manage our matters on shore in England? Neither you nor I nor any of us dare show ourselves at broad day-light, without having a swarm of police officers at our heels, because we are well known. Now I advise another method, and that is, we will take Barham with us, provided he undertakes to do business for us in England, he is wholly dependent upon us, and will be glad to snap at the offer, besides he will run double the risk of any of us, for if the authorities find anything amiss, they will pounce upon him, while we escape in our lugger and leave him to get out of the mess in the best manner he can."

"Humph!" said Growler, "there's something in that; so we'll e'en speak to the crew and make the proposal." At this moment Joe Pipes called down the hatchway "Flushing is in sight right ahead." "Up with the signal then, Joe," cried Hawser. In a moment all was bustle on board in preparing for bringing up. The Dutch colors were hoisted, and the Waap flew merrily before the wind.

Esther gradually roused from the lethargy which had oppressed her, had heard merely a few unconnected sentences, until the stentorian voice of Joe Pipes called, "Flushing ahead." This instantly roused her, she knew her father was now near at hand, and, ere long, would press her to his heart. She was right, the vessel had barely brought up, when her father, whose anxiety had risen nearly to frenzy from the moment the lugger appeared in sight, rushed on board. The exclamations—"father! daughter!" were the work of amoment, as they clasped each other in a fond embrace. The hardy crew of the smuggler, to whom such scenes were new, gazed at each other in silent wonder: no one smiled, yet none seemed to feel the force of paternal effection, excepting one, and that was Joe Pipes; and when Hawser said he appeared rather leagy in his upper-works, he said, "I tell you what it is, Jack, I had a daughter myself once, and just as trim-built as that ere lass that stands before us:"—he paused—"When all my little property was seized by the excise, and they were turned adrift—I marked the lubberly informer.—Yes, I marked him with a bullet,—I was obliged to fly for fear of discovery. My poor girl, forsaken by her father, died of a broken heart. Now, it's all very well to talk about fortitude and such like, but one can't help feeling at times." "Right, right," said Hawser, "go down below and look at your grog-bottle, that's the only sure cure for the heart-ache." Joe felt abashed at his jesting, and went below.

On Barham enquiring for Gilbert he was informed of the manner of his death. Growler and Hawser together with others of the crew, then told Barham of the necessity of having some person stationed on the English coast to transact their business. Barham at first objected, but on reflecting that he was hourly in danger of being detained in Holland, as a British subject, and Growler and Hawser having hinted that they must select a different part of the coast to that which they had hitherto used, until the late affair was forgotten, Barham joined in the concern. A few days sufficed for getting their cargo on board. They passed out of the harbour as a Dutch fisher, and none but themselves had the slightest knowledge they were bound for England. Barham soon discovered that there were marked differences in
The Mariner and the Farmer's Daughter.

the behaviour of the crew towards him since the death of Gilbert. There seemed to be no respect paid to persons; all were masters, it might be called a floating commonwealth, with Growler, Hawser, and Joe Pipes, acting as masters and mates of the ship. While Barham looked to the trading accounts: this was a matter of course, for none of them knew much about book-keeping. They were now safely out at sea, and Rye on the coast of Sussex was the place agreed on to effect their landing. Joe Pipes, in opposition, proposed Eastborne, while others preferred Hastings. The debate led to high words, and would have led to blows, but at this moment one of the crew passed the word "an English cruiser on her larboard bow." This put a sudden stop to the angry discussion and all scrambled up on deck, and here a scene of indescribable confusion ensued.

The crew having no authority over each other, had made free with some of the Hollands of which they had drunk rather too plentifully, and, now, at the moment of danger, when nothing but steadiness and good seamanship could avail them, they were like raving madmen, running to and fro, in the utmost confusion. In vain did Growler and Hawser attempt to restore order, neither threats nor entreaties had any effect. The lugger was going to leeward and losing way rapidly, while the cruiser gradually approached. Growler hoisted English colors, but it was then too late, the cruiser got within range, and fired a blank gun in order to bring them to. Hawser, in a fit of desperation brought about and endeavored to make for one of the French ports, but all was in vain. The cruiser was now within range and her guns were brought to bear. The lugger's foresail was shot away, and soon after her rudder was unshipped. Consternation was depicted on every countenance. "Strike, strike," was the cry of one party, while others vowed they would sooner blow up or burn the vessel then be taken. One man attempted to strike down their colors, when Growler shot him through the head. Hawser ordered up the powder cask — at this moment the cruiser was close alongside: the grappling irons were thrown out ready to board. Hawser had quitted his post, for what reason none could determine. The boarders rushed on the smuggler, but met with a desperate resistance; every inch of ground was sharply contested, but at length the steady courage of the cruiser's men prevailed, and the smugglers were overpowered, when Hawser rushed from below with a lighted torch, and standing athwart the power cask exclaimed "Hold!" A pause ensued; the cruiser's men stirred not. Esther who had followed Hawser from below had shrieked and clung to the arm which held the torch, but she was thrown aside by Growler who pointed a loaded pistol at her, exclaiming, in a commanding voice full of rage and despar, "Either draw off your men, or, in an instant, I will involve you all in one common ruin; I have made up my mind to die rather than surrender,—advance one step, and this torch—— Shall be extinguished," cried Barham, as he clapped his cap over the lighted torch,— "Ah, treachery," cried Growler, "your daughter shall then die."

"No—die you first," exclaimed Tom Pipes, as he wrested the pistol from his hand and held it to his head, "I had a daughter once myself; and I cannot, will not, see the poor girl butchered: Hawser, in a frenzy dashed overboard, and sunk to rise no more. The Cruiser's men took possession of the Wasp, and bent their course to the English coast. Barham, having been the cause of saving the crew from destitution, was recommended as an object of the Royal favor, and he received a suitable reward, while at his intercession poor Tom Pipes was pardoned and allowed to enter on board a man-of-war.

Arthur Blunt was one of the mates on board the Cruiser, and nothing could exceed the joy of the hardy mariner when he beheld his darling Esther once more in the arms of her father. The young squire Leonard had become heir to the large possessions of his father, who had paid the debt of nature; and a little experience showed him that the course of dissipation which he had been pursuing, would neither gain him the respect nor confidence of his tenantry. He was not devoid of sense, and he submitted to the dictation of his better feelings, and reformed altogether. He accidentally met Barham in company with Arthur and Esther, and her good friend Alice. They would have avoided him, but Leonard, with a blush of shame mantling on his countenance, interrupted them. "Arthur Blunt," said he, "do
not turn from me, I am no longer the proud unfeeling upstart you once saw me; I have seen my error, and blush for my past conduct. Your cottage is now vacant; it has been renovated, and your favorite honeysuckle still shades its entrance; return to it once more, and you shall find the landlord will not fail to emulate the virtue of its tenant. As for you Mr. Barham, I have hardly the boldness to face you after my conduct towards your daughter; yet such amends as a contrite heart can make, are hers. I loved her from the first moment I beheld her; and, spite of my errors, her image has never been erased from my memory: time has changed my disposition, but it has never changed my constancy,—my fortune is ample—my hand is free, and,—Here he paused while the color flushed on his cheek—“and,” said Arthur taking up the thread of his discourse.—“You would marry the girl, that’s what you would say:”—“You have guessed rightly, Arthur,” said Leonard, “and if the lovely Esther would but—”

“Sir,” said Barham, “my daughter shall act for herself, and obey the dictates of her heart.”

“Well, that’s hearty now,” exclaimed Arthur, “come Esther, don’t stand blushing and sidling there—here’s a signal light thrown out, and you must answer it. Oh, I see—yes—it is a treaty of alliance. You know, that as I am one of your father’s, I may say a word or two in this business—Eh! Mr. Barham? My good friend your conduct towards my daughter in the hour of distress, has been such, that I leave you to act according to the dictates of your own good heart.

“That’s enough,” said Arthur, “Squire Leonard your hand—Esther yours—I was always a good hand at splicing a rope, and I hope this tie will never snap asunder, till “the Great Commander that dwells aloft shall pipe all hands on deck.” there.

continued he, as he placed their hands in each other, God bless you both.

“Amen,” responded Barham and Alice.

The heart of Esther leaped with joy, the rankling venom of disappointed love which pained her heart, was now dispelled, and all her cares and sorrows were buried in oblivion.

The village bells soon spread the news around—the neighbouring peasantry gathered from all quarters to offer their congratulations, and as Arthur Blunt once more entered his long forsaken cottage, he chanted his old stave.

“There’s a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
Will take care of the life of poor Jack.”
The Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer, modernized. 1840. Whittaker & Co.

As a walled-in fruit garden to the hot and thirsty wayfarer, or as a barrel of "natives" to an oyster-eater, destitute of a knife where with to open them, such, till now, has been the "Father to English Poetry," to those unskilled in obsolete dialect, or black-letter lore. We speak feelingly:—such—was he once to us, and well can we recall to memory the "very identical" copy of the ancient poet which thus painfully excited and baulked our appetite, "Urey's Chaucer"—a goodly folio occupying a shelf of our paternal library, just within compass of our then scarcely matured strength, to dislodge from its resting place; but when lowered, still provokingly above the level of our comprehension. Whether this obscurity itself acted as a zest, or whether, because (for reasons best known to our elders) it was a "book forbid," certes, we were wont to feel especial delight in taking stealthy dips into this "well of English," (certainly not altogether "undefiled") and, to us, unfathomable. — How we loved to gaze upon the frontispiece, the well-known hooded-head, with its gentle, mild expression; its shaded downcast eye full of quaintly humorous meaning; and even the succeeding illustrations, sorry as they were, had each its charm. — The tabard hostelry and departing pilgrim train of the head of the Canterbury tales and the heavy wooden horses and wooden riders, intended to represent each individual of the cavalcade: Beyond such external attractions we could scarcely, indeed, penetrate further than to the annotations of the old commentator, and a few of the least obsolete passages of the text; but even these sufficed to shew what a heap of freshly gathered flowers and leaves "smelling of morning dew, lay hidden beneath the briars and thorns through which we were striving to grope our way. Often was the ponderous volume closed with a sigh, as heavy as itself, a despairing confession, that we were rightly served for opening the forbidden and, alas! hidden treasure: yet, perchance! the next day would witness a fresh attempt, yet only to arrive at the same conclusion, that "we should never be able to read Chaucer." — In just such a predicament has the majority of the reading public stood, relative to the venerable Geoffrey, now introduced to his acquaintance, the labors of Wordsworth and other of his gifted sons. Many, indeed, have pretended, partially at least, to perform a similar office, and we are shewn by examples in the introductory portion of the work, how Pope, Dryden and a score of inferior artificers, have woven out of the old rich material, a number of fabrics varying in texture according to each laborer's individual skill, but about as much resembling the old poet, as detached portions of the animal called an ox—stewed and à-la-modède, disguised and flavored according to the most approved artificers of the French cuisine, resembles the old English surloin, lately smoking at every Christmas board. Having shewn, then, what has been done before them, Mr. Horne, one of the "fashioners," proceeds to declare the plan pursued by them of treating this author, which we shall give in his own words:—

"The safest method, as the most becoming, is, manifestly, that of preserving as much of the original substance as can be rendered available," that which appears quaint, as well as that which is more modern; in short, as much of the writings of this author—his nature—his own mode of speaking and describing. By thus preserving his best parts we should keep his own model before us, and make modern things bend to her—not her, as is the custom of our self love, bend to every thing which happens to be modern.—(Round Table, vol. 1.) With reference, however, to the omission of certain objectionable passages and the interpolation of a few lines to connect the thread of interest, it is presumed that this licence will be readily pardoned—of not approved. Another reason for sundry omissions may occasionally exist—Chaucer sometimes becomes very prolix, and disposed to lengthy digressions."

Such is the plan according to which each coadjuutor in this labor of revival has performed his work, the present portion of which is we think admirably executed. It needs not, indeed, an intimate knowledge of the original to pronounce, with
confidence, that Chaucer, in nearly all
his quaint simplicity, freshness and piquancy stands revived before us. We feel,
intuitively, that we are reading what he
wrote, if not exactly in letter, at least, in spirit; and, in proportion with our con-
viction of this fact, arises our wonder and
admiration that such a poet, and such an
acute moral satirist could have existed
and so written, at the period in which he
lived. The subjoined description of the
parson, from the dialogue to the Canter-
bury tales is imbued with a vein of cut-
ting sarcasm directed against prevailing
church abuses (and displayed even more
prominently in the Friar’s tale,) quite
marvellous in a professed Catholic of those
days—Wickliffite as he was at heart;—
and for the rest, the character of “the good
man of religion,” seems only the original
of Goldsmith’s Country Curate, precisely
what a worthy parish minister ought to be,
and frequently is, in the present day.
Should any fastidious lady reader, feel
still inclined to shrink from the perusal
of old Geoffery, on the score of his sup-
posed coarseness, we would recommend
her to glance over the elegant poem of
“the flower and the leaf,” which must,
assuredly, be confessed to have emanated
from none other than a most refined mind;
and now that all unseemliness incident
to the times in which they were written
are pruned away, there can be no doubt of
the “fitness of these ancient lays for
modern ladye’s bowre;”—Finally, in
taking leave, with the highest commend-
ation of this work, as far as it has pro-
ceeded, we cannot help wishing (though
with due submission to the judgment of
the renovators,) that “the Canterbury
Tales” had followed in succession, as re-
lated, for interesting, and even more
novel to the public as are the interme-
diate poems, we deem the dramatic
effect of the former, (especially where
preceded by prologues) somewhat marred
by the interpolations.

There was, likewise, a Nun, a Prioress,
That of her smiling was full simple and coy;
Her greatest oath was but ‘by Saint Eloy;’
And she was named Madam Eglientine.
Right well she sang the services divine,
Entuned in her voice with accent sweet;
And French she spake full properly and neat,
After the school of Stratford, at Bow town,
For French of Paris was to her unknown.
At table she was scrupulous withal;
No morsel from her lips did she let fall,
Nor in her sauce would dip her fingers deep.
Well could she carry a morsel, and well keep,
That not a drop e’er fell upon her breast.
In courtesy her pleasure much did rest.
Her dainty upper-lip she wiped so clean
That in her cup there was no farthing seen
Of grease, when she had drunk; and for her
meat
Full seemly bent she forward on her seat.
And of a truth she was of great disport;
Pleasant to all and amiable of port.
It gave her pain to counterfeit the ways
Of court; its stately manner and displays;
And to be hold in distant reverence.
But for to tell you of her conscience,
She was so tender and so piteous,
She would shed tears if that she saw a mouse
Caught in a trap if it were hurt or dead.
She had some small hounds which she always
fed
With roasted meat, and milk, and fine
wheat bread;
But sore wept she if one of them were dead,
Or if men with a stick e’er struck it smart:
And all was conscience and tender heart.
Full seemly was her kerchief crimp’d
across;
Her nose well cut and long; eyes grey as
glass;
Her mouth was small, and thereto soft and
red,
And certainly a forehead fair she had;
It was almost a span in breadth, I trow;
And truly she was not of stature low.
Most proper was her cloak, as I was ware.
Of coral small about her arm she bare
Two strings of beads, bedizened all with
green,
And thereon hung a branch of gold full
sheen,
On which was graven first a crownéd A,
And after “Amor vincit omnia.”
Another Nun, also, with her had she—
Who served instead of chaplain—and priests
three.

A good man of religion did I see,
And a poor Parson of a town was he:
But rich he was of holy thought and work.
He also was a learned man, a clerk,
And truly would Christ’s holy gospel preach,
And his parishioners devoutly teach.
Benign he was and wondrous diligent,
And patient when adversity was sent;
Such had he often proved, and loath was he
to curse for tythes and ransack poverty;
But rather would he give, there is no doubt,
Unto his poor parishioners about,
Of his own substance, and his offerings too.
His wants were humble, and his needs but few.
Wide was his parish—houses far asunder—
But he neglected nought for rain or thunder,
In sickness and in grief to visit all
The farthest in his parish, great and small;
Always on foot, and in his hand a stave.
This noble example to his flock he gave;
That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught.
Out of the Gospel he that lesson caught,
And this new figure added he thereto,—
That if gold rust, then what should iron do?
And if a priest be foul, on whom we trust,
No wonder if an ignominy should rust:
And shame it is, if that a priest take keep,
To see an obscene shepherd and clean sheep.
Well ought a priest, to all example give,
By his pure conduct, how his sheep should live.

He let not out his benefice for hire,
Leaving his flock encumber'd in the mire,
While he ran up to London, to St. Paul's,
To seek a well-paid chantry for souls,
Or with a loving friend his pastime hold;
But dwelt at home and tended well his fold,
So that to foil the wolf he was right wary:
He was a shepherd, and no mercenary.
And though he holy was and virtuous,
He was to sinful men full pitious;
His words were strong, but not with anger fraught;
A lore benignant he discreetly taught.
To draw mankind to heaven by gentleness
And good example, was his business.
But if that any one were obstinate,
Whether he were of high or low estate,
Him would he sharply check with altered mien:
A better parson there was no where seen.
He paid no court to pomp's and reverence,
Nor spiced his conscience at his soul's expense;
But Jesus' lore, which owns no pride or pelf,
He taught—but first he follow'd it himself.
And as I stood and cast my eyes around,
I saw, I ween, the fairest medlar tree,
That ever was in field or forest found,
As full of blossoms as it well could be;
Therein a goldfinch leaped prettily
From bough to bough, and as he list, did eat
Now here and there of buds and flowers sweet.

This fragrant tree was near the arrow's side,
Of which I spake; and when this golden bird
His hunger had with blossoms satisfied,
He then began to sing;—I never heard
Warblings so passing sweet, so honeyed word
Whispered from maiden's tongue could e'er compare
With the sweet music which now filled the air.

And then the nightingale to answer him,
Poured forth a flood of merry song; the wood
Stirred with the echoes of this glorious hymn;
As one o'ercome with wonderment I stood
So long entranced that, do whate'er I could,
I wist not where I was, for far and near
Still thrilled this heavenly music in mine ear.

The Gypsy King, and other Poems by

"The Howitts' have contrived to weave
a charm around their very names, a spell summoning from out "the vasty depths"
of nature, spirits, innocent and bright,
leading us back to the spring-time of our lives and the sunny fields in which our
childhood was wont to stray.—Indeed,
we might almost assert that none, but
those country-born, can duly appreciate
the productions of these eminently country
writers, which need, moreover, to be read,
not, in an easy chair, but on a difficult
broad-topped stool; not, in the curtained
boudoir, but in the leafy bower; not,
when reclined on damask cushions, but
on the mossy bank, provided always,
nevertheless, it be the summer season;
or, else, in winter, by a blazing wood fire,
listening at intervals to the wind as it
pipes, sighs or roars, according to its
humor, through the leafless branches of
our favorite old elm, favorite forsooth
because the nearest to our home. It is
not, merely, that rural poetry read in
"the busy haunts of men" loses half its
effect from want of reflection upon cor-
responding scenes around, but in propor-
tion as it is faithful in imagery, and pure
in sentiment, its perusal causes but alloyed
pleasure, sometimes, absolute pain, to the
in-dweller (by compulsion) of a crowded
city, for how can it fail awakening, in his
pent-up bosom, a panting desire for "the
wings of the dove to flee away" and
escape from the unsatisfying turmoil,
the exciting, tainted and artificial atmosphere of
metropolitan existence, the hot-bed of
every passion that wears and tears both
mind and body, the prison, and often the
grave of all the blameless, the nobler,
the better aspirations of our being: all
who love nature's own language must
love the writings of "the Howitts;" for
while they are studying "tongues in trees,
books in the running stream," they must
be glad of a reference to such true inter-
preters of lore, and, above all, if they are
seeking the true philosopher's stone, the
—"good in every thing," they must love
the moral alchemist, who, drawing good
from every source, collects, but to diffuse,
or, in the language of his own aspirations
wishes,

"To be, what GOD's own creature should,
Sweet fountain of perpetual good."
But, alas! in our very search for good, we must needs stumble upon evil, and while the hemlock overtops the violet, and the deadly nightshade twines around the woodbine, the mirror held up to the flower cannot but reflect the weed, and our painter of nature cannot always portray the beings innocent and good, with which he best loves to people his sweet scenery;—accordingly in "the Gypsy King," darker colors stain the canvas.—Boswell Kemp, the hero's father, under the influence of maddening jealousy, murders his first wife and only love, and fills up his catalogue of crimes by beguiling away from her happy service in the village pastor's family, Amy Lee, who becomes the mother of the future gypsy monarch.—poor Amy pays dearly for her weakness—despised and hated by her destroyer, (whom yet she loves) and compelled, as she follows him from place to place, neither seeking nor finding rest, to witness the awful workings of his conscience-stricken soul, which are powerfully described in the second part of the poem.—After the death of Boswell she seeks, in shame and penitence, her native village, where the kind old clergyman, her former master, prays beside her death-bed, and adopts, as his son, her infant orphan boy—young Harry Lee—but as he grows to boyhood his vagrant father's passion comes strong upon him.

"His school became a weary place, The vicar's kindness was a pain; He read of Bamfylde Moore Carew, Till nothing for his heart would do, But gypsies, and the lane."

Well would it have been for the benevolent vicar, if the young wanderer had never visited the haunts of his childhood, but he did revisit them, and, in his midnight strollings meets with Esther, the playmate of his boyish days, the old man's one—only pet "lamb who lay in his bosom, and was unto him" a daughter—The fatal consequences may be guessed.

In the usual course of man's revolving passions, ambition succeeds to love, (such love as his hard and selfish nature ever knew), in the breast of Harry Lee, and his desires for greatness are crowned by the gypsy diadem. The opening of the fourth part of the poem gives a very life-like description of the scene and performers, met together in honor of his election: how he assumed the crown, and how well he bore the royal dignity.

For the further proceedings of the gypsy crew, how they jousted, and how they feasted, and how the filched; how fish, flesh, and fowl smoked upon the sod at this coronation banquet, and how king Harry Lee, reigned gloriously, (little troubled by qualms of conscience), and how at last "he slept among forgotten things," for all these particulars we refer our readers to the "Chronicle of the gypsy king," wherein they are as pleasantly, as faithfully described.

Some pretty woodcuts illustrate both the chief and minor poems of this collection; the latter, though not without a few marks of careless versification.

AWAY WITH THEE, OLD YEAR.

The pleasant, pleasant spring time,
The summer's gorgeous dyes;
The bright, the solemn autumn,
Have faded from all eyes.
I look upon thy features,
The furrowed and the sere,
Where lingers now no beauty,—
Away with thee, old year!

How weary thou movest—
I would thy days were o'er—
For I have looked on some I loved—
To look on them no more.
Time's snows are on thy temples—
The desolate, the drear;
And a shadow on the future,
Is cast from thee, old year.

Too radiant was thy coming,
Thy promise all too fair;
But waned away from day to day,
To leave us nought but care.
Where are the bright, the buoyant,
The beautiful, the dear?
Like blossoms of the spring-time,
The prompt to disappear!

The dust of death hath fallen
On locks of brightest gold;
And hearts of sunny temper
Have changed to mortal cold.
The bloom, the bliss is over,—
The smile, the sigh, the tear:
—The lover is no lover,—
Away with thee, old year!

SHE LOOKS UPON THE RING.

She looks upon the ring,
In a dream of happiest days,
When the lips of one now dead and gone,
Were opened but to praise.
When life o'erflowed with promise
Of happy, happy years,
In the dread day that passed away
To torture and to tears.
She looks upon the ring,
In the bloom of purest youth,
And can recall, remembering all
His tenderness and truth.
The flowers he fondly gathered,
And in her bosom laid,
Have never lost their summer bloom,—
Those flowers will never fade.

She looks upon the ring,
And the winter melts away,—
The very air is golden—
It is the prime of May.
The fields through which they walked to church
She sees,—the bloom, the sky,—
And of the beauty of that day
The sense can never die.

She looks upon the ring,
And her cheek a moment glows,—
Again seeming blending in her hair
The lily and the rose.
She sees a bridal party—
Of maidens white a gleam—
And the merry chime of village bells
Is mingling with her dream.

She looks upon the ring,
And her native home she sees,
As last she took a lingering look,
Beyond the village trees.
She hears her father’s blessing—
She feels her mother’s tears—
And in one moment knows again
The bliss and woes of years.

Quarterly Journal of the Statistical Society of London, for October, 1840.

Our notice of this report was intended for last month, but the subjects it embraces, render a glance at its contents more seasonable, perhaps, at the present juncture, when want and wintry weather, have in too many cases met together. A larger portion of the present number of the Journal consists of "illustrations of the practical operation of the Scotch system (their boasted system!) of management of the poor, laid by Dr. Alison before the meeting of the Society held at Glasgow, in September. A fearful and horrible picture does it present of the large amount of misery, destitution, and consequent disease amongst the working classes of North Britain, only, indeed, inferior to that existing in Ireland—and immeasurably greater in either, than in England. This dire predominance of distress, Dr. Alison attributes to a want of an adequate legal provision for the poor, even the existing statute law on this subject being, as he says, avowedly neglected, and disobeyed; in

as much as it requires "heritors, ministers, and elders of parishes, and magistrates of burghs, to make provision for the needful sustentation of all aged, poor, and impotent persons . . . and to tax and stent the inhabitats, (alas, alas, too many poor themselves,) when necessary for this purpose, &c." . . . But owing to the non-inforcement of this law, which moreover makes no provision for those out of work, and a present permission of a three years settlement, instead of rendering the parish of every indigent person chargeable for his support, it appears, by actual estimates, that Edinburgh and all the principal towns in Scotland, are crowded, especially in winter, with distressed persons unable to procure means of subsistence at home. This redundancy of population in the most wretched quarters of the towns, is productive of fatal fevers to a frightful extent, and, speaking on this subject, our author says:—

"There has been some difference of opinion, and, as I conceive, misconception, on this part of the subject, in consequence of the opinion having been espoused—never, I think, by any considerable number of practitioners in Scotland, but by several physicians of high character in London—that the continued fever of this country proceeds from a malaria, chiefly originating in putrescent animal and vegetable substances, and in excretions from the human body, and that it may be extirpated, therefore, by draining, and by careful and constant removal of all such offensive matters. If this opinion were held to be established, it must be admitted that the frequent prevalence, and occasional rapid extension, of continued fever in any town would not be any such indication and test of previous destitution and suffering, as I have elsewhere represented it. In confirmation of this opinion, I see it stated by Dr. Southwood Smith, that all those districts in London which are well furnished with sewers are nearly exempt from fever, and that those where there are no sewers are peculiarly liable to it. This observation does not seem to be without exception, even in London, or other English towns; for it is stated by Mr. Evans, in the Borough, in 1837, that fever was prevalent in the district which he superintended, although the drainage was very good, except in one small portion of it, where fever did not prevail more than in others; and a similar observation is made by Dr. Jenks, in an excellent Report on the Sanitary State of Brighton. But, admitting Dr. Smith's observation to be, in general, just and important, I cannot but think the inference hasty
and unfounded, that the matters which ought to be carried off by sewers are the immediate source of the contagious fever.

For ourselves, we can affirm, as visitors, upon our return through Edinburgh, after the Eglington tournament, the atmosphere of the town was almost in a state of putridity, that is, scarcely fit to be inhaled by any living creature. The wind blowing from the west, returned to the great city, the whole of the foul vapours arising from such deposits on the shore, which, although they may make the land worth 20l. a year, an acre, next to, if it does not positively all but poison the inhabitants. Where are the eyes of the authorities to perpetuate this wrong? Where, the spirit of the inhabitants to endure it? The Government should be memorialized on the subject—for Edinburgh, whose city is so beautiful, whose locality is so commanding, whose opportunities are so great—could be the healthiest of cities, instead of which, it has been as a nursery of contagion for some years past. We speak not in this matter, beyond our own “ken.”

To continue our extract:—
The districts without sewers will, naturally, be not only the dirtiest, but the cheapest; they will be inhabited by the poorest and most destitute people, who will be huddled together in the greatest numbers in proportion to the space they occupy; and, especially, they will be the resort of the poor Irish, among whom, wherever they may abide, fever has, for many years past, been at least as firmly rooted as it was in the jails in the time of Howard, and who, practically, derive little or no benefit from the provision against destitution which exists in England. Of the effect of all these circumstances on the extension of epidemic fever, I apprehend there can be no doubt; and, in connexion with these, I think that the want of sewers ought to be stated as an additional and accessory cause of the extension, but no means as an ascertained cause, certainly not as the main cause, of the production, or generation, of fever.

It is easy to give quotations from various authors, particularly from Bancroft (on Yellow fever), Chisholm (in Edinburgh Medical Journal, vol. vi.), and Parent Duchatelet (in Annales d’Hygiène), to shew on how large a scale, and for what length of time, the effluvia from putrescent animal and vegetable matters and excretions from the human body may be applied to great numbers of people in all climates and seasons, without any such result following as the generation of continued or typhoid fever. The exhumations at the church-yard of St. Innocent’s, at Paris, in 1786-7, carried on for two years in all weather, in which an enormous mass of corrupting human bodies were fully exposed to the air, producing a most nauseous smell, and in the end even causing fainting fits in many of the workmen employed, but which, after the fullest inquiry, do not appear to have been attended by any febrile disorders; the very offensive state of the burial-ground at Seville, in which 20,000 persons had been interred after the yellow fever of 1806, and which was described by M. Berthé, professor at Montpellier, but was not followed by any febrile disease; the habitual combination of filth, foul air, and putrid effluvia, found in the habitations of many nations and in all climates—in the youts of the Greenlanders and Kamtschaks, and in the slave-ships of the torrid zone, but unattended by any febrile epidemics; the numerous examples of prisons on the Continent of Europe, reported on by Mr. Howard, in which he found on different occasions of visiting them “cells and dungeons as crowded, offensive, and dirty, as any he had observed in this country,” but without finding fever in any of them; the various manufactures or preparations of ammonia, of adipocere, of refined sugar, and dressed leather, described by Dr. Chisholm, in which great numbers of persons are continually exposed to the most offensive effluvia from putrescent animal matter, without ever being affected with fever; the complete immunity from fever enjoyed by the numerous persons employed at Montfaucon near Paris, where many thousand animals are annually slaughtered, and part of their bodies allowed to putrefy, where likewise almost the whole filth of Paris is collected and prepared for sale as manure—are so many proofs, that neither any effluvia from dead animal or vegetable matter, nor excretions from the human body itself, if unaffected by fever, have any power to generate this poison.

Let any philanthropist, without, of necessity, being a celebrated M. D., walk from the centre of that great and elegant thoroughfare, Great Russell-st., Bloomsbury, and, nearly facing the office of the General Cemetery Company, pass towards the public police office, in the rear of Charlotte-street, direct towards Oxford-street, and he will readily see, whence fevers arise, and wonder that fevers of the most malignant kind are not daily spread throughout the metropolis. Let him, for a moment, shut out of his recollection where he is, and he will never credit that he is in England, neither in the far-famed sister-kingdom, but in a spot, a disgrace to any civilized people. And this is only one of very many such: would we were "inspector-
general of the public health," as we are "parent of the ex-urban burial," and in twelve months, we would answer to do more for the health of the metropolis, than all their medical, statistical, and parliamentary reports, (which tell only of the number of the sufferers,) a very satisfactory report truly, for those whose relations have been made the victims of careless neglect of the poor, and the only objection that we can, at present see, to such a plan as this, viz.;—that the following year's report, of this highly useful society, would, on this subject, at least, scarcely have any cases to record.

I can state, as the result of twenty-five years' observation in all parts of Edinburgh, that, although I have seen fever prevailing some hundreds of times in places where putrid effluvia abound, yet there is not a single such district, in which I have ever seen it, which I have not known to be at other times, for several years together, perfectly free from it, notwithstanding the continued existence of the putrid effluvia, and even although the disease very frequently was prevailing in the neighbouring streets or close.

The doctrine, regarding the external cause of continued fever (distinguished from course from the intermittent or remittent fever), which has been adopted almost universally by the Irish physicians, is perfectly in accordance with all that I have ever seen of it, or heard of it, in Edinburgh, or other parts of Scotland, viz., that it may probably sometimes originate spontaneously in the human body itself (particularly under the influence of long-continued mental anxiety and depression,) but, that its chief, and, in a practical view, its only certain source, a specific cause arising from the living human body already affected by it, which putrid effluvia can no more generate than they can generate small-pox or measles, which is liable to variation in intensity and even in kind, in different seasons, and which is favored in its effect on healthy persons, by various conditions, properly termed auxiliary or predisposing causes, but which, of themselves, are inadequate to produce the disease.

Now among these auxiliary or predisposing causes, I willingly admit, that foul or vitiated air, gradually enfeebling the human constitution, is one of the most powerful; but, in attempting directly to remove this, we not only do not touch the source of the disease, but, in the present state of the city of Edinburgh, as I think it easy to shew, we neither attack the most important, nor the most remediable, of its auxiliary causes.

I think myself justified, in applying the experience of the physicians in general in all countries, and especially of those who have witnessed the fever in Ireland, to its extention in Edinburgh; and concluded, that the "want and misery" of a certain portion of the inhabitants, and the filth within the houses, the crowding, the negligent and reckless habit, and the occasional intemperance, which are the usual concomitants, and I believe the natural results, of this want and misery, are with us, as in Ireland, the great predisposing causes of fever, to its frequent and general diffusion in this and other large towns in Scotland is chiefly to be ascribed.

As the only efficient remedy for the evil represented, Dr. Alison advocates a general system of assessment for the relief of the poor, nearly, if not in all its details, resembling that pursued in England. From these observations, though, happily, less applicable to our own portion of the United Kingdom, than to Scotland, and the sister isle, we would, nevertheless deduce and impress upon our English readers, the inference of how vitally important, are the claims of our distressed brethren, (of whom, Heaven knows! there are enough at home), in spite of our poor-law system, which is an admirable provision for that numerous and incorrigible class, drunkards, though ill adapted for the worthy poor. We say, vitally, inasmuch as, did it want proof, this report goes far to prove how destitution and disease walk hand in hand. He therefore, who, when public charity is insufficient, stretches forth the hand of private benevolence to assuage the hard pressure of want, will do more to avert the ravages of pestilence and death, than can be effected by any sanitary regulations whatsoever, excellent and desirable as they also are. La Misère avec les privations qu'elle amène à la suite, est une des causes les plus influentes sur la mortalité." Let all bear in mind, and follow out, (and now especially), in practice, this excellent axiom.

The above paper is followed by a report of the discussion consequent on its reading, wherein Dr. Chalmers, though opposed to a general legal provision for the poor, made some admissions as to partial assessment for the support of medical charities &c. Dr. Cowan also, read a statement of the vital Statistics of Glasgow, showing the Sanitary condition of the population, and H. J. Porter, Esq. a paper on the Mont-de-Piété system of Pawnbroking in Ireland.
THE THEATRES.

Pantomime, shorn indeed of his ancient glories, the broad jest, and broader practical joke which used to form the most prominent feature—the "jolly red nose" of his humorous face, has again stepped upon the Christmas stage.

To "children of a larger growth," old old ladies and gentlemen looking in for the old acquaintance of their holidays, he is doubtless a less astonishing personage than of yore, but to holiday masters and misses of the present era, he is perhaps better suited—for what young gentleman, much more young lady, undergoing the process of refinement in a modern boarding-school would be inclined or induced to indulge in merriment, at what used to excite the uncheckered laughter of their grandmothers?—The change which has come over the spirit of the amusement is then but in union with the chastened taste of the amused, and, therefore, not to be condemned. Improvement combined with amusement is the avowed order of the day, and even a Christmas Pantomime may be said to cultivate (though still not devoid of sober fun,) the minds of the rising generation by giving practical illustrations of mechanics in its clever mechanical illusions, and lessons on the fine arts by its exquisite scenery.

Walpole's Castle of Otranto, gives name to, and serves as a foundation for this year's pantomime, at Covent Garden, which opens with an allegory. Romance (Miss Glover), appears in a ruined monastery, by moonlight, surrounded by spirits, and summons her heroes to defend her against the attacks made upon her by her foes Burlesque—Her call is obeyed by the seven champions, Palemon, Amadis, the Scottish Chiefs, and the Bleeding Nun, and their office is to defend the Castle of Otranto, of which, Burlesque threatens to take possession. The Castle in a fortified state then appears, and as the adherents of Romance enter it, the invaders, Burlesque, (S. Smith,) Tom Thumb, Bombastes, Don Whiskerandos, Don Quixote, the Kings of Brentford, &c., and their forces appear upon the walls, perform a variety of extravagant evolutions, and are afterwards joined by a number of danceuses, attired in "Four and twenty" spangled robes. Romans are finally defeated by the adherents of Burlesque, whose banner, bearing the name of Cervantes, Swift, &c., is planted on the castle walls. Then comes the first scene of the story; the well-known burlesque horrors of which, already "cut and dried," are before merely required heightening, and in most instances told well. Walpole's favorite retreat, Strawberry Hill, is chosen as the first scene for what is designated the business of the Pantomime, after the characters of the story have been converted into Harlequin and his merry crew. Here, the clown is stuffed into a prize gooseberry, and Pantaloon into a raspberry respectively bearing the labels of "gooseberry fool," and "raspberry jam."

One of the most effective and humorous scenes, was that respecting the interior of some "furnished lodgings," taken by the Clown and Pantaloon, the movables in which greatly to the annoyance of these two personages, gradually disappear under the magic touch of Harlequin's wand. Chairs slip through the wall or floor, fire-irons fly up the chimney, candles, window curtains, sofas and tables follow the same eccentric motions, and a large looking glass falls on the Clown's head, and leaves him a "tableau vivant," of consternation, in the empty frame,—the decline of the drama is satirized by the representation of the Drama's Temple to be let, and a company of Foreign musicians skipping from band-boxes to perform in a promenade concert.—The subjects of the Diorama, beautifully painted by the Messrs Grieve, are the removal of Napoleon's remains from St. Helena, the taking of St. Jean d'Acie, and some incidents belonging to the Chinese war—in the bombardment of Acre, the town sinks into the sea with the explosion of the magazine; whereupon Neptune rises in his car, Britannia standing triumphant in the heavens—The curtain fell amidst universal applause, well merited by the taste, splendor and elegance of the spectacle.

The Adelphi—has produced as its pantomime novelty for this year, a representation of Harlequin and the Enchanted Fish or the Genii of the Brazen Bottle, adapted for a Mr. Wieland from the well known tale in the Arabian Nights.—The music, dresses, and decorations are good, and the pantomime bustling and lively, and even bordering nearly on the old school, in the liberal distribution of kicks and cuffs. There were some clever tricks and ingenious allusions to passing events—amongst others, "a case of suck for the Mess of 11th Dragoons," was converted into a black bottle, much to the amusement of the spectators, who, at the end of the piece gave their flat for its continued representation, by boisterous applause.

The Surrey Theatre, has given its Christmas "treat," in a pantomime called Harlequin and my Lady Lee, on the slight foundation of the nursery rhyme, "goosey goosey gander, whither shall I wander &c." A huge gander and his family enacted by some juvenile performers, elicited loud merriment—Amongst the "hits," some levelled against the railways were happily directed. Dioramic views of Sidon and the siege of Acre, possessing extreme beauty and effect closed the entertainments.
PARIS FASHIONS.  
(From our own Correspondent.)

Bon jour, ma belle chère Amie! Je te souhaite une bien bonne année, car tu recevras ma lettre le jour de l'an! 1810 with its sinister predictions, not, however, all realized, but sufficiently so to have caused great misery through various disasters, is about to pass away and give place to a new year; let us hope for a fortunate and happy one! and at its commencement an amelioration in what affects all classes at present—the weather. It is cruelly cold—our thermometer at 15 degrees below freezing point, even in 1837 it was not so low now. Ainsi chère il faut danser*! and I send you a choice of the newest ball and evening dresses. You perceive the corsages à pointe are still more fashionable than any others; according to the material, the point is longer or shorter. Even the morning dresses are made without ceintures, and, although they have not all a determined point, still the waist is worn sufficiently lengthened in front to give it the appearance of a slight one. The sleeves for evening dresses are unanimously worn short, but present a very great variety of form. Some perfectly tight, plain, others tight with a puffing, or bouillon, or single sabot at bottom. Many are à double sabot, whilst some prefer a plain loose sleeve looped up in one, two, or three places, with flowers, marabout tips, tassels, bows or jewels. Thus every lady has an unlimited sway over her own sleeves, none can be counted unfashionable, or obsolete. Therefore, please yourself in this important point of your toilette. The deep lace ruffles and engangeantes are very much adopted with the short sleeves, but the Bertks so indispensable a short time since, are very much on the decline. Flounces, except those of lace, black, or white, are nearly out in full dress. But feathers and flowers, trimmings, bows, &c. are toujours de mode.

Black lace seems to be coming in again this winter. I have seen a great many black velvet corsages worn with white, pink, blue, and amber cape or silk skirts. Flounces of black lace on the latter, and black lace intermixed with flowers, the color of the latter, for the coiffure. These have been almost universally adopted lately at balls by the younger ladies, and very becoming they are. In morning dress we have only two sleeves—one or the other we must wear. The Amadis sleeve cut like a coat sleeve with two seams, and which I have before described to you, is called La Manche Moyenne. This sleeve is quite tight at the lower part of the arm to the elbow, and then encreases gradually in width till it reaches the shoulders, it is exceedingly elegant, and becoming to every figure, which is an advantage that the Amadis sleeve does not possess. In morning dresses composed of cashmere, merinos, cloth, or other winter materials the corsages are universally worn tight to fit the shape, with or without a point, but as I have already remarked longer waisted in front to give them the semblance of a point, and without a ceinture. Every kind of grimp trimming is fashionable, rows of buttons down the fronts of the dresses, brandebourgs, tassels, cordelières &c. &c.

Hats have not undergone any great change lately, the most fashionable materials, as usual at this season, are velvet, gros d'Afrique: (a ribbed silk like levantine) an satin. Some drawn capottes, have been made of velours épingle, but the material is not very well calculated for drawn bonnets, too thin. Hats, lined with a different colors, are much worn and feathers are more adopted than flowers; at this season they are more appropriate, still a branch of velvet flowers, laid flat across the front, or placed in a drooping position quite at one side, are frequently seen ornamenting a velvet or satin bonnet. In front they are exceedingly small, the front sits close to the face at the sides, and scarcely projects beyond the brow, but comes very low at the ears, the blonde or lace borders worn underneath the bonnets are ornamented with loops of very narrow satin ribbon, placed alternately and under the borders, of course the colors must be adopted to the lining of the bonnet, these borders are simple but very elegant. All the morning caps are trimmed with these ribbons. The crowns of the bonnets are still worn small and quite flat, indeed on a line with the front. Furs are much in vogue, boas are scarcely ever seen; but muffs are fashionable, and fur trimmings of every description are worn on dresses, shawls and cloaks.

Velvet cloaks are much worn, and are lined with fur, others only trimmed with it; and many are trimmed with black lace. These cloaks as I have already told you, are seldom more than three quarter length.

Colors.—The prevailing shade for bonnets are green blue, and purple, and a sort of claret and poussière or drab. For dresses we have two new colors: Flamme de Beyrouth, and gris St. Jean d'Acre, these with dark blue and purple, are the shades most prevalent.

Adieu, ma bonne amie, je-t'embrasse bien tendrement.  
L. de F——
DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATES
IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.
(Subscriber's Copies.)

These plates are of date, Paris, Dec. 19, 26.

No. 893.—Ball and Dinner Dresses—
Standing figure.—Dress of blue satin, the
corsage is low, décolletée and à pointe, the
front with three seams, and draperies à la
Sévigné, the lower fold of the draperies being
d'pointe to match the corsage. The sleeves
à double sabot (see plate) finished by deep
ruffles of point d'application, they are slightly
loosely looped up at front, but shade the elbow at
back. Marabout tips mixed with silver wheat
are visible between the puffing of the sleeve
and the ruffle. The trimming on the skirt
is quite of a novel description, it is in the
tabletter style; four very full bows of satin
ribbon, gradually increasing in size as they
go down each side of the skirt of the dress,
retain each a branch of marabout tips, and
silver wheat ears, whilst running across the
skirt (see plate) is a fall of deep lace en feston,
reaching nearly from bow to bow, being
sufficiently taken up at the sides (or ends) as
to give the appearance of a festoon. The
hair is in simple bands dressed low at the
back, with marabouts falling over the back
of the neck, a branch of silver wheat springs
from the feathers over the left ear, and a band
of silver chain work, with an ornament in
front forms a kind of têtonnerie, white satin
shoes, and white kid gloves covering the
wrists merely.

Sitting figure.—Mantelet cloak of black
velvet, lined with rose color satin and wadded.
A deep biais (or piece cut on the cross
way) goes entirely round the mantelet out-
side which is a deep black lace. Coiffure de
marabouts and golden wheat; the back hair
is in rings and rounds falling over the neck.
(see plate). The dress is of light fawn color
satin—white kid gloves, fan.

No. 896.—1st Figure.—Dress of organzé
à double jupe, over white satin : the inner
skirt of the dress it will be perceived is con-
siderably longer than the outer one; both
skirts are finished by a broad hem, the one
is looped up on the left side, with a full blown
rose, the other on the right with a similar
flower: the corsage of this very pretty dress
is made quite tight, with a very slight point,
and full draperies on the bosom. The sleeves
are exceedingly short and full, looped up in
front of the arm with full blown roses, a rose
is likewise placed in centre of the draperies
in front. White kid gloves, barely covering
the wrists, the tips trimmed with swansdown.
Coiffure à la Louis XIV: the hair down
back from the face over the brow, with the
exception of a range of tiny curls formed at
the very roots; at the sides it is in thick
clusters of long ringlets in the Montpens-
sier style, wholly concealing the ears: a
full blown rose is placed at the left temple,
and demi guirlande, or half wreath of full
blown roses, goes from the rose entirely round
the back of the head and terminates over the
right ear. Necklace of large pearls, white
satin shoes.

2nd Figure.—Dress of pink satin. The
corsage of this dress it will be perceived is
wholly of a new cut, and very much in the
style of a corset. It fits the shape as tightly
as it is possible, has a long point, and three
seams in front, the corsage is à cœur (see
plate), sloping downwards from the shoulder
both at back and front, the sleeves are tight
and plain and very short, and present a new
feature, that of being without shoulder straps;
they are trimmed with two smallings of satin
ribbon, and a small bouquet of three feathers
each in front of the arm. The skirt of the
dress is ornamented with two rows of these
same bouquets of feathers placed alternately,
and a similar branch is to be seen in front of
the corsage. The hair is in bandeaux crépés,
bandeaux a little frizzed inside and the back
coiled up in thick rouleaux like cables (see
plate) two branches of the pink accacia droop
at each side of the face. White kid gloves,
the tips trimmed with a puffing of ribbons the
long ends floating. White shoes : fan.

DONIZETTI'S "FAVORITE," (ACTED AT THE FRENCH ACADEMY.)

In a recent number of this periodical, we gave a biographical sketch of this
highly-talented and favorite actor. The following will form an acceptable addition
from the journals:

The scene is laid in Spain, at the commencement of the fourteenth century. The rising
of the curtain discovers a convent dedicated to the most popular saint on the other side of
the Pyrenees—namely, St. James of Compostella. The superior of this convent, the rev.
Father Baltazar, is reproaching in warm terms the young novice Fernando for the anti-
monastic sadness he evinces, for his insensibility to the charms of plain chant, and distaste
for the discipline. Fernando confesses that all these blessings are lost upon him; he has
succumbed to worldly temptations—he is in love, and, by a most original ruse, Satan had
employed holy water to gain him over.

In presenting holy water to a fair lady in the convent church, Fernando was led to steal
a glance at her. This glance was sufficient to ruin the young votary of St. James. "But
what is the name, the rank of this Amalakite woman?" said the prior. "I neither know nor care," answers Fernando; "I love her." Such a speech will not seem very unnatural, when we reflect that it was uttered by a novice.

Fernando declares his fixed determination to throw off the frock, and accordingly leaves the convent after receiving a benediction reluctantly pronounced by the abbot.

Fernando is next presented to us in the costume of a cavalier, at a most delightful villa on the coast of the island of Leone. The presiding deity of this paradise is Fernando's fair Isocutia. After the usual confession on these occasions that a corresponding flame burns in her breast, she informs him that she never can be his, insists on the necessity of a prompt separation, and at the same time hands him a captain's commission. Fernando takes his departure, though not without swearing, in a warlike cavatina, that love will render him invincible, and that he will return covered with laurels to claim her hand, according to an invariable custom with lyrical recruits.

While Fernando is doing battle with the Moors, the lady of his thoughts is obliged on her scruples as to the rank she had hitherto held at the court of Castile, and not knowing how far Fernando's philosophy might extend in such matters, charges one of her women to deliver into his hands before the nuptial ceremony a billet in which she reveals everything. The execution of this order is prevented by the accidental arrest of the messenger on suspicion. Leonora de Guzman, unaware of this incident, and seeing her admirer still smiling, and eager to lead her to the altar, mistakes his ignorance for resignation.

The marriage is celebrated; soon after Fernando returns triumphant amidst the courtiers. The matter avow'd, the jeers he is assailed with on every side, soon give him to understand the extent of his folly. Whereat his youthful indignation is aroused: he curses and shuns the presence of the guilty Leonora, and in rude terms remonstrates with his master, the king of Castile, for having played off so dishonoring a trick on him. In despair, he hastens to bury himself in the obscurity of a convent.

Accordingly, we are a second time shown into the convent of St. James. Fernando is pronouncing vows which he can never recall. Suddenly a plaintive and faltering voice stirs his ear: he recognizes beneath the hood of a young novice kneeling before a crucifix, his dear and peridious Leonora, who has come in penitence to seek his forgiveness. Here ensues a scene of deep pathos. Pity and love in turn assail and triumph over the heart of Fernando: he is about to bear his mistress away from the cloisters and live with her in happiness on some distant shore. Leonora answers that Heaven has forbidden this sacrilegious flight, that despair and remorse have killed her, and, after pronouncing a long farewell, she expires in his arms. The whole community assembled proceed to perform the funeral of this repentant Magdalen. Fernando sings—"Vous reviendrez m'enterrer demain."

This libretto rests on romantic incidents which are by no means new; but it has the merit of being happily versified, and of presenting good musical situations.

With respect to this new score of Donizetti, we might repeat the same censure and praise of which the preceding works of this maestro have been the object. We find in it the abuse of facility, a simplicity sometimes degenerating into negligence, the partial defect of music admirably situated, while on the other hand it possesses many very fine passages, brilliant instrumentation, and some of the most happily inspired melodies.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, AND THE INFANT PRINCESS.

Dec. 1.—Bulletin—"The Queen and the Princess Royal continued in a most satisfactory state. Her Majesty's convalescence is so far advanced that no more bulletins will be issued." The Queen Dowager visited the Queen, H. R. H. Prince Albert receiving Her Majesty in the grand hall, and conducting her to the Queen. The infant Princess Royal was presented to the Queen Dowager.

Dec. 2.—Their Royal Highnesses the Duchesses of Kent and Gloucester visited Her Majesty. H. R. H. Prince Albert rode out on horseback, and called upon Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager.

Dec. 3.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, and their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Duke of Sussex, visited Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert.

Dec. 4.—Le Commandeur Marques Lusbra, Brazilian Charge d'Affaires, had audience of H. R. H. Prince Albert. Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager and Suite, left Marlborough House, for the station of the London and Birmingham Railway, departing thence by a special train for Sudbury Hall.


Dec. 6.—H. R. H. Prince Albert attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

Dec. 7.—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent visited the Queen.

H. R. H. Prince Albert paid a visit to the Duchy of Cornwall-office in Somerset House.

The Nobility and Gentry make daily enquiries after Her Majesty and the Princess Royal.

Dec. 8.—Her Majesty held a Privy Council at Buckingham Palace, at which Parliament was ordered to be further prorogued from Thursday Dec. 10th, until January, 26th.

Dec. 9.—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent dined with Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert.

Dec. 10.—Prince Albert visited the riding-school near the Royal Mews.

H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex called at Buckingham Palace.

Dec. 11.—Her Majesty gave audience to Viscount Melbourne.

H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge visited the Smithfield Cattle Show.

Dec. 12.—Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia, visited Her Majesty.


H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent attended divine service in the chapel at Kensington Palace.

Dec. 14.—His Excellency, Baron Bublov, envoy and minister plenipotentiary to his Majesty the King of Prussia, had audience of H. R. H. Prince Albert.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent took an airing.

Dec. 15.—The ceremony of churching the Queen was performed in her Majesty's private apartments, at Buckingham Palace, by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. There were present only H. R. H. Prince Albert, H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, the Lady in Waiting, and the Deputy Clerk of the Closet.


Dec. 17.—The Queen, accompanied by H. R. H. Prince Albert, took half an hour's airing, for the first time since her Majesty's accouchement.

H. R. H. the Princess Sophia Matilda visited her Majesty.

H. R. H. Prince Albert inspected one of the magnificent sideboard dishes lately prepared for the Goldsmith's Company. The subject represented is Richard II. granting the charter of incorporation to the Company. The piece of plate was removed to an adjoining room for her Majesty's inspection.

Dec. 18.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert took a drive in a close carriage.

Dec. 19.—Court Mourning. Orders were issued from the Lord Chamberlain's office for the Court's going into mourning on Sunday the 20th, for her late Serene Highness the Dowager Princess of Reuss Koestritz, great aunt to her Majesty; and the Court to go out of mourning on Thursday 31st Dec.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent visited her Majesty.

The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert took a drive in Hyde-park.

H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge returned to town from a visit to the Earl and Countess of Jersey.

Dec. 20 (Sunday).—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert attended divine service, which was performed in one of the state rooms in Buckingham Palace.

Dec. 21.—The Princess Royal was vaccinated by Mr. Blagdon, in the presence of Sir.
J. Clark and Dr. Looch. Her Majesty joined the Royal circle at dinner.


Dec. 23.—The Queen and H.R.H. Prince Albert left town for Windsor Castle, in a carriage and four with outriders in scarlet liveries, escorted by a party of Lancers.

Her Majesty's Royal bounty and gate-alms were distributed on Monday and Tuesday, the 21st and 22nd inst. The bounty was conferred upon upwards of 650 persons who received five shillings. The Royal gate-alms were given to 165 persons, at 1s. each. All the recipients were above 60 years of age, and many very infirm and disabled.

A meeting was held at the town-hall of Windsor to address her Majesty.

Dec. 24.—H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent left town on a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle.

Workmen are busily engaged in the completion of the new riding house at Windsor, it being her Majesty's intention to take daily equestrian exercise.

Dec. 25 (Christmas-day).—Her Majesty, H. R. H. Prince Albert, and the Royal Household, attended divine service in the private chapel within the Castle, and afterwards walked for half an hour on the terrace.

H. R. H. Prince Albert took the exercise of skating on the lake in Frogmore Gardens.

Dec. 26 (Windsor).—H. R. H. Prince Albert skated on the lake at Frogmore.

Dec. 27 (Sunday).—Her Majesty, H.R.H. Prince Albert, and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, together with the Royal visitors and suite, attended divine service in the private chapel within the Castle.

Dec. 28 (Windsor, Monday).—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert rode in a close carriage, at twenty minutes before one o'clock, to the lake in Frogmore-gardens, where H.R.H. enjoyed the exercise of skating till nearly two o'clock.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Fanny Howard, walked on the Terrace and in the Slopes for some time.

Dec. 29 (Windsor, Tuesday).—Her Majesty and Prince Albert rode in a close carriage, at twenty minutes before one o'clock, to the lake in Frogmore-gardens, where his Royal Highness enjoyed the exercise of skating till nearly two o'clock.

Dec. 30 (Windsor, Wednesday).—His Royal Highness Prince Albert skated for some time this morning, attended by the gentlemen of the Royal suite.

The Queen has not taken her usual drive.

Dec. 31 (Windsor, Wednesday).—The Queen and the Duchess of Kent accompanied Prince Albert to the ice at Frogmore this morning to see the skating, and her Majesty participated in the amusement by being driven on a sledge over the ice by his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

The care and attention bestowed, it is said, upon the infant Princess Royal by its nurse and various attendants are only to be equalled by the great anxiety manifested by its royal parents, her Majesty and Prince Albert, for its health and welfare.

Immediately her Majesty has risen in the morning, and entered the breakfast-room, intelligence of the state of health of the Infant Princess is communicated to the Queen by the Baroness Lehzen; and as soon as breakfast is concluded, her Majesty (who is generally accompanied by Prince Albert), proceeds to the nursery, and there remains, usually for about half an hour.

In consequence of the extreme severity of the weather since the arrival of the Court at Windsor, the Royal infant (who is in most excellent health, not having experienced the slightest indisposition since she has been at the Castle) has not been taken beyond the nursery and the other rooms connected with that department of the Royal Household appropriated to the use of her Royal Highness and her several attendants.

It is the invariable custom of her Majesty, upon leaving the drawing-room at night, and previously to retiring to rest, to visit the nursery for the purpose of ascertaining the state of health, and taking leave, of the Infant Princess.

Mrs. Packer, who has been appointed wet-nurse to the Princess Royal is a native of Edinburgh, where she was well known as Miss Augusta Gow. She is a daughter of the late Nathaniel Gow, and granddaughter of the celebrated Neil Gow (Thomas Neil). Mrs. Packer studied music at the Royal Academy, London, with the view of becoming a public singer, in which character she appeared at several concerts.

Scottsmen.

Mrs. Benson, (wife of Lieut. Benson late of the 57th Regiment), who resides at Chatham was a candidate for nursing the Princess Royal.—She proceeded to town on the 20th November, but unfortunately arrived two hours too late—H. R. H. Prince Albert, wrote immediately after to Mrs. Benson a very kind note, and enclosed £100 for her trouble and disappointment.

KENTISH GAZETTE.

Col. the Hon. H. Molyneux, 60th Rifles.
Lord Robert Grosvenor, Dec. 22.
Sir H. Wheatley, Dec. 22.
Lord and Lady Kinnaird, 26.

Ladies in Waiting.—The Duchess of Bedford and Lady Barham.

Lord and Groom in Waiting.—The Marquis of Headfort and the Hon. William Cowper.

Maids of Honor.—Hon. Misses Pitt and Rice.
ROYAL CHRISTENINGS.*

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

"Among the royal ceremonials recorded in the annals of this country, few have been connected with circumstances of more touching interest than some of our royal christenings. At this particular season, when every loyal bosom beats high with trembling hope in the anticipation of an event equally auspicious to the Sovereign and her people, it may not be displeasing to the reader to cast a retrospective glance at the varying circumstances under which some of the royal children of England have been presented at the baptismal font. Edward I., the conqueror of Wales and Scotland, was the first prince who was baptized in Westminster abbey, after it was rebuilt by his father, Henry III., who, in honor of the illustrious founder of that noble pile, bestowed the national and popular name of Edward on his heir—a name, above all others, endeared to the people by the remembrance of the mild virtues and paternal laws of Edward the confessor.

The christening of Henry II., was solemnized after a rude fashion, amidst the rocky fastnesses of the conquered but unsubmitting mountains of Wales, surrounded by the steel-clad followers of his royal father, who had unwittingly consented to receive for their prince, a native of their own country, who should not be able to speak a word of English or French. They reluctantly imprinted the kiss of homage on the soft cheek of the infant Plantagenet, to whom the faithful Eleanor, the consort of the victorious Edward, had just given birth in the Eagle-tower of Caernarvon Castle.

In a still more auspicious hour for England were celebrated the baptismal rite of his eldest son, the renowned Edward III., who came like a dove of peace to heal the deadly quarrel between the insurgent barons of England and their angry sovereign, and to prove, for a blessed interval, the sweet bond of union between his estranged parents.

This prince was born at Windsor, on the 13th of November, and four days afterwards was baptised with great splendour in the old chapel of St. Edward. The uncle of queen Isabella, and the rest of the French nobles who were at the court of his royal parents, were urgent with the king to allow his heir to be called Louis, but the English nobles, always averse to a foreign name, insisted that the princely boy should be baptised by none other than that of Edward. The ceremony was performed by the cardinal Arnold, and the infant prince had no less than, seven godfathers, but there is not the name of one godmother recorded.

A fourth royal heir of England of the same popular name, Edward the Black Prince, who afterwards even transcended his mighty father's fame, was born and christened in the sylvan bowers of Woodstock, where Edward III. and his youthful consort, Philippa, then resided in almost domestic retirement. No extraordinary splendor marked the baptismal rite of this illustrious prince, but it is recorded that his infant beauty and strength astonished even his own nurse, and that he was intrusted to no mean nurse than his royal mother, the queen of England, who nourished him at her own bosom.

Richard II., the unworthy son of Edward the Black Prince, was born and christened in a foreign land. Auguries of evil omen, touching his future destiny, were promulged in the ante-chambers of his victorious grandsire, Edward III., and among the ladies of honor to the princess of Wales, his mother, even at that early period of his existence. In fact, there was a national disappointment in consequence of the death of his eldest brother, a prince of fair promise, who bore the more popular name of Edward, being the fifth royal heir of England, so called from that great monarch in whose person an appellation so dear to national remembrance had been in happy hour revived.

Henry VI. was christened at Windsor with peculiar splendor, while his victorious sire, Henry V., was engaged in prosecuting the siege of Meaux.* His godfathers were his renowned uncle, John duke of Bedford, and Henry Beaufort, bishop of Winchester. He was presented at the baptismal font by Jacqueline, countess of Hainault, who was familiarly designated by the name of Lady Jake. The English court was at that period much interested in the courtship between Humphrey duke of Gloucester, the handsome young bachelor-uncle of the royal neophyte, and the fair Flemish countess, who became almost as much the sport of fortune, as her royal godson.

The birth and christening of the only son of Henry VI. took place at a period when his royal sire was suffering under a severe malady of the brain, attended with total aberration of reason. The infant prince was born on St. Edward's day, and baptised by that name with great pomp, in Westminster abbey. The ceremony was performed by the pious Waynflete, bishop of Winchester, his father's most beloved friend and counsellor. The duke of Somerset, the archbishop of Canterbury, and the duchess of Buckingham, were the sponsors. The font was arrayed in russet cloth of gold and surrounded by a blaze of tapers. The cryson, or christening mantle, in which the royal babe was received after his immersion, cost 554£. 16s. 8d.; and we learn from the issue rolls that it was very rich with embroidery of pearls.

* See our Memoirs and Portraits. See our Chronicle of Isabeau.
and precious stones. Within this stately mantle was a fine white linen wrapper, to prevent the brocade and gems from coming in contact with the delicate skin of the new-born prince. "Ten duchesses, eight countesses, one viscountess, and sixteen baronesses, received writs of summons to be present at the churching festival of the queen, her mother. "Very touching is the account given in a letter among the Paston papers, of the first introduction of the royal infant to the long-unconscious monarch, on his restoration to health and reason. "On the Wednesday at noon the queen came to him and brought my lord prince with her. Then he asked what the prince's name was, and the queen told him Edward, and then he held his hands up and thanked God thereof, and said he never knew him till that time, nor wist where he had been till now; and he asked the queen who were the godfathers, and the queen told him, and he was well content."

"The christening of another royal Edward, the rival heir of England, was solemnized under circumstances of a more romantic character. "This fair boy first saw the light in the Jerusalem chamber, in Westminster abbey, which Thomas Milling, the friendly abbot of Westminster, had compassionately resigned for the accommodation of the afflicted queen of Edward IV., when in her terror and sore distress, she, with her three little daughters, her mother, and the lady Scrope, fled from the Tower, by Lorenzo Lancastrians, and, landing at St. Peter's, entered her name as a sanctuary woman, and there awaited the expected hour when she was destined to bring into the world the first-born son of her fugitive king and husband. "No cloak of gold arrayed the ancient gothic front of hewn stone, round which the little band of fond and faithful friends was gathered, by whom the infant prince was brought to his christening; for the rite was performed with no greater pomp than if he had been the son of a private individual. His godmothers were the old duchess of Bedford, his grandmother; and the lady Scrope, his mother's faithful attendant. The kind abbot charitably performed the office of godfather to the new-born heir of England, no other man being at hand who would venture to render the desolate child of sanctuary that service. "The next royal christening of national interest, was that of Arthur prince of Wales, in whose person the claims of the rival roses of York and Lancaster blended in the first year of the union between Henry of Richmond and Elizabeth of York. "This welcome and auspicious pledge of peace and joy to the long-bleeding land was baptised at the cathedral of Winchester with extraordinary parade. Elizabeth Woodville, who assisted by two of her daughters, the princesses Cicely, and Anne, stood godmother to her infant descendant, must have recalled with an agonizing thrill of remembrance the scene to which we have just referred, when her own fair boy, Edward V., was borne with mingled tears of grief and joy to the unadorned font within the lonely abbey, where he was preserved from the perils that overshadowed his cradle, to fulfil a darker destiny at a period when a mother's fondest hopes were twined around her "gallant, springing, young Plaginet."

"Henry VII. caused the font of Canterbury cathedral, to be removed at a considerable expense, for the baptism of his other children. "The christening of queen Elizabeth was the most splendid and elaborate in its details that was ever accorded to a princess of England. "On the 7th day of September, being Sunday," says Hall, "the queen was delivered of a fair lady, which day the duke of Norfolk came home to the christening. Te Deum was sung and great preparations were made for the christening. "The mayor, the aldermen, and forty of the principal citizens, were summoned to that solemnity, which took place on the following Wednesday. On which day the mayor, Sir Stephen Poocock, with the aldermen and council of the city of London, in their robes and chains, took barge after they had dined together at one o'clock, and so rowed to Greenwich, where many lords, gentlemen, and knights were assembled. All the walls between the king's palace and the Greyfriars were hung with arras, and all the way strewed with green rushes. The church was also hung with arras. The font was of silver, and raised three steps high. It was placed in the middle of the church and covered with a fine cloth; divers gentles put their necks, guarded the space of the heads above them, under a square canopy of crimson satin, fringed with gold; and it was a rail covered with red say. Between the chair and chancel, a closet with a fire had been prepared, lest the infant should take cold in being disrobed for the font. When all those things were ordered, the child was brought into the hall, and then every man set forward. First, the citizens, two and two; then gentlemen, esquires, and chaplains; after them the aldermen and the mayor alone; then the king's council and those of his chapel, in robes; then the prelates and peers people of the covered gilt basins; then the officers of the Chapel of England, with the taper of virgin wax; next the marquis of Dorset, bearing the salt, followed by the lady Mary of Norfolk, bearing the chrysom, which was very rich of pearl and gems. Last, under a stately canopy, which was supported by the lord Rocheford, lord Huse, and the lords William Howard and Thomas Howard, her maternal kinsmen, came the child, in the arms of her great grandmother, the duchess dowager of Norfolk, by whom this royal scion of her
house was proudly borne in a mantle of purple velvet, with a train of almost regal length furred with ermine.

On the right of the time-honored duchess and her royal charge walked, the duke of Norfolk, with his marshal's rod, and on the left the duke of Suffolk. Before them went the officers bore the train of the infant's mantle assisted by the earl of Wiltshire, the queen's father, on the right, and the earl of Derby on the left but nearer to the person of the princely babe than the countess; a procession of noble ladies brought up the rear.

The bishop of London, with a procession of bishops and mitred abbots, received the infant at the church door, and commenced the solemnization of the sacramental rite, and then, with all the ceremonial of the church of Rome, this great Protestant queen received the name of Elizabeth. Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, was her godfather, and the godmothers were the widowed duchess of Norfolk and the marchioness of Dorset.

As soon as the child was named, Garter king of arms cried aloud, 'God of his infinite goodness send a prosperous life, and long, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!' And then a flourish of trumpets was sounded, and the child was brought to the altar, and the gospel said over her; and after that she was confirmed by the archbishop, and the sponsors presented their christening gifts. The archbishop of Canterbury gave the princess a standing cup of gold, the duchess of Norfolk gave also a cup of gold, fretted with pearls. The marchioness of Dorset gave three gilt bowls pounced with a cover, and the marchioness of Exeter gave three standing bowls, graven with gilt with covers.

Then was brought in wafers, comfits, and hyposlas, in such abundance that every man had as much as he could desire.

The homeward procession of the newly-christened babe, just four days old, was lighted on its way to the palace with five hundred staff-torches, which were carried by the yeomen of the guard and the king's servants, but the infant was surrounded by gentlemen bearing wax flambeaux. The procession returned in the same order as it came, save that four noble gentlemen carried the sponsors' gifts before the child, and so, with the flourish of trumpets all the way preceding them, they bore the princess to the chamber of the queen her mother. The mayor and aldermen delayed their departure till the king gave command to the duke of Norfolk and Suffolk to thank them heartily in his name; and then, having refreshed themselves powerfully in the royal cellar, they departed to their barges.

But of every ceremonial of the kind on record, the most striking scene, perhaps, was acted at the baptismal font in St. Paul's cathedral, in the chapel of Edward VI., in the chapel of Hampton-court, when the future defender of the reformed religion was presented at the baptismal font by his sister and Catholic successor, the princess Mary, whom his birth had just deprived of the immediate heritage of a throne.

There, too, unconscious of the awful storm that had clouded her morn of life and reversed her own high prospects since the day when she had been proclaimed princess of Wales and heiress of the realm, came the young motherless Elizabeth, who had been roused from the sweetest slumber of infant innocence, and arrayed in the part that had been assigned to her in the pageant. In this procession Elizabeth, borne in the arms of the aspiring Seymour, the brother of the queen, with playful smiles, carried the chrysol for the son of her father whose mother's blood had been shed on the scaffold, and herself branded with the reproach of illegitimacy. And there the earl of Wiltshire, the father of the murdered Anna Boleyn, made himself an object of contempt to every one by assisting at this rite, at which he bore the taper of virgin wax, with a towel about his neck.

The godfather had associated with the princess Mary on this occasion were Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, and the duke of Norfolk, the first of whom it is well known she afterwards consigned to the stake.

The font of solid silver, was guarded by sir John Russel, sir Nicholas Carew, sir Francis Brian, and sir Anthony Brown, in aprons, with towels about their necks.

The marchioness of Exeter carried the child under a canopy, which was borne by the duke of Suffolk, the marquis of Exeter, the earl of Arundel, and lord William Howard. The prince's nurse, mistress Jackson, whom he ever called Mother Jack, followed with the queen's domestics.

When his attendants were making the prince ready in his traverse, Te Deum was sung; the ceremonial was arranged for the lord William Howard to give the towel first to the lady Mary; lord Fitzwalter to bear the covered basins; Lord Delawar to uncover them. The Lord Stourton to give the towels to the archbishop of Canterbury and the duke of Norfolk.

After the prince was christened, his style was thus proclaimed by Garter.—

'God, in his almighty and infinite grace, grant good life and long to the right high, right royal and most dear and entirely beloved son of our most dread and gracious lord, king Henry VIII.'

The lady Mary gave her godson a cup of gold by lord Essex; Cranmer three great bowls and two great pots, which were borne by the earl of Wiltshire. The duke of Norfolk presented a similar offering to his royal godson.

F—January, 1541.
"In the returning procession the lady Elizabeth was led away by the lady Mary, her sister, by whom she was at that time so fondly loved, that, when speaking of her, Mary was accustomed to call her a ‘toward little darling’.

Elizabeth’s train was borne by the lady Herbert, sister to Catherine Parr.

The prince was carried back in solemn state, with the trumpets sounding before him, to the queen his mother’s chamber, there to receive the blessings of his royal parents. King Henry gave great largess that day. The excitement, noise, and loss of rest caused by this pompous ceremonial, in all probability, cost Jane Seymour her life.

The first royal heir of England who was christened in this realm in the Protestant faith, according to the forms prescribed in the beautiful baptismal service of the liturgy of our church, was Charles II., who was baptised in the chapel royal, at St. James’s palace.

The scene represented in the accompanying plate is the hurried and mournful christening of the youngest daughter of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, who was born at Exeter, June 16th, 1664, during the rage of the civil war.

Two months before their infant saw the light, Henrietta and Charles parted in tears and anguish of heart at Abingdon, and never met again. Henrietta sought refuge at Exeter but the near approach of the Parliamentary army, breathing threats against her life, compelled the terrified queen to abandon her lying-in-chamber at the end of a fortnight, to seek a refuge in Holland, leaving her new-born infant in the charge of her young and beautiful governess, lady Dalkeith.

Under the care of this high-minded and courageous lady, the little tender flower, unconscious of the gloomy storms that had heralded her entrance into an evil life, or the perils by which her cradle was surrounded, remained safe amidst the thunders of the siege of Exeter, till the arrival of her royal sire, by whom the city was relieved in person, July 26th, 1664.

On that day Charles I. gave his infant daughter a first and last embrace, and commanded his chaplain to baptise her by her mother’s name, to which that of Anne was added, in compliment to her august aunt, the queen of France. The beautiful and faithful protectress of the infant princess, as the proxy of her royal godmother, Anne of Austria, presented her at the baptismal font, attended by only two or three of the ladies devoted to the cause of her illustrious parents; and thus, in the absence of all ceremonials of state, without the presence of peer or prelate, was the holy rite solemnized by which the princess Henrietta Maria Anne received into the church of Christ, with some forms than were practised at the secret and perilous baptisms of the children of saints and martyrs among the primitive Christians.

Lady Dalkeith continued to perform the office of a mother to this deserted child of royalty and sorrow, till the desperation of king Charles’s cause suggested to her the expediency of removing her precious charge to a kinder country than her native land; but this could not be done without great danger both to herself and the object of her solicitude. Lady Dalkeith, however, resolved to brave all consequences, and trusting to be here on the point of becoming a mother, and in extreme ill health, she privately withdrew from Oatlands, with the infant princess, to London, in 1646, and engaged a vessel for her passage to Holland.

No objection was opposed to her own departure, but the difficulty was in getting the royal infant on board the vessel without the sanction of the parliament. The ready wit of Lady Dalkeith, however, had prepared for this; and when all things were ready, she administered a strong opiate to the babe, and then slinging her about her waist under a large apron, she carried her precious burden unsuspected on board the ship, which, after eluding the vigilance of the Parliamentary vessels, safely crossed to Holland; and the fair and courageous godmother, who had so heroically fulfilled all the duties she had undertaken to the helpless daughter of her sovereign, had the joy of restoring her in health and freedom to the arms of the exiled queen, her mother. Lady Dalkeith afterwards became countess of Morton, under which title the following lines were addressed to her by the celebrated Waller, while attached to the service of the exiled royal family at the Louvre, which afford the best commemoration of her loyal and heroic exploit:

'You from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,
Snatched your fair charge, the princess, like a brand—
A brand preserved to warm some prince’s heart,
And make whole kingdoms take her brother’s part.'

'Where the kind nymph, changing her faultless shape,
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to a’scape;
When through the guards, the river, and the sea,
Faith, beauty, wit, and courage made their way.
What guards, what river, could an angel stay?
So fled this fair, and o’er the ocean bore,
Her princely burden to the Gallic shore.
Born in the storms of war, this royal fair,
Produced the lightning in tempestuous air,
' Though now she flies her native isle (less kind
' Less safe for her than either sea or wind),
' Shall, when the blossom of her beauty's blown,
' See her great brother on the British throne,
' Where peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,
' But which rules most—his sceptre, or her eyes.'

"Few predictions have been fulfilled to the letter so completely as this poetical compliment; for the infant Henrietta, grew up a beauty, and her exiled brother was restored to his throne.

"The last royal christening of great importance in the annals of this country was that of her present gracious Majesty queen Victoria, at Kensington palace. May the hopes of her people ere long be realized in the solemnization of the baptismal rites of an heir of her widely extended realms, in whose person and posterity the royal succession may continue to be peaceably and prosperously established for countless generations!"

WIN T E R.

I am come, in my bright snowy mantle at last!
Long on their way have my harbingers past;
Omens and signs have I sent on my path,
Warning I come in my vengeance and wrath;
The glorious light of the sun hath declin'd,
In crimson and flame is its setting enshrin'd,
My army moves on with its banners unfurl'd,
To tell I am coming to conquer the world.

The day and its cheerfulness yieldeth to me,
There is gloom on the land there is gloom on the sea,
The vapours are spread 'neath the lowering sky,
Or in dark lurid masses roll heavily by.
The fresh breeze of autumn is gone; and starts forth
In its stead the bleak, keen, culling blast from the north,
At its breath the clear waters astonish'd move slow,
Till it binds them in ice and forbids them to flow.

I am come, I am come from my dwelling afar,
Where the tempests and hurricanes reservoirs are!
As I soar'd o'er the mountains I bid the storm cloud
In the blackness of darkness each summit enshroud;
I frown on the forest, and rend it with frost,
I howl, and the pines in the whirlwind are toast,
I wither the lingering leaves with my breath,
And shout, when I see my companion is death.

I am come, I am come with my terrors at last,
On my temples my chill crown of ice is froze fast,
The icicles sparkle like diamond and gem
That deck with their crystals, that pure diadem.
The rime frost is glistening over my vest,
And spangles the grey locks that float on my breast,
And my shafts from the north flashing over the sky,
Proclaim to the earth, that their master is nigh.

I am come! those may't see me on crag and on peak,
When the snow clouds are gather'd, and winds blowing bleak,
On the icy chain'd river my pathway is trac'd,
My brilliants the rocks and the caves have eneas'd;
Before me deep waters spring from their dark-home,
And rush forth in torrents of billowy foam,
I have touch'd with my sceptre, sky, ocean and plain,
And, spell bound, the world must submit to my reign.

B.
MEMOIR OF ODETTE DE CHAMP DIVERS,

Illustrated by a full-length authentic Portrait, beautifully colored from an ancient illuminated Manuscript, No. 94 of the series of full-length authentic portraits.

But few particulars have reached us respecting the brief existence of the young Odette de Champ Divers, excepting her noble devotion to the sorely stricken monarch, Charles the sixth of France, which has caused her name to be perpetuated to the nineteenth century. She was the only daughter of a horse dealer, of the Rue de la Feronnerie, and having lost her mother at the period of her birth, was brought up under the care of an aged female, entrusted with the management of her father’s domestic concerns. We are told that the extreme beauty of this young girl attracted the notice of the licentious brother of Charles the Sixth, then duke of Touraine, and afterwards of Orleans, and husband of the exemplary Valentine of Milan. The prince visited Odette, in her father’s humble abode, passing himself for a person of her own sphere of life, and thus won the affections of the youthful maiden, who, however, fortunately discovered the real name and rank of her lover in time to avoid the snares he was so successfully weaving for her destruction, and the virtuous girl refused to receive him again. The celebrated writer, Dumas, has immortalized the name of Odette de Champ Divers, in his elegant chronicle of Isabel de Baviere, the whole of which we shall by next month, have presented to our readers, together with the portrait of her daughter.

The following interesting scenes in which Odette de Champ Divers plays a conspicuous part are borrowed from the above mentioned work.

The romantic attachment between King Charles and Odette de Champ Divers is said to have commenced in the following manner:—

On Easter day, about a twelvemonth after Odette had lost her father, whose death occurred on the very day our little heroine completed the fifteenth year of her age, the young maiden had the curiosity to go to see the king pass on his return from chapel, to his residence at the hôtel Saint Pôlé; for, strange to say, the monarch who was at this period insane, though not subjected to the violent paroxysms of madness by which he had been, previously, and was afterwards affected, had been conducted by the wicked policy of his queen, to a place of divine worship. Leading directly from the chapel, to the entrance of the palace, was a long avenue of lime trees, and the timid Odette unostentatively took up her station close by one whose huge trunk nearly concealed her slight form from the view of the persons engaged around for a similar purpose with herself. She had not long occupied the spot before she was startled at the sound of an approaching voice singing, in the wildest tones imaginable, part of a Latin psalm, and ending each verse with the chorus of a popular drinking song. Inexpressibly shocked, the little girl looked enquiringly around, and hearing the words ‘the king’ pass from mouth to mouth, whilst the spectators were unanimously convulsed with laughter, she burst into tears, compassionating her afflicted sovereign, and, seemingly, forgetful, at the moment that she was not alone, she sank upon her knees and commenced chanting the Domine Salvum fac regem, totally regardless that all eyes were upon her, until all at once she perceived that Charles the Sixth himself, was standing before her, gazing upon her with a childish surprise painted upon every feature. Odette only now seemed to awaken to a sense of what was passing around her, for, abashed and terrified at having thus publicly given way to her feelings, she uttered a slight cry of surprise, and timidity, and burying her face in both her hands, seemed ready to sink with shame at the recollection of her own boldness: Charles, however, struck probably by the singularity of the scene, had ceased his singing, and, approaching Odette, took both her hands, and raised her kindly, at the same time that he imprinted a kiss upon her fair brow, saying, ‘Thou

* The Portrait and Memoir of this lady, were published in our Magazine of January 1st, 1840.
† See Magazine of July, 1840, page 30, line 6—to the end of the chapter.
ODETTE DE CHAMPDIVERS

Surnamed the Little Queen.

Reign of Charles VI.

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Court Magazine.

N° 94 of the series of ancient portraits.

N° 11 Carey street Lincoln's Inn London.
shall come with me," and with one of her hands clasped in his, and his other arm thrown over her shoulder, he continued his way to the Hôtel, casting around him looks expressive of the delight he felt at finding, at length, a being, who seemed to compassionately his forlorn condition.

Odette was suffered to remain with the king for a few days, until one evening that Charles, amusing himself with a pack of cards, unhappily taking the queen of spades for Isabeau de Bevière, was seized with one of his most violent fits of madness, and running about the apartment wildly, cast on his wife the most bitter invectives and threatened to kill her if she came near him. Queen Isabeau who happened to be at this time concealed behind the arras, imagined that it could only be Odette who could have thus exasperated the king's mind against her, and, accordingly the tender-hearted little nurse was dismissed at once, much to her regret and that of the afflicted monarch. Odette de Champ Divers, now an orphan, finding herself without protection in a city where licentiousness was carried to the most appalling height, formed the wise and virtuous resolution of retiring to a nunnery. It happened most opportunely for our little maiden that her own aunt was abbess of the convent of the Trinity; and thither Odette immediately repaired, with the intention of taking vows as soon as the term of her novitiate should have expired. Before that period however arrived, the destinies of the little novice underwent a total change. The king had been removed to the castle of Creil, and his physician Guillaume d'Wersailly, having discovered a slight amelioration in the state of his unhappy patient, during the day or two of Odette's attendance upon him, represented to Isabeau de Bavière, the good effects which her presence, beautiful as she was, and beloved as she had been by the king, would necessarily produce on the mind of the sufferer. Isabeau, seemingly consented to the good doctor's wishes, but having sent for her lover, the duke d'Orléans, the guilty pair decided between themselves, that Isabeau should remain in Paris, unfettered by her matrimonial chains, whilst her place by the bed-side of her suffering lord, should be filled by a hired female, as the soothing presence of woman was pronounced indispensable to the recovery of the monarch. Application was, therefore, made by a strange fatality, to the superior of the convent of the Holy Trinity, to permit one of the young sisters of her flock to become the companion and attendant of Charles the sixth; and that lady, actuated either by a laudable ambition for the advancement of one of her own kindred, or, (and it is by no means improbable), being acquainted with that part of her niece's history, decided upon Odette's filling the singular and important mission, and, accordingly, herself presented the damsel to the queen. No mention whatever being made of any recognition on the part of Isabel, towards the maiden, it may be imagined that the princess did not in reality recollect her, or it might be, that the artful wife, knowing that Odette's services would be more acceptable to the king than those of any strange maiden, and perceiving her own emancipation thereby the more effectually secured, thought it most politic not to make any allusion to the past, and therefore received her as she would have done had they never met before.

On Odette's arrival at Creil Castle, the unfortunate Charles was suffering under one of the most violent paroxysms of the fatal malady to which he was so unhappily subject. He had not at first the slightest recollection of his little companion, who herself trembled at the frenzy she witnessed: the angelic sweetness and unaffected tenderness displayed by the gentle girl had, however, the effect of calming the perturbed spirit of Charles, and after a few struggles the maniac was subdued.

History records not the duration of Odette's sojourn with King Charles the Sixth, nor the date of the death of the devoted girl herself, who, as we see in Dumas, (who has to our certain knowledge literally followed the chronicles of that period,) expired in consequence of her dreadful alarm at hearing that the king had been burnt to death, just at the time when she was about to give birth to a daughter, named Margaret de Valois, afterwards married to John of Harpedanne, lord of Belleville and Poitou, whose portrait will embellish the next number of this magazine.

[We can refer our readers to page 125, in the number for August, 1840, and 'Isabeau' in the Index for the several parts of the Chronicle itself.]
Description of the Portrait of Odette de Champ Divers, surnamed the little queen.

Odette de Champ Divers is attired in the costume worn by the ladies of the court in the reign of Charles the Sixth, and his magnificent queen, Isabeau of Bavaria, so renowned for the splendor in dress, which she was the first to introduce to the court of France. Odette, wears a head-dress different from those of our other portraits already given of the same era. The fair tresses of the young maiden are wholly concealed beneath a sort of cap of gold brocade. This cap is flat on the top of the head, and hangs down over the ears, the sides being ornamented with a chain-work of pearls. A short, but ample veil, rounded below, shades the back of the head, falling at the centre as low as the neck. On the crown of the head is a small and nearly flat chaperon, composed of blue velvet and having a large ruby ornamented in gold and surrounded by pearls; that, immediately over the brow, being one of the large pear pearls. Her robe is of blue brocade d'Argent, the skirt is ample, and falls in graceful draperies nearly over the feet, like that of the Lady Violante of Milan; it has a train, and is low in the corsage, fitting tight to the shape, and having long tight sleeves. Over this garb is the surcoat worn at that period, composed of white fur, and closed down the front with a broad band of jewels. A jewelled girdle is also to be seen at each side over the hips, where it was worn at that day, in preference to round the waist. Odette wears rings on the fore fingers of both hands, and her left arm supports a bible or missal, fastened with rich gold clasps. Her shoes are white. This portrait is taken from an illuminated MS. of that period, preserved in the library of the king of France.

THE HANSDOME MAN'S COMPLAINT.

Prince Albert Saxe Gotha's the plague of my life,
In my mind he engenders perpetual strife,
For handsome he is, and though handsome I am,
The ladies will say, he's the handsomest man.

I once took a young lady out for a walk,
She seemed greatly pleased, and did both laugh and talk,
Till Prince Albert rode by, when she let go my hand,
And said—"He is the handsomest man in the land:

So noble, so graceful," she breathless exclaimed,
"Oh I do you not think he's justly so named?"
What mortification! Till then, pretty Anne,
I am certain, had thought me the handsomest man.

Very soon after this to a party I went,
And on conquest of hearts I was fully intent:
At my toilet bestowed more than usual care,
Feeling sure I should captivate every one there.

I entered the room, and expected to see
In a moment all eyes would be fixed upon me;
And in fancy could hear, 'neath some delicate fan,
"Why, do you not think him a right handsome young man?"

But I passed unobserved, for the prince was their theme,
They declared one so handsome they'd ne'er before seen;
Although they'd known me, and I certainly am
A pleasing, a graceful, a HANDSOME YOUNG man.

Oh, Prince Albert, indeed, is the plague of my life,
He causes chagrin, and vexation, and strife:
For handsome he is, and though handsome I am,
The ladies will say he's the handsomest man.  

ELIZA GUADA.
RE-INTERMENT OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

The Place de la Concorde afforded one of the most prominent, and certainly the most magnificent position in the whole line of the procession, presenting an animated appearance at an early hour. Strange to say, however, although so attractive and capable of affording a good view to at least a hundred thousand individuals, it did not contain, probably, above more than half that number: no doubt from the wish on the part of the public of being as near as possible to the starting point at Courbevoie, and, probably, with a view of catching a glimpse at various parts of the route. Two lofty columns at each end, surmounted by gilded eagles, and decorated with rich silk tri-colored flags, the eight colossal statues lately erected on each side, among which was one of War exactly in front of that representing Prudence. A profusion of tri-colored banners, a double file of National Guards, troops of the line and municipal caballeria, the newly-finished façade of the Chamber of Deputies at the further end, and the splendid statue of Immortality, on a pedestal, in front, all combined to render this spot truly admired.

The programme of the grand ceremonies of the day had announced that Messieurs the Peers and Deputies, &c., were expected to be in their places in the interior of the Invalides by 11 o'clock, and that private personages, munificently supplied with tickets were not to be later than 10. It was therefore when the crowd was still waiting to be admitted at the great gate of the Invalides. The authorities, military and civil, who did the honors of the Hôtel, were still squabbling with the impatient sufferers from the intense cold, and the poles and scaffoldings which composed the skeleton of what was, but never did form, a sort of funeral arch, in the place of the usual iron gateway, were still bare, or nearly so. There were certainly most accountable streamings of black velvet stuffed with silver-paper bees, in the wind, but the nature of decoration this was intended to form upon the above-mentioned scaffoldings was perfectly incomprehensible to the spectators. The cannon, which was fired every quarter of an hour, had for some time past announced the departure of the funeral procession from Courbevoie, and it was in the general expectation that the funeral ceremony would not be very long before it took place, that I found my way at last into the interior of the Invalides. The great court of the Hotel had, certainly, a striking effect when one first entered, and I cast a hasty coup d’œil around me. The amphitheatre of steps that descended from the gallery to the ground, the black trappings which were hung round the upper gallery, and the general effect of the archways covered with festoons and garlands, were imposing; but a nearer look betrayed the coarse painting of the canvas scene that covered the usual walls of the court, the wood-work of which was in many places badly joined, and convinced me that the decorations had been patched together in haste and without taste. In the interior of the chapel the whole system of embellishment had been the same. The coup d’œil was admirable, but the painted canvas representing trophies, shields, and laurel crowns, enwreathing swords, which was suspended between each archway; the great porch built in the same scenic fashion at the entrance of the beautiful chapel, of painted archways and columns, and the coarsely carved and gilt candelabra that lined the whole length of the nave, to say nothing of two great machines at each side of the entrance to the dome, which looked like whitewashed fonts in a country church mounted upon a stage pedestal, and of which it was impossible to devise the meaning or purpose, unless by supposing that haste or negligence had left them incomplete; all this, when one looked again, was poor, tasteless, mesquin, mean. If one might use such terms on so solemn an occasion, I should say that the comedy was all got up, the scenery bad, and the piece deserved damming. In fact, a Frenchman near me expressed himself nearly in the same sentiments, by saying, “Ah, bah! On aurait sifflé ça à l’opéra.” The truth is, all this was unworthy of the solemn occasion, the national pomp, that better taste might have exhibited, in the name of a great nation. Nevertheless, after having done justice to the stage managers and scene painters on this occasion, I ought to add that thanks to the splendid vista of the chapel, the effect, taken as a whole, and as a piece of scenic effect, was fine. The great altar, which generally separates the long line of nave from the dome, had been removed, and opened the entrance to the other extremity of the dome the view was an uninterrupted one. The space under the dome arranged as a chapelle ardente, was filled with a blaze of light from the thousands and tens of thousands of wax lights that hung in lustres or lined the walls, until the extremity of this part of the chapel looked one great wall of fire. In the midst was erected the catafalque upon which the coffin was to be placed, and stands, hung with black drapery, rose tier above tier for the reception of all the different corps de l’état, the members of the two Chambers, and the Royal Family. Along the arches, above, had been filled with tribunes for nobles and above for nobles, and were decorated with black velvet draperies, studded with different Napoleonic emblems. The real sight worth seeing after all, the only imposing sight was in fact, the crowd in mourning clothes that filled the chapel, first along the archway in the nave, then in the tribunes of the dome as they became crowded with the representatives of the different
bodies of the state, the Ministers, and staff, the Marshals, and superior officers of the army, and, seemingly, all that France still contained of brilliance in uniform or costume; and then the long vista of the nave as it became lined with the different deputations of the courts of justice, of the thousand and one departments of the French state mechanism, and, at a later period, with the officers, non-commissioned officers, soldiers, and sailors, who had formed a part of the procession. It was near two o'clock when a signal seemed to be given, and the Archbishop, preceded by his bishops, his clergy, and an immense body of priests, and all variety of Catholic pomp, advanced towards the nave, but it was only a false alarm, and they again retired. The candelabra, however, which were arranged along the nave, had been long lighted with their blue, red, and white flames, and were beginning to burn dim. The crowd was evidently more impatient than reverent. The people began to turn to one another with faces of some alarm lest something should have happened, for the cannon had again and again given those assembled within the chapel to understand that the hour was come to leave it. But at last the entrance of the sailors who had borne the coffin, from the great gate of the first court of the Invalides to the second court, of the decorated non-commissioned officers of the National Guards and of the line, of the Vieille Garde, all that remained of it, that had accompanied the remains of the great master to his last home in France, of the deputation of Polish officers who had served in the campaign of Napoleon, all of whom had formed part of the procession, proclaimed that the body had arrived in the inner court. The Archbishop and his magnificent train of clergy again started, after delay, to meet the coffin and perform the rites of absolution at the entrance of the church; and, after a delay of impatient but silent expectation, the funeral procession entered, headed by the train of priests. Before the coffin walked the Prince de Joinville, who had accompanied the body to its final destination. I had heard the King announced, a loud voice called out "Le Roi!" but I did not see His Majesty pass in the funeral train, and, I presume, that after performing the reception of the body at the entrance, he found his way to his appointed seat, during the mass, by another passage. To see the coffin borne along the nave was a sight that set all the masques of the painted theatrical show, around, at defiance. It was one of sentiment not of show. As the coffin advanced, borne upon the shoulders of the 32 non-commissioned officers appointed for that purpose, accompanied at each hand by General Bertrand and the Marshals who occupied each corner, covered with the funeral pall, with the Imperial crown reposing above, there was an evident thrill, an evident electric emotion, which pervaded the crowd that lined its passage. The old Invalides, who occupied the first rank, were deeply moved, as he whom they had for the most part, obeyed with such fervor and enthusiasm in life, was borne along in death. Their emotion of pride and joy more than grief for him—was reflected to them. The same sort of electric movement of feeling seemed to animate the mass of military men who lined one side of the dome, as the coffin was slowly carried along up the steps that led to it from the nave. In a few minutes more it was being raised into the catafalque that occupied the middle of the dome, and the mortal remains of Napoleon reposed where his last wish was that they should repose—a wish which he thought in his dying moments to have been a vain one—in the heart of his own country, in the palace worthy of Peter the Great, one of the Invalides. The mass then began. The Requiem was admirably performed, but, in spite of this admirable performance, in spite of the intrinsic worth of this beautiful composition, it did not seem to be a funeral mass appropriate to the occasion. It wanted that stamp of originality which a nation's reverence to a national hero ought to have commanded. It was an occasion, surely, when a mass should have been composed to mark the event. Time enough there had been since the vote of the Chamber; but this opportunity of doing justice (I speak as to the specialité of the music to use occasion, not as to the merit of it), to so unique a ceremony, was lost. This was hastily done as everything else had been. The voices of Lablache Tamburini, Duprez, Marie, Grisi, Persiani, Darius Gras, Stolz, Barcellot (the new baritone who has already made for himself such celebrity at the Opera), and other celebrated singers, made the music tell magnificently. The Requiem of Mozart could not, probably, be better performed. At the conclusion of the mass, the sacred water was sprinkled upon the catafalque, by the Archbishop, and then handed to some of the Marshals and other officers near, to go through the same rite, according to the observances of the Catholic funeral service. Whether, for the sake of obedience upon this occasion, I cannot tell. I saw the censer bear the censer hid him from my sight. I was told so; but I cannot help thinking, that his position prevented him for so doing. It was long before the chapel was in any degree cleared.

Thus ended a ceremony which, for the interest inspired by the occasion, the extraordinary congregation of men whose actions for good or for evil have been celebrated throughout the world, and its own intrinsic splendor, will probably long remain unrivalled.

[For this account we are indebted to the report in "The Times."—The reader need scarcely be referred to the Memoir of the Empress Josephine; which so seasonably appears in this Month's Number—and her Portrait in December.]

[ COURT MAGAZINE.]
BIRTHS.

Benedict, lady of Jules ——, Esq., of a son; Bruton Street, Dec. 7.

Bulsion, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Lennox, of a dau.; Wyndham Place, Bryanstone Square, Dec. 3.

Carnarvon, the Right Hon. the Countess of, of a dau. who only survived its birth a few hours; Grosvenor Square, Dec. 10.

Copland, lady of William ——, Esq. of Collision, of a son and heir; at Blackwood, December 6.

Cowper, the Right Hon., the Countess ——, of a dau.; Brighton, Dec. 4.

Courney, lady of Francis F. ——, Esq., of a son; at Lismore Castle, Ireland.


Jarret, lady of John ——, Esq. of Camerton-court, of a dau.; Albermarle Street, Dec. 4.

Nover, lady of Arthur, Esq., of a son, at Stanmore, Dec. 10.


Scott, lady of G. D. ——, Esq., of a son; Lovel-hill, Berks; Nov. 28.

Trotter, the Hon. Mrs., of a dau.; Ballindean, Dec. 19.

Turnor, the lady Caroline, of a son; Leamington, Dec. 15.

Walford, lady of Frederick ——, Esq., of a dau.; Albion-street, Hyde-park, Dec. 2.

Walker, lady of R. B. ——, Esq., of Curzon-street, Mayfair, of a son; Dec. 12.

Weston, lady of George ——, Esq. of Lincoln’s-inn, of a son; Highbury-grove, Dec. 15.

Wilecox, lady of William ——, Esq., of a son; Bideford, North Devon, Dec. 6.

MARRIAGES.


Barrow, Charlotte, eld. dau. of John ——, Esq., to the Rev. Urban Smith, incumbent of Stoney, Middleton; Chichester, Dec. 16.

Bishop, Emily Ann, only child of the late James ——, Esq. of York-terrace, Regent’s-park, to William, eld. son of Archibald Little, Esq. of Shadwell-park, Surrey; St. Marylebone Church, Dec. 17.

Bond, Juliana Lavinia, fourth dau. of the late Rear-Admiral F. G. ——, to the Rev. Alex. Fred. Mervielle, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and one of the assistant-masters of Rugby school; Holy Trinity Church, Exeter, Dec. 18.

G. January, 1840.


Broom, Mary, dau. of the late Herbert ——, Esq., of Kidderminster, to M. Renouf, of Bordeaux; at the Catholic Church of St. Roch, and afterwards at the British Embassy; Dec. 22.

Brown, Eliza, widow of the late J. Bowes ——, Esq., of Torquay, Devon, and dau. of the late Arthur Hogue, Esq., to Lionel Oliver Biggs, Esq., of Clifton; Gloucestershire; Dec. 12.

Burges, Miss, of Essex-lodge, Plaistow, to Capt. Alfred Fell, of Durham; Westham, Essex, Dec. 5.

Calland, Eliza Emily, eld. dau. of the late Charles ——, Esq., of Upper Forrett, Glamorganshire, to Capt. Harris, Indian Navy, of Hertford-street, Mayfair; Clifton, Dec. 3.

Campbell, Sophia Jane, only child of Frederick William ——, Esq., of Barbreek, North Britain, to Robert, eldest son of the Hon. Lindsey Burrell, of Stoke-park, Suffolk; St. Mary’s, Stoke, Dec. 10.

Cary, Henrietta, eld. dau. of the late Henry ——, Esq., of Highgate, to Peter Moutrie, Esq. of St. Ann’s, Jamaica, barrister-at-law; Dec. 7.


Cavell, Augusta, fourth dau. of the late Lieut. E. J. ——, B. N., and niece to the late Admiral Devereux Fancourt, K. C. B., to Edward John Field, Esq., of Lower Edmonton; St. Mary’s, Islington, Dec. 9.


Clabon, Catherine, eld. dau. of the late Capt. ——, her Majesty’s 58th regt., to Captain Willenus, of the General Staff of Belgium; at Brussels, Dec. 12.

Clerke, Christiana, eld. dau. of the late Walter ——, Esq., of East Bergholt-house, Suffolk, to Edward Brooke, Esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law; Dec. 11.

Cookson, Mary Ann, fourth dau. of the late John ——, Esq., of Clapham, Surrey, to Mark Glandville, Esq., of Melton Pahanbury, Devon; Noutham, Dec. 8.
Deck, Harriet, widow of the late Lieut. G., of the East India Company's service, to H. G. Deane, Esq., of Cloudebury square and Chancery-lane; St. George's, Bloomsbury, Dec. 8.

De Haes, Phebe, dau. of the late A. L., Esq., of Clapham-rise, to Peter Anderson, Esq., of the same place; St. Peter's, Walworth, Nov. 29.

Dobson, Isabella, eld. dau. of John —, Esq., of Newcastle, to Sydney Smirke, Esq., of Berkeley-square, London; St. Andrew's, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Duffield, Anna, dau. of Thomas —, Esq., of Marcham-park, and M.P. for the borough of Abingdon, to John Shawe Philips, Esq., of Cullum-house; Oxon, Dec. 22.


Field, Maria, dau. of John —, Esq., of Ramsgate, Kent, to William Skirrow, Esq. of Camberwell; St. Giles's, Camberwell, Dec. 8.

Foy, Mary, widow of the late Major William —, and eld. dau. of the late Colonel Bowcawen, to William Newnham, Esq. of Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square; Twickenham, Dec. 17.

Galloway, Mary, eld. dau. of Christopher —, Esq., of Killarney, to William Blood, Esq., Capt. in the Madras army; Nov. 22.


Gill, Mary Elizabeth, eld. dau. of Richard —, Esq., of Barrowden, Rutlandshire, to Seneca Hughes, Esq., solicitor, of Cravens- street; Barrowden, Dec. 8.

Harrison, Frances Coupland, only dau. of M. —, Esq., of Walworth, to Thomas Napper, Esq., second son of John Luke —, Esq., of Tissman's-house, Sussex; St. Peter's Church, Walworth, Dec. 17.

Herman, Susanna, second dau. of Richard —, Esq., of St. John's-wood, to Edurd Rushworth, Esq., of Hereford-street, Park-lane; Christ Church, St. Marylebone, Dec. 9.

Hodson, Jane Elizabeth, youngest dau. of the late Charles Harvey —, Esq., of Wellingborough, to Alfred, youngest son of the late Rev. G. W. Malin, vicar of Higham-Ferrers, and rector of Irthingborough; Wellingborough, Dec. 19.


Lomax, Hester Anne Mostyn, eld. dau. of Edmund —, Esq., of Nettly, Surrey, to John Fraser, Esq., of York-terrace, Regent-park; Abinger Church, Nov. 26.


Mount, Susan, youngest dau. of the late Richard —, Esq., of Laytonstone, to Gustavus Edward Hilleary, Esq., of Stratford; Westhamchurch, Essex; Dec. 17.


Oxboorough, Sarah Jane, eld. dau. of William —, Esq., to Frederick Bellair, Esq., of the firm of Peel, Bellairs and Co.; Calcutta, Sept. 15.

Pace, Elizabeth Mary, dau. of Walter —, Esq., to William Sampson, Esq.; at Fremantle, Western Australia, June 18.

Pickstock, Mary Ann, only dau. of Thomas —, Esq., of Trinity-square, Southwark, to John Grover, Esq., Lower Beigreve-place, Pinmore; St. George's, Hanover-square, Dec. 1.

Pickering, Jane Anne, youngest dau. of Edward Rowland —, Esq., to Edward Shewell Turner, Esq., second son of John Hornblow —, Esq., Trinity Church, Clapham, Dec. 10.

Prevost, Henrietta, youngest dau. of Capt. —, R. N., to Robert, fourth son of the late Thomas Tryen, Esq., of Bulwick-park, Northamptonshire; Aberstoke Church, Dec. 9.

Reid, S. H. Duff, widow of the late Lieut. —, to J. R. Sterritt, Esq., surgeon, R. N.; Croydon Church, Dec. 8.

Robinson, Rosa, dau. of Joshua —, Esq., of Kew, to Aubrey William Beauclerk, Esq. of St. Leonards-lodge, Horsham,Sussex; Dec. 7.

Salviany, Hippolyta Maria, dau. of the late Monsieur —, to Edward Romain Vidal, Esq. of London; Grenoble, Nov. 24.

Saunders, Catherine, dau. of the late Thomas —, Esq., of Rochester, to the Rev. J. Campbell Smith, son of Robert —, Esq. of Crumlin, county Dublin; Dec. 3.

Smith, Emily Rebecca Hill, of Tichfield-terrace, Regent's-park, to W. H. Hodges, Esq., of St. Andrew's-place, Regent's-park; Trinity Church, Marylebone, Dec. 10.


Spike, Emily, youngest dau. of Richard —, Esq., of the Hammerinh-road, to G. A. Tryer Evans, Esq. of Kensington-gate; St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Dec. 3.


Stringer, Lucy Rosa Kinlock, second dau. of Capt. —, of Hill-lodge, Leatherhead, to William Nash, Esq., of the same place; Effingham, Dec. 10.

Thompson, Charlotte, youngest dau. of William —, Esq., solicitor, Stamford, to the Rev. James Eastwick, M.A. of Colleyweston; All Saints Church, Dec. 14.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Wookey, Harriett, only dau. of Henry ———, Esq. of Shipham-hall, near Bristol, to John Broom Don, Esq., of the General Post-office; Clifton Church, Dec. 9.


DEATHS.

Abernethy, James, Esq., only son of the late John ———, Esq., Chester-terrace, Regents-park, Dec. 21.

Almack, Frances, wife of Richard ———, Esq., and only dau. of Lieut.-Col. Horne; Melford, Suffolk, Dec. 18.

Bayntun, Admiral, Sir Henry ———, G.C.B., at his residence in St. James’s-square; Dec. 16.

Ashton, Ellen, daughter of Ralph ———, Esq., late of Dominica, aged 19, died 2d. December; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Beaupre, Christina Stwart, of Paddington, aged 26, died 21st Dec.; South Metropolitan Cem.

Bentley, Jane, wife of W. H. ———, Esq., Kingston upon-Thames; Dec. 5.

Bethune, the Rev. George Maximilian, L.L.D.; thirty years rector of Worth, Sussex, in the 79th year of his age; Dec. 9.

Bigland, George, Esq., of Bigland-hall, Lancashire, aged 58, a Deputy-Lieutenant of that county; Dec. 8.

Blagdon, John, Esq., eld. son of the late John ———, Esq., of Northcote Manor-house, Devon; at Boddington Manor-house, Gloucestershire, Nov. 29.

Bowness, James, Esq., formerly of Lincoln: Cumberland-terrace, Regent’s-park; Dec. 11.

Brooke, the Rev. J. K. Shaw, 57 years vicar of Eltham, Kent, in the 82nd year of his age; Eltham, Dec. 16.

Bruce, George Charles Constantine, Lord, eld. son of the Right Hon. the Earl of Elgin, by his first marriage with Miss Nesbit, which marriage was dissolved in 1808; was born April 6, 1800, a His Lordship died after a lengthened illness, at Tatton; Devon, Dec. 8.


Clogau, Robert Eliasha, Captain-unattached, of Longhope, Gloucestershire, grandson of the late J. ———, Esq. of Killane-castle, county Cork, and of Portman-square, London; Richmond, Dec. 3.


County, Jane, daughter of Mr. David ———, of Newton, aged 14, died 17th Dec.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Cundy, Mrs. Mary, relief of the late Mr. Stephen ———, of Hoxtun-square, aged 75, died 7th Dec.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Dick, Sir William, aged 75, eighth Baronet of Braemore, Scotland, who is succeeded in the title by his next brother, Page Dick, Esq., of Porthall, Preston, near Brighton; Bath, Dec. 7.

Dyer, Maria, Lucetta, widow of Thomas ———, Esq., and dau. of the late Archibald Grant, Esq., of Pitneurrie, at a very advanced age; Park-street, Dec. 1.

Eckford, Mrs. Sarah, relief of John ———, Esq., of Walworth, aged 70, died 14th Dec.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Edgar, Robert, Esq., of Fountain-place, Camberwell, aged 48, died 19th Dec.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Ellison, Christopher, Esq., Captain, 88th Regt. youngest son of the late Col. ———, M.P., of typhus-fever, at Birr-barracks, King’s county, Ireland; Dec. 1.

Elphinstone, the Hon. Miss Elizabeth Mackenzie, third dau. of John, eleventh Lord Elphinstone, and aunt of the present Governor of Madras; at her villa, Petersham, Dec. 8.

Forbes, John, Esq., eldest son of Sir Charles ———, Bart., of rapid decline, aged 39; Ventnor, Isle of Wight, Dec. 20.

Gay, Mary Ann, the wife of George ———, Esq., of Stockwell, aged 84, died 28th Nov.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Greaves, Charles Edward Stuart, son of Charles Leman ———, Esq., of Fulham, aged 3 months, died 30th Nov.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Halkett, Capt. Frederick, of the Coldstream Guards, military secretary to Sir George Arthur, and eldest son of General Sir Hugh ———; Toronto, Oct. 25.

Heckman, Edwin Frederick, son of Mr. G. N. ———, of Bridge-road, Westminster, aged 6, died 1st Dec.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Heller, Alice, the beloved wife of Thomas Shaw ———, Esq., of the Woodhouse, Staffordshire, and Leamington, Warwickshire, and only child of William B. Pershouse, Esq., of Penn-hall, Staffordshire; Dec. 1.

Hewitt, Capt. William, R.N., commanding her Majesty’s ship Fairy, which vessel sailed from Harwich, on the 13th Nov., and is supposed to have been lost in the north sea during the dreadful gale which occurred shortly after. He has left a widow with eight children, whose brother, Mr. Stephens, the master, and eldest son, William, a midshipman, were on board, and perished at the same time.

Hirst, John, Esq., a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of the county of Essex, and late a captain in the Royal Horse-guards-Blue, at his seat, Great Ropers, Southwell; Nov. 19.

Highton, Dorothea, wife of Sir Henry Hold ———, Bart., at the family seat, Bold, Lancashire; Dec. 7.

Howard, Anne, widow of the late Matthew ———, Esq., Norwood, Surry; Dec. 6.

Jones, Mrs. Ellen, of Dulwich, aged 40, died 8th Dec.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Joyce, Thomas, Esq., of Peckham, aged 38, died 16th Dec.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Kuyett, George Henry, youngest son of Chas. ———, Esq. of Sonning, Berks; Nov. 27.

Lang, Lieut.-Colonel, formerly of Blemheymes, near Exeter; at Tustow, North Devon; Nov. 29.

Low, William, Esq., of Kidlington, county of Oxford; Dec. 5.
Lapasture, the Compte de, only son of Francis, Compte de ——, and nephew of P. J. Ducareil, Esq., of Newland-house, Gloucestershire; at Lyons, where he had been detained by the overflowing of the rivers, Dec. 1.

Lane, Mrs., widow of the Rev. Dr. ——, prebendary of Hereford, most deeply lamented, in the 79th year of her age; St. Mary Abbott's-terrace, Kensington, Dec. 5.

Level, Emily Charlotte, youngest dau. of the late D'Arcy ——, Esq., of Alkington-hall, Lancashire; Edinburgh, Dec. 13.

Moore, Capt. George W., Madras Light Infantry, eldest son of the late George ——, Esq., Madras Civil Service; Tangstoor, East Indies, Oct. 1.

Morris, Eliza Lucy, second dau. of the late John ——, Esq., of Baker-street, Portman-square, after a lingering illness of eleven years; Leamington, Dec. 29.

Neate, Mrs. Sarah, widow of John Neate, Esq., late of Knightsbridge, aged 86 years, died 9th Dec.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Norton, Anne Mary, daughter of William ——, Esq., of Camberwell-grove, aged 14, died 11th Dec.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Pargeter, Anna Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Hanbury ——, Esq., of Bath; Dec. 6.

Pennant, George Hay Dawkins, Esq., aged 77; Portland-place, Dec. 17.


Poole, Joseph, son of Mr. ——, of Camberwell, aged 7 months, died 5th Dec.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Rooke, George Charles, Esq., late of the 79th Highlanders, eldest son of Major-General Sir W. W. ——, Ryde, Isle of Wight, Dec. 7.

Serrell, Mr. Richard, of Camberwell, died 26th Nov., aged 74; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Smith, Miss Mary, of Welclose-square, aged 31, died 28th Nov.; South Metropolitan Cem.

Stuart, Captain, the Hon. James, late of the 85th Light Infantry, third son of the Right Hon. the Earl of Moray, K.T.; Charles-street, Dec. 12.

Sutton, Frederick Buller, third son of W. H. ——, Esq., of Hertfordshire; at Suez, on his passage to Bombay; Oct. 28.

Throckmorton, Sir Charles ——, Bart., in the 84th year of his age; Coughton-court, Warwickshire, Dec. 3.

Tyler, William, Esq., aged 53, at his residence Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square; Dec. 21.

Wellman, Thomas Lindsay, Esq., of Leicester-square, aged 58, died 28th Nov.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Wilkinson, the Rev. Watts, A. B., above 61 years, afternoon lecturer of the united parishes of St. Mary, Aldermarbury, and St. Thomas the Apostle; and 37 years Tuesday morning lecturer at St. Bartholomew, Exchange; in his 88th year; Hoxton-square, Dec. 14.

Wolfe, Sophia, wife of Richard Birch ——, Esq., of Woodhall; Essex; Dec. 6.


Watts, Catherine, Middleton Gwyn, Countess de ——, only dau. and heiress of the late Leonard Bilson Gwyn, Esq. of Glynn-abbey, Carmarthenshire; Dec. 6.

No. 11. Carey-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields:—

Office for the Printed Alphabetical Registration of Marriages, Births and Deaths, after a plan proposed some years back to Government, and, by petition, to both houses of Parliament, by the founder of the Harrow Road Cemetery and the new system of exurban Burial in England,—part of which plan, viz., that a certificate should accompany each corpse that a double entry may be made, namely, in the Parish where a death takes place as well as at the place of interment, printed anno, 1824, will be found embodied in the instructions of the Registrar-General of Births, Marriages and Deaths, printed somewhere about the year 1837—12 years afterwards. The public as well as the private advantages of this mode of Registration over every other system, if not at once self-apparent, is strikingly displayed in the name of John Woolly, Esq. in a recent number.—His residence was in Kent, he died at Brighton, and he is buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery: a few years hence how laborious might be the search, and how great the expense to discover the simple fact where he was interred. So also with persons marrying when distant from home.

So valuable, indeed, do we consider this plan, that we doubt not ere long few persons concerned will be Inconsiderable enough not to register with this Establishment. So also as respects Births—how often is the house, in which born, altogether unknown—the place even forgotten—! when such a record as this registration affords might be of infinite value; and there are, indeed, very few Life Assurance establishments which would not at once receive this proof presumptive of the day of birth as proof positive of an individual's age.
Nous parlons assez rarement des modes d'hommes dans ce bulletin consacré d'ailleurs tout particulièrement aux fantaisies féminines. Cependant nous avons visité dernièrement les ateliers de la maison Blay-Lafitte, et nous y avons rencontré des costumes d'un goût si pur, d'une coupe si distinguée et si irréprochable, que nous nous sommes promis d'y revenir une fois par mois et de vous faire part du résultat de nos observations. L'innovation qui nous a le plus frappée chez M. Blay, c'est la substitution d'un gracieux pardessus au paletot devenu depuis quelque temps beaucoup trop vulgaire. La forme de ce vêtement est droite, les poches sont un peu plus hautes que celles du paletot, la jupe est longue et ample et une légère garniture de brandebourgs acheve de faire de cette fantaisie une véritable merveille de bon goût. Les couleurs dominantes sont le noisette foncé, le gris américain, le bleu, le vert foncé et l'ourika. Pour moi, je le prêfèrerais même à ses burnous aujourd'hui si recherchés de nos élégants ; quoique j'apprécié beaucoup aussi la coupe remarquable de ces manteaux descendant à peine aux genoux, doublés en satin noir, précieusement ouatés et piqués, et ménageant à la sortie du bras une fente élégante et coquettement garnie de brandebourgs.

Observations générales. — L'habit habillé est toujours l'habit noir, peu échancré des banches, à basques très larges sur l'avant du bas. Les couleurs de fantaisie les plus recherchées sont le bleu anglais, l'émeraude, le grenat,
le bronze et le vert russe. Cette dernière observation s'applique également aux rédignettes qui se portent croisées, à angles usinés, mais plus larges. — Les pantalons ont une ampleur modérée, et ils descendent sur la botte en s'arrondissant gracieusement. — Les gilets de cachemire anglais et français, dessus renais- sance, sur fonds verts et rouges, à châle, sont toujours à l'ordre du jour, ils se boutonnent assez haut; les boutons sont plats.

Et maintenant que nous avons satisfait, autant que cela nous était possible, aux exigences masculines, revenons un peu à nos propres affaires.

Les lingeires de madame Pollet, ses colis ravissants et ses délicieux bonnets où les plus exquises broderies se jouent avec tant d'art, y ont attiré mon attention avant de toutes autres choses. Il y a une élégance si simple et si vraie, un luxe de si bon goût, une grâce si bien comprise dans les créations de madame Pollet, que personne en vérité n'est à l'abri de leurs séductions, pas même nous qui devrions pourtant bien être blasés sur toutes ces merveilles.

Du reste, madame Pollet ne se borne pas à la spécialité que nous venons de désigner. Vous savez, comme nous, qu'elle est la rivale, souvent heureuse, des Leclère et des Maurice Beaucé, pour les chapeaux et coiffures de toutes espèces, des Constance et des Augustine pour les robes. C'est chez madame Pollet que nous avons vu ces robes de moïre ouvertes en Mathilde sur un dessous en pull de soie, le devant dentelé à une profondeur moyenne et bordé d'une sorte de guipure; chez elle, ces robes en pékinet, corsage demi-décolleté, plat, en pointe, à cœur, manches courtes et plates, dentelles noires pour garnitures; chez elle encore ces capotes de velours froncées et ces chapeaux de velours épinglé lillae, ornés d'une double demi-guirlande de petites marguerites posées un peu de côté.

La dentelle noire est maintenant une élégance de rigueur. J'ai vu chez Constance des robes de velours épinglé gris garnies de deux hauts volants de dentelle noire qui s'ouvraient devant pour laisser passage à une guirlande de scabieuses, et d'autres robes en moïre égyptienne sur lesquelles tombait une tuque de dentelle noire que des touffes de jasmin d'Arabie relevaient d'un côté.

Madame Lallemant donne aussi pour ornement aux robes une large dentelle noire, mais plus souvent une guirlande de fleurs ou des crèvés de couleurs différentes. Tout cela est de bon goût et parfaitement porté.

Auguste a su rémédier à l'inconvénient des pelisses par de petits manteaux en velours taillés en biais; et je vous signalerai aussi ses robes en gros de Golconde garnies d'un haut volant d'étoffe à dentelles très profondes, et celles, plus remarquables encore, en velours oriental, garnies de trois volants inté- gaux en point d'Alençon.

Le manteau, malgré sa commodité et son élégance, n'a pourtant pas entièrement détrôné le châle, et j'en ai remarqué quelques-uns au festival de Berliz, surtout un magnifique châle carré noir, couleur qui fait si bien ressortir le mélange inouï des nuances employées aujourd'hui, et que nous croyons avoir rencontré dans une visite récente au Minaret, au milieu d'autres châles également recommandables, bleu céleste et bleu turquoise, vert Soliman et jaune turc, chargés de ravissantes arabesques, de longues palmes, de guirlandes et de couronnes, et de mille dessins cachant presque entièrement le fond.

Votre amie, Henriette de B. .

Description

DES GRAVURES QUI ACCOMPAGNENT CE NUMÉRO.

N° 1. Toilettes de ville.

N° 2. Costume de bal.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St-Martin. 31.

Coiffure d'épis et de marabou de M. F. Hamelin, passage du Saumon. 31.
Robe en satin garnie de point d'anglise et Châle en satin de Constance. Mme Viviennre. 37.
Plumes de Chagot - Cornet de Tousse, rue Montmartre. 171.

Court Magazine. No. 11, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, London.
Coiffes de M. Lallemand, Coiffeur du Gymnase ; robe en tulle ornée de bouquets et robe en velours ornée de manches de M. Lallemand, à l'Ethiquier 34, Flaque de Chagot ; Éventail de Duvelleroy, passage des Panoramas, galerie de la bourse, et Rue de la Paix ; Gante de Mayer, passage Chausel, 32, Parfums.
ODETTE DE CHAMPDIVERS

Odette de Champdivers était fille d'un marchand de chevaux; elle plut à Charles VI, dont l'esprit était déjà affaibli. Comme on cherchait moins à le guérir qu'à l'amuser, parce que sa maladie paraissait incurable, on lui procurait cette jeune fille, en qui les agréments de l'esprit ornaient la beauté. Charles, subjugué par Odette, se laissait conduire par elle, tandis qu'il résistait aux prières de ses domestiques. Un des effets de la triste maladie du roi était de refuser de changer de lieu. La petite reine, c'est ainsi qu'on l'appelait, le menaçait de son indifférence et de sa bâine, et dans la crainte de n'en être plus aimé, il faisait ce qu'on exigeait de lui. Odette mourut en cœurs d'une fille nommée Marguerite de Valois. L'année de sa mort est ignorée.

Le dedans jugé par le dehors.

LES HABITUDES.

Les habitudes sont une faiblesse chez le vieillard, un travers chez l'homme mûr et un défaut chez le jeune homme; chez l'enfant elles sont presque un vice.

Une grimace longtemps répétée finit par devenir un tic, de même une habitude dégénère en manie, et une manie n'est autre chose que la folie sur un point donné, comme le tic un détraquement partiel de la machine animale.

Les habitudes sont donc plutôt une maladie que des symptômes de tel esprit ou de tel caractère, et à ce titre nous n'en parlerions pas si quelques-unes ne rentraient dans le domaine de la caricature.

Celle, par exemple, de ne pouvoir manger quand la place qu'on occupe ordinairement à table est prise par un autre.

Celle de ne pouvoir dormir dans un autre lit que le sien, ce qui rend les voyages très difficiles.

Celle de se promener tous les jours à une heure marquée, vêtue de pleurs des hallebardes.

Celle de ne pouvoir s'endormir qu'en lisant son journal, ce qui est peu flatteur pour le journaliste, et vous condamne ensuite à autant de nuits blanches qu'il y a d'interruptions dans l'envoi de la tenaille.

Il nous resterait beaucoup d'autres manies à passer en revue; mais il y a mieux nous occuper des goûts, des jeux et divertissements dans lesquels se reflètent quelques nuances de l'individualité morale.

LES GOUTS.

La danse n'est pas un goût, elle n'est pas aimée pour elle-même, ce n'est qu'un moyen dont l'amour et ses plaisir sont le but. Aussi regardons-nous comme des victimes de passions secrètes ou avouées les hommes hors d'âge que nous voyons brandir leurs vieilles jambes en cadence, et les filles ou femmes laides ou mal tourées qui se livrent avec ardeur à la gymnastique amoureuse appelée valse, galop, contredanse. Quant à la femme qui en conserve le goût après son mariage, son mari est à plaindre sans doute; mais c'est elle surtout que nous plaîgions sincèrement, car elle a le malheur, comme dit Arlequin, d'être l'épouse d'un... ce qui ne laisse pas que d'avoir son côté désagréable.

La promenade n'est pas un goût non plus; ce n'est qu'un besoin d'exercice pour les vieillards, un prétexte pour les amants, une exhibition pour les vaniteux, et pour les oisifs un moyen de tuer le temps qui les tue.

La bonne chère est le plaisir des gens d'es-
prit blasé; c'est aussi la passion des sots venus à l'âge de maturité; seulement elle aiguise l'esprit des premiers et achève d'abrutir les seconds. L'homme d'esprit ne descend pas jusqu'à la gloutonnerie : il est tout au moins gourmand. Le sot est tout au plus gourmand, il ne parvient pas à devenir gourment.

La chasse peut être le divertissement d'un homme de mérite, elle n'est une passion que pour l'esprit inculqué et grossier. Le véritable chasseur, le chasseur pur sang, est une sorte de brutal qui ne fréquente que les paysans, rude en ses enfants, néglige sa femme et n'aime que ses chiens, qu'il bat de la moindre entrée. Il est menteur, vantard, et d'une nullité absolue sur tout ce qui n'est pas monte, gibier, fusil et vénératie.

Quant aux différentes manières de chasser, il n'est que deux qui méritent une mention particulière : la chasse à l'affût et la chasse aux petits oiseaux. Celle-ci est l'amusement des écoliers, des boulotiers, voitures, des viragos et des niais de tout âge et de tout sexe. Celle-là est le passe-temps des cul-de-jatte, physiquement et moralement parlant.

La pêche, comme toutes les passions, a ses fanatiques, ses confesseurs et ses martyrs. Parmi ses fanatiques, le plus ardent, le croyant le plus impécunieux est l'imnuable poisson à la ligne, cette espèce de pilote humain, fiché dans le sable ou dans la vase, dont toute l'intelligence s'épuise à lutter contre la ruse du goujon et l'esprit de la carpe. Elle a pour confesseurs ces pêcheurs endurcis qui, clochés dans leur fauteuil et perclus de rhumatismes, pêchent encore des poissons rouges dans un baquet.

Quant à ses martyrs, ils sont nombreux : ce sont ceux dont le pied gisse et qui vont souper chez les naïades, et ceux à qui les trains de bateaux font faire le saut de carpe dans la rivière. Sans compter les rhumatismés et les fluxionnés de poitrine.

L'équitation est un plaisir fashionable et de bon goût. Cependant si le cavalier monte en souliers et sans desseins de pied, s'il ne monte à cheval que les jours de fête et sur des locatis seulement; si n'ayant pas de cheval, il fait partie de la cavalerie citoyenne, vous pouvez, à coup sûr (quelques uns de nos collaborateurs exceptés), le tenir pour un modeste, un danseur, un tailleur pour femmes, en un mot un créatin de première classe.

La toilette n'est pas seulement un plaisir, elle est un travail pour quelques-uns, un art pour quelques autres. C'est un travail pour l'homme de quarante ans qui cherche à plaire, pour la jolie femme de trente ans qui veut conserver un amant, pour celle de trente-cinq ans qui veut en faire un nouveau; c'est un travail pour la femme de tout âge laide ou contre-fait; c'est le plus rude de tous les travaux pour l'homme d'études que son goût éloigne du monde, et qu'une circonstance oblige à s'y présenter en grande tenue.

C'est une science que l'artiste dramatique étudie toute sa vie, un art dont la femme de mœurs légères a seule reçu le secret de Dieu ou du diable, car c'est à elle qu'il faut toujours en revenir pour trouver le géant, l'élegance et le charme réunis.

L'homme qui se montre toujours en toilette est un esprit plus que secondaire : celui qui ne sait pas au besoin, s'habiller est un esprit trivial.

Chez les femmes la toilette est un indice qui trompe rarement.

La bêgueule s'habille fort mal ;
La prude s'habille sans grâce;
La femme sans ordre s'habille sans goût et sans fraîcheur;
La bourgeoise vertueuse s'habille en dépit du bon sens.

Imprimerie de A. APPERT, passage du Caire, 54.
MARGUERITE DE VALOIS

Wife of John of Harpedane, Lord of Belleville & Poitou.

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the 1 Ernest Magazine.

Vol. XXI of the series of ancient portraits

24 Hanover Street, Lincoln's Inn, London
A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c., &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIR OF MARGARET DE VALOIS,
(Daughter of Odelle de Champ-Divers) married to John of Harpedane, Lord of Belle-Ville)
and Poitou.*

(Embellished with a Full-length Portrait, from the illuminated MSS. of the period.

(No, 95, of the Series of full length Authentic Ancient Portraits.)

The circumstances of touching interest under which this child of Odette de Champ
Divers and the unhappy Charles VIth, appeared upon the stage of life, have been
recorded in the chronicle of Isabeau of Bavaria. We here find, that on the night
of the masked ball, whose fatal consequences are no doubt fresh in the recollection
of our readers, a report was spread throughout Paris, that the king had fallen
a victim to the catastrophe brought about by his unfortunate frolic. The report
reached the ear of Odette, and though early in the morning, Charles himself appeared
to afford her evidence of his safety, her death-blow had been already stricken by sud-
den terror, and she only survived a few hours, during which time she gave birth to
the subject of our portrait.

This event, if as represented coeval with the ball, occurred in 1393.
Marguerite de Valois was legitimated by Charles VII., her half-brother, who pro-
mised on her marriage with John of Harpedane, lord of Belle-Ville and Poitou, that
her dowry should be 22,000 Montons d’or, each weighing about eleven francs; the
effigy on one side was the shield of France, on the other, an Agnus Dei, with the
inscription—Ecce qui tollit peccata mundi.

The name of Jean of Harpendane figures amongst those of the thirty comba-
battants at the splendid tournament in honor of Isabel’s coronation, but of the ex-
pliits of Marguerite’s husband, (probably his son,) we find no particular mention in
the records of the stormy times wherein he lived.

(The description of the Portrait will be found beyond.)

H—February, 1841.
ISABEL OF BAVARIA.

(For the previous portion of this interesting chronicle, see the past half-yearly volume,
Pages 19, 105, 267, 489, 550.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DAUPHIN CHARLES' FIRST NIGHT'S GUARD.

After resisting every effort made by the powerful duke of Burgundy and his numerous army, Paris, as we have just seen, opened her gates by night to the simple captain of seven hundred lances. Sword in one hand and burning torch in the other, the Burgundians had swept through every street of the ancient and royal capital, quenching blood-red flames by effusions of blood, and drying up streams of blood by a fiercer conflagration. The humble instrument of this important event, Perrinet Leclerc, after having thus obtained what he most desired, full power over the constable's life, descended from his prominent station into the ranks of the people, where historical research, hereafter, will vainly seek him—departing, as entirely unknown from the scenes of private life, as, he had at his birth emerged from the ranks of the people to immortalize his plebeian name in a signal act of treason, connected with one of the greatest catastrophes which ever befel the French monarchy.

Meanwhile, through each of the gates of Paris (like vultures alighting on a battle-field) troops of men-at-arms, with their noble commanders, eagerly rushed into the capital, in order to seize upon a portion of that all-abundant prey on which royalty had hitherto alone possessed the privilege of feeding. Île-Adam, as first-comer, enacted the part of lion; next followed the sire de Luxembourg, the brothers Fosseuse, Crèveceur, and Jean de Poix; after them, the lords and captains of garrisons in Picardy and the Isle of France: and, bringing up the rear were the peasantry of the environs, who, in order that nothing should be left, filled their pouches with the baser metals, while their masters enriched themselves with golden plunder.

After the church-plate had been melted down—the coffers of the state emptied—all the golden fringe and every fleur-de-lis stripped from the royal mantle, and the deflowered velvet thrown, as it were in very mockery of royalty, upon the shoulders of the hapless Charles, he was irreverently seated on a half broken throne, a pen placed in his feeble hand, and four letters-patent laid on the table before him. Île-Adam and Chatelux were created mareschals, Charles de Lens admiral, and Robert de Maille grand pannetier, and, the subscribing monarch considered himself to be freely reigning.

The populace gazed at these proceedings through the windows of the Louvre.
"Well," they exclaimed, "these worthies having pillaged all the gold, have now it seems, a mind, to secure every office to themselves. Mighty lucky, indeed, for them, that the king has a greater number of signatures at his fingers' ends, than crowns in his coffers.—Well! help yourselves, gentlemen! help yourselves whilst ye can:—but mind ye, Hannotin of Flanders will soon be here, and if he be not satisfied with yourportioning, 'tis likely he'll put the whole of your lots together and make one grand appropriation to himself."

Hannotin of Flanders (an epithet sometimes jestingly assumed by the duke of Burgundy) seemed, however, in no haste to make his appearance; his proud spirit was wounded that one of his captains should have gained entrance into a city at whose gates his own sword had twice knocked in vain: when apprized of this unlooked-for event, he was at Montbéliard, and instead of continuing his route
towards the capital, he retired to Dijon, one of his principal towns. The queen Isabel remained, meanwhile, at Troyes, trembling still for the success of her enterprise; during this time the duke and herself neither met nor held correspondence; like two accomplices in a midnight murder, they seemed equally fearful to hold communion, face to face, in the light of day.

Paris, all the while, was in a state of feverish and combustible excitement.—The people most anxiously desired the presence of the queen and the duke; and a report having gone abroad that these personages would not enter the city whilst a single Armagnac could be traced within its walls, this again was made the pretext for a fresh massacre of the suspected party, and, each night, a terrific cry went forth that there was some latent cause of danger. Thereupon the populace paraded the streets with torches, some declaring that the Armagnacs would enter by the gate Saint-Germain, others by that of the Temple. Groups of men, headed by the butchers, who were to be recognised from their knives glittering at the end of their bare and brawny arms, now traversed the city in every direction, ready to execute the murderous bidding of the first who chanced to say—"Yonder is the house of an Armagnac," or "here comes one of that accursed party:"—Forthwith, the dwelling was fired, whilst some blade inflicted summary justice on its master.—In order to move abroad in safety, it became necessary to wear a blue hood and red cross. Some knowing ones, pretending extreme devotion, actually formed themselves into a Burgundian company, and assumed to themselves, as their characteristic name, 'that of Saint Andrew: each member wore a crown of red roses, and many priests, either from prudence or party-feeling, having enrolled themselves in this association, performed mass with chaplets around their heads. In fine, the spectator of scenes like these might have imagined that Paris was then but immersed in the intoxicating revelry of a carnival, had he not beheld in every street through which he traversed, so many spots of ground crimsoned by the recent slaughter of her citizens, or blackened by the fires which had consumed their dwellings.

Amongst the most blood-thirsty of these daily and nightly marauders was one man who had long distinguished himself by the coolness and tact with which he plied his self-chosen murderous calling. Not a building had been fired without the aid of his incendiary torch, nor a murder committed without the agency of his bloody hand. No sooner did he make his appearance with his red hood, sang-de-bœuf frock, and buff-belt across his breast, with his enormous two-handed sword, its hilt touching his chin, it's point his feet, than all those desirous of beholding an Armagnac neatly decapitated, would follow at his heels; for he had even passed into a popular proverb, that master Cappeluche could cut off a head before the cap had time to perceive it ("faisait sauter la tête sans que le bonnet eût le temps de s'en apercevoir."

Thus had Cappeluche become the hero of these bloody orgies; even the butchers acknowledged him to be their master, and yielded him precedence.—He was the head of every tumultuous assemblage, the leader in every insurrectionary movement; by a single word he could arrest the progress of the accompanying crowd, and at the slightest signal cause it to move hither or thither at pleasure: his influence, indeed, vested as it was in a single individual over such large masses of infuriated men, amounted almost to super-human power.

Whilst all Paris was thus ever resounding with the cries of murder, and nightly illuminated by the glare of incendiary fires, the external extremity of the ancient Bastille still exhibited its towering walls, frowning in loneliness and silence. The cries and lamentations from without, thence, gave back, no echoes; the glare of torches produced no reflection; the lofty raised draw-bridge, and lowered port-cullis, appeared to cut off all commerce with the rest of mankind. During the day, not a living being appeared upon the ramparts, and the citadel seemed to be its own sole guardian, save when an unwonted and suspicious concourse of persons approached its battlements; then, from every stage and loophole of the fortification, a multitude of arrows, one in number for each threatened assailant, would instantly protrude forth, and be surely aimed at the aggressors;—but whether this was effected by machinery, or the hands of its defenders, it was impossible to discern.—On beholding this, the overawed and
disheartened crowd, even when led on by the redoubtable Cappeluche himself, would instantly retreat; and, as the baffled multitude gradually withdrew, the arrows, in like measure disappeared within the fortress, whilst the venerable castle speedily resumed its air of quiet security, just as the porcupine, when the threatened danger is over, reposes upon its back, the thousand erected spears, by which it is wont to command respect from the rest of the animal world.

During the night time, within this redoubtable dungeon fortress there reigned alike silence and darkness; for, howsoever other quarters of Paris might be illuminated, whether lights shone from its streets or its casements, no ray was ever externally visible from within the grated windows of the Bastille, neither was sound of human voice ever heard to issue from its walls; and the only apparent token of animate existence which it ever presented, was the occasional appearance of a sentinel’s head at the several windows of the four towers—erected at each angle of the building—the only position whence the guardians of this fortress could reconnoitre, in order to prevent surprise at the foot of the ramparts; and these heads were wont to remain so motionless, that, thus projecting from the massive walls, and, illumined by the fitful moonlight, they might have been readily taken for some of those gothic masks of stone, which are frequently seen ornamenting the arches of bridges and adorning cathedral entablatures.

One dark night, however, towards the end of the month of June, whilst the sentinels were thus watching at each angle of the Bastile, two individuals ascended the steep and winding flight of steps leading to the platform.—The first visible on the terrace, was a man of from two to five and forty years of age, of colossal stature, and, to outward seeming, endued with muscular strength proportionate to his great height. He was cased in a complete suit of armour, but his only offensive weapon consisted of one of those long sharp pointed daggers, called poignards de merci; on this, by force of habit, his left hand rested, while he respectfully held in his right a velvet cap, trimmed with fur, worn by the knights during periods of repose, in lieu of their battle helmets, which often weighed from forty to five and forty pounds. His uncovered head exhibited to view a physiognomy marked by eyes of deep blue, over-arched with dark bushy eye brows: combined with these characteristics were an aquiline nose, and sun-embrowned complexion, which gave to his aspect an air of austerity, rendered still more commanding by a rounded beard of about an inch in length, and long black hair descending adown each side his cheeks.

No sooner had this personage reached the platform, than, turning round, he extended his arm towards the opening whence he had just arisen; a soft and delicate hand met his strong and rigid grasp, and, raising himself by this support, a youth of from sixteen to eighteen years of age, clad in silk and velvet, with fair flaxen hair, slight figure, and delicately moulded limbs, sprung upon the terrace; leaning on the arm of his companion, he seemed to be looking around for a seat to rest after this slight fatigue. But perceiving no such luxury he ingeniously contrived to supply its place, by joining his hands together, and forming a sort of ring, by means of which he suspended, rather than supported the weight of his frame upon his companion’s athletic arm, and thus relieved his legs of, at least, one half the burthen which nature purposed them to bear. In this manner he proceeded to walk, though, apparently, far more out of complaisance towards his companion, than as an act agreeable to himself.

Five minutes elapsed, ere the silence of night was interrupted by either; and as they paced up and down the circumscribed limits of the plat-form—their steps gave birth to but one single sound; so completely was the youth’s light foot-fall overpowered by the soldier’s heavy tread, that the one might have been regarded as the body, the other the shadow, both animated by a single soul. The warrior, at length, suddenly, halting, directed the attention of his young companion towards Paris, their elevated position commanding a complete view of the city.

This chanced to be precisely one of those nights of tumultuous outbreak which we have been endeavoring to depict. At first, nothing was discernible in the distance, save a confused line of houses extending from east to west—whose continuous roofs, in the overshadowing gloom, seemed linked together like the close-fitting bucklers
of a troop of soldiers moving to an assault—but, suddenly, when the mob pursued a route parallel to the range embraced by the spectator’s vision, the blaze of torches illumining the entire length of a whole street, seemed, by a broad line of light, to cleave asunder some quarter of the city. Then were shadows seen in the ruddy glare pressing, tumultuously, onwards, while angry yells, intermingled with piercing cries, and broad shouts of laughter, rose upon the air, until reaching some square or bisected way, the crowd disappeared, although the accompanying sounds were still equally audible: the whole scene too being thus enwrapped in gloom, the noises which issued forth from the darkness resembled the stifled wallings of the hapless city, devastated alike by the torch, and the sword of civil war. Listening to these sounds, and gazing at the spectacle before him, the soldier’s countenance assumed an expression of more than wonted gravity; his contracted brows united themselves into one; he stretched his left arm towards the palace of the Louvre, and so tightly were his teeth compressed together, that scarcely could the following words addressed by him to his youthful companion find passage through his lips. “My lord, behold thy city.—Canst thou recognise it?” As Duchâtel spoke, a shade of deep melancholy passed over the young man’s countenance, such as, an instant before, it might have been supposed incapable of exhibiting. He fixed his eyes on the warrior’s, and, having looked at him for a moment, in silence, “My brave Tanneguy,” said he—“often, at this hour, from the windows of the hôtel St. Paul have I gazed upon Paris, even as we now regard her from this terrace of the Bastile; sometimes, indeed, I have beheld her tranquil, but, alas! never yet have I seen her happy.”

Duchâtel started with surprise, having little expected such an answer from the youthful dauphin. He had enquired of him as he would have questioned a thoughtless boy, and had received the answer of a sagacious man. “Pardon my prince,” resumed Duchâtel, “until this day I had believed that thou wert thyself wholly occupied in vain pleasures, and concerned thyself not with the affairs of France.”

“My father,” replied the dauphin, who, from the time he had been rescued by his present companion from the hands of the Burgundians, had always addressed him by that tender appellation, “In truth, my father” said he, “thy reproach is, at least, but partly merited: whilst my two brothers, (now, alas! summoned before the throne of God,) were next in succession before me on the throne of France, true it was, and I confess it, my time and thoughts were wasted in frivolous amusements and raiment and joys; but since the Almighty hath recalled them to himself, and that, too, in a manner as unexpected as terrible, I have ceased to delight in those empty pleasures to reflect upon the one all-engrossing subject, that at the death of my beloved father (whom God preserve!) this noble kingdom of France will have none other master than myself.”

“Therefore my brave young prince,” returned Tanneguy, with visible delight—“thou art determined to defend her, tooth and nail, as well against Harry of England, as against John of Burgundy.”

“Aye Tanneguy; against each of them separately, or both in league, as it best liketh them.”

“Ah! my noble prince,” exclaimed the veteran, “God hath surely put those words into thy mouth, to comfort the heart of thine old friend.” During these three years past, this is the first time that I have breathed freely, for could’st thou but have known the conflicting feelings which have rent my heart, on beholding the monarchy, in defence of which I have devoted my days, my honor, my life, torn as it has been by intestine faction, and the unhappy kingdom, of which thou art the sole remaining hope, a prey to such attacks as these—could’st thou but have known how oft I have enquired within myself, whether, indeed, the period had not, at length, arrived, for this ancient monarchy to give place to some other, and, whether each renewed effort to uphold her, were not an act even of rebellion against God, by whom she seemed forsaken; for . . . . (and may Heaven forgive me, if there be aught of blasphemy in what I am about to say); . . . . for, during the last thirty years, each time that Providence has visited thy noble race, it has seemed, in truth, but for the purpose of afflicting it by some humiliation or calamity.—
"Yes" proceeded Tanneguy, one may, indeed, look upon that dynasty as doomed to destruction, whose head is stricken both in body and in mind, as is our sire the king; and one may well regard each relation of society as shaken to its foundation, when the crown's first vassal dares to lop with axe and sword the branches of the royal tree, as the traitor John of Burgundy cut down thy noble uncle the duke d'Orléans. In fine, one cannot but think that kingdom doomed to perdition, whose youthful princes like thy two elder brothers, have been successively carried off by deaths—so sudden and so singular, that if one did not fear giving offence both to God and man, one would be tempted to say, God's Providence was therein as nought, and man's agency all in all; and, again, when we behold only a youth like thyself, left to put down popular tumults, stem the tide of civil war and resist foreign invasion,—Oh! my lord, my lord! natural, indeed, are the misgivings which have at times borne down my spirit, and you will, readily, pardon me for yielding to them."

The dauphin, hereupon, threw himself on the neck of his old and faithful friend, exclaiming, "Tanneguy, such doubts as these may well be pardoned in one, who, like thyself, though doubting, hath, nevertheless, bravely acted; in one, indeed, like thee, who thinks that God, in his wrath, has doomed a dynasty to destruction, even in its last heir, and who has, further, snatched him from the threatened destruction of an offended Deity."

"Ah, my young master," continued the faithful Tanneguy, "upon seeing the Burgundians enter the city, I flew to your rescue, even as a mother striveth for her child; for who but myself, ill-fated youth, had power to save thee? Not the king—thy father; neither the queen,—thy mother, who, at a distance, had not the opportunity; and, moreover, had she been at hand, 'tis likely, (God forgive her!) might have even lacked the will. And, my prince! hadst thou been free to have escaped, had'st thou found the corridors of the hôtel Saint Paul deserted, and its gates open, no sooner had'st thou passed into the street, and attempted to have threaded thy steps through the labyrinth-like-ways of Paris, than thou wouldst have been more perplexed than thy meanest subject. Thus was I left thy sole protector: yet, at that moment, I felt convinced that God would not forsake thy illustrious house, and, in proportion as I felt so, I was endued with double energy and resolution. In bearing thee away, my prince, thy form seemed lighter in my grasp than a bird in the talons of an eagle!—and, troth, had I then encountered the whole Burgundian army, headed even by the duke, in person, methought I could have felled him to the earth, and, strong, at that juncture, in Heaven's protection, have traversed the hostile ranks with safety, alike to myself and thee. But since, my lord—since thou hast been placed, secure, within these impregnable ramparts, when, each night, after contemplating alone from this spot, such a spectacle as that which now engrosses the attention of us both; when—after having gazed on Paris—the royal city—a prey to such revolutionary struggle, where the mob reign, and royalty is abused; when,—tumultuous cries yet ringing in my ears, and with eyes still aching from the glare of incendiary fires, I have quitted the ramparts and sought thy chamber, and, there, silently and cautiously leaning over thy couch, watched thee wrapped in the most placid slumber, whilst civil war was stalking through thy country, and fire through thy capital, then, indeed, have I asked myself, whether one who could be thus free from all care, and sleeping, tranquilly, while his wretched kingdom kept so restless and bloody a vigil; then have I asked myself whether such an one could be worthy of the power, which, by right, belonged to him."

As Ducharéel concluded, a passing cloud of dissatisfaction overshadowed the dauphin's visage. "And was it thus Tanneguy," asked he, "that thou didst watch my slumbers?" "My lord," replied Ducharéel, "beside thy bed I offered up my prayers both for France and thee."

"And what, if this evening thou had'st found my disposition contrary to thy wishes, how would'st thou then have acted?" demanded the dauphin.

"I would," replied Tanneguy, "have conducted your highness to a place of safety, and, singly and unarmed have rushed into the midst of the enemy, for nought else save death would have been left to me, and the sooner I had been slain the better."

"Well, Tanneguy," said the dauphin, "suppose now, that instead of your encounter—"
ing the enemy, alone and unarmed, we attack him together, well prepared for combat:
what sayest thou?

"Would, my prince, that Heaven, whilst inspiring thee with the noble daring, would
also invest thee with the power to execute thy will."

"But thou wilt be at hand to support me," said the dauphin.

"This, my lord, will be a long and fatiguing war in which we are about to engage:
not to me, indeed, whose armour, for the last thirty years, hath scarcely quitted my
limbs, but, for thee, who hast passed thy life, during these fifteen years, in silk and
velvet.—Of the two enemies against whom thou hast to contend, one, alone, would be
formidable even to a powerful monarch. The sword once drawn from its scabbard,
the royal standard once carried from out Saint-Denis, neither must be returned to
their places until John of Burgundy and Henry of England can, the one, no longer
trouble France, and the other be driven from her soil. Many a rude encounter will,
however, precede so blessed a consummation. The night-watchings will be deadly
cold, and the days will be spent in murderous conflicts. Thou must lay down the
character and habits of a prince, to assume the stern bearing of a soldier. These scenes
of bloody strife will resemble in nothing the mock warfare of a tournament;
the war in which we are forced to plunge will be no skirmishing campaign of some
few months' duration, but entire years will be occupied in deadly conflict in many
a bloody field. Think, think my lord of these things."

Without replying to Tanneguy's words, the young dauphin withdrew his arm from
his faithful adherent, and walked straight up to the soldier on duty in one of the
turrets: a moment afterwards, the soldier's ashen bow was transferred to the prince's
hands, the quiver belt encircled his waist, and, turning towards the wondering Du-
châtel, he said, in a voice which, from its unwonted firmness, none would have recog-
nised:—"Methinks, my father, that thou wilt this night sleep in peace, although
this will be thy son's first armed vigil."

Duchâtel was about to answer, when a sudden development of the scene below,
changed the current of his thoughts.

For the last few moments the sounds from the city had approached nearer and
nearer, and a great light was discernible from the rue de la Cerisée: how the noise
was occasioned, or whence the glare proceeded, it had been hitherto impossible to
discover, owing to the transverse direction of the street itself, and the height of in-
tercepting houses. Suddenly, however, the cries became more distinct, and, at
length, a man, half clad, rushed from the rue de la Cerisée into the rue Saint-Antoine,
endeavoring to escape from his pursuers, at the same time calling loudly for help.
Those who followed him, and within a short distance, vociferated "Death! death to
the Armagnac! kill him, kill the Armagnac!" First in pursuit, conspicuous by his
two-handed, naked and bloody sword, sang de beuf vest, and bare legs was
master Cappeluche, chief leader of these scenes of terror. The wretched fugitive,
to whom fear lent an almost super-human swiftness, was on the point of escaping
from his murderers, by making to the corner of the rue Saint-Antoine, and
throwing himself behind the wall of the Tournelles,* when his legs became entangled
in the chain which was nightly stretched across the end of the street, and, stumbling
a few paces, he fell within a bow-shot of the walls of the Bastile; meanwhile,
his pursuers, some leaping over the chain, others, creeping under it, soon reached
him, so that when he was about to arise, he beheld Cappeluche's sword glittering
above his head. No longer doubtful that his fate was sealed, the unhappy wretch
instantly fell again upon his knees imploring mercy—not of men—but of God.

From the moment that the broad street of Saint-Antoine had become the theatre
of the scene above described, not one of the fearful events enacted there had escaped
the observation of either Tanneguy, or the dauphin.—The latter, in particular, less
accustomed than his companion to sights of this description, by his convulsive
movements and agitated voice, betrayed the deep and painful interest which was awakened
in his bosom, so that when the Armagnac fell, Cappeluche was scarcely more prompt
in precipitating himself on his victim, than the royal youth in drawing an arrow

* A name given to one of the minor criminal courts.
from his quiver, and, with the two fingers of his right hand, adjusting it to the bow-string. The bow bent like a fragile reed, whilst he lowered it with his left hand, and, with the right, drew the string almost as high as his shoulder; at that moment, it would have been difficult to have guessed, (notwithstanding the unequal distance,) which would have sooner reached the mark, the dauphin’s arrow, or Cappeluche’s sword, when Duchâtel, hastily thrusting forth his arm, seized the arrow in the breech, and broke it, even whilst retained still in the hands of the royal archer.

“What art thou doing, Tanneguy? what art thou doing?” exclaimed the dauphin, stamping with his foot—“Do’st thou not see that man about to kill a follower of ours—a Burgundian nigh murdering an Armagnac?”

Perish every Armagnac! My lord,” returned Duchâtel,” rather than that thine arrow’s point should be soiled by the blood of such a miscreant.

But Tanneguy! Tanneguy!—Ah!—Look! . . . .

At the dauphin’s exclamation, Duchâtel again turned his eyes towards the street Saint-Antoine: the head of the Armagnac had already rolled ten paces from his body, as master Cappeluche, draining the blood from off his long sword coolly whistled the popular air of:

“Duc de Bourgogne
Dieu te tienne en joie.”

Look, Tanneguy, look! repeated the dauphin weeping with rage and compassion; but for thee! . . . but for thee! . . . look then! . . . .

“Yes, yes, I see clearly enough,” returned Tanneguy—but, I repeat, that this creature could not be slain by thy hand.

“But, then, in Heaven’s name, what sort of man is he?”

That man, my lord, is master Cappeluche, the Paris executioner.

The dauphin’s arms instantaneously fell at his sides, and his head drooped upon his bosom.—

“Oh, my cousin of Burgundy,” murmured he in a voice almost stifled by strong emotion, “to retain possession of the four finest kingdoms of Christendom, I would not employ the man and the means by which thou wouldst wrest from me what remains of mine!”

Meanwhile, one of Cappeluche’s followers had lifted by the hair, the head streaming with gore, and thrown over it the lived glare of the torch held in his other hand: the light fell full upon the dead man’s countenance, and, distorted as were the features, Tanneguy was soon able to recognise Henri de Marie, the friend of his childhood, a most zealous and faithful Armagnac; a deep sigh heaved the broad chest of the brave Duchâtel.—

Fardieu, master Cappeluche, exclaimed his follower as he carried the head towards him, “thou art a rare bold blade to slice off the head of the high chancellor of France as neatly and as coolly as though he were only some beggarly knave, not worthy a moment’s consideration.

The executioner smiled complacently; like unto the rest of mankind, he too was not without his acceptable flatterers.*

On the same night, within two hours of day-break, a small troop of horse, but well-

* Should we, (says M. Alex. Dumas,) be accused of delighting in details of horror, we must beg that the blame be laid on history and not imputed to our taste. The subjoined quotation from the dukes of Burgundy, by M. de Barante, will serve to show, that we have neither chosen the most frightful features of this unhappy period, nor depicted them in the darkest colors. When kings and princes arm their people for civil warfare, when they employ human instruments to support their interests and settle their differences, the blood that is shed, rests not on the tool that strikes, but falls on the directing head and the impelling arm:—now for our quotation.

“On avait du sang jusqu’à la cheville dans la cour des prisons; on tua aussi dans la ville et dans les rues. Les malheureux arbalétriers gainoïs étaient chassés des maisons où ils étaient logés, et livrés à la populace furieuse. Des femmes et des enfans furent mis en pièces; une malheureuse femme grosse fut jetée morte sur le pavé, et comme on voyait son enfant palpiter dans ses flancs:—Tiens, disait-on, le petit chien remue encore. Mille horreurs se commettaient sur les cadavres: on leur faisait une écharpe sanglante, comme au
armed and mounted, cautiously issued from the outer gate of the Bastile, took the road for the bridge of Charenton, and, having crossed it, continued for nearly eight hours along the right bank of the Seine, none of the party having either spoken or raised his visor from the instant he mounted: about eleven in the morning they arrived within sight of a fortified town.

"Now, my lord," said Tanneguy Duchâtel, addressing the knight who rode beside him, "Now thou may'st raise thy visor," and cry, "Saint Charles and France," for yonder floats the white Armagnac scarf, and thou art just about to enter thy faithful city of Melun.

Thus did the dauphin Charles, on whom history subsequently bestowed the title of "Victorious" pass his first night's guard, and perform his first military march.

CHAPTER XXV.

FATAL HAND-SHAKING WITH A PRINCE.

It is by no means difficult to explain the policy which detained the duke of Burgundy at a distance from the capital. No sooner had another, more fortunate than himself, obtained possession of Paris, than permitting that individual to enjoy, unmolested, an honor of which he could not deprive him, he determined to gain for himself every possible benefit which could be derived from that important occurrence. He, clearly, foresaw, that murders and other acts of vengeance, the natural consequence of so violent a political change, would prove utterly beyond his power to control, so that his presence in Paris would only have endangered his popularity among his own partisan's, whilst absence relieved him from the weighty responsibility of such fearful bloodshed. Considering, moreover, that this crimson torrent flowed from the veins of Armagnac, he looked upon it as an efficacious blood-letting to weaken the opposite faction: so that, indeed, his enemies were, successively, cut off, and he himself spared the trouble of even uplifting his arm to strike them. Then, when he should deem the popular mind satiated with slaughter; when, in truth, the city should become weary of vengeance, and seek repose — when the afflicted remnant of a party, deprived of its leaders, might with safety be spared, then as its guardian angel would he re-enter the capital, extinguish the flame of civil discord, stanch the still flowing blood of its citizens, and proclaim a general peace and amnesty.

The pretexts, indeed, assigned for the duke of Burgundy's absence, will, in the progress of our narrative be found a subject of too high importance, to be here passed over in silence.

The young sire de Giac, whom we have previously remarked at the castle of Vincennes, playing the part of a rival candidate with the sires de Graville and L'Ile Adam, for the heart of Isabel of Bavaria, had, as noticed, followed the queen to Troyes. Frequently employed as bearer of important communications to the duke of Burgundy from his royal mistress, his admiration had been awakened at that prince's court, by the charms of mademoiselle Catherine de Thian, one of the ladies attendant on the duchess of Charleroi.* Young, brave, and handsome, he had deemed these his three qualifications, added to the confidence acquired by a consciousness of their possession, as sufficient and ready passports to win the favor of this beautiful and high-born lady; and it was with daily increasing astonishment, that he found her receive his homage, without appearing to regard him more graci-

The Count de Charolais, son of duke John had espoused the princess Michelle daughter of the king, Charles 6th.
ously then she did others. The suspicion that some rival pre-occupied her heart, quickly presented itself to the lover's mind; accordingly, he followed mademoiselle everywhere like her shadow, studied her every look, and, spite of all his persevering jealousy, at length arrived at the satisfactory conclusion, that none of the young noblemen who surrounded her, were more happy or more favored than himself. Wealthy, and also the bearer of a noble family name, he secretly hoped that motives of vanity would, at the least, win her to accept his proffered hand, should a passionate regard be altogether wanting. His offer made, mademoiselle de Thian's reply was at once, so decided, and couched in terms of such cold politeness, that the sire de Giac was compelled to abandon all future hope, although, his own love for her continued unabated. To have brooded over his disappointment in the scene of its occurrence, would have driven him to distraction, for, vainly, seeking out the cause, yet could he, in no wise, comprehend the reason; no resource, therefore, remained to him, save that of absence; and, summoning up the requisite resolution to enable him to adopt this only remedy, he willingly charged himself with the duke's orders and returned to the court of queen Isabel.

Six weeks, had, however, scarcely elapsed, ere a new mission carried him back to Dijon. Absence, meanwhile, had wrought a greater change in his favor, than had been worked by his presence. The duke received him with more than ordinary kindness, and the lady herself greeted his return with wonderful courtesy; for awhile, he could scarcely believe the reality of his good fortune, until, at length, duke John himself offered, one day, to be the bearer of another proposal to the object of his regard. So powerful an intercession would, in all probability, smoothe away every difficulty: the sire de Giac joyfully accepted the prince's generous offer: and, in the course of two hours, a second reply, couched in terms as favorable as the former was discouraging, proved, that in whatever manner Mademoiselle de Thian had been influenced, whether by the duke's all powerful intercession, or by duly reflecting on the knight's merits, a woman's first refusal under similar circumstances need not be always regarded as irrevocable.

The duke then declared that he would not re-enter Paris until after the celebration of the espousals of the youthful pair. The marriage festival was extremely splendid; the duke himself defraying all the expenses: in the morning, there were jousts and tournaments, whereat were performed many noble passages of arms; and, between each course of a sumptuous banquet, magnificent and ingenious representations formed the entremets; whilst, in the evening, a mystery, the subject of which was Adam receiving Eve from the hands of the Creator elicited the greatest applause. For this especial purpose, a celebrated poet was sent for from Paris, who, besides the expenses of the voyage, received twenty-five golden crowns. These occurrences took place between the 15th and 20th of June, in the year 1418.

Duke John, thinking that the moment had, at length, arrived for entering Paris, deputed the sire de Giac to go thither and announce his intended arrival. The latter, was, however, reluctant to leave his young bride until the duke promised to take her to Paris and enlist her amongst the number of the queen's attendants. The sire de Giac was deputed to acquaint Isabel that the duke would join her at Troyes on the second day of July, and thence escort her to the capital.

On the fourteenth of the same month, the inhabitants of Paris awoke to the joyful pealings of bells, throughout every quarter of the city. The duke of Burgundy and the queen had arrived at the porte Saint-Antoine, and the whole population was stirring; each house in the line of route towards the hôtel Saint-Paul was hung with tapestry, as when the host is borne along the streets; every step was strewed with flowers, every window occupied by women. Six hundred citizens clad in blue, and conducted by the seigneur de L'Ile-Adam and the sire de Giac proceeded to meet, in order to present to them as conquerors, the keys of the city: divided by corporations, and ranged under their respective standards, crowds of people followed, raising joyful shouts of Noël, and altogether forgetful that they had not that morning broken fast, and were as likely to lack food on the morrow. The queen, the duke, and their suite awaited the procession on horseback: stopping before duke John, the burgess, by whom the golden keys were carried in a silver plateau, knelt upon one
knee:—"My lord," said L'Ile-Adam, as he touched them with the naked point of his sword, "Behold the keys of your city—in your absence no one has dared to claim them, and we only awaited your arrival to yield them up." "Give them me thyself, Sire de L'Ile-Adam," returned the duke, "for, in good sooth, thou hast right to handle them before I have." Thereupon L'Ile-Adam dismounted, and, respectfully, presented the keys to duke John, who immediately proceeded to hang them to his saddle bow, in front of his battle-axe. This act was regarded by many persons as of rather too bold and decisive a character, for one entering a city as a peacemaker, and not as a conqueror; but the return of the queen and duke had given birth to such universal feelings of delight, that this incident in no wise damped the general enthusiasm.

Another bourgeois now advanced and presented the duke with two coats of blue velvet, one, for himself, the other, for his nephew, count Philip de Saint-Pol.*—"Thanks, messieurs," said he, "I commend your thoughtful foresight in anticipating that I should like to enter your city garbed in the queen's favored colors. Instantly doffing his own velvet robe, he habited himself in that newly presented to him, and bade his nephew do likewise: beholding this, the whole of the people cried aloud, "Vive Bourgogne!" "Vive la reine!"

As the trumpets sounded, theburgesses formed themselves into two lines, on either hand of the duke and queen, the people bringing up the rear. As to the Sire de Giac, having recognised his bride amongst the queen's ladies, he quitted the station assigned to him by his rank, in order to be nigh his beloved. The procession moved onwards.

Shouts of joy, full of hope, welcomed their progress; from every window, flowers showered upon them like perfumed flakes of snow thickly studded the way beneath the queen's horses' feet: the joy of the people reached the frenzy of enthusiasm; and, had any one then declared, that, in that very street, new strewed with fresh gathered and fragrant flowers, and echoing, too, with shouts of clamorous rejoicing, the most brutal murders had just been committed, so much blood shed, so many cries of anguish heard—even on the eve preceding, the speaker would have been scoffed at as mad.

The cortège reached, at length, the hôtel Saint Paul. The king awaited its arrival on the last step of the entrance flight. The queen and duke alighted and mounted the stairway; the king and queen saluted each other: at that royal kiss the people shouted joyously, believing every discord to be extinguished, for alas! they had altogether forgotten, that ever since the days of Judas a kiss and treachery have been often terms, synonymous.

The duke had already knelt with one knee before the king, when Charles raised him, saying, "My cousin of Burgundy, let us entirely forget the past, for our unhappy dissensions have been productive of sufficient misery; but by God's blessing and thy willing aid, we hope to be able to apply a good and speedy remedy." "Sire," returned the duke, "my endeavors have been ever influenced by an earnest desire for the welfare of France, and thine highness' honor; those who have declared the contrary, have been, in sooth, more bitter enemies towards thee than towards me." Having ended, duke John kissed the hand of the sovereign who re-entered the hôtel Saint-Paul, followed by the queen, the duke, and all their train. The gilded show was presently concealed within the enclosure of the palace: the people alone remained in the street, and two guards, parading up and down on either side of the entrance to the hôtel, there soon re-established that barrier of steel which marks the boundary between prince and peasant, royalty and the people. Little, however, on this occasion mattered the distinction, for the multitude were far too dazzled to perceive that to them alone no promise had been given, nothing indeed said. With cries and shouts, however, of "Vive le roi!" "Vive Bourgogne!" they departed, and so full, indeed, were their hearts of vain hope, that the evening came ere they discovered that they were yet more hungry than at the dawn of day.

On the morrow, vast crowds again collected as usual, but there being no

* The Count de Saint Pol was son to the duke of Barbant, killed at the battle of Azincourt.
fête to arrest their attention, no procession to be gazed at, the people bent their way
towards the hôtel Saint Paul, no longer, truly, to cry “Vive le roi!” “Vive Bour-
gogne!” but to ask for food. Duke John soon appeared at the balcony; he pro-
mised that he would use his every endeavor to lessen the misery and provide against
the famine which was preying upon the vitals of the people: but he added that “the
task was one of extreme difficulty in consequence of the devastations of the Arm-
gnacs in the environs of the capital.” The people readily admitted the justice of the
duke’s plea, and next demanded that the prisoners in the Bastile should be delivered
up to them; “because” said they, “these prisoners can be always redeemed by
money, and it is we who pay the ransom. The duke replied to these hungry
wretches that their desires should be complied with; consequently, lacking bread,
a ration of seven prisoners was delivered out to them: these unfortunate individu-
als were Messire Juvénal Enguerrand de Marigny—a martyr, the descendant of a
martyr; Messire Hector de Chartres—father to the Archbishop of Rheims, and Jean
Taranne, a rich bourgeois; history records not the names of the other four. The
hungry cravings of the populace were, then, this time, appeased by the gratification
of cutting their throats. The duke, himself, thus lost seven enemies and gained,
moreover, one day’s quiet; so that, for the moment, all were content.

The morrow, however, gave birth to new assemblages, new cries, and a demand
for another ration of prisoners; but, on this occasion, the multitude hungered more
for bread than thirsted for blood, and, to the utter astonishment of the four unhappy
wretches who had been placed within their grasp, instead of massacring, the
people re-conducted them to the prison of the Châtelet, delivered them over to the
provost, proceeded direct to pillage the hôtel Bourbon, and, finding there an em-
broidered standard with the figure of a dragon, some hundreds of the rabble carried
it off, and showed it to the duke of Burgundy, as a fresh proof of a secret alliance
between the Armagnacs and England; then, tearing the banner in pieces, and drag-
ging its fragments through the mud, they again raised the cry of, “Death to the
Armagnacs! death to the English!” without, however, killing any one.

The duke now perceived that the waves of sedition were gradually approaching
towards himself, like the ocean tide towards the shore, and he apprehended that,
after having, for a season, attributed their ills to probable causes, the people
would, at length learn to know the true source of their misfortunes; influenced by
this consideration, during the night, he assembled together some of the most in-
fluential burgesses at the hôtel Saint Paul, and obtained their promise of assistance,
on condition that he would re-establish peace and order. Depending on their sup-
port, he awaited the morrow with greater calmness.

When the morrow arrived, it brought with it one single cry, for one single want
had devoured every other: “bread! bread!” was vociferated in every quarter. The
duke appeared at the palace balcony, and attempted to make himself heard, but the
loud clamoring of the people drowned the sound of his voice; he went into the street,
threw himself, unarmed, and bareheaded, into the midst of the gaunt and famished
crowd, and shook hands, familiarly, with the lowest, throwing largesses of gold pieces
in every direction. The multitude, in its lion-like love, well nigh as terrible as in
its tiger fury, closing and carrying him along by its undulatory motion, he was
hemmed in almost to suffocation. The duke felt that he was lost, unless he could
oppose the moral power of speech, against this so frightfully overwhelming physical
force; again, he demanded to be heard, but, again, his voice was lost midst the general
tumult; till, at length, he addressed himself to an individual in the crowd, who
seemed to exercise some influence over the movements of the mass. This individual,
mounting on a way-side post, exclaimed “silence! the duke wishes to speak—let us
hear what he has to say.” Forthwith the obedient crowd was mute: the duke was
arrayed in a velvet pourpoint embroidered with gold; a costly chain encircled his neck;
this man had on only an old red hood, and blood red vest, his legs bare. Nevertheless,
he readily obtained what the powerful duke of Burgundy had, in vain, demanded.

The succeeding orders of this redoubtable personage were no less readily obeyed
than the first. When he found silence established, “Make a circle,” said he; the
crowd, accordingly, bore back; while the duke, with shame, biting his lips, even to
the quick, at being compelled to stoop to such devices and employ so vile an instrument, remounted the flight of steps which he had long before repented having descended. The man of the people followed, surveyed the multitude with a view of ascertaining whether it was now prepared to listen, then, turning towards the prince, "Speak now, my lord," said he, "you will be listened to;" and, with these words he crouched down at the duke's feet like a dog tending its master.

By this time, some nobles who were staying with the duke of Burgundy had emerged from the hôtel Saint Paul, and ranged themselves behind the prince, in order to render him assistance should he need it. The duke motioned with his hand; a prolonged and authoritative "chut" proceeded, like a low growl from the mouth of the red-coated man, and the prince forthwith addressed the multitude.

"My friends," said he, "you ask me for bread: it is out of my power to supply your wants, for there is barely sufficient for the table of the king and queen; you would, therefore, be acting a far wiser part, if instead of idly traversing the streets of Paris, you were to depart forthwith and lay siege to Marcoussis and Monthéry, now occupied by the dauphinins*; the jailor was just then supping with his family, and invited Cappeluche to partake with them, an invitation which he accepted with an air of patronizing condescension natural enough for a man who had just shaken hands with the most powerful vassal of the French crown: accordingly, he laid his firm and able sword at the door-way and seated himself in the place of honor; in these towns you will find abundance of provisions, and will likewise have an opportunity of expelling the king's enemies, the marauders who have been laying waste the country even to the porte Saint-Jacques, and thus depriving us of our expected harvest." "We ask nothing better," exclaimed the crowd, simultaneously, "but we must have leaders."

"Sires de Cohen and de Rupe," said the duke looking over his shoulder, as he addressed the nobles, who were stationed behind him—would you like the command of an army? for, in that case, you shall have one.

"Yes, my lord," replied they, advancing,—"My friends!" continued the duke, again addressing the people, and presenting to them the officers just nominated, "Friends! would you have these noble knights as leaders? if so, I freely offer their services.

"These or any, provided they march on at once."

"Then, my lords, to horse," said the duke; "and, that, speedily," he added, in a lower tone—

The prince was turning to re-enter the palace, when the man who had been crouching at his feet rose and offered his hand; duke John could do no less than grasp it in like manner as he had shaken hands with others of the crowd; besides, to this individual he was evidently under a sort of obligation. "Thy name?" enquired the duke.

"Cappeluche," returned the man, respectfully raising his red hood with the hand thus disengaged.—"And thy occupation," continued the duke.

"Chief executioner for the city of Paris."—

The duke let fall the hand which had been retained in his own, stepped two paces backwards, and turned pale. —In the face of all Paris, standing on that flight of steps, as on a pedestal, he, the most powerful prince of Christendom had formed a compact with this debased functionary for the carrying out his own important measures.

"Executioner!" returned the duke in a hollow and unsteady voice—"Hie thee to the grand Châtelet; there thou wilt find full employment."—Master Cappeluche obeyed this mandate as one to which he was well accustomed. —"Thanks, my lord," said he: having descended the steps, he then added in a loud voice: "Truly, the duke is a right noble prince, in no wise haughty, and a great friend to the distressed people."—"L' Ile-Adam," said the duke, pointing towards the executioner's receding figure, "let that man be followed, for either his head must fall, or my hand fail."

On the same day, the seigneurs de Cohen, de Rupes, and messire Gaultier Raillard marched out of Paris with a number of cannon, and other war implements suitable

* The appellation bestowed on the dauphin's party, and subsequently on the Count d'Armagnac's.
for a siege. More than 10,000 of the hardiest insurgents followed as volunteers. No sooner had they departed, than the city gates were closed behind them, and, in the evening, chains were stretched across every street, as well above, as below the river. The burgesses corporations shared the watch with the archers, and, probably, for the first time during a period of two months, an entire night passed over without being once disturbed by cries of "murder!" or of "fire!"

Meanwhile, Cappeluche, proud of the princely greeting which he had received, no less than of the commission wherewith he was entrusted, bent his way towards the grand Châtelet, enjoying, by anticipation, the executions which he doubted not would take place on the morrow, dwelling, especially, on the honor redounding to his office, if, as sometimes it happened, the court itself should be present on the occasion. Any one meeting him could not have failed noticing his erect and self-important bearing, (that, in fact, of a man in excellent favor with himself,) and have ever guessed, that the action of his right hand, cleaving the air in various directions, was, in fact, but a mental rehearsal of the scenes wherein he expected next day to play so important a part. On arriving at the entrance to the grand Châtelet, he knocked but once, and the promptitude with which the gate was opened, proved the jailor to be well aware that the summons proceeded from an individual entitled to a speedily admission. The jailor was just then supping with his family, and invited Cappeluche to partake with them, an invitation which he accepted with an air of patronising condescension natural enough for a man who had just shaken hands with the most powerful vassal of the French crown: accordingly, he laid his firm and able sword at the door-way and seated himself in the place of honor. "Master Richard," said Cappeluche, after a moment's pause, "Who are the principal lords accommodated by you with lodging in your hostelry?" "Faith messire," replied Richard, "Tis not long since I came hither myself, my predecessor and his wife having been killed when the Châtelet was recently taken by the Burgundians. Well I know the number of wooden bowls supplied by me to the prisoners, but I cannot exactly tell the names of those who partake of my soup."

"And pray is this number considerable?"

"One hundred and twenty," was the brief reply.

"Well master Richard, you will to-morrow have only to serve one hundred and nineteen.

"How so? has there been another riot?" eagerly demanded the jailor, who feared a repetition of the occurrence by which his predecessor had fallen a victim. Did I but know which of them they would desire, I would have him in readiness, not to keep the people waiting?"

"No, no," returned Cappeluche, "You're altogether mistaken; the populace are, at this moment, marching for Marcoussis and Monthéry, turning their backs on the grand Châtelet. 'Tis not a tumult; but an execution that's in the wind now"—"But are you positive in what you are saying?" Demanded master Richard. "Ask that of me!" replied Cappeluche, jeering sarcastically, "Ah! true — you have then received the provost's orders."

"No, I have it from much higher authority. I have it even from the duke of Burgundy."

"From the duke of Burgundy!" echoed master Richard.

"Yes," continued Cappeluche, carelessly rocking his chair upon its hinder feet; yes, from the duke of Burgundy. Within this very hour he shook me by the hand, saying: — "Cappeluche, my friend, oblige me by hastening with all speed to the Châtelet, and await my orders. "Monseigneur," I answered, "You may depend upon me; it is therefore, evidently, some matter of life and death! and equally clear that some noble Armagnac will to-morrow be led to the Grèbe, and that the duke, meaning to be present, and desirous of seeing the business well executed, has specially charged me with it. Had it been otherwise, the order would have come direct from the provost, and Gorju my assistant would have received it."

Just as he ceased speaking, two loud knocks resounded from the outer gate; whereupon the jailor asked Cappeluche's permission to take the lamp: the latter having nodded assent, the party were all left awhile in darkness.
Returning in about ten minutes' time, the jailor stopped at the door of the apartment, carefully shut it, and fixed his eyes with a peculiar expression of astonishment on those of his guest: he then said, without resuming his seat, "Master Cappeluche, you must follow me." "Very well," replied the latter, swallowing the remains of wine left in his glass, with a farewell smack of the lip and tongue, like unto a man most sensibly alive to a friend's value, at the moment of separation, "Very well, I well enough know what's wanted!" and, so saying, master Cappeluche arose, and followed the jailor, not, however, forgetting to take up the sword, which he had placed, on entering, against the door.

Proceeding some paces within a long damp passage, they reached the head of a stairway, so steep as to be clearly indicative of the architect's opinion that staircases are but of secondary importance in a state prison. Cappeluche descended with all the ease of a person familiar with the way, whistling the air of his favorite song, and exclaiming, as the jailor proceeded, "Diavel! diavel! it must certainly be some great lord." In this manner they descended about sixty steps.

When arrived at the bottom, the jailor opened a door, which was so exceedingly low, that master Cappeluche, though of very ordinary stature, was obliged to stoop down greatly, in order to enter the dungeon with which it communicated: on passing through it, the solidity of the portal attracted his attention, and connoisseur as he was in such matters, it's appearance elicited a laudatory note of approbation: it was of oak, at least four inches in thickness, and plated all over with iron. The first glance assured Cappeluche that the dungeon was empty, but he imagined that its late occupant was elsewhere undergoing an examination or suffering the torture: so, coolly, depositing his sword in a corner, he prepared to await the prisoner's return.

"'Tis here," said the jailor. "'Ump!" was master Cappeluche's brief reply.

Richard was about to quit the dungeon, with a lamp in his hand, but Cappeluche asked him to leave it, a demand which was complied with, no orders having been given for his being left in darkness. No sooner was the light placed in his hands than he commenced a severe search around the dungeon, which work so completely engrossed his attention, that the key of the massive door was twice turned, and all it's bolts drawn, without his having heard what was done. Cappeluche was rejoiced at discovering amongst the straw, composing the late prisoner's bed, a paving stone, which had been the wretch's pillow. Carrying it to the middle of the cell, and drawing near it an old wooden stool, on which he placed his lamp, he fetched his sword from the place where he left it, moistened the stone with a little water, which remained in a broken pitcher, and, seating himself on the ground with the stone between his legs, began busily whetting his sword, whose sharpness had been somewhat impaired by the frequent service of the last few days, and only occasionally ceasing from his labor, to pass his thumb over the edge of the blade, and continuing, with, if possible, increased ardor.

So absorbed was Cappeluche in this interesting occupation, that he neither perceived the door to be shut, nor knew it to be fastened, nor was he aware of the presence of a man who, approaching slowly, was closely and with the most lively interest watching him.

At length, the new-comer broke silence—"Pardieu," Master Cappeluche, said he, "you're about a queer sort of job there!"

"Ah! it is thou, Gorju, returned Cappeluche, raising his eyes, for a moment, and then casting them down again, to resume his all engrossing work of a grinder. "What hast thou been saying?" he continued.—

"I was saying you were, indeed, a keen-eyed blade for business now: to trouble your head about such matters as these."

"What would you, my lad, replied Cappeluche, there's nothing to be done without an opinion of one's own capability, as well in our own profession as in any other. This sword, all notched as it was, might have done well enough in another riot, since, on such occasions, provided one does but kill, it don't matter about doing it at more than one stroke; but to-morrow's service intended for this blade, is altogether different to it's last month's work, and I must needs take every precaution that things may redound to my credit!"
Gorju’s countenance, from an expression of mere wonder had assumed an air of
dull perplexity, while, without replying, he continued to watch his master, who
seemed to ply his labor with redoubled assiduity, as it approached to a termination.
At length, master Cappeluche again looked up at Gorju—"So you don’t know," said he, that there is to be an execution to-morrow?
"To be sure, to be sure I do," replied the other. "Well then! what cause for
wondering?" . . . . And Cappeluche continued his work.
"You don’t know, then," said Gorju in his turn, the name of the person who is
to be executed.
"No," replied Cappeluche, without ceasing his occupation, "that’s a matter of lit-
tle concern to me unless indeed some hunch-back be named; because, seeing his
deformed structure, I must guard against every difficulty beforehand."
"Not at all, master," replied Gorju, "the condemned has as good a neck as you
or I, in which I have reason to rejoice, seeing my hand is not yet as skilful as
your’s." . . .
"What’s that you say?"
Why, I say that being appointed executioner only this evening, it would have
been very unlucky if, for the first time, I had happened to meet with. . . . .
"Thee, executioner!!" vociferated Cappeluche, abruptly, and letting fall his
sword—
"Oh, Mon Dieu;" yes, within this half hour the provost sent for me and gave me
this patent or commission." So saying, Gorju drew a parchment from his pour-
point, and presented it to Cappeluche; the latter was unable to read, but he recog-
nised the arms of France and the provost’s seal, and, comparing it, by recollection,
with his own, saw that they corresponded exactly.
"Oh!" said he with an air of extreme mortification, on the eve of a public exe-
cution to think of them thus, openly, insulting me.
"But it was quite impossible master Cappeluche, that you could have performed
the office.
"And how is that?"
"Because you couldn’t cut your own head off; or it would, indeed, be the first
performance of the kind." Master Cappeluche began now to comprehend; he
looked at his assistant with fearful astonishment, the hair started from his forehead,
and drops of cold sweat trickled down his hollow cheeks—"Then—‘tis myself!"
said he.
"Yes master."
"Who, then, has given the order?"
"The duke of Burgundy."
"Impossible, ‘tis but an hour since he familiarly took me by the hand."
"Well!—so it is," returned Gorju, "and now he will take your head."
Cappeluche rose, slowly tottering on his legs like a drunken man; then, going up
to the door, grasped the lock between both his large powerful hands, and with two
tremendous tugs would have torn it from it’s hinges, had they been less substantial,
and less firmly fixed. — Gorju watched his movements with an expression of as much in-
terest as his hard and sinister countenance was capable of exhibiting.
On finding all his efforts useless, Cappeluche seated himself again on the spot
where Gorju had first noticed him; picked up his sword and gave the last touch upon
the stone which was wanting to compose the fineness of it’s edge.
"Again?" asked Gorju, with surprise.
"If it is to be employed on myself," replied Cappeluche in a hoarse voice, "that’s
an additional reason why it should cut well."
At this moment Vaux-de-Bar, and the provost of Paris, accompanied by a priest
entered the dungeon and the usual form of interrogatory was forthwith commenced,
— to which master Cappeluche confessed that he had committed eighty-six murders,
without taking into account the number of persons executed by him in the perform-
ance of his legal functions; nearly one third of those mentioned above were women
and children. An hour afterwards, the provost quitted the prison, leaving with Cap-
peluche, the priest, and his late assistant now—become chief executioner. On the morrow morning, as early as four o'clock, the *grand rue Saint-Denis*, the *rue aux Fers* and the *place du Pillori*, were absolutely choked by the multitudes of people, and the windows of every house were like a battery of heads; the large meat market contiguous to the Châtelet, and the cemetery wall of the *Saint-Innocents*, as well as the other market-places seemed also to be tottering beneath the superincumbent weight. The execution was appointed to take place at seven o'clock.

At half past six, an undulating movement and loud noises, like electric shocks, proceeding from beyond the fosses surrounding the Châtelet, gave notice to those occupying the *place du Pillori*, that the condemned had commenced his progress to the place of execution. Cappelluche had obtained the consent of Gorju, on whom this favor depended, that he should neither be led thither on an ass, nor drawn in a cart; he walked with a firm step, undaunted, between the priest, and the new executioner, greeting his acquaintances in the crowd with both voice and hand as he proceeded on his way. Arrived at length at the *place du Pillori*, he entered a circle, some twenty feet in diameter, formed by a company of archers: in the centre was an upright block, and near it a heap of sand. An opening having been made to let him pass, it was closed again behind him. Chairs and benches had been provided for the convenience of such of the crowd as were too far distant to obtain a view over the heads of those in front; each spectator, indeed, took his place as in a vast amphitheatre of which the house-tops formed the highest stage tiers—the whole presenting a coup d'œil which bore some resemblance to an immense funnel of human heads piled one upon another.

Cappelluche walked straight up to the block, ascertained that it was placed perpendicularly, moved it nearer to the heap of sand from which he considered it too distant, and duly examined the sword-edge; these matters fully arranged, he knelt humbly and prayed in a low voice, the priest offering him the crucifix to kiss. Gorju stood near, leaning on his long sword; seven o'clock began to strike; master Cappelluche called aloud upon God to have mercy on his soul, then laid his submissive head upon the block: not a breath seemed to escape from the mouths of the spectators, not a movement showed that this great mass was animate: each individual seemed riveted to the spot; their eyes alone had life. Suddenly, Gorju's weapon gleamed like a flash of lightening; the seventh stroke of the clock sounded, the sword fell, and the head of Cappelluche tumbled on a sand heap, which was crimsoned by the contact: prostrate on it's hands and knees, the trunk rolled hideously along the ground in an opposite direction, while blood spouted from the arteries of the neck, like water through the rose top of a watering-pot.

A loud cry now burst from the multitude—it was the recovered respiration of a hundred thousand persons.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY AT PARIS; OR, GUILTY PLEASURE LEADING TO FEARFUL RETRIBUTION.

The duke of Burgundy's political anticipations were completely realized: Paris, wearied by the agitated state in which she had so long continued, attributed the cessation of her troubles which had, in fact, terminated naturally, entirely to the prince's presence, the severity exercised, and, above all, the execution of Cappelluche the daring ring-leader of each popular tumult. Immediately after his death, order being restored, every voice uplifted itself in praise of the duke of Burgundy, until a new calamity, in the shape of pestilence, that wan and ghastly sister of civil war, fell upon the bleeding city.

A frightful epidemic made its appearance. Distress, famine, streets infected by unremoved dead, political passions carried to an excess which caused the blood
to boil within the veins, these were the infernal voices by which the pestilence had been summoned. The people, who as their fury cooled grew alarmed at the extent of their own excesses, thought they beheld the hand of God in this new affliction, and beneath the pressure of this calamity became possessed with a remarkable species of frenzy. Instead of awaiting the malady within their houses, or endeavoring to prevent its approach, the entire population flocked into the streets; men were seen running about like madmen, exclaiming that hell-fire was consuming their vitals: the terrified crowd opened to let them pass, some threw themselves into wells, others, rushed into the river. In this state of things, sepulchres were wanting for the dead; priests for the dying. Those who felt themselves attacked by the first symptoms of the disorder would stop old men in the streets, compelling them to listen to their confessions. The epidemic attacked the higher as well as the lower classes; the prince of Orange and the seigneur de Poix, were victims; one of the brothers Fosseuse, as he was going to the duke’s levée, felt himself seized by the disorder just as he reached the flight of steps in front of the hôtel Saint Paul; he endeavored to proceed, but scarcely had he ascended six steps, than, stopping suddenly, he turned pale, his hair stood on end, his knees shook, and having had just time to cross his arms over his bosom and exclaim “Lord have mercy on me!” he fell down dead. The dukes of Brittany, Anjou and Alençon escaped to Corbeil, and the sire de Giac and his wife to Creil castle, given to them by the duke of Burgundy.

From time to time, the figures of the duke and queen were visible, like shadows behind the windows of the hôtel Saint Paul, as shut up within the palace they cast their eyes over those scenes of desolation for the prevention of which they were unable to apply a remedy, and it was reported that Charles had relapsed into a new fit of insanity. Henry of England, during this period, at the head of a powerful army, was laying siege to Rouen, and a cry of supplicating distress arose from the beleaguered city, drowned, however, in the angry clamors of the city of Paris, ere they reached the duke of Burgundy. Although sadly abandoned, the inhabitants nevertheless failed not to close their gates, swearing to defend themselves to the very last extremity.

The dauphinois, on the other hand, conducted by the indefatigable Tanneugy Duchâtel, the maréchal de Rieux, and Barbazan, who bore the appellation of the knight sans reproches, having taken the city of Tours, defended for the duke by Guillaume de Rommelen and Charles Labbe, pushed forward reconnoitering parties even to the gates of Paris. Thus was the duke John circumstanced; on his left were the Dauphinois, enemies of Burgundy; on his right the English, the sworn enemies of France; and in front and behind him Pestilence, the common enemy of all.

In this extremity, the duke resolved to treat with the dauphin; to place upon him the king and the queen, the responsibility of guarding Paris, whilst he himself went forward to succour the city of Rouen.

In consequence of such determination, the articles of peace drawn up some time previously at Bray and Montereau, were signed anew by the queen and the duke of Burgundy. On the 17th of September, they were published by sound of trumpet in the streets of Paris, and the duke of Brittany, bearer of the treaty, was commissioned to lay it before the dauphin for his approval; and to render him the more favorable, the duke took with him the dauphin’s young betrothed wife, who had hitherto remained at Paris, where she had been treated by the queen and himself with the utmost attention and courtesy.

The dauphin was at Tours, and the duke having obtained an audience, found on being ushered into the prince’s presence, on his right, the young duke d’Armagnac, who had arrived on the previous evening from Guienne to demand justice against his father’s murderers, the which had been confidently promised him; on his left,
Tanneguy-Duchâtel, his own declared enemy; behind, the president Louvet, Barbazan, and Charles Labbe, men eager for war, who had recently left the Burgundian party to join the dauphin, hoping thereby to gain the highest distinctions, while from the duke of Burgundy and his party they had every thing to fear.

Although one glance was sufficient to convince the duke of Brittany of the probable issue of his present solicitations, yet he knelt respectfully on one knee, and presented the negotiation to the duke de Touraine. The latter received it, and without unsealing the packet, said as the duke raised him up:—"Cousin, I well know what this contains;—it is my recall to Paris, is it not?—they offer me peace if I consent to return.—But, my cousin, I will make no peace with murderers; I will never enter a city warm with the blood and tears of it's inhabitants. The duke of Burgundy is the author of these ills, look to him for a cure; the sin is not mine, and I will not yield up myself as an expiatory sacrifice."

The Duke of Brittany tried his utmost to prevail upon him, but persuasion was useless. Accordingly he returned with the dauphin's refusal to the duke of Burgundy; he found the duke about to enter the council, whereat audience was to be granted to an envoy from the city of Rouen. Having listened with attention to the ambassador's report, the duke hung down his head for some minutes in the attitude of deep reflection.—Then suddenly exclaiming, "Tis he who will have forced me to this," he entered the council chamber.

These words are easy of explanation:—The duke was as well the greatest vassal of the French crown as the most powerful of the princes of Christendom; moreover, adored by the Parisians, whom, for the last three months he had wholly governed in the king's name, the continued illness of that unhappy monarch afforded no hope, even for those who most ardently desired a further prolongation of his life; and, in the event of his death, there was but one step between sovereignty, and the sort of regency which he already exercised. The Dauphinois were possessed only of Maine and Anjou, while the cession of Guyenne and Normandy to the English king furnished him with an ally in the person of that monarch. The two territories of Burgundy, Flanders and Artois, which, as his own possessions he had re-united to the crown of France, would be sufficient compensation for the above loss; moreover, the example afforded by Hugh Capet was not too remote for imitation, and since the dauphin refused every friendly overture, and seemed bent on war, he would have no ground for complaint at the consequences which might follow such determination.

Thus arguing, the line of policy to be pursued by the duke of Burgundy, was at once clear and simple: to prolong the siege of Rouen, open negotiations with Henry of England, and so act in concert with that monarch, that in the event of Charles' death, the whole of the royal authority being previously concentrated in his hands, he would only have to add to this possession of the regal power, the kingly title, which he so greatly coveted. A more favorable opportunity could scarcely have been presented for the execution of this grand project; the king suffering under his mental affliction was unable to assist at the council, of whose convocation he had not even been informed, and he could, therefore, give such answer to the envoy from Rouen, as would best serve his own purposes, regardless altogether of the interests of the nation.

It was with these intentions, still further confirmed by the dauphin's recent refusal, that duke John entered the council chamber; and, in rehearsal of the part he one day hoped to play, he at once seated himself on the king's throne. The introduction of the envoy had been delayed until his arrival. He was a venerable, white-haired priest, who had travelled from Rouen bare-footed with staff in hand, as became one whose mission it was to petition for succour. Advancing to the middle of the hall, he saluted the duke of Burgundy, and was about to open the object of his embassage, when a loud noise was heard in the direction of a little door covered with tapestry, which led to the king's apartments. Every one turned round: with no little astonishment they beheld the arras raised, and, escaping from the hands of his keepers, who vainly strove to detain him, king Charles himself advanced into the midst of the assembly, where his presence was so unlooked for. With dress in disorder,
and eyes flashing with anger he proceeded with a firm step towards the throne whereon the duke of Burgundy had as inauspiciously as prematurely seated himself.

So unexpected a presence excited throughout the assembled members sentiments of awe. Duke John, in particular, as the monarch approached, gradually rose from his seat in just proportion as Charles advanced, as though impelled by some supernatural influence to assume a standing position; and when Charles placed his foot on the first step of the throne, in order to take his seat, the duke mechanically stretched forth his leg towards the last step, on the opposite side, for the purpose of descending.

Everyone silently regarded this singular game of see-saw.

"Yes, I understand, My Lords," said the king, "you have been told that I was mad, they have even said, perhaps, that I was dead." Here Charles began to laugh in a peculiar manner.—"No, no, my lords, I was only a prisoner, but I discovered that a great council was being held in my absence, and I was determined to be present. My cousin of Burgundy, I hope you behold with satisfaction, that the state of my health, which has, no doubt, been exaggerated to you as dangerous, still permits me to preside over the affairs of my kingdom." Then, turning towards the priest:—"Speak, Father," said he, "The king of France hears you;" and with these words, he seated himself upon the throne.

The priest bent the knee before the king, an act of reverence he had not deemed it requisite to perform towards the duke, and, in this humble posture began to speak.

"Sire," said he, "The English, your enemies, and ours, have besieged the city of Rouen"—Charles started.

"The English in the heart of the kingdom, and the king know nothing of it!" exclaimed he, "The English before Rouen! . . . Rouen, which was already a city of France under Clovis the ancestor of all her kings; Rouen never lost, save to be retaken by Philip Augustus! . . . Rouen, my city! . . . One of the six gems adorning my crown! Oh! treason! treason!" Charles concluded in a low murmuring voice.

On finding that the king had ceased speaking, the priest thus resumed:—"Most excellent prince and lord! I am enjoined by the inhabitants of the city of Rouen to uplift before thee, sire, the voice of supplication; and against thee, duke of Burgundy, who governest both king and kingdom, to raise a warning outcry, for the citizens groan beneath English oppression; and to acquaint thee, by word of mouth, that if, through lack of implored succour, they are forced to be subject to the king of England, they will become the most inveterate of thy enemies, and bent to the utmost of their power on the destruction of thyself and thy whole race."

"My father," said the king, uprissing, you have accomplished your mission and reminded me of my duty—Return, then, to the brave inhabitants of Rouen, bid them still hold out, and, further, tell them that either by timely succour or negotiation, I will engage to save them, though, to obtain peace, I should be compelled to give my daughter Catherine in marriage to the king of England; or, in case of continued hostilities, that I will march in person against the enemy, calling around me every noble."

"Sire," exclaimed the priest, bending low, "I offer thee thanks for thy good will, and pray God that no countervailing influence may succeed in changing thy royal intention. But, whether for peace, whether for war, speedy, sire, must be the succour, since our city hath already lost many thousands of its inhabitants through famine, and for the last two months we have been compelled to live on flesh not intended by God for human food. Twelve thousand poor people, men, women, and children, have been put out from the city, and forced to support nature upon roots found in the ditches and stagnant waters; and when a woman amongst these unhappy wretches hath chanced to become a mother, her infant, placed in a basket, is compassionately drawn over the ramparts with cords, baptized within the city, and then restored to its parent, to die, at least, a Christian."

The king heaved a sigh as the speaker concluded, and turned towards the duke of Burgundy, saying, as he cast on him a look of unspeakable reproach:—"Truly it is
no matter of wonder, that I, the king, have fallen into so lamentable a state of mind and body, when so many hapless wretches attributing their misery to me, are now raising before God’s throne, a concert of mingled curses, loud enough to make even the angel of mercy start back affrighted. Go, then, good father,” continued the king, addressing the envoy priest, “return to your afflicted city, for whose distresses would that I were able to send her even the bread for my own table; tell her that not even a month, nor a week, nor to-morrow shall elapse; but that this very day—directly—ambassadors shall set out for the Pont de-l’Arche, in order to treat for peace, and that I myself, even I, the king, will repair to Saint-Denis and grasp the oriflamme to make full preparation for war.” “M. President,” added the king, as he turned towards Philippe de Morvilliers, and the others whom he addressed in turn—messires Regnauld de Folville, Guillaume de Champ Divers, Tierry-le-Roi, “you will set out this evening, invested with full power to treat for peace with Henry of Lancaster, king of England; and you, my cousin, give instant orders for our immediate departure for Saint-Denis.” Having thus spoken, the king arose, the whole assembly following the example. Then the aged priest approached and said, as he kissed the monarch’s hand, “May God, sire, reward thee for the good thou art about to do; eighty thousand voices will, to-morrow, invoke blessings on thy name.” “Let them be raised, good father,” replied the king, “in prayers for me and France, for, truly, we both greatly need them.” At these words, the council broke up.

Two hours afterwards, the oriflamme was taken down by the king himself, from the ancient walls of Saint-Denis. Charles then required from the duke a knight of courage and renown to whose charge the royal standard might be entrusted.

“Your name?” asked the king as he presented the holy banner, to the individual who had been named to him. “Le sire de Montmort,” was the knight’s reply.

The king, ransacking his memory, endeavored to call to mind from what ancient root this name might have been derived, or by what noble deeds rendered illustrious. After a moment’s thought, Charles, sighing, gave up the oriflamme, for never before had the royal banner been confided to a noble of such humble descent.

Without returning to Paris, the king sent instructions to his ambassadors, one of whom, the cardinal des Ursins, received a portrait of the princess Catherine, in order that he might shew it to the king of England.

On the evening of October 29, 1418, the court removed to Pontoise, to await the result of the negociation at Pont-de-l’Arche, and every knight was summoned with his war equipage, his squires, and men-at-arms.

Amongst the foremost who obeyed this summons, was the sire de Giac; though still ardently loving his young wife, yet this supplicating call of France, promulgated by her sovereign, no sooner reached him, than abandoning every thing, his beauteous Catherine likely to become a mother, his castle of Creil, where every chamber contained some gratifying remembrance, and its romantic paths so pleasing to traverse when one drives before one’s feet the yellow leaves detached by the early winds of autumn, whose rustling sounds so well harmonize with the musings of an early and propitious love.

The duke received de Giac as a friend, invited a party of young and noble lords to meet him at dinner to welcome him, and the evening concluded by the arrival of a numerous assemblage who amused themselves at play.

The sire de Giac was the hero of that night’s entertainment as he had been of the day’s amusements, and numerous were the enquiries made after his beautiful Catherine, who had left tender reminiscences in the heart of more than one of the youthful nobles.

Duke John himself appeared engrossed in thought, but the joyous expression of his countenance betokened that his musings were far from unpleasant.

De Giac, in order to escape from the compliments of some, the pleasantry of others, not less than to avoid the heat of the room appropriated for play, in company

* We purpose adding the portrait of this Queen to our collection.
with his friend the sire de Graville, amused himself in the outer chamber of the suite of rooms. The duke having only the day before taken possession of this residence, the duties of his valets pages and squires, were so ill performed, that a countryman continued without introduction to make his way into this apartment, where he addressed the sire de Giac to learn how he could personally convey a letter to the duke of Burgundy.

"From whom?" asked de Giac.

The peasant, embarrassed, only repeated his enquiry.

"Hark ye," returned de Giac, "there are only two ways of accomplishing this. The first — to traverse with me these saloons crowded by wealthy lords and high-born ladies, amongst whom a clown like thyself would cut a very sorry figure; the second to conduct the duke hither, who would not pardon me if the letter which thou bringest him be not as I fear worth the trouble of disturbing him.

"What then, can I do my lord?" asked the countryman.

"Give me the letter and wait an answer," replied de Giac; and before the messenger had time to hold it with a firmer grasp, the other, taking the letter between his two fingers had withdrawn it from the countryman; and with his arm still clasped in Graville's was proceeding towards the inner apartment.

"Pardieu!" said the latter, "if one may judge from the way in which this missive is folded, and the fineness and perfume of the vellum whereon it is indited, one would say that it could be no other than a billet-doux. De Giac answered by a smile, threw his eyes mechanically on the letter, and, suddenly, stopped, as though stricken by a thunder clap. He had recognised in the seal which closed it, the impression of a ring worn by his wife before her marriage, one, bearing a device, whose meaning he had often asked her, though vainly, to explain; it was a single star in the midst of a cloudy sky, with the motto:—"La même."

"What aileth thee?" asked Graville, seeing him deadly pale.

"Nothing, nothing," returned Giac, instantly recovering himself, and wiping away the cold drops which had started from his brow, "nothing but a dizziness; let us take this letter to the duke!" so saying, he urged Graville rapidly onwards, 'till the latter thought his friend was out of his senses. He found the duke of Burgundy standing apart with his back towards a chimney in which there was a blazing fire; de Giac presented to him the letter, saying, at the same time, "that a man awaited an answer."

The duke unsealed the billet. A slight expression of surprise passed over his countenance at the commencement, but by an effort of self-control, it instantly disappeared. De Giac, who stood opposite, fixed on him his keen searching eye, yet could he not discover anything beneath that impenetrable visage. On finishing the letter, the duke crumpled it betwixt his fingers, then threw it behind him into the fire.

Willingly would de Giac have plunged his hand into that ardent blaze, to regain the then consuming letter; he, however, restrained his ardor.—"And the answer?" he asked, in a voice whose emotion he, nevertheless, could not wholly conceal.

A rapid and scrutinizing glance shot from the duke's blue eyes which appeared reflected on Giac's countenance like an image in a mirror. "The answer?" said the duke, coolly. "Graville, go and tell the man that I will take it, myself." So saying, he took Giac's arm as though requiring support, but, in reality, to prevent him from following his friend.

All the blood in Giac's veins rushed impetuously to his heart, and his ears tinged, as he felt the duke's arm resting upon his: he no longer saw anything—heard anything, but longed to stab the duke, even in the midst of that brilliant and gay assembly; but it seemed to him as though his poniard were fixed in it's sheath; every object appeared to revolve around him, the earth seemed no longer to sustain his feet; he was encircled by fire, and when the duke, upon de Graville's return, suddenly quitted his arm, he fell into a fauteuil that stood near, as though stricken by a thunderbolt. On recovering, he cast his eyes around the apartment, on that gay and glittering assemblage, still pursuing its joyous revelry without regarding the pre-
sense of a man in whose bosom hell itself was working revenge. The duke, meanwhile, had disappeared.

De Giac raised himself with a bound, as though set on his feet by some iron spring; then going from room to room like a madman, his eyes haggard, and drops of agony falling from his brow, he enquired for the duke. All answered that he had just past by.

De Giac descended to the outer portal, a man, enveloped in a cloak, had just issued forth and mounted his horse: he heard the galloping of the horse at the end of the street, and saw sparks struck by his feet. "Tis the duke," exclaimed Giac; and he rushed towards the stables.

"Ralf!" he exclaimed, on entering, now, my Ralf"—and from amongst the numerous horses in the stable, one alone neighed, rearing its head, and striving to break the halter which confined it to the manger. The animal was a noble Spanish steed, of Isabel color, pure blood, floating mane and tail, and veins crossing like a net-work of cord upon its thighs. "Come, Ralf," said Giac, cutting with his poniard the restraining halter, while the horse, delighted to be at liberty, bounded towards him like a fawn. Giac, stamping with impatience, uttered an oath: the horse, frightened at its master's angry voice, instantly stood still.

Throwing the saddle on his horse, and adjusting the bridle, Giac seized the mane and vaulted on his back. "Away! away! Ralf!" exclaimed the rider, and sharply spurring the animal, he started off with the swiftness of the wind. "On, on, Ralf, we must overtake him," pursued Giac, addressing his horse, as though the creature could understand him. "Faster, faster, my Ralf," and Ralf, as it were consuming the distance, bounded over the earth, fire darting from his eyes, and foam issuing from his dilated nostrils. "Oh! Catherine, Catherine," he exclaimed, with, to all seeming, lips so pure, eyes so soft, so artless, yet treachery, black treachery is concealed within thine heart! A demon's soul enshrined in an angel form! This very morning," he soliloquised, "she marked my departure with kisses and caresses; passing her white hand through thy mane, and patting thy neck, did she not say, 'Ralf, my Ralf, speed to bring back my loved one to mine arms.' Oh! mockery! mockery! . . . Faster, Ralf, faster!" then he struck the horse with his fist, where Catherine's hand had last caressed him. Ralf's coat was reeking with moisture.

"Catherine," pursued the maddened husband, "thy beloved is returning, and 'tis Ralf who bears him to thee! Oh! if 'tis true, that thou deceivest me, how great shall be my revenge! but 'twill take long to ponder ere I find a vengeance worthy of you both. Speed on, Ralf, speed on, we must arrive before him. Faster, Ralf, faster!" and again the spurs were plunged so deep into his horse's panting sides that the noble steed groaned through pain. This was answered by the neighing of another horse, and de Giac presently perceived a horseman galloping before him. Ralf, at a bound, left steed and rider in the rear, as an eagle at one stroke of its powerful pinions outstrips the vulture. De Giac recognised the duke, whilst the duke believed he had beheld only an apparition.

Assuredly, then, duke John was going to Creil Castle.

The duke continued his way; in a few minutes both horse and horseman by whom he had been overtaken had disappeared; and, occupied solely by his passionate thoughts, this passing vision could not retain possession of the duke's mind. He was about to snatch a moment's respite from the strife of political and warlike combats. Adieu, then, for a season, to all fatigue of body and torment of mind, he was going to repose, awhile, in the arms of his beautiful mistress, the breath of love would fan again his brow—love, such as only men of lion heart and iron frame like unto his could duly feel. Arrived at the entrance of the château, the duke found all the lights extinguished, save in one chamber where there was a brilliant blaze: behind the curtains a dark shadow could be clearly defined. The duke fastened his horse to a ring, and drew a few notes from a small ivory whistle worn at his girdle. The light moved, then left the chamber, which it had lately illumined, in complete darkness, and passed, successively, behind a long line of windows, sending forth its gleams through each in turn. A moment afterwards, a light footstep, passing over the dry leaves and grass on the other side of the wall, met the ear of the
princely lover, and the words "Is it thou, my duke" were uttered in a sweet and
tender voice from behind the gate.

"Yes, yes, fear nought my lovely Catherine; yes, 'tis I." The gate was opened,
the young wife trembled, no less from cold than from alarm. The duke threw a
portion of his mantle over her shoulders, drew her towards him, and thus enveloping
her form with his own, crossed the court, which was in darkness. A small silver
lamp fed with perfumed oil was burning on the staircase foot—Catherine had left it
there, fearful lest the light might attract observation, or be extinguished by the
wind: the lovers now ascended, still entwined in each other's embrace. A long
gloomy corridor had to be traversed ere reaching the sleeping-chamber; Catherine
clung yet closer to her companion. "Would you have believed, my duke," said she,
that I had just passed through this dreary gallery alone?"

"Oh! you're a perfect heroine, my Catherine" replied the duke.

"But, then, my lord, it was to give thee admittance." As the false wife spoke,
she reposed her head upon the duke's shoulder, the duke touching her forehead with
his lips; thus they threaded that long dark gallery, and the flickering lamp forming
a circle of trembling light around them which cast its light and shadows over the stern
features and embrowned complexion of the warrior prince, and the fair head of his
young and blooming mistress, a spectator might have fancied himself gazing upon
one of Titian's master-pieces animated. The guilty pair reached the chamber door
whence issued a luxuriant and scented atmosphere; it closed upon them, and the
corridor was again wrapped in darkness.—Unconsciously they had passed within
two paces of de Giac, unattracted by his livid features as he stood concealed behind
the red curtain of the last casement.

What words can picture the emotions of de Giac's heart, seeing them approach,
entwined in each other's arms! How dire the meditated vengeance which could
have restrained his arm from striking them dead at that very moment! . . .
With the tottering footsteps of an aged man, and head sunk upon his bosom, he
traversed the gallery, and slowly descended the stairs.

After crossing the park, de Giac opened a little gate leading into the country, of
which he alone possessed the key. No one had seen him enter, neither had any one
beheld him depart; in a low and trembling voice he called "Ralf!" the noble horse
neighing, bounded towards him. "Quiet! Ralf—he quiet!" said his master,
throwing himself with heavy frame and heavier heart into the saddle; then,
letting the bridle fall over the faithful animal's neck, he wholly abandoned himself
to its guidance, incapable of directing its steps, and heedless whither the course
pursued might lead him.

A fearful storm, meanwhile, was brewing in the Heavens; a dazzling icy rain
began to fall: low and heavy clouds rolled like waves about the horizon. Ralf
proceeded only at a walking pace.

De Giac saw nothing, felt nothing: his mind was totally absorbed in one all-engrossing thought: all was enshrouded in the gloomy shadow which his guilty wife
and her princely paramour had just cast over his future existence. He had con-
templated for himself the life of a true knight, full of valor and virtue; the glories
of war, the delights of love—had been the day dreams of his soul. His wife,
whose blooming beauty might yet have stood the ordeal of full twenty years had
received in sure deposit the happiness of their future days. And now! all hope
was cut off: there remained to him neither the glories of war, nor the delights of
love; henceforth, one only thought, consuming every other, must possess his mind
—the thought of double vengeance; a thought, nevertheless, so full of agony that
it drew him nigh to madness.

The rain fell heavily; violent gusts of wind bent like reeds the stately trees
around, and tore from their branches the few remaining leaves of autumn; de Giac
heeded not, however, the water streaming down his unprotected forehead: the blood,
for an instant, stagnant at his heart, had rushed impetuously to his head, and beat
audibly within the swollen arteries; while strange forms, like the creations of a
distempered imagination seemed to flit before his eyes; yet, still, one single idea, one
eternal and all consuming consciousness, fraught with frenzy, continued to ferment
itself within his shattered and bewildered brain.—"Oh!" exclaimed he, suddenly, "My right hand to Satan would I give so that I could be avenged!"

No sooner were the words spoken, than Ralf started violently aside, and, by a flash of blue lightening, de Giauc perceived a horseman accompanying him.

Not having seen him before, de Giauc was at a loss to comprehend this fellow-traveller's close proximity, and Ralf appeared equally astonished with his master, for he had just emerged from an icy stream. Throwing a rapid glance on the stranger, de Giauc wondered, that he should be able to discern him distinctly in so dark a night. An opal, worn in the stranger's cap at the foot of the feather by which it was adorned, cast forth this marvellous light, which rendered the wearer visible amidst the darkness. De Giauc cast his eyes upon his own hand whereon he wore a ring set with a similar stone; but whether the jewel was of inferior water, or whether differently mounted, it was far from possessing the same luminous quality; and, again, he looked with wonder at the stranger. He was a young man of a pale, melancholy countenance, habited in black, and mounted on a horse of the same color; to de Giauc's astonishment he had neither saddle, bridle nor stirrups, and guided the animal solely by pressure from his knees.

Indisposed for conversation, de Giauc's thoughts were a store of misery, in which he desired no one to participate, and imparting his silent wishes to his steed by a prick of the spur, Ralf set off at full gallop.

The black horse and his rider made, however, a similar movement; at the expiration of a quarter of an hour's hard riding, de Giauc looked round, expecting to have left his troublesome companion far behind him, but he perceived with the greatest wonder, that the nocturnal traveller still kept the same position beside him. His movements and those of his steed were strictly regulated by de Giauc's and Ralf's, with this only exception, that this remarkable horseman, instead of guiding, was apparently borne unwittingly along by the animal he bestowed; his horse itself seeming to gallop without touching the ground, its hoofs awakening no echo, neither struck he sparks of fire on the flinty road.

De Giauc's blood ran cold, so unnatural appeared the sight he was witnessing. He reined in his horse; the accompanying shadow did the same; they at length arrived at a spot where two roads branched off, one leading across the plain to Pontoise, the other dipping into the thick and gloomy forest of Beaumont. De Giauc shut his eyes for a moment in order to ascertain whether he might not really be under the influence of some delusion, but on re-opening them, he beheld the same black horseman occupying, too, the same place beside him; his patience was fairly exhausted. "Messire," said he, addressing the stranger, at the same time pointing to the spot where the roads separated, "tis probable, Messire, the objects of our pursuits are different, and it is certain that we will take different routes; choose whichever of these roads is agreeable to you, the other shall be mine."

"Thou art mistaken, Gauc," returned the stranger, in a gentle voice, "our business is precisely one, with the same object in view. I sought not thee, but thou callest me, and here I am."

De Giauc instantly recollected the exclamation of dire revenge which had escaped his lips, and the unaccountable manner in which the horseman had forthwith appeared at his side, as though he had sprung from out the earth. Again, he gazed at the singular personage before him. The light cast by the opal seemed like the lurid flame burning on the brow of some infernal spirit. De Giauc was not exempt from the superstitious belief of the knights of the middle ages, but he was no less brave than credulous. He receded not a step, although he felt his hair bristling up from his forehead, while Ralf receded, snorted, and clamped his bit impatiently.

"If thou art, indeed, what thy word bespeak thee," resumed de Giauc, in a firm tone, "if thou art come, because I called thee, thou must needs know wherefore I wished thee."

"Thou wouldest have vengeance on thy wife, and likewise on the duke, but thou wouldest, also, survive them, and taste renewed joy and happiness, even over their graves."
“And can that be?”
“That can.
A convulsive smile passed over de Giac’s features.
“And for this service what do you require?” asked he.
“That which thou hast offered,” replied the unknown.
De Giac felt the nerves of his right hand tingle; and he hesitated to determine.
“Thou waverest,” replied the black-habited horseman, “Thou hast called on Revenge, and now thou tremblest before her; with a woman-hearted weakness thou hast looked upon thine own shame, but hast not dared contemplate the punishment of the guilty.”
“Shall I see them both die?” demanded de Giac.
“Both.”
“Before mine eyes?”
“Before thine eyes.”
“And after their deaths enjoy years of love, power, and glory?” continued de Giac.
“Thou shalt become the husband of the most beautiful woman at court, thou shalt be the king’s most esteemed favorite; already thou art held to be one of his bravest knights.”
“’Tis well, what now is there to do?” demanded he with an air of great resolution.
“Come with me,” replied the stranger.
“Man or demon, on, on, I will follow thee . . . .” answered de Giac. The black horseman darted off as though his horse had wings, taking the road which led into the forest. Ralf, the fleet-footed Ralf, followed, panting, and scarce able to keep pace with the black horseman; both steeds and riders were lost to view, disappearing like shadows within the venerable avenues of the forest of Beaumont.
The storm continued during the whole night.

(To be continued.)

S T A N Z A S

ON THE CAPTURE OF ST. JEAN D’ACRE.

England! thou still art mistress of the sea,
Proudly on Acre’s towers thy banners wave,
The fortress of the East has bowed to thee;
What is it now? a place of skulls, a grave,
A heap of ruins, dyed with crimson gore,
Where vultures revel when the strife is o’er.
Devoted city! death walks on thy shore;
One sudden burst, one loud terrific roar,
And then a thousand of thy heroes lie,
Biting the dust in death’s last agony.
Christian and Moslem side by side they fall,
A cloud of smoke their dark funeral pall.
Oh then what sounds of anguish fill the air!
Mid shrieks of pain and ravings of despair,
Brave hearts are yielding up their parting breath,
Pale lips are quivering with the pangs of death,
GENIUS OF WAR! why must thy trophies wave,
Steeped in the life-blood of the young and brave!
Acre, thy Mosques that reared their tops to Heaven,
Thy crumbling walls, thy ramparts pierced and riven,
Thy ruined battlements, thy streets, thy graves,
Proclaim that still “Britannia rules the Waves;”
And Nelson’s spirit looks triumphant down
While Fame for Stopford’s brow prepares a crown.

E. E. E.
WILLIAM DE MOWBRAY AND RACHAEL DE COUCY.

THE TALE OF THE TOMBSTONE.

LATE in the summer of 18—we were travelling, a happy family party, consisting of my mother, my sisters and myself, thro' the midland counties of England, to visit some friends in the north. We were proceeding leisurely, stopping wherever there was ought to attract our attention, and, indifferent, whether we reached the place of our destination, a day sooner or later. We had been detained in wandering over some ruins at first setting out, and it was verging towards evening, when we were about half way on a long stage, conducting to L——-, where we purposed sleeping and remaining the following day, Sunday. It was a cross road, hilly and rather rough; but the scenery was pleasing, and we were engaged in admiring the effect of the setting sun on the trees, and the long shadows upon fields of the most verdant luxuriance, when a tremendous jolt displaced us from our upright positions, and, what was worse, occasioned a fracture in the wheel, by which our vehicle was let down with some violence on such a slant, that we were precipitated over one another in admirable disorder. We were easily extricated, however, and when the usual inquiries, on such occasions, had been reiterated and answered in every possible variety of tone, when it was also ascertained and allowed, though by one or two of the party, rather reluctantly, that our persons were uninjured, we looked around and asked what was to be done. My youngest sister, who was remarkable for meeting with more accidents than any one beside, who never walked out without spraining her ankle, or slipping into a rut, or running her head against a tree, who never returned without a thorn in her finger, or a bruise on her arm, nay, of whom there was a tradition that she actually once shut the tip of her nose in the door, she was now in utter despair to have no injury to shew after an accident which really was serious, and might have fractured our bones. We were in a long lane, thickly bordered with hedge row timber, a fine soft green sward on either side, the centre occupied by a rough gravelly road, where the ruts plainly shewed that it had little pretensions to be termed the king's highway. We had been assured at the last stage that the cross road to L——- was often traversed; but the appearance of this lane belied the assertion, and we prejudged the post-boy as no geographer, else to have knowingly entangled us in some bye lane, far from the route of our destination. He himself, however, appeared completely bewildered, so that our suspicions on this head were quickly removed: to increase our dilemma there was vestige neither of cottage nor habitation, where we could make the slightest inquiry. The carriage was too much injured to enable us to proceed, twilight was fast approaching, we knew ourselves to be at least seven miles from the town we had quitted, so this was, indeed, something like an adventure. At last we agreed to walk forwards in the hope of finding some human being to aid, or, at least, give us the information we so much needed. We trudged on for half a mile, my mother, gently roused from her usually placid composure, my sister, now and then lagging behind and protesting that she was just beginning to feel one of her ankles extremely weak, and I, in my secret soul, enjoying the whole affair, and so desirous of passing the night in the gypsy fashion, in a green lane, with an oak tree canopy, that, at every turn, I looked with apprehension for the curling smoke of some woodbine cottage, or it's white walls peeping through the foliage. My romantic propensities were alas! not to be indulged, for in another quarter of a mile, we reached a small village, more prettily situate than any I have since seen, where every cottage was neatly thatched and white washed, a small garden gay with flowers before every door, interspersed with tall elms and beech trees, and a clear brook running like a thread of silver aside of the road. The robin was singing his sweet song among the branches, the odour
of the honeysuckle, came sweetly wafted on the evening air, a donkey, with her playful, curly headed foal was grazing by the hedge, and, at every door, the cottagers were reposing after the toil of the day, with their children on their knees, and their dogs sleeping at their feet. It was a lovely scene and peculiarly English. Our presence soon excited curiosity and bustle, and explaining our situation, we found, as we expected, that we had wandered from the right cross road to L——, and that the present track led merely to their village. Several stout labourers immediately proceeded up the lane, to see what could be done, and we remained to inquire how we could in any way dispose of ourselves. There soon was a wheelwright at hand, and he went off with his implements to patch up the fractured wheel sufficiently to move the vehicle onwards. We found too, that there was a public house, and to it we directed our steps, to see if it were possible to obtain shelter there for the night. We were agreeably surprised to find it far more commodious than we expected. Apparently, it was part of an old manor house, but many of the windows were plastered up, and its present habitable dimensions were much reduced. We afterwards learnt from the landlady, that it had descended greatly from its station in the world, for that it had originally been the residence of a family of high respectability and considerable property, and, indeed, it yet bore evident marks of former splendor, in its clusters of high twisted chimneys and ornamented gables. The hostess, a civil active woman, told us it was seldom she received "quality guests," but she would show us the extent of her accommodations, and we might rely confidently on cleanliness, and all the attention she could bestow. She ushered us first into an old fashioned, low, but rather spacious parlour, wainscoted with dark, shining oak, and panelled in carved compartments, evidently reserved for her most distinguished visitors; she then preceded us up a broad, handsome staircase, also of oak, with massive balustrades of the same material, richly carved in various quaint devices. She conducted us into a well-sized apartment, very neatly fitted up, and which she told us had been furnished by, and was reserved expressly for the reception of the steward of the present owner of the manor, when he came down, annually, to receive the rents and settle with the tenants. So here was one room, very superior to anything we could have expected, which would suit my mother and eldest sister, and a little chamber adjoining was to be made as comfortable as circumstances would permit for Emma and myself. By this time our carriage arrived, having been patched up sufficiently to reach our present abode, and my mother saluted forth to hold a consultation with the wheelwright. It appeared that our wheel was in a state which would require the lapse of several hours to repair; that little could be done that evening, and the following day was Sunday. "There remains, then, but one plan to pursue," said my mother; we must pass to-morrow in this pretty village, and our friend the wheelwright must promise to rise with the dawn on Monday to enable us to proceed to L—— in the course of the day." To this he willingly agreed, so here we were, safely and comfortably housed, under the roof of the public house at for four-and-twenty hours at the least. We enjoyed thoroughly an excellent meal of tolerable tea, good household bread, fresh butter, and thick cream, with the adjuncts of raspberry and gooseberry jam, and I believe not even my mother was much inclined to lament over our disaster. We retired early, and found nothing to complain of in our accommodations, and every thing to commend in our hostess' indefatigable and hearty civility.

The following morning we made inquiries concerning the situation of the church and the hour of divine service, and were informed that it was alternately performed at this village and at a chapel in the other extremity of the parish, at a distance of two miles. We thought ourselves unlucky that, on this Sunday, we must go to the last named place; but it turned out otherwise, besides that our hostess assured us the way to it was exceeding pleasant, through fields and a wood, and down a shady lane. We set out in ample time, and sauntered along at our leisure, often stopping to admire the perfect seclusion of the scenery, where the very birds seemed to partake of the security breathing around. There was so much hedge-row timber, besides the larger masses of wood, that we could see but a short distance before us; we were, therefore, unexpectedly upon the object of our search. It was the very
spot for a devout heart to offer up its prayers, without the possibility of being disturbed by any worldly intrusions. The building was small, and evidently of ancient date, but the architecture, though simple, was extremely beautiful. It was embowered in large trees, though they did not so shade it as to prevent the sun from shining broadly over the green sward of the churchyard. One bell alone tolled for prayer, and its tone was so peculiarly low and sweet, that its melodious sounds scarcely penetrated through the thick foliage. We had loitered so long on our way that we were but just in time, so we entered and were shown into a pew, which on inspection rather raised our surprise. It was evidently the seat of a great family, and had all the air of seclusion and decided separation from inferior mortals, that marked the olden time so much more strongly than do fabrics of the present day. It had been of high pretensions to beauty, or at least richness; it was of oak; the doors and pannels, which were so high as nearly to exclude us from view, were elaborately carved, and overhead was a canopy of the same, with an intricate cornice descending so low as to reach within two feet of the ledge on which the prayer books were to rest. But the oak had faded to a dull pale hue, and the worms had made visible and effectual inroads into its substance. The pannels in many places had also started forth, and round the floor it appeared that the rats had been busily at work. On the seat was the mere remnant of a damask cushion, with the stuffing bursting out in every direction, and a few threads of gold tarnished to a dark brown showed that it had once been superbly fringed. In the centre were the family arms surmounted by an earl's coronet. We looked at each other with curiosity and surprise, but the voice of the clergyman presently recalled us to the purpose for which we were assembled.

When the service was concluded, we stepped into the church-yard till the congregation had dispersed, intending to examine, at leisure, some monuments in the chancel, of which we had caught a glimpse on our entrance. An exclamation of astonishment and pleasure escaped me, when I saw sculptured tombs and effigies which at once declared it the resting place of some mighty dead, mighty at least, as to worldly wealth and honors. On one side was a large tomb of marble, which though its beauty was dimmed by time and damps, still showed fair and costly, as the sun's rays pierced the cobwebbed window and bathed it in golden light. The effigies of a warrior of noble countenance, and of a lady arrayed in ruff and farthingale, scarcely less stiff in stone than in reality, lay at full length along it,—their hands uplifted in the usual attitude of prayer, and the feet of the warrior rested on a dog. Around the tomb were sculptured eight kneeling figures, four sons and four daughters, the eldest, who overtopped the others, holding in her hands a skull, and under each was a scroll distinguishing his or her name, with a short sentence, in Latin, expressive either of a pious hope to rise again, or a remark on the fleeting nature of human life. Around the upper rim of the flat stone on which lay the effigies of the parents, was engraved their name and state; by which we learnt, that three centuries ago were consigned to this sumptuous sepulchre, the remains of William de Mowbray, earl of Mowbray, and of Rachael de Coucy, his wife. This name raised the interest of my mother, for it happened from her own high connexions; she was well initiated in the mysteries of the peerage, and was particularly versed in this especial family from a youthful intimacy with one of its female branches. She busily engaged herself, therefore, in recalling to her mind early circumstances, when I turned to the opposite side to examine a monument of later date. The style was very different from the first, though perhaps equally splendid. It was of the finest statuary marble, and seemed as if expense had been lavished upon it, almost to the extinction of good taste. There was a Sarcophagus, at the four corners of which stood the cardinal virtues bewailing the loss of their votary, though by the inscription it appeared that he had completed his 80th year, in the practice of every Christian excellence. My mother read this, she half smiled, though the moment after she sighed, as she remarked that this description was not authorised by truth. We next inspected the tombs of several of the nobles intervening between the first which had attracted our notice, and the one erected to the last of his race. They were in different styles, but mostly raised with reference to the
rank and wealth of the deceased. Upon the pavement was a stone surpassing them all in antiquity, and which we conjectured belonged to the first founder of the family. Upon a long brass plate, sunk in the stone, was the full length figure of a warrior clad in hauberk, with a shield by his side, his feet resting upon a dog or lion, and the cross in his hand which pointed him out as a crusader. The inscription round was in Saxon characters, but so defaced, that he could only here and there trace a single letter. Here then we found ourselves at the end of our researches, and we left the church desirous of making some enquiries as to the proximity of the family mansion. We had all a predilection for churchyards, so we would not leave this without bestowing a glance on the humble tombstones, which in scanty numbers, dotted the verdant turf. We were presently attracted by one of better materials and workmanship than the rest, though without pretension beyond that of decent simplicity. It was of larger dimensions than most of the others; the stone more even, and the inscription more carefully cut. With some surprise we read as follows:

"Beneath are interred the remains of The Lady Anna, youngest daughter of John Earl of Mowbray. She died August the 12th, 18—in the 27th year of her age, and the second of her widowhood. This stone was erected to her memory by a humble but attached friend."

"There must be some strange circumstance connected with this Lady Anna," was the instant exclamation of all. "How odd, that whilst no expense was spared to preserve the memory of his family, whilst they lay inhumed beneath costly marble, with banners waving solemnly above, and escutcheons blazoned around, all lying within the walls of the sacred pile, as if their cold remains still shrank from the breath of Heaven, that she, a daughter of this proud and aristocratic house, should have no better resting place than the churchyard, in common with the village poor—no more sightly tomb than a flat stone, with little beside the name and date." As we were forming various conjectures, we perceived the clerk, who was about to lock the chapel doors, and we applied to him for information. He could say nothing for himself, but pointed to an old man sitting on a bench under a yew tree, a few paces off, whose dark shadows had concealed him from view; he said that if old John Lawley was in a humour to speak, he could tell all we wanted to know, for he had lived for many years with the old earl, "but," said the man, "he is upwards of fourscore, and he ben't always willing to speak of old times, but just when the mood takes him. I've heard say that he was at the expense of putting up this stone, but it was before my time, so I never gave much heed to it."

The man turned away, and we approached the octogenarian with quiet steps, that we might neither flurry nor disturb him. He had the appearance of extreme age, his face was seamed with a thousand wrinkles, his eyes of a pale faded blue, twinkled deeply in his head, as with an expiring light. A few scattered hairs of mossy whiteness, waved gently in the air, both hands rested on a thick stick, and on them he leant his chin. There was great mildness in his whole expression, mingled with a seriousness befitting his advanced years, and the scene around him, and to appearance his eyes were fixed upon the gravestone we had been examining, at least, they seemed to be from that direction, as they slowly turned towards us upon our approach.

My mother, remarkably courteous and gentle in her manners, was the first to accost him, and told him how we had been occupied in admiring the superb monuments within the chapel; then of our surprise at so unsuitable a burying place being allotted to a daughter of the high and haughty family of Mowbray. She next hinted at a former intimacy with one of the race, and expressed a great desire to be acquainted with some of the family history, if there was no impropriety in the request. At the sound of my mother's sweet voice, and on beholding a group of persons probably different in appearance to those he was generally accustomed to see, the old man's former habits of deference and respect to his superiors revived. Before we could check him, he had risen from his seat, and whilst a sort of bewildered recollection wandered over his countenance, he lifted his hat tremblingly from his head and stood uncovered before us. "It is not often, ladies," said he,
that I see any but the villagers and country folks now, but I have lived amongst the rich and the great, and perhaps I can tell more about the family you enquire after than any one living. My father and grandfather lived under them from boyhood, and died too in their service; I was born on the estate, and served my lord till his death. The stone which you have been looking at was put up at my expense, and if you will be pleased to rest on this bench, I will do my best to relate all that befell this dear lady, for though my memory fails me on what passes daily, all the past is as dear to me as ever it was."

"There is a great change in this place since I was a youngster as you may believe Ladies, when you know that 70 years ago here was one of the finest houses in the country, with a large deer park, and every thing befitting a nobleman, my Lord living here with his family in grand style, and his house thronged with company: and now, the house is pulled down, and a stranger could not even know where it stood. There is nothing but a few rose bushes and here and there scarce a shrub left of my lady’s beautiful garden, which folks would come far to see, and all the walks through the shrubberies and plantations which were kept so trim and neat, are now overgrown, I am told, for it is many years since I have walked farther than from my own cottage to church. My Lord’s family all died without heirs, and the property went to a relation so distant, that it was a long time before he could prove his right to it at all. He lived in foreign parts, and had no mind to reside in what was to him a strange country, so he gave directions first for the great house to be pulled down, and afterwards sold all the land; so this fine estate, which was once the largest in these parts, is now divided amongst many owners. When I was first taken into my Lord’s house, his family consisted of three daughters, two of them were soon married. One, Lady Anna, was not out of the school-room when this happened. There was a great difference in their ages, and it was a sad disappointment for her when she was born, that she was not a son, but it made no difference in my lord’s love, on the contrary, she was his favorite; for he doated on the very ground she trod. Indeed, from high to low, all loved her, for she was as mild as a spring morning, and as blythe as a bird on a tree. Never did these eyes behold such a comely child. When she frolicked about my Lady’s garden, she looked as bright as the flowers that grew there, and as gay as the butterflies she loved to follow; and my Lord would often stop in his walk to watch her, hiding amongst the bushes, and her sweet face peeping out through the roses, which were not more beautiful than her own cheeks. She grew up a perfect beauty, and her picture was taken by my Lord’s order, by a famous painter who came down on purpose for her likeness. I can mind hearing my Lord say that the picture was not so handsome as his Anna, and the painter answering, that he must dip his brushes in the sun before he could get a color like Lady Anna’s hair; and he said too that her eyes were like the blue water when the sun-light was dancing on it in sparkling. I remember that well, for it struck me that lady Anna’s eyes were like diamonds in sunshine. I am making a long story," said the old man, interrupting himself.

"But, ’tis a pleasure to me to talk of old times, and ’tis but seldom I can do so now. Well, ladies, lady Anna was 18, and it was whispered that my Lord was setting a match for her, with the eldest son of lord G—, whose estate joined ours. Now, my lord and he had been at variance for many years, all about politics, and my lord had always opposed Mr. G—, when he stood for the county. All at once, there was messenger after messenger going continually to and fro between the houses, and it was said that lord G—, and his son had made overtures to come over to my lord’s opinions, if he would consent to a match with lady Anna. It soon came out that the report was true, and Mr. G— was admitted as a suitor to my young lady. I never heard she made much objection, though the first time I saw Mr. G—, I thought him but ill-suited to one so sprightly and cheerful. He was very proud and stately in his manners, and looked much older than he really was; and he often, I thought, appeared to think my lady was allowed too much liberty and freedom, and that frolicking and frisking about as she was wont to do, was not agreeable to her exalted station. He said something to this purpose one day to her, just as I had taken a message to her from my lord." She had been working in her
garden, and her hat was blown quite off her head, and her long shining curls were hanging loose over her shoulders like a picture, and when Mr. G—spoke and said it was more fitting for the gardener's hands than for her's, to be laboring over the plants, she turned round almost sharply upon him, and says she, "I assure you Mr. G—, I will never give up working in my flower garden. So, if you mean to deprive me of that pleasure at G—, you had better not think to take me there at all." Mr. G—colored up to the eyes, and only bowed; and in a minute after, lady Anna spoke quite good humored again, and as if she had quite forgotten all cause of offence. Indeed she was then as thoughtless as the lamb, and seemed to have no care of any sort. But it was soon to come upon her. It was settled that the marriage was not to take place till the end of the following year, for my Lord could not bear to part with her so soon, and Mr. G— was to travel into foreign parts till then. He had been gone about six months, when a letter came to my lord, from a gentleman who had been an old school fellow of his, distantly related, moreover, by the mother's side. And it proved this letter was sent from India, where he had been many years, and it recommended his son to my lord's notice, who was returning home in ill health. My lord immediately wrote to the young gentleman to come directly to the court, and he seemed quite pleased and happy at the thoughts of seeing the son of his old friend: and he talked a great deal about former times, and all they used to do together. Well, Mr. Trehurne arrived, and somehow I no sooner saw him, than I felt some mischief would ensue. He was very handsome, although he was very pale, and looked extremely ill. He had large dark eyes and an air of melancholy and gentleness. He soon became a great favorite with my lord, and as for lady Anna he was always with her. He rode with her, walked with her, and would work with her in her garden for hours together. We, of the household, could easily see what was like to come of all this, though my lord shut his eyes so strangely, neither did my lady appear much more clear sighted. Mr. Trehurne soon recovered his health, and so passed away upwards of six months and no talk of his leaving the court. One morning I was waiting at the breakfast table, when the post came in, and my lord after he read one of the letters said, "there is something that interests you Anna more than any one besides. This if from G— who is heartily tired of his continental wanderings and asks very humbly to be recalled. What say you to his request?" Lady Anna set down the cup which was at her lips, and turned as white as the table-cloth—but she did not answer a word. "H'ey day Anna, "says my lord," what ails you child, "but still lady Anna was silent, and presently started up and went out of the room. My lord looked very grave, and Mr. Trehurne did not seem to know what to do or say. That same day, some hours after this, the library bell rang violently, and I ran with all haste to answer it. I shall never forget it. In the middle of the room stood my lord in such a furious passion that he could scarcely speak. My lady was in a arm chair, deadly pale and shaking like an aspen leaf; and lady Anna had fainted, and was half on the floor and half supported by Mr. Trehurne who was on his knees beside her. When I entered, Mr. Trehurne bade me "for God's sake send my lady's waiting woman instantly," and to be sure I lost no time. I was told, afterwards, that my lord went into the library unobserved by lady Anna and Mr. Trehurne, who were standing in one of the deep recesses of the windows, and that my lord heard enough to convince him that lady Anna was determined to give up Mr. G— and to marry no one but his cousin. An hour after this scene, Mr. Trehurne left the court looking sadly downcast, my lord was seized with a fit of the gout, and lady Anna and my lady were closeted together all the evening. In a few days, lady Anna went about as usual into her flower garden, but I observed that she was much fonder of the plantation than formerly, and I suspected that by that means she kept up some communication with Mr. Trehurne. Whether it was so or not, I cannot say, but my lord sent for her one morning, and by all I heard at the time, and afterwards, I believe he treated her with great severity, and would not hear of her giving up her engagement with Mr. G.— She came out of his dressing-room weeping bitterly, for I met her in the gallery; and she rushed past me to her own apartments, where my lord ordered she should remain. Her meals were sent up to her and she was
kept a close prisoner. It was not perhaps for me to judge, but I did think my lord was very injudicious to curb her with such a strong hand, for it was what she had never been used to; and it was too late to attempt to force one by harsh means, who had all her life, been coaxcd and indulged to the utmost. It was soon seen that this new plan had utterly failed, or rather had driven her to desperate measures, for one morning there came down Mrs. Leeson, lady Anna’s maid, in great bustle and alarm and said that her young lady was gone. And true, indeed, it was, but how she escaped, no one could tell, though in my secret heart, I always suspected Mrs. Leeson could have told more had she chosen. It was some time before any one dared to make known her elopement: at last Mrs. Leeson went to my lady, who, poor thing, was hardly fit to be informed without great preparation, for she was in sad health, and was, moreover, in great awe of my lord. Mrs. Leeson told us, that when she comprehended what had happened, she was struck quite speechless, although at last she said, “Oh! how I warned my lord, that he took quite the wrong way with Anna. What misery do I foresee, but thank God, I shall soon be taken away from it all.” Then she rose from her knees, and said she must go to my lord, but it was yet some time before she could get courage. We knew nothing of what passed, only that from that day my lady grew worse and worse in health, and my lord’s temper so peevish and harsh, there was no pleasing him any how. We had orders never to mention lady Anna’s name, and her picture was moved out of the drawing room, and her own apartments were locked up: my lady did not long survive, and my lord lived in almost perfect solitude. “And how did the G. — family bear their disappointment,” enquired my mother. “Several letters passed between my lord and lord G. — and I heard that lord G. was very high and indignant at the way his son had been treated. However that was, there was a complete breach again between the families, and Mr. G. — opposed my lord’s candidate at the next election and did all he could to vex and thwart my lord on every occasion.

I could never hear any tidings of lady Anne excepting that she was married to Mr. Trechurne and lived somewhere in Scotland. I believe she wrote several times to my lord, but he continued as unforgiving as ever, and she ceased her attempts, which only aggravated him the more. Indeed, he grew little better than a torment to himself, and all around him, and for myself, I led but a so so life, for I had succeeded my father as his personal attendant, and was subject to all his whims and humours. However, I had a great attachment to the family and place, and although my lord often plagued me almost beyond my patience, yet I remembered he had been a friend to my father, and his father before him, and somehow it went against me to leave him in his distresses, now he was deserted by all. The two eldest ladies both died a few years after their marriage, leaving no heirs, so that my lord was nearly the last of his family. His two sons-in-law came once a year, just for decency’s sake, to visit him, and excepting them, scarce a visitor ever came to the Court. Years passed slowly away, my lord was now far advanced in years, and very infirm, so that he left off even his annual journey to London. A dreary life he had of it, for he spoke to no living soul but the steward, the housekeeper, and me. He had long since ceased attending divine service in this chapel, because the clergyman once preached upon the duty of forgiveness, and he took it as intended for himself. Never in all that time did I hear the name of lady Anna spoken.

About this time it was rumoured that a cottage just outside the park gates was hired by a widow lady, coming to reside there for economy and seclusion. As every trifling event was a something to interest us in the extreme solitude of the court, we felt some curiosity to behold our new neighbour, and to watch the little preparations making for her reception. I heard she was arrived some weeks before I could get a glance of her, and at last it was late in the evening, as I was returning from a walk in the woods, that I saw her standing in the little garden before the cottage. She was tying up her honeysuckles, and there was something in that, and in her air altogether, that reminded me of former days, though I little thought then that it was indeed Lady Anna. But a few evenings after, at the same hour, I met her full in a path in the woods, and then the truth struck me, though there was a sad change come over her. She was in widow’s weeds, and the white cap close to her face was not
whiter than her cheeks: ah! and I remembered those cheeks as blooming as the early rose. Her eyes, too, which were once so bright, were sunken deep under her brows, and altogether she looked about to follow him she mourned for. At sight of me she started and walked quickly on, then she stopped as if hesitating, and at last she turned and beckoned me towards her, for I was standing quite still in wonder and sorrow. "I see, John," said she, when I had reached her, "I see you know me. I thought I was so changed that none would recognize me; but I think you will keep my secret and never betray me. I remember you well of old, John, always a good faithful creature, and attached to us all, so that I have no fear of you. He for whom I encountered all my father's wrath is no more," and as she said this the bitter tears rolled down her pale face, and she seemed ready to sink. "I have but a very small portion of the wealth that might have been mine," continued she, "and I am in such wretched health that I shall not survive him long. But I have a strong desire to breathe my last in my native place, now that I am left alone in the world; and having been made acquainted with my father's secluded habits, I thought I might indulge my wish with little fear of offending him. I know too well that were he informed of my vicinity he would banish me without pity; but retired and humbly as I shall live, he is not likely to know even that the little cottage has a new inmate."

I could not help urging my lady to make another attempt to soften my lord, and yet I felt myself a fool, for I had a moral certainty, that miserable as he was, and all owing to his fretting after her, he was obstinate and resolved never to forgive her. She shook her head, however, and answered that I did not know what had passed between my lord and her, and so I said no more. Lady Anne had inhabited the cottage near upon three months, when, one day, as I waited on my lord at dinner, he began talking as he was wont to do, when in his best humour. "So John," said he, "I find that the gate cottage has been let these several months. What sort of people have got it. I do not approve of Seymour's disposing of that cottage to strangers, without my express permission; and it is just under my park gates."

"It's only a single lady, my lord," says I, "a widow, and in poor health. She is very quiet, and quite the gentlewoman, and Mr. Seymour knew that before hand, or to be sure he would have spoken to your lordship about it." "Well, well," said my lord, "they all do just as they please, without, with my leave, or by my leave. Every body is more master of Old Court than I myself, but it's no matter how I am treated. But John, do you say the lady is in poor health." "Very, my lord," said I. "Well then, John," said my lord, very good humouredly, "do you to-morrow take the lady a brace of grouse, with my compliments, and she is welcome to walk about the gardens and shrubbery when she likes." "Very well, my lord," I said, but my heart was full, for somehow I thought it very hard that she who was the lawful heir of all, should be receiving what was her right as a stranger and as a favor.

When I went as I was ordered, the following day and gave my lord's message, it cut me to the quick to see how Lady Anna wept and took on. When she could speak, at last she said, "I do not know how I can refuse, but it goes much against my inclination, to cheat my father, as it were, out of his kindness, when I know that if he was aware of the truth, he would, perhaps, heap curses on my head. But so it must be. You must give my grateful respects to my father, and tell him how thankfully I accept his attention and his permission to walk in the grounds."

"You may do so safely, my lady," said I, for it is not once a month now that my lord stirs from his rooms; when he does it is only in a wheel chair which you can easily avoid, even if you should meet him."

When I returned, my lord was very desirous to know if Mrs. Morney (so lady Anna called herself,) was pleased, and on my giving her message, he smiled and bid me order the gardener to supply her with a basket of fruit and vegetables weekly. I could not help hoping that all this might lead in time to some good. Some weeks passed on, and one fine morning my lord took it into his head to go out into the grounds, and I was ordered to draw him in his wheel chair. He desired to be taken to a close part of the shrubbery, which opened upon a broad turf walk, at the end
of which was a summer-house. We had gone but a short distance when I saw the door of the summer-house was open and lady Anna sitting there. I could see her black gown plainly. I was at my wits end, for I had no means of acquainting her with my lord's approach—the turf was so soft that the wheels of the chair made no sound, and I never dared to address my lord without I was first spoken to. I slackened my pace and went on as slowly as I could, in hopes that lady Anna would be roused and strike into one of the near paths before we could get up to her; but this did not succeed, for my lord impatiently bade me go faster, and I had nothing to do but to obey. We were within ten yards of the door, when lady Anna started up. I saw her hesitate a moment, then she pulled down her black veil and stepped out. I durst not speak, but you might have heard my heart thump and her's too, poor lady, be sure. She came hastily on, and as she passed by us, she drooped her head very low and courtesied. My lord took off his hat and bowed, but he looked after her, and as I just dared to glance at him, I thought he changed color. At last he spoke, but his voice trembled and he shook all over. "Who is that John," said he, "is it the lady at the cottage?" But he would not wait for an answer and went on. "It is very strange—I could have sworn—did you see any body like her—only she was all beauty and bloom. Likenesses are very strange"—and so he went on muttering to himself, and at last he bid me drive him home again. That evening he called me and charged me to enquire whether the gardener was punctual in taking Mrs. Morney fruit and vegetables, "as much John, as she can consume, and any thing else, any thing else, she may have books out of the library if she likes she may have the pianoforte if she will, it is no use here now," and he sighed and was silent. Accordingly I went to lady Anna and found her hardly recovered from this meeting with my lord. "The fright and agitation nearly killed me, John, said she "and yet what you tell me of my dear father almost emboldens me to attempt again to obtain his forgiveness. Surely his kindness to me as the widow Morney proceeds from the resemblance he sees to his once loved Anna. Oh! how my heart yearns to be folded once more to his breast. Cruel as he has been, surely more cruel than my fault deserved, though it was a great one, how gladly would I kneel before him for his blessing as I was wont to do, and forget all his harshness. And if he could know that I am so near that world where there is no more forgiveness to be extended to us from those we leave behind, it seems scarcely possible that he should not relent. Lady Anna talked a long time to me indeed; her poor heart needed to pour out it's griefs, and knowing that my breast was a faithful one, she designed to overlook my humble station, and to converse with me as a friend."

The end of all this was, her charging me to watch an opportunity to mention her name to my lord, but she would not give me any directions how to open the subject, "for," said she, "if god wills that my fault should be forgiven by my earthly parent, he will put the words into your mouth that will best lead to the object." I returned home with a sad heart, for I felt what a heavy task was laid upon me, I was grieved also to see how Lady Anna altered for the worse. I thought my lord surely must yield, if he knew her real state, and yet I knew him to be terribly obstinate and vindictive when he had once taken offence. That very evening, my lord called me to enquire if I had taken his message, and to know the reply. I trembled as I stood before him, for I was determined to speak then, if any appointment was given me. It was very odd what interest my lord seemed to take in Mrs. Morney, and he asked me very particularly about her, her health, and what I could learn about her. I delivered my lady's message with thanks, and then my lord seeing I paused, asked, "Well, is that all John, is that all she said. Did you never hear where she comes from, or where her family reside," "That is not quite all, she spoke about my lord," said I, mustering courage, thinking I should never have a better opportunity, "not quite all, for she asked me some questions, but I am afraid of your lordship's anger if I repeat them." My lord looked up eagerly, "Never fear, man," said he, "tell me all, I command you." Well, then, my lord," replied I, "Mrs. Morney said she had been a great friend of Lady Anna's, and she asked me, could I tell her any tidings of her, for it was long since she had seen or heard of her; and she asked besides, did your
lordship know that Mrs. Trehurne was dead, and did I think that your lordship would not receive her ever again into favor.” My lord listened to the end, and I saw him shake like an aspen leaf, but alas! it was not that he was softened, but that his anger disturbed him, for his voice trembled with passion as he spoke.

“It’s partly my own fault that you have dared to mention that name,” said he, and therefore I forgive you this once—this once, mark—but if ever you break my orders again, this roof does not shelter you another hour. Lady Anna chose her own lot, and I have chosen my own part. She is no longer my daughter, and I am no longer her father. So you may tell Mrs. Morney and she may know also that, on this earth, her friend—if such she be—and I, meet no more. I have sworn it.

“My lord spoke the last words slowly and deliberately, and with such a look of determination, that my very heart sickened as I saw this sad unforgiving spirit in a man with one foot already in the grave. But my fear had left me, and I ventured again, though pale and trembling.”

“For God’s sake, my lord, consider, that with what measure we mete, it will be measured to us again. Consider, my lord, how age and infirmities are coming upon you, and how many years have passed since my lady offended you, and how happy you would be to have her again by your side, and—”

“But my lord interrupted me. At first he was, I believe, too much astonished at my boldness to be able to speak, but at last he thundered out to me to be gone, and to come into his presence no more. I quickly obeyed, and hastened to lady Anna to inform her of the ill success of my attempt. I cannot say that she was disappointed, for her hopes had been very slight. She was too well aware of my lord’s obstinacy, for though it was increased and had taken firmer root since her marriage, it had always been in him, as she and my lady her mother had often known to their cost.”

“Well, John,” said my lady, “I must be resigned. I must rest satisfied that I am forgiven by my heavenly father, as I trust the calmness and composure of my mind assures me I am. “Do not think my good friend, so she was pleased to call me, that I would lessen the sin of disobedience, but I have some extenuation for mine—I would have given up my own inclinations, provided no other was forced upon me, nay, I know not, if I might not have yielded to my father's wishes in time, had they been kindly urged, and had I not just then had some intimation of Mr. G—'s overbearing and dissolute character: but being convinced of that, surely my father could claim from me no more than the resigning my own predilections, if they did not please him, on the condition that I was not to be shackled by ties which were odious to me. But alas! he thought otherwise, and assured me that he was so determined on my completing my engagement, which I may surely say, was scarcely formed with my consent, seeing that I was too young and thoughtless to think of such matters as they required—that I had no alternative but flight and a marriage with my cousin. My deepest cause for repentance, John, and which has cost me many a sleepless night and tearful day, was the leaving my dear mother unwarned, so weak and feeble in body as she was, so subdued in mind, the shock and alarm, and the encountering of my father's wrath: oh! I should never have exposed her to all this, and I have often since thought that she would not have opposed me, nay, that I might have been sanctioned by her in secret, so much had she suffered, as I had long since discovered by her own union with one unsuited to her mild, gentle nature. But I have had the inexpressible consolation of her pardon under her own dear hand, yes, John, this beloved mother found means on her death bed, to write me the kindest lines that a fond forgiving parent ever penned, and she sent her blessing not only to me, but to that dear being for whose sake I was content to bear the world’s contumely and my father’s anger. Lady Anna paused and she seemed to be talking her own thoughts aloud, rather than addressing me, when she continued: "Things look differently to the eyes of youth and maturer age.—Heaven, only, knows! many miseries it has been my fate to endure, which I probably should have been spared as the wife of Mr. G—, but all were at least soothed by love and kindness.” All, however, that is past can now be of consequence
as it affects me in that better world to which I am fast approaching, I hope in humility and penitence. God knows, that my sins may have been effaced by my sufferings, my prayers, my faith in the blood of my Redeemer, and with that hope I am content to go to my last home, when this frail body shall have fulfilled its time on earth."

You may wonder, ladies, that I can repeat so exactly so much of lady Anna's converse with me, but these old ears still retain the sound of her sweet and mournful voice, as clearly as my eyes, dim as they are to all present objects, retain her dear countenance so changed from its former beauty, and yet to my mind as fair and noble as ever. Oh! how pale she looked that evening, and yet her eyes glanced on me as bright stars, as sparkling yet as serene. Ah! I felt then they would soon be closed upon this world, and I was right.

For some days I did not go near my lord, but I believe the servant who occupied my place did not suit him, so well as one who was used to all his odd ways and humours, and I was told by the steward that my lord pardoned me provided I never offended again, so I resumed my usual duties, and matters went on as heretofore.

"It was strange that my lord continued his civilities and kindnesses to Mrs. Morney, and would often send grapes and delicate fruit from his own table, and he inquired after her most days. I am sure that my lord was pretty well certain of the truth, yet though he was too perverse and revengeful to forgive one who had ever thwarted his will, his old love for his daughter still lurked in his heart, and led him to these small acts of kindness which he could perform to a stranger, as long as he could disguise his motives to the world, and half make himself believe that she held no nearer relation to him. I always felt sure that there was some wilful deception he sought to practise on himself, a cheating of his own heart as it were, and that the attention paid to the widow Morney was, indeed, the yearning of an affection he would never acknowledge to himself. All this greatly comforted my lady, but as to any further good consequences, she made up her mind to disappointment, and indeed she now grew so rapidly worse in her health, that her whole time and thought were occupied in little but prayer and meditation. She was soon incapable of leaving her room, but she would frequently admit me to inquire after my lord, to give me various directions as to her wishes when she should have gone to her rest."

"One evening she gave me a letter which I was to deliver to my lord after her death, and it was then that she spoke to me of her funeral. 'Lay me' said she, 'in the churchyard. There no one can grudge me the narrow spot I shall occupy. I wish not to lie among my ancestors. If my father thinks me unworthy to be received into my family whilst I am living, it is not death that shall make me brave his determination and thrust myself even amongst their mouldering bones. No! a green turf shall cover me, and I shall rest there as peacefully as in a marble tomb; nor shall my offending name be engraved on my head-stone. To you I commit my last injunctions in full reliance that they will be faithfully executed.' My story stretches out too long, ladies," said the old man, interrupting himself as he dried his eyes, "but 'tis nearly at an end. Hardly a month after this did lady Anna live, and her end was so calm and peaceful, she was so composed and gentle, that surely support from above was vouchsafed her."

"But the letter" cried my mother "whom the simple narrative had deeply effected;" what effect had the letter."

"The day of my lady's death" resumed the old man, "when I entered my lord's chamber I was so sorrowful and sad, that the tears dropped unknown to myself upon my hand as I was attending on him. He looked up and turned quite white, and his voice trembled as he asked what was the matter. I could not speak, but I burst into tears, and then as if eager to stop my speech, he waved his hand hastily and bade me leave the room. But before I obeyed I laid the letter on the table before him, and not daring to look on him turned away and left him."

"Of that letter he never spoke. He did not reproach me for putting it before him, nor could I for certain know that he had even read it; but when next I entered the room, it was gone, and the expression of his countenance was sad to look upon. After some days he said to me, 'Mrs. Morney, I suppose, is buried near the chapel,'
and when I answered and could not help speaking bitterly, "yes, near the west wall, near old John Houston's grave," he said, 'that is well," and from that hour he said not a word on the subject.

"But there was a something terrible working in the old man's mind, which gave him no peace by day, and no rest by night; and it was not long before he had a seizure which so disordered his mind that he was ever after quite weak and childish. I often thought what a lesson it was to us humble folks never to envy the rich and the great; for here was my lord full of honors, and rolling in wealth, yet the most miserable mortal that breathed; left to servants, friendless, helpless, and childish, and with no peace or thought of God in his heart to give him strength in his sorrows.

Well, I would not disobey my lady's express orders, but I caused a decent stone to be placed over her, with an inscription which, as you see, does not name her wedded name, and could surely offend none. My lord did not survive her above a year and a half, and then, as I have said, this fine place and all belonging to it, went to rack and ruin. My lord left me a handsome annuity, and I have continued to live in my native spot, where I am still amongst the scenes I loved, sadly changed though they be, and where I trust soon to lay my old bones in peace at respectful distance from those of my dear young lady."

Here the old man ceased, and my mother, rising, thanked him for his tale. "It is," said she, "both melancholy and interesting, and a sad picture of an obstinate and unforgiving temper. I would fain," continued she, "leave with you some little remembrance, but I fear to offend you by the offer of that you appear sufficiently supplied with by your master's bounty. Perhaps you will accept from me a prayer book, which I happen to have with me, so good a print that you may find it very suitable to the feebleness of your sight."

Old John thankfully accepted my mother's offer, and we took leave of him as of one who was the last remnant of days long past, and whose fidelity merited our respect and esteem.

On our way home we were less gay than on our way to the chapel, and we did nothing but converse on what we had heard. Many reflections did we make on the truth, how "Riches maketh unto itself wings," when we saw how the splendor and pomp of the illustrious family of Mowbray was now all centered in their sepulchres. Many sincere resolves did we make to take warning by lord Mowbray of the misery attending an unchristian spirit; for a reconciliation with his daughter would have soothed his latter days into calm and serenity. Much did we mourn over the untimely fate of lady Anna, and humbly did we hope that her spirit, purified from the sin of disobedience, to which she seemed to have been more than usually tempted, was now enjoying that peace which was denied her on earth.

That evening we wandered over the shrubberies of the Court, now, as John Lawley had said, so overgrown and forlorn, that it was only by the wild growth of some rarer shrub that we could discern them to differ from the hedgerows of thorn and hazel. By this time, probably, these lingering vestiges of former grandeur are also departed, and the superb tomb in the Chapel are its last remains — these, too, the lapse of years may obscure and deface, and whilst the imperishable stone may still bear the effigies of the great ones below, their names may be lost in the dust, whose actions claim no place in memory.

The following morning, our vehicle was sufficiently repaired to enable us to proceed on our journey, but our adventures still dwelt pleasantly on our minds; and often since have we recalled in our intercourse with each other, that solitary and beautiful chapel, its noble monuments, old John Lawley and his slight and interesting reminiscences for poor Lady Anna, to which, by common consent, we gave the somewhat too imposing title of

THE TALE OF THE TOMBSTONE!

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B.
THE CLASH OF NATIONS;

OR, THE PHANTOM ‘GLORY.’

High o’er the earth the war-flag floats;
Roll through the air war’s trumpet notes;
From East to West defiance hurl’d
Startles the ear, and shakes the world.
Tartaria tremulous to the sound.
Vibrates to India’s distant bound,
And quivers to the timeless base,
Of all the Pharaohs’ dwelling-place;
’Till buried conquest, slumber freed
Murmurs beneath the pyramid,
Heaving in dark yet awful life,
As eager for approaching strife.
The tiger’s growl from far Lahore
Is echoed back from Mogadore:
His thirst for blood is found again
Responsive in the hearts of men.
The frigid and the torrid zone
Fell war’s congenial ardors own.
As in some fort the rush and cheer,
Proclaim the leagu’ring foeman near;
On every tower the watchmen stand
With lighted torch and ready brand;
Thus signal-fires in union rise
From Southern shores to Eastern skies.

The Crescent cross’d with many a stain,
Half-rises from th’ ensanguin’d plain;
And Ali’s doom’d a rebel-chief,
’Gainst whom that Crescent begg’d relief;
’Till banded nations recommend—
Ali’s again a dubious friend.
New states with recent blood baptiz’d
Start forth republics recogniz’d;
While old ones change and disappear
Sudden and swift as death’s career—
Sudden as death in their bandit’s war,
And swift as the flash of his scimitar.

See yon gloomy Northern Bear;
His uprais’d talons prompt to tear;
His sullen and ferocious scowl;
His ill-suppress’d and boding growl;
Mark how he lolls the supple tongue,
To quiet fear and sense of wrong;
While guardian-saints of Nations swarm,
And smile upon his demon-form,
Until with subtle smooth grimace
He strangles all in one embrace.

The eagle plumes her wings of might—
The Gallic eagle strong in fight;
And nations crowd to watch her flight—
Beneath her shadow see advance
The fiery Genius of frail France!
With half-bar’d blades the nations stand,
And wait their doom in his command.
Behold him from the tribune bow;
While frequent thousands throng below.
Blood flows—hosts struggle—coralets clang—
As fancy tracks his bold harangue:
Description of the Portrait of Margaret de Valois.

As o'er each vineyard—through each dell,  
The welcome sounds of terror swell;  
No panic damps—no shudders chill  
The people's fierce and growing will.  
A hymn of fight their Genius chants,  
 Tells them how naught a hero daunts,  
Points them to the golden spoil  
Bought by their own blood and toil;  
Shews them an army's weak remains,  
And smoking towns, and desert plains,  
And headless kings that dar'd oppose,  
And made themselves their people's foes,  
And famine mingling friends with those,  
And victory won thro' streams of gore,  
And monarchs kneeling to implore,  
And mighty war-gods bright in story;  
And listening worshippers madly reel,  
And bare their heads, and clash their steel,  
And shouting hail the phantom 'Glory!'  

W. LEDGER.

Description of the Portrait of MARGARET DE VALOIS,  
Daughter of Odette de Champ-de-Vers, accompanying the present Number.—See Memoir, p. 85.

This portrait gives another specimen of the singular mooney head-tire or high Syrian cap, so universally adopted in Europe by the ladies of the 14th and 15th centuries. Our readers will probably recollect the portraits of the Princess Ermingarde Plantagenet, and that of Mlle. des Ursins, both exhibiting different varieties of this same head-gear, which we are informed had its origin in the horned caps worn by the women of Syria, and introduced into Europe during the long period of the Crusades. There seems little doubt of the truth of this conjecture, from the circumstance of the crescent forming the chief ornament of this curious head dress. It seems to be composed of cloth of gold, chequered with silver cords and studded with pearls, the green crescent in front being ornamented with rubies and pearls. The most singular feature is a kind of veil, composed of transparent gauze and fringed with gold, which, most unbecoming, it must be admitted, is drawn up from beneath the chin to the top of the back of the head, where it is to all appearance knotted, the gold fringed ends falling on each side of the neck. A single lock of hair, formed into a round curl, peeps from beneath this head dress, in the centre of the brow. The robe is of violet velvet, with a train, the skirt sufficiently drawn up in front to permit of the petticoat of green satin being visible. The corsage of the violet robe is open to the waist in front, the facings being of ermine. The sleeves are long and tight to the arm, without even a plait at the shoulder. They are finished by deep ermine cuffs, beneath which an inner sleeve of white lawn appears falling over the hand. The waist is exceedingly short, and confined by a jewelled band. The dress displays, at its opening in front, the low square cut corsage of the green petticoat, which round the bosom and at the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two rows of gold lace. A lawn chemisette, cut à la vierge, conceals nearly the whole of the neck. The necklace, immediately above it, is a curious specimen of antique jewellery. The shoes are the long pointed ones, worn at that period, and called pignaces. This portrait is taken from the MSS. of that epoch.

* See Magazines for March, 1836. and September, 1837.
PARIS FASHIONS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We have the pleasure of presenting our readers with two of the newest as well as the most elegant fancy dresses just invented at Paris, and admirably calculated for the costume balls, shortly about to take place in that and our own metropolis. The principal figure, a Sultana, is attired in all the splendour of an eastern court. The tunic is of rich green satin. The corsage low and tight to the shape (see plate) sloped en cœur in front, and buttoned down to the waist. The skirt is very short, and rounded off at the sides, the sleeves à la Venitienne, are lined with white satin, and looped up at the inner part of the arm with splendid ruby ornaments; the tunic, it will be perceived, is bordered all round the skirt, corsage, and sleeves, with a delicate and beautiful guipurlande, embroidered in gold. The dress worn under this tunic is of white satin, striped with gold, and trimmed with two rows of gold trimming. The long tight sleeves, worn underneath the venetian sleeves, (see plate) are of the same material as the petticoat, and cut on the cross way. The trousers, which are only visible about the ankles, are of gold sprigged muslin, very full, and tied at the top of the white satin boot. A beautiful scarf of the mixed colors, green and red, and richly fringed and embroidered in gold is knotted round the waist in the Eastern fashion. The chemisette is of clear muslin, and the lively and most becoming turban composed of white and gold, and green and gold lama, the ends falling over the left shoulder, and fringed with gold; the front hair is in simple bands, but two long tresses of the back hair fall in graceful ringlets at each side of the neck. The ornament in front of the turban, together with the brooch and earrings, are of rubies richly set, and pearl pearls, the bracelets and stud fastening the chemisette, are also of rubies set in gold. We are of opinion that a lady could scarcely find a more becoming, or more elegant costume to appear in at a fancy ball, or one in which the strictest decorum is so admirably blended with taste and magnificence.

The second costume is a pretty modest Suisse, with her coiffure en ailes de papillon and her hair simply braided at the back, and fastened with a bow of pink ribbon, (see plate) and the front hair brought low at the sides of the face, and turned up again. The petticoat is of pink silk, with narrow satin stripes of the same shade. The robe à la Marquise is looped upon each side, with bows of pink ribbon, the corsage, low in the neck, fits tight to the bust, and the sleeves are also tight and plain, being finished with lace ruffles or engageantes, two falls of the same lace form jockey on the tops of the sleeves, and are continued round the back of the corsage. The material of this robe is white taffetas, sprigged all over.

The fiches (neckerchief) is of white gauze with pink sprigs, the apron (see plate) is of blue silk trimmed all round with two rows of black lace, that at bottom being very deep, whilst the lace at the sides, and round the pockets, and the bib, (which it will be perceived is cut with a point) is quite narrow, though very full. Mittens of black flieg (netting) finished at top by a ruche of black lace. White silk stockings, black satin shoes, trimmed all round with white lace.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES OF FASHIONS IN THIS NUMBER.

Ball and Dinner Dresses.—First Figure—

Dress of blond over satin, the skirt ornamented with two immensely deep flounces, put on nearly plain. Corsage of satin, à point with three seams in front (see plate.)

The sleeves short and tight, with four tué or folds in which ribbons are inserted, are finished by deep blonde engageantes, with blonde Berthe to match. The back hair is en chignon, and dressed very low, the front brought low to the sides of the head, where it is braided and fastened at the ear.
in two circles (one within the other) with a gold ornament, a couronne à la Festale, of gold chain work and precious stones, goes entirely round the head above the brow. Bows of satin ribbon on the sleeves and front of the corsage, bracelet on the right arm above the white kid glove, feather screen.

2nd. Figure. — Dress of figured guaze over satin. The corsage low, and à pointe. Sleeves very short and perfectly plain and tight, berthe of the material of the dress. (see plate) The skirt has two deep tucks, ornamented at distances with bows of geranium color ribbon, a third row of bows is placed above the upper tuck, and a fourth row of very small ones goes round the top of the skirt, a short distance below the waist. Hair in bands, part of the back hair forms a braid, and the remainder is in ringlets falling at each side of the neck, a puffing of geranium color ribbon is intermixed with the back hair, and a rosette bow of the same is placed immediately below the left ear. Featons of pearls depending from the braid at back fall over the front hair. (see plate) Bracelet on the right arm, white kid gloves, with a quilling of satin ribbon at top, fan, white satin shoes.

Paris, January 24, 1841.

Voilà chère amie, un joli et gracieux costume de Sultane, pour ton bal costumé! et si cela ne te plait pas, je dirai que tu es bien difficile à contenter. You want ensembles de toilette this time; you shall have a few; but first I must tell you, that the corsages for evening dress are still made à pointe, but the point is longer than ever, and more sharp or pointed, in consequence of being so much more sloped than heretofore. A few corsages are still to be seen with draperies à la Sévigné, and a very few with Berthes. These I have told you are on the decline, and the fashion of a few years ago coming in—I mean the Mantillas. You are of course aware that they are composed of lace, black or white, or of blonde. Some of our belles pretend they are but the forerunners of an antique mode, which you will guess at once to be the ruffs of Catherine de Medicis and Queen Elizabeth! En attendant, I must tell you that with a pink or amber satin dress, a Mantilla of black lace, with flounces to match, is one of the most elegant ball dresses that can be imagined. The sleeves are short, tight, and plain, with engageantes; but instead of falling below the elbow at back, these latter are merely composed of a simple fall or two, of not very wide lace, and the same width all round.

Morning Walking Dress.—Dress of fine lady’s cloth, chocolate color, dark blue, or noisette, the corsage à l’Amazone, buttoned down the front, black velvet bonnet with a long knotted feather, black velvet scarf, fringed at the ends, cambric collar and cuffs, Brodequins the color of the dress, sable muff lined with violet silk.

Visiting Dress.—Dress of velvet, trimmed round the bottom with fur; sable, chinchilla, ermine, or any other. Manteau de casemere, black, &c., lined with pink satin, the capachias or hood wholly formed of satin. Hat of black velvet, lined with pink velours épinglé, with a ruche (quilling) of pink satin ribbon round the inside edge of the front of the bonnet, a bunch of different colored auriculas made in velvet, drooping to the left side, muff to match the trimming on the dress.

Carriage Costume.—Redingotte of satin, trimmed with chinchilla, velvet shawl trimmed with deep black lace, muff, hat of dark blue velours épinglé with feathers to match. I must not omit to describe a lovely toilette, worn by a friend of mine at a soirée a few evenings since, and which I may add created a universal fureur. It was a redingotte with a corsage half high, made of white crape, and worn over a white florence, which you are aware is quite as brilliant and rich in appearance as a satin. The corsage was d coeur, crossing a little in front, and a good deal open on the neck; it was trimmed all round with a double ruche of tulle, and fastened at distances with bows of white satin ribbon. The lower parts of the sleeves were tight, the tops moderately full. The lady that wore this very elegant though simple dress had a camelia in her hair.

Dresses of black lace, black blonde, and black tulle over colored satin are coming into fashion, and are thought very distinguished.

Colors.—The prevailing shades for hats are black, mouse, brown, and dark blue. For dresses we have a greater variety; blue de Joinville (the color called navy blue), Persian yellow, and Corinthian pink, with grenat, violet, mouse color, and fanée de Fèveux.

Voilà ma belle, il est temps de cesser mon bavardage, bon soir, toute à toi,

L. de F.
Monthly Critic:


The author of this admirable work deserves all thanks and praise from the mothers, wives, and daughters of England — those among them, especially who, in the worldly acceptation of the term, being most highly educated, have, by that very training, been rendered almost incapable of fulfilling some of the duties of their relative positions — offices of tenderness and care, which, were their power equal to their will, it would be their pride and pleasure to perform. — We do our fair countrywomen but mere justice, however, when we say that no early habits, however little calculated to fortify them against the trials of life, ever incline them to shrink from their endurance; and many a young female nurtured in the lap of luxury is shown herself ready, on the first reverse of fortune or change of condition, to throw aside the silken garb of indulgence, and buckle on the armour of endurance, performing useful parts on the world's stage with as much activity and goodwill as those who were never schooled to enact the spoiled and glittering character of prima donna. But there are circumstances where no energy of will, no devotedness of affection can supply the place of every habit and knowledge, and one of these probable contingencies is, being called to the ministration of a sick chamber.

Seated by the bedside of some suffering friend or relative, how many, added to all their anxious fears and trembling hopes, have felt a bitter sense of helplessness, at being compelled wholly to resign to a hireling hand those 'labor of love,' which, from such a hand, however skilful, lose one half of their assuaging power. Gladly will those who have thus felt, avail themselves of Dr. Thompson's valuable book, which, as a preparatory study, or a present help, will enable them to meet, not totally unarmed, the hour of doubt and danger. — The work commences with an introductory chapter on diet, exercise, &c., for those in health, followed by observations assisting the eye of watchful affection to recognize, and, perchance, arrest the progress of disease in its earliest approaches. Before proceeding to treat in a plain and practical manner on his main subject, the treatment of diseases, our author dwells on the mental requisites for efficiency in a sick room, and subjoining a few of his sensible observations on this important topic we again recommend this book as one of the most extensive utility — merely remarking, that inasmuch as the domestic and well-trained friend, is the more valuable nurse, there must be due care and thought, as well on the part of the attending companion, as on that of the sufferer, to husband the superintending energies, by occasional absences from the sick chamber, and by permitting inferior agents to perform those minor tasks of love, which, if done properly, it matters not by whom performed, that the nurse may be able to retain her bodily, as well as her mental energy strong and healthful for long-continued sickness or greater emergencies.

"Among the higher classes whose occupations do not call for such exertions, an idea prevails, that exercise, either on foot or on horseback, is essential to promote appetite and aid digestion. The propriety of this custom cannot be disputed, when the exercise is moderate and taken before a meal: but when it is carried to fatigue, or when the meal, especially dinner, is taken before the individual has rested, it deranges the function of digestion; and, when Dyspepsia is present, it tends to aggravate and render that disease permanent. It should never be forgotten that some of the worst and most fatal diseases to which the flesh is heir, commences with indigestion. The more sedentary the occupations are, the less should be eaten, and the less stimulant should be the food. The mental faculties are clearer and more energetic under a temperate than a full diet. Newton was satisfied with a biscuit and a glass of canary when he was composing his Treatise on Optics. He who feels drowsy after dinner may be assured that he has eaten too much. Persons of a delicate habit of body, in particular, suffer from excess in eating: it causes a sensation of fulness and distention of the stomach, flatulence, disturbed sleep, nightmare, dreaming; and a state of the nervous system which favors apoplexy.
"The unremitting indulgence, also, in the use of malt liquor, among the poor and the middle ranks, to a degree even amongst the most temperate, bordering on excess, is a universal cause of dyspepsia and of many other diseases. Wine, even in moderation, when daily used, is equally hurtful: it over stimulates, and consequently exhausts the power of life.

That meal which is almost universally termed Tea, from the nature of the beverage then drank, is beneficial, inasmuch as the food taken at dinner, being in a few hours converted into chyme, requires a certain degree of dilution to enable the soluble matter to be carried into the blood, where it is to undergo its final change, and to be rendered fit for assimilation into the substance of the body. This meal may, consequently, be regarded as an aid to enhance the utility of that which precedes it a few hours, rather than an essential repast. Under such circumstances, little or no solid matter is taken at this time by those who dine late. By those who dine early, it is regarded as a light refreshment between dinner and supper, in the same manner as luncheon is between breakfast and dinner by those who keep more fashionable hours."

"The selection of a good nurse, however eminently qualified she may be for her duties, does not supersede the attendance of a relative or a friend in the sick-room: on the contrary, I can conceive no condition so deplorable as that of an invalid left, altogether, to the care and management of a hirpling. It is, nevertheless, too true that few ladies, even those who are wives and mothers, have any acquaintance with the arrangements of the sick-room, and the management of the invalid; they are, consequently, too often forced to be guided by, and to rely for instruction on, the nurse, instead of being able to superintend her conduct, to ascertain that she performs her duty, and to correct her failings. This is a lamentable evil in the education of females of the higher rank and the middle classes, in the present time; and the object of this volume is to remove as far as possible the dangerous consequence of this state of ignorance.

The degree of intelligence which is demanded in a nurse is very different to that which is requisite for a wife or a relative in the sick-room. The intelligence of the nurse is directed to supply the wants of the invalid, to minister to his comfort, and to obey the instructions of the physician; that of the friend or relative involves the power of discriminating disposition and temper; of watching the progress of the disease, and judging of the propriety of not pursuing certain measures, which, although indicated by the symptoms at the time of prescribing, yet may require to be altered, and consequently detailed to the physician; and of controlling the feelings in the presence of the invalid.

Nothing is of more importance, in the domestic management of diseases, than a knowledge of the natural disposition and temper of the invalid. An irritable or passionate man requires very different management from that which is proper for a man of naturally mild and easy disposition. Disease awakens, in an augmented degree, the irritability of the former; he becomes impatient of contradiction; and every time his opinions are injudiciously opposed, the turbulent agitation of the nervous system which follows, either increases the disease or weakens the influence of the remedial agents. On the other hand, a mild and gentle disposition often leads to extreme sensitiveness, when disease attacks the body: a word, a look, is sufficient to touch some sympathetic cord; to unstring the whole nervous system; and to augment the morbid susceptibility already present in the habit to a degree which is not always devoid of danger. Much discretion and judgment, therefore, are requisite in both instances: in the one case, to prevent the irritations of temper in the other, to refrain from anything that might be construed by the invalid into harshness; and yet, at the same time, in each case, to maintain that influence over the patient which the treatment of every disease demands in an attendant on the sick. Such a degree of intelligence, and a proper degree of restraint, is requisite to such a task, cannot be expected in a hired nurse; and it is only found in those, even in a higher sphere of life, in whom education and the acquirements resulting from it have been of a description to constitute a well-regulated mind. It must, however, be admitted that the power of judging is less diversified in different individuals than is generally supposed: but the distinction between one person and another, on this point, is greatly owing to the degree of attention which is bestowed upon the things or the facts on which the judgment is to be exercised. It is well known, that, in the lower ranks of society, no habit is so little cultivated as the habit of attention. Thoughts pass from the cradle to the grave without seeing correctly a single object which passes before them; and if we reflect how essential this faculty of the mind is for the improvement of the intellect, the importance of not intrusting the domestic management of the sick wholly to nurses surely requires no comment. But this power of steady attention exacts a degree of abstraction, which can only be acquired by a voluntary act of the mind; yet, when it is once secured, no mental operation is so much strengthened by exercise. It is erroneous to suppose that such a condition of mind is only demanded for those who are destined for controlling and regulating the destinies of Empires, or advancing the intellectual character of mankind; it is equally essential in the ordinary engagements of life, and in
none of these more than in the management of the sick-room. This quality farther embraces the power of successfully cultivating an active and inquisitive habit, which seeks for information from every event which occurs.

In those who are imperfectly or erroneously educated, the judgment is apt to be biassed by prejudice and antipathies; and, under the influence of those, it is misdirected in a manner of which the individual is often wholly unconscious; thence, the necessity of freedom from prejudice in attendants in the sick-room, and the farther importance of the friends or relatives of the sick being able to superintend the conduct and management of hired nurses. On the other hand, the judgment, even in the well-educated, is apt to be misled by the affections, the influence of which is as much opposed to its healthy exercise as the prejudices of the ignorant. Self-control, therefore, is also an essential qualification for the sick-room. This, however, when properly cultivated, does not interfere with the exercise of the greatest tenderness and sympathy; but it imparts a firmness and steadiness of action which cannot be expected either from hired nurses, or from those educated to foster what is erroneously termed fine feelings.

Heath’s Pictureque Annual, for 1841.

Author and artist have made Belgium the scene of their ablest united labors for the present—nor could they, perhaps, have made a better choice, than in a country abounding in superb monuments of the olden time, and interesting historical recollections, besides that of holding something more than a political relationship with our own island. Of the style in which the pencil of Mr. Allom has executed his portion of the work, we cannot speak too highly, the views are drawn with great skill, and each varied subject treated with a refined taste, indicating a mind deeply embossed with the love of art, and feelingly alive to the beauties of nature, or those venerable forms of creative genius which his own has been employed to multiply and diffuse. His pencil has been well seconded by the burins of the several engravers employed upon the work, and out of the sixteen superb plates which adorn it, we are almost at a loss to select any two or three, as very greatly surpassing their fellows. Two views of St. Bavon’s church, the moonlight exterior and magnificent interior, a splendid specimen of sacerdotal decoration, with the town of Dinant and tower of Crevecoeur on the Meuse, are all striking contrasts of subject, each excellent in its way.

From the letter-press portion of the work, the production of Mr. Roscoe’s well-known pen—we make the following extracts:

BELGIAN MINSTRELS.

The menestrels, or poet musicians as they were called, will be found to yield in no way to those of France or Provence, and in addition to other sources, sufficient examples are afforded in the songs of Henri VII., duke of Brabant, about 1240; in those of Gilbert de Berneville, born at Courtray, who flourished about 1260; of Regnier de Quaregnon; Gouthier de Soignies, of Jean de la Fontaine, born at Tournay, besides a throng of others, who enjoyed a high reputation in their day, as the biographical work of M. Fétis has fully shown. The specimens of early Flemish poetry;—yet a desideratum in England, exhibit great poetical power and characteristics of original and national production peculiarly their own. They prove to what an extent polite letters were formerly cultivated, when the greater part of Flemish princes, the merchant princes, and a few of the more enlightened sovereigns who usurped the title, made it their glory to promote the labors and court the society of artists and great literary and scientific men. The munificent spirit of Margaret of Austria, who was born at Bruges, and who selected the objects of her regard with singular discernment, was herself possessed of poetic talent. Previous to the year 1794, there existed in the ducal library of Burgundy three MSS. volumes containing songs, many set to music, great part of which were of her composition. Towards the middle of the thirteenth century, Jean I., duke of Brabant, was famous for his easy, exotic poetry, specimens of which have appeared in that magnificent work: “Sammlung der Minnesingeren,” (1758, 2 vols. 4to.) which exhibit numerous exquisite fragments, some versions of which in modern French would gratify the taste of the poet, as much as the ear of the musician.

Three ages before the Liegois, Raterus—bishop of Verona, embraced in himself the whole ecclesiastical literature of Italy, with the exception of Alton, bishop of Vereil. Lemaire, a Belgian, was the first to introduce those artful and pleasing changes in French verse which add so much to its sweetness and variety; to which Clement Marot was a comparative stranger, and yet adopted it with so much difficulty in his old age. The protectress of arts and sciences, Margaret of Austria, was passionately attached to these Belge innovations in the form and expression of the
old French rhymes; and she delighted to compose the new ballads, and to sing them,—a task which gave rise to a farther succession of able and accomplished musicians, who spread themselves over all neighbouring lands, and became the restorers of the art in Europe. It will perhaps not be unappreciated by the fairer portion of our readers, should our restricted limits permit, to give a slight version of one or two of these poetic essays of a princess so celebrated and of lofty intellect, who by her more than maternal care, formed all that was noble and magnificent in the character of the emperor Charles V. Happy for him had she had the sole conduct of his education from his earliest years: their close had been different!

"Is it to be high born and great
To hold a solemn state,
Debarred the sight of him who fills my soul?
Fortune, is this thy sport, or fate's control?
His voice, his step no more I hear—
Come sit me then to pour the love-born sigh,
O'er the strange play of this high destiny,
Torn from his arms to shed th' unshed tear,
Is it to be high born and great?"

"Debarred the sight of him who fills my soul!
Is sith the burden of my thought and song;
And if I scorn what would my heart console
It is because I would not pass the goal,
Forgot by him—of all my earthly dale,
Is it to be high born and great?"

**EPISODE IN THE LIVES OF VANDYKE AND RUBENS.**

"There is scarcely a village or little hamlet by which you pass, that has not been the subject of some great artist's pencil, or received the name of a street or house from his patronage; and specimens of Teniers selected from the picturesque objects along this route, would almost form a collection, and are among the most pleasing and graphic, which his brilliant but faithful pencil produced. We are reminded also of the great pupil of Rubens, when for the last time he left his master's house or rather palace, where he held his school—a school of manners and fashion, as well as of art—where, distinguished above all by his manliness and wit, he received the princely visitors, displayed the treasures of his studio, conversed with lords and potentates, and was treated by the grand-minded Rubens less as a pupil than as a friend. It is evident from the portraits drawn of himself, that Vandyke was a very handsome man, and as he appears on horseback at the age of twenty-one, in the character of the saint militant, a painting almost adored by his fellow-citizens—he has the genuine air of a hightborn and true cavalier. It was long the boasted treasure of the church of St. Martin, whose patron saint it represented, in the village of Saltem, near Brussels; and the regular and handsome features it displayed, are the same that belonged to Vandyke's mother, distinguished for her comeliness and noble looks. Rubens, though aware of his exalted genius, showed none of the petty jealousy displayed by the Italian masters. He engaged his admirable pupil to fill up many of his own designs, and more than one painting by the hand of the scholar, is supposed to have passed for, and still to maintain, the reputation of his master. To the surprise of every one there, that master, while he found so faithful a friend, in the noble Vandyke, suddenly resolved upon his making the picturesque tour of Italy; and it was whispered that there were other motives than those connected with art to wish his handsome scholar however useful to his interests, at a greater distance. There seems little doubt that he did not behold the style of beauty peculiar to the second wife of Rubens, Helen Fourman, with indifference, and one of the most charming portraits he ever painted, or that was perhaps ever painted, of woman, was that of the young wife of his master. This he is known to have presented to Rubens, who, for whatever reason, soon afterwards offered to confer upon him the hand of his own daughter. What was his surprise, not unmixed probably with a feeling of jealousy, worse than a professional kind, and marked disappointment, to find the alliance with a young heiress courteously declined; though, to judge by the likeness of her in the Schamp Gallery, she possessed other charms than those wealth could boast of.*

"It might have been to obviate the world's surmises, and the disagreeable position in which they found themselves placed, that the visit to Italy was suggested; for the last as he was to become aware of it most invariably is the case—Rubens saw it was the mother-in-law, not the daughter, who occupied the first place in the painter's affections. Venice was the place recommended by the master, who urged his immediate departure, while the other still lingered as if wholly absorbed in the completion of his Christ in the olive-garden. This also is the finest head of a man, for it is that of Vandyke himself, to which he ever put his hand; he bestowed upon it the greatest care, for it was intended as a companion to the beautiful Helen Fourman, which Rubens hung over the chimney-piece in his atelier, and this, too, he presented to his master. There was no longer an excuse,—the time for Vandyke's departure was come,—and Rubens, who, in matters of liberal feeling,
deserved to be called the Magnificent, selected from his stud, a splendid Arab, sent to him by the king of Spain, richly caparisoned; and, mounted on this fine steed, the love-student took his departure, as he is represented in the sketch—the hand of Rubens resting on the neck of his horse, and the head of Vandyke bent down as if to catch his master’s words, while his last looks are directed to a window, where you observe the half-concealed form of the charming Helen. 

It was through the same gate, the Porte de Malines, and along the same route we traversed that the future great Vandyke then rode, till he reached the pretty village of Saltem, its Gothic church, and handsome peasantry. Even at that early time his fame had gone before him; the inhabitants came forth to meet him, and solicit the grand boon of a picture for the altar of their church. The young women and children appeared with chaplets of flowers; flowers were strewn in his path; and a chaplet of immortelles, in the words of his fair eulogist, was presented to him by the fairest of all—the miller’s daughter. Vandyke was delighted at this simple testimony to his merits; he replaced the tribute on the fair brow of her who gave it; he gazed on it intently, for it was that which supplied him with the fine head and comeliness of his Madonna. He had already a subject—he complied with the entreaties of the villagers,—and produced that exquisite painting of the miller’s daughter—the Fornarina of the Flemish Raphael.

The Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland.

By Mrs. Bray.

The “Many” with whom this talented and amiable authoress have become an old acquaintance and, par consequence, an old favorite, will wait for no favorable fiat from the critical press ere they seize with avidity on a new production from her lively and enlightened pen. Time, in its progress, seems to have left the mind of our agreeable traveller as full of the best characteristics of youth, its warmth, its susceptibility to impressions of the good and the beautiful, whether in the natural or the moral world, as when nearly twenty years ago she first set out on her pilgrimage of pleasure to a foreign land, an epoch whose reminiscences she recalls, and with her usually unaffected feeling when about to start on her present expedition. She still possesses, in all its pristine freshness, the pleasant art, or rather the happy faculty of deriving and imparting new ideas, often conveys unostentatious moral lessons, drawn from the most hackneyed objects; witness herps assage down Old Father Thames. To millions of his steam-borne children, the varied objects of interest which fringe his banks, have now become as familiar as “household faces;” yet, we doubt whether, in the mind of any of these countless numbers, the Tower, Greenwich Hospital, or Gravesend, have ever called up reflections similar to those which, presented in the pleasing language of our authoress, cause one and all to echo each observation with the assenting exclamation, “how natural!” . . . . In that cheerful spirit which gilds every page of her book, she says, “I found I was as much disposed as I had been twenty years ago to be pleased, and that frame of mind is the very corner stone on which to build our hopes of an agreeable Journey”—Bear this in remembrance, ye travellers expectant, and, spite of every contretemps you may thus be ensured against disappointment. You cannot be put out of humour, nor seriously discomposed, by even meeting, after a hard day’s journey, with such a tantalizing supper as was spread before Mrs. Bray and her companions at La Marche. The former she thus amusingly describes together with the Belgic Maritornes of the Inn.

“Never shall I forget the scene that presented itself at that supper. All the passengers of the diligence were ushered into a room, where sat a most singular and not a very select company; amongst others, a Belgian officer in full uniform, whom, but for his dress, and some order that hung at his buttonhole, I never should have suspected to be a gentleman: we afterwards met with many Belgian officers of the same kind, not a whit more gentlemanly, being in this respect very different to the French officers, who are no less polished than intelligent. There was nothing entable at this supper, not even the bread, for that was sandy and sour, so we gave over the attempt of making a meal, though we were desperately hungry. I asked the landlord if she had any ham, and she forthwith produced a bone of that viand, which had a very small portion of meat remaining upon it. Everybody at table seemed eager to fasten on it, and they used no ceremony: but when it came to my turn to pick something from it, I could not reconcile myself to the attempt,
as I had just before seen it handled by a Fleming, who seemed to think knives and forks very unnecessary implements, as he took his suppers in his shirt-sleeves. There was also nothing that could be drunk, for the wine was sour, and the water not pure. Mr. Bray and my nephew could not partake of any of these delicacies, and I, though by far the most hungry of the party, gave over all hope after the first taste; but as I was the person who caused the destruction of the good dinner, I annexed a high value to such a luxury, made me pay my proportion towards it, and she made an extra charge upon every person who had touched it,—truth to tell, the charge was not very high, being but a few sous.

THE BELGIC MARITIMERS OF THE INN.—

"There was one individual forming a part of the household of this place, with whom I was exceedingly amused, never before having seen any one so perfectly in accordance with the picture drawn by Cervantes, of Maritormes, or the adventures of Sancho and the muleteer caused so many disastrous circumstances to poor Don Quixote. The damsel of the inn of La Marche agreed with the portrait given by the Spanish novelist in every point of resemblance. She was short, thickset, fat, and had a face like a piece of mahogany in color, a mouth that extended from ear to ear, and eyes as black and as glowing as coals kindling into a flame. She wore a necklace of great blue beads round her throat, and a red handkerchief tied about her head, beneath which strayed sun-dy dark greasy locks, that looked like the spoils of a Tartar's tail, or one of those we drove in our diligence, which is just the same thing. Her petticoats reached scarcely low as her knees, and indeed she had a pair of legs worth showing; they were a curiosity, being as much in form and grace like those of an elephant as any biped's could be. The white sleeves of her shift, that formed the only covering of her shoulders, were tucked up, and showed an arm also mahogany in its hue, that was muscular enough to row a boat, handle a pitchfork, or any other masculine weapon. And as Nature seldom leaves any work incomplete, she had given to this remarkable damsel a voice quite in agreement with the sturdy character of her person,—it was as deep as a boatswain's, and as gruff as a bear's; and as she was very active in her attendance at the supper-table, she shouted to the guests and to her fellow-servants with a voice like the bell of Namur, truly astounding. Yet, as I take it, the outside of this maiden was more rude than the inward spirit; for a slight circumstance led me to believe she had a heart, and a kind one. I had been seated in the coupé so many hours, and so enveloped in cloaks and shawls, that when we arrived at La Marche, I felt, in going into the heated supper-room, perfumed as it was with the smoke of tobacco, as if I had only left a warm vapour-bath in order to come into a hot one. At length I felt rather faint, and, not choosing to alarm my companions, got up and left the room, to seek the fresh air in a sort of garden at the back of the inn, which I observed on entering it.

"Though the moon shone bright, the wall of the house cast a deep shadow on the ground beneath, so that I did not see a far-spreading and capacious cellar door, or rather steps descending to the door, towards which the path I was upon led in a direct line. How Maritornes spied me out I cannot tell you, but she ran up to me in the calmness of her activity and good nature, and saved me from a tumble that might have been a serious one; and when I made her comprehend, for she could not speak French, that I left the room from feeling unwell, she showed an anxiety to be of service to me that was as kind and as gentle as I could desire. Hence was I again reminded of Cervantes, who makes his Maritornes so charitable, that even at her own cost she bestows a cup of wine on Sancho Panza, after his tossing in the blanket. I had the curiosity to observe once more the countenance of my damsel, when we got back to the light; and, and and masculine as it was, I was pleased by observing, that, now that it was under the influence of kindly feelings, it softened, and that it had something that was really feminine in its expression, in spite of all the hardness of its features.

This well drawn picture we shall contrast with a subsequent portrait,

THE OLD VOITURIER OF STRASBOURG.

"Our good old man was of an open and very honest countenance; he had more the look of a respectable English yeoman than of a foreigner. His hair was more white than grey; his complexion rather light and healthy. He had a remarkably clear blue eye, and, though at least sixty years old, a perfect and beautiful set of teeth, that used to excite my wonder no less than admiration, for I do not think he ever cleaned them. His name was Meyer; he was as straightforward in his ways as were the roads and rivers he most commonly drove. There was nothing at all poetical about him—nothing that an imaginative spirit could fancy into the romantic. There was no possibility of fancying him into a remarkable personage,—one having a soul, like a pearl in an oyster, that only wanted to be brought out to find its value and to gain its price. You might as well have taken old Meyer for a prince in disguise, as for a genius in the rough. He was dry, goodhumored, steady, and straightforward; looked at the roads in—

[CourT MAGaZINE.]
stead of the woods and mountains through
which he drove, and answered our exclama-
tions of enthusiasm by a "gee-up" to the
horses. Indeed, he had no soul for the pic-
turesque, for I never so much as once saw
him turn his head to give a look at the finest
scene through which we passed, though he
very civilly said "Ah! oui," if I ever tried
to extort from him some intimation that he
thought a scene beautiful, by putting to him
the leading question of "Is it not so?"
"He was civil, contented and always ready.
Every evening he came to my nephew for
the purposes of the day's expenses; and the
hour we intended to start on the mor-
row, and gave us a good-night, or drank
our healths, if we offered him a cup, all in
the same steady manner; indeed, under
most circumstances, he seemed to be an
enemy to all emotion. He was perfectly
sober, and often refused wine, which he
feared might affect his head. We had various
discussions with him as to the meaning of
the word *stunden*, as applicable to distance,
which seemed to lengthen or shorten as it
might best suit his convenience. He ob-
tained his information from his fellow vo-
turier, to which he attached much pertin-
city, that no reference to Mr. Murray's
"Hand-book," or to the map, would ever
make him alter his opinion. However, after
all, though he appeared to have the wish to
follow his own way, yet he was naturally so
well disposed and ready to do right, we had
no great difficulty in bringing him over to
our purposes. With him the day's expenses
were great objects of consideration,—namely,
ourselves, himself, and his horses; and the latter
seemed to have the greatest weight. He
generally gave them a loaf of black bread,
sliced up, for their luncheons, whenever we
stopped to halt.
"His French was not very good, but he
showed an acuteness respecting the lan-
guage which very much astonished us. Mr.
Bray said something to him in French, to
which he gave no reply, but looked to my
nephew. 'Mr. Bray then said,' "N'entendez-
vez pas?" "Oui, Monseur," he replied,""j'entends bien, mais je ne comprends pas."
Certainly the French use the word *entendre*
in a double acceptance, that of to hear or to
understand, though when put as a question
it generally means the latter. We observed
that our old voiturier sometimes talked to
his horses in French, and sometimes in Ger-
man; and it was long before we could make
out the reason; but at last we satisfied our-
selves, that when he was pleased with them
he talked to them in French, and when
otherwise, in German. This proves that
one's native tongue comes uppermost on all
occasions when under the influence of pas-
sion. And though he seemed to bargain a
good deal with the dicter, at the limit,
even to drive a hard bargain; yet we
always saw them give him a hearty shake by
the hand on his taking leave; an additional
proof that his good-humour carried with it
a power of conciliation, which was more
valued than his money.
"So ready was he, that he seemed to set
off on a journey, of whose length and limits
he could have no idea (for we might have
taken him on to Rome, had we been so dis-
posed), just as a dog starts up, shakes him-
self, and turns out on a chase; for he ap-
peared to have made no more preparation.
In what way he was provided we could not
tell; we never saw anything on him but the
old black hat, the red cotton handkerchief
round about his throat, and the blue smock-
frock, in which he started from Strasburg.
What he did for shirts, how he might be fur-
nished with them, how they were washed,
used sometimes to be the theme of our specu-
lations and conjectures. I ought not, there-
fore, to have said, perhaps that there was
no romance about him, since it is unques-
tionably true, and the circumstance is no-
ticed by Don Quixote, that we never read of
any heroes of the old romances taking with
them clean shirts, on a journey of any
length or description.
Our voiturier was a widower, and the father
of several children. He appeared to follow
to the letter the injunction of the Apostle,
—to trust them to the care of a good Provi-
dence, for he held a correspondence with
none of them during his travel; indeed, he
could neither write nor read, and he never
expressed any anxiety about them; yet, as
I shall have occasion to notice hereafter, I
can witness for him he had a true, kind, and
fatherly heart.

Another and yet more original character
is portrayed in the "Poet of Frilburg." Sensitive
to the extreme difficulty of describing scenery without the pencil's aid, our authors never fatigues us with a con-
cstant recurrence of a minute landscape detail,
such as, after all, generally fails to leave a
single image on the retina of the mind, and
cannot be either appreciated or understood,
except by those travellers who have already
visited the spot; yet she is not deficient in
the power of seizing on the picturesque in
its sublimest features, and transferring them
in vivid colors by her pen; the following
passage amongst various others may afford
a proof.

At length you enter the Hollenthall, or
Valley of Hell. But wherefore one of the
finest scenes in Europe should be called by
such a name, I cannot conjecture; unless it
arise from the common practice of ascribing
to the power of the devil, whatever in the

L—February, 1841.
world of nature is most replete with grandeur and sublimity; as, for instance, we have in Bray the Devil’s Bridge, the Devil’s Dyke, &c. But no evil spirit, I will venture to say, ever had any hand in producing such a scene as the Hollenthall. We all admitted that, hitherto, neither in our own nor in any other country had we ever seen any of a similar character that could even be named, in comparison with that most wondrous pass amidst the rocks, woods, and mountains of the Black Forest; but though I was enraptured with it, and would most willingly make another journey from England to visit it and Freyburg cathedral again, yet I feel how impossible it is to give you any adequate idea of its beauty by mere description. Nothing but the pencil, or fifty pencils, each employed in different parts of the valley, could give you any notion of its magnificence. However, I must say a few words on the subject, at least respecting its general characteristics. Fine as the country is all the way, it is not till you are about nine miles distant from Freyburg that you can be said to have arrived at what is properly called the Hollenthall. There you enter a pass in the valley among the mountains; this ascends for a considerable distance, and gradually contracts till you are hemmed in at one sublime spot, between rocks towering to a vast height above your head, whilst the river, a pure mountain stream, roars over its bed of granite, under the narrow bridge over which you have to cross; and when upon it, the tumult of the rushing and foaming waters beneath, gives an agitating character to a scene that would otherwise be one of the most profound stillness and solitude in nature. In the Hollenthall you look on rocks that seem as if they rose but as the pinnacles of those stupendous masses that form the foundations of the globe. Here are precipices where human foot never trod, and where no living thing but the bird of the forest can make its way. Height rises above height, rock is piled on rock, one crag appears to totter above another; and again the tremendous masses of granite, standing as the walls of a vast fortress to guard the pass below, shoot up into the most fantastic forms, into towers and cones, varied with every hue that time and exposure to the tempest can convey; to them of the hoar antiquity. The very mountains seem as if they were swept by the waters of the great flood. Yet, in the midst of these objects of terror and desolation, the scene is rendered beautiful, and all its most savage features are softened by the abundance of the noblest and most varied forest trees; they are of the liveliest verdure, and abound on every side. The gloomy pine, that denizen of the wild cliff and the mountain pass, is here only seen as the companion of other trees of more cheerful growth,—not as the lord and sole occupant of the soil. Indeed, so numerous and beautiful are the trees of the Hollenthall, that they characterize it quite. They ascend its steepest declivities where there is earth enough for them to grow; they crown the wildest cliff, bend over its broken ridges, start from its sides, or trail their branches in the torrent which rushes past their roots.

Mrs. Bray’s letters are further interspersed with some very interesting and well written extracts from the notes of her husband and fellow travellers.

The Life and Exploits of Commodore Napier, by himself.

“By himself!” There is something startling—something a little at variance with one’s notions of the unboastful character of merit, in the idea of a living hero appearing as the trumpeter of his own deeds, however worthy of laudation. But a second glance at this life of our modern Nelson leads us to acquit him of such vain-glorious weakness. It is true, indeed, that his own words, expressed or written, constitute the basis of the present narrative, but the former were spoken in the shape of an address to the burgesses of Portsmouth, when standing for that borough, and as an election speech are fairly excusable for what, on any other occasion, might be open to censure as self-eulogium, the latter are indited in the form of official dispatches, wherein a plain statement of facts, required undue modesty to be thrown overboard as a useless and misleading encumbrance. Having thus rescued our veteran commander from even a passing imputation of a vanity which we are sure cannot belong to his blunt, honest, seaman-like character, we recommend this brief record of his glorious services in every clime, for more than thirty years:—leaving official details to the purchasers of the pamphlet we extract the ensuing characteristic and amusing description of his personal appearance, in the year 1837, when in an interval of repose from battle and tempests on sea, he appeared on a scene scarcely less stormy, the mob-surrounded ushings of Greenwich—in which, if his account be true, the whole strength of the General-steam-navigation company, headed by his opponent, their chairman, was brought to bear against him.
With admirable tact and bravery, he seems soon to have cleared the decks of the fresh-watermen, and if he could not pluck votes from a crew enlisted in another service, with true sailor-like spirit he certainly maintained the honor of his flag.

"On the second day, the gallant Captain, who was not going to allow his Conservative opponent to carry the battle his own way, brought over from the Medea steam frigate a party of seventy or eighty seamen, under the boatswain, who soon procured for the gallant Captain a fair field and no favor. One of these Jack tars seated himself on the top of the pent-house which covered the hussings, waving one of the colors which Captain N. had taken from Don Miguel's fleet off Cape St. Vincent. Three sturdy bargemen of the opposite party climbed up the supporters for the purpose of dislodging this venturesome Napiereite. The first that came within Jack's reach went down to the ground much sooner than he came up; the next shared the same fate; and the third retreating, left Jack in undisputed possession of his elevated position. This little adventure, as may be supposed, excited much fun, and was considered an omen of the gallant Officer's success. On the third day, however, Mr. Attwood having a considerable majority, Captain Napier resigned."

To this sketch we append the yet more recent picture of our brave "old Commodore," drawn by a brother Tar, as he gloriously figured before the walls of St. Jean d'Acres:

A SAILOR'S ACCOUNT OF THE LATE VICTORIES.

My dear father— I have received your welcome letter, and am happy to hear all our dear family are well, as I am at present, although I must say, since I wrote last to you, we have had some sharp work for the eyes, I do assure you. First and foremost, we took Sidon. I was ashore with the royal marines, whom we call jollies, and right jolly fellows, believe me, they are for fighting, as the Egyptians know to their cost; but now I must tell you, as far as I can learn from the marines, their officers proposed to send out skirmishers to cover their men while they formed their landing and go on in what they call sections or three, or quarter distant columns. But our brave Commodore, who is called Charley—a rum one to look at, but a rare one to go— swore he would have no "parade nonsense," but would make skirmishers of us all; so off we set with the Turks helter-skelter, the devil take the hindmost. I believe our messmates, the Turks, thought us mad, for the moment one of them shortened sail, or lagged behind, the gallant old Commodore, who was without his jacket, with his shirt-sleeves tucked up, and an old straw hat, let fly a stone at him, with "Bear a hand, messmate; shake a reef out of your trousers." Oh, it was capital fun! only a pity they were not our saucy neighbours on the other side of the water, that we might have tried to take the shine out of them, instead of the miserable half-starved Egyptian recruits, poor rascals, we had to deal with. Poor fellows I pitied them, but it was no fault of ours. Next we went to St. Jean d'Acre, a mighty strong place, and where we cast anchor at about two o'clock on the afternoon of the 3rd of November, beat to quarters, and away we rattled at the fortifications; but, after the first broadside, the smoke was so thick, devil a thing could we see, but we blazed away at a fine rate. Some men put four shots in the guns at a time, which made the guns kick, and sometimes stranded and carried away the breeching; but, as we were determined to give them a good dose, we did not stand upon trifles. When we had fired away about two hours, a most wicked shell from the Gorgon steam-ship went slanting hung into their largest magazine of powder, blew 1300 men to atoms, upset their guns, and knocked the carriages to pieces on the ramps, and killed their artillerymen; after which, no wonder that they were cowed, and would not stand to their guns, and marched out of the place, poor devils. Some mistake was made by some of the ships not taking their proper berths, and the Admiral finding one of the ships firing over into another, hung out the signal to discontinue the action, so they had afterwards nothing to do but look on. We have taken a great many guns and store, and a great deal of cash; so I hope, my dear father, to bring you home some prize money, which is a rare thing in these days. If it had not been for the blowing up of the magazine by the Gorgon, as we had fired away almost all our powder and shot, they say we should have attempted to storm it next day; in that case, I think a great number of us would have lost the number of our mess, which means, being sent to Davy's locker, or if not to kingdom come, the place was so devilish strong. But "All's well that ends well," and we have had rare good luck and rare good fun. The Egyptians stuffed bags filled with sand in their port-holes, and so could not trail their guns out and all, and fired very badly. Give my love to all at home. From your loving son,

St. Jean d'Acre, November 5.

J.


This erratic effusion is a morceau for the critic,—we mean for a hungry individual of the snarling tribe, who, like a half-starved
our would eagerly catch at even a dry and fleshless bone, instead of passing it by with a contemptuous wrinkle of the nose, as would a better fed or better bred quadruped of the same species.—Of course, we claim no kindred with the first named class of growlers, and looking upon this poetical attempt as something below censure, should probably have left it unheeded, but for the author’s expressed notification that on the public reception of this portion of his intended labors depends their completion.—Now, although we can lay our hands on our critical hearts, and honestly declare ourselves the gentlest of our craft, ever seeking (with the tyro especially) to “be to his merits very kind, and to his faults” as indulgently “blind” as consists with due impartiality, yet would our opinion when called for be utterly worthless, could we afford the slightest encouragement to one whose poetic deserts, or rather desert affords not a single green oasis whence a laurel is ever likely to spring. One part of this publication, however, deserves commendation—the motto on the title-page, for it is well chosen, and likely to prove prophetic of the poem’s fate.

‘The summer’s flower is to the summer sweet.
Tough itself it only live and die.’
Shakespeare.

To give even an outline of a thing so totally “without form and void,” as this production, would be quite impossible, a “mystery it is, and a mystery we leave it;” but ye, who would impeach us of undue severity, only read these fair quotations, and say if judgment could have fallen much more lightly. A young damsel (a second edition of Crazy Jane,) bewailing, and generously wanting to share the fate of her faithless and submerged lover, pathetically exclaims—

“There may I lie, and may the wave
That wanders o’er his pallid lips
Fondly these scarce less pallid lave
And leave a kiss as on it skips!”

The last line reminds us strongly of the following charade, ascribed to a late worthy alderman, famed above his brethren for love of good living, and a greater favorite at the court of George IV., than at that of Apollo and the muses—

“My first is a little thing what hops,
My second is very good for hay-crops,
My whole I into butter pops,
And then I just bites off the tops.”

Again, apostrophizing a strange old man—

“Erry, the pilgrim” whom she meets on the shore—our heroine says with equal pathos and harmony of versification—

“You’ve come too late, for I know where to find
My sleeping love.—There, were the moon’s pale light,
By glitt’ring gems of the deep ocean shin’in;
Mark his grave—yes—there by an ocean sprite
Those gems are strewn’d—Gather them ere they sink from sight.”

Governesses. By Madame B. Riofry.
January Number, 1841.

From the elegant prospectus of a Regent’s-park establishment, where a “select few” are received for two hundred per annum, down to the card of a Seminary where “Young Ladies are genteel’y educated,” every school circular of the present day engages to unite moral and religious instruction with superficial acquirements. True, indeed, this pledge is rarely fulfilled, but the very making of the promise indicates on the part of governesses a consciousness that parents require and have a right to expect something more solid than the tuition their children usually receive. On this supposition, we think that Madame Riofry’s work will be acceptable to the public, since, as far as one number enables us to judge, its real aim seems to be the formation of a sound mind in a sound body—another leading, and somewhat moral principle in the authoress’s system being the development and improvement of the corporeal frame as a basis for mental culture. In accordance with this view, some stricures on physical education by M. Riofry form a portion of Madame’s book. Together with essays more immediately belonging to the main subject, are intermingled miscellaneous articles by various writers, French, English, and Italian, well calculated to open the understanding and warm the affections.

It is difficult to give a cursory and at the same time impartial notice of a controversial argument which, to be judged of fairly, must be viewed on every side, and in all its bearings. To the review itself, therefore, we refer (at least for general points of difference) all those interested in that schism of modern days, the variance between the high church party and the great majority of the church’s members, whom the former designate as “Popular Protestants.” Some of the leading tenets promulgated in the Oxford tracts have, as is well known, exposed their writers to the charge of a leaning to Romanism—and from the very words of Mr. Newman, one of the high church champions, Mr. Neville, attempts to prove the accusation, not unfounded. How far he has wholly succeeded in this object must be left to the decision of the dispassionate reader both of his work and of the writings which called it forth, but surely there can be but one protestant opinion on the following passage, relating to the infallibility of the church. The holding of this tenet we have always been led to look on as one of the grand distinctions between our own and the Romish Communion, but where lies that distinction if the following dogma be admitted? Asserting the present established church “to be infallible and divinely secured from error,” that what she teaches is true because she teaches it, and that one chief cause of sects among us, is, that the church’s voice is not heard clearly and forcibly; she does not exercise her own right of interpreting scripture.—She does not arbitrate, decide, condemn.”—What can the most zealous Romanist desire more than doctrine such as this, which is certainly quite as much at variance with the 21st Article of our Religion on the authority of general councils, as with the subjoined sensible opinions of our author:—

“No man in his senses disputes the propriety of a parent instructing a child, the educated instructing the uneducated, the Church instructing her members. Every Dissenting body professes to instruct, as we do; but the great Protestant principle, that vital principle in which I always supposed our Church differed from that of Rome, is this, that we have no right or authority whatever for obliging the private Christian to be bound by our instructions or interpretation; that when we have told him that we are convinced the orthodox faith is, that we have done all we have any right to do, that we have no infallible authority to pronounce him a sinner because he cannot conscientiously accept this faith exactly as we hold it. Mr. Newman thinks differently, and therein differs from the true doctrine of the Church of England, and that of all other bodies of Protestants.”

Again:—

“Private interpretation of Scripture, whether exercised by any individual, any age, or any country, always has and ever will be liable to lead to error. But if the right of such appeal is preserved and exercised, such errors will die with the individual, the age, or the country with whom they originate. On the contrary, what are the consequences upon the principle of Tradition? What have been the consequences with the Romish Church? and must be in time with any and every Church which once admits the same principle? These errors are handed on and added to by one Father after another, by one age after another till the simple doctrines of Scripture and primitive truth became so overlaid by the continued growth of human folly and superstition, that they can scarcely be discerned amidst the rubbish by which they are surrounded. The guesses, the fancies, or the conceits of some bishop or Father about some text in Scripture, instead of terminating with his own life, become in the lapse of ages so grown and improved upon, that they are made into an important doctrine, and sanctioned and promulgated on Church authority, The very Father himself with whom the error commenced, would perhaps be infinitely more staggered with this decision of the Church Catholic, than any of the willing and superstitious parties who receive it when it is made known to them.”


It is stated in the preface to this volume, that this Play, or one at least on a similar subject, entitled, “The Patriot,” in a form more adapted for representation, though highly approved of by competent judges, has vainly been striving for representation on the stage for that mastery which its merits would in all probability have obtained for it. On
this account, independently of its intrinsic
worth, we feel the greater satisfaction in
recommending this excellent reading play for
closet perusal, strongly sympathising with the
author on the hardships accruing to himself
and fellow dramatists from the narrow, ex-
clusive, and unintellectual policy of theatrical
government as exercised in the present
day. No where, indeed, is reform more
louderly called for than in the present system
of dramatic tyranny which absolutely grinds
the face of genius, and renders it an almost
mental impossibility for the clipped wings of
the dramatic muse to soar to the lofty heights
she once attained—heights, which she might
again reach, or even overpass, were the pre-
sent paralysing influence but removed. That
her power is cramped though not extinct,
the former productions of George Stephens
have gone far to prove, and his powerfully
written poem serves to corroborate the fact.
It’s nervous antique language, fine imagery,
and apt delineations of the workings of the
human heart often remind us of Shakespeare,
yet is our author too original to be called a
copyist; we must, therefore, rank him
amongst those favored few, on whom has
fallen a portion of “the mighty master’s”
mantle of genius. It is impossible by quo-
tation to do justice to the merits of this
drama; we would, however, instance the in-
terview between the father and daughter in
the first scene of Act fifth, but the following
shorter and spirited passage will suffice to
show those unacquainted with the author’s
former works that our commendation is remote
from flattery. The patriot regent of Hungary,
Cardinal Martinuzzi, thus addresses the
Austrian Envoy sent with degrading proposi-
tions from his master the Arch-Duke Fer-
dinand.

(Act 2.—Scene 2.)
AUSTRIAN GENERAL.
If our Ambassador receive forthwith
Lady Czerina’s hand, we vouch our word...

MARTINUZZI (breaking in).
No more. He vouches! Hear it! Ferdinand
vouches!
Blow it about, ye opposite winds of Heaven
Till the loud chorus of derision shake
The world with laughter! Ere you spoke your
mission,
Your King had felt my answer.

(After a pause with enthusiasm.) Golden land!
Bower of young Virgins! Aerie of valour!
Thou spear and target! Rainbow among na-
tions!
And thou too City like a plume! Thou Cedar!
Thou gem in Europe’s dress! Created Babe
Above the Earth, dropped gently through the
Air,
And laid to nurse upon the Mountains! Thou!
Mine own! My Native Land! My Erdely?
What! shall I bind thee, for a marigold
To wear about my Temples at noon-day,
Over to Austria? who is base and thinks it?
Yield thee to Ferdinand? Remember Buda!
Stands there the house in Hungary unstrip-
ped,
To feed your master’s avarice? What would
ye?
Well, ye shall search; ye did! and just like
lightning,
Withering whate’er ye looked on. Palaces
Burned, and gave light to ye. I speak of
Buda,
Whose inarticulate columns know it all...
The shrieks, and deaths, and agony! Huge
piles
Like this, and King John’s lofty dwelling-
place
Are conscious of it: Holy Stephen’s temple
Looked down upon it: Dun’s stream shrunk
back:
The astonished air flew to the extremest
Heaven,
And told of shrieks, and deaths, and agony!
And think’st thou after this we have no fine
instinct,
When sounds of wings do hover on the wind,
That forestal knowledge of the vulture’s
swoop?
Think’st thou in Hermanstadt shall be re-
peated
The tragedy of Buda? Not while manhood
Remains to me to act the deeds this brain
Knows how to think, and vindicate with
power
Or policy the freedom of the land,
O’er which by Heaven’s favour, and the laws
I’m Ruler. Lord Castaldo, I have met
Your master in his hour of pride, and,
standing
In the great hand of God, have struck his
arms
Prostrate as steppes of Hungary, and power-
less...
Advance our captive Eagles!...

(Ensigns are brought in.) Powerless as
Those trophies of a Patriot’s vengeance. Lo!
The slaving conqueror down his slippery path
Rolls headlong from the people he’d enslave;
And Freedom clad like the destroying angel
Shrieks to all quarters of pale Heaven his fall.
Behold your sword, which we retain: yours-
self
May walk at large in Hermanstadt, contemned
And frustrate; for by treaty with the Sultan
We follow up our triumph, nor surcease
Whilst Ferdinand holds a foot of ground in
      Hungary.
The signs of Victory advanced towards Buda;
Whither I shortly follow. That is my answer!
I'll hear no word.

THE COFFER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.—Rogers' Mezzo-tintio, from Wright's painting of the poets well-known picture, is beautifully executed, and the candle and fire-light effects are well brought out by Mr. Rogers, in a style of engraving particularly adapted to subjects of this nature. How admirably expressive are the countenances of "the sire" and matron, of the contented, cheerful piety which marks the sunset of their closing day. The cottage maiden is sweetly simple, and in her "look askance" how well can we discover, that, spite of all her pious training, her thoughts are not wholly occupied by "the big ha' bible" a wandering of the heart for which, demurely attentive as he seems to sit, "the neebor laddie" yet stands accountable.

DAMASCUS AND MACAO; AND ST. JEAN D'ACRE;—
BURFORD'S PANORAMAS.

We have been much gratified by a view of this excellent exhibition. Replete with historic associations both sacred and prophane, recent events have conferred on the city of Damascus a high degree of interest. Viewed as a work of art, this panorama fully equals the talented artist's former efforts. Nothing can be more beautiful than the painting. If a sensation of disappointment could have arisen, it must only have been owing to the city not equalling our preconceived ideas of the magnificent capital of the Caliphs. A pen, guiltless of romance, has thus described Damascus:—"Ses jardins, canaux, ses fontaines publiques et particulières, ses mosques magnifiques, ses maisons, ou plutôt ses palais, ou le marbre l'albâtre, l'or, et les bois les plus rares sont prodigués, justifient les recits des voyageurs anciens et modernes." These details are probably correct, but unless it be borne in mind, that they apply chiefly to public buildings and internal decorations, more than external they may lead us to look for a city presenting in its general architecture, something more than a mass of low flat buildings, with dead walls, unbroken except by a solitary unglazed window or loop-hole, heaped together without the slightest appearance of regularity. True, indeed, the lofty minaret, the elegant cupola and lordly dome, rising far above the heavy surrounding edifices receive additional beauty from the contrast, and whatever might be our first impression of the city itself, the superb and glowing scenery by which it is surrounded realizes the imagery of the Arabian Nights. From that point of the magic circle, especially, looking towards the Scheik mountain, the view is particularly striking, and the aerial perspective is so admirably managed, that the eye is absolutely deceived into seeking in the distance for the spires of Acre, Jaffa, and Jerusalem. Amongst the characteristic figures giving life to the scene, is a superior officer of Mehemet Ali's surrounded by attendants. An excellent group, but better in keeping with the time when drawn than since the revolution of the Empire lately achieved by British valor: his position in the picture is, nevertheless, so good, that neither we, the allies, nor subjects of the Ottoman empire would wish to dislodge him.

We were much pleased at being enabled to take a further glance at Macao, previously to its crossing the Atlantic to make room for the then promised siege of Acre. The view of the Portuguese settlement with the Chinese junks and English men of war, forms an interesting and lively scene. The sky and water are capitally painted, and we are glad to learn that by this transfer to the new world the picture will escape the fate of being lost, from forming, as is commonly the case, the ground work of a new subject.

We have of late said so much of Acre, that we need here hardly do more than speak in general terms of the new and spirited representation of it.

NEW ZEALAND COMPANY.—Lord John Russell has accepted an invitation to dine with the New Zealand Company on the 13th instant, on occasion of a Royal Charter being granted.
HABITS.

THE MIND JUDGED OF BY EXTERNALS—OR OUTER SIGNS OF THE INNER MAN.

In old age, habits are a weakness; in maturity life a perversion; in youth a fault; in childhood almost a vice. A grimace, frequently repeated, becomes at length an affection; so, in like manner, a habit degenerates into a mania, and a mania is, in fact, nothing but downright madness on some particular point, just as a convulsion is a partial derangement of the animal machine.

Habits may indeed be rather considered in the light of disease, than as indicating any peculiar form of mind or character; viewing them as such, they scarcely, indeed, come under the head of our present observations, and we shall, therefore, only touch upon a few belonging to the province of caricature.

The habit, for instance, of not being able to eat, if our usual place at table chance to be taken by another person.

That of being able to sleep in no bed but one's own, a most unfortunate but, luckily, rapidly decreasing habit in these days of locomotion.

That of daily walking out at a certain hour, even if it be "raining cats and dogs."

That of never being able to fall asleep except over a newspaper (a most flattering distinction to the editor of the same, and one which condemns to as many sleepless nights as there may chance to be failures in the delivery of the journal). Numerous other habits might be noticed, but from these we turn to tastes, spirits and diversions, as more faithfully characteristic of moral individuality.

TASTES.

Dancing can scarcely come under the denomination of a taste, since it is not a diversion often enjoyed for its own sake, but merely as a means of which love and pleasure constitute the end. We must, therefore, regard with sentiments of mingled ridicule and pity those superannuated men whom we behold swinging their spindle shanks to the cadence of a violin, or those ugly ill-made girls or women ardently engaged in amorous gymnastics ye olept waltz, gallop or quadrille.

Neither can walking be called a taste—the old man finds it a requisite exercise—the lover a convenient pretext—the conceited an opportunity for exhibition—and the idle a means of killing the unemployed time which is killing them.

Good Living has often been the enjoyment of those who have lost their relish for every other; it is also the possession of fools, arrived at a certain time of life; but while the pleasures of the table contribute, in a measure, to revive the intellectual or social powers of the former, they only serve yet further to brutify the latter.

Sporting may be the diversion of a sensible man, but can only become a passion to the coarse or uncultivated mind. The true sportsman, the sportsman to the very back bone, is a sort of brute who is only at home amongst boors like himself, who ill uses his children, neglects his wife, and loves only his dogs, which, by the way, he never fails beating unmercifully. He is a liar, a boaster, and, in conversation, an absolute nonentity, save on the topics of hounds, horses, game, and guns.

Fishing, like all passions, has its fanatics, its victims, and its martyrs. Amongst the most zealous (would one think it?) is the patient, motionless angler—that human stake planted in sand or mud—whose whole exercise of intelligence consists in bamboozling the acuteness of a gudgeon, or circumventing the wit of a carp. We may term victims those Hardy veteran fishermen, who, nailed to their arm chair by the sharp prickings of rheumatism, still angle for gold and silver fish in a bucket.

Numerous is the army of martyrs furnished by this sport; those who by an unlucky slip become involuntary guests at the Naiad's supper-table, and those whose boat takes a fancy to follow the gyrations of the plunging carp, to say nothing of sciatica, ague, horse-ness, and lumbago, which spring up thick as rushes by a river's side.
Riding is a fashionable and graceful exercise. If, however, the cavalier mount in shoes, and put the wrong foot first in the stirrup; if he only appear on horseback on gala days and particular occasions; if, having no horse of his own, he be content to enrol himself in the corps of civic cavalry—you may with perfect safety set him down for a man—milliner—a dancing master—a tailor—in short a contemptible little coxcomb of the first water.

Dressing is not merely a pleasure, but a positive labor to some, an art to others. It is a labor to a man of forty who desires to please the ladies, for a woman of thirty who wishes to keep, or for another of thirty-five who desires to obtain a lover; it is a labor for women of all ages who are ugly or deformed, and the most cruel of all tasks to a man of studious retired habits, compelled by some unlooked for circumstance to appear in a dressed assembly.

To the dramatist, dress is a science requiring a whole life’s study.

The man who bestows extreme care on his daily toilet must possess a mind below mediocrity, but he who cannot dress well upon certain occasions, also shows a want of that comprehensive tact which can take in the importance of minor things, and make them available to great designs.

Dress rarely misleads as an index to female character;—

The scold always dresses ill.

The sloven without taste or even cleanliness.

The vain dresses in an affected extreme of fashion.

The coquettte alone is possessed of all the resources of this attractive art, she alone knows how to choose and combine the different colors of her costume, to determine on the fitting amplitude, form and cut of each article composing her apparel, and so contrive them so as to bestow apparent plumpness, or diminish redundant embonpoint, to conceal in short every defect, and display to advantage each perfection.

The Parisian surpasses every other woman on the face of the earth in the address and genius she displays in Love’s Military Tactics, the science of the toilette.

 OUTER SIGNS OF THE INNER MAN.

THE VOICE.

We have each of us a voice that is natural, and another which is artificial. The natural voice is employed in giving household directions, in conversation on business, and in friendly intercourse; the artificial named by artists, the “Sunday voice,” is reserved for speaking in public, for ceremonious visits, and for declarations of love. The intonation of the “Sunday voice” is more sonorous, more guttural than that commonly used. Some may pretend, or really fancy themselves to be exempt from this species of almost unconscious deception; but only take one of these persons by the hand, introduce him to an assembly of strangers, and the moment he enters the drawing-room, listen and you will be sure to hear the “Sunday voice” saluting the lady of the house.

A common voice bespeaks almost invariably a trifling mind, a vulgar education, and a common-place character.

A bawling voice cannot possibly belong to a person accustomed to good society.

A peculiarly soft sweet voice betokens in a man, a narrow mind, and pitiful character.

A harsh voice indicates strength, energy, and tenacity of mind; unless, Indeed, it be occasioned by the use of ardent spirits, or the custom of living in bad society.

MODES OF SPEAKING.

By watching the countenances of two persons engaged in conversation, we may generally tell by the expression of the listener’s face, if not the matter, at least the manner of discourse employed by the speaker. The man, for instance, who speaks too slowly, sends us to sleep—he who speaks too quickly, fatigues us—he who stammers, makes us impatient—he who is at a loss for words, causes our nerves to tingle—he who speaks in a monotonous tone, without unclosing his teeth, gives us an inclination to yawn—he who
speaks under our nose, inspires us with disgust—he who bawls in our ear, fairly overcomes us—he who is continually jumping from one subject to another, by turns, amuses and makes us angry—he, finally, who losing the thread of his discourse, is for ever repeating—"as I was saying"—"where was I?" &c.: wherever he might have been wandering, makes us heartily wish him at—the d.—l.

Speaking is an art in which many persons of superior intellect, either from want of habit or over susceptibility of nerve, by no means excel; while, on the contrary, some most shallow minded individuals are gifted with fluency of language; for this reason we are often led on first hearing the conversation of a stranger, to form a judgment of his mental powers, which subsequent observation speedily compels us to alter.

Wanderings and Excursions in North Wales. By Thomas Roscoe.

The success of this attractive work in a former edition, renders a lengthened notice superfluous. We are inclined to think that this public favorite much improved, will, notwithstanding the coldness of the season, still receive a warm reception. The illustrations from the known pencils of Catermole and Creswick are superb;—alone worth the price of, besides furnishing a most agreeable book, which as home travels, affords, perhaps, more novel information than can be obtained from the beaten track of the Continental tourist. Mr. Roscoe's pedestrian journey appears not only pleasant, but judicious; well adapted, both for enjoying the romance of the country and becoming acquainted with character. Among the prints the surge-beaten rock of Penmean Maws and the sunny mountain environed hamlet of Batteois y Coao are extremely happy. The following Extract is deeply interesting.

"Dr. Cole, a commissioner, in the time of Queen Mary, and a zealous Roman Catholic divine, was proceeding to Ireland, with a secret warrant against the Protestants of that country and stopped one night at Chester. The mayor in his municipal character waited upon him, and he unguardedly spoke of the cruel business in which he was engaged, and took out his commission in the presence of the hostess, who had a brother, a member of that communion, in Dublin. When the mayor left him, he politely attended him down stairs, and the hostess in the mean time took the important document from the box, and substituted in its place a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs placed uppermost. The doctor on his return, perfectly unconscious of what had been done, put up the box, and, on his arrival in the Irish metropolis, presented it in form at the castle in presence of the lord deputy and the privy council, purposely assembled to examine its momentous contents. His lordship opened it, and the whole party, as well as the commissioner himself, were in the utmost astonishment and consternation to see the knave of clubs make his appearance amidst the solemn conclave, without any script to account for his knave's face at that unwelcome moment. Cole, burning with mortification, assured the assembly that the box had contained a commission, but why it was not there, and how the cards came in its place, he was as ignorant as they. Disappointed and chagrined he returned to the English court, and, being in high favor with Mary, soon obtained a fresh commission; but before he could again arrive in Ireland, the Queen died. The name of this bold and quick-witted woman was Elizabeth Edmunds, and her namesake, the good Queen Bess, when she came to the throne, hearing of this adroit stratagem, rewarded the woman with a pension of forty pounds a year for her life. To this act was owing, probably, the safety of the Protestants of the "Green Isle."

THE LUCKY ARTIST.

A celebrated painter of animals received an invitation lately in the following terms from a Banker, distinguished both for his immense fortune and princely household:—

"M. le Baron, requests M. to do him the honor to breakfast with him to-morrow, at eleven o'clock precisely." The artist was puzzled to comprehend what the prince of Bankers could want with him. He determined, however, to avail himself of the honor, and, accordingly, at the hour appointed, presented himself at the Baron's residence. The artist was ushered into the dining-room, where he found the Baron, who received him most graciously, and after partaking of an excellent déjeuné, the following singular dialogue ensued:-

Baron—"You are a celebrated painter."
Artist—"You are much too complimentary."
Baron—"You are much too modest; you are acquainted with the historical museum at Versailles."
Artist—"As the person who formed it."
Baron—"Well, I wish to collect such another, and I have thought of you."
Artist—"I beg to observe, Baron, that I paint neither battles nor historical subjects, nor portraits."
Baron—"I do not require such paintings. I have magnificent stables."

Artist—"I am convinced of it; but I do not see—"

Baron—"You shall see; I have magnificent marble mangers in my stables."

Artist—"I can readily believe that; but I do not comprehend—"

Baron—"You shall comprehend. There are horses standing before those mangers whose beauty causes nobles to sigh.

Artist—"That does not surprise me; but still I do not see—"

Baron—"Those horses, though beautiful, are not immortal; your skill must make them so."

Artist—"Whenever you please."

Baron—"Tomorrow."

Artist—"Be it so. I go to prepare the canvas."

Baron—"The canvas is prepared."

Artist—"Then I shall arrange my gallery to receive it."

Baron—"That is unnecessary."

The Baron then conducted the artist into his stables, where he showed him his magnificent English horses in their expensive stalls. "Here are your models; and there is your workshop. I will pay for each portrait half the value of the original; the original cost 100,000 fr. Does that suit you?"

Artist—"Admirably."

Baron smiling, — "50,000 fr. are seldom found under horses’ feet."

The delighted Artist exclaimed, "Baron, you pay like a prince.—Canvas shall immortalize the horses and record your liberality."

THE SULTAN AND THE QUEEN.

The receipt of "a letter of felicitation" from the young Sultan Ab dul Medjid, to Her Majesty, the Queen, on the birth of the Princess Royal, has excited a lively interest in the highest circles. The epistle is a gem of oriental rhetoric, and a rare specimen of the flowery eloquence of the East. The letter, remarkable both for form and style, is about three feet long, by four or five inches wide. It is written in very beautiful characters—small, but extremely distinct, and evidently done with great care. In the margin is the autograph of the Sultan, with an enumeration of all the titles of "the Most High and very Powerful Seigneur," which have appertained to His Highness’s predecessors from time immemorial. The paper is of fine quality, resembling vellum, but is superior to it, with a fine enamel on its surface. The letter, sealed with the armorial bearings of the Sultan, was enclosed in a rich satchel (or small bag), similar to a lady’s reticule of curious satin, elaborately embroidered with silk and gold, to which were attached a card and tassel of bullion of the most recherché manufacture. This epistle of epistolary correspondence from the Sublime Porte, is said to be much regarded by the illustrious personage to whom it is addressed.

ROYAL DONATIONS.—The Queen has kindly and benevolently sent 30l. for the widows and Children of the unfortunate seamen who perished in the wreck of the steamer Thames, off the Scilly Islands.

Her Majesty has also forwarded through Sir H. Wheatley, to Captain Hornby, at Woolwich, 100l. for the widows and orphans of the crew of the Fairy.

THE MONKS IN SWITZERLAND.—The military authorities of the Canton of Argau have commanded the monks of the Convent of Muri to quit it within twenty-four hours. The furniture and landed property of several monastic establishments are also to be publicly sold.

The Château of Prangens, about five leagues from Geneva, purchased by Jerome Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, is to be inhabited next spring by Queen Christina.

The death of Barère has been followed by that of another member of the National Convention, M. Bouchereau, who expired at Charing, 26th January last, aged 85 years.

The beaver, an animal very seldom found in Europe, has been seen in the Vistula, near Warsaw. A few years since, a pair of beavers located at Bombery, in Prussia. About two years ago another pair appeared in the Rhone, one of which was caught.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT’S NEW RESIDENCE.—Arrangements, it is understood, have been made by the Board of Works for the preparation of the Mansion built by King William IV., while Duke of Clarence, for H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent. It is expected that Her Royal Highness will take possession soon after the 5th April. This mansion was occupied by Her late Royal Highness the Princess Augusta up to the time of her decease.

REMOVAL OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE’S REMAINS.—The Chapel of St. Jerome in the Church of the Invalides is so far advanced in its preparations that the coffin of Napoleon is expected to be removed into it from the dome sometime next week. The hat which the Emperor wore at the battle of Eylau, purchased at Baron Gros’s sale for 2,040fr., given to the Invalides on the day of the funeral, has been placed in the library of the hotel on a marble pedestal, under a glass case.

MARTYRS MEMORIAL.—The Subscriptions to this memorial to be erected at Oxford, amount to about 7,000l.; there are 1828 subscribers.

EARTHQUAKE.—On the 4th January, an earthquake was felt at Reggio. We are sorry to hear that the Palace of the Governor, the Court House, Prison, and both public and private buildings suffered severely. Some lives were lost.
REQUEST TO THE KING OF THE FRENCH BY FRANK STANDISH, ESQ.—This individual’s will is dated 11th July, 1838: he wills and bequeaths to his Majesty the King of the French all his books, manuscripts, paintings, and drawings, at his mansion at Duxbury, in the county of Lancaster and elsewhere in Great Britain, or in any foreign country, either for the sole and particular use of his said Majesty, or to be placed in any public establishment he may think fit, as a testimony of his esteem for a generous and polite nation, which is always ready to welcome travellers, and which he had always visited with pleasure and quiet satisfaction. Mr. Standish resided a long time in Spain, and during his last journey for the re-establishment of his health, left several pictures at Seville and Cadiz. The collection contains many paintings of high price. Among them, besides the fine Murillos, are some by Zurbaran and other truth at his disposal, and thus allows to the public a great many of the Italian, Flemish, and French schools. The books too are valuable, and upwards of 4,000 in number. This gentleman was, on his mother’s side, the representative of a long line of Barons, the Standishes of Duxbury. He is said to have offered to leave his collection of Murillos, the finest in the kingdom, to the National Gallery, on condition that the Government would, at the last coronation renew the title which had been so long in his family. This was refused, and thus his invaluable collection of pictures has become the property of the King of the French.

At the Court of the Bankers.—The count de T— went to his bankers to receive a sum of 10,000 fr., which he mentioned in the presence of several other persons in the room with the banker, who replied that he had already sent the money to the Count’s hotel. M. de T—, however, had other business to transact in his house, and went into another room, where he said aloud that he should be detained an hour. On his return home, M. de T— asked the Countess for the roolean of bank notes; she informed him that they had been sent back to the banker’s by a person who came in the Count’s name for them, and was brought in his own carriage. For that moment the Count was astounded; but, perceiving a packet on the chimney-piece, he took it up, opened it, and found all his money undiminished even by a single note. It was now the Countess’s turn to be bewildered, for she believed he had given all to the stranger. The truth was soon, however, discovered. She had at the time of the demand another packet, containing a roolean of tickets for the civil list ball in the evening; and as these were now missing she was convinced that she had given the roolean of tickets instead of the roolean of bank notes. The coachman, upon being questioned, stated that the person whom he had brought to the hotel came out of the banking house, to which he desired that the carriage might immediately return. It was evident, therefore, that the thief must have been some one that heard all that had passed at the banker’s room. It was ascertained afterwards, as may naturally be expected that not one of the rooleans of tickets was presented in the evening.

The Late Mr. Wilberforce.—The statue of this much lamented and benevolent individual, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy, has been placed in Westminster Abbey, and now forms one of the ornaments of that venerable cathedral. Mr. S. Jones, of considerable ability, has executed it. The statue represents the venerable philanthropist seated in an easy chair; one hand holds a book, probably the Bible; the other, the left hand, rests on the breast of the figure, which is habited in a sort of morning gown, and, by clothing the figure, in which the angular outline of the modern costume is with the identity of the original is yet well preserved. The legs of the figure are crossed, and on the feet are slippers. The whole attitude is indicative of repose and reflection. The head and features preserve a strong likeness of the original. The countenance is peculiarly characteristic, and altogether the likeness is exceedingly good and will increase the reputation of the artist. The statue is placed in the north aisle, near the transept, and next to the old monument of Lord de Courcy, and very near to Chantry’s monument of Sir Stamford Raffles, which is also a seated statue. The juxtaposition of these two statues will enable the spectator to form a good notion of their relative artistic merit.

Superior Vision with One Eye.—Every one must be aware how greatly the perspective of a picture is enhanced by looking at it with only one eye; especially when a tube is employed to exclude all adjacent objects, whose presence might disturb the illusion. Seen under such circumstances, from the proper point of sight, the picture projects the same lines, shades, and colours on the retina, as the more distant scene which it represents would do, were it substituted for it. The appearance which would make us certain that it is a picture, is excluded from the sight, and the imagination has room to be active. Several of the older writers erroneously attributed this apparent superiority of monocular vision to the concentration of the visual power in a single eye. "We see more exquisitely, with one eye shut than with both, because the vital spirits thus unite themselves the more and become the stronger: for we may find, by looking in a glass whilst we shut one eye, that the pupil of the other dilates."*  

* Lord Bacon’s Works. Sylva Sylvanum, art. Vision. Quoted by Prof. Wheatstone, on Vision, Phil. Trans. 1838, part ii.
HEAD OF A ROMAN STANDARD.—A curious bronze centaur placed on a square socket, evidently Chiron with a young Achilles riding behind him, and a panther leaping in front of the group, was lately found on the beach under the cliffs, near Sidmouth. It had, apparently, been washed up by the sea, and must have been for ages subjected to the attrition of a gravelly bed of marine pebbles. The group is about eight inches in height, and forming the top of a Roman standard or ensign. Antiquarians considered it to have been the standard of the second legion in the reign of the great Roman British emperor and admiral Carausius, about 204 A.D.; it would seem also, that it was the remains of some galley wrecked on the coast, or some vessel destroyed by the neighbouring inhabitants. The legion to whom it is supposed to have belonged was called Panthieiae. The Centaur appears on 5 of that emperor’s coins, recording the existence of these troops.

SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY AND SIR SIDNEY SMITH.—Sir Ralph found himself alone and surrounded by French dragoons, one of whom charged and overthrew the veteran commander. In an attempt to cut him down, the old man nerved with a momentary strength, seized upon the uplifted sword and wrested it from the assailant, while a Highland Soldier transfixed the dragon with his bayonet. The first officer who came up was Sir Sidney Smith, who, having broken the blade of his own bayonet, was received by Sir Ralph as the weapon of which he had despoiled the French Hussar. In this skirmish Sir Ralph received his mortal wound. What has become of this sword now Sir Sidney is dead? It ought to be enquired after and deposited as a relic.

The Chinese joke all picking (Pekin, and choosing (Chusan), is attributed to Sidney Smith.

CHINA.—The Chinese island, so named, which has been recently seized by the British troops, is the most northerly station in which tea is made. The whole island is said to abound with tea-trees, even to the tops of the mountains; and it may become important, not merely as a military position, but as an additional means of rendering this country independent of the caprice of the Celestial Empire for supplies of tea.

AGROGRAPHY.—Amongst recent inventions is an art of producing impressions of designs for the illustration of ornamental works. A drawing on a prepared surface being given, the subject is reproduced in relief on a plate of type metal. The design is thus printed without the alteration that would be incidental to copying; it also enables sheets illustrated with vignettes, to be worked off by one operation instead of two. According to the usual method, the sheet is sent to the printer who leaves a blank space for the engraving, but by the present plan, the plate is set up with the type after the manner of a wood-cut. The work (we believe the only one) illustrated by this method is a new edition of the Spectator.

THE NEW RIDING HOUSE AT WINDSOR.—The Queen did not use this new building after the arrival of the Court, although 20 of Her Majesty’s saddle horses were sent there on the day preceding.

NEW GARDEN AT WINDSOR.—Upwards of 28 acres, in front of the East Terrace, and nearly parallel with the Slopes, extending as far as Adelaide Lodge, have been enclosed by a wire fence, and more than a mile of walks is nearly finished.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT’S NEW DOG-KENNEL.—This house is to be erected close to Virginia Water, for His Royal Highness’ sporting dogs, consisting of pointers and setters.

An immense concourse of persons assembled on the occasion of Her Majesty opening the Parliament on the 26th ult. in person. Long before two o’clock the whole line from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords, was one continuous mass of the inhabitants of the metropolis. The windows of the houses in Parliament street, Whitehall, and Ritz-mond-terrace, were occupied by fashionably dressed ladies. About the time that Her Majesty left Buckingham Palace, the sun shone forth and the clouds dispersed, which tended much to enliven the gorgeous spectacle. The cortège consisted of five carriages besides the state carriage, in which were Her Majesty and H. B. H. Prince Albert. The queen’s body-guard was formed by the Royal Horse Guards (blue). When the queen’s carriage reached the outside of the marble portico, Her Majesty was most enthusiastically cheered, and similar demonstrations of respect greeted the entire progress and return of the sovereign, to and from the House of Lords.

THE FLOORS.—In consequence of the late thaw and heavy rains the inundations in various parts of the country have been most extensive, and in many instances attended with loss of life. At the village of Shrewton, in Wiltshire, the waters rushing like a torrent from the surrounding hills, destroyed in their course 28 cottages, and rendered 150 persons houseless; three individuals lost their lives. At Brentford, owing to the bursting of the banks and locks of the Grand Junction Canal, property of an immense value was destroyed, several houses carried away, and lives lost, besides boats, barges, and lighters being torn from their moorings, dashed to pieces, foundered, or sunk.

LONGEVITY.—A female pauper, named Whiffin, expired in the workhouse of St. Luke’s, Chelsea, Arthur-street, King’s-road, having attained the extraordinary age of 107 years. She had been an inmate of the above workhouse upwards of 20 years.
THE NUN OF MONTEMAYER.

A SPANISH LEGEND.

"He learned the art that none may name."

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

"And well my folly's meed he gave,
Who forfeited, to be his slave,
All here, and all beyond the grave."

MARMION.

On the picturesque slope of a hill, a few leagues from Segovia, and within a short distance of the road leading from the latter city to Madrid, some detached fragments of time-darkened walls were recently discernible, presenting, in their decayed and melancholy aspect, a striking contrast to the richly glowing verdure of the surrounding landscape. By the massive solidity of the ruins, their vast extent, and the numerous blocks of stone, which, encrusted with many-colored lichens, or overgrown with tenacious ivy, lie scattered over the adjacent ground, it is easy to form an idea of its former grandeur.

These ruins are all that now remains of the once noble abbey of Montemayer, one of the pious foundations of Jeanne-la-Folle,* mother to Charles 5th.

The origin of this nunnery, the rich gifts with which it had been from time to time endowed, the various influences exerted over it's destiny by great personages, many members of whose families had been numbered in the ranks of its pious and noble inhabitants, the numberless intrigues consequent on each election to the dignity of abbess, a title then as highly coveted as that of princess, and, finally, it's ruin and destruction, all these circumstances had served, in turn, as foundation for legendary tales—invested with an awful and gloomy character, which rendered them peculiarly bewitching to the credulous inhabitants of the country.

The following is one of these marvellous recitals, which likewise furnishes a striking exemplification of Spanish character, such as it was once gloomily personified in Philip the Second. (Fitting consort of the English bigot Mary.)

Don Salvator d'Izarbeata was born of a noble family at Segovia: his education, carried on at the capital, was entrusted to the care of a very learned man, the padre Susara, superior of the dominican convent. This, his accomplished preceptor, an individual of high attainments in every description of science, after an apparently exemplary life of sixty years, was (as is well known) convicted of holding intelligence with evil spirits, and finally brought to the stake by sentence of the holy inquisition.

Don Salvator appeared to be powerfully affected by his master's tragical end, and was observed from that period to display a degree of melancholy and depression of spirits, perfectly at variance with his position in society—for though young, rich and handsome, he joined in none of the pursuits and amusements belonging to his rank and age. These singularities of conduct which might have proceeded simply from a mind pre-occupied, or ill at ease, were greedily seized on by his enemies as a ground for suspicions which the punishment of his preceptor invested, at least, with an air of plausibility. The most striking peculiarities in his habits became subjects for remark, such, for instance, as his custom of never taking salt with his meals, and his great aversion to cats, and if any one charitably sought to silence these malevolent insinuations, by an observation on the young man's assiduous attendance on the ordinances of religion, the remark was maliciously met, that although he might, indeed, be in the habit of frequenting the churches, no one had ever observed Don Salvator making the sign of the cross.

* Daughter to Ferdinand and Isabella of Arragon and Castile, and wife of Philip III.
Partly with a view of escaping from this rigorous examination into even every minute action of his life, and partly under the influence of motives we shall hereafter develop, the Chevalier d'Izbarata soon divided his time between Segovia and Madrid. He was frequently observed on the road between these cities, permitting his Andalusian courser to walk at its own pace, his eyes almost always resting on the ground, and seemingly wholly engrossed by his own meditations. He thus appeared, however, only when he was returning to Madrid, for, on his way to Segovia, his progress was marked by dust and pebbles scattered in every direction by the galloping of his reeking steed. A beholder might indeed have fancied him impelled by some super-human agency, on a mission for the accomplishment of which he was likewise furnished with more than mortal power. Yet, after all, no supernatural power urged him forward.

Salvator was in love—but his love was a sacrilegious and secret passion; the object, a young recluse, a nun of the abbey of Montemayor. His advances were at first repulsed by the devoted with indignation; but by his indefatigably persevering, he contrived to convey so many billets, discovered such various methods of declaring the fervor of his devotion, and, at every interview regarded the object of his love with such resistless glances of fascination, that she, poor girl, like a fluttering panting bird, ensnared in the fowler's unseen net, was utterly powerless to resist the infatuation of a thus awakened guilty passion; and, through the convent grate, her speaking eyes responded to the thrilling eloquence of her lover's gaze. One evening, their hands met beneath the shadow of a confessional, and they even contrived to exchange two locks of hair by means of a silken thread thrown over the convent walls.

At length, when the Chevalier believed himself certain of Donna Nilagro's consent, he informed her, that by the assistance of keys of his own forging, he would that evening obtain admission into the church communicating with the convent chapel, that church wherein their fatal passion had originated. The nun, on her part, was to repair to the chapel grating, and thus enable them to hold converse; Don Salvador did not, however, tell her that the key of this grating was, also, in his possession, a circumstance which left not a single obstacle to aid the weak resistance of the young Spaniard. The first time, she refused to avail herself of her lover's crafty contrivance; urged, again, the hesitation of her denial betrayed her weakness, and, on a third entreaty, her actual consent was well nigh obtained, and the enamored Salvador rested content with the beautiful nun's reply. At close of day, he was accordingly seen to quit Segovia, but when night permitted him to retrace his steps, he turned out of the high road into corn fields adjacent to the convent, and tying his horse to a tree, glided cautiously along the walls of the adjoining cemetery.

It was a lovely summer's night, and—the hour for his appointed rendezvous not having yet arrived, Don Salvador threw himself on a heap of newly cut grass which had been thrown into an open grave. There, as he sought to while away the tardy moments which intervened in dreams of the speedy fulfilment of his desires, the calm serenity of the night, the clear dark blue of the star-lit heavens, and the freshness of the balmy air, wrought a softening influence over his restless spirit, and gave a new and unwonted direction to the current of his thoughts. Hitherto, he had been actuated solely by a maddening passion, a youthful wilfulness of purpose, which, stifling every prompting of his better nature, led him to dwell incessantly on one single guilty and cruel thought, developed in a purpose equally base and heartless;—that of seeking out one of the most pure and innocent of created beings, only to deceive—ruin—and desert her. This evening, on the contrary, numerous sweet and melancholy thoughts seemed suddenly awakened in his heart, like the voices of a celestial choir breathing peace and harmony to his perturbed soul, and filling his rebellious and haughty mind with sentiments of gentleness and pity, guests which had long abandoned him. The misery he was about to inflict on an innocent girl, the fatal consequences of her vows foresworn, shame and a dungeon in the event of discovery, her grief and remorse, though she escaped detection—all these uprose before his awakened conscience. Yielding, for a moment, to its saving inspirations, he was on the point of retracing his footsteps and abandoning his detestable
projects, when at that very moment the hour of midnight sounding the vibration of
the brazen notes seemed to restring his senses and suddenly restore his thoughts to
their old and wonted track.

Picture his surprise, when on rising he heard this vibration instead of dying
away, still prolonged and growing louder, till it became merged in a powerful chorus
of human voices, chanting the requiem of the funeral liturgy. He thought at
first that his ears must have deceived him, but he felt speedily convinced that those
strains were none other than the Dies irae chanted by a company of singers. The
sounds appeared to proceed from the church, but Don Salvator was utterly at a loss
to comprehend, how, at this hour of the night, and without his previous knowledge,
the funeral service could be performing: he resolved, therefore, to satisfy himself
of the fact. Approaching the church door, he tried to open it, but found it securely
fastened, and to his increased astonishment neither sound nor light found their way
through any aperture. In order then to obtain a hearing of the nocturnal psalmody,
and to behold the light streaming through the chequered windows, it was requisite
to stand at a few paces distant. Believing himself the sport of some vain illusion,
Salvator at length turned his false key in the lock and pushed partly open one half of the
folding doors which creaked on it's hinges. Instantly the church appeared in a blaze
of light—all it's architectural outlines clearly defined by millions of tapers; the
altar enveloped in a flood of light, dazzling rays reflected on all sides from the richly
gilded carved interior of the work of the edifice, and, in the midst of the vapor, slowly
ascending from censor and flambeau towards the vaulted roof, suspended lamps of
silver glittered like stars twinkling through the hazy atmosphere of a dark summer’s
night.

Each stall in the choir was occupied by canons in violet-colored aumisses, the altar
surrounded by a triple row of deacons and sub-deacons, while, moving in the nave
was seen a crowd of secular priests, monks, and choristers, all busied around a su-
perbly emblazoned catafalque, whose rich embroidery stood out like lines of fire on
the black velvet which formed their groundwork. In this heraldic device Don Sal-
vator recognised, and not without a shudder, the armorial bearings of his own noble
house—a square tower on a field of gules, with the motto, “Mantenida mantengo”
—“Supported, I support.”

A sudden thought relieved his bewildered mind. One of his relatives, the dean
of San Pablo, had been for some time past dangerously ill, and the astonished Don
conjectured that there must have arrived news of his death; but it scarcely agreed
with such supposition, that, amongst all the countenances of the assembled ecclesias-
tics, who were each in turn passing close beside him, he did not discover one
whom he could recognise—a circumstance strange enough, since he had numerous
relatives and friends in the clergy of Segovia. Salvator knew not, therefore,
what to think; but he was not one long to remain in suspense on this or any other
subject of doubt which could be unravelled.

“Reverend father,” demanded he, of a pale Franciscan who had stopped near him
in order to re-tie his sandal, “can you inform me whether the canon Izbareta, my
friend and relation, is present at this ceremony?”

“He is not present,” returned the monk, briefly, as he rose and proceeded on his
way, without even looking at Salvator.

A surpliced priest now passed, hurriedly, beside him.
Tell me, I beseech you, sir Priest,” exclaimed Salvator, pulling him boldly by the
sleeve, “tell me for whom is this catafalque; for whom these funeral anthems?
Who is dead in the family of Izbareta?”

“The Chevalier Don Salvador,” replied the priest in a hollow voice, as he quickly
disengaged himself from his interrogator’s grasp.

Cold drops of perspiration started to the forehead of Izbareta at this unlooked-for
answer; but the next moment he attributed the reply to the priest’s insolence, and
now addressing a monk, who, kneeling on the pavement, was motionless as a statue,
he repeated the same question. Raising his eyes with a dull and heavy stare, the
monk answered:—

“This ceremony is performed for the last scion of the family of Izbareta—for the
son of Don Jayene—for Don Salvador; the naughty are brought low; they support themselves no longer."

"Nay, by our lady of Atocha! cried the Don, with a forced laugh, "Don Salvator is most assuredly alive, and you, my good father, are mistaken."

"'Tis you who are mistaken," coldly replied the monk; he is dead, and his body lies here awaiting burial."

Then as the choristers resumed the second strophe of the funeral dirge, the old man raised his broken voice to swell the chorus.

The Chevalier's astonishment now became indescribable, and as if to assure himself of the reality of his own existence, he rushed out of the church, regained the spot where he had left his horse, and vaulting into the saddle retook the road to Madrid. Occupied as he was by vague terrors and thick coming fancies, fraught with more than mortal dread, he could not forbear starting, when, as he urged his steed through a thick and gloomy tract of forest underwood, he thought he heard behind him a strange sound, as of crackling branches, mingled with horse-panting respiration. For some minutes he dared not look back, even in order, if possible, to discover what it was that thus followed him; but shame mastering at length his unwonted fear, he caused his horse to wheel suddenly round, and, by this movement, at once faced his pursuers, whom he found to be two enormous black mastiffs, whose round projecting eyes glanced like meteors in the darkness.

The animals stopped at the same moment he himself did.

Salvator, spite of a pardonable feeling of involuntary dread, drew his sword, and endeavored to attack his formidable tormentors; but his Andalusian courser, docile as he ordinarily was to the slightest indication of spur or rein, refused to advance, and testified, by the trembling of his flanks, and convulsive snorts of anguish, the dread wherewith he was inspired by these mysterious apparitions.

Don Salvator exhausted every effort to urge him upon these objects of his alarm, but all in vain; and at a last desperate plunge of the spur into his panting side, the maddened horse turned completely round, and, in defiance of his master, set off at full gallop towards Madrid. The two mastiffs followed closely at his heels, and the Don, occasionally turning round, beheld them, their bodies touching the ground and each nerve and sinew strained in pursuit of his flying steed, with whose rapid course they still kept up their pace, their eyes flashing fire; and from their throats ever and anon there issued forth discordant and ferocious howls.

It was thus that pursuers and pursued arrived at the gates of Izbaretas.

Here the Chevalier fell fainting into the arms of his domestics assembled to receive him. He was immediately carried to bed, and means having been successfully employed to restore him to consciousness, he was entreated to declare the cause of the strange state of agitation in which he still continued. Don Salvator then related, in a feeble voice, the events of that horrible evening, and scarcely was his recital ended, when the two mastiffs, who had hitherto quietly crouched unnoticed in a corner of the chamber, flew upon the unfortunate Don Salvator, and, spite of every effort to detach them from their human prey, tore him into a thousand pieces. His luckless fate was construed into an undeniable confirmation of the previously entertained suspicion, that the pupil of Father Susara, and the last of the house of Izbaretas, had, indeed, been an unlawful tamperer in magic arts.

Don Salvator's deplorable death took place about two o'clock in the morning; an hour afterwards Donna Nilagros, tired of awaiting her lover in the dark and silent aisles of the chapel, was on the point of returning to her cell, when she perceived the glimmer of a lamp behind the arches of the nave; gliding from pilaster to pilaster, it gradually approached, and at length revealed to the eyes of the astonished nun the form of him she had been so anxiously expecting.

Never had he appeared to her so handsome as at that moment. His rich dress was in a state of disorder, as if his haste and anxiety to reach the place of meeting had rendered him totally indifferent to the cares of the toilette; but this apparent negligence only served to heighten the beauty of his expressive countenance and

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noble figure. His lace ruff, damp with night dew, had fallen carelessly across his shoulders, and thus more advantageously displayed a well-formed throat, whose hue of manly bronze looked almost of feminine whiteness as contrasted with his rich dark beard; the scattered locks of his luxuriant hair, and even the roughness of the usually glossy and carefully arranged mustache which shaded his upper lip, all conduced to give an unusual brilliancy to the character of his physiognomy; and as the flickering rays of the lamp which he had placed upon the ground, partially illumined his countenance, they seemed to lend something of their own wavering fitful lustre to the flashings of his black eyes. An almost unconscious sensation of trembling mingled with the passionate admiration of the erring nun, as she gazed upon her lover—agitation exceeding all she had ever felt—a swelling of each artery within her frame, and burning flushes which ever and anon mounted even to her throbbing temples—these feelings only showed too plainly the powerful influence of her fatal infatuation—an infatuation at that moment partaking equally of ardent love and mysterious terror.

The words of Don Salvator only served to heighten the force of these conflicting emotions; at one moment passionate vows burst from his lips, like a flowing torrent of lava; at the next, deep mistrust and gloomy suspicion seemed to freeze and convert into cold and cutting sarcasm the glowing protestations he had ere while poured into the ear of the deluded girl. The more he seemed to doubt her love, the more did she desire to assure him of her unchanged devotion—her eagerness to dissipate his suspicions—her devotion to soothe his self-inflicted torments.

It was in one of these moments, when overflowing tenderness had mastered every other feeling, that the wish arose in her heart for the removal of the chapel grate which yet divided the lips that questioned, from those that would have given fond assurance of her faith. No sooner was the desire entertained, than the grate opened on the application of Salvator’s key, and the nun dared not complain of a stratagem, which, in placing her defenceless in her lover’s power, had but fulfilled the guilty aspirations of her own bosom. Speedily, however, did she repent her fatal wish, in which, had she expected its immediate fulfilment, she might possibly have never dared indulge. Her white veil, the holy symbol of her celestial espousals soon ceased to shade her jetty tresses which fell in disorder over her uncovered shoulders, and soon, to avoid the passionate glances of her fascinating lover, she took refuge in her only asylum, the arms in which he sought to clasp her.

“Swear to me, at least,” she exclaimed, “that thou wilt be my husband.”

“I swear it!”

“But oh! Salvator, swear it by thy father’s name, by the name of him to whom thou owrest existence.”

“I swear,” he replied, with a demoniac laugh.

“Swear, then, on this holy emblem;” and, as she spoke, the nun raised to her lover’s lips the cross attached to her rosary. Salvator instantly drew back his head with a gesture that appalled her. “Who art thou?” she almost screamed, escaping from his hold; but the Chevalier pursued her into the chapel, and again taking her in his arms,—“My celestial beauty,” he cried, without replying to her question, “my life, my angel, my bride!...cans’t thou, then, doubt the faith, the oath of him who loves thee? will not that suffice? This empty sign can surely add nothing to the confidence thou should’st repose upon my honor. Am I not Don Salvator, and was it ever known that an Izbareta failed to fulfil his word? Oh! come, come, and cast away that emblem which does but remind me how thou once didst swear to abandon earthly love; recollect that day approaches and we soon must part. Away, then, with these cold, distrustful calculations, in the name of our mutual love, our mutual happiness, I conjure thee to be mine, sweet one—mine only!” Thus he spoke, and whilst, by new caresses, he sought to render his victim forgetful of all besides, without her knowledge he broke the rosary which still protected her; but the revered emblem of her faith yet remained in the nun’s grasp, and, with it, a salutary portion of mistrust yet lingered in her soul.

“No,” said she, “I can never put confidence in an unbeliever—swear by the holy name of Jesus.”
At this sacred word Don Salvator stood suddenly erect; his voice, hitherto so gentle and persuasive, assumed a loud and threatening tone; no longer seeking to seduce, he now only strove to subdue by terror. "Weak, miserable girl!" he exclaimed, 'thou art mine. That name thou did'st invoke never again pronounce it; that abhorred emblem which thou holdest, cast it away, or thou wilt this moment perish!" His hue overspread the Don's countenance as he uttered these impious words while his hand threateningly grasped the hilt of his dagger. The nun even thought she beheld a blueish sepulchral light flashing from his angry eye upon his ghastly and transparent cheek. Terror froze her blood, and under its paralyzing influence she was about to seal her own perdition. She was on the point of obeying the command of her perfidious tempter and throwing away the holy emblem whereon depended her last hope of preservation, when she perceived a trembling shudder pass over the frame of the deadly being to whose power her weakness had well nigh consigned her. The morning dawn was appearing through the chapel windows.

"Be mine, girl!" said he, advancing one step towards her.

"Leave me!" cried the nun.

"By Christ and the Holy Virgin, Salvator, I renounce thee!"

The convent and church of Montemayer were visited and examined early on the succeeding morning by a numerous party of officials from Madrid. One vestige alone remained of the mysteries of the preceding night—a nun extended insensible upon the chapel pavement, and, scattered near, her broken rosary.

The dungeons of the Inquisition can alone reveal the fate of her who loved "not wisely, but too well" the Don Salvator d'Izbarea.

May her frailty have been pardoned, and her soul rest in peace!

**AD. PELLIER.**

**SPLENDID WORK OF DECORATIVE ART.**—Among the literary curiosities in Mr. H. G. Bohn's collection is a magnificent pictorial work on the coronation of George IV., solemnized in Westminster Abbey, July 19, 1821. A series of 70 large and most superb paintings of the procession, ceremonial, and banquet—comprehending faithful portraits of many of the distinguished individuals who were present in their robes of estate, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Chalon, Stephanoff, Pagin, Wild, and other eminent artists. These are all exquisitely finished in colors like miniatures, several of them most brilliantly executed upon vellum or white satin, surmounted by coronets set with brilliants, rubies, and other precious stones; with descriptive letter-press printed in letters of gold. The back of every painting lined with white silk; superbly bound in two very large volumes, elephant folio, crimson Turkey Morocco with broad and beautiful tooled borders of gold; the sides ornamented with a representation of the Abbey Altar with the regalia inlaid with Morocco of various colors—blue Morocco linings and fly-leaves covered with elaborate gold toothing with treble gold borders, &c. The Royal arms in the centre—25s. 0d. This sumptuous work was intended for His Majesty King George IV., but was not finished at the time of his demise. It may be considered as the most extraordinary specimen of decorative art which ingenuity and taste, aided by the most lavish expenditure have ever produced in this or any other country. Not only is it unrivalled as a work of art and worthy to adorn the richest library in Europe, but it has another and more national claim to distinction, that of handing down to posterity the accredited portraits of England's most distinguished sons, including the whole of the Royal Family. The portraits are full length, in coronation robes, richly decorated with gold and silver; they are most exquisitely finished in colors, like miniatures and are admirable likenesses. Those of the Dukes of Wellington and Devonshire and the Marquises of Anglesea and Exeter are remarkable specimens of art. They are painted in opaque colors upon satin surrounded by most tastefully ornamented borders, and unite the utmost richness with the greatest delicacy of finish. The coronets placed at the top of these plates form a prominent and unique feature, being adorned with precious stones set in gold under the direction of Mr. Hamlet. These portraits were embellished with extra splendor by His Majesty's direction. The original of these volumes exceeded 2,000 guineas.
THE QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

JAN. 1.—(Windsor.) Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked on the Terrace and Slopes accompanied by H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent.

Her Majesty commanded the Lord Steward to distribute the same liberal allowance to the poor as on Christmas-day.

JAN. 2. The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert took their usual drive.

JAN. 3.—(Sunday). Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, with the Royal Household, attended divine service in the private chapel of the Castle, the Rev. Dr. Short officiating.

JAN. 4.—H. R. H. Prince Albert enjoyed the sport of shooting in the vicinity of Virginia Water. Her Majesty and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent were prevented by unfavorable weather from taking their accustomed exercise. H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge left Belvoir Castle and arrived in town by the London and Birmingham Railway.

JAN. 5.—H. R. H. Prince Albert skated on the lake in Frogmore-gardens. The Queen participated in the amusement on the ice, His Royal Highness driving Her Majesty in a sledge.

His Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar left town by the Birmingham-railway, on a visit to Her Majesty the Queen Dowager at Sudbury-hall.

JAN. 6.—Her Majesty accompanied H. R. H. Prince Albert to the lake at Frogmore, enjoying there the amusement afforded by the season.

JAN. 7.—The Royal amusements on the ice were resumed at Frogmore.

JAN. 8.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent did not leave the Castle. Mr. Byrne, the blind Irish harper, had the honor of playing national airs before Her Majesty. Much anxiety and alarm were excited at the Castle by the temporary loss of a packet of important letters addressed to the King of Belgium and a box of valuable jewellery belonging to the Duchess of Kent by one of Her Royal Highness' servants entrusted with its conveyance to London. The missing parcel was at length picked up at Eaton by an officer's servant, who was rewarded for restoring it.

JAN. 9.—Her Majesty accompanied H. R. H. Prince Albert to the ice for the amusement of sledge riding. The Queen commanded £30 to be sent to the Rev. Mr. Gosset, and £20 to the Rev. Mr. Hawtrey, to procure necessaries for the poor: H. R. H. Prince Albert forwarding £5 for the same benevolent purpose.

JAN. 10.—(Sunday). Her Majesty, H. R. H. Prince Albert, and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, with the Royal Household, attended divine service in the private chapel of the Castle.

JAN. 11.—H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge arrived on a visit to Her Majesty. H. R. H. Prince Albert took the diversion of coursing in the Home-park and Slopes.


JAN. 14.—H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge took his departure from the Castle.

JAN. 15.—Her Majesty was driven out in a poney phaeton by H. R. H. Prince Albert. A subscription for the poor to the amount of nearly £20 was made by the domestics of Her Majesty's Household. It was commenced on one of the most inclement days, in the servants' hall. The Steward's room followed the laudable example, and this money was also handed to the Rev. Mr. Gosset for distribution.

JAN. 16.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert took their usual drive.

JAN. 17.—(Sunday). The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert attended divine service in the private chapel of the Castle, and received the sacrament, administered by the Rev. Dr. Short and the Rev. Lord Wriothesley Russell.

JAN. 18.—H. R. H. Prince Albert rode to the meeting of the harriers in the Great-park. Her Majesty and His Royal Highness afterwards drove out. H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge left town on a visit to his grace the Duke of Beaufort.

JAN. 19.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked on the Castle Terrace and in the Slopes. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent remained within the Castle.

JAN. 20.—The Queen's private band attended after dinner at the Castle, and Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, with their distinguished guests, danced quadrilles and galopades in the evening. H. R. H. Prince Albert went to Swinley-park to enjoy the sport of shooting.

JAN. 21.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked on the Slopes. Her Majesty's private band was in attendance, and the Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert enjoyed the amusement of quadrilles till 11 o'clock. H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge arrived in town from a visit to the Duke of Beaufort.
JAN. 22.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked on the Terrace and Slopes. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent took her departure from the Castle. The Queen’s private band was in attendance.

JAN. 23.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert arrived in town from Windsor Castle shortly before 8 o’clock, in a carriage and four, escorted by a party of Lancers. The Royal cortège occupied five carriages, in the third of which rode the Princess Royal, attended by her nurse.

JAN. 24, (Sunday).—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert, with the Royal Household, attended Divine Service in the morning, in Buckingham Palace. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent attended Divine Service in Kensington Palace.

JAN. 26.—Her Majesty went in state to the House of Lords to open the Session of Parliament with a speech from the throne. The royal procession was formed at Buckingham Palace at half past 10 o’clock, when the Queen descended the grand stair case to the state carriage, her Majesty’s train being borne by the pages of honor in waiting. The cortège was escorted from the palace by a party of the royal regiment of horse guards. Previous to the queen’s departure for the House of Lords, Master Wilson was presented to her Majesty on being appointed one of the royal pages.

HER MAJESTY’S SPEECH.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have the satisfaction to receive from foreign Powers assurances of their friendly dispositions, and of their earnest desire to maintain peace.

"The posture of affairs in the Levant had long been a cause of uneasiness and a source of danger to that general tranquillity. With a view to avert the evils which a continuance of that state of things was calculated to occasion, I concluded with the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, and the Sultan, a Convention intended to effect a pacification of the Levant, and maintain the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire, and thereby to afford additional security to the peace of Europe.

"I have given directions that this convention shall be laid before you.

"I rejoice to be able to inform you, that the measures which have been adopted in execution of these engagements have been attended with signal success; and I trust that the objects which the contracting parties had in view are in the eve of being completely accomplished.

"In the course of these transactions, my naval forces have co-operated with those of the Emperor of Austria and with the land and sea forces of the Sultan, and have displayed upon all occasions their accustomed gallantry and skill.

"Having deemed it necessary to send to the coast of China a naval and military force, to demand reparation and redress for injuries inflicted upon some of my subjects by the officers of the Emperor of China, and for indignities offered to an agent of my Crown, I at the same time appointed plenipotentiaries to treat upon these matters with the Chinese Government.

"These plenipotentiaries were by the last accounts in negotiation with the Government of China, and it will be a source of much gratification to me, if that Government shall be induced by its own sense of justice to bring these matters to a speedy settlement by an amicable arrangement.

"Serious differences have arisen between Spain and Portugal about the execution of a treaty concluded by those Powers in 1825, for regulating the navigation of the Douro. But both parties have accepted my mediation, and I hope to be able to effect a reconciliation between them upon terms honorable to both.

"I have concluded with the Argentine Confederation, and with the Republic of Hayti, treaties for the suppression of the slave trade, which I have directed to be laid before you.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I have directed the estimates of the year to be laid before you.

"However sensible of the importance of adhering to the principles of economy, I feel it to be my duty to recommend that adequate provision be made for the exigencies of the public service.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"Measures will be submitted to you without delay which have for their object the more speedy and effectual administration of justice. The vital importance of this subject is sufficient to ensure for it your early and most serious consideration.

"The powers of the Commissioners appointed under the Act for the amendment of the Laws relating to the Poor expire at the termination of the present year. I feel assured that you will earnestly direct your attention to enactments which so deeply concern the interests of the community.

"It is always with entire confidence that I recur to the advice and assistance of my Parliament. I place my reliance upon your wisdom, loyalty, and patriotism; and I humbly implore of Divine Providence, that all your councils may be so directed as to advance the great interest of morality and religion, to preserve peace, and to promote by enlightened legislation the welfare and happiness of all classes of my subjects."

Jan. 27.—The Queen held a court for the reception of the address on the throne, from the House of Lords. The deputation were first conducted to the great drawing-room, and then ushered into the presence of her majesty in the throne-room. H. R. H. Prince Albert stood by the Queen’s side. The Lord
Chancellor, with the mover and seconder on either side, followed by the other peers, advanced to the foot of the throne, and read the address, to which her majesty returned a most gracious answer.

Her Majesty had afterwards a dinner party.

This being the birthday of the duke of Sussex, his Royal Highness received congratulatory visits from various members of the royal family.

The Lords in their address offered their humble congratuations in these words:—

"We entreat your Majesty to accept our most sincere and fervent congratulations on the birth of a Princess; and we beg to express our unfeigned joy at this increase of the domestic felicity of your Majesty and your Majesty's royal consort."

The Queen's guard of the Scots Fusilier Guards was on duty in front of the palace during the reception of the address.

Jan. 25.—The Queen held a court in Buckingham Palace, to receive the address from the House of Commons.

The Commons arrived at the Palace at two o'clock, the Speaker in his state coat wearing his robes of office, and accompanied by a party of members.

Having been issued into the presence of the Queen, the speaker read the address from the House of Commons. The Queen returned a most gracious answer, and the Commons then withdrew.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert was present at the reception of the address.

Jan. 28.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert left town, just before 5 o'clock, in a carriage and four with outriders, escorted by a party of lancers, for Claremont. Three of the royal carriages and four followed; the first containing Lord Alfred Paget and Colonel Bouvier, the equerries in waiting on Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert; the second conveying H. R. H. the Princess Royal and her nurse; and the third containing Lady Portman, Baroness Lehzen, and the Earl of Listowel. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were conducted to their carriage by the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Groom of the Stole to Prince Albert.

Jan. 29.—Prince George of Cambridge left town at half-past 8 o'clock, A.M., on a visit to her Majesty the Queen Dowager, at Sudbury-hall.

H. R. H. Prince Albert having expressed his approbation of Mr. Fenouillet's picture of the palace of Gothic, has sanctioned his publication of an engraving of the same.

Jan. 30.—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Fanny Howard, arrived at Claremont Park, at half-past one o'clock afternoon, in a carriage-and-four, from town. H. R. H. dined with her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, and took her departure at three o'clock on her return to Ingestre-house, Belgrave-square.

H. R. H. The Duke of Cambridge, attended by Baron Knesebeck left town on Saturday morning, for Combe Wood, and spent the day shooting. H. R. H. returned to Cambridge-house in the evening.

JAN. 31.—H. R. H. The Duchess of Kent attended Divine Service in Kensington Palace. Lady Fanny Howard was in waiting on her Royal Highness.

GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

H. R. H. Duchess of Kent, Jan. 1st to 21st 23rd.

Lady Fanny Howard, Dec. 1st to 21st, 23.

The Belgian Minister, 1 to 4.

Mdl. Van de Weyer, 1 to 4.

Earl and Countess of Clarendon, 1, 2, 3.

Viscount Melbourne, 1, 16, 23.

Lord and Lady Holland, 1.

Baron Stockman, 1, 2, 3.

Mr. E. G. Anson, 1, 2, 7, 7, 13, 15, 19, 20, 22.

Hon. Mrs. ——, 1, 2, 7, 13, 15, 19, 20, 22.

Baroness Lehzen, Dec. 21, Jan. 28.

Lord and Lady Kinnaird, 2, 19.

Rev. Dr. Short, 3, 10, 13.

Rev. Lord Wriothesley, Russell, 5, 18.

Rev. Mr. Canning, 6.

Lord John Russell, 5, 6.

Hon. and Rev. E. G. Moore, 7.

Lady Montague, 7.

Hon. Miss ——, 7.

Sir James Clarke, 6, 12.

H. R. Highness Prince George of Cambridge, 11 to 14.

Earl of Errol, 11 to 12.

Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston, 11 to 14.

Lady Fanny Cowper, 11 to 14.

Earl of Uxbridge, 11, 14, 19, 20, 22.

Ladies Eleonora and Constantine Paget, 14, 19, 20, 22.

Dr. Prototius, 28.

Col. Browne, 28.

Lord Alfred Paget, 28.

Murray, Hon. C. A., 28.

Earl of Listowel, 28.

Col. and Lady Isabella Wemyss, 30.

Lady Portman, 28.


Prince Esterhazy, 14.

Viscount Duncannon, 14.

Colonel Cowper, 11 to 14.

Lord Leveson, 18 to 21.

Lady ——, 18 to 21.

Lord Paget, 19, 20, 22.

Lord G. Paget, 19, 20.


Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt, 21.


Lieutenant-Colonel Hall, 21.

Ladies in Waiting.—The Duchess of Bedford and Lady Barham.

Lords in Waiting.—Earl of Fingal and Earl of Listowel.

Maids of Honour.—The Hon. Misses Cock, Paget, and Pitt.

Lords in Waiting.—Lord Lilford and Earl of Fingal.

Groom in Waiting.—Mr. Rich and Sir Robert Otway.

Equerries in Waiting on Her Majesty.—Lord A. Paget and Capt. Seymour.

Ditto on H. R. H. Prince Albert.—Colonel Bouvier, and Hon. C. A. Murray.
ROYAL CHRISTENING.—We understand that the baptismal names of the infant princess are to be Victoria Adelaide Louisa; the first after her Majesty and the Duchess of Kent; the second of the Queen Dowager, and the latter of the Queen of the Belgians. The sponsors will, we hear, be the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Sussex, the Queen Dowager, and the Duchess of Kent. The Royal Chapel, St. James’s, is in course of preparation for the ceremony. On the return of the Court to Windsor some magnificent entertainment will be given by Her Majesty.

It is rumoured at the Castle that amongst the honors which will be conferred by Her Majesty, Viscount Melbourne will be created Marquis, and Lord Palmeston an Earl.

The King of the Belgians (who with the Duke of Saxe Coburg and the Duke of Sussex will be godfathers to the Princess Royal) is expected to arrive at Buckingham Palace about the 7th or 8th inst. The godmothers will be Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and, it is believed H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester.

THE EARL OF CARDIGAN.—It is rumored that when this nobleman lately had audience of H. R. H. Prince Albert, at the Castle, arrangements were made, having for their object the retirement of his Lordship as Colonel of the 11th Hussars, and that it was H. R. H.’s desire that Prince George of Cambridge should receive the appointment.

THE ROYAL CHEESE.—The farmers and yeomanry of the parish of West Pennard, near Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, about 15 miles from Cheddar, purposed presenting Her Majesty with an enormous cheese, made June 28, 1839, from the milk of 737 cows. This “pride of the dairy” weighs nearly 11 cwt; it is in shape an octagon; in height 22 inches, and measuring across 9 feet 1 inch. The upper surface of the cheese is ornamented with the royal arms, deeply impressed, and well executed. The arms are surrounded with a wreath of oak leaves, acorns and laurel; the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock are also embossed upon the surface. This cheese was lately at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, where it was exhibited to the public. A song, entitled the Royal Cheese, in commemoration thereof, has been composed by Mr. T. Williams, and inscribed to the farmers of the west of England. The song, it has been said, has been sent to the royal palace, and it is whispered to have received the approval of the Queen and her royal consort.

THE ROYAL CHEESE IN CHANCERY.—This last from of the dairy, soon after its arrival in London for the royal table at the christening of the Princess Royal, by an unforeseen event got into Chancery. A split in the camp having occurred among its connoctors, a part of them had a model quickly made of it, and sent to London for the purpose of exhibition; the other proprietors, finding out what had happened, caused the original to be immediately transported hither. The model, which had been placed in the Egyptian Hall for the purpose of being exhibited, was at length ejected therefrom in et armis by the other parties, and the original put in its stead. In consequence of this conflict, an application was made to the court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain the parties from exhibiting the original, which was granted. The probable consequence, therefore, is, that the royal christening banquet is likely to be minus this gigantic farm product.

THE FEERAGE.—During the last year the following deaths have occurred:—The Duke of Marlborough, marquis Camden, marquis of Durham, Duke of Mansfield, Ranfurley, Stair, Seafield, viscount Kenmure, lords Headly Garvagh, Holland, Arden, Ashwood, and Castlemain; the countess of Burlington, dowager viscountess Hawarden, dowager lady Rodney, lady de Vesey, lady Skelmersdale, Gen. the Hon. Sir Henry Fane, the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Paget, lord Bruce, lady Frances Beresford, lord John Churchill, lord Arthur Chichester, lady Chs. Churchill, lady B. Newdigate, lady Mary Saurin, the Hon. James Stuart, and the bishops of St. David, Chichester, Lichfield and Coventry, and Meath.

CROWN JEWEL OFFICE, TOWER.—On the 1st of January the charge for admission was reduced to 6d., and the number of visitants is so much greater, that it is supposed that the annual receipts, will, at the reduced fee, considerably exceed what they amounted to at 2s. each visitant. A large and better lighted room is nearly completed for their reception.

THE ROYAL SLEDGE PARTY AT FROGMORE.—During the continuance of the frost, Her Majesty almost daily accompanied Prince Albert to the lake at Frogmore, and “right merrily” participated in the amusement of being pushed along the ice in a sledge. There have been two sledges used by the court. They are very roughly and plainly made, each of sufficient dimensions to contain a good sized arm chair. The chair in which Her Majesty rides is very ancient, studded with brass nails and covered with crimson leather. It formerly belonged to queen Charlotte. One is much easier to “push along,” than the other; and this is used for the queen. On these occasions Her Majesty is always received at Frogmore by the head steward to her late Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, and conducted to the room overlooking the lake. The waters at Frogmore have till this winter been free to the public, but owing to Her Majesty’s frequent visits orders were issued against permitting any one unconnected with the household to pass the outer gates.
THE UNPALATABLE TRUTH.

"You see then, my friend," said M. de Limueil, "You see, in spite of your sixty summers—" Sixty-seven, my good sir," interrupted M. de la Tour.

"Well, well, spite of your age you have the advantage over a young man; my daughter prefers you—loves you—and refuses to marry M. de Cernay, who is as rich as yourself, and in the very flower of youth and beauty, for he's an extremely handsome fellow, and only eight-and-twenty. " Why, truly," returned M. de la Tour, rubbing his hands with an air of complacency, " I may boast of ascendance over my rival, and, as you justly observe, your daughter Clemence can be swayed by no interested motive; indeed, if it were worth while to investigate the matter closely, I believe it might be proved that M. de Cernay is richer than myself by eight or ten thousand livres yearly income,—at least so says his man of business."

"I know it, and my daughter, likewise," said M. de Limueil,—" Well, my friend, you shall certainly be my father-in-law, and, notwithstanding my mature age, most assuredly you cannot reproach me for having been tardy in soliciting that relationship, considering that the object of my devotion is but in her eighteenth year."

M. de la Tour, who really persuaded himself that he was on the point of making a love match, even while frankly avowing that his own years nearly quadrupled those of his affianced bride, was a little thin active old man, with an abundance of white hair most carefully frizzled, and worn in that peculiar style known by the name of coiffure à la Perrinat Leclerc, or the scholar's cut, then all the rage amongst young men of fashion. His slight figure permitted him also to dress with elegance, in which he never failed, partly from taste, and partly from the force of a fifty years' habitue. A man of excellent character and disposition, throughout his career he had been both rich and happy, and his mind, unharassed by care, continuing youthful, he could by no means bring home to himself the reality of having reached the decline of life, although he cared not to conceal his age. He was agreeable, lively, sometimes witty, always amiable, regular and active in his duties, and having always, both from natural temperament and prudence avoided every species of excess, he was now in the enjoyment of a green old age exempt from infirmity. Although, therefore, he was neither aged in his own estimation, nor in that of his contemporaries, he felt a consciousness of appearing so in the eyes of generations which had sprung up under his observation, and when he indulged in notions of marriage he quickly banished them as ridiculous. The charms of his early friend's daughter, Clemence de Limueil, had made a strong impression on his mind. The young lady, it is certain, was exceedingly pretty, but possessed of so much natural gaiety and seeming light-heartedness, that no one would have supposed her capable of entertaining any deep-rooted attachment.

The characteristic of passion is melancholy, and love's first symptom, a certain sadness which seemed never to touch the bosom of Mademoiselle de Limueil. She was nearly portionless, and it was of course expected that she would not let slip the opportunity of contracting an advantageous match. Simultaneously with M. de la Tour, the young M. de Cernay had presented himself as Mademoiselle de Limueil's suitor; and the former having been preferred, it was but natural that he should be cedulous concerning the miracle. Having, accordingly, pledged his word to M. de Limueil, the marriage was appointed to take place at an early period. The ancient Adonis was not at all surprised at his good fortune; he called to mind his youthful affaire du cœur—and reckoned up the number of his former conquests. He had been loved under every form of government; the prettiest women of the Republic, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, had all in turn favored him with smiles, which a man, however modestly disposed, could scarcely fail attributing to his own merits; no fair one, it is true, had actually died for love of him, but many (in those times of trial) had given him proofs of sincere and devoted attachment.
The Unpalatable Truth.

What had now occurred was, therefore, but in the course of things (as they had been) and if his influence over the sex for the last twenty years had been considerably weakened, in comparison with his fascinations of former days, it was, perhaps, after all, only his own fault; he had always been happy in the company of women—always welcomed to their society: like a gallant knight he had voluntarily retired from the lists, and why should he not now re-enter them in triumph?

M. de la Tour had nephews, nieces, even great nephews, and he doubted not but that some of these relatives were looking to be his heirs. On returning to his house, after his interview with M. de Limeuil, he found awaiting him one of his nieces, a pretty woman about thirty, with a family of four children; he lost no time in announcing to her his intended marriage.

"How, my dear uncle, you—at your age, going to marry!"

"The heart, my dear niece, has no age; I love, and what is more, am beloved in return by my betrothed, Mademoiselle de Limeuil. 'Tis a marriage of inclination".

"Impossible, uncle!... that is... pray pardon me, but..."... returned the niece, as she hastened to change the conversation, and seized on the first opportunity for taking her departure.

On being left alone, M. de la Tour fell into a deep reverie, and happening to cast his eyes on a marble Psyche, a not unfrequent ornament in the drawing-rooms of old beaux as well as of young belles, he examined it with unusual attention, and then transferred his survey to an image of himself in an opposite mirror; the figure there reflected was, certainly, no longer youthful; years were but ill concealed beneath the varnish of elegant attire; the countenance was wrinkled, the enamel of the teeth discolored. From thence, instituting a comparison between himself and the young men who surrounded him, he could not but acknowledge the contrast to be striking, and assuredly not in his own favor. Then he bethought him how much more serious was the engagement on which he was about to enter, than any which he had previously formed; that marriage was a connection on which depends the happiness or misery of a whole existence, therefore, not to be engaged in without deliberate reflection and precaution.—He resolved, then, to act without the mediation of the young lady's father, and obtain a private interview with Mademoiselle de Limeuil. She consented to receive his proposed visit on the morrow. M. de la Tour devoted the whole of that evening, wandering within the precincts of his enamorata's abode; her father's residence chanced to lie on his way home from the opera, besides, he took pleasure in thus enacting one of the favorite performances of his youth. How often had he thus passed the greater part of a night, awaiting his fair one.

Both M. de la Tour and M. de Limeuil lived in one of those streets contiguous to the faubourg Saint-Honoré, some of which houses are still adorned by a garden. It was scarcely eleven o'clock, and though the family of his future father-in-law was in the habit of retiring late, he perceived no light in the young lady's apartment. He was on the point of departing, when he heard sounds of persons speaking in the garden; he stayed to listen—the voices approached; a while were hushed; then, again, audible: and, at length, a little door opened upon the street, and gave egress to a young man who hastened away, and was presently lost to view in the darkness. The gate remained, however, for a moment, unfastened, and M. de la Tour, quite as courageous as he had been forty years before, pushed it open and entered the garden.

"What! back again, Alfred?" said a young and gentle voice, "indeed you are unreasonable; adieu—now go—and lay not up for us remorse and vain regret; once again farewell—do not forget me, and still hope on; let us but wait patiently: time may yet bring us happiness."

"It is not Alfred," said M. de la Tour, carefully closing the gate, lest Monsieur Alfred should, indeed, take it into his head to return and interrupt his explanation, "tis I, Mademoiselle."

"You! M. de la Tour?" returned the young lady, almost laughing through the tears that yet hung upon her cheek, "you there, and so you must have heard us?"

"Mademoiselle, but..." Clemence de Limeuil advanced towards her be-
trotted, took his hand, and made him seat himself beside her in a lilac arbour at the bottom of the garden.

"Monsieur," said she, "you have asked me for a private interview, which I was impatiently awaiting—but I should not have been as sincere and open with you to-morrow, as I am now about to be, because, as you know, 'walls have ears,' and my father would have heard every word that passed, yet you cannot think how I longed to acquaint you with that which accident has now enabled me to tell you. I believe, Monsieur, I have no reason to be ashamed of my conduct—but, in now opening to you the secrets of my heart, may I hope that you will not betray my confidence."

M. de la Tour, a man of the greatest gallantry, failed not to assure Mademoiselle de Limeuil of his honor, discretion. "You little think," Monsieur, resumed Mademoiselle, how unhappily I am circumstanced. My father is possessed of nothing, save a pension, which ceases with his life, and, at his death I shall have none to look to but poor relations, on whom I should be a burthen, thrown probably from one to another, if either, indeed, would accept the charge. This is what my father daily repeats to me, blaming at the same time, the giddy thoughtlessness of my conduct, which he always considered likely to prevent any one from seriously thinking of me. And yet, Monsieur, there is one who loves me." "Myself, Mademoiselle," said M. de la Tour, obeying his natural impulse to gallantry.

"No, Monsieur, another," returned Mademoiselle de Limeuil, "that young man you just now surprised as he was leaving the garden."

"A lover, ejaculated M. de la Tour?"

"And what else could it be," said Clemence, with a blush and an arch smile? "who else think you a young maiden would receive at night, when her father is in bed and her waiting-maid fast asleep? Then Mademoiselle, you must have altered your resolution—you have determined on breaking off this marriage which your father gave me the flattering assurance was finally agreed on."

"By no means."

"How?"

"Hear me, Monsieur. For the last three months I have been beloved by M. de Livry, and he, I confess, has inspired me with sentiments similar to his own."

"M. de Livry! I know him well—he is the son of one of my nephews."

"Yes, Monsieur, he has the honor of being your relation. You know, therefore, the worldly position of him I love—you know him to be without fortune, and that his only dependance is a subordinate office in the ministry of the interior which scarcely suffices for his own support. Thus, we are both equally poor, my father will not listen to our marriage, and even if I could have thought of disobeying my father, you know the misery and self-reproach I should inevitably lay up for the future. You see, Monsieur, that I am only retained here by my own will; yonder gate which opens for Alfred, would have given me means to escape with him, but every fault is followed by its retribution; I would not expose both of us to vain regrets, and well I know that poverty is the grave of love—'tis because we love, that we renounce each other, bowing to the dire necessity of circumstances; and, though M. de Livry was here this evening, and that by my appointment, our meeting if dangerous, was not culpable, for it was only to bid him a last farewell. It is over Monsieur, and you may marry me without fear, for I shall never see him more."

"Your confidence, Mademoiselle," returned M. de la Tour, "merits my thanks, and shall not be betrayed; but if it is indeed true that you intended never again to see my nephew, what was the meaning of those last words, which, intended for his ear, accidentally fell on mine?"

Although the darkness of night veiled her countenance, Mademoiselle de Limeuil felt herself blush so deeply, that she cautiously hid her face with both her hands, and hung down her head without replying.

"Is it not true, Mademoiselle," continued her ancient admirer, "that your father has assured me of your love, and given in proof of it, your preference of me over Monsieur de Cernay?"

"Undoubtedly—but what would you have me do? Here are we compelled to stifle within our own hearts an attachment we are not permitted to indulge—here
is forced upon us the hard necessity of calculating, coldly calculating,—without this
farewell to independence, to the respectability, the decencies of life, to all consider-
ation, all rank in society: to necessities such as these we act in submission and let
the world assign our conduct to what motives it thinks fit."
"Well! but these calculations, what are they?"
"And you do not guess them, Monsieur?" said Clemence, in a voice softened
by an unwonted intonation of sadness.
"No, I guess them not," replied M. de la Tour, "I still require the key of those
future hopes given to M. de Livry—of that preference, also, which led you to
choose an old man rather than one of your own age. Indeed you must make me
acquainted with the truth."
"Ah! Monsieur, truth is sometimes a very triste personage."
"N'importez! Speak."
"I dare not."
"Oh! but I entreat you."
"Perhaps, Monsieur, you will regret my frankness."
"No, no, Clemence, speak."
"Well, then," said the reluctant girl, thus hardly pressed, "Alfred and I both
look toward the future, and since the present lowers and is all against us, we con-
sidered that..."
"Go on."
"That in marrying a man of..."
"Of my age."
"Of your age..."
"Well?"
"That... that our time of probation might come to an end."
Clemence uttered these words in a voice so low and indistinct, that it required all
the acuteness of hearing yet preserved by M. de la Tour to catch their sound, but
neither that nor their signification was lost upon him. He was about replying to
this cruel confidence, on the point of stretching out his hand to grasp that of his
too candid betrothed, whose submission had been grounded on a foresight so fatally
involving his own destiny, but the place she had just occupied was vacant; Cle-
mente de Limeuil had disappeared, vainly he sought her in the garden shrubberies,
and in a few minutes perceived a light though her chamber window. M. de la Tour
then issued through the garden gate, and returned home somewhat more sensible of
his weight of years, and in full possession of a truth which had hitherto escaped him.

Early on the ensuing morning he appeared at the residence of M. de Limeuil.
"My friend," said he, "a circumstance occurred last night, which has led me to
reconsider and alter my intentions. I have abandoned the idea of marriage, and am
come to withdraw my promise."
"Indeed, Monsieur! and this is your final resolve?"
"Yes, I am several years older than you, and it would be really ridiculous..."
"Well, Monsieur, our loss, after all, is not so lamentable... I have not,
myself, positively dismissed M. de Cernay, and shall, therefore, renew with him our
yet unbroken negotiations."
" Allow me," said the old beau, "to propose to your acceptance another son-in-
law, an exceedingly estimable young man who is my relation, who loves your daugh-
ter and to this place,..."
"You are joking," M. de Livry, "a young man whose whole fortune consists of
a salary of twelve hundred francs, of which the first change in the ministry may
deprive him." "But I, you know am rich."
"Ah, indeed, if you make him your sole heir, that might make a difference."
"I have no such intention,—my property shall never be so disposed as to make
any person's happiness dependent on my death. I give him twenty thousand francs
annual income as long as I live; when I am gone, he must do as best he can. The
marriage accordingly took place, and the young people were indebted for their hap-
piness to a truth most impalatable, but one, which we must all, alas! if we live
long enough, confess to be undeniable.
BIRTHS.


Barlow, lady of George ——, Esq., of a son; at the Right Hon. J. W. Croker's, West Molesey; Jan. 18.

Beechey, lady of the Rev. Vincent ——, of a son; Wood-hall, Norfolk.

Bright, lady of James ——, Esq., M.D. of a dau.; Wimbledon, Jan. 7.

Bristow, lady of Robert ——, Esq., of a dau.; Brommepark, Wilt's, Jan. 12.


Dartmouth, the Right Hon. the Countess of ——, of a dau.; Sandwell, Staffordshire, Jan. 17.

D'Arcy, lady of Lieut. Col. ——, K.L.S., of a son; Priestslands, near Lymington, Jan. 5.

Dawson, the Hon. Mrs. Massey, of a son; Frant, Dec. 27.

Elphinstone, Mrs. Buller, of a son; East Lodge, Jan. 7.


Jane, lady of the Lord Bishop of ——, of a son; Great Queen-street, Westminster, Jan. 7.

Muir, lady of William ——, Esq., Civil-service, of a son; Cawnpore, Bengal, Oct. 29.


Pardoe, lady of George ——, Esq., M.D., of a dau.; Russell-square, Jan. 15.

Reynett, lady of a dau.; Wilton Crescent, Jan. 7.

Rutherford, lady of Dr. ——, of a son; Devonshire-street, Portland-place, Jan. 1.

Sanderson, the Hon. Mrs. of a son; Guntonpark, Norfolk, Jan. 11.

Skipper, lady of Charles ——, Esq., of a dau.; Russell-square, Jan. 13.

Spearmen, lady of Sir Alexander Young ——, Bart., of a son; Rome, Dec. 26, 1840.

Stanley, the lady of a son; St. James's-square, Jan. 15.

Warner, lady of John ——, Esq., barrister-at-law, of a son; Woburn-place, Russell-square, Jan. 3.

Wigram, lady of Money ——, Esq., of a dau.; Wood-house, Wanstead, Jan. 10.

Wyld, lady of James ——, Esq., of a dau.; Park-village, West, Regent's-park, Jan. 15.

MARRIAGES.


Bean, Anne Emily, dau. of Willoughby ——, Esq., late of the Coldstream Guards, to F. A. Clarke, Esq., of the Madras Army, third son of the late Major Gen. Sir William ——, Bart.; Walcot Church, Bath, Jan. 19.

Blake, Jane Maria, ygst. dau. of the late Thomas ——, Esq., grand-niece to Sir Edmund Stanley, formerly Lord Chief Justice of Madras, to Peter B. Whannel, Esq., son of Col. ——, Madras Army; St. Pancras Church, Jan. 14.

Blacker, Louisa Rosa, only dau. of the late Lieut. Col. ——, C.B., Surveyor-General of India, to J. Wiggley Bateman, Esq., of the Avenue-road, Regent's-park; Christ Church, St. Marylebone, Jan. 1.

Bluet, Emily Anne, eld. dau. of Captain B. S. ——, K.H.—R.N. of Pinstead, Sussex, to Lear How, Esq., of Wanstead, Essex; Westbourne Church, Jan. 5.

Bowing, Anne, ygst. dau. of the late Samuel ——, Esq., to Giuseppe Marcellino Negro, (ex-officier Italien); Brighton, Jan. 1.

Brown, Ellen, third dau. of Christopher ——, Esq., to Thomas Emmett Skillmore, Esq.; Rickmansworth Church, Dec. 31.

Clariton, Elizabeth, only child of Richard ——, Esq., Her Majesty's Consul at the Sandwich Islands, to Thomas A. Dickson, Esq., second son of George ——, Esq., of Hanover-terrace, Regent's-park; at Honolulu; April 8, 1840.

Clarke, Elizabeth, only child of Henry ——, Esq., of West Skiberch-house, Lincolnshire, to Sir Alan Edward Bellingham, Bart., of Castle Bellingham, Ireland; Stkirbeck Church, Jan. 12.

Connel, Margaret Meiklejohn, second dau. of the late John ——, Esq., of Mount Gawne, Isle of Man, to William Hinds, Esq., of Ardaizery-house, Arborg, Rushen, Jan. 5.

Currie, Mary, ygst. dau. of Leonard ——, Esq., of Great Cumberland-place, to the Rev. Archibald Cameron, perpetual curate of Hurst, Berks; St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square, Jan. 12.

Darvell, Emily Maria, eld. dau. of Major ——, formerly of the 9th Light Dragoons, to Robert Johnstone Barton, Esq., son of the late Lieut. Gen. ——, and Eliza Charlotte, second dau. of Major Darvell, to Henry Herman Kater, Esq.; St. James's Church, Sydney, New South Wales, July 30, 1840.

Deacon, Anna; eld. dau. of John ——, Esq., of Mabledon, Kent, to George C. Courtbroke, Esq., of Whiligh, Sussex; Tonbridge, Jan. 15.

Dowson, Charlotte, relic of the late Robert ——, Esq., of Forest-house, near Leicester, and dau. of John Bourne, Esq., of Omburesley Worcestershire, to Benjamin Benton, Esq., of Friday-street; Jan. 9.
Duppa, Mary Dorothy, eld. dau. of Baldwin ---, Esq., of Halilburne House, to Edmund B. Fanece, Esq. of Sharsted; Holilburne, Dec. 31.

Eldridge, Jane Angel, dau. of Richard ---, Esq. one of the Magistrates of the town of Southampton, to William John Richards, Esq., Southamptoon, Jan. 7.

Exton, Frances, third dau. of George ---, Esq., to George Colby, Esq.; Amphill, Jan. 2.


Freeman, Mary Frances, only dau. of the late William Peere ---, Esq., of Fawley Court, Bucks, to George Rooper, Esq. son of the Rev. Thomas ---, Rector of Abbott's Rippon, Huntingdonshire; Farnham Church, Jan. 7.

Greenshields, Janet, second dau. of Thomas ---, Esq., to Andrew H. Young, Esq., of Quebec; Kilmarnock, Jan. 12.

Hackett, Dorothy, widow of the late Pierce ---, Esq., M.D., to Thomas Turner, M.D., of Curzon-street, "St. George's, Hanover-square, Jan. 7.

Harvey, Helen, eld. dau. of Henry ---, Esq., of Hill-house, Streatham, to Captain John W. Polmlnds, of y Prince Albert's Hussars; Streatham, Jan. 20.

Harrison, Frances, dau. of the late Hugh ---, Esq. of the East India-house, to George Sylvanus Snowden, Esq., second son of G. ---, Esq. of Ramsgate; "St. George's, Bloomsbury, Jan. 14.


Langlou, Emily Barbara, fourth dau. of Captain Richard ---, of Hatton. Middlesex, to James Pattison Thomas, Esq., of the Hon. East India Company's Home Service; "Martingford Church, Jan. 7.


Levy, Sarah, only dau. of Solomon ---, Esq., of Wellclose-square, to M. Piccard, of Paris; Jan. 6.

Lowndes, Mary Elizabeth, widow of the late William ---, Esq., of Hassall-hall, Cheshire, to George Sewell, Esq., of Dalston-riose, Middlesex; Costock, Notts, Jan. 14.

Luddington, Elizabeth Mary, dau. of William ---, Esq., to Moses Henryquez, Esq., of Jamaica; Jan. 12.

Moate, Sarah Ann, dau. of the late J. ---, Esq., of Hythe, Kent, to T. E. Matthias, Esq., surgeon, Tonbridge-place, New-road; "St. Mary's, Islington, Jan. 1.


Newby, Elizabeth Hannah, only dau. of the late John ---, Esq., to Charles Howarth, Esq., of Horwich, near Bolton le-Moors, Lancashire; "Streatham, Dec. 2.

Nicholls, Dorothea Louisa, eld. dau. of Nathaniel ---, Esq., of Harleyford-house, Kennington, to Alfred Francis, Esq., of Belgrave-house, Vauxhall; "St. Mark's, Kennington, Jan. 6.

Nicholl, Eliza Anne, third dau. of the late Thomas ---, Esq. of Jamaica, to Charles Schnobel, Esq., son of John ---, Esq., of Libau, Russia; "Dundee, Jan. 12.

Payne, Mary, dau. of Thomas ---, Esq., of Holley-house, Weybridge, Surrey, formerly of Calcutta, to John Jennings, Esq., Assistant Commissary General, late of Barbadoes; "Carlist Church, Marylebone, Jan. 2.

Perceval, Isabella Clara, third dau. of the late M. H. ---, Esq. and niece to Sir James Flower, Bart. of Eccles-hall, Norfolk, to Eugene, Baron de Veauche, of Château de Veauche, Auvergne, grandson of the Marquis de Salpierger, Sieur de Marcoussis; at Eccles Church, and afterwards at the Roman Catholic Chapel, Thetford, Jan. 14.


Ranson, Frances Jane, ygst. dau. of the late W. ---, Esq. to Henry James Lewis, Esq., of Scholc, Norfolk; "Putney, Jan. 7.

Renou, Harriette Foxcroft, eld. dau. of Liet. T. ---, Royal Navy, to George Wintour, Esq., eld. son of the late George Stephenson, Esq.; "St. Mary's Church, Mary-le-bone, Jan. 18.

Salmon, Anne Pyke, dau. of the late Thomas, Esq. of Barnstaple, to John Blaxland, Esq., Capt. 47th regt., Madras Army; Barnstaple, Jan. 9.

Sherratt, Hannah, eld. dau. of the late Thomas ---, of Pendleton, Esq. to the Rev. Alex. Watson, M.A., of St. John's, Cheltenham; "St. Mary's, Brynstone-square; Jan. 5.

Simpson, Eleanor Lawrence, eld. dau. of John ---, Esq., of Tilsit, Jamaica, to William H. Bradley, Esq., of the Bombay Medical Establishment, in the service of His Highness, the Nizam; at Bcshallah, Nov. 16, 1840.

Stewart, Elizabeth Adelaide, dau. of the late Captain William ---, to M. Louis Charles Thomaze; Jersey, Jan. 1.

Stielenan, Sarah, eld. dau. of Richard, Esq. of the Friars, Winchelsea, to George Dawes, Esq.; Winchelsea, Jan. 7.

Surtees, Harriet, relict of the late William Villiers ---, Esq., of Rother-house, Sussex, and Devonshire-place, to Benjamin Whicchcot, Esq., eldest surviving son of Sir Thomas ---, Bart. (deceased,) of Awarry-hall, Lincolnshire; "Mary-le-bone Church; Dec. 31.

Treslove, Emily, eld. dau. of Thomas Crosby, ---, Esq. one of her Majesty's Counsel, to Walter James Ellis, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, M.A., Barrister-at-law; "St. Pancras Church, Dec. 31.

Tyler, Amelia Isabel, ygst. dau. of William Frazer ---, Esq. of Balmain, North Britain, to Richard Torin, Esq., of Englefield-green, Surrey; "Clarendon-house, St. Helier; Jan. 12.
Warren, Mary, eld. dau. of the late Charles ——, Esq., of Midhurst, to the Rev. Charlel Warren, Vicar of Over, Cambridgeshire; South Bersted, Sussex; Dec. 29, 1840.

Whever, Anne, ygst. dau. of Robert, ——, Esq., Montego-bay, Jamaica, to James Anderson, Esq., Civil Engineer, F.R.S.E., of Edinburgh, St. Mary, Stratford, Bos; Dec. 30.


Wood, Margaret, only surviving dau. of the late Col. ——, Bengal Engineers, to Frederick Moor, Esq., of the 2d Queen's Royals; Charlton, Kent; Jan. 19.

DEATHS.

Alsager, Capt. Richard, M.P. for the county of Surrey; at his residence, Upper Tooting, Jan. 17.

APPLETON, Mrs. Elizabeth, relict of the late John, ——, Esq., of Brixton, aged 76 years, died 1st Jan., 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Arnold, Charles, son of the late Andrew ——, Esq., of Longstreet, Fenchurch-street, aged 15 years, died Jan. 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Bacon, Fanny-Blanche, only dau. of the late Francis ——, Esq.; Brighton, Jan. 7.

Bathurst, Lady Hervey, wife of Sir Frederick Hervey ——, Bart., dau. and co-heiress of the late Walter Smythe, Esq. of Brambridge-house, Hampshire; Clarendon-park, Dec. 30.

Baxter, Captain, Commander of the Liverpool Ship, Litherland: drowned while bathing at Capesingmoon, Bombay, Aug. 8.

Bathurst, the Right Honorable the Countess, her Ladyship was youngest dau. of Lord G. Lennox, and Aunt of the present Duke of Richmond; was born 1765, and married Henry, Earl Bathurst, 1789; the Countess died at her residence in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, Jan. 20.

Beauchamp, R. F. Esq.; at Watford-house, near Taunton, Jan. 7.

Butler, the Hon. Mrs. Chester square, Jan. 23.

Bourne, John, Esq., of Stalmine-hall and Eton-lodge, in the county of Lancaster; Jan. 15.

Bovile, Emma, wife of John, ——, Esq.; of Clapham, aged 26 years, died 12th Jan., 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Brooke, Rear Admiral Sir Philip B. Vere, Bart. K.C.B. This gallant officer was Lieutenant of the Southampton when she gallantly cut out the French Corvette L'Utile from under the batteries of Porquerolles in 1796; was at the battle of St. Vincent, the capture of La Hoche, and the surrender of Madeira; commanded the Shannon in its memorable engagement with the Chesapeake in 1813, when he was severely wounded, and created a baronet; he died at his seat Brooke-hall, Suffolk; Jan. 4.

Bryant, William, son of Mr. ——, Peckham, aged 17 years, died 7th Jan., 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.


Cannizzaro, the Duchess of, at her house in Hanover-square; Jan. 3.

Chalmers, Lieut.-Col. Robert, of the Bengal Army, at Simla Hills, Nov. 7, 1840.

Chauncey, Amelia, relict of Charles S. ——, Esq., in the 83rd year of her age; Theobalds, Herts, Jan. 16.

Coney, the Rev. Thomas, L.L.B., 50 years rector of the parishes of Batcombe and Upton Noble, in the 82d year of his age; at Batcombe, Somersetshire, Dec. 29.

Cory, Anne, relict of Robert ——, Esq., late of Great Yarmouth; Burgh-Castle, Dec. 30, 1840.

Crauston, Edward, Esq., in the 89th year of his age; East Court, Sussex, Jan. 7.

Dalrymple, Agnes, second dau. of the late Sir John Hamilton ——, Bart., and sister to the Right Hon. the Earl of Stair; St. George's Square, Edinburgh, Dec. 31, 1840.

Dowling, the Rev. J. G., M.A., rector of St. Mary de Crypt, Gloucester.—He was a man of great and varied erudition and well versed in church history, a branch of literature in which he published several elaborate works; Jan. 9.

Edwards, Richard, Esq., of Gloucester-terrace Old Brompton; in the 81st year of his age; Dec. 30, 1840.

Forbes, Margaret, widow of the late James, Esq., and only dau. of the late Admiral Gordon; Jan. 23.

Franklyn, Charles Alfred, Esq., in the 70th year of his age; Duke-street, Manchester-square, Jan. 11.

Gammell, Martha, relict of Lieut.-Gen. ——, Hampstead, Dec. 30, 1840.

Gilpin, Richard, Esq., for many years Lieut.-Col. of the Bedfordshire Militia, in the 89th year of his age; Hockliffe-grange, Bedfordshire, Jan. 3.

Griffiths, Julia Elizabeth, dau. of Peter William, ——, of Vassal-road, Brixton, aged 14 months, died 1st Jan., 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hall, Augusta, the beloved wife of C. H. ——, of St. Helier's, Jersey; Horningsheath, Suffolk; Jan. 13.

Hanham, Jane, Penelope, dau. of the late, and sister to the present Rev. Sir James ——, Bart., of Dean's Court, in the County of Dorset, Wimborne; Dec. 29, 1840.

Hanson, Mary, wife of Charles, ——, Esq., of Stanwell, near Windsor, Berks, aged 38, 6th Jan., 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Henderson, Ann Jeffrey, dau. of Wm. ——, Esq.; Kensington-lane, aged 8 months, died 6th Jan., 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hayward, George, son of Mr. George ——, of Norwood, aged 3 months, died 22d Dec., 1840; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Irish, Sarah, the beloved wife of Thomas Cowling, Esq., of Great Berkhampstead, Herts; Jan. 10.

Johnson, Mrs. Sarah, of Norwood, aged 79 years, died 11th Jan., 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Johnstone, the Hon. Mrs. Butler, of Corehead, of a son, Park street; Jan. 23.

Kensingtoum, Louisa, relict of the late Charles ——, Esq., in the 86th year of her age, at the Grove, Blackheath; Jan. 12.

Kingsford, Louisa, the beloved wife of Henry ——, Esq., of Canterbury; Jan. 16.
Lainson, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Henry, ——, Esq.: Briton-hill, aged 53 years, died 25th Dec., 1840; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Loat, Lancelot, Esq., in his 72nd year; Lee, Kent, Jan. 8.

McKee, Jane, widow of the late Lieut.-Gen., E.L.C.S.; Loomingdon, Jan. 16.

Mason, the Rev. Robert, D.D., of Queen's College, Oxford; Hurley, near Maidenhead, Jan. 7.

McCulloch, James, Esq., third son of James ——, esq. of Ardwall, North Britain, of yellow fever, at Kingston, Jamaica; Nov. 18, 1840.

Montgomery, James, Esq., of Brentford; Jan. 4.

Morgan, James, Esq., after a short illness; Bedford-square, Jan. 12.

Morrison, Peter, of Virginia-terrace, Southwark, aged 47 years, died 14th Jan.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Mortimer, William, son of William, ——, Esq.; of Bengal-place, New Kent-road, aged 6 years and 6 months, died 21st Dec., 1840; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Mortimer, Richard, son of William, ——, Esq.; of Bengal-place, New Kent-road, aged 2 years, died 1st Jan., 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Mulcaster, Sophia, widow of the late Sir W. Horne, ——, R.N.; Weymouth, Jan. 4.

Mullins, Sarah, relict of the late William, ——, Esq.; of Peckham, aged 59 years, died 2nd Jan., 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Newbolt, Charles Wheatley, Esq., mate of her Majesty's ship Wellesley, ygst. son of the late Sir John ——, Chief Judge at Madras; on board, after a few days illness, in the China Seas; Aug. 18, 1840.


Northcote, Jaquete, wife of Sir Stafford, H., bart., at Pyne's-house, Devonshire, Jan. 22.

Orris, Elizabeth, of Wyndham-road, Camberwell, aged 27 years, died 27th Dec., 1840; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Palmer, Mrs. Mary, of Walworth, aged 68 years, Died 1st January, 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Peasam, John, Esq., many years private secretary to the late Earl of Eldon, when Lord Chancellor; Gower-street, Jan. 19.

Popham, Lieut., Royal Horse Artillery, aged 28; Florence, Dec. 30, 1840.

W ——, to Christopher Walton, Esq.; Jan. 1.

Preston, Edward Rushton, Esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law; Park-street, Westminster; Jan. 6.

Rendlesham, the Lady, dau. of the late Sir George Prescott, Bart.; after a few days illness; Dec. 31st.

Robinson, John, Esq., aged 79; at his residence in Wendon, near Saffron Waldon, Jan. 1.

Roome, Major-General Henry, of the Bombay Establishment, late of 23, Sloane-street, an officer whose services have been well known for a period of 47 years, having been distinguished in many hard fought battles; was also present at the memorable siege and capture of Teringapatam, 1799, and was wounded at the battle of Seemaseer; at the residence of his son-in-law, Captain Hickman, of Chelsea College; Jan. 15.

Ryland, Harriet Francis, relict of Richard ——, Esq., and last surviving dau. of Sir Archer Croft, Bart., of Dunstan-house, Berks; Jan. 16.

Saville, Sir Edmond de Lancey Devereux, Bart., of Sargrove Castle, Yorkshire, and Grosvenor-square, aged 22; Edinburgh, Jan. 11.

Scarborough, Mrs. Clementina Anne, relict of the late Robert, ——, of Walworth, aged 71 years, died 16th Dec., 1840; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Shadwell, Lieutenant-Col. George, late of the 7th Native Cavalry, youngest brother of the Vice Chancellor of England; Mussarie, Bombay; Nov. 9, 1840.


Smith, Major-General T. H., of the Hon. E. I. C. S. Madras establishment; Baker street, Jan. 23.

Standish, Frank Hall, Esq., of Duxbury-hall, in the county of Lancaster; Cadiz, Dec. 31.

Stephenson, Sarah, the beloved wife of John, ——, Esq. of Conduit-street, Hanover-square; Jan. 10.

Supple, Amelia Charlotte, relict of the late Major ——, of her Majesty's 17th Light Dragoons; Bombay, Nov. 21st, 1840.

Thorne, Mary Ann, wife of James, ——, Esq.; of Manby House, South Lambeth, aged 33 years, died 26th Dec., 1840; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Thompson, Anne Dalzell, relict of Charles ——, Esq.; Albourne-place, Sussex, Jan. 9.


Tod, Sarah, relict of Lieut.-Colonel George ——, late of the 29th regiment, and dau. of the late J. Hills, Esq., of Maidstone, Kent; Trevor-square, Brompton; Christmas-day, 1840.

Twisden, Sir John, Bart., the last male descendant of one of the most ancient and respected families of the County of Kent, after a few hours severe illness; at his seat, Bradbourn-park, near Tonning Malling, Jan. 1.

Urquhart, Dr. George, of the 2d regiment of Bengal Horse Artillery; at Meerut, Nov. 16, 1840.

Walker, Lieut.-Col., William, C.B., of the Royal Marines, after an illness of only ten days, arising it is feared, from the fatiguing duties which he had to perform as chief officer in command of the English troops garrisoned at Acre, where he died; Dec. 8.

Walker, Harriet Woodward, dau. of Byatt Gon ner, ——, of Camberwell, aged 18 months, died 27th Dec., 1840; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Williams, Robert, Esq., one of the oldest members of the College of Surgeons, in the 85th year of his age; Chafham, Jan. 5.

Wigram, lady, relict of the late Sir Robert, bart., of Walthamstow, Essex; in her 74th year; Jan. 23.

Death of Hatfield the lunatic.—James Hatfield, who was tried at the Old Bailey; in the month of September 1802, for firing a loaded pistol in Drury-lane Theatre at his Majesty, king George III., and acquitted on the ground of insanity, died Jan. 23, in the 69th year of his age.
NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

(A scene in St. Helena.)

Not a sound was heard but the wind of night
As it swept o'er that lonely isle,
And the moon shed a pale and fitful light
As they near'd the funeral pile.

Who are that sad and solemn band
That have pierced the vales' deep gloom,
And why so mute and tearless stand
By that nameless and lowly tomb?

Come they to lay in a bed of earth
Some friend or comrade dear,
Whose voice can no longer re-echo their mirth
Whose eye can again shed no tear?

A shadow sits on each warrior's brow,
A shadow of awe and care
Their lips are compressed as if breathing a vow
But between them no corpse do they bear.

No! 'tis the patriot sons of France
Who have come o'er the dark blue wave,
To appease the brave spirit, whose eagle glance
Is now fixed in that lonely grave;

All mournfully they gazed on that silent grave
With its dark waving cypress tree,
And they vowed that the dust of the great and the brave
Should have worthier cemetry;

No sculptured tombstone marked the bed
Where the iron-crowned hero was sleeping;
No canopy rose o'er the warrior's head
Save that dark cypress mournfully weeping.

But the eagle-crested sons of Gaul
Who had fought by the hero's side,
Wept o'er him as David had wept over Saul—
Even him who was so great in his pride.

And many a cross of honor lay,
Placed by the pilgrim's hand,
On the green sod that covers the soulless clay
Entombed in that sea-girt land.

And now the moon pours her silvery rays
On the rock-bound and desolate vale,
And those warriors stern now convulsively gaze
With faces all silent and pale.

For that lone grave has yielded up its dead,
The pilgrim shall seek it no more;
And now do they slowly yet joyously tread
Their way to the surf-beaten shore.

Then the son of a King bids the sail be unfurled,
And swift o'er the ocean they bear
That heart that had panted to conquer the world,
But in exile had burst in despair.

E. E. E.

[It may not, perhaps, be generally known that the car or bier in which Napoleon's remains were carried to the tomb is in the Arsenal at Woolwich. Ed.]
Ainsi que je vous l'avais annoncé, l'inauguration des bals de l'Opéra-Comique a eu lieu il y a huit jours. Cette solennité, qui était attendue avec une vive impatience par tous les amateurs d'une gaité décente et de bon ton, promet de faire époque dans les annales carnavalesques de 1841. Les bals de l'Opéra-Comique sont destinés à un succès de vogue cet hiver. M. Tolbecque, chef d'orchestre des bals de la Cour, à la tête de sa brillante cohorte de 120 musiciens éprouvés, fait chaque dimanche exécuter des quadrilles et valses composés exprès pour ces fêtes de nuit, brillantes saturnales, dont la curiosité parisienne ne s'est pas émue en vain.

Les bals de l'Opéra, dont le genre est à peu près le même, obtiennent aussi un succès réel et mérité : le public leur accorde une immense faveur. Chaque samedi l'affluence est telle qu'on pourrait déjà se croire aux jours fameux du carnaval. Nous avons remarqué dans les déguisements une tendance frappante à remplacer par de l'originalité le laisser-aller un peu sans façon que la Mode impose depuis quelques hivers, aux personnes les plus élégantes.

Mais les bals masqués, qui obtiennent incroyablement le plus de succès sont, sans contredit, ceux de la Renaissance. Du reste, la vogue soutenue qu'obtiennent ces brillantes fêtes de nuit, est plus que justifiée par les efforts de l'administration à varier les plaisirs du public. Chaque bal amène une amélioration, et puis l'orchestre de Dufrène est, sans
nul doute, le plus remarquable, le plus com-
plet, le plus dansant de tous ceux de Paris.
Chaque dimanche de nouveaux plaisirs sont
promis aux danseurs. Citons, seulement pour
echantillons, le galop infranal du Jugement
dernier avec quarante trompettes romaines,
la mascarade grotesque de Titì à la noce des
Titans, et le nouveau quadrille Arlequin, par
Dufrène, auquel il devra une nouvelle pluie
de bouquets.

De tous côtés n'entend plus parler que
de bal. Le samedi 9 janvier, jour d'ouverture
des nouveaux salons de M. de Rambuteau,
madame Lemon ayant donné son premier bal ;
les ambassades d'Angleterre, d'Autriche et de
Sardaigne n'ont pas tardé à répondre à cet
appel, et maintenant le plaisir a fait place par-
tout aux sombres préoccupations de la diplo-
matie.

Ce que nous avons remarqué dans quelques
unes de ces soirées, ce sont des corsages à
pointe basse avec une riche mantille de den-
telle ; les manches sont courtes, ornées d'une
double rangée de dentelle à tête, de moyenne
hauteur, entourant le bras d'une manière ré-
gulière, coquettement relevée par un éblour-
camélia Chagot. Je n'ai pas besoin de vous
dire que cette toilette sort des magasins de
madame Ferrière Pennona, qui justifie si bien
les brevets que lui ont accordés les cours de
France et d'Angleterre. C'est encore à ma-
dame Ferrière Pennona que la Mode doit ces
elegantes robes en satin d'Afrique ornées de
volants en point d'Alençon, et ces robes en
velours avec écharpes en point d'Alençon, si
gracieusement drapées à l'écosaisse.

Citons encore quelques robes en velours de
nuances tendres, avec manchet à la vénitienne
garnies en point d'Alençon, et d'autres en
velours plus foncé ornées d'un quadruple ran-
g de dentelle posée à plat et harmonieusement
etagée de l'épaule au coude.

Forçons que nous sommes, pour tenir à notre
promesse, de vous donner aujourd'hui un bul-
letin de modes d'hommes, nous nous conten-
trons de vous dire que c'est une délicieuse
fantaisie que le petit bord Marie-Stuart, de
Maurice Beauvais, et que parmi les nouveautés
en chapeaux, il y en a peu qui soient aussi
goûtées que les derniers chapeaux en velours
epingle de diverses nuances ornés d'un on-
doyant panache de petites plumes blanches.

Nous ne vous dirons rien des étoffes ni des
couleurs, nous réfléchissant sur ce point à ce
que nous avons dit le mois dernier. Nous vous
parlerons simplement des formes dans les
couleurs nous avons à signaler quelques modificating qui ne sont pas sans importance. —
L'habit habillé est toujours peu échancré des
hanches ; les bases sont plus larges du bas
du haut, à l'inverse des anglaises qui sont
assez larges du haut. L'habit de fantaisie est
bien arrondi et sans pattes sur les hanches : cette forme est aisée et gracieuse. — La redin-
gote habillée se distingue par des anglaises
larges, et elle se fait assez serrée pour ne pou-
voir être boutonnée. La redingote pailet n'a
qu'une rangée de boutons ; les poches sont très
basses, et le derrière de ce vêtement, qui rappelle beaucoup la forme du pardessus, dessine
parfaitement la taille. — Les gilets habillés
boutonnent bas, découvrent bien la poitrine
et n'ont pas de châle ; les gilets négligés con-
seruent le châle et boutonnent assez haut. — Les
pantalons, qui se font généralement de cou-
leur foncée, sont toujours demi larges et pre-
nant bien le pied du bas.

Description

DES GRAVURES QUI ACCOMPAGNENT CE NUMÉRO.

N° 3. Costume bal.
N° 4. Traversissement.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.
Robe de mariage et de soirée de la Princesse C. et Robe en organza de lin de soie brodée de perles, exécutées dans la Maison Ferrère-Penonva, 87, du Cours de France et d'Angleterre; rue du Mail. 21.
Coiffures exécutées par M. Hamelin 1 St. P. du Faumon, 21—Éventail de Duvelleroy.

Court Magazine, No. 12, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, London.
C'était un bruit immense, une incroyable fête ;
Chacun pour regarder levait plus haut la tête ;
Et Paris étonné voyait en se levant
Son grand Napoléon qui revenait vivant.

Aujourd'hui, triste chose, une fête nouvelle
Se prépare, et pour voir chacun encore s'appelle.
On regarde, on attend, et la voix du bourdon
Répète sourdement : Voilà Napoléon !

Napoléon ! c'est lui ! lui qui touche la rive ;
Il vient, on le descend ; lentement il arrive :
Il passe insensible et muet.
Comme un esquif désert l'onde en vain le balloïte,
On l'apporte couché dans une large flotte,
Comme un vague et lugubre objet.

Lui dont le pas altier faisait trembler la terre,
On l'enferme, soumis ; dans une étroite bierre ;
Il reste comme on l'a posé.
Lui dont la volonté marchait seule et sans aide,
Au char qui le conduit aveuglément il cède,
Comme un pauvre portrait brisé.

Lui qui tenait si haut dans sa main colossal,
Sa magnifique épée, épée impériale !
Immortel et riche fardeau ;
Il laisse à d'autres mains le soin de sa couronne ;
On porte son épée. A d'autre il abandonne
Son sceptre, magique bandeau.

Il vient, et lui, jadis le souverain du monde,
On le traine endormi dans une nuit profonde ;
Sans regard, sans larmes, sans voix.
Il revient parmi nous, et plus rien ne s'exhale
De cette âme envolée. Il voit sa capitale ;
Et ses trônes où sont les rois.

Et pas un mouvement d'envie et de blasphème
Ne sort de sa poitrine où tout est pâle et blême ;
Pas un regret, pas un désir,
Il voit tous ses soldats pleurant ses funérailles,
Il regit tous ses canons attroupés en batailles,
Et rien ne le fait tressaillir.
O douleur ! de cette ombre aucun cri ne s'échappe ;
C'est un gouffre sans fin dont on mure la trappe,
Un vase d'où l'encens a fui.
C'est un monde englouti dont l'empreinte s'efface,
Un rivage perdu dont on cherche la trace,
Un cadavre ; ce n'est pas lui !

Que nous font ces flambeaux, soleils sombres et pâles,
Ces cierges allumés, ces chansons matinales,
Ces chars à la hâte construits ?
Qu'importe ces tocsins éclatés dans la rue,
Cette douleur absente, aujourd'hui revenue?
Les pleurs tombés ont moins de bruits.

Que nous font ces draps d'or, ces larmes funérailles,
Ces parfums entassés, ces brillantes poussières ?
Que nous font ces canons ingrâts,
Il ne nous répond plus, Qu'importe à Sainte-Hélène
Qu'on ait délivré mort ? Pour son affreusse chaine
Hélas ! il n'avait plus de bras.

Que pouvons-nous pour lui maintenant qu'il sommeille ?
Aurons-nous un regret, un soupir qui l'éveille ?
Aurons-nous un chant pour son coeur ?
Nous l'avons regardé mourir, plante isolée.
Que font ces pleurs tardifs sur un froid mausolée ?
Près du tombeau que fait la fleur !

Puisque vous l'aimez tant, il fallait le comprendre,
Il fallait l'amener sans lâchement attendre
Le mal qui devait l'emporter.
Il fallait à l'Anglais courir porter la guerre ;
Il fallait pour l'avoir déracier la terre ;
Il fallait vivant l'escorter.

Puisque vous l'aimez tant, pourquoi, loin de la France,
L'avoir, pauvre exilé, laissé dans sa souffrance,
Sans votre amour pour le guérir ?

Pourquoi, pour l'arracher de sa prison infâme,
N'avoir pas en son nom proclamé l'oriflamme ?
Pourquoi l'avoir laissé mourir ?

C'est ainsi qu'on regrette. On s'émeut sur la cendre
On va sur un cercueil qui ne peut vous entendre
Épancher de banals regrets.
Puis au roi qui succède on se vend cher de même,
On retourne son cœur au vent du diadème,
On oublie et l'on pleure après.

O toi son âme qui voltige,
Beau fruit d'or tombé de sa tige,
Monument que Dieu seul érige,
Pure flamme de ce flambeau,
Tu sais dans ton pieux mystère,
Parmi cette foule éphémère,
Quel cœur plein d'un regret sincère
S'effeuille ouvert sur ce tombeau.

Tu sais que le peuple, humble foule,
Dans son ruisseau trouble déroule
Plus d'or que souvent il n'en coule
Dans le fleuve où l'azur a lu.
Tu sais que simple quand il aime,
Sans intérêt et sans blasphème,
Il n'attend rien du diadème,
Et qu'on ne l'achète pas, lui !

Tu sais, invisible colombe,
Que peut-être sur cette tombe,
Où le luxe apporte sa bombe,
Le pauvre seul répond son pleur.
Tu sais, dans cette sombre fête,
Où le clinquant équipe un faite,
Que le riche apporte sa quête,
Que le peuple apporte son cœur.

Hermance Lescuillon.

Paris.—Imprimerie de A. Appert, passage du Caire, 54.
ELISABETH
Queen-Consort of
Married to King Edward 1404
An authentic portrait engraved
N. 38 of the series
No 11 Carey street

WYDVILLE
Edward 4th of England
Died 1483
exclusively for the Court Magazine
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Lincoln's Inn, London.
THE COURT, LADY’S MAGAZINE,
MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.

A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c., &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIR OF
ELIZABETH WYDEVILLE

QUEEN-CONSORT OF EDWARD THE FOURTH, AND MOTHER OF EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES AND
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK.—THE PRINCES MURDERED IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Embellished with a full-length Portrait, from an illuminated MS. in the British Museum;
drawn and engraved exclusively for this Magazine
(No. 96 of the Series of full-length Authentic Ancient Portraits).

This portrait of Elizabeth Wydeville is taken from a fine miniature which decorates a
splendid MS. chronicle, in the British Museum, written and illuminated for King Edward
the Fourth, and decorated in several places with his arms. The subject of the limning,
which embraces several figures, represents the public introduction of Elizabeth Wydeville
by Clarence and Warwick, to the peers and nobility assembled in Reading Abbey at
Michaelmas 1464, and her recognition as Queen of England and the lawful consort of
their sovereign, Edward the Fourth. Elizabeth’s stately person appears to great ad-
vantage in the magnificent robe of gold and purple tissue—a glittering manufacture
which the gorgeous Edward—immoderately attached to the fooperies of dress—refused
to allow any person below the rank of prince of the blood to wear. With the exception
of the heavy train of costly ermine—which, from its length and weight must have im-
posed no slight duty upon the attendant lady,—the form of the robe, with its close-fitting
sleeves, very nearly approaches the mode at present prevailing in London and Paris—as
will be seen by a glance at most of our recent plates of fashions. This massively-trained
O—MARCH, 1841.
gown, it must be remarked, was at that time only worn as a robe of estate—for, during the period of Edward's reign, Monstrelet informs us that the fashion of female dress underwent a considerable alteration. "The ladies and damsels," says the historian, "laid aside their long trains to their gowns, and in lieu of them had deep borders of furs of miniver, martyn and others, or of velvet, and various articles of a great breadth. They wore silken girdles of greater breadth than formerly (a rich sash of this description encircles the queen's waist), with the richest shoes, with golden necklaces much more trimly decked in divers fashions than they were accustomed to wear them." Thus far, the foregoing description of a contemporary writer follows so closely the costume of Elizabeth Wydeville as to form a most appropriate illustration of the plate. The ornaments are few but costly—a necklace (termed a device), fancifully set with precious stones—similar to those mentioned by Monstrelet; while from out the circlet of a magnificent crown, ornamented with numerous points tapering into fleurs de lis, her fair hair streams unconfined down her back and reaches to her knees: her shoes, which are seen projecting below a petticoat of blue satin are the monstrous pigaces or poulaines—a most absurd fashion, carried to such extravagant by the beaux of this period that it was customary to wear the beaks or points so long as to render it necessary to tie them up to their knees with laces or chains, to enable them to walk without stumbling. This ridiculous custom was shortly afterwards (A.D. 1467) prohibited on forfeiture of twenty shillings and pain of cursing by the clergy. This prohibition, however, had the effect of urging fashion to the opposite extreme of folly—instead of the pointed pigaces, other shoes of most ridiculous width at the toes—denominated duck-bills—became the rage at the English Court, in the early part of Edward's reign. Modern absurdities in dress have, certainly, never exceeded this folly of our ancestors.

It was a singular freak of fortune which, by the spell of beauty alone, raised the impoverished widow of a Lancastrian knight to share the throne of England with the royal chief of the opposite and predominant faction—the victorious Edward of York. Though the sudden and absorbing passion of the young monarch for the lovely Elizabeth Wydeville may assume, on the majestic current of history, all the coloring of fiction, yet in the secret and impolitic marriage to which it led, may be traced the source of that dark and irresistible tide of events which speedily swept Edward from his throne to wander for a season a suppliant at foreign courts, and which ultimately brought destruction upon his innocent sons.

Elizabeth Wydeville* was the eldest daughter of Jacquetta of Luxembourg, by her second husband Sir Richard Wydeville, a brave but landless esquire of Henry the Fifth. The circumstances attendant upon this second marriage of the Princess of Luxembourg with the poor English esquire strikingly contrast with those under which she was contracted to the great Regent of France—John Plantagenet, duke of Bedford, third son of King Henry IV. When only seventeen years of age, the beautiful but wily Jacquetta had gained over the warlike Regent into making her a precipitate offer of his hand, and by such alliance she became—after the death of the two queens, Joanna of Navarre and Katherine of Valois, in 1437, the first lady in England;—by her second marriage, celebrated too speedily for decorum some few months only after her husband's death, the Duchess not only became

* Widville, or Woodville—for the name is variously spelled in official documents and private evidences.
estranged from her relations, but incurred the weighty displeasure of the English Council, which declared her dower forfeited, and imprisoned Sir Richard Wydeville for his temerity in wedding a tenant of the Crown without a royal license. In the following year (a petition being presented to King Henry in Parliament, setting forth "how Jacquette, late wyf to John Duke of Bedford, your noble uncle, to whose soule God do mercy, toke late ago to husband your trewe liegeman born of your realm of England, Richard Wydeville, knight, not having thereto your royal license and assent;" for which offence they had suffered 'right grete strictnesse, as well in their persons as their godes' from her dower having been wholly taken to the king's use, and that 'she had neither lande nor gode her to susteyne') the king "out of his abundant grace" for a fine of one thousand pounds, pardoned the transgression, ordered the duchess an ample assignment of dower, and restored Wydeville to favor.

The date and place of birth of Elizabeth, their eldest child, cannot be exactly ascertained; but it seems probable that she was born about the year 1438, at Grafton, in Northamptonshire, a manor belonging to her father. Whilst the sword of the brave Sir Richard Wydeville cut the way to honorable distinction in several hard-fought campaigns under Suffolk and York and for his prowess upon the plains of France, her father, in 1448, created Baron Rivers, and, subsequently, a Knight of the Garter, Jacquette, who had slowly but steadily regained her former footing at court, succeeded in obtaining for her portionless daughter, in early girlhood, the appointment of maid of honour to Queen Margaret of Anjou. Conspicuous for her beauty and increasing grace amongst the train of noble dames attendent upon that unfortunate and magnificent queen—whose throne, by a remarkable destiny she was one day fated to fill—the youthful Elizabeth captivated the heart of a brave but simple-minded Welsh knight, a favorite retainer of Richard Duke of York, Sir Hugh John, too bashful to woo the lovely maid of honour in person, or may be anticipating a more favorable issue to his suit if backed by the powerful Protector of England—prevailed upon the duke to become his proxy in making her a declaration of his love; and if the copies of two letters preserved in the Harleian collection may be considered as genuine transcripts of original documents, the fair Elizabeth was in the first instance thus addressed:

"Right trusty and well beloved. We greet you well. And as moche as we are credibly informed that our right hearty and well-beloved knight Sir Hugh John for the grete womanhod and gentilless approved and known in your person—Ye being sole and our married—his herte wholly have—whereof we are right well pleased. How it be of your disposition towards him in that behalf as yet to us is unknown. We, therefore, as for the faith, love and good lordship, we owe, unto him at this time—and so wol continue, desire, and hertily pray for ye wol in your pitie be to him well willed to the performing of this our wryting and his desire. Wherein ye shall do not only to our pleasure, but we doubt not to your grete wele and worship in tyme comynge. Certifying you, if ye fulfille our intent in this matter we wol and shall be to hym and you such lorde as shall be to you both grete wele and worship of the grace of God. Who preserve and guide you in all felicite and welfare.

To Dame Elizabeth Wydeville.

Written by Richard Duke of York.

This quaint but courteously-worded billet-doux, the orthography of which we have somewhat modernised, though assuming from the relative position of the proxy and principals, all the character of a royal command, proved nevertheless, unavailing; and a second was indited by no less a personage than the renowned 'king-maker,' Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick.

To Dame Elizabeth Wydeville,

Worshipful and well-beloved. I greet you well, and for as much my right well-beloved Sir Hugh John, Knight, (which now late was with you unto his full great joy and had great cheer, as he saith, whereof I thank you,) hath informed me how that he hath for the great
love and affection that he hath unto your person, as well for the great sadness and wisdom that he hath found and proved in you at that time, as for your great and praised beauty and womanly demeanour, he desireth with all haste to do you worship by way of marriage before any other creature living, as he saith. And considering his great desire and the great worship that he had which was made knight at Jerusalem, and after his coming home, for the great wisdom and manhood that he was renowned of, was made knight-marshal of France, and after, knight-marshal of England unto his great worship; with other his great and many virtues and desert, and also the good and notable service that he hath done and daily doth to me; write unto you at this time, and pray you effectually that ye will the rather (at this my request and prayer) to condescend and apply you unto his said lawful and honest desire, wherein ye shall not only purvey right notably for yourself unto your weal and worship in time to come, as I hereby trust, but also cause me to show unto you such good worship as ye by reason of it shall hold you content and pleased, with the Grace of God; which everlastingly have you in his bliss, protection, and governance.

Written by the Earl of Warwick.

Assuming the fact of the genuineness of these transcribed letters, it may be remarked as a curious coincidence that, in this wooing by deputy of the timid Welshman, his proxies should have been—the one, the father of the future monarch, whose queen Elizabeth afterwards became; the other, that "king-maker," by whose exertions the "royal idol" was set up, and whom, exasperated by Edward preferring an humble beauty in neglect of his own daughter, the affronted nobleman, by a counter-revolution, so vindictively sought to demolish.

Warwick's overtures in behalf of Sir Hugh John proved as unsuccessful as had those of the Duke of York—the West knight's suit was rejected, and, at the age of sixteen, Elizabeth Wydeville gave her hand to Sir John Gray, son and heir of the wealthy Lord Ferrers, of Groby.

Withdrawing from the gaieties of the court, in the quiet seclusion of Bradgate, in Leicestershire,—afterwards so celebrated as the residence of their illustrious, but unfortunate descendant the Lady Jane Gray,—the youthful pair tasted, for a brief period, all that unalloyed bliss which results from a well assorted union, until the disastrous strife of the rival roses fiercely rent asunder the ties of domestic comfort, crushed the lovely charities of human nature and drenched the kingdom with native blood.

A staunch adherent of the house of Lancaster, the heir of Ferrers was amongst the first to rally round the standard of the Red Rose, and share in the various defeats and successes of his party, until in 1461, at the battle of St. Alban's the gallant Sir John Gray fell covered with wounds ere he had scarcely attained the prime of life, at the very moment the fortunes of the day declared in favour of King Henry.

On the accession of the victorious Edward, a few months afterwards, the estates of the zealous Lancasterian were confiscated to the crown, and the desolate widow with her fatherless children found an asylum in her paternal home at Grafton Manor.

For three years after his accession, the youthful monarch had to face all the horrors of civil war, ere the blood-stained diadem was firmly set upon his brow. In the third year of his reign, however, the active efforts made by Warwick and his brother Clarence to extinguish the flame of rebellion which smouldered feebly in the north, relieved Edward from further necessity of confronting his enemies personally in the field, and afforded him an opportunity of adopting measures of pacification. The English nation manifestly favoured the change of dynasty; and, by a judicious clemency, Edward earnestly sought to render himself popular amongst all classes of his subjects—in the attainment of which object his remarkable beauty of person, kindness and familiarity of manner proved powerful auxiliaries. Out of the forfeited estates of his adversaries he liberally rewarded those who had faithfully served him, and with a generous magnanimity and wisdom proclaimed a general amnesty to all who would submit to his rule. Amongst other partisans of the opposite faction, who early experienced the merciful consideration of the young sovereign, were the parents of Elizabeth Wydeville. By an entry in the Issue Rolls of the Exchequer, it appears that "the King, affectionately considering the state and benefit of Jacquetta, Duchess of Bedford, and Lord Rivers, of his especial grace, orders her to be paid

* For description of Bradgate Manor, see Memoir of Lady Jane Gray. February, 1810.
the annual stipend of her dower—three hundred and thirty-three marks, four shillings and some odd farthings”—and, moreover—one hundred pounds in advance.

Although this act of friendly consideration evinced by Edward towards such firm adherents to the cause of Lancaster appears too remarkable to be attributed solely to political expediency—lord Rivers and his son Anthony having proved themselves not only zealous and active opponents to the succession of the line of York, but having rendered themselves, during the contest personally obnoxious to young Edward Plantagenet,—yet there are no grounds for believing that such royal favor was in any way connected with the event which, three years later, allied the Wydeville family so unexpectedly to the crown.

Several matches had been speculated for the king at this period. The princess of Scotland, the king of Castile’s daughter, and the lady Bona of Savoy are mentioned by the chroniclers in projects of this sort; but it seems an error to state that they were formally applied for. The pleasure-loving Edward, relieved awhile from inquietude, and rather disposed to be the easy gentleman than the king of state, in the matter of marriage, made his own feelings too exclusively his guide, without duty advertizing to the expediency of his high station and the perilous consequences of his actions.

Passionately fond of sylvan sports, during the spring of 1464 Edward for a short interval quitted his gorgeous but polluted court, for Stony Stratford in Northamptonshire, on a hunting excursion; and whilst pursuing the chase in the woody environs of Grafton manor, first saw—and “no sooner saw than loved”—the beautiful lady Elizabeth Gray. Holingshed and others affirm, that the first interview took place at Grafton-house whither Edward repaired to refresh himself; but this is scarcely consistent with probability: whilst the tradition of the neighbourhood is, says a county historian, that the lovely widow, accompanied by her fatherless boys, sought the young monarch in the adjacent forest of Whittlebury for the purpose of petitioning for the restoration of her husband’s lands, and met him under the tree still known by the name of the Queen’s Oak.† Ignorant of the king’s person, Elizabeth enquired of the young stranger if he could direct her to him, and was informed that he himself was the object of her search. She threw herself at his feet and implored his compassion. Her person, her manner, her voice, her modesty, her lovely smile and graceful carriage arrested his attention and affected his heart. Gazing on the fair suppliant with eyes of love and admiration, he raised her from the ground with assurance of good will, and accompanied her home: but when, in turn, Edward became a suitor for favors she could only grant at the price of honor, he was told by the lady, that “though too humble to be his queen she was too good to become his concubine.” This resistance, as novel as it was unexpected by the amorous monarch, gave birth to a new sentiment in his bosom—a sentiment which exactly corresponded with his wishes for a queen. She was, it appeared, too virtuous to be seduced, and too interesting to be forgotten. Finding, therefore, her virtue inflexible, and that all he could expect from her was

“That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants,”

* In 1459, Earl Rivers and Sir Anthony Wydeville, whilst fitting out ships at Sandwich for the Lancastrian navy, were, by a bold plan laid by the earl of Warwick, made prisoners and carried to Calais, of which place the redoubtable king-maker was the governor. Landing in the night-time, they were carried, amidst the light of four-score torches, before the Yorkish lords—the earls of March, Warwick and Salisbury, who assailed them with the bitterest reproaches. The undaunted Rivers boldly retorted by calling them traitors to their lawful king; “whereupon my lord of Salisbury rated him, calling him ‘knave,’ in that he should be so rude to call him and these other lords traitors; for they should be found the king’s liege-men, when he should be found a traitor. And my lord of Warwick rated him, and said that his father was but a squire, and brought up with king Henry V., and had since been made himself by marriage and also made a lord; and that it was not his part to have such language of lords, being of the king’s blood.” And my lord of March (afterwards king Edward IV.) rated him in like wise. And Sir Anthony was rated for his language of all the three lords in like wise. Paston Letters.

† Of Grafton Manor-house, which formerly stood on the brow of the hill on which the village is situated, and must have formed a very conspicuous object in the approach from Northampton, not a vestige remains; but the venerable oak still rears its hollow trunk and branching arms in a hedge-row between Pury and Grafton parks.
he yielded to the force of passion, and came from Stony Stratford to Grafton early in the morning of the 1st of May 1464, and was privately married by a priest, no one being present except the boy who served at mass, the duchess of Bedford, and two of her gentlewomen. In a few hours he returned to Stratford, and retired to his chamber, as if he had been hunting and fatigued with exercise. A short time after, he invited himself to spend a few days with lord Rivers at Grafton, and was splendidly entertained there four days: but the marriage was kept a profound secret; he felt its perilous consequences at the time, and had not, at first, resolution to brave the burst of dissatisfaction which he foresaw would arise from his adherents at its announcement.

Weary, however, of constraint, on Michaelmas day following, Edward publicly avowed his marriage, and Elizabeth being led with solemn pomp to the abbey of Reading in Berkshire, by the monarch’s eldest brother, Clarence, and the earl of Warwick, was there presented to the lords and people at Reading, as their good and lawful queen. In December, lands to the annual value of 4000 marks (26667. 13. 4.), were settled upon her, and it was directed, that she should live with her family at the king’s expense. Preparations were now made for the coronation of the beautiful queen-consort — the first British female subsequent to the Norman Conquest who had shared the throne of her sovereign — and by that solemn act he sought to raise her above those haughty dames who affected to treat her as their inferior, or, at most, as their equal; whilst, further anxious to justify his choice, Edward invited the queen’s maternal uncle, James of Luxemburg, to assist at the ensuing ceremony. The earl came over magnificently attended by a retinue of one hundred knights and gentlemen. Ascension-day therefore, in the following month, Edward, holding his court in the Tower of London, created thirty-eight knights of the Bath, amongst whom were six noblemen, and Richard and John Wydeville the queen’s brothers. The lord mayor, aldermen and citizens rode beyond Shooter’s hill to meet and conduct her into the metropolis, and on her arrival, being joined by a brilliant guard of honor headed by the newly made knights, queen Elizabeth, most richly attired, was borne through Cheape and the high streets of London to Westminster. On the morrow, (Sunday 26th May, 1465) she was crowned by Thomas Bourchier, archbishop of Canterbury, the duke of Clarence officiating as lord High Steward, the earl of Arundel as Constable, the duke of Norfolk as Marshal, and the earl of Oxford as Chamberlain. High festival and pageant celebrated the occasion, and at a solemn tournament lord Stanley won the ring and ruby.

For some time after Edward’s avowal of his marriage with Elizabeth Wydeville, the chief events of the reign present little else but a scandalous chronicle of match-making, match-breaking and selfish family intrigues. Edward doubtless felt himself a king, made so by others and governed by his makers, or was led to perceive it by his queen, whose feelings were little likely to be soothed by the displeasure evinced at the selection of herself. This may account for the speed with which he endeavored to create a new nobility within her own family, or connected with it to counteract the dominant aristocracy whose power he had experienced, whose jealousies he saw, and even of whose continuing fidelity he was never certain. The boundless influence which the Nevile family, headed by the renowned Earl of Warwick, had hitherto exercised over the king and kingdom, had now, therefore, to encounter the antagonist power of the queen’s relations. In March 1466 Lord Mountjoy was dis-
placed to make way for Lord Rivers, the queen’s father, as high treasurer—a change which highly incensed the irritable Warwick and other lords. In September and October, the king united her former son, Thomas Grey, with an heiress of the Duke of Exeter, his own niece, on whom Warwick had fixed for his own nephew. Mary, the queen’s sister, was wedded to the heir of Lord Herbert. Another sister, to the Duke of Buckingham. Another to Lord Mautravers, heir to the Earl Arundel, and two others to the families of Lords Essex and Kent. John, the queen’s brother, whom the king had made Knight of the Bath, was married with the old Duchess of Norfolk—a woman of eighty, possessed of immense wealth; and the heiress of Lord Scales, with the title, given to her brother Anthony.

All the great estates and titles upon which the eager eyes of the nobility naturally turned were in like manner bestowed upon the queen’s family, with a rapidity too which alarmed, as much as it disappointed, all. These marriages threw the ancient nobility in the back ground, and brought forward a new set of individuals to take from them their power, influence, honors and emoluments. The chroniclers of the time announce this result and the discontent it excited.

We will turn for an instant from the consideration of this greedy appetite evinced by the relations of the queen to appropriate every thing to themselves, whether a title, an estate, a place or a rich wife, to note the better qualities of Edward’s lovely consort, and her brave, learned, and accomplished brother, Anthony, Lord Scales, afterwards Earl Rivers.

In the first year after her marriage, Elizabeth completed the endowment of Queen’s College, Cambridge, which the unfortunate Margaret of Anjou had commenced, and obtained many privileges for it from her royal husband, inducing also other royal and noble ladies to aid in the erection of its buildings, “because it was founded by two queens.”

The character of Lord Scales, whose intellectual attainments and chivalric enthusiasm raised him high above the herd of his fellow nobles and the great body of his countrymen, has been admirably drawn by Horace Walpole:

“The credit of his sister, the countenance and example of his prince, the boisterousness of the times, nothing softened, nothing roughened the mind of this amiable lord, who was as gallant as his luxurious brother-in-law, without his weakness—as brave as the heroes of either Rose, without their savageness—studious in the intervals of business, and devout after the manner of those whimsical times, when men challenged others whom they never saw, and went barefoot to shrines in countries of which they had scarce seen a map.”

The last line of the noble author contains an allusion to the famous combat fought between Lord Scales and the Bastard of Burgundy, the Count de la Roche. This real passage of arms—one of the latest, as well as the most important ever held in England—had its origin in a freak of harmless merriment of his fair sister and sovereign, and it was a short time before her coronation that the singular adventure of the Flower of Souvenance happened, with which the ancient narrative of this tournament begins. During the Easter festival previous to that ceremony, Anthony Lord Scales on his return from hearing high mass in the chapel of the Palace of Richmond, then called Shene, was surrounded by a bevy of court dams, who proceeded to fasten a gold collar upon his thigh, from which depended a flower in enamel, richly jewelled—termed in the fantastic phraseology of those days a Fleur de Souvenance. The accomplished young nobleman then in his twenty-fourth year, immediately understood that the glittering token was to be the prize of some chivalrous exploit; and, delighted with the idea of this enterprise, wrote immediately to one who, though well known to him through the fame of his brilliant feats of chivalry, he had himself never seen.

The person selected by lord Scales to be his opponent in the tournament, had rendered himself conspicuous in the martial enterprises of Burgundy, and was a constant attendant upon his warlike brother Charles. Though illegitimate by birth, he was honored both in his own and foreign countries, as being one of the most valiant and adventurous knights of Europe. Anthony, in his challenge to the Bastard
thus relates the “godely adventure” which led to it, in a singularly quaint and amusing style:—

“Trumth it is that the Wenysday next afore the solemn and devout day of the Resurrection of our blessed Saviour and Redemptour jh’u Crist, for certain my causes, at the departing from the High Mass toward the queen of England and France, my sovereign lady, and to whom I am right humble servant and subject. And as I spake unto her highness kneeling, my cap ‘oute my head, as my duty was, I wot not by what adventure or how it happened, but all the ladies of her court came about me; and I toke none heed than that they of their grace had tied about my thigh a collar of gold garnished with precious stones, and was made of a letter (SS) the which, for to say troth, when I perceived, was more nigh my heart than my knee: and to the same collar was attache and tied a noble flower of Souvenance enamelled and in manner of emprise. At which season that one of them said unto me right courteously, that I should take a worth for that time. And then they all drew each of them into their place. And I, all abashed of this adventure, rose for to go thank them of their rich and honourable present; and as I toke up my cap that I had let fall beside me, I found within a letter written on a fine parchment, sealed and enclosed with a small thread of gold only; whereby I thought well that it was the continue of the will of the ladies by writing, and that I should do and accomplish for the flower of Souvenance the which by them was given me.”

The gallant Anthony thereupon sought an audience of his royal brother-in-law and sovereign, told him of his adventure, shewed him the emprise with which he was charged, and handed him the letter. “The king, of his grace, brake the theede of goode” and read the “bill for certain arms on horseback and on foot,” the fulfilment of which, he granted “right liberally.” The letter commences with a declaration, that “in worship of St. George, very tutor, patron, and cry of Englishmen; to the augmentation and increase of knighthood, to the recommendation of noblesse, and for the glorious schole and study of arms and worthiness, to my power to maintain and to follow; to eschew the idleness of tyme lost, and for to obey and please my fair lady;—I Anthony Wydeville knight &c., with the good pleasure, leave and license of the kin my said sovereign lord, charged and taken for emprise, for to furnish and perform with God’s grace, the arms following.” He then proposes, first, to run “with gounden spear-heads one course of the spear only;” then “to set the handes to the sharp swordes” until thirty-seven strokes have been smitten between them. The second, arms to be fought by them on foot, weaponed with spear, axe and dagger, until either of the combatants be “bourne down or in all points unweaponed.” Other articles follow at great length in the ancient narrative, and present very curious information upon the mode of conducting those noble sports, with which the romantic associations of the days of chivalry are so intimately connected.

With this courteous cartel Chester Herald was forthwith dispatched to the court of the duke of Burgundy, and on his arrival at Brussels met with a most honorable and hospitable reception. On the following evening he was conducted into the presence of the duke of Burgundy “adorned and invested” in the surcoat of lord Scales, and bearing the emprise “on high between his hands” in a kerchief—the emprise being fastened unto the uppermost border of the said kerchief, and covered with the lowest border. And thus bringing it honorably, making three obeisances, he approached the presence, and after the third obeisance, let fall the lower border of the kerchief which covered the emprise, and standing at the duke’s right hand, awaited his pleasure. Then the lord Bastard, with his sovereign’s permission, took hold of the nethermost edge of the kerchief, count Charolois holding the uppermost, and so having touched the “noble emprise,” in sight of all present, it was borne by Chester out of the presence and placed in a chamber apart. A courteous acceptation of the challenge on the part of count de le Roche was placed in the English herald’s hands, and being presented with a rich gown furred with sables, and a doublet of black velvet garnished with arming points, the slashes of which were clasped with clasps of gold, the envoy took his departure.

It is probable that lord Scales did not obtain a safe conduct for the Bastard to come into England in the same year as the challenge was accepted; but he having promised to come at “the second term” (or one year after), a safe conduct was granted on the 29th October 1466, permitting the gallant knight to bring a thousand persons,
with shipping and baggage, all which the king would take under his protection. In
the following May, the Bastard set sail for England, nobly accompanied by four
hundred of his father’s proudest chivalry. By Edward’s command, Garter king-at-
Arms met him at Gravesend. The gallant squadron sailed towards London, and at
Blackwall was joined by the earl of Worcester, attended by a noble troop of lords
knights, and squires, and also by many of the aldermen and rich citizens of London.
The Burgundian lord landed at Billingsgate, and was welcomed by another party of
the nobility and trades of England (so general was the interest of the expected joust,) who
conducted him on horseback through Cornhill and Cheap, to the palace of the
bishop of Salisbury in Fleet street, which royal courtesy had appointed for his abode.
Lord Scales came soon afterwards to London, attended by the nobility and chivalry
of his house, and the king assigned him the palace of the bishop of Ely in Holborn
for his residence. The noble stranger was introduced to king Edward, and in his
presence a solemn meeting of the champions took place, and a chapter for the solu-
tion of certain doubts upon the articles of combat was held in St. Paul’s Cathedral.

The ceremonies of the joust were then arranged by well experienced knights, and
strong lists were erected in Smithfield, one hundred and twenty yards and ten feet
long, eighty yards and ten feet broad, with fair and costly galleries around. On the
morning appointed for the gallant show, the king and his fair queen—a radiant and
veritable queen of beauty—with all the chivalry and loveliness of the land, repaired
to Smithfield. King Edward sat under a richly canopied throne, at one end of the
lists; on each side were lords and ladies, and underneath him were ranged the
knights, squires, and archers of his train. He was clothed in purple, having the
garter on his thigh, and a thick staff in his hand; and “truly” says Olivier de la
Marche, “he seemed a person well worthy to be a king, for he was a fine prince,
tall and well behaved. An Earl held the sword before him, a little on one side:
and around his seat were twenty-five counsellors, all with white hair.”

When every thing was fairly arranged, Lord Scales appeared at the gate of the
lists, “royally beseech upon horseback,” the trappings of his steed being of white
cloth of gold, with a St. George’s cross of crimson velvet, bordered with a fringe of
gold half a foot long. Before him were carried two helmets, one borne by the king’s
eldest brother, the Duke of Clarence, the other by the Earl of Arundel, and these
were followed by nine noblemen on horseback, bearing other parts of his harness and
arms, and nine pages riding on gaily caparisoned steeds: having made their obeisances
to the king, they retired to a pavilion at the end of the lists.

With similar forms the Lord of Burgundy, attended by the chosen chivalry of his
country, approached the king, and then repaired to his tent. His horse was most
splendidly caparisoned, the trappings being of crimson satin garnished with small
bells of silver gilt. After the heralds had commanded silence, two lances and two
swords were taken to the king, who being satisfied of their fitness commanded the
lords who bore them to take them to the combatants. The stranger knight made
his election, and at once dressed his lance to its rest. Lord Scales prepared himself
with equal gallantry and alacrity, and they dashed to the encounter. Their spears
were sharp, but so perfect was their knowledge of chivalry, that no wounds were in-
licted. The nicest judges could mark no difference of skill, and when the noble
knights jostled their courses, the king dropped his warder, the first day’s amusement
ended, and the combatants departed with equal honor.

The next day the court and city repaired to Smithfield, with the accustomed
pomp, and the spectacle was varied by the jousters contending with swords. The
sports, however, were brought to an untimely conclusion by the following accident.
The Bastard’s bay courser was unluckily rather dim of sight, and Lord Scales’ steed
being armed with a chamfron (armour for a horse’s nose and cheeks,) having a long
and sharp spike of steel, when these two valiant persons coped together, the Lord
Scales’ horse, by chance or custom, thrust his pike into the nostrils of the Bastard’s
steed, “so that, from very pain, he mounted so high, that he fell on one side with
his master. And the Lord Scales rode round about him, with his sword shaking in
his hand, till the king commanded the marshal to help up the Bastard, which openly
said, ‘I cannot hold by the clouds; but though my horse failed me, surely I will
not fail my encounter-companion." And when he was remounted, he made a
countenance to assail his adversary; but the king, either favouring his brother's honor,
then gotten, or mistrusting the shame which might come to the Bastard, if he were
again foiled, caused the heralds to cry a lostel, and every man to depart."

Unwarried by two days' amusement, the beauty and chivalry of England again
assembled at the lists of Smithfield on the third morning. The noblemen now
fought on foot with pole-axes—the combat being continued most valiantly until the
point of Lord Scales' weapon having entered the sight of the Burgundian's bascinet,
a feeling of fear ran through the galleries that the joust would have a fatal termi-
nation. Edward, however, "perceiving the cruel assail, cast his staff, and, with
high voice, cried, Whoo!"—whereupon they were separated by the marshals. The
Bastard of Burgundy prayed for leave to continue his enterprise, to which the Lord
Scales readily assented. The matter being, however, debated by the assembled
chivalry, it was declared by the Earl of Worcester, then constable of England,
and the Duke of Norfolk the marshal, that if the affair were to proceed, the knight of
Burgundy, by the law of arms, must be delivered to his adversary in the same state
and condition as he was in when they were separated. This sentence was a virtual
prohibition of the continuance of the joust; the Bastard therefore relinquished the
challenge. The herald's trumpet then sounded the well-known point of chivalry that
the sports were over; but as the times were joyous as well as martial, the knights
and ladies before they departed held a noble festival at Mercier's Hall. Thus ended
what may perhaps be considered, from the many curious circumstances attending it
the most interesting joust of the middle ages; and the "noble emprise" of Lord
Scales shows how singularly love and gallantry could blend themselves with images of
war, and the interest which a whole nation could take in the circumstances of certain
fair ladies of Queen Elizabeth's court binding round the thigh of her knightly
brother, a collar of gold enamelled with a Flower of Sowemen.*

But joust, festival and pageant, courtly revels and gorgeous ceremonies, were
soon to be followed by fresh scenes of factious discord and anarchy. The secret
jealousy and mutual dislike which had taken place between the queen's relations and
the powerful family of the Nevilles—to whom Edward unquestionably owed his
throne—naturally kept pace with the ascendancy of the Wydevilles, yet no open
manifestation of this anger had taken place previous to the baptism of the first
born child of Edward and Elizabeth—for the great Earl of Warwick, the most con-
spicuous personage of this disturbed reign, stood for the infant princess at the
font in amiable sponsorship with the two grandmothers, the Duchesses of York and
Bedford. Incidents, however, rapidly occurred, which stirred the elements of dis-
affection into activity, and one of the first causes of enmity between the king and
the king-maker may be traced to an insult offered to the proud noble during
the negotiation pending for the marriage of Edward's beloved sister, Margaret of
York. The hand of this princess was at this time solicited by Charles Count
of Charolais, heir to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and by Louis the XI of
France, Charles's deadly enemy, for one of his sons. Warwick, who hated the Count
of Charolais, insisted that it would be more honorable and advantageous to marry
Margaret to the French prince, and, commissioned by the king, the great warrior
and statesman repaired to France to negotiate the match. Meanwhile, the Bastard
of Burgundy had come over to England, ostensibly to perform this feat of arms with
Lord Scales, just recorded, but, as the sequel proved, the main object of his visit to
the English court was rather to press the match between Margaret and the Count of
Charolais than by way of pass-time to have his bones broken in Smithfield.
The health of the Duke of Burgundy had been rapidly sinking, and a few days
after the tournament took place, he died, and the Bastard immediately departed with
his retinue. Warwick then returned, bringing with him ambassadors from France,
whose object it was to prevent a family alliance between Edward and Charles. But

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* The Forget me not. The application of the name of the Myotis Scorpoides of botanists is of
considerable antiquity, and the use made of it on this occasion proves that the plant, with its ro-
manic associations, was known in England as early as the days of our Edward IV.
the arguments of Messire Anthony had prevailed, and, more fortunate in the issue of his match-making with Edward’s favourite sister, than in his spear-splitting with his gallant brother-in-law, ere he left England, he had the satisfaction of seeing a finishing hand put to the marriage treaty; whilst Warwick, considering himself insulted and disgraced by being overlooked in the commission given him to treat with King Louis, retired in a discontented and resentful mood to his strong castle of Middleham, in Yorkshire.

Though the preliminaries of the marriage of the lady Margaret with Charles the Rash had been finally settled by the commissioners in October 1467, its celebration was retarded more than six months, it being found more difficult to obtain a dispensation from the Pope than was expected, owing to the influence possessed by the King of France at the Court of Rome. In the interim Edward and his lovely consort attended by a splendid court made a progress northward and celebrated the feast of Christmas in the ancient city of Coventry. Whilst they abode there, by the interposition of some common friends, a short but hollow reconciliation took place between Elizabeth’s relations and the Nevile family. The Earl of Warwick attended a great council held in that city early in the following year (1461), at which he was publicly reconciled to the Lords Herbert, Stafford, and Audley, who had severally married the queen’s sisters; and when on the 18th of the following June the princess Margaret went in procession from St. Paul’s to Stratford Abbey, on her way to Flanders, in her passage through the city, Warwick rode before her on the same horse—as if a cordial approver of the match.*

The first act of open defiance displayed by Warwick—the king-maker towards Edward, was the marriage of his own daughter with Clarence the king’s eldest surviving brother. This young prince, dissatisfied at the ascendency of Wydevilles, absent from court, associating with the Earl of Warwick. Common hatred of the same persons naturally produced an intercourse and combination of councils; and such intercourse gradually improved into an intimate union of interest; which, on the part of Clarence, in turn gave birth speedily to an attachment for Isabella, the elder of that nobleman’s daughters. Elizabeth Wydeville had yet brought Edward no heir to his dearly-purchased throne, and Clarence being next heir presumptive, the king, aware of Warwick’s restless ambition, strenuously but vainly sought to prevent the match. The high contracting parties withdrew to Calais and there celebrated the marriage with great pomp in July 1469. On Edward expressing his displeasure that the alliance should have been concluded without his consent or privity; the proud earl received the rebuke with no humble spirit. An altercation of words ensued, and from that day their attachment ceased.

It is difficult to ascertain whether Warwick was concerned in the various risings which took place about this period. He was absent from England, when in the autumn of 1469, a vast popular insurrection arose in the North of England. Sixty thousand men appeared in arms, under a leader calling himself Robin of Redesdale, a popular hero among the moss troopers of the border, but who was supposed to have been a knight in disguise— one sir William Conyers. Directing their march towards London, the insurgents dispersed papers specifying, as they went, the causes of their assembling. The contents of these “bills” proved that the rebellion was not

* The Lord Mayor presented Lady Margaret, on this occasion, with a pair of rich basons, containing one hundred pounds in gold. She landed at Sluys, where she was received as their sovereign lady. The people made illuminations, with wax lanterns and torches, from every house. Pinnacles of fire, subtilly devised, were set blazing through the town and castle; and every householder stood in the street, outside of his door, with a torch burning in his hand. Rich pages of Jason and the golden fleece, and of queens Vashti and Esther, were exhibited on a tapestry-covered stage near her lodging, and tournaments were held, in which the gallant Lord Scales again distinguished himself, winning the first prize. A singular calamity attended the wedding night of this illustrious pair. A fire burst out in the castle where they slept, after holding high revelry late into the night, and from which they escaped with great difficulty. It was while in the service of this lady, in Flanders, that Caxton learnt the art of printing. Her name is celebrated in history from being the patroness of Perkin Warbeck, and the persecuting Juno of our English Æneas, Henry VII.
instigated by any Lancastrian party, but that its object was the extermination of the queen’s relations — the entire destruction of that new nobility created by Edward, who, it was complained, surrounded his throne to the exclusion of the more time-honored families, poisoning the royal ear with evil counsels. Edward, with characteristic promptness and determination, proceeded to meet the danger in person, directing his route through the eastern counties to his castle of Fotheringay, where he stayed with his queen a few days, waiting the arrival of military succour, while her father and brothers withdrew in alarm from the army to their respective castles. Now it was that Elizabeth first experienced the calamitous results of her clandestine marriage with her sovereign, in the sanguinary vengeance which pursued her nearest and dearest kin. A victory gained over the king’s friends, lords Herbert and Stafford at Hedgecote field, placed the whole kingdom in the hands of the northern rebels. They spread themselves over the country, and in hot pursuit overtook and captured in the Forest of Dean, Earl Rivers the father, and sir John Wydeville, one of the queen’s brothers. Carrying their victims to Northampton, without waiting for the ceremony of a trial, they at once cut off their heads. The accomplished Anthony Wydeville escaped however with life, in a manner almost miraculous. The queen and her mother, though sheltered from open violence, were during this insurrection covertly assailed with the bitterest malignity. Against the duchess of Bedford frivolous but malignant reports of witchcraft were circulated — and it was alleged that by her magical charms she had inveighed the king into marriage with her daughter. From these absurd charges, Jacquetta subsequently thought it necessary thus seriously to defend herself before her royal son-in-law — so characteristic are these facts of the prevailing ignorance and superstition of that dark and unhappy period:—

“To the king, our sovereign lord, sheweth, and lamentably complaineth unto your highness your humble and true liege-woman Jacquetta, duchess of Bedford . . . . that when she at all time hath and yet doth truly believe on God, according to the faith of holy church, as a true christian woman ought to do — yet Thomas Wake, esquire, hath caused her to be brought into a common noise and disclander of witchcraft throughout a great part of your realm, surmising that she should have used witchcraft and sorcery, insomuch as the said Wake caused to be brought to Warwick, at your last being there, sovereign lord, to divers of the lords being there present, an image of lead made like a man of arras . . . containing the length of a man’s finger, and broken in the middest (middle), and made fast with a wire, saying that it was made by your said oratrice, to use with the same witchcraft and sorcery; where she, nor none for her or by her ever saw it, God knoweth.”

The intention of those who brought forward this absurd accusation was obvious; but it was not followed up with that persevering malignity shewn in others, levelled at this period against ladies of royal rank who had rendered themselves unpopular to the existing factions — neither does Edward appear to have doubted the innocence of his mother-in-law on that score.

At the outbreak of this Northern rebellion, which seems to have been the last heave of the earth before the wide-spread earthquake which was threatening, Clarence and his father-in-law, Warwick, were at Calais. Edward wrote letters, beseeching them to hasten to his assistance, and nothing loth to obey the mandate, they immediately set sail for England. On their arrival, being joined by the earl’s brother, the archbishop of York, the confederate nobles assembled their forces and marched towards the king. They found Edward at the village of Olney, near Coventry — deserted by all his friends, with scarcely an attendant about his person, and in imminent peril of falling into the hands of the insurgents. Warwick offered him the hand of friendship, and, in a few days, dispersed the rebels, who fled back hastily over the Trent. That powerful and sagacious nobleman,—whose name of king-maker, given to him by the people, so well expresses his love of turbulence for its own sake — had, therefore, accomplished his object in the destruction of a part of the queen’s family, and Edward found himself a captive in the hands of those who had come as his deliverers.* He was carried to Middleham castle and confined to

* Thus, at this period of her annals, England presented the extraordinary position of having two kings, both prisoners in fortress—Henry in the Tower of London, Edward in Yorkshire.
the custody of the archbishop of York; but his detention speedily caused the party no small embarrassment. Sir Humphrey Nevile, thinking it a favorable moment to revive the cause of the house of Lancaster, appeared in arms in the marches of Scotland, and collected all the adherents of the captive Henry VI., under the banner of the Red Rose; but when Warwick placed himself at the head of Edward's soldiers, the leaders murmured at the imprisonment of their brave liege lord, and Warwick found himself compelled to liberate him, else connive at his escape.

At York, Edward was presented to the troops by Warwick, who received both with loud acclamations, and a victory was speedily gained over the Lancastrians. Still Edward found himself under Warwick's control, nor was it before treaties had been signed and pledges exchanged between the sovereign and his liege men, that the former was suffered to be at large and return to London.

About Christmas 1469, their reconciliation again appeared complete, and Edward and Elizabeth spent that festive season within the walls of the metropolitan fortress, which he, at the same time, took the precaution of placing in as secure a state of defence as, from its site, was practicable. In Edward's reign the Tower of London was more frequently used as a royal residence than for some preceding ages,—probably from its contiguity to the city and that monarch's wish to cultivate the good will of the Londoners, who had been so instrumental in securing his elevation to the throne; and there his consort with her infant family remained during the commotions which led to the temporary subversion of their throne.

The family peace between Edward and the Neviles, to whom he was allied by blood, and once numbered as his dearest friends, had lasted but some twelve weeks, when in the following February, an attempt was made by Warwick's brother, the archbishop of York and lord Montague, to entrap Edward again into their power. The king still believed that neither the prelate nor Montague had shared in the treasons of their elder brother, and when the archbishop invited him to a banquet at his mansion of the Moor, near Langley, in Hertfordshire, Edward made the visit in the utmost confidence and friendship. As they were about to wash hands before supper, a gentleman, afterwards created lord Fitz-Walter, privately approached the king and whispered him to be on his guard, for that one hundred men-at-arms were ordered to seize and carry him off. With great self-command, Edward continued conversing in a friendly manner with those about him, whilst a good horse was being saddled for him, unknown to his enemies. Then watching an opportunity to retire, without staying to investigate the truth of the report or tasting supper, he leaped into the saddle, and riding all night reached Windsor Castle in safety.

Thus baffled in their design, Warwick and Clarence, after a most intricate series of plots, stratagems and negotiations, openly arrayed themselves against Edward; but the result of the sanguinary battle of Erpingham in Rutlandshire defeated their last hope, and the two rebel peers with their wives, families and friends fled to Devonshire, embarked at Dartmouth and made sail for Calais. Whilst beating about in the channel, the little fleet was attacked by the queen's valiant brother, sir Anthony Wydeville, who defeated and dispersed it. The ship which carried Clarence, Warwick and their families, fortunately out-sailed the enemy, and gained Calais harbour. But, to their great surprise, on attempting to enter, the cannon of the fortress fired at them, and they were refused permission to land by the earl's lieutenant, Vaucere, who had in his absence declared for king Edward. Whilst thus lying off at sea, exposed to the most tempestuous weather, and not knowing whither to steer for safety, the young duchess of Clarence was brought to bed of a son;—and such was her privation that her father—the haughty Warwick, was obliged to use great entreaty before his traitorous lieutenant would send her off two flagons of wine:—"which," says Philip de Comines, "was great severity for a servant to use towards his master." The fugitives succeeded in gaining the port of Honfleur, where the lord admiral of France received them all with great respect and shewed much gallantry to the ladies.

Aided by Louis XI. with soldiers, ships and money, the restless Warwick now espoused the cause of Henry of Lancaster, and made active preparations for a descent
upon his native shores; whilst Clarence, finding himself in a false position, became secretly reconciled to his royal brother, through the intervention of a lady in the household of his wife, and promised to favor the king when he should be once well settled again on the English shore. Meanwhile, the duke of Burgundy anxiously watched for Edward, his brother-in-law, all these proceedings of his enemies on the other side of the sea and prepared a fleet to intercept Warwick as soon as he should sail. Lulled into security by a mistaken sense of his own warlike abilities, Edward made no preparations against his formidable enemy, and hunting, hawking, dress, gallantry and the festive banquet again wholly occupied his time. Even when apprised by the duke of Burgundy of Warwick's machinations against him, Edward was so presumptuously confident of his own talents and security, that he derided the wisely proposed measure of intercepting his enemies at sea. He only wished them to land: ere long he had his wish.

In August 1470, the marquis of Montague, who had married Warwick's sister, rose in arms in the north of England, by way of seconding the operation of the earl's descent, and Edward, leaving his queen on the eve of a matronal confinement in the Tower, marched northwards to quell the insurrection. At this juncture, an irresistible tempest dispersed Burgundy's guardian fleet, driving part into Scotland and part into Holland, but the weather becoming calm in an hour's time, Warwick seized the inviting opportunity and sailed safely to England:--in five or six days the whole country flocked to his standard. The feigned revolt in the north had been secretly abetted by Montague, and Edward still believing him to be his friend, ran imminent risk from his treason, of a captivity which would probably have been soon exchanged only for a violent death. Although he had no tidings of Montague, the king, harbouring no mistrust, pressed onwards to meet the rebels, while Montague fled as he advanced. But, in the meanwhile, Edward found that the men he summoned to his standard did not come and that those who were with him began to desert. Resting one day upon his bed upon this march, Alexander Carlisle, the sergeant of his minstrels, hurriedly entered the apartment and bade him arise, for that enemies were coming to take him and were but seven miles off. At first Edward gave no credit to the report, but the unwelcome yet timely intelligence being confirmed by a priest who suddenly appeared with equal speed and told him that Montague with several noblemen were riding on horseback through his troops, who were tossing their caps in the air and shouting "God bless King Harry!"—the information seemed too tremendous to be neglected. Posting a battalion of his faithful guards at the bridge, he sent forward to ascertain the truth while he put on his armour. Ere he could arm himself, his messenger returned at utmost speed to tell him that his treacherous enemies were marching to surround and surprise him. He sprang up, got to horse before they reached the bridge, and, accompanied by his brother, the Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.), Sir Anthony Wydeville and a few followers, rode straight to the nearest sea-port. The fugitives reached Lynn, where they luckily found an English vessel and two Dutch brigs on the point of sailing. In these they embarked and steered for the coast of Holland. So sudden had been the change which reduced the monarch to the condition of an exile, that he had not time even to collect his treasure or wearing apparel. He had put off in the clothes in which he had arrayed himself for battle, with no money in his pocket; and "departed," says Hall, "without bag or baggage, without clothe, sacke, or malle;" and Comines adds "that he had nothing to give the master of the ship, for his passage, but the cloak lined with Martin-fur he wore upon his shoulders." This flight occurred about Michaelmas 1470.

The royal fugitive had not long quitted the English coast, ere his vessels were descried by some Easterling pirates, who gave chase. Resistance was hopeless and out-sailing impossible. There was no alternative but to run ashore and risk being drowned. This was courageously done, and they stranded near Alkmar, a port about six leagues to the north of Haerlem. The Easterlings followed as close as the depth of the water would allow, and then dropped anchor, intending to board them the next tide. Thus Edward's safety still hung upon a few hours. Fortunately for him,
the governor of Holland under the Duke of Burgundy, Louis de Bruges, lord of Grutuse, happened to be at the time on the spot. On being informed of Edward's danger, he immediately went on board his vessel, welcomed him with every mark of respect, invited him to land, and at his own expense conducted the exiled king and his followers safely to the Hague. On a future occasion Edward displayed his gratitude by giving the lord of Grutuse a most courteous and friendly reception in England and rewarding him with the Earldom of Winchester.

At this epoch the most important events succeeded each other with astonishing rapidity—without any such connection as enables the relation of cause and effect to be clearly traced. Warwick, in eleven days after his landing in England had made himself master of the country; compelling Edward to flee for his life, replacing the imbecile Henry on a throne, the obligations of which he knew not how to discharge, and reserving, of course, the real power in his own hands. On the 6th October Warwick entered the metropolis and proceeded to the Tower, when he and Clarence released Henry and proclaimed his restoration.

In this unexpected and calamitous emergency, Elizabeth Wydeville, with her mother and her three young daughters, fled secretly during the night by water to Westminster, and sought sanctuary—a refuge wherein her vindictive enemies dared not molest her. This sacred kind of asylum had been respected for ages, and to this principle and feeling Edward owed the preservation of his wife, his children and his best friends, whom the Lancastrians permitted to live unmolested in the various sanctuaries they had chosen in London and Westminster. * In such gloomy abode, ignorant of her husband's fate, but "daily looking and hourly hearkening to hear of his health and prosperous return; almost desperate of comfort, in great penury, forsaken of all her friends, the queen awaited the birth of her fourth child. And on the 1st of November "she was delivered of a fair son, called Edward, who was," continues Hall, "with small pomp, and like a poor man's child christened and baptized, the godfather being the Abbot of Westminster, the god-mother the Lady Scope" who had voluntarily shared the perils and privations of her royal mistress. Nor should the charitable services rendered by two humbler individuals, on this occasion, escape record and praise. Mother Cobb, a kind-hearted midwife, opportunely and assiduously tended the unfortunate queen during her accouchement, whilst an honest fleshman, one John Gould supplied the helpless party with "half a beef and two muttons" weekly. Edward, on his restoration pensioned the nurse and liberally rewarded the butcher.

This was an age of sudden and surprising revolutions. Though Warwick, by the aid of his son-in-law "the false, fleeting, perjured Clarence" had, under the name of Henry, resumed the supreme power, the triumph of his apostasy was short lived. Edward, ere a few months had elapsed, returned to England, accompanied by a small force supplied to him by the Duke of Burgundy; entered the Humber, and on the 14th March, 1471, disembarked his troops at Ravenspur, the very place where Henry IV. landed to dethrone Richard II. His army at this time numbered

* Until the reign of Henry VIII., all our church-yards were sanctuaries, and protected persons accused of any crime, except treason and sacrilege, who fled to them. Those who registered themselves went within forty days after in sackcloth, and confessed themselves guilty before the coroner, and after declaring all the circumstances of the offence, took an oath that they abjured the realm, and would depart thence forthwith, at the first port that should be assigned them, and would never return without leave of the king. By this means they saved their lives, if they observed the conditions of their oaths, by going with a cross in their hands, and with all convenient speed to the port assigned, and embarking. If during these forty days' privilege of sanctuary, or in the road to the sea-side they were apprehended and arraigned in any court, they might plead their privilege, and had a right to be recommended. But by this abjuration their blood was attainted, and they forfeited all their goods and chattels. During the forty days if any layman expelled them he was excommunicated; if a cleric, he was made irregular; but on the expiration of that time, no man might relieve them.
scarce fifteen hundred men, but this rolling rivulet soon swelled into importance by the accession of numerous streams, and on reaching Nottingham, the royal exile saw himself at the head of several thousand men. In the neighbourhood of Coventry he found himself in presence of a Lancastrian army under the command of Warwick and Clarence. The moment had arrived for the latter to throw off the mask. Ordering his men to wear the white rose over their gorgets, with banners displayed, he went over to his brother Edward. Warwick, thus weakened in his army, declined a battle, and Edward marched with all expedition to London. On the 10th of April, the Tower of London was taken possession of by Edward’s friends, and the next day he rode to St. Paul’s, offered up his prayers to the Holy Rood at the north door, and then repaired to the palace of the time-serving Archbishop of York. The unfaithful prelate met him with the meek and impassive Henry in his hand, whom he traitorously surrendered to his rival. Edward proceeded thence to Westminster Abbey, and at the shrine of his patron saint offered up his earnest thanks for that surprising train of success, which in twenty-eight days from his landing at the Humber, had enabled him to reach his good city of London, regain his crown and have his rival in his power, without even a battle. His devotions concluded, he forthwith went to his queen, who was still an inmate of the adjacent sanctuary, and “with singular joy and comfort,” Elizabeth presented him with the prince to whom she had given birth in his absence.

Elizabeth had scarcely welcomed the return of her royal consort a few days, ere the approach of the fierce Warwick again tore him from the bosom of his family to face a formidable array of Lancastrians who were in full march against the metropolis. Though now deserted by Clarence and other members of his own family, Warwick scorned to listen to the terms proposed to him by the head of the House of York, and made preparations for battle. Ere the hostile bodies met, Clarence sent to offer his services as a mediator between his father-in-law and his brother. “Go, tell your master,” replied the indignant Earl, “that Warwick, true to his word, is a better man than the false and perjured Clarence.”

On Easter-eve, April 13th, Edward quitted London to fight the battle out of the streets of the metropolis. On Easter Sunday a battle was fought at Barnet, ten miles from London, which terminated to the complete advantage of the Yorkists: Warwick and his brother, Montague, were left dead on the field. Their bodies were publicly exposed for three days in the church of St. Paul, and then carried to his ancestral place of sepulture, in the Abbey of Bilsam. By his death the greatness of the house of Nevile was destroyed, and those friends of the white rose reunited whom his revolt had divided.

But the “glorious summer” of the House of York had not yet come—there was still another contest, ere Edward could indulge in that repose to which he was so addicted. The unwearied and undaunted Margaret of Anjou had levied troops in France, at the head of which she landed at Weymouth on the very day of the battle of Barnet, and on the Friday following, Edward was again summoned to the field. On Saturday, May 14th 1471, the battle of Tewkesbury concluded this sanguinary war, in the complete defeat of the Lancastrians, and queen Margaret and her son were made prisoners. Edward thus addressed the latter on being brought before him. “How dare you presumptuously enter into my realm with banner displayed!” “To recover my father’s kingdom and heritage from his father and grandfather to him, and from him to me lineally descended.” At these words, the king, as some say, had the barbarity to strike the young prince in the face with his gauntlet, when, as Hollinshed states, he was instantly put to death by the dukes of Clarence and Gloster, lords Dorset and lord Hastings. A cold-blooded act of murder, if the details be true.

On Tuesday May 21st, Edward made his triumphal entry into London, which, in his absence had offered a vigorous resistance to Falconbridge, a partisan of Warwick. The formidable attack made by this leader at the head of a strong force of Kentish men, had placed the subject of our Memoir who was again resident in the Tower, in great peril, but her brave brother Anthony, vigorously aided by the mayor and aldermen, succeeded in repulsing the rebels in a sally, and drove them to their shipping in the

*THE COURT MAGAZINE.*
Mother of the Princes murdered in the Tower.

Thames. Edward knighted the mayor and aldermen, with others who had so bravely defended his queen and capital.

Shortly after Edward's victorious return, Henry VI. breathed his last in the Tower, wherein much of his life had been passed alternately as a state pageant and a prisoner of war. He is generally stated by historians to have died by violence, and the odium of the foul deed has chiefly fallen on the memory of Richard of Gloucester. The proof of the fact, is however disproportional to the atrocity of the accusation.

After a series of vicissitudes which make the life of Edward one continued tissue of romance, and when the diadem seemed firmly seated on his brow, he appears to have seized the first favorable moment to escape from the fatigues of war and government, to indulge in pleasure and sumptuous living. His eldest son, born in the sanctuary during his exile, also named Edward, was now created Prince of Wales and earl of Chester, and further recognised as heir apparent in a great council of peers and prelates. He gratefully remembered, collected round him and rewarded those partisans who had adhered to his changeful fortunes, and amongst the rest took an early opportunity after his restoration to manifest his gratitude to the lord of Grutuse on the occasion of that foreigner's arrival in England in September 1472, not only causing him to be received and treated with extraordinary honor and publicly complimented by the speaker of Parliament, but conferring on him the dignity of earl of Winchester. Two curious manuscript narratives preserved in the British Museum describe in the words of a herald who must have been an eye-witness, this distinguished foreigner's reception in this country. From these, the following passages, independently of their historical interest, afford some curious particulars of the manners of the period and a lively picture of the court of Edward and Elizabeth Wydeville at Windsor and Westminster.

After being "honorably and plenteously" feasted for several days in London by the sheriff and other authorities, the lord of Grutuse rode to Windsor to visit the king and queen. On his arrival at the castle, he was received in the Great Court by his lord Hastings the chamberlain and divers other lords and nobles. The king "ordered to be imprailled on the far side of the quadrant (quadrangle), three chambers richly hung with cloth of arras, and with beds of estate." He then had audience of Edward and Elizabeth, and "when he had spoken with the king's grace, and the queen, he was accompanied to his chamber by the lord chamberlain and divers more who supped with him in his chamber." After supper, "my lord chamberlain had him again to the king's chamber. Then incontinent the king had him to the queen's chamber, where she had there her ladies playing at the martiaux (a game, probably, resembling bowls) and some of her ladies and gentlemen at the closhys of ivory, * and dancing. And some at divers other games, according. The which sight was full pleasant to them. Also the king danced with my lady Elizabeth, his eldest daughter. That done, the night passed over, they went to his chamber. The lord Grutuse took leave, and my lord chamberlain, with divers nobles accompanied him to his chamber, where they departed for that night. And in the morning, when matins were done, the king heard in his own chapel our Lady Mass, which was melodiously sung, the lord Grutuse being then present.

When the mass was done, the king gave the said lord Grutuse a cup of gold garnished with pearls. In the midst of the cup was a great piece of an Unicorn's horn, † to any estimation seven inches compass (round). And on the cover was a great sapphire. Then he went to his chamber, where he had his breakfast. And when he had broken his fast, the king came in to the quadrant. My lord prince also, borne by his chamberlain, called master Vaughan, who bade the foresaid lord Grutuse welcome.

* The game of cloash only differed in name from the nine-pins of the present day. By a statute of Edward IV. it was enacted "that no person use or play at the games called cloashe, half-bowl, hand-in, hand-out, and quaeke-board, or pain of two years imprisonment, and forfeiture of 10l."
† According to the belief of this and earlier periods, supposed to guard against the existence of poison in the cup.
‡ This infant then ten months old, afterwards became Edward the Fifth.

P—March, 1841.
Then the king had him and all his company into the Little Park, where he made him to have great sport. And there the king made him ride on his own horse, on a right fair hobby, the which the king gave him. There in the Park the king gave him also a royal cross-bow, the string of silk, the case coloured of velvet with the king's colours, and his arms and badges thereupon. Also, the heads of the quarrells* were girt.

The king's dinner was ordained (served) in the Lodge. Before dinner they killed no game, saving a doe, the which the king gave to the servants of the said lord Grutuse. When the king had dined, they went a hunting again, and by the Castle were found certain deer lying; some were run to death with grey-hounds, and some with buck hounds. There were slain half a dozen bucks, the which the king gave to the said lord Grutuse. By that time it was near night, yet the king shewed him his garden, and vineyard of pleasure, and so turned into the Castle again, where they heard even-song in their chambers.

The honors and entertainments of this busy day at Windsor Castle in 1472 where however not yet at an end, for the queen:—

"Ordained a great banquette in her own chamber. At the which banquette were the king, the queen, my lady Elizabeth, the king's eldest daughter, the duchess of Exeter, (sister to Edward IV.) the lady Rivers, (wife of Anthony, second earl Rivers who had then succeeded to the title), and the lord Grutuse, sitting at one mess; and at the same table sat the duke of Buckingham, my lady his wife and divers others lords and ladies. Item, there was a side table at which sat a great *net of ladies, all on the one side. Also in the outer chamber sat the queen's gentlewomen all on one side. And on the other side of the table, over against them, as many of the lord Grutuse's servants, as touching to the abundant welfare like as it is according to such a banquette. And when they had supped, my lady Elizabeth the king's daughter, danced with the duke of Buckingham, and divers other ladies also. Then, about ten o'clock, the king and the queen, with her ladies and gentlewomen, brought the said lord Grutuse to three chambers of Pleasance, all hanged with white silk and linen cloth, and all the floors covered with carpets. There was ordained a bed for himself, of as good down as could be gotten, the sheets of Rennes; also fine fustians; the counterpoint of cloth of gold, furred with ermine, tester and the celer also shining cloth of gold, furred curtains of white sarsenet; as for his head suit and pillows they were of the queen's own ordonnance. In the second chamber there was another of estate, the which was all white. Also, in the same chamber was made a coach with feather beds, hanged with a tent, knit like a nette, and there was a cup-board. In the third chamber was ordained a bayne (bath) or two, which were covered with tents of white cloth. And when the king and the queen, with all her ladies and gentlewomen, had shewed him these chambers, they turned again to their own chambers, and left the said lord Grutuse there, accompanied with my lord chamberlain, which despooled him (helped him undress), and went both together to the bayne. And when they had been in their baynes as long as was their pleasure, they had green ginger, divers syrops, comfits, and hippocres, and then they went to bed. And on the morrow he took his cup|| with the king and queen, and turned to Westminster again, accompanied with certain knights, esquires, and other the king's servants, home to his lodging:"

This very curious journal of a day's visit to Windsor Castle in the olden time, unfortunately includes no bill of fare of the table luxuries exhibited at the "Great Banquette" given by Elizabeth Wydeville to the Lord Grutuse, or the carte in its abundance would, doubtless, have startled the most experienced purveyors of modern festivity. We learn, however, by this enumeration of the several periods of eating

* A species of arrow.
* View, sight, or number.
* Manufactured at Rennes in Brittany. It is celebrated as early as the fourteenth century.
Thus Chaucer:

"I wol geve him a fether bed,
Rayed with gold, and right well clad,
In fine black saten d'outremere,
And many a pillow and every here
Of cloth of Rennes to sleepe on softe.  

Booke of the Duchess.

‡ This meal was called a liberry.
|| A potent beverage of ale and wine, well spiced and sweetened, with the circulation of which the substantial breakfasts of our forefathers concluded. It still remains in high repute among the bon vivants of Oxford and Cambridge; where, after breakfast, it is handed round in tall two-handled cups and flagons, garnished with a floating sprig of burrage.
per diem, that the two meals a-day introduced into England at the Norman Conquest, and, ostensibly at least, followed for so long a period by the aristocracy, had now been increased to four. These were—breakfast taken at seven o'clock in the morning!—dinner at ten,—supper at four in the afternoon,—and liveries, which consisted of a collation taken in bed, between eight and nine in the evening. The breakfast, although taken so early in the morning, was a meal of the most substantial description; but, it must be remembered, those who partook of it had generally been actively employed for three hours previously. From the Northumberland Family Book, it appears that:

"The breakfast for an earl and his countess during four days of a week in Lent, was first, a loaf of bread in trenchers, two manchetts (that is, small loaves of the finest flour weighing six ounces a piece), a quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt-fish, six baconed herrings, four white herrings or a dish of sprats:"

Forming, certainly, a liberal commencement for a day of mortification in Lent. In the dinners of the aristocracy we find the plenty, magnificence, and whimsical variety of the period mixed with its characteristic rudeness and discomfort. The cookery, it may be concluded, from incidental notices in various writers, was still sufficiently coarse, although complex and costly. Almonds, almond-milk, sugar, honey, and spices, were plentifully used; while gold-leaf, powder of gold, and bright colours, were in great request for the adornment of dainty dishes.

But of all the festive exhibitions during the reign of Edward IV. the installation-feast of the time-serving prelate, George Nevile, the brother of the 'King-maker,' when he was inducted to the arch-bishopric of York, for its abundance and curious variety, is especially deserving of mention. A hundred and four oxen, and six wild bulls, a thousand sheep, three hundred and four calves, as many swine, two thousand pigs, five hundred stags, bucks and roes, two hundred and four kids formed the solid basis of the entertainment. Of fowls, large and small, rare and common, wild and tame, there were in all twenty-two thousand five hundred and twelve. These were aided by mountains of fish, pasties, tarts, custards and jellies; and three hundred quarters of wheat formed the vegetable portion of the banquet. The quantity of liquids corresponded to that of the solida, consisting of three hundred tuns of ale, a hundred tuns of wine, and a pipe of hypocras. Though many of the articles were sufficiently rich and luxurious, and must have been procured from far and near at immense labor and cost, yet, even at this more than regal banquet, there were indications of not a little grossness and foul feeding, for amongst other strange dishes, were "twelve porpoises and seals."

The hospitality of our ancestors, particularly of the great and opulent barons, is a well attested fact, and has earned for England the high commendation of foreign writers, who repeatedly instance it as a certain proof of nobleness and generosity of spirit. Nor was this essentially Catholic (or, general) virtue, confined to the great and opulent, but practised rather more than it is at present by persons in the middle and lower ranks of life. This probably arose in a great measure from the scarcity of inns, which obliged travellers and strangers to apply to private persons for lodging and entertainment; and those who received them hospitably required a right to a similar reception. The earls of Douglas in Scotland, before the fall of that great family, rivalled, or rather excelled their sovereigns in pomp and profuse hospitality. Richard Nevile, the great earl of Warwick, we are told, "was ever had in great favor of the Commons (the people) of the land, because of the exceeding household which he daily kept, wherever he sojourned or lay; and when he came to London, he held such a house, that six oxen were eaten at a breakfast, and eevery tavern was full of his meat. And he who had any acquaintance in that house, adds old Stow, "he should have had as much boiled and roast as he might carry on a long dagger."

To return to the regal hospitality and marks of extraordinary honor by which Ed-

* It is remarkable that shopkeepers, mechanics and laborers, breakfasted at eight in the morning, dined at noon, and supped at six in the evening; which were later hours than those of the nobility. So different are the customs of one age from those of another.
ward sought so nobly to repay the debt of gratitude he owed to one who had saved
him from captivity, and had been chiefly instrumental in contributing to his restora-
tion to the throne of England. Early in the following month of October, the king,
accompanied by his lovely consort, repaired from Windsor to London, to be present
at the ceremony of creating Grutuse an earl. The ceremonial, apart from its sin-
gular pomp and gorgeous magnificence, must have been one of touching interest.
The scene is thus described by the journalist:—

"On the feast of Saint Edward, the king kept his royal estate in his palace of Westminster.
And about ten of the clock afore noon, the king came into the parliament chamber in his
parliament robes, and on his head a cap of maintenance; and sat in his most royal majesty,
having before him his lords spiritual and temporal. Then William Alynton, the speaker
of the Commons, proceeded to declare before the king and his noble and sad (grave) council,
the interest and desire of his commons, specially in the commendation of the womanly be-
avour and the great constancy of the queen, he (the king) being beyond sea. Also the
great joy and surety to his land in the birth of a prince. Also the knightly demeaning
of his brethren, the dukes of Clarence and Gloucester. Also the constant faith of the lords Rivers
and Hastings, with other nobles and yeomen, being with the king beyond the sea. Item,
the great humanity and kindness of the lord Grutuse, shewed when the king came in the
countries of Holland and Flanders; the foreside lord Grutuse there being present. There-
fore it pleased his grace to have all those rehearsed specially commended! This done, the
king turned again to his chamber, accompanied with his lords. Then, the said lord (Gru-
tuse) went into a chamber by our lady of the Pew,* and put upon him the habiliment of an
earl. The king came oft soones in his most royal majesty, crowned like as he went in procession
into the parliament chamber, and the duke of Clarence bare his train. Also the earl of
Wiltshire bore a sword before him, the pomel upward, accompanied also with divers lords.
Whereafter the king girded the said sword about him, and created him earl of Winchester,
the king's secretary, master William Ocliffe, reading openly his patent.† This done, the
king went into the White Hall, whither came the queen, crowned; also the Prince, in his
robes of estate, who was borne after the king by his chamberlain, master Vaughan.
And so proceeded forth into the abbey church, and so up to the shrine of Saint Edward, where
they offered. Then the king turned down into the choir, where he sat in his throne unto the
procession time. The earl of Winchester bare the sword all the procession, and so forth un-
to the time that they went to dinner."

The banquet was served in the White Hall, and the earl of Wiltshire waited on
the king's cup-board, as chief butler for that day. In all other service and cere-
mony the king was served like as his old custom in such a feast. The king of his
grace gave largesse unto his officers of arms, and Master Garter, we are told:—

"Gave him thankings in the name of all the office, but master Norry cried the large-
sesse three times in three places of the hall, because Master Garter had an impediment in his
tongue. And, when the king had washed, and graces were said, the king created a king-of-
arms, baptized him Gunne, and set a crown on his head. That done, the king had his c-o-u-t
between five and six of the clock. That done the king went to his chamber, accompanied
with the lords, where the earl of Winchester took his congé, and was well accompanied to
his lodgings, with the earl of Essex, my lord chamberlain and divers other nobles.

This grateful conduct of Edward to the man who had sheltered him in his exile,
has meet with merely a cursory notice in our histories of England.

These last memorable and very active years were succeeded by a brief calm during
which we hear little of Elizabeth Wydeville; the only event of any interest in her
family being the marriage of her second son Richard, duke of York, to Anne, the
daughter and heiress of John Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, by which he became pos-
sessed of the immense estates of that nobleman:—Another example of her ability in
match-making—for the prince had scarcely attained his fifth year, while the lady bride
was two years his junior.

* A small chapel, near the chapel of St. Stephen, dedicated to the lady of the Pew, "to the
which," says Stow, "great offerings were used to be made."
† The honor was accompanied with an annual grant of 2000. sterling, payable out of the revenue
of the county of Hampshire and the customs taken in the port of Southampton.
‡ A slight repast or collation, corresponding to the modern meal of 'Tea.'
The sudden death of the King's eldest brother, Clarence, shortly after his commitment to the Tower in the summer of 1477, an event with which the Queen's name has been painfully connected, is another of the impenetrable mysteries of this dark and unhappy period. Some of the old historians assert that common report attributed the "taking-off" of the Duke to the influence of "the Queen and her blood," who, it is alleged ever mistrusted the restless-minded and ambitious brothers, Clarence and Gloucester; whilst, on the other hand, the latter beheld the appointment of the upstart Wydeville race to the highest offices and emoluments with the bitterest feelings of jealousy and detestation. The history of the murder is thus related by Hall:

"In the seventeenth year of king Edward there fell a sparkle of privy malice between the king and his brother the duke of Clarence, whether it rose of old grudges before time passed, or were it newly kindled and set on fire by the queen or her blood, which were ever mistrusting and privaly barking at the king's lineage, or were he desirous to reign after his brother: to men that have thereof made large inquisition, of such as were of no small authority in those days, the certainty thereof was hid, and could not truly be disclosed but by conjectures, which as often deceive the imaginations of fantastical folk, as declare truth to them in conclusion. The fame was that the king or queen, or both, sore troubled with a foolish prophecy, and by reason thereof began to stomach and grievously to grudge against the duke: the effect of which was, after king Edward should reign, one whose first letter of his name should be a G; and because the devil is wont with such witchcrafts to warp and illquate the minds of men, which delight in such devilish fantasies, they said afterward that that prophecy lost not its effect, when, after king Edward, Gloster usurped his kingdom."

Another Chronicler alleges, as the cause of his death:

"That of late the old ranour between them being newly revived (the which between no creatures can be more vehement than between brethren, especially when it is firmly radi-ated in the dust,) by the means of lady Margaret duchess of Bourgoyne (Burgundy), his sister, procured to have the lady Mary, daughter and heir to duke Charles her husband, to be given to him in matrimony; which marriage king Edward (envyng the felicity of his brother), both again said and disturbed. This privy displeasure was openly appeased, but not inwardly forgotten nor outwardly forgiven; for that notwithstanding a servant of the duke's was suddenly accused (I cannot say of truth, or untruly suspected by the duke's enemies) of poisoning, sorcery, or enchantment, and thereof condemned, and put to the pains of death. The duke, who might not suffer the wrongful condemnation of his man (as he in his conscience adjudged), nor yet hearken, nor patiently suffer the unjust handling of his trusty servant, did daily complain and with ill words murmur at the doing thereof. The king, much grieved and troubled with his brother's daily querimony and continual exclamation, caused him to be apprehended and cast into the Tower, where he, being taken and adjudged for a traitor, was privily drowned in a butt of Malmesey."

In the beginning of that year, the old charge of sorcery and witchcraft had been revived against the Queen through the machinations of Clarence and his friends, and this, in all probability, had proved one of the causes of a renewal of the former ranour; whilst other surmises point to the remorseless ambition of the usurping Richard of Gloucester as having "lacked not in helping forth his brother of Clarence to his death." All this, however, is mere conjecture, "and whatsoever," sagaciously remarks the chronicler, "divinieth or conjectureth may as well shoot too far as too short." Whatever the cause which led to the perpetration of the foul deed, it weighed no less heavily on Edward's conscience, for continues the Chronicler:

"Sure it is that although king Edward were consenting to his death and destruction, yet he much did both lament his unfortunate chance and repent his sudden execution; inasmuch that, when any person sued to him for pardon or remission of any malefactor condemned to the punishment of death, he would accustomably say, and openly speak, O unfortunate brother, for whose life not one creature would make intercession! openly speaking, and apparently meaning, that by the means of some of the nobility he was circumvented and brought to his confusion."

* Clarence (who had been recently left a widower by the death of the beautiful Isabella of Warwick), found a formidable rival in lord Rivers, whose pretensions to the hand of the Princess Mary of Burgundy were strenuously backed by his sister Elizabeth.

† Thomas Burdett, one of his esquires, tried and condemned for necromancy and treason.
This significant allusion of King Edward has been considered by a modern historian to have been levelled against Lord Rivers, his Queen's brother. In this opinion he is confirmed by a record* which speaks, at this time, of great differences between Clarence and Lord Rivers. His confiscated estates were chiefly given to Rivers; and the wardship and marriage of his heir were granted to the Queen's son, the Marquis of Dorset. So that the persons who immediately profited by his death, were not so much Gloucester or his friends, as the Queen's party, their great political antagonists. Besides the Queen's efforts to gain the heiress of Burgundy for her brother Rivers, it is also to be remarked, that the act of attainder charges Clarence with purposing treason against the Queen and her son, and "also against the great part of the nobles of this land." If the Queen did not destroy him, she at least did not interfere to save him; and as her influence with Edward was persuasive to the last, Gloucester was not more implicated than she was, in not becoming his intercessor. But as Clarence was opposed in his wishes by her and her brother, and had been deprived of a part of the King's grants to him, it is probable that he was becoming hostile to the family interest of her relations, and may have been a victim to their vindictive policy.

These unhappy factions in the court and councils of Edward, strikingly exemplify the evil results attendant upon a marriage of a king with one of his subjects; they embittered his own peace, from his restoration to his death—awakened new commotions for the nation, and eventually produced the destruction of his own dynasty. In his plan of emancipating the crown from the control of the aristocracy, who had assisted to set it on his brow, by the steady elevation of the Queen's relations, Edward, it has been remarked, "pursued a wise object in an unwise manner." Though the great families of Somerset and Warwick had fallen in the Wars of the Roses, still others had arisen with feelings and interests no less opposing and conflicting. Hastings, Buckingham, Stanley, Howard, and others, were nearly as proud and aspiring, though less formidable than the Warwicks, Salisbury and Montagues had been. Their feuds ran at one time so high, that the King arrested his favorite Hastings, on some quarrel with Rivers, and sent him to the Tower, where that nobleman daily expected his death warrant. That a great hostility had long existed between Hastings and the Queen's family, is emphatically declared by a contemporary of consideration—the Chronicler of Croyland; and while their rivalries and mistrust were in full vigor, Edward's premature decease on the 9th of April, 1483, let loose the jarring elements of discord, and a train of calamities quickly pursued his children and his consort's relatives to extermination; for these and the ancient nobility were left in the state of as complete a struggle for life and death, as had formerly existed between his own family interest and that of the house and friends of Lancaster.

The cause of Edward's death has been ascribed by some to mortified ambition—at finding himself duped by the wily Louis of France, with vain promises relative to the projected marriage of his daughter the Princess Elizabeth with the Dauphin—by others, to one of those fits of debauchery which had now succeeded to the vices of youth, and which had already converted his elegant form and fine countenance into the bloated corpulence of depraved and premature age. Either cause of death suited his character, and might naturally have closed such a life; for the shortest and yet fullest account of his character is, that he yielded to the impulse of every passion. Comines, who had opportunities of personal observation, tells us that he "indulged himself in a larger share of ease and pleasures than any prince of his time. His thoughts were wholly employed upon the ladies, on the chase and dressing. In his summer hunting, he had silken tents set up for the ladies, in which he treated them with magnificent spendour." The same writer twice mentions, that he was "the most beautiful prince that he had ever seen, or of his time," but that after his restoration he grew very corpulent. Sir Thomas Moore describes him as of "a goodly personage, and very princely to behold; of visage lovely, of body mighty;
strong and clean made. Howbeit in his latter days, with over liberal diet, somewhat corpulent and boorly, yet not uncomely." A personal courtesy, and even kindness of temper often added the affection of his subjects to their loyalty, and displayed the right-hearted character of a noble mind." Fabian gives two instances of this. In July 1481, the king invited the mayor and part of the corporation of London to a hunt in Waltham forest, and feasted them with a rich dinner and wine, in a bower of green boughs, and gave them plenty of venison at parting. The next month he sent two harts and six bucks to the wives of the mayor and aldermen, with a tun of wine to drink with them. Another chronicler mentions an incident which intimates his attractive manners. He asked a rich old lady what she would give him towards the war. Interested by his person and address, she said, "For thy lovely face, thou shalt have twenty pounds;" being twice as much as the king expected, he thanked, and kissed her. Edward was very liberal to his minstrels, to one of whom, the serjeant of his band as has been shewn, he had been indebted perhaps for life. He gave an annuity of ten marks to the "mareschal of the office of our minstrels," and the like sum to six others. His tailor, (who by his name, Gillini Pault, appears to been a foreigner), had a shilling a-day, and five pounds a-year for his house. At the Christmas festivities before his death, he appeared in a variety of most costly dresses of a form never seen before, which he thought displayed his person to superior advantage. This new fashion was, says the Croyland annalist, "to have very full hanging sleeves, like a monk's, lined with the most sumptuous furs, and so rolled over his shoulders, as to give his tall person an air of peculiar grandeur." He gave so much attention to dress, as to procure an act, making it the mark of every one's quality and keeping down the inferior degrees from intruding on the splendour of the upper classes. Thus it was, in his last year enacted:—

"That none but the royal family should wear any cloth of gold, or silk, or of a purpel color. None, under a duke, any cloth of tissue: none, under a lord, any plain cloth of gold: none, under a knight, any velvet, nor damask or satin, in their gowns: none, under an esquire or gentleman, any damask or satin in their doublets, nor camlet: none, under a lord, any woollen cloth made out of England, nor furs of sables. No labourer, servant or artificer, was to have any cloth above two shillings a yard; but this act was not to extend to any woman but the wives of the latter."

Thus the rank of every one was known immediately by his clothes.

It is gratifying, amid the bloodshed of Edward's reign to recollect, that, during its latter part, the Art of Printing was introduced into England, and the first printing-press set up in the Almonry, at Westminster, by William Caxton. The precise year cannot be determined; but it was between 1471 and 1477. The first book from his press, which has the year (1477) and place of printing subjoined, was a translation from the French by Caxton's patron, the queen's accomplished brother, Anthony Wydeville, earl Rivers, "The Dictes and Notable Wyse Sayenges of the Phylosphers." In 1473, that brightest ornament of the English court went on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella, in Spain, "understanding there was to be a jubilee or pardon thereat,"—a species of holy enterprise then most fashionable—and during his voyage thither made the translation by way of amusement. (The MS. has an illumination, representing Edward IV, his queen, Elizabeth, and son, prince Edward, with Rivers and Caxton kneeling and presenting the book to the king.) The earl mentions it thus:—

"In July in the year 1473, he set sail from Southampton, when a worshipful gentleman in his company lent him, to pass over the time, the books of the Sayings of the Philosophers,

* Earl Rivers also translated the 'Moral Proverbs' of Christine of Pisa into English verse, and which Caxton printed at his patron's command in Feb. 1477-8. In the memoir of Christine of Pisa (see May 1840) we gave some account of the splendid MS. copy of her works, written on vellum and richly illuminated, from the original limnings in which our authentic portraits of that learned beauty and her patroness, Isabel of Bavaria, were taken. This volume—which possesses the highest interest equally from pictorial beauty as from the rank and importance of the persons who were successively its owners—Sir Frederick Madden conjectures to have been executed for Queen Isabel between the years 1410 and 1420. Subsequently, it came into the hands of Jacquette of Luxemburg, mother of Elizabeth Wydeville, and may have passed to the duchess
in French. He was much affected by the wholesome sayings, therein, of the Paynins; but as he could not, in that his pilgrimage, ever see it well, at his pleasure, through the dispositions that belong to the taker of a jubilee or pardon, and the great acquaintance he found there of worshipful folk, he intended, at a more convenient time, to be better acquainted with it. Remaining in this opinion, after the king commanded him to attend upon the prince, and having then leisure, he translated it into English, which had not been done before.'

It is remarkable, that from his taste or gallantry, Rivers omitted the last part, containing sarcasms against the fair sex, which Caxton, to make the work complete supplied.

It was to this superior character in learning and accomplishments, so far in advance of the age in which he lived, that Edward intrusted the care and education of the youthful prince, his heir. Rivers had been successively appointed, by his royal brother-in-law, governor of the Isle of Wight; constable of England after his father’s death; captain of the king’s armed power; knight of the Garter; the chief-butter of England; and the governor of the household of the Prince of Wales. King Edward, in the last year of his life, but six weeks before he died or had any expectation of dying, settled the following rules for his son’s daily conduct and studies. These, while they exhibit part of the best customs of the gentlemen of that day, display a paternal anxiety for his improvement, and a minuteness of attention to matters calculated to lead him to habits that would be most beneficial, and to remove all that could injure. Indeed, Edward had ever made the education of his son an object of his tenderest care and wisest judgment.

Rules for the Nurture and Education of Prince Edward of Wales (afterward Edward V.)

1. He shall arise every morning at a convenient time, and till he be ready, none but earl Rivers, his chamberlain, to enter his chamber, and one other chaplin to sing matins; then to go to chapel or chamber, to hear mass.—2. That he hear, every holiday, divine service. —3. That on principal feasts, sermons be preached before him.—4. That he breakfast immediately after mass, and be occupied an hour at his school before he go to meat, and to be reasonably served, and his dishes borne in by worshipful folk wearing our livery.—5. That no man sit at his board but as earl Rivers shall allow; and that there be read before him noble stories, as behoveth a prince to understand; and that the communication at all times in his presence be of virtue, honor, wisdom, deeds of worship, and of nothing that shall move him to vice.—6. After his meal, in eschewing of idleness, that he be occupied two hours at his school; and after, in his presence, to be shewed such convenient disports and exercises as belong to his estate to have experience in.—7. To go to his even song at a convenient hour; and soon after that to be at his supper.—8. After supper, that he have all such disports as may be conveniently devised for his recreation.—9. That he be in his chamber, and for all night; and the travers* to be drawn by nine of the clock, and all persons then from thence to be avoided, except for attendance.—10. That sure and good watch be nightly had and kept about his person for safeguard.—11. That discreet and convenient persons be appointed to give attendance on his person, from his rising to his going to bed."

Further orders follow for the regulation of his chapel and household.

It was one of the peculiarities in the character of Edward IV. that he engaged in treaties for the marriages of all his children almost as soon as they were born; and

either as a gift from the queen, or from the circumstance of the Duke of Bedford, her first husband, having obtained possession of the Royal Library of France. To her eldest son, by her second marriage, Anthony Wydeville, Lord Scales and second Earl Rivers (whose performance both as a warrior and scholar we have detailed in the present memoir of his sister) the MS. in question descended; and at the left hand side of his mother’s autograph he has added his own with the motto, ‘Nulz la vont a Rierez’—probably the same used at the tournament with the Bastard of Burgundy. It is worthy of remark, says Sir Frederick, ‘that Jacquetta’s autograph is written on an eanure, of which the traces remain sufficiently legible to make out the motto ‘Nurz toutz autres’—which is repeated at fol. 317 of the volume. Query, did Isobel of Bavaria ever use such a motto? It has also the autograph and motto of Louis of Bruges, the lord of Grutese; and hence it may reasonably be inferred that the Seigneur de la Grutese received it as a valuable contribution from the Earl Rivers towards the library collected by the former nobleman at Bruges. How it afterwards was separated from that collection cannot now be traced; but previous to its coming into the hands of the Earl of Oxford, it had belonged to the Duke of Newcastle, as is attested by his signature, dated 1676.

* The curtain of tapestry across the door.
this anxious foresight probably arose from sad experience of the calamitous effects of his own unequal alliance. In the important matter of the marriage of the princesses of England, Edward, by his will, placed great discretionary power in the hands of his queen; as the following clauses prove:—

"Item, We will that our daughter Elizabeth have ten thousand marks towards her marriage, and that our daughter Mary have also to her marriage ten thousand marks, so that they be governed and ruled in their marriage by our dearest wife the queen. And if either of our said daughters do marry themself without such advice and assent, so as they be thereby disparaged, as God forbid, that then she so marrying herself have no payment of her said ten thousand marks,"

"Item, Where we trust in God our said wife be now with child, if good fortune it to be a daughter, then we will that she have also ten thousand marks towards her marriage. So always she be ruled and guided in her marriage as afore is declared in the article touching the marriage of our said daughters Elizabeth and Mary; and else to be employed by our executors in the hasty payment of our said debts,"

The last and most interesting clause shews that Edward had small treasure to bequeath his consort;—it secured, in fact, little more to her than her own "goods and chattels:"

"Item, As to all our goods, that is to say, bedding, arras, tapestries, verdours, stuff, of our household ornaments, plate and jewels except, we will that our said wife the queen have the disposition thereof, to the intent that she may take of the same such as she shall think to be most necessary and convenient for her, and have the use and occupation thereof during her life; and after her decease our said son the Prince, wholly to have and enjoy that part &c. And as unto all our jewels and plate, as well of our chapel as other, we will that they be sold by our executors to the utmost advantage, and with the money coming thereof to be defrayed the costs and charges of our burying and conveying of our body to the College of Windsor; and one thousand marks to be disposed the day of our burying amongst the priests and poor people to sing and pray for our soul. And over this, we will that our said wife, the queen, have and enjoy all her own goods and chattels, stuff, cotton, arras, tapestries, verdours stuff, household plate and jewels, and all other things which she now hath and occupieth, to dispose it freely at her will and pleasure without let or interruption of our executors."

In order that people might see that no murderous hand had occasioned the king’s death:—

"The body of the deceased king," says Sandford in his Genealogical History, "was immediately exposed on a board, naked from the waist upwards, during ten hours, that all the lords both spiritual and temporal then being in or about London might look on him, and the lord Mayor and his brethren saw him so lying, after which he was seared. Then, on the morrow he was brought into the chapel of St. Stephen (recently the House of Commons), where masses were sung, and, at night, the body was well watched by the nobles and his household servants. He rested in this order eight days; and on the 17th day of the month of April aforesaid, was conveyed into the abbey of Westminster, where a grand Mass and other solemnities were performed. The body was then placed in a chariot drawn by six horses, and so with that pomp that was required, proceeded to Charing Cross, where the chorist was censed (incense burnt over the bier) and, from thence to Sion, where it was received that night with the usual ceremonies; thence, on the next morning they departed in good order to Eton, where they were received by the procession of Windsor; and at the Castle gate the archbishop of York, and the bishop of Winchester censed the corpse. It was then carried into the choir of St. George’s chapel where was ordained a marvellous well-wrought herse, being that night watched with a good company of nobles and esquires of the body, and was then buried with all solemnity befitting so great and victorious a king."

During this lying of the king in state at Westminster, a royal council, over which the queen mother presided, met to proclaim his eldest son, then only in the thirteenth year of his age, by the style of Edward V., appointed the 4th of May for his coronation, and urged that he should come up immediately to London. So far the two parties which divided the council and court of England seemed unanimous; but the great object which each had in view, was to get and keep possession of the young king’s person. Besides being intrusted with the education and care of the prince, whom he was training at Ludlow Castle, earl Rivers had the command of
Shrewsbury and the adjoining part of Wales. He possessed, therefore, the complete disposal of Edward V. at the critical moment of his accession, and at the same time the power of assembling all the forces of South Wales, to support the line of politics the young king should adopt. From these circumstances, he was in a position that that naturally ensured him a powerful sway over the future government, especially if his sister, the queen, should be made regent. That Elizabeth aspired to the regency was suspected, and is not improbable, though difficult to be proved. That she wished and hoped that she and her relations would retain as much power in the new, as in the preceding reign, and that her enemies were equally determined, if possible, to prevent this, is evident from the more prudent part of the council determining that the regency should not be held by the king’s maternal uncles or brothers. Hence the next and most vital question arose, with what degree of military force the king should come up from Ludlow to London. The queen and her friends were earnest in proposing that an army of many thousand strong be raised as an escort; but this measure was as strenuously opposed by the other party, who saw its tendency; and particularly by Hastings, the lord Chamberlain, who threatened to leave the court. Elizabeth, unwilling probably to raise a commotion at the very outset of her son’s reign, unwarily agreed to limit the number of his attendants to two thousand.

The Duke of Gloucester was at this time in the marches of Scotland, at the head of a powerful army, preparing for a second expedition into Scotland, when he received intelligence of his brother’s death. Accordingly he hastened immediately to York with a retinue of six hundred knights and esquires, dressed in mourning, ordered the obsequies of the deceased king to be performed with royal magnificence in the cathedral, summoned the nobles and gentry of the county to swear allegiance to Edward V., and by way of example was himself the first to take the oath. At the same time he wrote letters to the queen, and to her brother, earl Rivers, full of the warmest professions of friendship to them, and loyalty to his young nephew—the king. What his real intentions were when he made those professions it were impossible to conjecture. All we are acquainted with is, that secret messages had passed between Gloucester, Buckingham* and Hastings during this interval; and that on marching from York, southwards, it was observed that the number of his followers had been greatly increased. This force, he asserted, was only to give dignity to his nephew’s coronation, and lord Rivers, lulled into security by assurances and professions, made haste to meet them with his royal charge. Richard of Gloucester, so calculated time and distance that he arrived at the town of Northampton on the same day (the 29th of April), that his nephew, travelling from the north-west, reached Stony Stratford, about ten miles distant. Richard was attended by a train of six hundred northern gentry, and the Duke of Buckingham shortly made his appearance with nine hundred followers. Earl Rivers and lord Gray rode back to Northampton to compliment the duke of Gloucester on the part of the king. They met with a courteous reception from Richard, and were invited to supper. The two dukes, the earl and the lord spent the evening together in a pleasant convivial manner, but after supper the two latter retired to quarters assigned to them in Northampton, and while guards were placed over them and all the outlets of the town secured, Gloucester and Buckingham remained in secret debate. In the morning, the four lords rode in company to the entrance of Stony Stratford, conversing with every appearance of intimate friendship. As soon, however, as they were fairly in the town, and Gloucester found the young king within his grasp, he changed his tone, and accused Rivers and Gray of estranging his nephew’s affections. Rivers, who was “a well spoken man,” defended himself with his accustomed ability; but as he could not prove that he was no obstacle to Richard’s ambition, his defence was vain. “They took him and put him in ward.” On being ushered into the

* The Duke of Buckingham had married the queen’s sister, Katherine Wydeville; he was a prince of the blood—being a lineal descendant of Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward III.
presence of the king at Stony Stratford, Gloucester and Buckingham assured him that “the marquess his brother, and Rivers his uncle, had compassed to rule the king and the realm, and to subdue and destroy its noble blood.” The unfortunate boy answered with touching simplicity—“What my lord marquess may have done in London I cannot say, but I dare well answer for my uncle Rivers and my brother here, that they be innocent of any such matters.” The dukes then “sent away from the king whom it pleased them, and set new servants about him, such as liked better them than him. At which dealing he wept, and was nothing content; but it bootéd not.” At dinner, the duke of Gloucester sent a dish from his own table to the lord Rivers, “praying him to be of good cheer, all should be well enough.” He thanked the duke, and bade the messenger bear it to his nephew the lord Richard, “with the same message for his comfort, who he thought had more need of comfort, as one to whom such adversity was strange; but himself had been all his days insured therewith, and therefore could bear it better.” But for all this “comfortable courtesy” of the duke of Gloucester, he forthwith ordered the Wydevilles to be conveyed to Pomfret castle.

A little before midnight, the news of these transactions arrived in London. Queen Elizabeth, terrified, immediately left the palace of Westminster with her youngest son (the duke of York) and her five daughters, and again took sanctuary, lodging herself in the abbot’s residence. Her forlorn state in that sad retreat when visited by Rotherham, the chancellor-archbishop, is most graphically and touchingly depicted in the words of Sir Thomas More: “she sat alone, alone on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed.” There is a force and quiet beauty in this descriptive trait akin to the highest poetry.

Hastings, who approved of what had been done at Northampton, sent the communication of it to Rotherham, then in bed, with an assurance that there was no cause for any apprehension, but that all would be well. The prelate, however, rose up instantly, and went with his household, “every man weaponed,” to the queen. He found all her servants busy in taking into the sanctuary her coffers and goods; and the confusion and hurry with which her furniture was scattered over the floor by her afflicted attendants as “she sat alone, alone upon the rushes,” afford the best proof of the extent of their fears. The scene is thus given by More:—

“The archbishop took the great seal with him, and came yet before day unto the queen; about whom he found much heaviness, rumble, haste and business, carriage and conveyance of her stuff into sanctuary, chests, coffers, packs, fardels, trusses, all on men’s backs, no man unoccupied, some leading, some going, some discharging, some coming for more, some breaking down the walls to bring in the next way, and some yet drew to them that help to carry a wrong way. The queen herself sat alone, alone on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed; whom the archbishop comforted in the best manner he could, shewing her that he was put in good hope and out of fear, by the messenger sent him by the lord chamberlain (Hastings).

“Ah woe worth him, ‘quoth the queen,’ for he is one of them that laboreth to destroy me and my blood. Madam, quoth he, be you of good cheer; for I assure you if they crown any king than your son, whom they now have with them, we shall on the morrow crown his brother whom you have here with you. And here is the great seal, which in likewise as that noble prince your husband delivered it unto me, so here I deliver it unto you to the use and behoof of your son. And therefore he betook her the great seal, and departed home again yet in the dawning of the day. By which time he might, in his chamber window, see all the Thames full of boats of the Duke of Gloucester’s servants, watching that no man should go to sanctuary, nor none could pass unsearched.”

The next day all was commotion, curiosity, and conjecture throughout the metropolis; but public feeling was quieted by the tidings of the king’s approach to London. On the 4th of May, the day originally appointed for his coronation, the captive king was conducted into the metropolis by his usurping uncle, Gloucester. At Hornsey park, the lord mayor, sheriffs and aldermen, in scarlet gowns, followed by five hundred citizens in violet velvet, met the king, who wore a long mantle of blue velvet, while his attendants were dressed in deep mourning. He was lodged with all the honors of royalty in the bishop’s palace, at St. Paul. Gloucester was
seen by all, behaving to him with that demeanour of reverential humility, with uncovered head and humble bows, which then marked the sovereign presence. Soon after the peers had taken the oath of fealty to Edward, on the motion of the duke of Buckingham, the young king was removed to the Tower; a distant day, the 22nd of June was fixed for his coronation; the seals were given to the bishop of Lincoln; several officers of the crown were dismissed, and Gloucester, who had been appointed Protector, assumed the lofty title of ‘brother and uncle of kings, protector and defensour, great chamberlain, constable and lord high-admiral of England.’

It was now indispensable to the secret and diabolical views of Richard of Gloucester, that he should have the young duke of York as well as the king within his grasp: ‘well witting that if he deposed the one brother, all the realm would fall to the other, if he either remained in sanctuary, or should haply be conveyed to his further liberty.’ Accordingly, at a council summoned by the Protector, it was resolved to demand the person of the duke, whose presence at the coronation was affirmed to be indispensable; and whose remaining in sanctuary, amongst thieves and murderers, at the moment of so august a ceremony, was held to be dangerous and dishonorable—as causing slanderous rumours to be spread and suspicions to be cast on the Protector. On the breaking up of this council, Richard went at the head of a large force with swords and clubs, and compelled the archbishop of Canterbury and others to enter the sanctuary and to solicit the queen to let the duke of York go to the Tower, to ‘comfort the king.’ The cardinal undertook to persuade the queen mother with gentle words—for Gloucester was quite ready to disregard the sacred rights of church and sanctuary and take his young nephew Richard by force. The prelate, therefore, accompanied by some of his brother bishops and one or two lay lords, sought queen Elizabeth in the abbot’s apartments, and after all dutiful salutations, delivered to her the cause of his coming. He was commissioned, he said, by the Protector, to let her know how much the detaining of the duke of York in that place was scandalous to the public, disliked by the king his brother, and productive of other ill effects. Finding these arguments had little weight with Elizabeth, the prelate made an appeal to her maternal feelings by urging that it would be a very great comfort to his majesty to have his natural brother in company with him; nor would it be of less advantage to the young duke himself, ‘because it would confirm and strengthen their loves to be brought up together, as well at their books as sports.’ The queen, who, says the chronicler, was of ‘sharp wit and graceful speech,’ thus answered the cardinal:

“My lord, I cannot deny but it is very convenient that my son, the duke, should be in company of his brother the king, as well for society, as love’s sake; but since they are both so young, as that it is most suitable for them to be under the government of their mother, it is better for the king to be with me here, than that I should send the duke to him; for he hath of late been so sorely afflicted with diseases, and not being perfectly recovered, is in so great danger of a relapse, (which physicians say is more fatal than first sickness) that I dare trust no earthly person as yet with the care of him: for though I doubt not but that he might have such about him as could do their best to preserve his health, yet since I have ordered him all along, and am his mother, it must be allowed by all men, that as I am the most able, so shall I be the most affectionately careful and tender of him. And whereas, (she added, with no little warmth) ‘you say that it is dishonorable to my child, that he remain in this place, I think the contrary; for certainly it is most for their honor that they let him abide where no man can doubt but he will remain safest, and that is here so long as I continue here: and I do not intend to leave this place and endanger my life with my friends, who, I would to God were rather in safety here with me, than I were in hazard with them.’ Why, madam, (saith the lord Howard) do you know any reason, that they are in danger? No truly, (said she roundly) nor why they should be in prison neither, as they now be: but I have great cause to fear, lest those, who have not scrupled to put them into prison without cause, will as little value to destroy them without law or right. The lord cardinal perceiving, says More, ‘that the queen waxed ever the longer the farther off; and also that she began to kindle and chafe, and speak sore biting words against the Protector, thought it time to cease further argument; and therefore told her that if she were content to deliver the duke to him and the other lords present, he durst lay his own body and soul both in pledge, not only for his surety but also for his estate. And if she would give them
a resolute answer to the contrary, he would forthwith depart therewithal, and shift whose would with this business afterward, for he never intended to move her more in the matter, in which she thought that he and all other also save herself, lacked either wit or truth. Wit, if they were so dull that they could nothing perceive what the Protector intended; truth, if they should procure her son to be delivered into his hands, in whom she should perceive toward the child any evil intended. At these words, the queen, we are told, stood a good while in a great study. And seeing the cardinal more ready to depart than some of his followers, and the Protector himself ready at hand, so that she verily thought she could not keep him (her little son) there, but that he would be incontinent taken thence,—At last she ordered her son Richard to be brought to her, and taking the young duke by the hand, My lord, 'quoth she and all my lords, I neither am so unwise to mistrust your wits, nor so suspicious to mistrust your truths. For lo! here is, quoth she, this gentlemen, whom I doubt not but I could here keep safe if I would, whatsoever any man say. And I doubt not also but there be some abroad so deadly enemies unto my blood, that if they wist where any of it lay in their own body, they would let it out. We have also had experience that the desire of a kingdom knoweth no kindred. The brother hath been the brother's bane; and may the nephews be sure of the uncle? Each of these children is the other's defence while they be asunder, and each of their lives lieth in the other's body. Keep one safe and both be sure; and nothing for them both more perilous, than to be both in one place. For what wise merchant adventureth all his good in one ship? But only one thing I beseech of ye, that as far as ye think that I fear too much; be ye well aware that ye fear not too little."

Then addressing her innocent boy, the queen said:—

"Farewell, my own sweet son; God send you good keeping; let me kiss you once ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again." And, thereupon, she kissed and blessed him, turned her back and wept, and went away, leaving the child weeping as fast.

The youthful victim was immediately carried to the Star Chamber, adjacent to the sanctuary, while the Protector and the rest of the council awaited the result of the cardinal's visit to the desolate queen-mother. On the princely boy's entrance, the crafty and unnatural uncle took him in his arms and kissed him with these words: "Now welcome, my lord, ever with all my very heart." "And in that," adds More, "of likelihood, he said as he thought. Thereupon forthwith they brought him to the king, his brother, into the bishop's palace, at Paul's; and from thence through the city honorably into the Tower, out of which, after that day, they never came abroad.

Richard of Gloucester now proceeded rapidly and remorselessly, step by step in that path of ambition and blood, wherein he trod till the end of his days. Avowing among his adherents his intention of seizing upon the crown, he represented to Buckingham and Hastings, that the severities which they had already practised upon the relatives and friends of the queen must render her a mortal and irreconcilable enemy; and that, therefore, for their sakes, they ought now to assist him in completing his undertaking by transferring the sceptre to a hand which would always be raised in their defence. His arguments gained the weak and unscrupulous Buckingham, who, for a season, became the ready tool of the Protector's ambition. But Hastings, who was attached to the children of Edward and Elizabeth, would not listen to the base proposal of setting them aside, and far less of removing them by an act of murder. He himself, therefore, was doomed to lose his life; and accordingly, upon a mere pretence of disaffection to the existing government, he was accused of treason, condemned and executed, within the brief space of half an hour. This dark and violent transaction is thus given, with singular truthfulness, by Sir Thomas More and Hall, and Shakspeare, following them, has made the scene immortal.

"On Friday the 13th of June, about nine in the morning, Richard presented himself at council 'in a very merry humour,' at which the lords were communing on the matter of the coronation. After a little talking with them, he said unto the Bishop of Ely, 'My lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden in Holborn (now called Ely Place); I request you, let us have a mess of them.' 'Gladdy, my lord (quoth he); would to God I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that!' and then, withal, in all haste, he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries. The protector set the lords fast in communing, and, thereupon, praying them to spare him for a little while, departed thence, and soon after one hour, between ten and eleven, he returned into the chamber amongst them all, changed, with a wonderful sour, angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning and fretting, gnawing on
his lips, and so sat him down in his place.’ Soon after he asked what those persons deserved who had compassed and imagined his destruction. Lord Hastings answered that they deserved death, whoever they might be; and then Richard affirmed that they were, that sorceress his brother’s wife (meaning Elizabeth Wydeville) and others with her. ‘And, said the protector, ‘we shall see in what wise that sorceress, and that other witch of her council, Shore’s wife, with their affinity, have by their sorcery and witchcraft wasted my body. In saying this, he plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow upon his left arm, where ‘he shewed a wither, withered arm and small, as it was never other.’ The lords, of course, perceived that this matter was but a quarrel, and they were all silent except Hastings, who said, ‘Certainly, my lord, if they have so heinously done, they be worthy heinous punishment.’ ‘What! (quoth the protector) thou servest me, I ween, with ifs and with ands! I tell thee they have so done, and that I will make good on thy body ‘traitor!’ ‘And, therewith, as in great anger, he clapped his fist upon the board, a great rap. At which token one cried treason, without the chamber. Therewith a door clapped, and in came there rushing men in harness as many as the chamber might hold. And, anon the protector said to the Lord Hastings, ‘I arrest thee traitor!’ ‘What, me, my lord!’ (quoth he.) ‘Yes, thee, traitor!’ (quoth the protector). Another let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrank at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been clef to the teeth; for as shortly as he shrank, yet ran the blood about his ears. They were then quickly bestowed in divers chambers, except the lord chamberlain (Hastings), whom the protector bade speed, and shrieve him apace, ‘for by St. Paul (quoth he) I will not to dinner till I see thy head off. Whatever the falsehood of the charges brought forward by Richard ‘it boasted (Hastings) not to ask why; but heavily he took a priest at adventure, and made a short shrift; for a longer would not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to dinner, which he might no go to till this were done, for saving of his oath. So was he brought forth into the green, beside the chapel within the tower, and his head laid down on a long log of timber, and there stricken off; and afterward his body, with the head, interred at Windsor, beside the body of King Edward; whose both souls our Lord pardon!’

The lord Stanley, the archbishop of York (Rotherham), who had delivered up the Great Seal to queen Elizabeth, and the bishop of Ely (who had very good strawberries in his garden in Holborn) were arrested at the same time, and shut up in separate cells in the Tower.

On the very day upon which these things happened in London, the earl Rivers, the lord Gray, sir Thomas Vaughan, the young king’s faithful chamberlain from infancy, and sir Richard Hawse, were beheaded, without any form of trial, at Pontefract castle. The execution was public, but the victims were prevented from addressing the people by an armed band, that was directed in person by sir Richard Ratcliffe, one of Richard’s boldest and most unscrupulous adherents, described as “a man that had long been secret with him, having experience of the world and a shrewd wit, being short and rude in speech; and as far from pity as from all fear of God.” Thus fell in the prime of life the gallant, polite and learned Rivers. He was succeeded in his earldom and his patrimonial estates by his youngest but only surviving brother.

Thus, the prophetic misgivings of Elizabeth Wydeville were speedily realised.—Gloucester’s scheme was now ripe for execution; and, to give a certain air of plausibility to his claim to the crown, his partisans were instructed to deny the validity of Elizabeth’s marriage. They asserted that the late king before he espoused the lady Elizabeth Gray, had contracted a private marriage with Eleanor Boteler, daughter of the earl of Shrewsbury; and, consequently, that the issue by the second union could not be legitimate; and the children of the duke of Clarence it was contended were disqualified for the throne by their father’s attainder. On the 25th of June — nine days only after the duke of York was taken from the fostering care of his mother, a petition was presented to the Protector through the intrigues and exertions of the duke of Buckingham, praying him to accept the crown as of right belonging to him — as well by inheritance as by lawful election, though no parliament had been assembled. After a highly exaggerated picture of the former prosperity of the kingdom, and of the mal-administration of the late king, this curious document thus proceeds to impeach the legality of the marriage:—

“Also we consider how the pretended marriage betwixt the above named king Edward and Elizabeth Gray, was made of great presumption, without the knowing and assent of the
lords of this land, and also by sorcery and witchcraft committed by the said Elizabeth and her mother Jacquetta, duchess of Bedford, as the common opinion of the people, and the public voice and fame is through all this land, and, heretofore, if and as the case shall require, shall be proved sufficiently in time and place convenient; and here also we consider how the said pretended marriage was made privily and secretly, without edition of banns, in a private chamber, a profane place, and not openly in the face of the church, after the law of God’s church, but contrary thereunto. And how also at the time of the contract of the said pretended marriage, and before, and long after, the said King Edward was and stood married and troth-plight to one dame Eleanor Boteler, daughter to the old earl of Shrewsbury, with whom the said king Edward had made a pre-contract of matrimony long time before he made the said pretended marriage with the said Elizabeth Gray in manner and form aforesaid. Also, it appeareth evidently and followeth, that all the issue and children of the said king Edward be bastards, and unable to inherit or claim any thing by inheritance by the law and custom of England.

It is unnecessary to mention that Richard pretended not to adduce any proof in support of these calumnies, his purpose being fully served when he found that the sentiments of the nation were thereby divided, and that doubts were now entertained where none had formerly existed.

On Sunday June 15th 1483, another attack was made upon Elizabeth Wydeville and the legitimacy of her sons, in the shape of a sermon delivered by a noted preacher, one Dr. Shaw, at Paul’s Cross—a place of more than ordinary resort, in an age, when preaching was chiefly confined to high festivals or peculiarly solemn occasions. Taking, for his text, that verse from ‘the Wisdom of Solomon,’ (chap. iv. ver. 3.) “The multiplying brood of the ungodly shall not thrive, nor take deep rooting from bastard slips”—the doctor proceeded boldly to show that the two young princes in the Tower were illegitimate. The sermon has not been preserved, but from the various accounts of this extraordinary attack, it appears that, in repetition of the petition, the main argument was that Edward IV. had contracted to wed, or secretly wedded, lady Eleanor Boteler, before the marriage solemnised between that prince and Elizabeth Wydeville; that the second marriage was void, and the issue of it illegitimate, on account of the alleged pre-contract or previous wedlock. Stillington, bishop of Bath, a profligate creature of the Protector, declared that he had officiated at the former espousals. Shaw afterwards repeated the scandal which had been propagated by the duke of Clarence, and by the duke of Burgundy before him, expressing his learned doubts whether Edward, the late king, were in reality the son of his reputed father Richard duke of York, seeing that there was no resemblance between them. He then went on to tell the great crowd gathered round him, that the lord Protector that right noble prince, was the ‘very image and plain express likeness of that noble duke.’ It had previously been arranged that Richard should appear in the sermon-ward just as Dr. Shaw drew this striking comparison, but not arriving at the moment, the doctor was compelled to repeat the similitude inopportune, and it failed therefore in producing the theatrical effect desired. The people instead of shouting ‘Long live King Richard!’ as they were expected to have done, stared at each other in silent astonishment. The Protector then pretended to be displeased with the preacher and sneaked away; whilst the public indignation was excited against a man who could profane a place and office so sacred for purposes so base.

Two days afterwards the Duke of Buckingham harangued the citizens in the same strain with Shaw; and on the 25th of June that nobleman presented to Richard, in his mother’s house, at Baynard’s castle, a parchment, purporting to be a declaration of the estates in favor of Richard, as the only legitimate prince of the house of York. This day, therefore, is commonly accounted the last of the brief nominal reign of Edward V. For on the morrow, June 26th, 1483—little more than ten weeks after the death of Edward IV.—Richard seated himself in the royal chair, at Westminster; was received with outward reverence by the clergy, and went to the Cathedral church of St. Paul to return thanks to God for his exaltation to the throne. Ten days after, July 6th, he was crowned in Westminster Abbey, with his wife Anne, the daughter of Warwick, the king-maker.

These events were soon followed by the murder of Elizabeth’s helpless boys in
their gloomy prison—the Tower of London. An opinion prevailed that evil was intended them, and it is recorded that meetings were held by the friends of the Queen-mother, with a view to attempt the rescue of the Princes from Richard’s hands, and also to convey her daughters previously to a foreign state, lest anything should happen to their brothers. Both attempts, however, proved ineffectual, and probably hastened the death of the unfortunate youth. It is said that in the month of August, 1483, while engaged in a progress of pleasure and parade through the north of England, attended by a splendid court, Richard commanded Brackenbury, the lieutenant of the Tower, to put them to death with speed and secrecy. The officer rejected the proposal, but acceded to another equally infamous—to place the keys and the custody of the fortress in the hands of Sir James Tyrrell, a less hypocritical assassin, who on the night of his arrival caused the subordinate murderers, Dighton and Forest, to smother the princes in their dungeon at midnight. The following account of the dark deed is given by Sir Thomas More, who has been followed by Hall, Hollingshed and subsequent writers.

Richard, thinking that he should never enjoy the crown in peace, whilst his nephews were alive, sent one John Green, whom he specially trusted, unto sir Robert Brackenbury, constable of the Tower, with a letter and credence also, that the same sir Richard should in any wise put the two children to death. This John Green did his errand unto Brackenbury kneeling before our Lady in the Tower, who plainly answered that he would never put them to death.” The messenger returned to Warwick (where he then was), with the constable’s answer; and on the next day, sir James Tyrrel was despatched to the Tower with a letter, ordering Brackenbury to deliver to him all the keys of the fortress for one night, ‘that he might then accomplish the king’s pleasure is such things as he had given him in commandment.’ Sir Thomas then states, that when Richard assumed the regal dignity, all the attendants had been removed from the young princes except one called ‘ Black Will,’ and four keepers, and that after that event, the elder prince ‘never tied his points, nor any thing wrought of himself: but was heard to say with a sigh:—’ I would my uncle would let me have my life yet, though I lose my kingdom;’ and thus, “with that young babe, his brother, he lingered in thought and heaviness, till this traitorous deed delivered them of that wretchedness.”

James Tyrrel devised that they should be murthered in their beds, and no blood shed. To the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forest, one of the four who before kept them (had been keepers of the princes), a fellow flesh—bred in murther before time. To him he joined one John Dighton, his own horsekeeper, a big, broad, square, strong knave. Then, all the others being removed from them, this Miles Forest and John Dighton about midnight, the silly (innocent) children lying in their beds, came into the chamber, and suddenly lapping them up among the clothes, so bewrapped them and entangled them, keeping down by force the feather bed and pillows hard unto their mouths, that within a while, smothered and stifled, their breath failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of Heaven, leaving to the tormentors their bodies dead in the bed. Which, after that the wretches perceived, first by the struggling with the pains of death, and after long lying still, to be thoroughly dead, they laid their bodies naked out upon the bed, and fetched Sir James to see them. Who, upon the sight of them, caused those murderers to bury them at the stair foot, meatly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones.”

* Report added, that Richard, disliking the place of their burial, Brackenbury’s chaplain was said to have removed them to another place; but the murderers knew nothing of this removal. The authentic facts that have also come to light corroborating this account, are these:—The bodies were dug for in Henry the Seventh’s time, after the confession of the murderers, and were not found. This naturally created doubts at that time; but the remains of two such bodies were accidently discovered in the Tower, at the foot of a staircase, in the reign of Charles the Second; and thus one of the main facts of the narration is fully ascertained. This discovery is thus stated:—In the time of Chichester, master of the Ordnance, great heaps of records of bills and answers, being in the six clerks’ office, were removed thence, to be deposited in the White Tower. As they were making a new pair of stairs into the chapel then, the labourers in digging at the foot of the old stairs, came to the bones of the consumed corpses, covered with a heap of stones. The proportion of the bones was answurable to the ages of these two royal youths. Charles the Second was so well satisfied that these bones were theirs, that he had them honorably interred in Henry the
By no author has the death of the young princes been more energetically and poetically described than by Shakespeare; who, although he has, perhaps, misled more persons on points of history than any other writer, has in the following passage, not only strictly adhered to the generally received account of the murder, but embodied, with all the force and splendour of diction peculiar to himself, the matter of fact relations of the old chronicles. Tyrrel, in a soliloquy, thus comments on the fatal deed:

"The tyrannous and bloody act is done;  
The most arch deed of piteous massacre  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
Dighton, and Forest, whom I did suborn  
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,  
Albeit these were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,  
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,  
Went like two children, in their death's sad story.  
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—  
Thus, thus, quoth Forest, girdling one another  
Within their alabaster innocent arms:—  
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
Which, in their summer beauty, kissed each other.  
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;  
Which once, quoth Forest, almost chang'd my mind;  
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;  
When Dighton thus told on,—we smothered  
The most replenished sweet work of nature,  
That, from the prime creation, ere she fram'd.  
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,  
They could not speak; and so I left them both  
To bear these tidings to the bloody king."

"Tyrrel himself was made steward of the duchy of Cornwall and governor of Glamorganshire, with the gift of many manors in South Wales. Brackenbury was richly rewarded for his connivance, with grants of manors and pensions. Green, Brackenbury's messenger, appears to have been promoted beyond his fondest expectation. Forest, whom Sir T. More calls "a noted ruffian," was made keeper of the wardrobe in the Duchess of York's establishment at Baynard's castle. It is surely no mean corroboration of the narrative of Sir Thomas More, that we find the price of blood thus largely paid to all the persons whom he mentions as parties to the murder, or privy to its perpetration. Tyrrel is said by More to have confessed his guilt, when he was executed, twenty years after, for concealing the treason of the Earl of Suffolk.

When the heavy tidings of this barbarous murder were carried to Elizabeth Wydeville, "the unfortunate mother," says Hall:—

"Yet being in sanctuary, it strake to her heart, like the sharp dart of death. For when she was first informed of the murder of her two sons, she was so suddenly amazed with the greatness of the cruelty, that, for fear, she swooned and fell down to the ground, and there lay in a great agony like to a dead corpse. And after that she came to her senses and was revived again, she wept and sobbed, and with piteous shrieks filled the whole mansion; beat her breast, her fair hair she tore and pulled in pieces, and, being overcome with sorrow and pensiveness, rather desired death than life, calling by name, divers times, her sweet babes, accounting herself more than mad that she, deluded by vile and fraudulent promises, delivered her younger son out of the sanctuary to his enemy to be put to death."

Again, is Shakespeare grand and appalling in the general conception and effect of Seventh's chapel, among their ancestors, with an inscription, which thus mentions the discovery—

"Ossa desideratorum duè et multum questam post annos 191 scalarum in ruderibus (scalae iste ad sacellum Tu ris Alba super ducebant) alta defossa indicis certissimus sunt reperta, 17 die Julii, A. D. 1674." From this discovery, it would seem that they were found in a place similar to that in which they were mentioned to have been first buried, and that the chaplain's removal of them was an unfounded supposition.

* Baynard's Castle was a strongly fortified structure, formerly standing on the bank of the river in Thames street, but which has long since disappeared before the commercial necessities of London.

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he scene, wherein, with a bold falsification of historical circumstance he describest Elizabeth Wydeville and the Duchess of York seated on the ground, bewailing their desolation, and Margaret of Anjou suddenly appearing from behind them, like the very personification of woe, who sits down beside them revelling in their despair:—

*The Duchess.—* "O Harry’s wife, triumph not in my woe;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine!"

*Queen Margaret.—* Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead that killed my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward:
Young York he is but hoot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead who stab’d my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,
Untimely smother’d in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives; Hell’s black intelligence
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither. But, at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, Hell burns, fiends roar for him; saints pray
To have him suddenly convey’d from hence.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, the dog is dead!"

The wily tyrant, soon indeed discovered that he who ascends to power by the sacrifice of humanity on his own part, and by employing, as instruments, the wild passions of envy, avarice, and revenge, in the minds of others, enjoys neither security nor respect. His knowledge of the selfish motives through which the cooperation of bad men is obtained filled his spirit with apprehension, lest the evil arts which he himself had suggested or approved, should in a moment be turned against his person or government; and hence the first fears which disturbed him on his blood-stained throne, respected Buckingham, to whose intrigues and extensive influence he owed the accomplishment of his ambitious scheme. The cause from which the discontent of this powerful but unprincipled nobleman originated, cannot now be ascertained with any degree of exactness. Perhaps the murder of the two innocent youths in the Tower, which could not fail to alienate from the usurper every sensitive heart, may have cooled the affections of Buckingham; for it was soon after this tragic event that he allowed himself to ‘become privy, with the Queen Dowager’s son, Dorset, to a plan for settling the succession of the crown in the person of Henry, earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV. and Elizabeth Wydeville, now the nearest representatives of the royal houses of York and Lancaster.

The storms, however, of an early winter, in 1483, interrupted the various expeditions and insurrections of Richmond, Buckingham and Dorset. The former sailed back to Brittany: the Welsh retainers of Buckingham disbanded themselves precipitately; while the marquis of Dorset effected his escape to France. Buckingham being taken, his head was struck off, without the form of trial, in the market-place of Salisbury. In the succeeding year, 1484, an act was passed making void all estates made for the benefit of “dame Elizabeth Gray,” as, in the insulting language of the tyrant and usurper, she was then designated. Elizabeth had not yet ventured out of sanctuary; but, at length, reduced to poverty, overwhelmed with misery, and despairing of relief, she yielded to the persuasions of Richard, but not before he bound himself by a solemn oath in the House of Peers (March 1), that she and her daughter should be treated by him as his kinswomen, and should be in no danger of their lives; and that he would allow her seven hundred marks (466l. 13s. 4d.) yearly; each of her daughters two hundred marks for a marriage portion, and be married to none but gentlemen. On these terms, and for this wretched pittance she trusted herself and her surviving children to the murderer of her brother and three of her sons. Elizabeth and her daughters were

* This Portrait, and Memoir, will follow.
honorablest received at court, and the most flattering attentions paid to the princess Elizabeth. Aware that it was a cherished project of his enemies to unite the houses of York and Lancaster, by the marriage of this princess to Henry, Earl of Richmond (afterwards Henry VII.), Richard hoped to counter-work the plot by uniting her to his own son, Edward. After the sudden death of that prince, and the opportune demise of his own wife (April, 1485.), it has been asserted, that he formed the design of marrying the princess himself; and, incredible as it may seem, it has been insinuated that the daughter listened favorably to the proposals of the accomplished villain, and that the mother, in contemplation of the unnatural alliance, urged her son, the marquis of Dorset, to withdraw from the earl of Richmond and return to England.

The memorable battle of Bosworth in August, 1485, placed the crown on the head of Henry of Richmond; and, pursuant to a previous arrangement and the general wish of the nation, the union of the Red and White roses was accomplished by the marriage of the victor with the princess Elizabeth. That happy event was accompanied by an act of justice towards the queen's mother and her royal offspring: a statue of the first parliament in this reign, restored Elizabeth, widow of king Edward IV. to the same estate and dignity as she would have had, if the act of parliament by which Richard so cruelly degraded her and her children had never been passed—the title and dignity of queen of England.

During Henry's progress through the kingdom in 1487, his queen kept her court at Winchester with her mother and sisters, and it is a remarkable indication of the good feeling which Henry entertained to his mother-in-law that, on the baptism of the prince Arthur there in the following September, he chose Elizabeth Wydeville, rather than his own revered parent, Margaret, countess of Richmond, as sponsor to the prince, while the princess Cicely, attended by Anne, another of her daughters, carried the royal heir of the throne of England. On this auspicious occasion, the queen mother presented at the High altar "a rich cup of gold covered!"

Unhappily this good feeling between Elizabeth Wydeville and Henry VII. which had so greatly tended to the conciliating of all parties proved of short duration; towards the close of this year, a formidable insurrection broke out in support of Lambert Simnel, a young impostor trained to personate Edward, earl of Warwick, son of the late duke of Clarence; and Henry, it is said, suspecting the conspiracy to have originated from her suggestion, or connivance, seized her lands and possessions, and committed her to close confinement in Bermondsey Priory, near London; where, according to Grafton, Holingshed, and other writers, she lingered out the remainder of her days in solitude and wretchedness. Much mystery and contradiction attend this portion of Elizabeth Wydeville's history. No rational motive can be assigned for her support of Simnel's pretensions, as his success would have dethroned her daughter; and it is equally difficult to account for Henry's mistrust of her in the absence of any public ground of suspicion. Instead of her imprisonment continuing through life, it was most probably only a precautionary measure, and ceased with the suppression of the revolt; for, in the following November, Henry entered into an agreement with James, king of Scotland, that he should marry Elizabeth, the queen dowager; and that his two sons should marry two of her daughters, but the espousals were delayed by the insurrection of the Scotch lords, and ultimately frustrated by the death of king James. Her restoration to favor is further confirmed by the fact, that when the French ambassadors were introduced to Henry’s queen at Westminster, in November 1489, "ther was with her hir moder quene Elizabeth, and my lady the king's moder."

Each successive historian, one only excepted, from lord Bacon down to the present time, has dwelt forcibly upon Henry's rigorous treatment of the queen's mother upon a suspicion of treasonable practices; but it remained for modern research to confute the erroneousness of such statements upon the evidence of documents, the validity of which is far from so indisputable as the inference they yield, is inevitable. As the facts newly added are important relative to this portion of the life of Elizabeth Wydeville, we will briefly recapitulate them.

On the accession of Henry VI., he found Elizabeth Wydeville one of the most
pitiable objects in his dominions. Stripped of her dignity and estates, her honor and
virtue impeached, her children bastardized, her kindred banished and attainted, and
herself destitute of any other means of support than the annuity of 235L which
Richard the Third granted her; it seemed scarcely possible for Henry to have in-
creased the misery of her situation, excepting by depriving her of liberty; but, if
historians are to be credited, he seized on all her possessions, and from harbouring a
suspicion of her having countenanced the earl of Lincoln's rebellion in 1487,
imprisoned her for life in the monastery of Bermondsey, the pretence being, that
after having consented to her daughter's marriage with him, she delivered her into
the hands of Richard the Third.

Nothing can be more untrue than part, or more absurd than all these statements.
It was amongst the earliest acts of Henry's reign to restore her to her favor as a
woman, and her dignity as a queen, by recurring to the statute which had deprived
her of both; and as that act did not vest in her any of the lands which were forfeited
by the statute that degraded her, the king, by letters patent, dated 4th March 1486,
granted her various lordships for life, as part of the dower belonging to her after
the death of Edward IV.; and the next day he granted her full satisfaction of the
residue of her dower 102L per annum out of the free farm of the town of Bristol.
Instead of being exiled from her daughter's court, she was the only god-mother to
prince Arthur, and attended at the font. The period when it is said she was placed in
confinement is about June 1487, whereas, in November of that year, Henry evinced
his confidence in her by treating for her marriage with his ally the king of Scots,
' for the greater increase of the love and amity between them'; agreeing, at the same
time, that James, the second son of that monarch should marry the princess Katherine,
and that the prince of Scotland should marry another of the daughters of Edward the
Fourth. Had Elizabeth Wydeville incurred his displeasure for aiding the revolt of
the earl of Lincoln, a thing in itself incredible, and been confined lest she should
divulge the secret that her son, the duke of York, was still living, or had Henry not
felt assured that she was persuaded of the death of her sons Edward the Fifth and
his brother, would he have given her the opportunity of plotting against him, which
her situation as queen of Scotland would have afforded her?

Thus far from Henry the Seventh having despoiled his mother-in-law of her
estates, she had none of which she could be deprived; instead of increasing her un-
happiness, he restored her to fame and rank, and granted her a competence; in-
stead of feeling hostility towards her, he allowed her to be the sponsor of the Prince
of Wales, in preference to his own mother; instead of suspecting her of the absurd
intention of plotting against him, and consequently against a daughter whom she
dearly loved, and imprisoning her for life to prevent similar dangers, he agreed to
marry her to an independent sovereign, and two of her daughters to that sovereign's sons,
with the view of strengthening the alliance between the two countries—interrupted by
the rebellion of the Scotch barons, and finally frustrated by the death of the king of
Scots, in June 1488; and instead of keeping her a close prisoner in Bermondsey,
she was present at her daughter's reception of an ambassador who claimed to be re-
lated to the queen, some time after the event which it is said produced Henry's rig-
gorous treatment. Such, however, is history as it is represented by some chroniclers,
and such are the effects of historians repeating the statements of their predecessors,
without inquiring whether records do not, as in this instance, establish the ignorance
or the prejudices of writers to whom implicit credence has been generally given.

Instead therefore of being restricted to the solitude of Bermondsey Priory by the
king's severity, she seems to have remained there in voluntary exile, "forsaking and
forsaken by the world," and, in all probability, closed her mortal career within its
peaceful seclusion; for, though the place of her death is not directly recorded, her
will, dated in April, 1492, seems to warrant such an inference. That brief docu-
ment, in the pathetic simplicity of its allusion to her state of destitution, exhibits a
melancholy picture of fallen greatness:

"In the name of God, Amen, the 10th day of April 1492, I Elizabeth, by the grace of God
queen of England, late wife to the most victorious prince of blessed memory Edward the Fourth,
being of whole mind, seeing the world so transitory, and no creature certain when they shall depart from hence, having Almighty God fresh in my mind, in whom is all mercy and grace, bequeath my soul into his hands; beseeching him of the same mercy to accept it graciously, and our blessed lady, queen of comfort and all the holy company of Heaven, to be good means for me.

"Item. I bequeath my body to be buried with the body of my lord at Windsor, without pompous interring or costly expenses done thereabout. Item. Whereas I have no worldly goods to do the queen's grace, my dearest daughter a pleasure with, neither to reward any of my children according to my heart and mind, I beseech God Almighty to bless her grace with all her noble issue, and, as good a heart and mind as may be, I give her grace my blessing and all the aforesaid my children. Item. I will that such small stuff and goods that I have, be disposed truly in the contentation of my debts, and for the health of my soul, as far as they will extend. Item. That if any of my blood will wish to have any of my said stuff to me pertaining, I will they have the preferment before all others. And of this my present testament I make and ordain my executors, that is to say, John Ingilby, prior of the Charter-house of Shene, William Sutton and Thomas Brent, doctors. And I beseech my said dearest daughter, the queen's grace, and my son, Thomas marquess of Dorset, to put their good wills and help for the performance of this my testament. In witness whereof to this my testament, these witnesses—John, abbot of Bermondsey, and Benedict Cun, doctor of physic. Given the year and day aforesaid.

Elizabeth Wydeville did not long survive the execution of this document. On the Friday before Whitsuntide, 1492, she expired in the convent of Bermondsey, in the arms of her daughters, all of whom were present at the mournful scene, with the exception of the Quene, whose approaching accouchement precluded her from paying the last sad offices to her beloved parent. On Whitsunday the remains of Elizabeth were conveyed by water to Windsor, and, in strict conformity with the injunctions of her will, her funeral was conducted "without pompous interring, or costly expenses done thereabout." Indeed, it would appear from the following account of the ceremonies in the Arundel MS., from an eye-witness, that a niggardliness and slovenly inattention prevailed on that occasion, that ill befitted the memory of a Queen Dowager of England:

"On Whitsunday, the queen-dowager's corpse was taken by water to Windsor, and there privily through the Little Park conducted into the Castle, without any ringing of the bells or receiving of the Dean, but only accompanied by the prior of the Charter-house and Dr. Brent, Mr. Harte, and Mistress Grace, a bastard daughter of king Edward IV., and no other gentlewomen; and, as it was told me, the priest of the college received her in the castle (Windsor), and so privily, about eleven of the clock, she was buried, without any solemn dirge done. The next day the morning, thither came Audley, bishop of Rochester, to do the office, but that day nothing was done solemnly for her saving, also a horse, such as they use for the common people, with wooden candlesticks about it, and a black (pull) of cloth on it, four candlesticks of silver gilt, every one having a taper of no great weight.

"On the Tuesday hither came by water king Edward's three daughters, the lady Anne, the lady Catherine, and the lady Bridget, accompanied by the marchioness of Dorset, the daughter of the duke of Buckingham, the queen's niece, the daughter of the marquis of Dorset; lady Herbert also niece to the queen; dame Katherine Gray, dame Guilford, (governor to the royal family); their gentlewomen walked behind the three daughters of the dead. Also that Tuesday came the marquis of Dorset, son to the queen; the earl of Essex, her brother-in-law; and the viscount Welles, her son-in-law. And that night began the dirge. But neither at the dirge were the twelve poor men clad in black, but a dozen divers old men, and they held old torches and torches' ends. And the next morning one of the canons, called master Vaughan, sang our Lady Mass, at the which the lord Dorset offered a piece of gold; he kneeled at the hearse head. The ladies came not to the mass of requiem, and the lords sat about in the choir. My lady Anne came to offer the mass penny, and her officers-at-arms went before her; she offered the penny at the head of the queen, wherefore she had the carpet and the cushion.—And the viscount Welles took his offering, and Dame Katherine Gray bare the lady Anne's train; every one of the king's daughters offered. The marquis of Dorset offered a piece of gold, and all the lords at their pleasure; the poor Knights of Windsor offered and after mass the lord marquis paid the cost of the funeral."

Few women have offered a more striking example of the vicissitudes of fortune than Elizabeth Wydeville. Raised from a comparatively humble rank of life to share the throne of England with her sovereign, she became acquainted with the dazzling heights of mortal grandeur only to experience more poignantly reverses, as sudden
and fearful as they were peculiar. The pomps and pleasures of royalty were, indeed, poorly balanced against the heart-rending catalogue of misery which its possession entailed upon herself and family:—Her father, earl Rivers, two of her brothers, sir John Wydeville and the gallant soldier and accomplished scholar Anthony, earl of Rivers, three of her sons, lord Leonard Gray, king Edward V. and the duke of York, being successively murdered—herself thrice compelled with her fatherless and unprovided children to take refuge in and brave the horrors of a sanctuary—attainted and stripped of her possessions by a brother-in-law—and punished and imprisoned by a son-in-law: for even the elevation of her daughter Elizabeth proved a cause of sufferings which sorely embittered a portion of the latter years of her existence.

The issue of Edward IV. by his consort Elizabeth Wydeville numbered three sons Edward, Richard, George, and seven daughters, Elizabeth, Mary, Cecily, Margaret, Anne, Katherine, and Bridget. The unhappy fate of the two elder princes has been related in the present memoir. George of Shrewsbury, the third son, was created duke of Bedford in his infancy, but dying soon afterwards he was buried at Windsor. The daughters were Elizabeth of York, afterwards queen of Henry the Seventh; Mary of York the second child, died unmarried, at Greenwich, in 1482. Cecily of York, married to viscount Welles—an especial favorite and uncle of the half-blood of Henry VII, through whose influence he obtained her hand. Margaret of York, the fourth daughter, was born in 1472, and died in infancy. Anne of York became in 1495, the wife of Thomas lord Howard; the date of Anne lady Howard's decease is unknown. Katherine of York, married at the age of seventeen to lord Courtenay, eldest son of the earl of Devon; and who at the death of her husband, though not more than three and thirty, never married again, having, a month after her loss, made a vow of chastity before the bishop of London. She survived the earl sixteen years, and died in 1527. Bridget, the seventh and youngest child, born 1480, was from her earliest years devoted by her mother to a nunnery; and, when very young, took the veil at Dartford—her death occurred in that convent in 1517, when she was thirty-seven years of age.

* * * The Shield which accompanies the Portrait of Elizabeth Wydeville is charged with the armorial bearings of the Houses of Luxenburgh and Rivers, impaled with those of England. The queen's badge was a water flower.

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TO SIGNORA ROSA.

WRITTEN AT ROME ON THE OCCASION OF HER ASSUMING THE VESTAL HABIT.

From Metastasio.

Beautiful Rose: whose foliage pure and bright
The early dawn has nurtured with its dew;
Whose silken leaves, the zephyrs soft delight
To tinge with colors of vermilion hue.
The friendly hand that plucks thee from the ground,
Would fain transplant thee to that happy clime,
Where Roses without thorns alone are found,
Where dwells the soul stript of its mortal shrine.
There shalt thou bloom, a flower unscathed by rain,
Or blighting frost, or hail's destructive shower;
The stormy wind shall blow on thee in vain,
On thee the changeful year shall have no power:
For thee remains no more of earth's dark gloom,
But endless odor—and eternal bloom.

E. E. E.
PARIS FASHIONS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

[For the usual descriptions of our Paris Fashions see Letter-Press accompanying the plates.]

Paris, February 22d, 1841.

A la fin, chère et bonne amie, voilà notre terrible hiver passé, et le printemps qui nous arriva. I long to see the trees budding, and to get out of Paris. I purpose giving a series of fêtes champêtres when I get to my château. It will be quite de mode, for the Countess d'Appony has brought morning balls into fashion. I was at them all except the last she gave; and that morning, ma chère amie, M. de F. was wicked enough to put me in a passion, and the consequence was, that with my eyes red, and lids swollen, and all the traces of anger upon my face, I was inside a faire peur! I verily believe he did it on purpose; for I know very many husbands who took advantage of the opportunity of lecturing their fair partners upon what they designated extravagance, &c. (as if money were not intended to be spent) because they knew that their wives must listen, in silent submission, to the conjugal exordium, lest a fit of passion, or an attaque de nerfs, should render them unfit to be seen at the approaching ball, which, of course, they took care should be near at hand. Daylight, you know, renders a thousand little defects visible, which would be sure to escape in even the best lighted ball room. Our carnival has been very gay; there were great numbers of bals costumés, and some very splendid historical and eastern dresses; and we have also had some brilliant dress balls. Velours épingle is one of the most favorite materials for ball dresses this season, of course in light colors, pink, blue, bouton d'or, &c., some ornamented with pearls, others with marabout tips, bows, or flowers. The corsages are still worn à pointe; for this year, at all events, that mode will not change.

The dresses are made lower in the neck than they have been for some time past, which, selon moi, is not an improvement. The point, as I have told you before, is very long, and the ornaments on many of the skirts are made to figure the tablier. The sleeves most adopted are short, tight, and plain, finished by a sabot de guipure to match the berthe, or engageantes de malines to correspond with the Mantille. I told you in my last that Mantilles have again made their appearance. Pour les mamans—open robes, à l'antique, of plain or Terry velvet, with stomachers of lace, the fronts of the skirt looped back with jewels, are prevalent. A kind of Spanish hat, with a rich plume of ostrich feathers, or a bird of paradise, or, frequently, a handsome and becoming turban, completes the costume. The Turkish and Egyptian turbans are those most in vogue. Many ladies wear a colored satin petticoat under the open velvet robe: as with a green velvet, a pearl grey, or a pale pink or Hortensia satin petticoat; but, generally speaking, a white satin is preferable to any color. Crapes, Organdie, and gaizes are best adapted to our jeunes demoiselles.

Morning Dresses.—For out of doors morning wear we see nothing as yet but velvets, satins, satins de laine, and armures. The corsages of these dresses are either tight to fit the bust, the waist longer at front than at back, so as to give the appearance of a slight point, and without a ceinture, or with fullness at the shoulder, and crossing slightly at the waist in front. To most figures this form is more advantageous than the tight corsage. The sleeves are tight and plain; this mode has become almost universal. The only exception to it is the sleeve, tight from the elbow to the wrist, the upper part full, and falling over the elbow.

Hats.—The hats continue small, nor will there be any great change in this department of our modes until the fashions for Long-champs are decided upon. The material still preferred is plain velvet, or velours épingle, and lined with a different color. The fronts are small, coming very low at the
sides, and seemingly all of one piece with the crown, for the latter sits perfectly flat. Feathers are more prevalent just now than flowers; they are placed across the front. The knotted feathers are preferred to all others, but the willow feathers are coming in. A bunch of velvet flowers is, however, frequently seen on a velvet or satin bonnet.

Shawls—Scarfs, &c.—The most fashionable article of this description to be seen at present, is the velvet scarf. These scarfs are composed of a single breadth of velvet, wadded (for winter wear), and lined with silk, the ends fringed. They are mostly of black velvet, and, for the convenience of wearing them with every dress, they are more frequently lined with black than with any other color. Still, brown and pure velvet scarfs are also to be seen, lined with orange bouton d’or or mauve. Next to these, short velvet cloaks, and Mantelet cloaks, lined with colored satin and trimmed with deep black lace, are worn by ladies of rank. Black shawls, of Cashmere wool, or fine merinos, can still be worn; they are lined with colored silks, and trimmed with lace ringe, or a bias of silk. Most of these shawls, like the cloaks, have hoods, or Copuchons.

Caps.—The form of the caps at present in fashion is extremely simple. The cap is composed of application, or point d’Engleterre, and cut in one single piece, perfectly flat on the crown of the head and over the brow, and plaited in at back. Mais c’est la garniture qui fait le bonnet—for a great quantity of wide lace is put in the borders, which, though quite plain across the brow, from temple to temple, is excessively full at the ears, descending very low at the sides, where it is intermixed with ribbons, flowers, or marabout tips. The caps for negligé are trimmed with loops of narrow satin ribbon, placed alternately between and above the borders.

The plain cambric cuffs and collars made double and stitched round, are quite as fashionable as they were some time back; the only difference being that the collars are rather smaller than they were. They are generally trimmed with a narrow lace.

The most fashionable, as well as most novel garniture for the tops of the kid gloves worn in full dress, are small cordelières, and tassels to match the dress, and intermixed with gold or silver: as, white and gold, blue and silver, &c. Sometimes a ruche of tulle illusion is seen with the cordelière, passing between the two sides of the ruche.

Hair.—The back hair is still worn dressed very low, in chignons and braids, with pearls intermixed, and retaining a bird of paradise, or plume of feathers, that droops towards the front of the neck. Ringlets à l’Anglaise, and à la Mancini, are rather more worn at present than bandeaux. Still, bands with the ends braided are frequently to be seen.

Colors.—The prevailing shades for hats are mauve, pallé, and blue, and in dark colors grenat, and grosvert; for dresses, Blue Louise, gris souris, fussé, and puce.

Adieu ma chérie toute à toi;—L. de F.

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**THE RAZIA.**

The faithful watch-dog barks alarm;
The startled Arabs feeble arm;
Their wives—their children—must they yield?
Nor battle, nor retreat can shield.
In vain their untrain’d legions fight,
As vainly urged their scatter’d flight,
As wolves pursue their fleecy prey;
Their mangled victims strew the way;
Howling they leave these on their path,
For all the flock must feel their wrath:
Thus on the Gallic foemen press;
The frequent dead before them lying,
Must rot upon the wilderness;
None heed the wounded or the dying,
But still with thirstier fury toil,
While aught survives for blood or spoil.
Patient and meek the camel kneels,
But with the deadly bullet reels,
Ere yet he bears the precious freight—
    The partner of the Arab’s breast;
Another flash—another fate,
    She too is laid in bloody rest;
One kiss upon the cold lips press’d;
And then the Arab’s weapon rais’d
    Sends answer back of life for life;
His head hath droop’d—his eye is glaz’d—
He fires but nothing adds to strife.
No more the musket, tent, or spear
That Arab’s heart shall rouse or cheer,
His random bolt hath idly sped;
His hand is with no vengeance red;
Slowly he falls—he sinks—he falls—
Yet, dying, for no mercy calls;
One curse on the invading foe;
One effort for a parting blow;
Then mingling flows the vital tide
Of Arab and his murder’d bride!

Camels and dogs—a motley train,
And babes and women, smit with fear,
Rush shrieking o’er the houseless plain;
And following swift in their career
The hostile sabres flash amain,
And flame and sound and shout of war
Around them gather fast and far;
No mercy softens woe or pain
Where carnage, lust, and terror reign.

The work is done—the strife is o’er;
The gallic soldiers bath’d in gore
In Arab gore, for few or none
Save these have lived ‘neath this day’s sun,
To Heaven that frowns such sight to see
Send up the cheer of victory—
A corse—child—camel—shiver’d gun—
Sole trophies of the triumph won!

W. Ledge.

["Those who have perused our recent Memoir of the amiable Josephine may look with interest on a slight sketch of her daughter Hortense drawn in 1837, by the graphic pen of a celebrated native author."]

AN EX-QUEEN.

The château d’Arenemberg, situate half a league from Constance, is not a royal residence but simply a pretty country house, such as might be the residence of any private individual—the emotions therefore which I experienced on approaching it, arose solely from moral associations totally unconnected with the material objects which met my view.—So highly, however, were my feelings excited, that at the very moment when my ardent desire of beholding Madame de Saint Leu (queen Hortense) was about to be gratified, my lingering footsteps sought to retard the ardently wished for, yet half dreaded interview, and I felt far more disposed to retrace my steps than proceed: in fact, I knew myself on the point of either finding my dreams of fancy realised, or an illusion dispelled, and should have preferred returning immediately with my doubts unsatisfied, to a prolonged stay which must end in disenchantment. Such was my faltering mood, when suddenly at the turn of a walk, I perceived three
ladies accompanied by a young man:—my first impulse was to escape, but having
been observed, it was too late; and feeling the absurdity of attempting a retreat, I
fixed my eyes on the advancing group, and at once instinctively recognised and
approached the queen.

Little did Hortense think, as she moved onwards to meet me, the feelings which
agitated my breast; little did she imagine, that in her palmiest days, when holding
her court within the palace of the Hague, no individual had ever yet approached the
throne, whereon she sat, majestic in power, resplendent in beauty, with half the
devotion I entertained towards her:—with thoughts thus engrossed, I was ready to
fall upon my knees before her, and should certainly have done so, had she been alone.
Something, however, of what was passing in my mind, she probably perceived, for
she smiled with peculiar sweetness as she offered me her hand.

"You are more than good," said she, "not to pass by the retreat of a poor banished
one, without coming to see her." Yes, "I was good and she was grateful," these
were her words, and for once my heart had not deceived me. She was, indeed,
Josephine's only daughter, with the very voice, and look such as a poet's dream had
painted them.

The queen, leaning on my arm, led me towards the château, for I saw nothing
during our passage.—On entering the saloon, the first object that arrested my gaze
and turned the current of my thoughts, was a magnificent portrait.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "this is indeed superb."

"Yes," returned Madame de Saint Leu; "'tis Buonaparte at the bridge of Lodi."

"By de Gros—is it not?"

"Truly," she answered; "painted evidently from the life—the perfect, the mar-
vellous resemblance indubitably proves it. The Emperor, I was further informed,
had allowed the painter three or four sittings."

"Such patience is, indeed, almost incredible," I exclaimed.

"Gros resorted to an excellent expedient for fixing his restless subject," joc-
cously uttered the amiable daughter of this great man.

"And what, Madame, might it be?" I anxiously enquired.

"He made him sit upon my mother's knee——"

"Will you now follow me?" sweetly asked the queen.

"Certainly," I answered.

"Come then," said she.

"And what wonder am I now to behold?"

"My imperial reliquary."

So saying Madame de Saint Leu led me towards a cabinet resembling a glazed
book-case, on each shelf of which were arranged various articles which had belonged
either to Josephine or Napoleon.

First, in a portfolio bearing the cyphers J. and N. were the private letters of the
Emperor and Empress. All these were autographs, and many of them Napoleon's,
dated from the battle-fields of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena, written on the frame
of a cannon, the feet of the writer wet with gore, and each containing brief notice
of a victory. Then, entire pages breathing of love, such ardent, deep, impassioned
love, as that of Werther, Antony, and René.—Oh! the marvellous organization of
that wonderful man whose capacious head and heart had room at once for the
loftiest projects, and the tenderest emotions.

On another shelf was the talisman of Charlemagne, a talisman to which the fol-
lowing history belongs.

On opening, at Aix-la-Chapelle, the tomb of that mighty monarch, his skeleton
was found clothed in his Roman garb; the double crown of France and Germany
encircled his bony brow, and, by his side, close to his pilgrim's purse, was his good
sword "Joyeuse," the very blade with which, says the monk of St. Denis, he cut in
twain a knight in full armour; his feet rested on a buckler of massive gold given

* See Authentic Portrait of the Empress Josephine, December 1840, and Memoir, January
1841.
him by Pope Leo, and around his neck was suspended the talisman to which he owed his victories. This talisman consisted of a fragment of the true cross, a present from the Empress Irene. It was enclosed in an emerald, fastened to a chain of heavy golden links. This precious relic was given to Napoleon by the burgesses of Aix-la-Chapelle on his entrance into their city, and in 1811, the Emperor threw the chain, sportively, around the neck of queen Hortense, declaring that on the day of Austerlitz and Wagram he had himself worn it in his bosom as Charlemagne had done nine hundred years before.

The next objects of interest were the girdle which had encircled the waist of Napoleon at the Pyramids, the marriage ring placed by himself on the finger of Beauharnois, widow, and the portrait of the king of Rome embroidered by Maria-Louisa, that picture on which his last look had been fondly fixed. Yes, I inwardly repeated, I was now regarding the very object on which, ere it closed for ever, his eagle eye had rested, his dying lips touched: that satin, his parting breath had dimmed its glossy surface; and, within the short lapse of a month, the child of his ambition, of his love, he, too, had passed from earth; his eyes fixed upon the portrait of his father. I asked to see the sword brought from Saint Helena by Marchand, and left by the duke de Reichstadt to prince Louis; but the queen had not as yet received and feared she should never become possessed of this precious legacy.

The dinner-bell rang — “Already!” I exclaimed.

“You shall see these things again to-morrow,” said Hortense.

After dinner we returned to the saloon: in about ten minutes Madame Récamier was announced; she was still a queen — queen of wit and beauty, and the duchess of Saint Leu received her as a sister.

I had frequently heard the age of Madame Récamier made the subject of discussion: — it is true I only saw her in the evening dressed in black, her head and neck covered with a veil of the same color, but by the youthful tone of her voice, the sparkling beauty of her eyes, and the form of her hands, I should have guessed her but five and twenty.

I was, therefore, not a little surprised at hearing these two women speaking of the directory and consulate, as periods which they themselves had witnessed. At length Madame de Saint Leu was entreated to seat herself at the piano.

“Are you inclined for music?” said she, as, half rising, she awaited my reply. — “Oh! yes, yes,” I eagerly answered. She then sang several romances recently set to music by herself.

“Might I venture,” said I, “to ask for something?”

“What may it be?” replied the queen with a smile.

“One of your old romances.”

“Which? Vous me quittez pour marcher à la gloire?”

“Nay! that is of date almost too remote even for my memory — it was written in 1809 — you could scarcely have been born when it was in vogue, — how is it that you recollect it?”

“I was more than five years old,” she answered; “but of all the romances which my elder sister used to sing, that was always my especial favourite.”

“Well, you should hear it now — but for one serious impediment — I cannot call to remembrance the words.”

“But, Madame, I recollect them perfectly.”

I rose, and leaning on the back of her chair, repeated the verses in question: —

> Vous me quittez,
> À la gloire,
> Mon âme en proie
de douleurs insensibles.

At Glory’s bidding thou dost leave me;
Sadly my heart still follows thee;
Fame open her temple to receive thee,
Go — but let memory turn to me.

“Yes — that’s it,” said the queen, while an expression of sadness overclouded her brow — I continued —
An Ex-Queen.

Faithful to duty as to love
Again, let shrinking foemen see
Thy gallant war-steed foremost move;
But in the battle — think of me.

My poor mother! sighed Madame de Saint Leu.
Ah! well-a-day! — from reeking pain
Not Peace herself my heart could free;
The lovely and the young and vain
Shall court thy smile — but think of me.

Yes, I'll submit — to conquer still
In love and war thine let it be;
Go — joy thee in thy happy skill
But midst thy triumphs — think of me.

The queen passed her hand across her eyes to wipe away a tear.
"'Tis indeed," said I, "a sad remembrance."
"Sad indeed," returned Hortense. "You know that in 1808 reports of the divorce got abroad, and pierced my mother to the heart; seeing the Emperor about to set out for Wagram, she asked M. de Segur to write a song for her on his departure, in consequence of which he brought her the words you have just repeated; my mother gave them to me to set to music, and the evening before the emperor went, I sung the verses to him. — My poor mother! I can even see her now, striving to trace on the countenance of her husband, who heard me gloomily, the impression made on him by words so applicable to the present situation of both. He heard me to the end, and when the last notes of the piano had died away, my mother approached."

"You are the best creature in the whole world," said he; then kissing her forehead, with a sigh he re-entered his cabinet. — My mother burst into tears, for from that moment she knew too well that her fate was sealed.

"And now," continued the duchess, "you may well imagine how much of melancholy retrospect is connected with this romance, and how at your repetition of the words my heart vibrated, as the chords of this instrument at the touch of my fingers."

"Pardon, pardon me!" I exclaimed, "I ought to have guessed your feelings. I ask for nothing more than your forgiveness."

"Do not be concerned," said the queen turning again to the piano, "do not be concerned; — so many misfortunes have since intervened, that this is one on which I can reflect with perhaps the least bitterness; for my mother, although separated from the Emperor, was always the object of his love." Then, after a plaintive prelude, she sang with the most touching tenderness the air and words to which Napoleon had once listened, with a swelling heart.

ROMANCE DE JOSEPHINE.

Vous me quittes pour marcher à la gloire;
Mon triste cœur sinora partout vos pas;
Allez, volez au temple de mémoire;
Suivez l'honneur, mais ne m'oubliez pas.

A vos devoirs comme à l'amour fidèle
Cherchez la gloire, évitez le trépas;
Dans les combats où l'honneur vous appelle,
Distinguez vous, mais ne m'oubliez pas.

Que faire hélas! dans mes peines cruelles?
Je crains la paix antant que les combats;
Vous y verrez tant de beautés nouvelles,
Vous leurs plairez! — Mais ne m'oubliez pas.

Oui, vous plairez et vous vaincrez sans cesse,
Mars et l'amour suivront partout vos pas;
De vos succès gardez la douce ivresse,
Soyez heureux, mais ne m'oubliez pas.
SLAVERY.

Some readers will probably exclaim, in perusing the following statements, 'It is incredible.' Sorry indeed we should be, were even one individual of influence and station, on such account lukewarm in the cause of humanity. Alas! alas! we fear that these records are too true;—wherfore we have rescued them from the mass of daily information, still more widely and permanently to promulgate them, that sinking deep into the hearts of all those who can, none may refuse to lend their utmost effort for the extinction of the most horrible of all commerce, the traffic in human beings—a cause, too, so earnestly commended to the British public in her Most Gracious Majesty's recent speeches from the throne.

SLAVERY AND THE INTERNAL SLAVE TRADE IN THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA:
BEING REPLIES TO QUESTIONS TRANSMITTED BY THE COMMITTEE OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

We have here says 'the Times,' a document of great interest and unquestionable value. It is an account of one leading feature of society in America; drawn up and transmitted to Europe for publication, solely by Americans. Now all travellers agree in a perfectly unanimous vote, as to the prominent trait of the American character—that of national pride; often degenerating into an offensive exhibition of national vanity. One thing, however, is clear—that it is not in the least degree probable that we should receive from Americans, an unjust or undeserved representation of the habits and customs of their own countrymen. We take, therefore, the present volume as offering an unimpeachable testimony as to the real state of things in the Union, as far as slavery and the internal slave trade are concerned.

Nor can there be the least doubt, that the picture here presented is beyond all comparison the most revolting and saddening exhibition of human nature that the world ever beheld. Cruelty and tyranny there have been, and are, in too great abundance, in all ages and in all countries. But heathen customs must be tried by heathen ethics and heathen consciences. The white-slavery of our own cotton-mills is deplorable enough; but its chief criminality consists in a guilty indifference to the health and morals of the little overworked laborers. For completeness of atrocity, for a combination of all descriptions of cruelty, active and passive, strangely mingled with high notions of liberty and great professions of real religion—commend us to the Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and Congregational floggers of women and children, in Carolina and Virginia, and the other slave states of the American Union!

Taking up the present document as one possessing a high degree of authenticity and authority, we proceed to remark——

1. That the slavery of the United States appears greatly to surpass that which formerly existed in our own West Indies, both in the labor inflicted, the hardships endured, and the cruelties made use of towards the negroes.

The labour inflicted seems to proceed on a different calculation from that of Jamaica or Barbadoes. In our West Indies, importation of slaves being at an end, the negroes were generally objects of care, at least as much as oxen or beasts of burden; but in America the case is very different. In spite of a nominal prohibition, importation is constantly going on; and calculations have been made, and are now generally acted upon, that it is the most economical plan to make the most of the slaves at once, and to "use them up" (i.e., wear them out) once in seven or eight years! The law of one state (Louisiana) deliberately provides for the slave two-and-a-half hours' rest out of the whole 24! (page 87.)

The hardships inflicted are such as the
Slavery.

West Indian negroes seldom know. At p. 88 of the present volume we have the evidence of fourteen witnesses of high character to the fact, that the American slaves are in many cases half-starved. Sleep, as we have already seen, is but sparingly allowed to them. At p. 94, fifteen respectable persons unite in declaring that they suffered from insufficient clothing. A like number depose to the wretchedness of the hovels in which after 14, 15, or 16 hours' labour, they are left to repose on a damp clay floor without any kind of bedding. And lastly, in those sicknesses which most often arise from such accumulated miseries, they are usually left—
to die. Such is the condition—the ordinary condition—of two millions seven hundred and seventy thousand of our fellow-creatures, in a nation which often plumes itself on being, after England itself, the most enlightened, the most free, and the most religious, on the whole face of the earth!!

But this is the general, the average condition of the slaves. Over and above these their ordinary sufferings, they are exposed, at every turn, and at the slightest caprice of their owners, to every variety of cruel infliction which the invention of reckless and remorseless tyrants can suggest. The following is a brief sketch of this part of the subject, drawn be it remembered by an American hand—by a hand naturally most unapt to portray the habits of his own countrymen in disadvantageous colors:—

"A bare enumeration of the various modes of torture known to be practised in the planting states, must convince the most incredulous, that our picture of slaveholding cruelty has not been overdrawn. In contemplating the following, it is difficult to resist the conviction, that a more profound and malicious cunning than belongs to mere man has been employed in contriving such a diversity of hellish torments to plague mankind; at the same time we must confess that their invention displays no more of the fiend than their application, which is daily made by beings, wearing the form of men.

"The slaves are suspended by the wrists, with their toes just touching the ground; their ankles having been tied, a heavy log, or fence rail is thrust between their legs. In this situation, naked, they are flogged with a cow hide till their blood and bits of mangled flesh stream from their shoulders to the ground. Again, they are stretched at full length upon the earth, their faces downwards, each of their wrists and ankles is lashed to a stake driven firmly into the ground. Thus stretched, so that they cannot shrink in the least from the descending blows, they receive sometimes hundreds of lashes on their naked backs. So protracted is the flogging frequently, that the overseer stops in the midst of it to take breath and rest his tired muscles, only to resume with increased violence. In such cases the back of the slave presents to the beholder one mass of clotted blood and mangled flesh. Sometimes, instead of lashing the ankles and wrists to stakes, the overseer orders four strong slaves to hold the victim. The persons selected to do this are sometimes, through a refinement of cruelty, the relatives of the sufferer. Again the slaves are stripped and bound upon a log, and in this position they are tortured with heavy paddles bored full of holes, each of which raises a blister at every stroke; or infuriated cats are repeatedly dragged through to their shoulders to their hips. After either of the foregoing modes of lacerating the flesh, spirits of turpentine, or a solution of salt, or Cayenne pepper, or pulverized mustard, is rubbed into the bleeding wounds, to aggravate and prolong the torment. Sometimes the slaves are buried in holes dug in the damp ground, just large enough for them to stand erect with their arms close by their sides. They may also fastened to the stocks for several successive nights, being released during the day for work, or confined both night and day. Instead of stocks, the feet are sometimes thrust between the rails of the fence. The slaves are beaten with heavy clubs over the head, arms, shoulders, or legs. Walking-canes are broken over their heads, sometimes fracturing the skull, or causing permanent insanity, or even death. In moments of passion the planter or overseer seizes any instrument within reach, often prostrating the slave at a blow, and then stamps upon him till his fury is spent. During these paroxysms of rage the slaves frequently suffer the most frightful mutilations and fractures. Their limbs are broken, joints dislocated, faces bruised, eyes and teeth knocked out, lips mangled, cheeks gashed, ears cropped, slit, or shaved close to the head, fingers and toes cut off; red-hot branding irons, with the initials of their masters, are stamped into the cheeks, the fleshy parts of the thighs, and legs, and shoulders. They are maimed by gun and pistol-shots, and lacerated with knives.

* This is a strip of a raw hide, cut the whole length of the ox, and twisted while in that state until it tapers off to a point; when it has become dry and hard, it has somewhat the appearance of a drayman's whip, but the sharp edges projecting at every turn, cut into the flesh at every stroke; it is, indeed, a dreadful instrument of punishment.
"Again: they are handcuffed, manacled, loaded with chains and balls; iron yokes are fastened about their necks with long prongs extending outward and upward, or meeting above the head, where a bell is suspended.

"They are punished by confinement in loathsome dungeons, by starvation, by nakedness, by protracted watchings, by long separation from their companions, night and day—as husband from wife—by being forced to flag the naked bodies of their own relatives, as sons their mothers, or fathers their own daughters.

"Woman in her most delicate condition is subject to humiliation and suffering, by being driven, up to the day, and sometimes to the moment of her delivery to labour with the promiscuous gang, and to feel the overseer's lash in case she lags behind.

"When runaways are discovered and attempt to flee, they are fired upon, and maimed or killed. They are pursued by trained dogs, which worry them and tear their flesh, not unfrequently taking their lives. When retaken, though worn by their struggles and faint with the loss of blood, they are attached by a long rope to their master's saddle, and furiously dragged homeward, while an attendant, riding behind, plies the bloody lash. They often fall dead on the road in the midst of these forced marches."

Now it might most certainly be predicated of such a state of things as this, which places, in the slave districts of America, one-third of the population in a condition of most pitiable bondage to the other two-thirds—it might safely be calculated, we repeated, that the system would most deplorably injure both parties. As mercy is "twice blessed, in him who gives and him who takes," so is tyranny doubly cursed; debasing, both in soul and body, alike the despot and the victim. This is most painfully visible in the slave states of America. The white population in those states presents almost as deplorable spectacle as the black. If the negroes are brutalized, their owners are (to coin a word) infernalized. The expression will not be thought too strong by those who will follow us a few moments longer.

The slave owners of the southern states of America exhibit the demoralization of their minds in these among other particulars:—

1. Ferocity to their equals. 2. Diabolical rage and malice towards their victims. 3. The most detestable hypocrisy towards God.

1. Towards their equals, the inhabitants of the northern states, when in the least degree thwarted, they rage like wild beasts. The following is the tone adopted by them, even in the halls of the Legislature, and before the whole country:—

"On the 18th of April, 1836, a petition against the continuance of slavery in the district of Columbia was presented to the House of Representatives, when Mr. Speight, of North Carolina, declared in his place, that—he had great respect for the chair as an officer of the house, and a great respect for him personally; and nothing but that respect prevented him from rushing to the table and tearing that petition to pieces. Of course it was to be understood, that the order of the house and the rights of northern petitions were respected, not from any constitutional obligations, but solely because the speaker, himself a slaveholder, was acceptable to southern gentlemen.

"Mr. Hammond, of South Carolina, in the same session, in a speech, used the following language:—"I warn the abolitionists—ignorant, infatuated barbarians as they are—that if chance shall throw any of them into our hands, he may expect a felon's death."

"Mr. Lumpkin remarked in the senate, (January, 1838), If abolitionists went to Georgia, they would be caught; and Mr. Preston declared in the same debate—"Let an abolitionist come within the borders of South Carolina, if we can catch him, we will try him, and notwithstanding all the interference of all the governments on earth, including the Federal Government, we will hang him."

2. But the slightest opposition to their will on the part of the slave turns these gentlemen, even the best of them, into incarnate demons at once. Should a poor negro, in the agony of his soul in seeing his wife torn from him to satisfy the lust of his driver, utter a threat, he is certain of being hanged as long as it is possible for nature to sustain the torture. But perhaps he absconds to avoid the horrible infliction. Then the following is the fate that awaits him:—

"The St. Francisville (Louisiana) Chronicle of Feb. 1, 1830, gives the following account of a 'negro hunt' in that parish:—

"Two or three days since, a gentleman of this parish, in hunting runaway negroes, came upon a camp of them in the swamp on Cat Island. He succeeded in arresting two of them, but the third made fight, and upon being shot in the shoulder, fled to a sluice,
where the dogs succeeded in drowning him before assistance could arrive.

"The dogs succeeded in drowning him! Poor fellow! He tried hard for his life; plunged into the sluice, and, with a bullet in his shoulder, and the blood-hounds unfeeling his bones, he bore up for a moment with feeble stroke, as best he might, but 'public opinion' succeeded in drowning him, and the same 'public opinion' calls the man who fired and crippled him, and cheered on the dogs, 'a gentleman,' and the editor who celebrates the exploit is 'a gentleman' also!

"A large number of extracts similar to the above might here be inserted from southern newspapers in our possession, but the foregoing are more than sufficient for our purpose, and we bring to a close the testimony on this point with the following—

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Samuel J. May of South Scituate, Massachusetts, dated Dec. 20, 1838:—

"You doubtless recollect the narrative given in the Oasis, of a slave in Georgia, who having run away from his master (accounted a very hospitable and humane gentleman), was hunted by his master and his retainers with horses, dogs, and rifles, and having been driven into a tree by the hounds, was shot down by his more cruel pursuers. All the facts there given, and some others equally shocking, connected with the same case, were first communicated to me in 1833, by Mr. W. Russell, a highly respectable teacher of youth in Boston. He is doubtless ready to vouch for them. The same gentleman informed me that he was keeping school on or near the plantation of the monster who perpetrated the above outrage upon humanity, that he was even invited by him to join in the hunt, and when he expressed abhorrence at the thought, the planter, holding up the rifle which he had in his hand, said with an oath, 'D—n that rascal, this is the third time he has run away, and he shall never run again. I'd rather put a ball into his side than into the best buck in the land.'

And this planter, let it be observed, who was so anxious to kill his slave for the crime of running away, was accounted, another witness testifies, 'a man of noble and elevated character, and distinguished for his generosity and kindness of heart!'

But let it happen that the poor negro in any struggle should actually kill one of his tyrants; such an offence, if committed without premeditation, would in England be adjudged to be manslaughter, and punished by imprisonment. But in America, as committed by a slave upon one of his tormentors, it becomes a crime of unspeakable atrocity, and rouses at once the whole demon in their souls. Here are two instances of such cases with their punishments, the last within these five years, among a people calling themselves Christians:—

"Tuscaloosa, Alabama, June 20, 1827.

"Some time during the last week, a Mr. M'Neilly having lost some clothing, or other property of no great value, the slave of a neighbouring planter was charged with the theft. M'Neilly in company with his brother, found the negro driving his master's wagon; they seized him, and either did or were about to chastise him, when the negro stabbed M'Neilly, so that he died in an hour afterwards. The negro was taken before a justice of the peace, who waved his authority, perhaps through fear, as a crowd of persons had collected to the number of 70 or 80, near Dr. People's (the justice's house). He acted as president of the mob, and put the vote, when it was decided he should be immediately executed by being burnt to death. The sable culprit was led to a tree, tied to it, and a large quantity of the pine knots collected and placed around him, and the fatal torch applied to the pile, even against the remonstrances of several gentlemen who were present; and the miserable being was in a short time burned to ashes.

"This is the second negro who has been thus put to death without judge or jury in this county.

"On the 28th of April, 1836, in the city of St. Louis, Missouri, a black man, named M'Intosh, who had stabbed an officer that had arrested him, was seized by the multitude, fastened to a tree in the midst of the city, wood piled around him, and, in open day, in the presence of an immense throng of citizens, he was burnt to death. The Alton (Illinois) Telegraph, in its account of the scene says—'All was silent as death while the executioners were piling wood around their victim. He said not a word, until feeling that the flames had seized upon him. He then uttered an awful howl, attempting to sing and pray, then hung his head, and suffered in silence, except in the following instance:—After the flames had surrounded their prey, his eyes burnt out of his head, and his mouth seemingly parched to a cinder, some one in the crowd, more compassionate than the rest, proposed to put an end to his misery by shooting him, when it was replied, 'That would be of no use, since he was already out of pain.' No, no,' said the wretch, 'I am not, I am suffering as much as ever; shoot me, shoot me.' 'No, no,' said one of the fiends who was standing about the sacrifice they were roasting, 'he shall not be shot. I would sooner slacken the fire, if that would increase his misery; and [THE COURT MAGAZINE.]"
the man who said this was, as we understand, an officer of justice!"

"The St. Louis correspondent of a New York paper adds—"The shrieks and groans of the victim were loud and piercing; and to observe one limb after another drop into the fire was awful indeed. He was about 15 minutes in dying. I visited the place this morning, and saw his body, or the remains of it, at the place of execution. He was burnt to a crump. His legs and arms were gone, and only a part of his head and body were left."

"A man by the name of Waters was killed by his slaves in Newbury district. Three of them were tried before the court, and ordered to be burnt. I was but a few miles distant at the time, and conversed with those who saw the execution. The slaves were tied to a stake, and pitch pine wood piled around them, to which the fire was communicated. Thousands were collected to witness this barbarous transaction. Other executions of this kind took place in various parts of the states during my residence in it from 1818 to 1824. About three or four years ago a young negro was burnt in Abbeville district for an attempt at rape."

"In the fall of 1837 there was a rumour of a projected insurrection on the Red River, in Louisiana. The citizens forthwith seized and hanged nine slaves, and three free coloured men, without trial. A few months previous to that transaction, a slave was seized in a similar manner, and publicly burned to death in Arkansas. In July, 1835, the citizens of Madison County, Mississippi, were alarmed by rumours of an insurrection, arrested five slaves, and publicly executed them without trial."

It might be thought that after this sickening detail no further features could add horror to the picture. But there is one more—a last and crowning one, which leaves language fairly behind, in the appalling fearfulness of its guilt. We speak of the fact, that all this goes on among a very religious population; and that many of the greatest wretches among these slaves-owners are high professors—nay, even preachers of religion!

Here are a few only of the details given by the compilers of this volume on this last and worst trait in the whole system of wickedness:—

"A Baptist clergyman in Laurens district, South Carolina, whipped his slave to death, whom he suspected of having stolen about 60 dollars. The slave was in the prime of life, and was purchased a few weeks before for 800 dollars of a slave trader from Virginia or Maryland. The coroner, William Irby, at R.—March, 1841. whose house I was then boarding, told me that on viewing the dead body, he found it beat to a jelly from head to foot. The master’s wife discovered the money a day or two after the death of the slave. She had herself removed it from where it was placed, not knowing what it was, as it was tied up in a thick envelope. I happened to be present when the trial of this man took place, at Laurens Court-house. His daughter testified that her father untied the slave, when he appeared to be failing, and gave him cold water to drink, of which he took freely. His counsel pleaded that his death might have been caused by drinking cold water in a state of excitement. The judge charged the jury, that it would be their duty to find the defendant guilty if they believed the death was caused by the whipping; but if they were of opinion that drinking cold water caused the death, they would find him not guilty.

The jury found him, ‘Not guilty.’"

"John Mc Cue, of Augusta county, Virginia, a Presbyterian preacher, frequently on the Lord’s-day morning tied up his slaves and whipped them, and left them bound, while he went to the meeting-house and preached, and after his return home repeated his scourging. That fact, with others more heinous, was known to all persons in his congregation and around the vicinity; and so far from being censured for it, he and his brethren justified it as essential to preserve their ‘domestic institutions.’"

"Mrs. Pence, of Rockingham county, Virginia, used to boast—‘I am the best hand to whip a wench in the whole county.’ She used to pinion the girls to a post in the yard on a Lord’s-day morning, scourge them, put on the ‘negro plaster,’ salt, pepper, and vinegar, leave them tied, and walk away to church as demure as a nun; and, after service, repeat the flaying, if she felt the whim. I once ex-postulated with her upon her cruelty. ‘Mrs. Pence, how can you whip your girls so publicly and disturb your neighbours so, on the Lord’s-day morning?’ Her answer was memorable—‘If I were to whip them on any other day, I should lose a day’s work; but by whipping them on Sunday, their backs get well enough by Monday morning.’ That woman, if alive, is doubtless a member of the church now as then.

"The Rev. Mr. M.—now of the Huntingdon Presbytery, after an absence of many months, was about visiting his old friends on what is commonly called the Eastern Shore. Late in the afternoon, on his journey, he called at the house of the Rev. A. C., of P-town, Md. With his brother he had been long acquainted. Just at that juncture Mr. C. was about proceeding to whip a coloured female, who was his slave. She was firmly tied to a post in front of his dwelling-house. The arrival of a clerical visitor at such a time
occasioned a temporary delay in the execution of Mr. C's purpose. But the delay was only temporary, for not even the presence of such a guest could destroy the bloody design. The guest interceded with all the mildness, yet earnestness of a brother and new visitor; but all in vain; the woman had been saucy, and must be punished.' The cowhide was accordingly produced, and the Rev. Mr. C. a large and very stout man, applied it 'manfully' on the woman's bare and 'shrinking flesh.' I say bare, because you know that the slave women generally have but three or four inches of the arm near the shoulder covered, and the neck is left entirely exposed.' As the cowhide moved back and forward, striking right and left, on the head, neck, and arms, at every stroke the sympathizing guest would exclaim, 'O, brother C., desist.' But brother C. pursued his brutal work, till, after inflicting about 60 lashes, the woman was found to be suffused with blood on the hinder part of her neck, and under her frock between the shoulders. Yet this revered gentleman is well esteemed in the church; was, three or four years since, moderator of the synod of Philadelphia, and yet walks abroad, feeling himself unrebuked by law or gospel."

The volume contains a multitude of similar cases. Said we not rightly that this forms the climax, the most utterly awful feature, in the whole system?

Such, then, is the slave system, as now existing; and not merely existing, but growing and extending; and not merely extending, but fostered and firmly adhered to by the Legislators of the great American nation! Was there ever a more deplorable illustration of human weakness, inconsistency, and wickedness? A free people, a people glorying in their freedom, and boasting of "the rights of man," and yet keeping nearly three millions of their fellow men in the most cruel bondage! A religious people, a people who send their missionaries to India, Tartary, and the farthest east; and who yet cherish among them a system which destroys this whole negro population, soul and body! A people boasting of their literature and their taste, with whom the planter lays down a volume of the lofty romance of Scott, or the touching drama of Shakespeare, and takes up his gun to ramble into the bush, and shoot a woman!

A people who tell us that they maintain more preachers of the gospel, by voluntary efforts, than either England or Scotland by their church Establishments, and whose preachers of the gospel "flog a woman with their own hands before they go to chapel, and leave her tied up to a post, that they may flog her again when they return home!"—p.139.

Of such a nation, we can only say, that nothing so awful, nothing so perplexing to the faith of the believer in a Divine Providence, was ever before seen; and that the solution of the mystery must shortly be looked for, either in their repentance or in their signal punishment.

Slave-Treatment in Guadalupe.—A trial of considerable interest took place at the Assizes of La-Pointe à-Pître, in the Island of Guadalupe, in October last. A colonist, named Douillard-Mahaudière, was charged with having tortured and otherwise cruelly treated a female slave named Lucile. It appeared from the act of accusation, which was borne out by a great number of witnesses, that the accused, who had recently lost his wife and several head of cattle by death, imagined that they had been poisoned, and that Lucile was connected with a gang of negroes who were reported to be preparers of poisons, and were said to hold secret meetings, at which they decided as to their victims, and fixed upon those who were to administer the poison. Impressed with the idea of the guilt of Lucile, Douillard, without examination or inquiry, had her immured in a dungeon, where she was fastened to a bar of iron, and her left leg and arm were confined in a sort of stocks so as to prevent all possibility of motion. In this cruel position, with the exception of her having been able to extricate her arm, the wasting of her flesh rendering it possible to withdraw it, she remained an entire year. At length, a milled having during the night been knowing her flesh, the acuteness of the agony gave her momentary energy, and, tearing a stone from the wall, she was enabled to extricate her leg. Her relief was, however, of short duration, for on the following day, when the fact was discovered and reported to her master by the negro who conveyed to her the miserable rations of manioc flour and cod-fish which were allowed her, orders were given for her being again placed in the horrible position of torture from which she had extricated herself. The unfortunate woman remained in this state of confinement altogether 22 months the greater part of which she was allowed only a bottle of water a day, notwithstanding the great heat of the atmosphere, and she must have been starved to death from the irregularity with which even the very small quantity of food allowed to her was supplied, if her daughter had not, in bringing her clean linen, occasionally concealed some food
in it, and if the daughters of her master had not also from time to time, but unknown to him, taken some nourishment to her. The dungeon in which she was confined was only nine feet long and six feet broad, and not four feet high. It had an opening for light and air, when the door was closed, than a small window. The knowledge of this barbarous and illegal treatment having at length reached the law authorities, the prisoner, who was reduced to a skeleton, was at length released by them, and a prosecution was commenced against her owner. The court was excessively crowded and many of the colonists who were present appeared to take a deep interest in the defence of the prisoner, which was chiefly confined to an assertion that he only exercised the just right which a colonist has over his slaves, and that he believed the woman Lucille to have poisoned his wife and his cattle. The procureur du roi (M. Marais,) in his address to the court, stated, that the accused, who appeared had formally protested against the recent order which gives the law authorities the power of visiting the slave establishments in order that the slaves may be protected against ill treatment, and acknowledged the violations of the law committed by the accused, and stated that he would perform his duty to the end, notwithstanding the excitement amongst the colonists in favour of the accused, and the confident tone in which they predicted his acquittal. During the address of the procureur du rois, the manifestations of dissatisfaction by the colonists present were frequent and indecorous; but the President having declared that he would see that the tribunal should be respected, they subsided. All the leading facts were, as we have stated, proved in evidence, and it was also proved that there was no ground for supposing that any cattle had been poisoned by the natives, there being at the time a contagious malady raging, which carried them off; nor was there the slightest ground for supposing that the wife of the accused had been poisoned. Amongst the witnesses called for the prosecution was Lucille, who gave an account of her sufferings, and stated that another female slave had been so inhumanly flogged upon as absurd charge as that for which she herself was confined, that she died a few days afterwards. The curé of the commune stated that he had written a letter to M. Douillard, entreating him to release his slave, but that he had refused to do so. On being reproached by the President of the tribunal for not making further efforts in the cause of humanity, the curé replied that he did not feel that he had a right to interfere between master and slave. The mayor of the commune, who was called as a witness, admitted that he had been requested to interfere, but that he had not done so, as he considered that masters had a right to punish their slaves who offended, and he entered into long details about his own losses of cattle, which he also attributed to poison. The accused was defended by M. Grandpré, and the trial which lasted several days, terminated with a verdict of acquittal. As soon as the verdict was pronounced, the colonists who were in the court rushed to M. Grandpré and shook hands with him with great warmth, and then conducted M. Douillard out of court in triumph. Almost immediately afterwards M. Douillard got into his cabriolet and drove through the streets of Pointe-à-Pitre, followed by his friends, amongst whom was the Vice-President of the Colonial Council.—When the crowd arrived opposite to the house of the advocate of M. Douillard, they set up deafening shouts of "Vive Grandpré!"

REMARKABLE STATE AND VARIATION OF THE WEATHER IN JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

1st. Rain.—The quantity of floating ice in the River so far lessened as to permit of detained vessels proceeding on their course.

2d. Frost.—Thermometer at six o'clock, p. m. at 30 deg.; two below the freezing point. During the night a strong breeze, accompanied by heavy showers of rain, hail, and snow.

3d. Sunday.—Between 5 and 6 o'clock (a.m.) occurred one of the most awful and terrific storms of thunder and lightning ever remembered at this season of the year, the effects of which were most severely felt over the counties of Berks, Bucks, Middlesex, Essex, Surrey, and Sussex. In the evening the thermometer fell to 30 and at midnight to 25 deg.

4th.—In the morning, thermometer 21 deg. (11 below the freezing point.) At ten o'clock heavy snow—towards evening symptoms of a thaw. In the forenoon, when about 2000 persons were on the Serpentine, three loud reports, as of a tremendous explosion, were heard in the direction of the bridge dividing Hyde Park from Kensington Gardens. It was at first supposed that the magazine close to the bridge had been blown up, but the reports were found to have been occasioned by the blowing up, not of powder, but of the ice under the bridge, occasioned by the foul air generated beneath it. The ice in those places immediately sank.

5th.—At 6 o'clock in the evening, the thermometer stood at 20 deg., and at midnight fell to 18. The police stated that the cold was so intense as to affect their respiration and induce so great a desire to sleep that nothing but a sense of duty and the fear of being frozen to death prevented their so doing.

7th.—The thermometer at 10 deg.; upwards of 22 below the freezing point. Wind E. N. E. —
Up to 12 o'clock at noon a thick fog surrounded the Metropolis, and so slippery were the roads that many Omnibus proprietors kept their vehicles at home. The number of skaters on the Serpentine was estimated at from 14 to 16,000. A flight of sky-larks passed over Hyde Park.

In Kensington Gardens occurred a singular proof of the severity of the weather—a magpie was observed hovering over a spot on which a starling was picking up a few crumbs thrown to it by a spectator, when suddenly it flew down, a-la-Hawk, and seizing the starling in its feet rose with it into the air for about 50 yards and then let it fall to the ground alive, but considerably injured: the magpie never becomes carnivorous while other food is to be obtained. Thermometer at night 9 deg., 23 below freezing point. (This night was the coldest experienced since that of Murphy's lowest degree of winter temperature, 1837-8.)

8th.—Frost still intense; ice on the Serpentine about 7 inches thick, skaters numerous. The tide brought a large quantity of ice up the river, doing much damage to the craft. The dock entrances were quite open, but business on the river nearly suspended.

9th.—State of the river most dangerous, the lower pool being crowded with immense masses of floating ice; watermen crossing with danger; only one steamer managed to cut its way through. The river Medway completely frozen over. No Gravesend steamers would venture on the voyage to London, in consequence of which the omnibus drivers demanded exorbitant fares.

10th.—Sunday: thaw, succeeded by slight frost and snow during the night.

11th.—Roads and paths round the Metropolis coated with ice and very dangerous; thermometer 20.

12th.—Was held a half yearly meeting of the Humane Society: 31 persons reported as rescued in the parks during the present frost. The swans on the river only preserved from perishing by persons being employed to collect, house, and feed them. In the country heavy falls of snow.

14th.—Rapid thaw, attended by floods in various parts of the country.

17th.—Fearful inundation Brentford, caused by the bursting of the Grand Junction Canal; also in Wiltshire, both attended with loss of life and property.

18th.—Continued thaw. Floods in all the low lands. The Great Western Railway much injured, the rails for nearly two miles being covered with water, and a large portion of the embankment destroyed. A tract of six miles near Epping Forest was one vast sheet of water, on which horses and cows were seen swimming about in all directions.

The ground in many parts has been furrowed up 3 or 4 feet by the rapidity of the current; all the seed and produce being destroyed.

22d.—Return of frost.

24th.—Thermometer ranging between 31 and 24. Ice in the Parks dangerous, but skaters numerous.

28th.—Frost.

29th.—Rain and Snow.

31st.—(Sunday).—Rain.

FEBRUARY.

1st.—At six o'clock in the morning the thermometer stood as low as 20 deg., (12 below freezing point), with a strong wind from the N.E., the thickness of ice formed during the night being upwards of two-thirds of an inch. In the forenoon the mercury rose considerably, and at 12 o'clock stood at 30 deg. Slight falls of snow during the morning, which in the afteroon grew into storms by which the thickly falling flakes were violently driven by a piercing wind, amounting almost to a hurricane. At 4 o'clock the clouds cleared off, and the mercury fell to 25 deg.

3d.—The frost returned with almost as much severity as ever, so that with an interval of only a few days it has continued for nearly two months. At 6 o'clock p.m., the thermometer at the receiving-house in Hyde Park stood at 17 deg., and at midnight sunk to 12; (20 below freezing point.)

4th.—Thermometer ranging from 20 to 26 deg. Parks crowded, notwithstanding the presence of a cutting N.E. wind. In Kensington gardens the ice on the ground was thin and dangerous, but on the long water the skating was excellent. On the Serpentine most dangerous, not being more than two inches thick, in spite of which there were from 8,000 to 9,000 skaters. A gentleman fell on his face with great force on the ice—whilst being conveyed to the Receiving house in a state of insensibility, an attempt was made to empty his pockets and abstract his gold watch. Under the care of Dr. Woolley he sufficiently recovered to proceed home in a carriage. In the Regent's Park also, the ice was dangerous. Several persons were rescued from drowning by means of hand lines.

6th.—Frost still intense.

9th.—In the evening at 6 o'clock, mercury at 25 deg., at midnight, 24.

10th.—At six o'clock, a.m., thermometer at 27 deg., soon afterwards the wind veered nearly to the South, and by 12 o'clock at noon the mercury rose to 32 deg. (freezing point) in the evening sunk to 28 with every appearance of sharp frost. On the Serpentine, and in Saint James' Park the skaters were numerous. The banks of the river above the bridges were also crowded by persons looking at the immense ice-bergs locked up in various parts of the Thames, on the narrower parts of which some persons ventured to walk across the lately rolling stream.

11th.—Frost broke up.

Subsequently to this period both in town and country, there were dense fogs, fine sunny days, much rain, much boisterous weather, and a great deal of rain with keen sharp cutting winds.

The Jersey Paper gives the following flowery picture of the island during the late inclement season; and we marvel not at the inclination of the inhabitants far and near to demand copies when all nature was robed in snow, and not a flower or green thing was elsewhere to be seen.

"The frost which now prevails in Jersey is, in all probability, the severest with which this island has ever been visited; and as there is
at present no indication of a change of wind, we very much apprehend it will continue for several days longer; the consequences of which must be injurious and disagreeable to all, but actually disastrous to the poor and the laboring classes. The frequent showers of sleet and rain which succeeded the late heavy fall of snow, and the continued action of intense frost have enveloped all inanimate objects with a thick coating of transparent and almost impenetrable ice, except the whole creation, the sea excepted, the appearance of glittering crystal, extremely curious and beautiful. Every vestige of vegetation has disappeared, and over the whole face of the country, life seems to be altogether extinct. Immense fields of ice and frozen snow extend in all directions; the leafless trees stand out in bold relief against the dark grey sky, like beautiful fabrications of glass; stems, branches, twigs and buds being all enveloped in a thick coating of crystal, and bending gracefully with the uncommon weight; walls have the appearance of being richly varnished, and iron railings seem transmuted into some beautiful transparent metal, no inappropriate decoration for some fairy city of romance. A deep bed of ice covers the roads in all directions, so dangerous to travellers as almost to suspend communication between town and country altogether; and all who have prudently regard for the integrity of their limbs stick as close to their houses as their wants or necessities will admit of. The harbour presents a picturesque and interesting sight. Labor and business are at a stand and the ships, deserted by their crews, look as if transformed by the wand of an enchanter into so many ornaments of glass; masts, yards, rigging, ropes, glistering in all their beautiful variety against the sky, and exciting our apprehension that things so bright, but apparently so brittle, may shiver in a moment to atoms beneath the wintry blast that shakes their crystal honors. The sky is gloomy and cheerless, and does not offer a single vestige of a sun-beam; as if creation was altogether deserted by the luminary, whose place is supplied by a sickly glare that gives neither light nor heat; while the few perishing birds that flutter about in search of food are reduced to an unnatural state of tameness, and almost of torpidity, by the general severity of the weather.

**Expedition to the Niger.**—The expedition to explore the Niger, under the direction of the African Association, which is on the point of leaving England, will be accompanied by Dr. Theodore Vogel, an eminent German botanist. His attention, together with that of his brother naturalists, will be especially directed not only to the collection of specimens of plants, but to the examination of the capabilities of the country as regards agricultural and horticultural objects, to the nature of its climate, and to various subjects connected with vegetable physiology.

**Theatres.**

**Theatre Royal Covent Garden.**

On Tuesday, (Feb. 9th,) a two act Comedy written by Mr. Jerrold, was produced at this Theatre. It is called the White Milliner, a title suggested by a story related by Walpole of the Duchess of Tyrconnel, who, dressed in white and wearing a white mask, used in this disguise to personate a milliner in the Western Exchange. In the play, however, the characters are all imaginary, and supposed to be living in the reign of Queen Anne. The pretty milliners of the Exchange, or "Bourse" as it was then called, were favorite objects of pursuit with the gallants of the day, and one of these, with the superadded attraction of mystery in the shape of a white mask, forms a good centre for an intriguing drama, depicting the manners of the last century more particularly connected with the peculiar thread of the story.

The White Milliner of the piece, betrothed to a proscribed Jacobite, is persecuted by a dissolve married nobleman, and a shallow Justice of the Peace, while her slender purse at the same time exposes her to the insults of the landlady, backed by a favorite male lodger. The principal parts were well supported by Madame Vestris (as the disguised lady), C. Matthews, Keeley, &c., the latter, in Lord Sneyzurn, converted from a starveling doctor's boy into the plump pet of the widow landlady, has admirable scope for his humorous powers. The dialogue of this clever little piece is well written and full of point, the scenery, dresses, &c., do great credit to the management, and the whole is well worthy the favorable reception with which it was welcomed.

**Drury-Lane.—**The Concerts at this Theatre have beenagreeably varied by the introduction of Madrigals very efficiently performed. Lighting and darkening the stage, imitations of the tramp of cavalry and various other contrivances have been adopted to heighten the effect of the music, and if not exactly fitted to the Concert-room, are exceedingly well managed. Jullien's quadrille from the Huguenots continues a favorite, and the unrivalled performance of Koenig on the cornet-à-piston elicits deserved applause.

**Haymarket.—**Feb. 4th.—A farce called "The Good-for-Nothing," was produced at this Theatre. The hero (Mr. Pybus) played by Wrench "a good-for-nothing" by name, is continually suffering for the misdeeds of Mr. Clipper (Rees) "a good-for-nothing" by nature, and a lawyer's clerk by calling. This latter worthy breaks church windows with his gun, his wife's heart by desertion, and destroys another's property by unlawful appropriation of a bank-note, for which de- linquencies, the unlucky Mr. Pybus, thanks to his evil star, stands chargeable, until Theatrical justice is at length awarded by the
discovery of the real offender. The capabilities of the piece are sufficiently humorous to have been worked up into a better story, but such as it is, the farce of "The Good-for-Nothing" was received with applause mingled with disapprobation, by which conflict of opinion it was proved to be "Good-for-Something."

The Adelphi.—A very good spectacle of diablerie called "Satanus; or, The Spirit of Beauty," was produced at this Theatre on the evening of the 11th of February. It is a paraphrase, by Mr. Coyne, on the Diable Amour et, a successful piece at the Academie of Music at Paris. Mr. O. Smith and Mr. Wieland are excellent impersonations of the arch evil spirit, and his second, Mrs. Honey plays the part of their victim—"condemned spirit, who is, however, finally preserved from their power by intelligences of a more benign order. The comic spirit of the performance was well supported by Mrs. Keeler. The diversified scenery, embracing the abodes of bliss, the infernal regions, with various countries of the world we live in, was admirably managed, the gorgeous character of the dresses, and the splendor of the ensemble fully merit the applause which it elicited.

Appalling Disaster at Sea.—A most fatal collision attended with the loss of 122 lives occurred on the 20th Feb. off Holyhead—between the American packet ship "Governor Fenning" and the "Nottingham" steamer. The captain of the former, who, except the mate, was the only person on board saved, gives the following account of this dreadful catastrophe. "We sailed from Liverpool, on Friday last 19th Feb. at noon, with the wind S.S.W. The crew consisted of 17 and the passengers in the steerage of 106, with a full cargo of manufactured goods. On Saturday morning at two o'clock, the wind blowing fresh from the S.S.W., and when the ship was under double reefed topsails, the jib, spanker, and main-mast in, we saw a steamer to windward on the larboard bow. The ship's helm was instantly put hard-a-port. The steamer crossed our bow and we struck her right amidships. From the force of the collision it was evident that either the ship or the steamer would sink; perhaps both. Instantly I felt the ship, the bows of which were stove in, was sinking. I cried out to the crew, (all the passengers were below) to endeavour to save the crew and passengers; but so rapid was the sinking of the ship, I found it impossible. I and the mate then ran forward, and finding the ship fast sinking I tried to jump on to the steamer. Failing in my first attempt, through a momentary faintness, I made a second, and just as the ship was at the edge succeeded in grasping a rope which was by the steamer's side. The mate saved his life by jumping from the fore-yard-arm on to the steamer's deck. In one minute the ship sank with 222 souls. The steamer's boat was instantly lowered for the purpose of making an attempt to save such as might be floating, but it unfortunately swamped alongside. The following particulars are added by those who were on the deck of the Nottingham. When about 15 miles to the westward of Holyhead, the weather calm but rather thick, one of the men on the watch saw a ship bearing down upon the Nottingham. She had no light at her mast, while the steamer had three. He reported the fact to the second mate who was then at the wheel; the mate hailed the ship and was answered. He desired her to starboard the helm. This they thought was not done. A voice from the ship (supposed the Captain's) requested the steamer to starboard her helm. At this instant, the "Governor Fenning" struck the Nottingham amid ships. In less than 5 minutes she filled with water and disappeared. The steamer became quite motionless, after the shock, the people on board her could not make the least attempt to succour those on board the ship which sunk bow foremost. The cries of the people on the wreck were heart-rending, but they soon ceased, and all was still. The steamer's starboard side was completely stove in, the paddle, shaft and wheel shivered to pieces; the starboard engine broken and funnel carried away; 17 cows were killed; 7 beasts and 78 sheep thrown overboard, and 11 died before the vessel reached the port. On the same evening the wreck of the Nottingham was fallen in with by another steamer, towed into the Mersey—and now lies in the Clarence dock, an object of curiosity to thousands of spectators. When the collision took place, the passengers of the "Gov. Farming" were all below; but must have been aroused by the shock. So short however was the interval between the collision and the singing, that, though all probably rushed towards the deck, few, if any, could have reached it. The mate when he found the ship's destruction inevitable, attempted by running aft to rescue his wife, to whom he had been married but a few days—unable however to affect his object, he saved himself in the manner related by the captain. The crew of the Nottingham are of opinion that the steamer's helm instead of being put to starboard must have been put to port, and to this error attribute the collision."

Registration of the Birth of the Princess Royal.—The Act of Parliament for the registration of births applies to all the members of the Royal Family, no less than to the community. The birth of the Princess Royal was duly entered in the books of the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, on the 2nd December, by the registrar of births for the Belgrave district, who attended at Buckingham Palace for the purpose.
FEB. 1.—Viscount Melbourne returned to town from a visit to her Majesty at Claremont. H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge arrived in town from a visit to her Majesty the Queen Dowager, at Sudbury-hall.

2.—H. R. H. Prince Albert spent the forenoon in shooting in Claremont Park.


4.—Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert, with the Princess Royal, returned to town from Claremont, at 2 o'clock. The Queen held a Court for the reception of addresses of congratulation on the birth of a Princess, from the City of London. Similar addresses were also presented to H.R.H. Prince Albert, and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.

5.—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace for the reception of addresses from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The deputation had afterwards audience of his H. R. H. Prince Albert, to whom they also presented congratulations.

6.—The Queen held a privy council, at which it was ordered that the name of H.R.H. Prince Albert should be inserted in the Liturgy. Her Majesty pricked the list of Sheriffs for the counties of England and Wales, during the present year.

The Queen and H.R.H. Prince Albert honored Covent Garden with their presence.

7.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager arrived at Marlborough-house with her suite, from Sudbury-hall. Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert sent to enquire after the health of his Grace the Duke of Wellington.

8. (Sunday.)—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James'. On leaving the Chapel, her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert visited her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

9.—His Majesty the King of the Belgians arrived at Claremont from the Continent. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent visited her Majesty. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent sent to enquire after the health of the Duke of Wellington.

10.—His Majesty the King of the Belgians arrived at Buckingham Palace from Claremont, on a visit to the Queen.

The ceremony of christening H. R. H. the Princess Royal took place this day, at Buckingham Palace. The guests honored with invitations for the state banquet to celebrate this important and interesting event were invited for half-past six o'clock. All the company appeared in full court-dress. The Queen and His Royal Highness Prince Albert entered the green drawing-room at an early hour; a few minutes after the arrival of the Queen Dowager, her Majesty and the entire party proceeded to the throne-room, which had been prepared in the greatest splendor for the christening. The throne had been removed, and an altar erected in its place within the alcove, the front and sides hung with crimson velvet richly ornamented with gold lace. The back of the altar was decorated in the same splendid style, having the initials I.H.S. in the centre, embroidered in gold enriched with deep rays. The back was finished with a carved gilt bower forming an elliptic arch. The gold communion plate from the Chapel Royal, St. James', was arranged on the altar, a large gold salver being placed in the centre, with a fine representation in alto relievo of "The Last Supper." The font, very elegant in form and exquisitely finished, was placed a short distance from, and in front of the altar. It is silver-gilt, the body is of the shape of a water lily, and supports a large shell, the rim of which has on the inside smaller water lilies apparently floating on the edge. The base, divided into three compartments, bears on one side the arms of the Princess Royal in a lozenge, surmounted by her Royal Highness's coronet; the others, the arms of her Majesty and Prince Albert; over the coats of arms are cherubs executed in full relief. The font was placed on a handsome circular marble table having the royal arms executed in mosaic at the top. The table itself stood on a small raised platform placed on a large carpet of crimson velvet embroidered and bordered with gold. Candelabra on gilt pedestals were on either side the altar, and within the alcove two cut glass chandeliers, another chandelier of the largest size being hung in the middle of the room, and candelabra on pedestals richly carved and gilt, lined the sides of the apartment. The seats for the company were of crimson satin, damask, and gold.

The water contained in the font was brought from the River Jordan. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury performed the ceremony of christening the Princess Royal, assisted by the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of London and Norwich, and the Dean of Carlisle. The Queen and H.R.H. Prince Albert, were on the left of his Grace. Her Majesty was dressed in
The Queen's Gazette.

white and wore a splendid diadem of brilliants, diamond ear-rings and necklace, also the riband and jewel of the order of the garter. H.R.H. Prince Albert was habited in a Field Marshal's uniform, and wore stars of the orders of the Garter and the Bath. Opposite to her Majesty was the Duke of Wellington, his Grace officiating as sponsor on the part of His Serene Highness the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha. The other sponsors were her Majesty the Queen Dowager, H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, His Majesty the King of the Belgians, and H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex. The illustrious party were ranged around the altar; the Duke and Prince George of Cambridge and Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar occupied places in front. The mistress of the robes and the great officers of state were behind her Majesty and Prince Albert. When the Archbishop of Canterbury came to that part of the ceremony for naming the Princess, Her Royal Highness was given into his Grace's hands by her nurse and was named, by her Majesty the Queen Dowager, VICTORIA ADELAIDE MARIA LOUISA. The service being concluded, the party retired, and shortly afterwards went to dinner, which was served in the picture gallery, splendidly fitted up for the royal banquet. The chamber was shortened by a temporary partition both at top and bottom, and at each end was displayed a buffet of plate, containing articles of the most costly and magnificent description. In the centre of one was the shield of Achilles surrounded by large gold salvers, vases, sconces, and candelabra, the interspaces between the more massive articles being filled up with cups of crystal and gold, lapis lazuli vases, tankards of ivory beautifully carved, and articles of a similarly light and elegant description, many of them enriched with precious stones, and the whole brilliantly illuminated with wax lights. The table was decorated with the plateau known as the "Prince of Wales's," having been made by order of Geo. IV. when Prince. On it were placed a series of specimens, containing arms of the sovereigns, candelabra and vases of silver gilt. In the centre of the table was an immense cake decorated with flowers and surmounted with the head of Neptune, bearing Britannia with the Princess Royal in her arms. From the ceiling were suspended three chandeliers, there were besides numerous candelabra on the table. Among the pictures which decorated the walls were some of the finest specimens of Rembrandt, including the "Burghmaster, Pancras and his Wife;" "A Shipwright and his Wife;" and "Women at the Tomb of Christ;" the "Death of Dido;" and "Iphigenia," by Reynolds; the "Assumption of the Virgin," by Rubens; a "Merry Making" by Teniers; the "Orphan," by Allan; and "Healing of the Sick," and the "Marriage of St. Catherine," by Vandyke. The members of the same illustrious assembly who assisted at, and witnessed the ceremony of the Royal Christening were also present at the state banquet.

After dinner the following toasts were given by the Earl of Errol, Lord Steward of her Majesty's Household: — H.R.H. the Princess Royal, Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, His Majesty the King of the Belgians, Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. Prince Albert. In the evening the entire suite of state rooms was opened and brilliantly illuminated.

11th.—The Queen held a Privy Court and Privy Council, at which some Colonial matters were submitted to her Majesty. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent visited and lunched with her Majesty, H.R.H. Prince Albert and the King of the Belgians.

12th.—The Queen and H.R.H. Prince Albert walked in the Garden of Buckingham Palace. A handsome phaeton built for the King of Ashantee was submitted to the inspection of her Majesty.

13th.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager visited the Queen—her Majesty had a dinner party, (Mr. C. W. Ross, A.R.A. had the honor of taking a second sitting for a sketch of the Princess Royal.)

14th Sunday.—The Queen and H.R.H. Prince Albert, attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's; also, the Queen Dowager and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.

15th.—H.R.H. The Princess Sophia Matilda paid a visit to the Queen, and his Majesty the King of the Belgians. Her Majesty had a dinner party.

16th.—The Marquis Camden had audience of the Queen to deliver to her Majesty the Ensigns of the order of the Garter worn by his late father. His Majesty the King of the Belgians honored Mr. Leslie, R.A. with a sitting for the Royal Christening picture.

17th.—H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent visited the Queen and lunched with her Majesty, H.R.H. Prince Albert and his Majesty the King of the Belgians.—Her Majesty had a dinner party.

18th.—Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert took an airing in the Park.

H.R.H. Prince Albert honored Mr. Saltre, by inspecting (at the Artist's residence,) his great picture of the Waterloo banquet. Her Majesty had an evening party.

19th.—The Royal West Pennard Cheese was brought to the Palace for presentation to the Queen, and her Majesty, who saw it privately, was graciously pleased to express her approbation. The deputation by whom it was offered, was received by H.R.H. Prince Albert; and the Lord Steward had it in command to convey an acknowledgment from her Majesty to the parties by whom it was sent. The Queen had a dinner party.—H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge left town for Liverpool, on his way to join his regiment in Dublin.

20th.—The Queen and H.R.H. Prince Albert walked in the Gardens of the Palace. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager and suite honored Covent Garden Theatre with her presence.

21st.—Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert honored Covent-Garden Theatre, with her presence.

22d. Sunday. — Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert with the Royal Household attended divine service in Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

24th.—H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent visited her Majesty on occasion of the birth-day of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge; H.P. V. Prince Albert paid a visit of congratulation to the Royal Duke.
Mr. A. Penley, was honored with a first sitting for a portrait of H.R.H. Prince Albert.

23th.—The Queen held a Court and Privy Council at Buckingham Palace, at which her Majesty appointed Sheriffs for the counties of Cornwall, Radnor and Devon. Sir Joseph Littledale was sworn of Her Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Council. The Queen was also pleased to appoint the Earl of Thanet to be Lord Lieutenant of the County of Kent.

26th.—Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert honored the Haymarket Theatre with their presence to witness the representation of "Money." An Engraving, by Ryall, of Nicholas 1st. Emperor of Russia from the original Portrait presented by his Imperial Majesty to the Russia merchants of England, was submitted by Mr. Moon for the Inspection of the Queen and H.R.H. Prince Albert.

27th.—H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent visited and lunched with the Queen and H.R.H. Prince Albert.

H.R.H. Prince Albert was present at a splendid banquet given at the Trinity-house, Towerhill, on occasion of his Royal Highness's acceptance of the office of a Brother of the Institution. Some of the most distinguished persons connected with the government and commerce of the country were assembled at the festival.

28th.—H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent visited and took lunchen with her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert.

Baron Bulow, the Prussian Minister, had audience of H.R.H. Prince Albert.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager graciously patronised the Asylum for worthy aged and decayed Freemasons, by a donation of twenty guineas.

THE FOLLOWING ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED INDIVIDUALS RECEIVED INVITATIONS TO THE ROYAL CHRISTENING BANQUET.

Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager.
His Majesty, the King of the Belgians.
H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent.
H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester.
Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge.
H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge.
Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Sutherland.
Lady in Waiting on Her Majesty, the Countess of Mount-Edgcome.
Lady in Waiting on the Queen Dowager, the Countess of Sheffield.
Lady in Waiting on H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, Lady Fanny Howard.
Lady in Waiting on H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester, Lady Caroline Legge.
Maids of Honor, Hon. Misses Murray and Lister.
Woman of the Bedchamber, Lady Gardiner.
Maid of Honor to the Queen Dowager, Hon. Miss Mitchell.
Baroness Lehzen.
His Highness Prince Esterhazy.
Archbishops of Canterbury and York.

Lord Chancellor.
Lord President of the Council, the Marquis of Lansdowne.
Lord Privy Seal, the Earl of Clarendon.
Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord Willoughby D'Eresby.
Earl Marshal, Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Wellington.
Barons Gers-dorff and Stockmar.
Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household, the Earl of Errol.
Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Ulster.
Secretary of State for the Home Department, the Marquis of Normanby.
First Lord of the Admiralty, the Earl of Minto.
First Lord of the Treasury, Viscount Melbourne.
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Viscount Palmerston.
Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord John Russell.
Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, Viscount Duncannon.
Chief Secretary for Ireland, Viscount Morpeth.
Gold Stick in Waiting, Lord Hill.
Bishops of London and Norwich.
Dean of Carlisle.
Rev. Dr. Hodgson.
Silver Stick in Waiting, Colonel McDouall.
President of the Board of Control, Sir John Hobhouse.
Chancellor of the Exchequer, Right Hon. T. F. Baring.
President of the Board of Trade, Right Hon. H. Labouchere.
Secretary at War, Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay.
Master of the Horse, Earl of Albemarle.
Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, Earl of Ilchester.
Captain of the Gentlemen at arms, Lord Foley.
Master of the Buckhounds, Lord Kinnaird.
Groom of the Stole to Prince Albert, Lord Robert Grosvenor.
Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household, Earl of Surrey.
Vice-Chamberlain.
Keeper of the Privy Purse, Sir H. Wheadley.
Treasurer to H. R. H. Prince Albert, Mr. Geo. Edward Anson.
Lord Chamberlain to the Queen Dowager, Earl Howe.
Master of the Horse, Earl of Denbigh.
Vice-Chamberlain, Hon. William Ashley.
Gentlemen in Waiting on the King of the Belgian, General Goblet and M. Van Praet.
Gentleman in Waiting on the Duchess of Kent, Colonel Cowper.
Gentleman in Waiting on the Duke of Cambridge, Baron Kneesebeck.
Lord in Waiting, Earl of Aboyne.
Groom ———, Hon. W. Cowper.
Equerry ———, Colonel Wemyss.
Gentleman in Waiting on Prince Albert, Lord George Lennox.
Groom in Waiting, Captain Seymour.
Field Officer in Waiting, Colonel Walton.
Master of the Household, Hon. C. A. Murray.

Those marked thus * were prevented by indisposition from attending.
GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, Feb. 10, 19.
H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, 5, 6, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 23.
Lady Fanny Howard, 5, 6, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 23.
Lady Isla Hay, 16.
Lord and Lady Seymour, 16.
Lady Levens, 16.
Baronet Lehzen, 1, 5, 10, 12, 13, 15, 17, 19.
Lord and Lady Lilford, 17.
Lady Methven, 17.
Sir Robert Adair, 17.
Hon. Berkeley Paget, 1.
Hon. Mrs. and Miss Paget, 1.
Lord Poltimore, 17, 19.
Sir Frederic Stovin, 17, 19.
Marquis of Lansdowne, 5, 19.
Viscount Melbourne, 5, 6, 10, 11, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 22.
Lord Robert Grosvenor, 5, 15, 22.
Right Hon. G. S. Byng, 5, 13, 22.
Lady Agnes Byng, 22.
Sir George Anson, 6.
Miss Anson, 6.
Duke of Cambridge, 10, 17.
Earl and Countess of Tankerville, 17.
Earl and Countess of Albemarle, 17.
His Majesty the King of the Belgians, 9 to 21.
M. Van de Weyer, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.
Madame Van de Weyer, 16, 18, 20.
Marques of Anglesey, 11.
Lady Adelaide Paget, 11.
Marquis and Marchioness of Douro, 11.
Earl of Uxbridge, 10, 11, 16, 18, 19, 22.
Viscount Palmerston, 10, 11, 15, 18.
Viscountess Palmerston, 11.
Lord and Lady Ashley, 11.
General Goblet, 9 to 21.
M. Van Prett, 9 to 21.
Baron Bulow, 12.
General Alava, 12.
Count Kielmansegge, 12.
Duchess of Sutherland, 12, 13, 15.
Marquis of Normanby, 12.
Marchioness of Normanby, 12, 17, 19.
Baron Stockmar, 10, 12, 17, 18, 19, 20.
Baron Moncarvo, 13.
Duke of Devonshire, 12.
Viscount Morpeth, 13.
Lord and Lady Buryersh, 13.
Lord and Lady Mahon, 13.
Lord George Lennox, 13, 18.
Duke and Duchess of Somerset, 15.
Marquis of Westminster, 15.
Earl of Surrey, 15, 18.
Lord and Lady Holland, 15.
Lord Glenelg, 16.
Prince George of Cambridge, 10, 16.
Earl and Countess of Errol, 16, 22.
Count Pollon, 18.
Marchioness of Clancaricarde, 18.
Lady Mary Howard, 18.
Lady Fanny Cowper, 18.
The Grecian Minister and the Princess Mavrocordato, 19.
Marques Conyngham, 19.
Earl and Countess Minto, 19.
Earl and Countess of Sheffield, 19.
Earl Howe, 19.

Countess of Mayo, 19.
Hon. Miss Gore, 19.
Hon. C. A. Murray, 19.
Baron Niemann, 20.
Duke of Cleveland, 20.
Viscount Torrington, 20.
Viscount Jocelyne, 20.
Lady Isabella Wemyss, 20.
Sir Henry Wheatley, 20.
Mr. G. E. Anson, 20.
Swedish Minister and the Countess Bjornstjerna, 22.

Maids of Honor succeeding the Hon. Misses Murray and Lister—the Hon. Misses Paget and Anson.

ACCIDENT TO HRH PRINCE ALBERT—Early on Tuesday morning, Feb. 9, his Royal Highness walked in the Gardens of Buckingham Palace, in company of her Majesty, the only attendant present being the hon. Miss Murray, one of the maids of honor in waiting. After a short time the Prince put on his skates, and left her Majesty, who watched his Royal Highness from the margin of the lake. Prince Albert, a few minutes afterwards, proceeded swiftly towards the spot where the Queen was standing, and when within three or four feet of the water's edge the ice suddenly broke, and his Royal Highness was instantaneously immersed in the water over head and ears. Her Majesty with the most noble self-possession and composure of mind joined her hand to that of Miss Murray (telling her to stand firm and betray no fear) and extending her right hand to the Prince dragged him to the shore. As soon as his Royal Highness was safe on dry ground the Queen gave way to the natural emotions of joy and thankfulness at his providential escape. The Prince then immediately proceeded to the Palace, and after taking a warm bath was an hour afterwards sufficiently recovered to receive the King of the Belgians. The ice in the centre of the lake was nearly a foot in thickness, but it appears the keepers of the aquatic birds preserved in the Palace Garden had broken holes along the sides of the lake for the purpose of enabling them to get water, which portions were again slightly frozen over. On the following day the Prince suffered from a slight cold but was not otherwise injured.—[We would strongly suggest that a general rule be adopted, both when ice is broken, as in this case to enable birds to get water, so in others, for fish to obtain air, and, also, where ice is broken under the authority of principals that a slender flag-staff be fixed in the earth proximate to hazardous places. To this we might add, a similar arrangement for the protection of bathers against deep holes, springs, and other hazards by which human life is endangered.—Ed.]
NATIONAL EDUCATION.

The following is the authorized translation of the ultimatum of His Holiness the Pope to each of the four Catholic Bishops of Ireland. The document itself, for the better information of the faithful, is printed both in Latin and in English.

"My Lord—Your Grace is so fully aware of the grave importance of the questions involved in the controversy which has been raised in Ireland on the subject of the new system of national education, that you should not be surprised that the answer of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda thereon had been so long delayed.

"For your Grace is fully in possession of the whole matter, and intimately acquainted with all the weighty reasons that have given rise to the controversy, and which demanded that the subject should be examined with the utmost deliberation; because the protection of the Catholic religion—the facility afforded for the instruction of youth—the gratitude due to the British Parliament for having granted a large sum of money for the support of schools for the people of Ireland—the necessity of preserving concord among Catholic bishops—the duty of fostering the public tranquillity—the apprehension, in fine, lest the entire funds, together with the authority, should be transferred to masters not being Catholics, could not but have filled the Sacred Congregation with the greatest solicitude, during the long and earnest consideration which, in accordance with the duties of its office, it gave to the question submitted to it.

"Having, therefore, accurately weighed all the dangers and all the advantages of the system—having heard the reasoning of the contending parties—and having, above all, received the gratifying intelligence that for ten years, since the introduction of this system of education, the Catholic religion does not appear to have sustained any injury—the Sacred Congregation has, with the approbation of our most Holy Father, Pope Gregory XVI., resolved, that no judgment should be definitely pronounced in this matter; and that this kind of education should be left to the prudent discretion and religious conscience of each individual bishop, whereas its success must depend on the vigilant care of the pastors, on the various cautions to be adopted, and on the future experience, which time will supply. That, however, so momentous a question should not be dismissed without suitable counsel and precaution, the Sacred Congregation has decided on giving the following admonitions:

"1st. That all books which contain any noxious matter either against the canon or the purity of the sacred Scripture, or against the doctrine of the Church or morality, ought to be removed from the schools; and this can be the more easily effected, because there is no law of the said system opposed to it.

"2d. That every effort is to be made, that none but a Catholic preceptor shall give religious, moral, or historical lectures to the Catholic schoolmasters in the model school; for it is not fitting that a Catholic should be taught the method of giving instruction in religion or religious history by one who is not a Catholic.

"3d. That it is much safer that literary instruction, only, should be given in mixed schools than that of the fundamental articles, as they are called, and the articles in which all Christians agree, should alone be taught there in common, reserving for separate instruction the tenets peculiar to each sect; for this manner of acting, in regard to children, appears very dangerous.

"4th. That generally the bishops and parish priests should carefully watch that no taint be contracted by the Catholic children from this system of national instruction through any cause whatever; and that it is also their duty strenuously to endeavor to obtain from the Government by degrees, a better order of things, and more equitable conditions. The Sacred Congregation is also of opinion, that it would be very useful that the school-houses should be vested exclusively in the bishops or the parish priests. It is further of opinion that it would be of very great advantage, that the bishops should frequently confer together on this very important subject, in their provincial synods; but that, should anything unfavorable occur, the Apostolic See should be carefully made acquainted with it, that it may at once provide for the exigency.

"In fine, the Sacred Congregation desires that, henceforward, the bishops and other ecclesiastics should refrain from contending on this controversy in the newspapers, or other such publications, lest the honor of religion, their own character, or Christian charity, should be injured, to the discreditation of the people.

"These are what I had to make known to your Grace, in the name of the Sacred Congregation, that they may be communicated to you by the right reverend the suffragan bishop of your metropolitan province.

"Now, the matters which I have above communicated to you, your Grace will easily understand to be of such a nature, that, if they are carefully attended to, it is to be concluded, that in this most important affair, the interests of religion, of peace, and of youth, are for the present sufficiently provided for.

"In the mean time, I pray God to give your Grace a long and happy life.

"Given at Rome, at the Propaganda, the 16th January, 1811.

"J. P. FRANSONI, President.
"J. ARCHBISHOP OF EDENSA, Sec."
THE CONFESSIONS OF A CONFWESSOR, BY THE ABBÉ MONTELLE,
No 5.

THE RICH MAN’S WIFE.

It was a winter’s evening;—so cold, that the city, streets and squares were desolate, nor was the echo of a footstep heard in haunts, at other times frequented, as if the busy noise of men was hushed into frozen stillness by the atmosphere, or themselves struck into torpor congenial to the season. As the labyrinth of many winding avenues was ended and the parks opened their expanses to the view, this still silence became, if less mysterious, not, possibly, more pleasing; for there, in a wide field of snow, stood solemn groups of trees,—the air so clear that not even a spirit could have passed unseen, and all around too was so visible in naked desolation, that it might well seem as though nature’s self were dead, and all the race of man extinct with her. It might appear so. Yet, afar, like beacons of the night, as though afloat upon the air, a line of lamps was burning, and, farther on, the straining vision might descry the indistinct outline of noble dwellings, where every comfort of luxurious ease and affluent effaced from the mind all trace of the inclement weather, but that delightful glow of health and spirits the hardy winds provoke. The hour was late; the parks were quite deserted—an untracked waste indeed of frost and snow; still, through this lonely scene, taking the straight direction towards these residences, two persons were seen advancing.

The man was one, whose dress and exterior might well belie the probability of himself deriving any entertainment from a prospect so utterly at variance with his appearance. He might, perhaps, be a gentleman in fortune, but had something in his aspect so dashing, daring, reckless, that a mixed company, a tavern parlour, a billiard-room or gaming-house, was doubtless more agreeable to his humour; in fact, more like the man. Something of singular moment sure must bring him there: peculiar designs or urgent interests that he alone could tell. He was clad in a fashionable but careless manner, and walked with a prompt and military movement. His face had decisive features forming a rigid profile, pale, thin-lipped, and eager; he had a quick eye, dark and sinister, as though accustomed to calculate life’s chances even to the hair-breadth possibility of gain. Indifferent to the cold and cutting wind, he hastened on, advancing towards the line of burning lamps. His companion was a ragged boy, picked up in some far street to do his errand.

They passed rapidly forward, until they reached the road before these houses, and there they halted. The gentleman appeared to select one peculiar mansion from among them, and when exactly opposite, he stood examining the exterior, as though that even might reveal something that he wished to know. As for comparison with all its in-door elegance and refinement of accommodation with this night-time loneliness of rigorous winter, he stayed not to make it; though, perhaps, none knew the fortune of the owner better than he; but his thoughts were contemplating other things. He questioned the boy; yet was unwilling to approach beyond the spot that he had chosen to make his observations. Did the boy know the house? did he perceive the entrance? could he deliver a letter there? He was to give a quick, single rap; not stay to question the domestic,—hasten away on the instant,—do the thing cunningly, adroitly, or not at all; and, again, could he undertake to do it? however, there was a trifle and he should have as much again if he succeeded. The urchin stared at his employer, as if he thought the gentleman bemused or mad, that he should interrogate or doubt his capability of performing so very ordinary a duty. Possibly, had the boy guessed the contents of the epistle, or the service that he was engaged upon, he would as soon have conveyed a poisoned draught to one of his fellow creatures, an instrument of torture to the innocent, or the torch that was to set fire to a train,—so much of shameless audacity, of remorseless cruelty, of bold defiance was there in the action. The minute directions of the man were enough to show that some strange affair indeed was in this way conducted; and, also, to imply that he partly feared detection, and that the letter might fall into other hands.
The Rich Man's Wife.

Besides her's, for whom it was intended, and this seemingly would not suit his purpose.

"You know the house again?" this was the anxious question.

"I do, sir,—yes, sure," said the boy, impatiently.

"Well; be careful," was the reply. Yet, as his messenger moved forward towards the residence, the gentleman, as though restless beyond endurance and fearful of the consequences, followed him closely,—so near that he heard the summons, saw the wide door of the entrance thrown open, the blaze of halls, the rich livery of the attendant, the letter itself delivered,—and once instant, and all was dark again.

"They have not seized him—taken him," inwardly exclaimed the man, "we are safe once more!" and he caught the lad by the shoulder as he emerged; it was a quick clutch of triumph, he spoke in a suppressed tone; "you are a clever dog," said he, "quick as a snow-drift, and light as one,—there,"—and he gave him some coin, that as the boy held it up in the white moonlit twilight, he grinned with glee, and staring at the giver ran off towards his own house again.

The man once more reconnoitred the house intently, and then broke out in words not to be silenced, the out-pouring of a thought his mind could not restrain.

"Under my dominion—in my grasp—in my power," he said, "aye, at my disposal! Had I, in all my exigency, myself cut out—and stamped the card that was to serve me—this is it. The trick is lost, but won again, the game is over, but to be played again. Amelia Marchmont was the girl I loved—loved only her—my first love—ah—ah—and yes, I love her still,—it seems so, eh! my dear; " 'and so, the villain laughed,—such chuckling as makes noble blood run cold'—and walking towards the park once more, he still turned back to view the dwelling and ponder on the scene that might be passing within its precincts. His imagination supplied, in part, the truth, and he went on his way.

The letter, given to the attendant footman, was from him transferred to one who waited on the drawing-room, and thence conveyed up noble flights of stairs placed on a salver, into a gay saloon, whose dazzling splendour might well bewilder eyes unused to behold such pomp and true magnificence of wealth. There in the twilight brightness of many lustrous lights, upon a silken sofa, there sat a lady, whose beauty, alone, might attract the most careless observer, whose uncommon, whose remarkable,—whose very strange expression of countenance might well fix and fascinate the sight at once.

She was most lovely; beyond comparison of most women. If she had not been born one of England's fairest daughters, it would seem that Persia, that spicy land of odorous groves and flowers, must have claimed her for its own. The soft and delicate features, the perfect arch of the dark pencilled eyebrows, the dreamy lustre of her veiled eyes, the pouting regal lips, the slender but luxurious figure, spoke of some eastern clime, the region of love and sunlit affluence.

Thus was she seen some few years since. But now, why so, there was something in her that perplexed all that ever looked upon her. She might be about forty years of age, in the full prime of loveliness, beyond the common. Time had not touched the fair perfection of her form, nor traced one envious wrinkle on the sublime sweetness of her face; but on her brow, sad, secret cares were written. The ebon folds of her redundant hair were changed to silvery grey, or rather a grey silver,—and on her lips there sat unspeakable woe, repressed emotion, chastened patience, almost painful to behold.

On this occasion, she sat well nigh alone, in a rich chamber, whence other bright saloons were visible; where an assembled company of all the great and gay were met together. She was arrayed in such attire as best became her; a robe of finest web, the colour of the true oriental yellow, beset with golden stars; and on her head, a white and spangled turban, pendent with jewels; the royal red of the embroidered scarf that folded her, increased the charmed delusion; and well indeed did she represent the vision of one of fair Circassia's maidens reclining on the Sultan's couch of state—his favorite queen.

At that instant, her mind was engaged in other meditations than those that
usually accompanied her in her hidden affections; for she was dreaming over the prospects that were opening to her child—her only daughter.

The young lady was now sixteen years of age; charming from her sweet person and acquirements, beloved for her simplicity and unassuming virtue. All the love and admiration that she excited, and must henceforth excite, employed her mother’s dreams—dreams too suddenly ended.

The footman entered. He sought out his mistress and approached her. The letter lay upon the waiter. Quick, as instinct—she perceived it. Wherefore this? She gazed upon the man-servant—with eyes that well might question why he thus tortured her. Why should a vacant look of anguish follow? Why search the man’s deportment, as if even he dare turn upon her, and presently insult even her who hired him. Still so it was. She looked, but saw nothing to alarm her; in fact, she was truly loved by all below her.

“Why bring it here John?” she enquired; tomorrow morning.

“Madam,” said the man respectfully, “perhaps, madam, I have misunderstood your orders.”

“No, it is right—quite right,” she answered, and took it;—but with the manner of one who takes the heaviest application that Heaven sends.

The man retired, awhile, and she sat there all motionless, wrapt in a horrible reverie, from which all other thoughts were now excluded. She thrust the letter in her bosom, deeply down—as though the serpent’s sting in it could still her agony; but this was hopeless. And she had a husband, the man she loved, but what was he to her—the doomed sacrifice of terrible events? Why, she, ashamed and trembling, how dare she offer him her married faith or dear affections. Had she not better far have died in early youth. Heaven had not blessed her so, but had ordained that she must fulfill a harder destiny. Then, her sad thoughts, in the wild desperation, fled to that precipice of fear, where all beyond is death or lost distraction. No, she could not rely even on her daughter’s love, but that he, some day, might spurn her, and with unkind contempt leave her, at last, neglected.

Wherefore, then, did she live; but that she dared not die; lest after death, as now, while living, shame and dishonor should pursue her, and obloquy rest on her in the grave. Besides, she felt a dread, a nameless dread, for fear her husband should discover this fatal secret. If so, the certain end must come, and she knew how to meet it; death, at least, was nigh.

In such distraction, even to extreme misery, her thoughts were wrought; and she was absent, lost in mournful fancies, while all the world was smiling; and some smiled too, to think how she, the mistress of a fortune, the darling of her husband, could invent such mimic griefs, and wear her heart-away with jealousy of one so utterly devoted to her. So, her feelings were construed. No, whispers went abroad that not the simplest note directed to Mr. Marchmont ever reached him, until it had undergone her strick investigation; the writing, seal, style of address, nothing was omitted to satisfy her suspicions previous to their delivery to him, whose truth she knew well, and yet appeared to doubt. But there was no price that she would not have paid, of daily inconvenience and constant anxiety, to keep this one dreadful secret from his knowledge.

A last, the weary hours were gone, the company departed, and she was alone. Again she sat, in the self same position, upon the sofa; but though hours had now elapsed, the thorn within her heart was pricking still; the letter was unopened. She was alone, but loneliness was horror; and presently, her husband entered, but she was wan and speechless. A moment, and some confusion followed; servants went in and out, and it was said that she had fainted. This was a common event, and it was whispered that she had received another letter. Some doubted whether Mr. Marchmont were as true as he should be, and whether she might not have discovered something not altogether pleasant.

It was while her maid was tending her, as she lay back still pale and trembling, that she motioned her to stoop that she might speak to her.

“You are sure, Sarah,” whispered her mistress, “quite sure that no more letters have come? Oh! my good girl, take care of them. Your mistress prays—she
begs it of you. Girl, I would sooner die than he—my husband—should know of this."

"He shall not, madam, indeed, he shall not," said the girl, "if I can help it."

"You are a good girl," said Mrs. Marchmont, "and faithful too. Good night;" and, with those words, she sought repose, if rest can ever dwell with wretched minds.

She sought, but all in vain; for night could not shut out the past, and it uprose again a living scene before her, with recollections that memory could not dwell upon; and, certainly, in early youth, Amelia Marchmont had been placed in such peculiar circumstances, as few of her wealthy friends, who now so earnestly solicited her acquaintance, could have ever guessed.

Her father was a tradesman of some respectability, and she, his only child by his first marriage; for, early after her mother’s death, he took a second wife, who afterwards proved a woman of an untoward temper, and enough absorbed in her own interest, and that of her offspring, entirely to forget her duty to one, altogether dependant on her generosity. Thus, at an early age, the young Amelia was left nearly to her own guidance; and except the advantage of a good education, which her father’s condition rendered necessary, she was, in other respects, totally neglected, and deprived of that mental support and training, that natures of fine and delicate temperament most of all require. Active in mind, acute in sensibility, gifted with quick capacity, she attained, while yet a girl, extraordinary proficiency in music, dancing, and the graceful arts of life; and this, combined with her great personal attractions, gave her, perhaps, at a premature age, many of the notions, and some of the freedom of womanhood. The family might be blind to all else but to her beauty; but as this developed itself, her father viewed it as the possible means of extricating her from the tyranny of her step-mother, and his wife was, by this time, anxious to do all in her power to remove one, with whose natural gifts her own daughters could never compare.

They resided at a garrison town, a few miles from the metropolis. The officers, as they passed, were accustomed to remark the windows of the house, and amuse themselves with nods and bows and graceful airs of gallantry, pleasing enough to the thoughtless, charming creature, and not altogether unnoticed by her parents, who, while she was yet only sixteen, regarded this means of marriage as the one most desirable of any. The father, a thriving brewer, began, therefore to keep open house: his table was well attended. Some overtures were made, but were withdrawn upon the score of fortune. But one of these military gentility still visited the house; and as others came and went, he remained steadfast to his post, the particular object of the attentions of her step-mother, who appeared most anxious that if all other chances failed this man should be the person destined to marry this young and unfortunate girl.

Captain Cartwright was at least twice her age, a good waltzer, a skilful card player, of flattering deportment to the women, a spendthrift and prodigal, discarded by his own family, but still quite cunning enough to seem to be only the directing companion of the father, while he was wheedling his wife to favour secretly his views upon the daughter, and what those views were, whether honorable or otherwise, the wretched woman who favored his intentions could best explain.

When once a woman stoops to mean contrivances, there is no point at which she stays. The step-mother knew this connexion could never please her husband. For the daughter to offend her father by an unfitting marriage, this might prove to the advantage of herself and children. Amelia’s fortune might fall then to their share; for when her husband died, there must be something, and this was her design.

At last, at her instigation, and by her contrivance, Captain Cartwright escorted Amelia wherever she went; it was stated that he was the object of her choice, that nothing could turn the girl from her affection; in fact, the captain’s views became apparent, but the father could not be won to give his fair consent. He saw his daughter’s beauty, he hoped for other things; he knew the captain’s character, his conscience here could make no compromise,—the captain was forbidden the house.

Let fall no imputation on the innocent. Where is the girl who in her childhood does not listen to the first sound of love; and where is the vanity, proof against the
apparent affection of one, skilled in all worldly duplicity. The young Amelia, admired elsewhere, was at home but the ill-treated outcast of her family; she fled from home whenever the gay throng of company were invited. Without loving this man, ignorant of her own sentiments, constantly thrown into his society, incapable of escaping from it, she was led on; and when the captain no longer visited at the house, harassed by incessant letters and misled by a romantic turn of character, which her peculiar situation had encouraged, she was induced to favor the many pretensions, by answering his epistles, if only to evince how cleverly she could express the emotion of that passion which she had never yet experienced.

It is most difficult for a woman to escape the snare a man may lay, but still more impracticable for a woman to elude a woman's mesh; so ignorant are the innocent—so doubly wise the artful. Amelia saw no design, and feared none; but while she went upon her giddy maze, the uncharitable world said harsh and fatal things; her mother-in-law saw that her plans must ultimately succeed; Amelia guessed no danger, she knew not that the woman smiled upon her ruin.

But this woman's plot was yet to be completed. Another suitor, about this period appeared; this was her opportunity. In so great degree as this proposal was pleasing to the father, so much was he offended at his daughter's rashness and unhappy choice, and as the poor girl's opinions were never enquired into, so she had no opportunity of expressing her feelings; and this was the time to work her utter destruction. This wretched woman knew the way. Whenever the father was absent, under pretence of treating her dear daughter with kind indulgence, she was sure secretly to be sent out for a drive, a walk,—to the theatre, the ball-room, or for an evening ramble with Captain Cartwright. His character was in itself enough to blight the reputation of any girl so often seen alone in his society, particularly since the captain was excluded her father's company. The town talked of her; some pitied, some condemned her,—the tragedy was yet to come, the trial of this young and hopeless creature, wherein she was to prove, that with the weak vanity of the child she combined the heroic spirit and virtuous resolution of the true woman.

Captain Cartwright had some conversation with her step-mother. The plan was horrible. Not that this wicked woman was aware of all the man's duplicity or terrible intentions. She had placed herself in that position that she herself might be the dupe of his contrivances; yet was she so short-sighted, that she perceived not, in the promotion of her own advantage, that she was, as it were, bartering the honor, hopes, and everlasting peace of one whom she ought ever to have kindly cherished.

The day was fine,—a glorious sun and cloudless sky,—it was a summer afternoon. This was the day—the hour. The Captain had arranged; the mother was prepared. Unknown to Amelia, it was his intention to inveigle her from home, and with her mother's consent induce or compel her to a private marriage. Strange was that mother's smile, most flattering, false, when—as if by chance, they met the captain, some distance from their house and seated in a chaise. What more natural but that he should invite Amelia to take a drive with him. His gay regimentals were in themselves inviting,—she stepped in. The evening came on, and she did not return—night ensued; and now the considerate wife explained that she feared Amelia had departed with Captain Cartwright,—and while she fanned the father's angry wrath, it would have appeared she tried to quench it.

For awhile, Amelia laughed and talked, the captain courted; till far away from home, the shades of night advancing, the captain suddenly had lost his way, and after driving round about—in winding lanes and wood-encumbered avenues, just when Amelia was verging on distraction and faint with doubt and fear, he discovered that there was no house near, unless indeed that might be one across a barren heath, which they beheld through the dark and hazy atmosphere, where a dim light was burning.

"Oh would that I had never come," Amelia cried. "My father, he, at least, is kind to me,—he will be so alarmed. What can we do?"

"Do, my little girl! many things," said the captain, and though he spoke out,
and boldly too, yet nature so far betrayed him, there was a sound in his daring tones, that taught her what she would fain have never known, to what extremity of doubt our fears may urge us.

They drove on, though with difficulty, through ways unknown, and, at last, found themselves at the door of a wretched hut or barn, and here the captain dismounted. She heard a woman's voice, sure there must be safety here; she hastily alighted, and entered the miserable dwelling. Here all was squalid wretchedness. The woman, though aged singularly unprepossessing, and to the young girl's apprehension, which was quickened by fear, it seemed that the captain and his hostess must have met before, so well she comprehended all his wishes and his difficulties.

"Sure, my good woman, we cannot be far off from C——, said Amelia, "you, perhaps, can direct us."

"I have lived here many years," said the crone, "I have heard speak of the place, but nothing more."

There was a rushlight burning. Amelia was now seated, but saw reflected on the wall the captain's shadow, and she had read of villains;—the outline depicted something that alarmed her. She scrutinized the man, she had never before beheld him look so, she could have shrieked; but then beholding the woman, it seemed that she must be inexorable, or the physiognomy belied the mind most strangely.

"If the young lady will wait the night here," said the woman, "we will find the way tomorrow."

"She dare not go alone," said the captain; "here she must remain."

The words were simple, but conveyed a world of terrible intelligence to Amelia; and, sudden as their oppression, was the quick thought that struck her.

"I should like, however," said she, "not to go supperless to rest;—I am hungry. I am sure the captain must be so too."

"Good dame, see what you can provide," said he; himself deceived by her gay and thoughtless manner.

The meal was served, frugal indeed; but was delayed so long in serving, that ample time was given to Amelia to verify her fears by the certainty of coming danger, and to arrange her only method of escape.

We know no more, but that the night had far advanced, when over that wide heath, thrilling through the midnight air, terrible sounds and woman's shrieks were heard, and, presently, the shadow of a figure skimmed through the desert gloom; it was a fair and fragile shape that, urged to frightful speed, was seen and lost again, and then once more, as it fled through the darkness. Amelia never again returned home; nor was she seen, to be recognised, in her native town. Captain Cartwright appeared there some time after, the same man as ever, only that on his left cheek there was a scar, as from the recent stroke of some sharp-pointed weapon.

Much truth would be elicited, perhaps, if all the world could come to open explanation; many may be fair and pure, whom calumny has cast into the shade; many dishonest, who have been accredited as virtuous. The step-mother told the story in her own way. It is true that the young creature went not to her home; any more than simple birds seek the kite's nest to sleep in. She addressed her father, she explained, but all in vain; he answered with stern reproaches, forbade her to approach the neighbourhood, talked of this degradation of his family honor, and, at last, insisted on her going to London, where he could provide for her at the house of his maiden sister; to this, she gladly consented.

Certainly, when we are at the extreme of misery, it would seem that we must be at the commencement of good; for so indeed it was with her. While all her country friends were busy with her reputation; and horrible misrepresentations abroad amongst them; she, in extremely delicate health and under a depression of spirits almost unaccountable, supposing that she felt herself altogether innocent, became the object of Mr. MARCHMONT's admiration; and, undoubtedly, her aunt was quite enough sensible of the injury done to her niece by the late events, not only to encourage his advances, but, if possible, hasten a marriage so advantageous.

Amelia's flighty gaiety and buoyancy of girlhood was, by this one incident, for-
ever gone. Every day she lived, the wrong done to her in public esteem, became to herself more and more apparent. She saw Edward Marchmont — and she loved him. The discovery of his exalted state and fortune, made her once happy prospects seem the wonderful work of accompacency itself: and as he came like a generous deliverer, for so her thoughts construed it, she hailed him with earnest gratitude. With a kind of mysterious agency, she remembered the past. The fatal secret of that night he never knew, nor had she heard a soul utter it.

He married her, in glorious ignorance. As a wife, he well nigh worshipped her, still was he ignorant; and years had passed and neither he nor she was changed. Her friends were dead, the fact was dead with them. She might have forgotten these events; she had done so; till within the last few years! Those years had cut like cutting winds into the very flower and blossoms of her life; and still there was that secret — this secret, perhaps something more too, that for uncreated worlds she would not have her husband once discover.

Full, flowing like a tide that nothing stands, all this rushed through her mind; and on the night this story opens, it thronged into her thoughts and very dreams, and started her; 'ere yet the morning broke, she felt beneath her pillow, the letter was still there and still unread. Would that it had never come, that she might never live to understand its meaning. True was it, let none talk of their good fortune, or boast of the high favor of the stars; till happily they are about to leave the world, and placid death smiles, and its idle chances.

She enquired of herself to what point of affection she esteemed her husband; up to that point only where love becomes idolatry, where words are vain in the expression. Did she not love him? the breaking heart, her thoughts of intensest agony, proved it; but this love was accompanied with such gentle fear or awe, such dread of losing his regard, as must necessarily follow the remembrance of that exalted state to which he had raised her, and all that affluence that through his kindness she enjoyed. But she was relieved, she felt so, when she heard him retire, and the door of his dressing-room close. She was at last, alone. She sprang from the bed and wrote the fatal letter. It was a glorious morning, — a clear sky and gladsome sun lit up that silvery snow with crystal light and all the trees were listening. Nature, though all inanimate, was breaking into new-born life. She sighed as she beheld the scene; wrapt herself in her morning gown, and, with a burning brow and feverish hand, unsealed the letter: it ran thus:

' I was quite as well that you sent me the fifty pounds by the time appointed: you say nothing in reply, lest you should think that I know more of you than most men, or pursue uncommon methods to shew you that I do:—lest you suppose that my conduct is quite unlike that of the rest of your ancient friends, who, nevertheless, all regard the rich man's wife with envy, I think fit to explain that as long as my silence is rewarded, I shall not condescend to renew old stories, or myself repeat my own intrigues, either with you or any other lovely woman, who may at one time have too much favored me. Your old friends of our native town are not so honorable; their common expressions are such as—" about the time of Captain Cartwright's intrigues with the celebrated Miss Amelia Lewis."—Her notoriety was some advantage,—she married the rich Mr. Marchmont,—her beauty was her excuse,—these rich men are not over nice, &c. &c."

Consider, therefore, that the writer of this is one of your most faithful admirers, one somewhat honorable,—not altogether unworthy the love shown me that night we passed together, a night never to be forgotten by me, if only for the pledge of attachment you left behind you. Whatever funds you have to spare will for the future be acceptable.'

She read and re-read the words till they sunk deep into her memory; for the prisoner in darkest dungeon, remote from worldly aid, was not more chained, more imprisoned than was she. She gazed about, where all was rich and costly; — how poor and wretched all things were to her. She viewed the gems that strewed her
toilet. This was not the first application nor the fiftieth. How could she pay the man; how keep him quieted; there lay jewels; the gifts of Edmond Marchmont, her dear husband. His manly love never had set a limit to his bounty; she was his wife, and thousands of pounds lay often nestled in her beauteous bosom, or threaded in the tangles of her hair. Here lay such gems! Could she not sell them? Dare she do so? Could she not pawn them? pawn it was a horrid word. She looked around her;—wildly she tore the letter, then beat her breast, to search what thought or hope was lurking there: none—none.

"My husband! Oh, dare I tell him all!" she said, in tones as of a whispered shriek? No, no, I dare not! kneeling at his feet—would he not spurn me? These truths—these lies—he could never hear them. That he could love what such a wretch as that had touched—polluted—and seeing such writing—such horrible expressions, what would he not believe!

A gentle tap was heard, she closed her night-dress to hide where her distracted hands had torn the lace that, hung in tatters, might reveal it. The rap was heard again; she knew it well.

"Papa has sent me," said a silvery voice, and the young creature entered; "and you are ill again. Dear mamma he says you must have some change, or he shall lose you: and he looks so pale too."

"Who looks pale:" said the lady, "I may look pale, perhaps, dear: and, when dead, that is happiness."

"Mamma? Oh my dear mother!" cried her child. "Think how we all love you: myself, dear, dear Papa, and yes our George too!"

There was something in that one word, "George," spoken by her child so softly, that moved her, and at once George was intellectual, good and generous. Such is the power of intellect, goodness, generosity.

"Ah, would I could tell him all," said Mrs. Marchmont; and, gasping as if for breath to speak her thoughts, she added:

"But I must dress myself; for that dear man, my husband, my dear Edward, let him never know I am anything, but one careful, yes, anxious for his happiness. Contented with this, so might I die."

Her daughter, lovely in health and joy, looked like one who had heard that one word, grief, but scarcely knew its meaning; but ah this sound, she seemed to know all that that word could ever now express. She gazed upon her mother with mute wonder.

Mrs. Marchmont was ever attentive to her duties as a wife; always at her husband’s breakfast table, and from then until the evening, faithful in watchful services, soft in all loving attributes that make even life itself seem beautiful; she never neglected the smallest act that shewed her love. Thus, she gained her husband’s highest esteem; and but for this fatality, she had been happy, even happy still.

She hastily, therefore, dressed herself and sped down stairs; and though so pale, there was a rosy color—a fading hectic on her cheek that spoke of hope even to him. Her morning dress and shawl were wrapped around her; strickly unwoven as it were about her figure, as if to conceal the beauties of her form, the sorrows of her mind from all beholders.

"Emily, my dear," said he to his daughter, "you have taken breakfast; or perhaps, not."

"Yes, yes, papa," said the young girl in unknown agitation, "I have had my breakfast; and beholding the strange expression of her mother’s face, the pale anxiety of Mrs. Marchmont, she looked from one to the other, and as if fearful of somewhat, of which she did not know the meaning, she dropt her duteous courtesy, and was gone.

"My dear Amelia," said Mr. Marchmont, "this must have an end," and he put his arms about her and led her to the sofa.

"What, Edward," she said, "your love for me perhaps! Well, yes, I know—I feel that I have not deserved your love. "You are getting thin," said Edward Marchmont, "as thin, love, as when I married you."

She then cast down her eyes. She could not meet dark eyes so full of under-
standing; he was tall, his height even awed her; he was benevolent, his benevolence pained her; and he was her husband—in that character alone superior.

"What is it makes you thus unhappy?" said her husband. "Where are the roses that once we boasted far outshine the rose of summer. The snows of winter come too suddenly on us. But, dear Amelia, you are pale, too pale."

"You forget, Edward, I am no longer young," said she; and at these words her husband thought awhile.

"If you feel old," said he, "and old at forty, you must be ill indeed."

As she reclined upon the sofa, he was preparing her a cup of coffee; and, mightily, these manly acts of courtesy became him; for strength is the most admired when it comes in aid of the weak; and masculine softness when accompanied with other man-like attributes.

"I married you," said he, at last, "because I loved you; I have not loved you less because I married you. This is much, my Amelia, to say in praise of any woman; though praise is here, love, much like truth."

"I know," she answered, with agitated energy, "there are many things, Edward, in which I must have failed—yes, failed to please you; but forgive them all."

Her husband again paused before he spoke; her tremulous accents might perhaps overcome him but, at length, he looked upon her, and there he saw such misery as happy minds can never comprehend.—no wonder, if, for a time, he was misled.

"How well you looked last night," said he: "that yellow dress, that silver turban,—why, you outshine the fair ones of the east! All this you do to please me,—still—you are fading fast."

"I hope," said she, "when I am gone, you will remember all I did to please you, in love and duty, Edward dear,—and so,—and so,—forgive the rest."

There was something in her voice that startled Mr. Marchmont; so that he did not reply; but after some farther meditation, as if divining something, he appeared to settle it to his own mind, for he drew out his pocket book, and wrote awhile, and then sat considering how he could best explain his wishes to her. He smiled while he was speaking. "You women," said he, "are strange beings; and my dear wife one of the strangest: set me to guess what troubles my Amelia, and I have guessed it. You perhaps, love, have something to forgive. These pretty gauds are costly,—my lovely wife is in just such dilemma as a pretty woman should be. She has bought a trinket—or a trifle—one too much;—the purse is low,—the milliner importunate."

"No, Edward, no, indeed," cried Mrs. Marchmont; "so generous as you are, I must be a wretch if I outstepped your liberality."

"Then you are a wretch for my love only," said her husband; and though he still saw an expression in her that he did not attempt to understand, still he conceived it to arise from bodily debility, and placing the cheek within her hand, he pressed it gently; and, as though fearing to behold still further, he kissed her hastily and left the room.

"I will tell him all," she cried, "Edward, dear Edward, one word with you." But when she saw him start back into her presence, radiant with pleased emotions, she was checked at once, and sat there silent.

"It is difficult," said he laughingly, "to win fair woman to confession."

"I could tell it," said she, turning more pale, "but not to you."

Her husband listened no farther, but was gone; and shortly after the court physician's carriage was at the door, and other men more eminent than such as visit courts, but all declared that it was mental suffering, excited feelings, restless and concealed grief that caused this change in her. Mr. Marchmont spoke of her native place as likely to restore her; at this she shuddered: of leaving town, he spoke; but this was still more terrible. Might not the letters come, reach him—her husband; the man might try to wrench money from him; she knew that he was proof against all threatening;—one from whom all things could be obtained that pleaded under the fair form of reason; but nothing won that was to be elicited by violence, or fraud, or empty taunts; one, in fact, who obeyed no laws but those of honor and of honesty.
Some time elapsed; and she had been troubled but with one letter. At its receipt, she waited not to argue, but instantly enclosed the sum demanded. To minds, pure in themselves, all deeds of subterfuge seem doubly horrible, and this was so to her. Thus to give away her husband’s money; sums bestowed on her as evidences of affection so to be wasted in the propitiation of another’s hatred, was to her feelings terrible, and never to be reconciled. But still, not to receive these letters now, was far more fearful than to have them sent directed to herself. She was accustomed to this torture—this mental rack, this playing on her heart-strings; and if it ceased awhile,—then, she was wild with fear. The man might write to her dear husband,—this secret might be discovered to him,—and she for ever lose his love. The most forsaken, the most wretched of the wretched, had they known, would not have now exchanged their lot for hers. To watch her husband’s looks and slightest word; to doubt—to fear—to tremble—to be wrought up to extasy by kindness—sink in despair if he but seemed to meditate; all this, and more, it was her lot to suffer. And while, from hour to hour, she was led on to highest excitation, other things were passing too; indeed, at length, she would much sooner receive, behold the fatal letter and pay her money, even to the last, than hear the maddening agony, the unbearable suspense of silence. “Sarah,” so she addressed her confidential servant: “are you quite sure no letters have been here? none addressed to me—to Mr. Marchmont—to my daughter? I mean in that hand—you know it.”

“Miss Emily has received some letters,” was the answer; “but, madam I did not recognise the hand.”

“Bring the letters—all the letters to me,” said Mrs. Marchmont; “mind, Sarah, and be careful.”

Her commands were strictly, to the word, obeyed; but still she doubted. She did not rest satisfied till she had questioned John as well.

“Aren’t there any letters, John, any in that hand?” she asked; “any that are sent to Mr. Marchmont—to your master.”

“None, madam, none at all,” was the reply.

“I should like all the letters sent to my room—to my private room before delivery in the parlour,” said Mrs. Marchmont; “you understand, John.”

“Certainly, madam,” and this was done. But then when she received none, she doubted her very senses that this man should even for awhile thus cease to torture her; then she suspected her servants, even her freed hirelings of treachery; and perhaps, still, her husband knew the whole,—and she was lost.

But she had other views, than were apparent, in all this questioning. She now began, for the first time, to think her daughter either knew or guessed the secret: but how could this be? Still, she was anxious, thoughtful more than usual and beyond her age; and there was an overtenderness in her deportment towards her mother, that, to that mother’s heart—spoke volumes.

Their most frequent visitor was George Marchmont, her husband’s nephew; a young man of fortune, about eight years older than her daughter Emily, and remarkable for being the person always selected by Emily, to confirm her doubts, or strengthen her opinion by his own. It so happened that they were seated in the inner drawing room together, and in deep conversation, when Mrs. Marchmont entered the other apartment, and unintentionally overheard words that filled her with apprehensions, new as they were perplexing.

“I was sure, yes, certain,” said Emily, “that there must be some punishment for writing anonymous letters, if the authors could be discovered.”

“Undoubtedly so,” said George, “that is, if they could be discovered—but that is the difficulty. And what made you think of this, my little cousin?”

“I scarcely know,” she answered, faltering. “It was a thought—no more, perhaps. But suppose, George, a man were to invent dreadful things, and state them in mysterious letters—about—”

“About what—or whom,” cried George, in haste. “There is no scoundrel dare attempt the deed.”

“About any one,” said Emily, as hastily; “invent frightful crimes about a lady
and destroy her peace. But don’t look so fierce, George,—it is only my imagination after all."

"If such a wretch is to be found," said George Marchmont, speaking with concentrated energy; "if he could be proved to do it;—why, Emily, I should make very short work of him. If he were a gentleman by birth, why, I must fight him, — shoot him, or run him through the body if possible; but if not, beating, kicking, anything—the heel of an honest man is too good for him. The man must be a nameless monster."

Mrs. Marchmont heard the words, and though they were seated with their backs turned towards her, yet, in the opposite, broad mirror, she saw their forms reflected,—the athletic figure and dark flashing face of George Marchmont; — the tender—yielding person of her daughter, trembling to behold his indignation, and fearing to speak farther. The mother thought she saw also in the young girl’s amazed expression, terror mingled with knowledge that was better far unknown.

"What made you think of such a circumstance," said her cousin; "why, Emily, you look as if the thing were true."

"No, not at all, indeed," said she; "only I was thinking it would be romantic."

"What a good romance to mingle with my love story," said he. "But see, Emily, the grooms are waiting; will you ride this morning?" and away they went together.

She was still watching the young people from the window as they mounted, and so, as they took the circle of the park away from home, watching them with her looks, though all her mind was far away, when she heard a footstep approach her. Mr. Marchmont was out of town for a few days, therefore it did not arrest attention. Surely from the words that she had heard, her daughter, hitherto all innocent, must have learnt something relative to her past life; and by what means, but through this fatal one, and how could she prevent it. This she knew not: another footstep sounded and she turned round; the man servant stood before her in seeming hesitation whether to speak or no.

"Here are the letters of to-day, madam," said he.

"That will do, John, lay them down." "I beg pardon madam," returned the man, with marked respect; "you have at times given me some private instructions."

"Yes, respecting the letters. Yet, let them all be brought to me," said Mrs. Marchmont.

"Madam, your pardon," he replied again. "A man, a person, a gentleman, has been here; once, before my master’s departure, once, this morning."

"What was said, done, what passed?" said Mrs. Marchmont, whispering low; and the footman brought his lady a chair, as though awe struck at her appearance. But would she flinch before her servant? no, she stood majestic, and waved the man away.

"Speak on, John," she said, "and, in this, be faithful."

The man bowed and with down-cast eyes and reverential voice, again went on:—

"The man—this person,"—said he, "came before Mr. Marchmont left, I told him, madam, that you could not be seen. He left no name, he came again this morning; again I said that you were not at leisure: he insisted—but is gone."

After these words, a pause ensued, the man made not a movement that expressed even that he imagined anything beyond the common in this occurrence. The lady sat motionless, in rigid sorrow and oppressed with thought.

"What hour was this?" she asked at last.

"The first time? late in the evening, madam."

"What kind of man?" she whispered.

The servant appeared perplexed how to define the man, without offence to his mistress, or remarking something better not observed upon. He hesitated and prepared reluctantly to speak.

"He had a scar upon the cheek," said he. "I should scarce think, madam, that the man were safe."

"He cannot hurt me, John, be sure," said the lady, with regretful bitterness; "but
the next time he comes, be careful that I see him—privately—alone, without, without observation."

"I will madam," said the man; "and I beg pardon, madam, but I have lived with my master many years, and though a humble servant, if there is any thing else I can do—"

"Nothing, John, nothing, thank you," said the lady."

"I would serve you, madam," truly, said the man, "and with my life.

"Serve me truly John, in this then," said she, emphatically. "There John," and she offered him gold, which buys service of most men, but not of him. The man bowed and drew back; he spoke firmly but with profound respect.

"I have not got a heart," said honest John, "to be bought, Ma'am, at any price. I thank you, Ma'am, but I hope not.—It's not every man has as good a mistress as you: and if there's a black enough villain, Ma'am, to think of troubling you, why, set me about the work to give him his due, and you will honor me."

Mrs. Marchmont colored, and was silent; the man fell back at once.

"I beg pardon, Madam," said he, more deferentially, "humble pardon, if I have offended, only that you are my master's wife, and we would lay down our lives—" and muttering something else indistinctly, the worthy man bowed himself from his mistress' presence.

She glanced from him to the table where the letters lay; she beheld at once one in the fatal, well-known hand. She seized it hastily, and the seal was broken ere he was gone; and why look out for coming woe—here was a cup full to the brim.

Her trembling limbs grew firm; set into stern despair; her face was livid, and her lips were white; and on her brow the full veins started, like darker shades in marble;—and there awhile she stood.

"Five hundred pounds!" she cried. "How can I do it—how—how? Tell me," she reiterated, as though addressing the phantom of her horrible tormentor.

"Can I plunder my dear child—my husband? or hang about his neck to win from him sums for such means as these? No, no! I say, no, Sir; not dread of death itself shall make me do it. I do defy thee!"

And rushing through her mind, her thoughts, awhile, told still how well she might have done so, had it not been for the one, miserable weakness, of ever bribing such a wretch as this to silence. By this one error, now remediless, she herself had paved the way to these extortions; and made herself the object of suspicion to honest hearts that know the truth and brave it. Yes, it was all weak, like the ways of one who had never known the use of mental strength and active fortitude; but this opinion lasted but a moment. She was entranced, and how could she escape;—only by self-exposure. Before her vision there uprose the dignified resemblance of her husband; herself, down at his feet confessing all; but what would follow. This man—a noted gamester and a duellist. Her husband, full of the pride of manly honor; brave in all actions, but more brave in her defense. Would he behold her wronged, know all that she had suffered through long years, and let it pass unheeded by? She knew that he would not. All her excited feelings died at once: to suffer, to be silent; so, to resign herself, was all her task, and her just punishment.

She rushed up stairs: she had never known the want of money;—but if her husband was generous, she repaid him now by the display of costly raiments and becoming ornaments,—lest all his bounty should fall short of what he might expect. But it was never so; and he was satisfied. Hitherto, therefore, she had been able to compass such demands as were made upon her; but now, every extortion increased in its amount;—where was it all to end. She stopped not to enquire. She was desperate. For a time, mad, perhaps. She collected all she possessed together. Monies laid by for kindly purposes of charity, or to expend in gifts to her dear child. This, all, she would give to him; only that he might quit the house—and never come again.

"Emily is a good girl," she murmured, "and she will not complain that her
poor mother buys peace even at such a price as this. In this wide house I have a room, where I can go and die, when all my gifts are over, and he can gain no more. None but my child—my husband can come there; and perhaps George,—yes, I think he loves me.

So, in a wild bewilderment, she talked alone; but when the night came, if any would have seen her quit the drawing-room, hearing a gentleman was waiting for her, they might have thought possibly, some stranger, high in rank and dignity, must be her visitor, so calm and so majestic was her step. It was a noble room of polished oak, where once again she met this man; much did he stare, with wonder or with malice, as he beheld her; but this she heeded not. "You received my letter," said he, with calm assurance, "and are prepared, I hope, to pay me for my secracy. I want the money.

Amelia beheld the man, and then wondered indeed how any state of life could have made his society desirable. There, she saw how ignorant is girlhood in knowledge of mankind; and there lamented her simplicity in vain. All that beheld might feel disgusted at an aspect of so much shameless impudence; but she felt nameless loathing at his sight.

"Sir, you must not come here again," she said. "My brain and heart bear up against all things, but not against this. Here is some money, all that I can now afford; and very near the amount you have demanded.

It is a pleasure to behold one I have loved so much," said he, derisively; "and when the rich Mr. Marchmont is out, it may be agreeable to me, now and then to visit you."

Amelia gazed with an immovable countenance fixed upon him, pale but decisive; and he saw and understood it well.

"Captain Cartwright is your name, I think," she said, and there she stood, like a death-shadow speaking in death's hollow tones. "Whenever you come to this house again, attempt to see me again, intrude upon my haunts and torture me,—expect to gain no more,—have no more,—I will die one hour after. Death is a trifile by the side of this; and I have learnt, Sir, to endure it."

"It is a pity that you are so rich and so poor," said he, "or we might meet again."

She replied nothing, but looked upon him with so stern and desperate an expression, that he quailed before her and suddenly drew back.

"Count the money and begone," she said, "the next time we meet—that, Sir, shall be the moment of my freedom from this world, this life—and you. Sir, we meet never again here. Count the money, urge not too far your victim, but begone."

He did what she commanded, and would have spoken again; but as he beheld her, standing cold and silent there, so white compared with the black velvet dress she wore, some superstitious charm withheld him. His bold audacity was over, he reckoned out the money; and as though viewing the inanimate picture of something that enchained his faculties, he quietly withdrew. Scarcely was he gone, than young George Marchmont entered.

"Who is that man?" said he, "what does he do here? He seemed afraid to meet me—and sculling too."

"Who! what! dear George," said she, as if speaking in a dream, and smiling wanly. The young man saw that it was no time for questioning. "Dear aunt," said he, "I have heard that, in early life you were not rich. If you have any poor relations, and they harass you. I am sure my uncle is too good not to help them for your sake."

"No, George, it is not that," said Mrs. Marchmont. "You will never see that person here again; and, dear George, be prudent—make no observations on it."

"Certainly not," said he; but then he wondered how such a visitor came there, how his aunt could be thus agitated, what it was all about; and he sat meditating upon this incident, as if by consideration and earnest thought he could discover some phenomenon of character or circumstance never before apparent to human
apprehension. And therein he did discover somewhat peculiar though almost incomprehensible and not to be expressed. From that hour, his memory of the man became an ineffaceable impression, accompanied with an intuitive but singular idea that they should meet again, though he felt also as we feel at the sight ofnoxious reptiles, yet his curiosity was roused to discover the genus to which he best belonged.

"Come up stairs, dear aunt," said he, "for our Emily is waiting for us." And as Mrs. Marchmont, leaning on his arm, ascended to the drawing-room, he expressed an opinion which he had better possibly have suppressed.

"I must speak to my uncle," said he, "we must get out of town: dear Emily is fading fast—changing I mean—not so lively—so buoyant." "Is she changed," said Mrs. Marchmont, with trembling accents. "Then she must have heard or seen something that she ought not to hear or see. But it will soon be over."

George Marchmont remarked these expressions, but said nothing.

They entered the room, and Emily was there, sitting as never person sat whose heart was utterly free as thoughts untrammelled. Her gaiety was, indeed, gone. The vacant eye revealed that the mind was all turned inward on itself; the listless air explained that life had sunk in her fond estimation, and shadows gathering fast where only suns had shown. Her mother beheld it in deep anguish; but the heart of George Marchmont was inspired with new-born hopes, and it leapt to its conclusions at once, though it had so long wavered in uncertainty. Mrs. Marchmont no sooner left them together, than he explained himself.

"You have grown quite thoughtful, dear Emily," he said. "Are those sweet thoughts dwelling upon our love—upon all our love."

"I know that you all love me," she replied. "I am sure you do."

"The love of parents is an ennoble affections," said he, while his manly voice just then trembled. "Dear Emily, there is another love."

"Such as I feel for you," she answered, with great simplicity; "a kind cousin's love and earnest friendship."

George Marchmont was dazed for the moment and said no more; still there was a tender accent in her tones. He pressed her hand with fervor. "A love," said he, "dear girl, such as I feel for you—a lover's love, my Emily."

Emily blushed scarlet, but started suddenly away. The action expressed denial. He caught her ere she was gone. A strange terrible agitation, a shade of utter anguish passed o her, she sunk into his arms.

"I have offended you," he whispered. "My hopes have led me astray. I know my unworthiness. Still, dear girl, if in this new character you have not thought of me, think of me now. Time may do much, do not quite reject me."

Miss Marchmont here interrupted him. Her words might well amaze, and, in fact, bewilder him, at once.

"I am not angry," said she, with smothered emotion: "But there is a barrier now set against the possibility of my ever uniting myself to any one; particularly one whom I love. Degradation, dishonor, wretchedness must ensue. Oh I could never wrong one, never wrong you, dear George, by such a cruel, base deception."

"What do you mean? Emily, are you ill—mad?" he cried.

"My words have too much meaning," was her answer.

"May I speak to my aunt?" he asked, almost inaudibly. "Dear, dear girl, can she explain it?"

"I hope no one ever repeated to him that secret," said she, as though communing with herself: My dear, my poor mother! No, George, only she and I understand one another, I hope so, at least."

George Marchmont smiled in a melancholy manner, and folded his arms about her.

"My Emily is not herself," he murmured: "This is some strange—some horrible idea; some fancy arising from her pure simplicity. How can he expect" he cried, with sudden animation; "can we expect that this sweet young creature, innocent as an angel; should either know herself or others! Have you not been nursed in your noble father's arms, cradled in your honored mother's bosom? you have, dear girl, and so, you are thus beautifully wise—thus wisely artless. My uncle
approves my choice, and sanctions it; your gentle mother—Oh let this kiss, dear girl, and this, teach better truths. Nay, Emily, may.' But while the roses on her cheeks were blushing fast, they faded as fast away: "as you are not cruel," said she, treat kindly the heart compelled to resign you. There, George, no more: and firmly but gently she repulsed and left him.

George Marchmont sunk into a reverie of mingled doubt and regret: what could all this mean? and where was it to end?

The young lady retired to her room; but not to rest. She was not yet seventeen years of age. It was, therefore, natural that she should weep over affection that she was compelled to resign in the midst of her grief; other thoughts intended, she might, perhaps, have misunderstood her real position, not comprehended certain facts, so indistinctly stated, or, have deceived herself by empty terrors, where no foundation of truth whatever existed. She would try again.

Accordingly, she went to a small cabinet where her letters were deposited. She looked cautiously round that no one might behold. She drew forth a sealed packet addressed in a lady's hand, though the contents were evidently written by some other person. She perused the following passages:

"The young are proved, be not too proud, lest you should have a downfall. Your ignorance may be pleasing,—your enlightenment painful, but the wisdom attained by the knowledge of your real state may, perhaps, be useful. If you were your father's own child, which you are not, your wealth might be advantageous to you; as it is, a part of it may at a future period be serviceable in bribing me, your enemy, to secrecy."

"Ask your mother what she thinks of this statement? Why her hair is grey with early cares? Why so lonely, and so seemingly unhappy? Ask whom she sees? Whether she does not receive epistles equally enchanting as this one. If I should ask you to reward my silence, ask what she recommends her child to do, whether she dare refuse? No, she dare not.

There has been many an heiress born, who, nevertheless, had no more right to her estates and property than you. This may be some day proved, though not altogether pleasant.

A mother's honour is doubtless dear to her child. She may believe in it, but she may still be mistaken. There is no falsehood that withstands proof, and that is in my power. You may perhaps find that there are means of propitiating me. Take care not to refuse when the favor is demanded."

The young girl read, as she had read before, till all her limbs trembled beneath the shock; and first her mother's wretched situation, and then her father's injuries, uprose to torture her; and now, she thought that she would shew them the fatal paper, and now that she would not. What was to be done. Many of these epistles she had, at different times, received; and so daring were the allusions, the facts so boldly stated, that she could no longer doubt. The immaculate purity of her mother, dear to her inmost heart, she could no more believe; that she was her father's own child, she could no longer hope. Could she marry George Marchmont—and thus betray him into a shameful connexion? could she deceive him with the supposition that she was the heiress to a great inheritance, when it was thus stated that proof existed that she was not. It was this incessant thought that preyed upon her spirits, that broke down her health. It was only some short time after this, that a more terrible and threatening demand was made upon her:

"You know my power," said the writer. "I tell you, girl, that I hold proofs, incontrovertible evidence of your mother's deep dishonour. Last night, I lost money at the gaming table, send me, therefore, some. You may find your account in it. If you doubt my influence, look in your mother's face; ask the question by a look only, and you will be answered. Enclose twenty pounds to the post office.—Brompton."
The young girl was chilled to the very soul, but still she thought what was best to be done. Hitherto her mother had directed her expenditure in dress, and except for purposes of charity and the purchase of a lady's bagatelles, she was little acquainted with the use of money. She hesitated as to what step she would pursue. She resolved to question her mother by a look, if such a thing could be.

They were seated together in a bay-window that overlooked the parks, when the gay world were passing to and fro; but these delights of daily recreation, both mother and daughter had lately resigned. Long had Mrs. Marchmont observed a change in Emily, and long since understood it. That she knew something of her private situation she was convinced,—the fond attention—the anxious glance—the tone of pity—all revealed it. And now they sat opposite one another, and though neither spoke, yet the thoughts of each were altogether intelligible to the other.

They sat there. The face of one seemed to express—behold my sorrows, with humility behold, lest you should suffer as I do. The eyes of the other said—though I may know, yet, teach me how to act, for fear that I betray you. The countenance of the mother then was stern indeed. In silence it appeared to say, submit. Be silent and be faithful. Do all things to defend your mother still, and take a parent's gratitude.

This it was;—or was it the imagination of Emily Marchmont that so pourtrayed it. At that instant, her father rode up to the door and dismounted; she would have run to meet him,—but no,—she was not his child,—and this was terrible.

"You are safe again," she cried. "You have heard no ill news—you are not changed to me; is all safe, my dear Edward?" so she enquired with eager apprehension.

"All is safe, all right, my love," he answered; "what ill news should there be? None, dear, unless you tell it me." Again she was contented; nay, a kind of joy thrilled through every vein; she felt that tears were starting. She hurried from his presence.

"And my Emily!" cried her father, "my dear child, my daughter, what can I do for her? how is she?"

"Well, quite well," she faltered; "and there is something my dear papa could do for me."

"Well, darling?" said her father.

Emily Marchmont was no dissembler; but now her task was to deceive—the mean and wretched occupation of vulgar minds. Willingly would she have hid her shame. She sought her father's arms, and hung upon his bosom, there to conceal her sense of degradation. What could she say? Why, the first falsehood that her tongue had ever uttered.

"I should like to do a kindness," she whispered low. "Mamma is too ill for me to tease her. Would you let me have about ten or twenty pounds?"

"What, has my child no money in her purse," said Mr. Marchmont.

"I have had sufficient, but it is gone," she faltered. "This—is this for a peculiar purpose."

"Aye, Emily," replied her father, "always dreaming of some pretty act of charity or kindness, that is it."

"Dear father, some day when you look upon me as a stranger," was the answer, "I hope you will remember I never willingly deceived you."

Her voice was almost inaudible. Her father, if he had heard aright, did not certainly rightly comprehend her,—but he made no remark. On that evening, she sealed her packet, sent it away, and once more was free; at least, her heart felt for awhile so.

It was a strange thing to behold henceforth the conduct of Mrs. Marchmont and her daughter; somewhat so remarkable, as to be inexplicable to the beholder. The declining health of both, their eager looks of anxious interest;—a kind of silent interest,—a kind of silent questioning, which neither dared answer—a weight of thought which neither could shake off. By her mother's incessant watchfulness, for a time, no further letters reached Miss Marchmont: but, by this, this ill-fated lady arrived at the full evidence, that not even this treasure of her heart, could be exempt from this base wretch's machinations.
Confessions of a Confessor:

George Marchmont, though seemingly rejected, still continued, under the auspices of Mr. Marchmont, to urge his suit, in rather an indirect manner, with his daughter Emily; her father conceiving that while yet so young, some girlish fancy led her to avoid the married state, while riper years might obviate this difficulty. But rest or relief from persecution in this house, there was none, as we shall shortly see.

"What singular events occur?" said Mr. Marchmont, one morning at the breakfast table. "Now we are alone together and you seem more lively, I will tell it you; so never, dear Amelia say that I am by nature jealous."

"I have never though so," said Mrs. Marchmont.

"When I was away from home, some one favored me with an anonymous letter," said her husband.


"Nay, love," said he, clasping her hand within his own, "don't look so terrible. I never laughed more in my life."

"What could they say of me?" She faltered; and then she cried more energetically: "If you believe in anything against me, Oh Edward! hide me from all reproach—leave me a little room to die, it is all your wife will beg, that you will give her."

"Your nerves are weak, indeed," he said. "I wish that I had not told you. It was sad trash altogether. About the danger of leaving one so fair alone, how your beauty had betrayed me into marriage, how the writer knew more secrets than be pleased to tell me—and much more; a sort of interesting jargon not easily deciphered."

Here Mr. Marchmont ceased, suddenly, there was something so terrible in his wife's countenance.

"What did you do with it?" She gasped, with a strong effort to be heard distinctly; "What else was said?"

"I threw it into the fire," was the answer. "But I will say no more. I have wounded my dear Amelia, though in play. She whom I ever loved for all her modesty, may well fear if I should now begin to doubt it. It is impossible; so be happy, my dear wife. Strange creature, how you tremble!"

"If you had received more letters," said Mrs. Marchmont, with an effort, "you might then, love, have believed them. Suppose it had been so."

"It supposes too much, my dear," was his reply. "If anything could lead me to doubt your past or present conduct, I mean strongly to doubt, without the possibility of proof, madness, suicide—my love is without bounds;—my dear Amelia, say no more."

"You have not heard—you do not doubt—you have not the possibility of proof," she almost shrieked. "Oh Edward—husband—say so."

"Dear wife—poor girl! Amelia, are you mad?" he cried, for she hung on him wildly; "come, come, listen to me." "Say no," she whispered frightfully.

"No, no, so help me Heaven!" cried Edward Marchmont; but she was by now insensible; and when she was restored, in vain her husband sought an explanation, shewed her a scrap he had that day received, intimating that his wife might be in want of money, extravagant and fond of finery; in vain he smiled and called it all a jest—a foolish trick to rouse him into laughter; she knew the bow whence the arrow came, what metal pointed it, and how it rankled deeply in her breast; but she said nothing, to whom could she appeal.

(To be concluded in our next.)
BIRTHS.

Adare, Lady of Viscount — M.P., of a son and heir; at Adare Manor, County of Limerick, Feb. 12th.

Batty, Lady of Lieut.-Col. — of a son, who survived only a few hours; Axminster, Feb. 1st.


Burton, Lady of Robert — Esq., jun., of a son; at Shelton, near Shrewsbury, Feb. 5th.

Carpenter, Lady of Charles — Esq., of a son; at Walkhampton, Feb. 10th.

Currie, Lady of Reginald — Esq., of a dau.; Grosvenor-street, Feb. 16th.

Davidson, Lady of William — Esq., of a son; Grosvenor-street, Feb. 18th.

Dickens, Lady of Charles — Esq., of a son; Devonshire-terrace, Feb. 8th.


Greville, the Lady Rosa, of a son and heir; Hertford-street, Mayfair, Feb. 11th.


Hutchinson, Lady of Major — of a son; at the Rectory-house, Devonshire-square, Feb. 3rd.


Medley, Lady of Francis William — Esq., of a son; Brighton, Feb. 7th.

Mennell, Lady of G. K. — Esq., of a dau.; at Twickenham, Feb. 8th.

Peel, the Lady Jane Lawrence, of a dau.; Brighton, Feb. 21st.

Pollock, Lady of a son; Hatton, Middlesex, Feb. 1st.

Roper, Lady of D. R. — Esq., of Heightington, County of Durham, of a son; Sculby Park, Feb. 1st.

Wagg, Lady of John — Esq., of York-street, Portman-square, of a dau.; Feb. 5th.


MARRIAGES.

Addy, Jane, eldest dau. of Thomas — Esq., of James Hill, Esq., of Walkhampton, at Writtle, Feb. 18th.

Attwater, Mary, eldest dau. of the late P. — Esq., of Nunton, to Edwin Whitaker, Esq., of Calne; Nunton Church, near Salisbury, Feb. 10th.

Bernard, Mary, eld. dau. of John Frederick — Esq., of Newton-place, Kennington, to Nathaniel Beardsmore, Esq., Civil Engineer, of Plymouth; St. Mary’s, Newton, Feb. 20th.

Bradshaw, Miss, of Workworth, Derbyshire, to Henry Bart, Esq., of Southampton-street, Fitzroy-square, and Kew Green, Surrey; Feb. 20th.

Campbell, Jane, daughter of Col. A. — of Ardchattain, Argyshire, to J. Popham, Esq., son of the late Admiral —; at Florence, Jan. 29th.

Chester, Jane Seymour, daughter of the late Rev. William — M. A., Chaplain to the Hon. E. I. Company’s Madras Establishment, to Cosmo Alex. Hepburn, Esq., 5th son of Robert — Esq., of Clerkington, County Midlothian; at the British Embassy, Paris; Feb. 15th.

Christopher, Emma Octavia, dau. of George — Esq., of Chiswick, Middlesex, to Capt. Geo. Crutley, 8th Light Cavalry; at Deyra Dhou, Nov. 2d, 1840.

Cohen, Hannah, dau. of B — Esq., of Asgill-house, Richmond, Surrey, to Ippolito Leonino, Esq., of Great Cumberland-street; Eaton-square, Feb. 10th.

Cokayne, Mary Grace, dau. of the late William — Esq., of Derby, to Benjamin Dean, Esq., of Camberrwwell; Meynell-Langley; Feb. 13.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Compton, the Lady Marianne Margaret, eld. dau. of the Marquis of Northampton, to Viscount Alford, eldest son of the Right Hon. the Earl Brownlow; by special licence; Saint George's, Hanover-square, Feb. 10th.

Coventry, Clara Margaret Western, 3d dau. of T. Darby, Esq., of Greenland, Bucks, and Kemp-town, Bright.; to B. Williams, Esq., of Portland-place; St. Nicholas, Brighton, Feb. 2d.

Crabtree, Fanny, 3d dau. of the late Robert, Esq., of Halesworth, Suffolk, to the Rev. Thomas Medlland, Vicar of Steyning, Sussex; Halesworth, Feb. 3d.


Eade, Margaret Ann, dau. of the late Joseph ——, Esq., of Hitchin, Herts., to the Rev. R. Bellamy, Rector of St. Mary's, Blandford, Dorset; Battersea Church, Feb. 4th.

Elias, Miss Rachel, of Woburn-place, Russell-square, to J. J. Menke, Esq., of Hamburg; Feb. 10th.

Elias, Miss Rachel, of Woburn-place, Russell-Square, to J. J. Menke, Esq., of Hamburg; Feb. 10th.

Evans, Isabella, dau. of the late Lieut. ——, to the Rev. John Linskill, A. B., son of William ——, Esq., of Tynemouth-lobby, Jan. 28th.

Fussell, Caroline, eldest dau. of the Rev. J. ——, Vicar of Doulting, Somersetshire, to J. T. Richardson, second son of Thomas ——, Esq., of Mells; Doulting, Feb. 9th.

Gleed, Mary, widow of the late John ——, Esq., barrister-at-law, to the Rev. William Loveless, of Herne Bay; Union Chapel, Feb. 18th.


Hollingworth, Mary Ann, cl. dau. of the late Thomas ——, Esq., of Newport Pagnell, to John Denne, Esq., of Buckingham; Broughton, Feb. 1st.

Hore, Elizabeth, 2d. dau. of the late William ——, Esq. to William Addison, Esq., of Chigwell; Essex; Woodford church, Feb. 16.

Howell, Clarissa, ysgt. dau. of the late John ——, Esq., R. S. to Henry, youngest son of the late John W. Goss, Esq., of Teignmouth, Devon; St. Giles's, Camberwell, Feb. 10th.

Hutchinson, Rachel Frances, only dau. of Thomas ——, Esq., late of Heavitree, in the county of Devon, to William H. Oliver, Esq., of Truro, in the county of Cornwall, St. Mary's, Rotherhithe, Feb. 22nd.

Hyde, Miss Mary Rudge, to Charles Francis Albert Target, Lieut. 18th regiment, son of Colonel Baron ——, late Governor of Warsaw, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and of the order of St. Henry of Saxony; Metz, Dec. 28th, 1840.

Jeffries Ann Grant, ysgt. dau. of the late John ——, Esq., of Taunton, to Charles Bailey, Esq., of Grove-house; St. John's, Hampstead, Feb. 10th.

Jervis, Agnes, eldest dau. of the late Samuel Jervis, Esq., to G. H. Lewis, Esq., of Kensington; St. Margarets, Westminster, Feb. 10th.

Kent, Maria, widow, to Walter Watts, Esq. of Grey's-Inn-Square; St. George's, Hanover-Square, Feb. 6th.

Latter, Juliana Ann, only dau. of the late Major Barré Richard ——, of the Bengal Army, to the Rev. Edward Forbes; St. Mary-le-bone church, Feb. 6th.


Lawrence, Marianne, ysgt. dau. of the late William M. ——, Esq., of Belle-venue-house, near Bath, to Captain George Griffiths, of the H. E. C.'s Bengal Service; Clifton church, Feb. 17th.


Morris, Sophia W., eldest dau. of the Rev. Dr. ——, Rector of Elstree, to the Rev. Henry Handley Brown, Vicar of Burton, Lincolnshire; Elstree, Feb. 22d.

Morse, Mary Alithia, ysgt. dau. of James ——, Esq. of Leighton, in the county of Gloucester, to W. Robins, Esq. of Wotton-under-Edge; Boxwell, Feb. 10th.


Ottley, Cecilia, youngest dau. of Sir Richard ——, late Chief Justice of Ceylon, to Thomas Jervis Amos, Esq., son of T ——, late Attorney Gen. of New South Wales; at Pisa, Feb. 2d.

Parker, Mary, 2d. dau. of the Rev. H. J. ——, Rector of High Halden, Kent, to Henry Stroud Barber, only son of the late Capt. ——, Hon. E. I. C. S. Feb. 6th.

Phelan, Charlotte Elizabeth, relict of the late Capt. ——, to Lewis Tomna, Esq., Charlton church, Feb. 6th.

Potter, Lydia, youngest dau. of Peter ——, Esq. of Goram house, County Stafford, to the Rev. Samuel Newall, M. A., Curate of Mort. parish church of Walsall, Feb. 10th, 1841.

Ramsay, Maria, only dau. of the late Andrew ——, Esq., to William Seton, Esq., Feb. 5d.
DEATHS.


Applegate, Stephen, of Lambeth, aged 62, died 27th Jan.; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Barclay, Alexander, Esq., in the 48th year of his age; at Tooting, Feb. 10.


Blake, Elizabeth, widow of the late Robt. ——, Esq., of M. P. for Aundlel: Littlehampton, Sussex, Feb. 4th.

Blyth, the Rev. Reginald, B. D., Rector of Corkfield, Sussex, late Senior Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge; Corkfield Rectory, Feb. 8.

Bourchier, the Rev. Richard, A.M., for 60 years rector of Brightwell-cum-Berk, Berks; Braye-
wick-grove, near Maidenhead, Jan. 30.

Brown, Thomas, Esq., late an elder brother of the charity-house; at his residence, New-
grove, Feb. 19.

Buckley, Henry, Esq., at River Hill, near Sevenoaks, Feb. 1.

Burns, Mrs. Matilda Agnes, of Doddington-place, Kennington, aged 26; died 31st Jan.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Bealer, Edwin Fountain, son of Mr. Andrew —— of Aldermanbury, aged 4 years 10 months; died 2 Feb.; South Metropolitan Cem-
tery.

Bent, Mr. Edward, of Stangate, aged 77; died 4th Feb.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Campbell, Margaret, wife of Sir Alexander Cockburn, Bart., and eld. d. of the late Major-Gen. Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B.; Aph-
lington, near Ewell, Feb. 6.

Canning, Henry, Esq., British Consul-Gen. in Hamburg, brother of Sir Stratford—and first cousin of the celebrated minister, by whom he was appointed consul, an office he filled for a period of 17 years; at Hamburg.

Charles, Mrs. Maria, of Holborn, aged 57, died 31st Jan., 1841; South Metropolitan Cem-
tery.

Chitty, Joseph, Esq., late of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, in the 66th year of his age; Southampton-street, Fitzroy square, Feb. 17.

Cholmeley, the Rev. Humphry, rector of Fron-
ton, Suffolk, and brother of the late Sir Margaret ——, Bart.; at Covenham-hall, Wys-
folk, Jan. 31.

Conway, Lieut., John Willoughby of her Ma-
jecty's ship Models, at Chusan, Oct. 11.

Cooper, Sir Astley, Bart., the celebrated surgeon. The son of the worthy and esteemed bar-
ronet for several days had been such as to preclude all hope of his recovery. Sir Astley's career, as one of the most eminent mem-
ers of his profession, was rewarded with the possession of an immense fortune amount-
ring, it is said, to upwards of 500,000. The greater part of this goes to his nephew and successor to his title, the late baronet, al-
though twice married, having no children. Sir Astley was born in 1798, and died in his 73rd year, at his house, in Cadiz-street, Friday, Feb. 12.

Crispin, Lieut. and Adjutant, George, 2nd 
Bengal Light Cavalry; killed in the action with Dost Mahomet Khan, at Purwan Durrah, Afghanistan, Nov. 2nd, 1846.

Curtes, Mary Anne, the beloved wife of P. W. ——, Esq., of Eastleigh Lodge, Wilts, and dau. of the Rev. R. Boode, of Radstock, Somerset, Jan. 28.

Cuttrell, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. Wm. Cuttrell, of Southwark, aged 48, died 22nd Jan. 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Cross, Mrs. Sarah, of Hampton-street, Wal-
worth, aged 77, died, 9th Feb., 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Dalyell, Sir James, of Bims, Bart., convener of the county of Linlithgow, Bimm's-house, Feb. 1, 1841.

Eraske, Sir David, Bart. The deceased was born 1792; married in 1821, Jan., dau. of the late Hugh Williams, Esq., and is succeeded by his eldest son now Sir Thomas, Feb. 2.

Fenton, Thomas Charles, Esq., late Captain in the Royal Scotch Greys; Streut-house, Glo-
cestershire, Feb. 5.

Goodeve, Mrs. Louisa, 101, Grosvenor-place, 
Camberwell, aged 27, died 22nd Jan., 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
Gregory, Dr. Olinthus, L.L.D., well known as the author and editor of various works and papers on the arts and sciences, professor of mathematics at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, a situation he filled with the highest reputation till compelled by ill health to resign it in June 1838. He was one of the twelve gentlemen who established the Astronomical Society of London, and from the year 1817 had the entire superintendence of the almanacs published by the Stationers' Company. The deceased died at his residence on Woolwich Common, Feb. 2.

Hamilton, the lady of Sir Frederic, Bart.; Great Cumberland-square, Hyde-park, Feb. 11.

Harrison, Sir George, K.C.B.;—Spring-gardenterrace, Feb. 5.

Henly, the Right Hon. Robt., Lord ——; Whitehall-place, Feb. 3.

Hodgkinson, Charles Eykyn, mate R. N., late in command of her Majesty's schooner, Young Hebe (at the taking of Chusan) eldest son of Thomas ——, Esq., of Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square; at Young-Toe-Kiang, China, Sept. 11, 1840.


Latham, Captain, of the Reunion Whaler of Havre. He was in the act of harpooning a whale in Memory Bay when he lost his balance, and fell overboard. He however rose to the surface and reached the boat's side, when the fish struck him with one of its fins, and drove him down to the bottom; South Australia, Sept. 1840.

Lawrie, Mrs. of Westwood-house, Sydenham, in the County of Kent, (relief of Andrew Lawrie, formerly of the Adelphi, and Sydenham, Esquire,) in the 87th year of her age; on Sunday, February 14, possessing all her faculties to the last, and deeply mourned by her family and numerous friends; buried in the family vault, under St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

Long, the Rev. Robert C., of Dunston-hall, Norfolk, at Cadwell-house, Devon, Feb. 3.

Low, Julia Elizabeth, daughter of H. H. ——, Esq., Newington Crescent, aged four years, two months, died 25th Jan.—South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Lightfoot, Theophillus, Esq., of Camberwell, aged 72, died 13th Jan. 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Mitchell Charles, Esq., of Forecest-hall, Yorkshire, in his 86th year; Gloucester-pl., Feb. 7.

Morgan, Ann, daughter of Charles ——, Esq., of Farringdon-street, aged 2 months; died 8th Feb.—South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Morgan, George, son of Charles ——, Esq., of Farringdon-street, aged 17 months; died 14th Feb.—South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Musgrave, the Rev. Richard Adolphus, rector of Barnsley, Glostershire, and canon of St. George's Chapel, Windsor; at Carlisle, Feb. 2.


Parke, Rawson, Esq., formerly of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, and late of Crock, in the county of Worcester; Southamptonstreet, Bloomsbury, Feb. 14.

Perrier, John M., Esq.; Hinde-street, Manchester-square.

Phillips, Mary Harriet, wife of H. D. ——, Esq., Madras Civil Service, and elder dau. of the late George Moore, Esq., Octavamund, East Indies, Dec. 6, 1840.

Piper, Henry, infant son of, of Eastcheap, London, aged 3 days; died 29th Jan. 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Pearson, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. Charles Pearson, of Newington, aged 18 years; died 3rd Feb. 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Pledge, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Robert Pledge, of Kennington-lane, aged 67; died 6th Feb. 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Slater, Mr. John, of Friday-street, Cheapside, aged 47; died 12th Feb. 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Stuart, the hon. Lady, 2nd dau. of the late Lord Vere Bertie, and grand-dau. of the first Duke of Ancaster.—Married, April 10th, 1778, the Hon. Sir Charles Stuart, K.C.B., fourth son of John, third Earl Bute, by whom her Ladyship had issue, two sons—viz. Charles, now Lord Stuart de Rothsay; and John, Capt. R.N., who died in 1811,—in her 88th year, at her residence, Whitehall, Feb. 6th.

Tabor, Mr. George Anthony, of Scott's-yard, Bush-lane, aged 34; died 11th Feb. 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Taylor, Mrs. Maria, relief of the late Captain John Taylor of the 34th Regiment of foot and Royal Flint's Militia; eldest son of Lieut.-Col. ——, Royal Engineers, of dysentery, at Chusan, Oct. 12, 1841.

Whalley, T. P., Esq., late Captain in the 9th Lancers, aged 31, Duke-street, St. James's, Feb. 6th.


Williams, Thomas Bull, Esq., late of Gower-street, Bedford-square, after a short illness; at Orange-grove, Jamaica, Nov. 25, 1840.

Wingfield, John, Esq., of Tickenhote, in the County of Rutland, in the 78th year of his age; Feb. 3d.

Willson, Mrs. Charlotte, of Minerva Terrace, Brixton, aged 78, 12th Feb. 1841; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.
Robe façon de Constance à M. Vivienne, 57—Chapeau de M. Follet, rue Richelieu, 93.
Châle cachemire, brodé en soie, de M. Ambrosel, rue Montmartre, 165.
Mouchoir de Chapeau, rue de la Paix, 7.
Court Magazine, N° 11, Carey street Lincoln's Inn, London.
DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

N° 908. — Carriage costume.

Dress of pearl grey piqué de soie, corsage demi-décolleté (half high). The back is nearly tight with a few gathers at the waist, the front made to cross quite over to the left side, and the corsage rounded at the bottom of the waist, where it is considerable longer than at the back or sides (see plate). Sleeves gathered in three places at top, nearly tight to the lower arm, the remainder very full. The skirt of the dress is ornamented with a new and novel kind of garniture or florence (see plate), being in deep but narrow festoons, each divided at top by a bow of ribbon, consisting of four coques (bows) and two ends. Hat of pink velours épingle, the front small but low at the sides of the face. It is lined with white satin et has a ruche of tulle illusion round the inner edge (see plate) the front of the bonnet goes very far back, et has a small puffed crown, ornamented...
with bows of satin ribbon. A quilling of the same goes across the front of the bonnet (see plate) and is carried across the ba-volet at back. Hair in ringlets, lace frill turned over the neck of the corsage, and fastened with a brooch-cambier cuffs, et handkerchief, yellow kid gloves black brodequins.

2nd figure. — Hat of "paille velours épinglé", with a green willow drooping to the side, thame color armure dress white embroidered shawl with a mixed silk fringe (see plate) lace frill, yellow gloves.

No 909. — Ball dresses. — Dress of pink velours épinglé, the corsage very low in the neck tight to the bust, and à pointe, with Berthe and stomacher of guipure (see plate). Sleeves very short et puffed, with a bouillon at bottom. Skirt ornamented with rows of pearls, figuring the tablier, two rows at each side of the front and between them small cordelières and tassels formed interspersed with full blown roses, with a bird of paradise drooping towards the neck at the left side. Gold ferrière, white kid gloves, the tops trimmed with lace, white satin shoes, brooch, bouquet.

2nd figure.—The back hair in braids and dressed very low, quite at the roots of the hair (see plate) with a row of pearls going round the head and a bird of paradise drooping to the side; dress of water green ves lours épinglé, the corsage low, tight to the bust, à pointe et with three seams; à garniture of lace, commencing at the right side of the waist (see plate) and carried in a sort of spiral manner to the bottom of the skirt at the left side crosses the front of the dress; it may be observed that the lace forming this very new and uncommon trimming is half tinned up, and half turned down, being retained at each turn by a ruby ornament. The sleeves are short and tight, et finished by a plain fall of lace, loossed rep in front with a similar ornament to these on the dress. White kid gloves, the tops trimmed with swansdown. Long gold ear drops.

L. de F.

Reves poétiques.

La poésie a le plus beau domatne!
Mine féconde aux immenses trésors,
Dans l'univers régnant en souveraine,
Elle répand ses sublimes accords.

Souffle enchanteur, qui sans esse ilumine,
Rayon du ciel, feu sacré de l'esprit,
Dont le flambeau, lumière divine,
Toujours évee et toujours refléchit.

Là cet ange à genoux sur une pauvre tombe,
L'orne de mille pleurs;
Sur sa joue amaigrie une larme qui tombe
Rêvèle ses douleurs.

Ici repose un père, ou peut-être une mère;
Elle demeure au ciel,
Par ses pleurs soupirs, par son humble prière,
Le repos éternel.

Plus loin est une bière, aux bras de jeunes vierges:
Sainte procession, cortège solennel;
LE FOLLET
Boulevard Saint-Martin, 61.
Robe en velours épingle garnie de perles, et Robe en soie garnie de dentelles de Constance.
rue N° Vivienne, 37—Coiffure de Lecomte, 1—Caféboul, 32—Gants de Mayer, 5—Chevalet, 32.
Fleurs de Chaget.

Court Magazine, No 1, Carey street Lincoln's Inn, London.
LE FOLLET.

Enfant, pourquoi ces pleurs? Redressez tous vos cierges,
Quand Dieu rappelle un ange, il en manque un au ciel.
J'aime à jeter mes pensées dans l'extase,
Et reposer dans ces sublimités;
Les abreuver à ce sublime vase
D'où jaillit un flot de voluptés.

Là-haut, l'homme a son trône avec sa royauté;
Noble et sainte région, source de poésie,
D'où s'échappe un concert d'angélique harmonie,
Qui prépare notre âme à l'immortalité.

MADALENA.
ANECDOТЕ ROMAINE.

—Non, Madalena, je ne saurais approuver la demande de Josepa; jamais je ne consentirai à donner ma fille à un homme qui a été mauvais fils, et qui serait certainement un mauvais mari. Josepa est un faînest, qui a déjà mangé tout le bien de sa famille; il n'aime en toi que la fille d'un fermier qu'il croit riche, et auquel il ne peut enlever le fruit de son travail et de son économie qu'en t'épousant.
Ainsi parlait à sa fille Madalena, Giovanni Vitelli d'Albano. Madalena leva vers son père un regard suppliant, et osa répondre:
—Peut-être le jugez-vous avec un peu trop de sévérité, de prévention même.
—Ma pauvre enfant, reprit Vitelli, Josepa est indigne de toi. Pourrais-tu oublier que c'est sa conduite irrégulière qui a hâlé la fin de sa mère?
—Mon père, Josepa a des jaloux, des ennemis. Mais, quand on aurait dit vrai autrefois, quand il aurait eu des torts, s'il était repentant, le repousseriez-vous?
—Non, ma fille; mais il faudrait qu'il me convainquit de son repentir; il faudrait pour cela qu'il cessât de fréquenter tous les vauriens du pays, et n'allât pas continuellement oser dans la montagne, où il voit plus mauvaise compagnie encore, je le sais; notre bon curé m'en a averti. Ma chère Madalena, au nom de ton bonheur, au nom du bien, par la mémoire de ta mère, promets-moi de renoncer à Josepa.
—Je vous le promets, mon père.
En prononçant ces dernières paroles, Madalena ne put retenir ses larmes, car elle parlait dans la sincérité de son cœur; elle espérait pouvoir oublier Josepa; mais elle ne cherchait pas à dissimuler que c'était un effort qui lui coûtait. Son père lui ouvrit ses bras, la bénit, et mélà ses larmes aux siennes.
Le père et la fille se doutaient guère que cette scène avait un témoin invisible. Josepa lui-même, qui s'était approché à pas de loup de la ferme, guettant l'occasion de voir Madalena, et qui, en entendant la voix du père, s'était baissé près de la fenêtre entrouverte. Il ne perdit pas une seule de ses paroles, et puis se retira jurant de se venger.
Quelques jours s'écoutèrent: Madalena ne fit que se fortifier dans la résolution de suivre la recommandation de son père; elle évita les lieux où elle rencontrait ordinairement Josepa, et elle espérait déjà l'avoir effacé de son cœur, quoique de temps en temps, en pensant à lui, elle tournât involontairement la tête dans ses promenades solitaires, pour voir s'il ne la suivait pas.
Une nuit son père dormait; elle était au moment de se coucher elle-même, lorsqu'un petit coup frappé à sa fenêtre la fit tressaillir. Elle devina ce devait être, et ne répondit pas; mais à un second coup, craignant que son père ne se réveillât, elle alla ouvrir: c'était bien lui.
—Cruelle Madalena, dit Josepa, vous me fuyez, je m'en suis aperçu; mais avez-vous bien réfléchi aux suites de cette rigueur? ne
croyez-vous d’un caractère à supporter la vie quand tout ce qui m’y attache doit m’être enlevé?

—Josepa, répondit Madalena, je ne saurais désobéir à mon père.

—Oui, je sais que c’est votre père qui vous a défendu de m’aimer, de me revoir; je sais même pourquoi cette défense. Il compte par là vous amener peu à peu à épouser son ami le vieux Thomaso.

—Thomaso! Pensez-vous, Josepa, que j’accepterais Thomaso pour mari?

—Sans doute, quoi qu’il ait trois fois votre âge! il est riche, et moit, il n’est que trop vrai que je ne le suis plus. J’aurais travaillé cependant; votre père lui même aurait fini par voir en moi un fils respectueux: je vous aurais aidé à soigner sa vieillesse, j’espérais vaincre les préventions de Vitelli; mais si vous ne m’aimiez plus, j’y renonce. Adieu, je m’en vais où me conduira mon désespoir.

—Arrêtez, Josepa... je vous aime encore.

—Bien! prouvez-le moi en me recevant demain; votre père et votre futur Thomaso vont à Rome sous prétexte de quelques affaires. En leur absence, je viendrai...

En ce moment un bruit se fit entendre: Madalena tomba la tête.

—Mon Dieu! quel présage! dit elle. Regardez, Josepa, la lampe qui brûlait près du tableau de la Madone en a tout à coup fait éclater le verre. Ce tableau m’avait été donné par ma mère. Tu le vois, ni les saints dans le ciel, ni les hommes sur la terre n’approuvent mon amour.

—Et moi, je suis sûr, répondit Josepa, que le verre a éclaté au moment où je nommais ton futur Thomaso: c’est lui que le présage regarde. Adieu! à demain.

Et Josepa s’éloigna.

Le lendemain de bonne heure, en voyant partir son père", Madalena éprouva un secret pressentiment; elle fut tentée de lui avouer qu’elle avait revu Josepa; mais en ce moment son compagnon de voyage entra pour lui dire de se hâter. Madalena se figura qu’en effet il s’agissait de la marie au vieux Thomaso, et elle étonna la voix de sa conscience quand son père lui dit:

—Au revoir, ma fille.

Josepa se fit attendre et ne vint que tard dans l’après-midi; il paraissait troublé et sombre. Sur l’observation que lui en fit Madalena, il attribua sa farouche inquiétude au chagrin que lui causait son prochain mariage avec Thomaso, et aux persécutions dont il entrevoyait qu’elle serait la victime, si elle n’y échappait en fuyant avec lui. Elle était sous la tenue influence d’une première désobéissance. Elle se laissa facilement persuader, et monta dans sa chambre pour y chercher le petit ba¬gage qu’une jeune fille emporte lorsqu’elle se fait enlever.

Pendant ce temps-là, Josepa ne restait pas les mains inactives et prenait un à-compte sur la dot, à l’insu de sa victime.

Il trouva facilement le coffre où le fermier cachait ses œufs; il en força la serrure, et remplit les sacoches de son cheval. Madalena descendit tremblante, vers quelques larmes, bête encore, et puis se laissa emmener en coupe par le ravisseur.

A deux milles de la ferme était le cimetière.

—Arrête, Josepa, dit Madalena, je ne passe jamais ici sans saluer la tombe de ma mère; laisse-moi y déposer quelques fleurs: qui sait quand je reverrai ce cimetière!

—C’est un lieu où on revient toujours assez tôt, reprit Josepa. Voici la nuit.

Et il refusa de s’arrêter.

Ils arrivèrent à Telletri, où Josepa avait une maison. En y entrant, Madalena ne put s’empêcher de dire:

—Ah! que doit penser mon père s’il arrive en ce moment à Albano?
— Pense plutôt à la sotte figure que fait Thomaso, répliqua Josepa.

Cette nuit même Madalena épousa Josepa. On sait qu’en Italie on trouve toujours facilement quelque moine ou pauvre chapelain pour donner la bénéédiction nuptiale à tout couple qui s’est procuré une dispense vraie ou fausse.

Le lendemain matin, Madalena désirait qu’un express fût envoyé à Albano, afin de demander pour elle le pardon de son père. Josepa n’y vit aucune objection. L’express partit avec une lettre. Quelle fut la douleur de Madalena quand ce messager revint et lui annonça que le veilleur père avait été assassiné, ainsi que Thomaso, en se rendant à Rome.

Quant à Josepa, il parut tout au plus étonné de cette nouvelle.

— Je t’avais bien dit que les occasions d’entrer au cimetière ne reviennent que trop tôt.

La malheureuse fille frémit à ce mot d’indifférence, qui lui révélait le mauvais cœur de son mari.

Cependant, après qu’ils eurent pris possession de l’héritage, Josepa parut d’abord démontrer la prédiction de Vitélii. Il s’occupait sérieusement de remplacer le fermier dans les travaux de sa ferme ; mais cette conversion ne dura guère, et il se dégoûtait bientôt d’une vie laborieuse. Madalena devint mère, et espéra que Josepa serait ramené à de meilleurs sentiments auprès du berceau de son fils. Josepa n’en fut pas plus assidu à la maison ; ses absences étaient de plus en plus fréquentes, et il introduisait souvent auprès de Madalena des hommes qui ne valaient pas mieux qu’il.

« Mon père avait donc raison, pensa-t-elle, il est incroyable. »

Une nuit on vint le réveiller.

— Où vas-tu si tard ? osa lui demander Madalena.

— Chez le curé ! répondit-il d’un ton brusque.

Le lendemain il ne revint pas. Madalena entendit dire autour d’elle que le curé avait été égorgé et volé cette nuit même par quatre bandits. Vers le milieu du jour, une patrouille de carabiniers vint faire une perquisition dans la ferme. On cherchait Josepa. Un des soldats s’écria :

— Puisque Josepa a pris la fuite, arrêtons sa femme !

— Non, reprit un autre ; elle est bien assez malheureuse d’être la femme d’un assassin !

Quand ils furent partis, Madalena, saisie d’un doute affreux, abandonna sa maison pour aller chercher Josepa dans la montagne ; elle enveloppa son enfant d’un mantelet et se dirigea par un sentier où elle avait quelquefois suivi des yeux celui qu’elle ne pouvait se décider à croire un criminel. Sur la lisière du bois, elle s’assit pour donner le sein à son nourrisson. Hélas ! son lait s’était tari par l’effet des angoisses qu’elle éprouvait. En ce moment quatre bandits se montrèrent et vou- lurent lui faire violence. Un cinquième parut, qu’ils appelèrent familièrement leur camarade, et Madalena reconnut Josepa.

— A quoi passez-vous votre temps ? s’écria- t-il, évidemment plus occupé de son danger que de l’aïr effaré de sa femme. Notre trace est découverte ; les soldats sont à cinquante pas d’ici. Allons, toi, suis-nous, dit-il à Madalena, puisque tu as voulu venir.

A un quart de lieue de là les brigands se séparèrent sur un avis qu’un autre leur donna que le bois était cerné. Josepa força Madalena d’entrer dans un taillis et de s’y cacher sous les branches qu’il souleva avec le canon de son fusil.

Ils étaient à peine blottis dans cette retraite que l’enfant se mit à pleurer. Madalena sentit que Josepa portait la main sur lui avec un geste de colère.

L’enfant se tut ; mais ses cris avaient appelé les soldats de ce côté, et l’un d’eux, en sondant le feuillage avec sa baïonnette, blessa...
Madalena au bras. Son sang coula; mais elle ne laissa pas échapper une plainte et pressa son enfant sur son sein. Un second coup de balonnette atteignit Josepa, qui fit un mouvement, et ce mouvement le trahit. Les soldats le découvrirent et l'arrêtèrent. Il y en eut un qui voulut le maltraiter en lui mettant les menottes pendant qu'il maudissait en jurant sa malheureuse femme. Madalena suppliante demanda grâce pour le misérable, et tendit les bras sans en décharger son enfant.... Ce fut alors qu'elle s'aperçut qu'il ne vivait plus. De peur d'être dénoncé par ses cris, Josepa l'avait étranglé.

Par bonheur pour Madalena, sa raison s'égarait, elle était dans une maison d'étrangers, où elle ignore que Josepa a été jugé et condamné pour avoir, non-seulement assassiné le curé d'Albano, mais encore Thomaso et le père de sa femme.

**HISTOIRE DU CARNAVAL.**

Les fêtes publiques que nous désignons aujourd'hui sous le nom de Carnaval sont aussi anciennes que le monde; c'est sous le ciel de l'Égypte qu'elles prirent naissance.

Chez les Égyptiens, et ensuite chez les Grecs, on avait l'habitude de se déguiser et de se masquer pendant la célébration des fêtes religieuses, afin de représenter sous une forme humaine l'image des dieux, des déesses et des héros. De là l'origine des travestissements et des masques.

Ce qui est étrange, c'est que le carnaval a une origine sacrée; c'est pour fêter la divinité que les premiers prêtres égyptiens le donnèrent au peuple et sanctifièrent ses cérémonies. Le carnaval se nommait alors *cherubis*, et avait lieu à l'équinoccio d'automne.

Les *cherubis*, ou la fête du bœuf, ne se fai-
de carnaval. Le peuple conservait les anciens travestissements, et les nobles patriciens, pour se distinguer des masses, allaient dans des bals magnifiques, s'enveloppant le corps dans une robe longue et noire, à l'extrémité de laquelle se trouvait un capuchon. C'est sur ce modèle qu'ont été faites depuis les robes des domino venitiens.

L'établissement du christianisme ne mit pas fin tout d'abord à la célébration des saturnales : saint Augustin, saint Cyprien, saint Thomas et le concile de Laodicee furent obligés de défendre les travestissements. Toutefois, au milieu du septième siècle, les saturnales reprirent le dessus et reçurent un caractère religieux dans l'instruction des fêtes de la naiveté, des innocents, de l'âne et des fous.

L'austérité qui présida à la célébration de ces fêtes disparut avec la foi des fidèles ; la licence, le désordre et l'orgie se répandirent partout, dans le sanctuaire comme sur la place publique. Au seizième siècle, la fête des fous quitta la France pour se rendre à Venise et à Rome, pour se transformer encore une fois et revivre sous le nom de carnaval.

Le goût de ces fêtes romaines et vénitiennes ne tarda pas à revenir en France ; mais comment pouvons les pratiquer dans ce pays sans être agité par les guerres de religion et par les querelles de partis ? La révolution opérée par Richelieu contre la noblesse rétablit le calme, Louis XIV monte sur le trône, et la saturnale italienne passe les Alpes sous son nouveau nom de carnavale.

Alors l'usage de se travestir devint une furie. À la fin du dix-septième siècle, on réglait les cérémonies du bœuf gras, la formation des troupes travesties, les promenades du jour et les plaisirs de la nuit. Chaque année ces fêtes devenaient de plus en plus populaires, lorsque la révolution les interrompit tout à coup. Pendant quinze années, la France se passa de carnaval ; mais le 25 février 1803, il fut rétabli par ordre de Napoléon. Le préfet de police rendit une ordonnance par laquelle les bou- chers seuls avaient le droit de promener le bœuf gras pendant trois jours dans les rues de la capitale.

Depuis 1805 jusqu'en 1850, le carnaval français perdit peu à peu beaucoup de sa gaïté, de sa joie bounonne et de son caractère antique. Depuis la révolution de juillet, le carnaval s'est refugié chez Jullien et chez Musard, pour y vivre, pour y mourir peut-être.

E. BARESTE,
Almanach prophétique.

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CHRONIQUE THEATRALE.

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—La dernière représentation de la Fête des fous, au théâtre de la Renaissance, a produit une forte belle recette. Il est vrai que le drame saisissant de MM. Arnould et Fournier a trouvé dans MM. Bou- chet, Matis et mademoiselle Fitzjames des interprètes dignes de lui.

Les bals des jeudi, samedi et lundi gras sont de fondation à l'Opéra, et les plus suivis de la saison. L'administration obéit au voué général en joignant celui du mardi. Pendant les derniers jours du carnaval il y a donc quatre bals, ceux de jeudi et sa-amedi derniers, qui ont été magnifiques, et ceux de lundi et mardi prochains, qui ne les céderont probablement en rien aux précédents.

La foule se presse toujours aux bals de la salle Ventadour. L'éclairage nouveau, dont le bon goût n'a rien de comparable, a réuni tous les suffrages. Les bals de la Renaissance sont le rendez-vous d'une société choisie, aucun orchestre n'est égal à celui de Dufrene, et si la vogue incessante de ces bals pouvait s'accroître encore, la salle Ventadour serait trop petite pour la foule avide de plaisir.
—Lundi dernier grand succès au Palais-Royal par l'ébouriffante folie de Madame Casmus et sa demoiselle. Sainville jouait le rôle de madame Casmus et Alcide Tousset celui de sa demoiselle, élève de chant au Conservatoire.

—Concerts de MM. Henri Herz et Labarre. L'idée qu'ont eue MM. Henri Herz et Labarre de donner des soirées musicales tous les quinze jours a obtenu le plus grand succès. Il ne pouvait en être autrement, car le programme de chacune de ces séances promettait de la musique de chambre, de cette musique si charmante à écouter, exécutée par des talents justement célèbres, par des artistes aux noms européens. Les deux derniers concerts ont été surtout fort brillants. A côté de Labarre, qui nous a dit une gracieuse fantaisie sur la harpe, nous avons entendu l'ouverture de Robin des bois, sous la direction de M. Valentino. Gueldy a fait entendre deux charmantes mélodies, le Soleil de ma Bretagne et les Marinis. Arétot, le violoniste, s'est fait applaudir dans de nombreux morceaux de sa composition; madame Pauline Viardot-Garcia s'est montrée grande cantatrice sous un jour nouveau. L'année dernière, elle avait admirablement interprété les grands maitres de l'école italienne; cette année, elle a dit avec un sentiment exquis les œuvres de nos maitres français. L'air du Billet de loterie a été exécuté par elle avec une grâce incomparable, et c'est en grande tragédienne qu'elle a dit le duo des Huguenots entre Valentine et Marcel. Nous avons entendu aussi madame Labarre, mademoiselle Nau et M. de Bériot, qui ont complété dignement cette belle réunion de talents.

—Le concert donné dimanche dernier par M. Haas avait attiré la plus nombreuse réunion dans la salle de M. Herz. Trois quartiers et deux trios, dans lesquels se sont fait entendre MM. Albrecht, Gentil, Gardet, Haas et Peyronnet, ont obtenu un brillant succès. M. Ponchard a dit plusieurs romances et la cavatine de la Dame blanche, Viens gentille dame. La salle entière a couvert d'applaudissements le suave chanteur, qui a été ce qu'il est toujours, ravissant. Mademoiselle Bianchi a chanté avec toute la grâce et le sentiment possibles une des plus remarquables compositions de M. Haas, le Mal du pays, cette plaintive élégie dans laquelle M. Adolphe Favre a si bien rendu tout ce que l'amour de la patrie nous fait éprouver de mélancolie profonde et de souffrance mortelle sur un sol étranger. Madame Dubart et mademoiselle Flore Mainville ont tenu dignement leur place comme cantatrices. Dans la partie instrumentale, un morceau de piano, par MM. Jules Déjazet et Rosselen, et un solo de violoncelle par M. Rignault, ont été exécutés fort brillamment.

NOUVEAUTÉS MUSICALES.

Le théâtre du Palais-Royal vient d'augmenter son répertoire lyrique d'une nouvelle romance, l'Epanoulette d'or. C'est un drame intime, c'est un souffre de l'Empire. Achard la chante d'une manière si attendrissante, qu'il est impossible de ne se défendre de donner une larme à ce pauvre sergent, oublié pendant quinze ans dans les rouages de l'armée française.

La Biographie du Clergé contemporain, par un Solitaire, continue à justifier la faveur que lui otre le public. Toujours même exactitude de la part de l'éditeur, même talent de la part de l'auteur. La dixième levrain vient de paraître contenant la notice du prince At. de Hesse-Lorrain, notice pleine de révélations des plus curieuses et de faits du plus touchant intérêt. A quinzeaine la notice de l'abbé Sieyès : ce ne peut être qu'un succès de plus.
ELIZABETH OF YORK.
Queen consort of Henry VII of England
An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the "Court Magazine" of ancient portraits.
N° 38 of the series, Vol. XIX.
1466. 1502. 1841.
N° 12 Crown street Lincoln's Inn, London.
THE COURT, LADY'S MAGAZINE,
MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.

A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c., &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIR OF ELIZABETH OF YORK,
DAUGHTER OF EDWARD THE FOURTH, QUEEN-CONSORT OF HENRY THE SEVENTH,
AND MOTHER OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

Embellished with a full-length Portrait, after Holbein.
(No. 97 of the Series of full-length Authentic Ancient Portraits).

By wreathing in her nuptial knot with Henry Tudor the blood-stained Rose of Lancaster with the withered Rose of York in peace and charity, the princess Elizabeth Plantagenet passively proved the happy means of terminating those fatal wars of factions which had so long drenched England with the blood of the noblest and bravest in the realm; whilst, in addition to such fortuitous claim to grateful remembrance in the regal annals of our country, the many and exemplary virtues of Henry's beautiful and gentle-minded consort have deservedly endeared her memory, and earned for her, from chronicler and historian, the enviable title of The Good Queen Elizabeth.

This princess of England, the eldest child of Edward the Fourth and the beautiful Elizabeth Wydeville, was born at Westminster, on the 11th of February 1465 — a few months after the public recognition of her mother, as their lawful queen, by the nobility and high church dignitaries, assembled for that purpose at Reading Abbey. The ceremony of baptizing the royal infant, performed with the utmost pomp and solemnity in Westminster Abbey, afforded a favorable opportunity of testifying to the nation the amicable feeling which existed between both branches of the royal family of England and the renowned Richard Nevil — earl of Warwick, her grandmothers, Cicely, duchess of York — and Jacquetta of Luxemburgh, duchess of Bedford stood sponsors in conjunction with the formidable king-maker. Ere the youthful Elizabeth had attained her fifth year, her royal father — (whose solicitude for betrothing

T—APRIL, 1841.
his offspring in marriage almost as soon as they were born, was peculiarly characteristic — with a view of attaching more firmly to the royal interests, that powerful family to whom he was mainly indebted for the throne, determined, with the advice of his council, to bestow her hand on the equally youthful George Nevil, eldest son of the marquess of Montague, brother to the earl of Warwick; but, through the traitorous conduct of both noblemen during the rebellion which, in the year 1470, drove the monarch into exile, the match was broken off, and the bridegroom elect degraded from those honors which, in its anticipation, king Edward had conferred upon him. Some few years later, a more brilliant destiny seemed reserved for Elizabeth. One of the terms of a treaty of peace signed at Pecquigny — the result of her warlike sire's expedition to France in 1475 — was an agreement made by king Louis to marry his eldest son to Edward's eldest daughter; or, in the event of her death, to her sister Mary. The princess Elizabeth was, therefore, shortly afterwards contracted to the Dauphin, afterwards Charles the Eighth, and the duchy of Guianne, or an equivalent annuity assigned him as dower. But the wily Louis appears not to have had any serious intention of fulfilling this part of the treaty, although the match was considered so certain in both countries, that the princess was constantly styled Madame la Dauphine, both at her father's court and in that of France; whilst Edward, soothed with the certainty of his daughter's ultimate advancement, took no immediate measure for its ratification. In 1478, however, sir Richard Tonstall and Dr. Langton were sent to Paris, in order to witness the ceremony of solemnly betrothing; and, at the same time, a new marriage treaty, more wary and stringent in its conditions than the former, was signed — that document settling the amount of her dowry, and engaging that the expenses of her journey from London to Paris should be defrayed by the French monarch. In 1480, the princess having entered her sixteenth year, Edward demanded of Louis the solemnization of the covenanted marriage, and ambassadors were sent to make the necessary preparations; but Louis evinced no alacrity in the matter; on the contrary, in 1481, too well founded doubts arose, whether the French king meant to fulfill the long pending contract. Edward had long been warned that his brother potentate was not sincere on this point; and though strongly urged by the ambassadors from Austria and Brittany to mistrust Louis, so intent were the king and queen of England on the appropriation of the broad plains of Picardy as a marriage settlement for their daughter, that they would not question the assurances of Louis until they received, in 1482, the astounding intelligence that he had preferred a matrimonial engagement with the family of Maximilian, arch-duke of Austria. That prince, in right of his wife, succeeded the duke of Burgundy, and it was in order that France might have a share in inheriting the rich provinces of the South, that the faithless Louis, in violation of his oath, had preferred Margaret of Austria before Elizabeth of England, as a bride for the Dauphin, his youthful son.

Blindly following the impulse of that revengeful irritability which formed one of Edward's increasing vices, the deceived and disappointed King resolved, with fire and sword, to lay waste the territories of his false neighbour. Warlike preparations were immediately commenced; and Louis applied to James of Scotland to take part in the quarrel. But in the midst of Edward's earnest attentions to collect a competent force, his health, undermined either by chagrin or dissipation, rapidly gave way; and on the 9th of April he unexpectedly expired, before he had completed the forty-first year of his age.

It had been the fond hope and the assiduous labor of the ambitious Edward to ally his daughters with the princes of Europe, but his premature death frustrated all the prospects of his parental pride. His will, dated previously to embarking on his first expedition to France, sufficiently proves that he placed implicit confidence in the sagacity of his beloved queen to conduct negotiations of such high importance as the matrimonial engagements of the princesses of England, for he thus subjects the payment of their several marriage portions to her control and approval:

"Item. We will that our daughter Elizabeth have XM (ten thousand) marc towards her marriage, and that our daughter Marie have also to her marriage XM. marc, so that
they be governed and ruled in their marriages by our dearest wife the queen and by our said son the prince, if God fortune him to come to age of discretion. And if he decease before such age, as God defend, then by such as God disposeth to be our heir and by such lords as then shall be of their counsel, and if either of our said daughters do marry themselves, without such advice and assent, so as they be disparaged, as God forbid, that then she so marrying herself have no payment of her said XM. marc., but that it be employed by our executors towards the hasty payment of our debts, &c.”

“Item. Whereas we trust in God our said wife be now with child, if God fortune it to be a daughter, then we will that she have also XM. marc. towards her marriage.”

“Item. To the marriage of our daughter Cecile for whom we have been appointed and concluded with the king of Scots to be married to his son and heir,” &c.

Besides those of the princess Elizabeth to the dauphin, and Cecily to the Scottish prince, he commissioned persons both in 1479 and 1482, to contract for Catherine to the Infant of Spain, and agreed to give Anne to the son of the Arch-duke and the heiress of Burgundy. But, with the exception of Elizabeth, with whose hand the best title to the throne of England was reserved, these princesses were ultimately content to take their husbands from its rival aristocracy.

On his death-bed, Edward, we are told by Humphrey Brereton a contemporary writer, confided the princess Elizabeth to the care of his devoted adherent lord Stanley. The fidelity of this influential nobleman had long been fully approved by the Yorkist sovereign throughout that war of factions which had dislocated and subverted so many ties of partisanship, from his having steadfastly resisted the entreaties of his brother-in-law, the potent earl of Warwick to join in those insurrections which in 1470 shook Edward’s throne till it fell. So soon as intelligence of the monarch’s decease reached him, lord Stanley hastened to console the widowed queen, by tendering that allegiance to her son which he had so scrupulously kept to his royal sire, and to redeem the pledges which he had given, soon after Prince Edward’s birth, that he would maintain his claim as king of England, in the event of surviving his fate.

For a brief though sufficient narration of the extraordinary incidents which mark this important year (1483), and which have rendered it one of the most memorable periods in the annals of our country, we refer our readers to our last month’s memoir of queen Elizabeth Wydeville,—the ultimate position of the illustrious subject of the present memoir being prominently connected with that wonderful revolution, which, in the brief space of ten weeks from the death of her father, Edward the Fourth, comprehended the proclamation of her brother Edward the Fifth, and the usurpation of her uncle Richard, without a single effort to preserve the rights of the true heir, or to check the daring ambition of the self constituted Protector.

Alarmed at Richard of Gloucester taking possession of the young king—her son, and ordering the arrest and imprisonment of her relations—the queen-mother fled to her former miserable place of security—the sanctuary at Westminster;—taking with her Richard duke of York—her second son, and five daughters—Elizabeth, the eldest being little more than eighteen—who remained there while the unscrupulous tyrant imbrued his hands in the blood of her brothers—her maternal relations, and seized upon the crown. The fidelity of the loyal and uncompromising Stanley entailed upon him, for a period, the loss of liberty,—after narrowly escaping a violent death in the Tower on the occasion of Hastings’ impeachment: he was committed to that fortress by Gloucester, and a wary eye kept on the movements of his family and connections; but, on the election of the Protector, he was released, and every effort made to win him to his interests.

It was soon after the mysterious event of the disappearance of Elizabeth’s youthful brothers in the Tower, that Richard’s former friend and warm supporter, Buckingham, renouncing his allegiance to the usurper, entered into a plot for dethroning him, and settling the succession of the crown in the persons of the young earl of Richmond and his fair cousin Elizabeth of York—then the nearest representatives of the royal houses of York and Lancaster.

Henry earl of Richmond was a descendant of the renowned John of Gaunt by
the female line. The first duke of Somerset, who was a grandson of the prince just named, left an only daughter, Margaret, who espoused Edmund the son of sir Owen Tudor and of Catherine,* the widow of Henry the Fifth. Edmund, already created earl of Richmond, had by this wife one son, who was baptised by the name of Henry, and became the heir of his titles and fortune. It is true that Somerset had proceeded from the house of Lancaster through a spurious channel; but care was taken to remedy this defect in his blood by an act of parliament which restored him to his legitimacy, and saved all the rights which might happen to accrue to his children as scions of the royal family. Hence it is manifest that the young earl, though possessing no valid title to the crown, was now invested with all the claims which belonged to the Lancastrian branch of the Plantagenets; a circumstance which rendered his union with Elizabeth of York extremely desirable to all lovers of peace, who saw in it a final termination to the sanguinary contest between the two roses, and the establishment of an indisputable line of succession.

A connexion had been previously formed between Henry Tudor and the duke of Buckingham by the marriage of the lady Margaret, mother of the earl, with sir Henry Stafford, uncle to the duke. The same lady afterwards became the wife of lord Stanley; but as she had no issue, the young Richmond continued to be the sole heir of her wealth and pretensions. The death of Henry the Sixth, and the murder of his son prince Edward, gave a new importance to the prospects which opened upon the Tudors; turning the eyes of all the Lancastrians upon their family, as the only remaining branch of an illustrious stock which they feared was so nigh extinction. Edward IV., who saw not the real danger with which his children were threatened, allowed his mind to be oppressed with apprehensions in regard to the troubles which might arise after his decease from the title of the earl of Richmond, if supported by the adherents of the red rose. With this view he endeavored to obtain possession of his person, and, accordingly, applied to the duke of Brittany, into whose dominions he had been carried, that he should either deliver him up to an appointed agent of the English king, or detain him securely as a prisoner in France. He subsequently expressed a desire to have him sent over to England, in order that he might be united in marriage to his daughter Elizabeth;—which project, whether seriously entertained or not by the crafty monarch, had it been really executed, would, perhaps, have anticipated the advantage of Bosworth Field, and have prevented the outpouring of blood which sullied Richard’s administration.

It is now difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain from what cause the discontent of the powerful but unprincipled duke of Buckingham originated. In his feverish dream of vague ambition, by some he is thought to have sought to grasp the crown; by others, it has been conjectured that Richard did not gratify to the full extent his inordinate appetite for wealth; or that he did not bestow upon him all the dignities which the latter thought suitable to his own high extraction; or that, dreading his restless temper, the king had betrayed symptoms of jealousy and alarm—the effects of which were justly regarded by the duke as full of danger to his life or fortune. Whatever the cause, Buckingham found himself earnestly seconded in his rebellious schemes by the sagacious prelate Morton, bishop of Ely, who, from his affection to Edward’s offspring and detestation of the tyrant, was equally eager to place the government on a different basis. At this juncture, the duke was reminded of the existence of the young nobleman whose claims would be more favorably regarded by the friends of Henry the Sixth, than any which he could hope to advance, through an accidental meeting upon the road between Worcester and Bridgenorth with the countess of Richmond. This lady, though apparently wholly devoted to the interests of piety and those pursuits adapted to her sex and rank, possessed a resolute spirit which fitted her to meet the vicissitudes of those stormy times. Her prudence equalled her courage. She had repelled the wild zeal of Richmond’s partisans at the period in which the house of York was fully established on the throne under Edward the Fourth; submitted to his brother’s usurpation with cheerful compliance, repairing to London for the purpose of honoring the queen at her coronation, and had even condescended to flatter Richard by soliciting him to receive her son into his grace.

* A portrait and memoir of this queen, the daughter of Isabel of Bavaria are in preparation.
and favor; yet, when a brighter hope dawned, she suffered no feminine weakness to deter her from engaging deeply in the perilous enterprise which promised to give a kingdom to her exiled heir; and, secured by her apparent frankness from suspicion, she became the medium of communication between the malcontents, negotiating with the dowager-queen, Elizabeth Wydeville, until the king’s tardy precautions finally put an end to their correspondence, yet too late to frustrate the schemes of his enemies. Buckingham revolved the circumstances of the meeting in his anxious mind. In attempting to gain the throne of England for himself, he saw that he must contend singly against the claims of both houses; for, in the event of Richard’s deposition, the daughter of Edward still lived to assert their rights and the Lancastrian faction looked up to a nearer relative of their defeated monarch. While engaged in these reflections, the Union of the long adverse Roses, in the person of the young earl of Richmond and the princess Elizabeth, burst upon his imagination in all its dazzling splendor. He beheld at a glance the immense advantages which would accrue to the realm, so long convulsed and depopulated by its civil desaviours, from this auspicious alliance. The concentration of the rival parties, in a common cause against the usurper, was a circumstance of scarcely less moment in the present exigence, and communicating the suggestion to Morton in one of their social hours, the comprehensive mind of the prelate instantly grasped all the beneficial results of an undertaking fraught with innumerable blessings to the bleeding land.

The active bishop suggested the means of accomplishing the object of their desire, by a correspondence with the countess of Richmond through Reginald Bray, a gentleman in her service with whom he was intimately acquainted, and whose wisdom and integrity admirably fitted him for so important a trust. A messenger was forthwith dispatched into Lancashire, with an invitation to this person to repair to the duke of Buckingham’s castle: he promptly obeyed the summons, and, admitted into the presence of the confederates, received a full disclosure of their favorable intentions towards the earl of Richmond, which he was directed to communicate to the countess his mistress, and to assure her of the duke’s determination to place her son upon the throne, if he would but pledge himself to espouse the princess Elizabeth immediately upon obtaining possession of the kingdom. Bray returned to the countess of Richmond, who received his intelligence with grateful joy, and Morton, somewhat suspicious, it would appear, of the duke’s continuing steadfast in his purpose, asked leave to repair to his bishopric, urging as the motive his powerful influence in the Isle of Ely, and the numerous friends whom his presence would bring to their cause. Without directly refusing permission. Buckingham framed a plausible excuse to detain his guest: this hesitation tended however to increase the prelate’s fears, and, in the event of the duke’s mutability of purpose he felt that he must become an inevitable sacrifice to the unreserved communication of his hostility to Richard. These considerations induced him therefore to seize a favorable opportunity to make his escape. Assuming a disguise, he withdrew from the castle in the dead of the night, and reached Ely in safety, whence, by the assistance of faithful and liberal friends, he was enabled to pass into Flanders: — a fortunate circumstance for Henry, who thus became secure of an indefatigable ally. Buckingham was highly displeased at this abrupt departure of his intended prisoner, the loss of whose prudent counsel led the rash duke into many errors, and ultimately occasioned the ruin of his ill-conducted enterprise.

The consent of Elizabeth Wydeville to the proposed arrangements being of vital consequence, the countess of Richmond contrived to acquaint her with the design by means of her priest physician, Dr. Lewis, a trusty Welchman, who was suffered, unsuspectedly, in his professional capacity, to penetrate into the inmost recesses of the guarded sanctuary; — and, imparting the glad tidings to its disconsolate inmate, he received an assurance that all the late king’s friends would join heartily in Henry’s cause, if he would swear to share the crown with Elizabeth of York, the eldest of the princesses.

With the characteristic ardor of their sex, each of the anxious mothers labored incessantly to promote the great object which they had in view; and the ruin of the waver, subtle and indomitable Richard was successfully plotted by these feeble
women in a neighbouring sanctuary, even whilst he was sitting in triumphant exultation upon his blood-stained throne. Elizabeth Wydeville informed her partisans of this design in favor of her eldest daughter, and procured a promise of vigorous co-operation; the countess of Richmond with extreme caution selected a gentleman named Conway, and a priest called Ursewick, for her confidants, and sent them with a large sum of money to her son in Brittany.

Meanwhile the tale was circulated throughout the kingdom, whispered from ear to ear, by enemies to Richard’s government. The desire to revenge the murder of Edward’s innocent children, and the glorious hope of preventing the recurrence of desolating wars, from a disputed succession, warmed intrepid spirits into action; the more timorous were stimulated to take up arms by the fortunate conjunction of the names of Richmond and Buckingham; and numbers, induced merely from personal considerations—hatred to the reigning monarch or a restless love of change—motives of interested or of ambition, joined the confederacy against him.

Richmond’s landing in England was fixed for October 18th, and, on the same day, Buckingham engaged to appear in the field; the insurgents prepared to rise in all parts of the kingdom on this, the concerted signal of revolt. A design necessarily confined to so great a number of persons, and attended by so many active measures, could not long remain unknown to a watchful and suspicious prince. Richard quickly perceived that the previous restlessness in the public mind, instead of being calmed, was increased by the promulgation of the account of the deaths of Prince Edward and the duke of York, and only a short period of uncertainty ensued respecting the intention of the conspirators, before his eyes were directed to Richmond.

The tidings of Buckingham’s perfidy came upon the king with stunning violence: scarcely able to credit the rumor which coupled disloyalty with the name of this cherished friend, he made trial of the duke’s sentiments, by sending him a right gracious invitation to court. Buckingham pleaded indisposition. The king’s wavering suspicions, were, therefore, now confirmed, and he dispatched an authoritative mandate for his instant attendance. The imperious noble boldly replied, ‘that he would not come to his mortal enemy,’ whom, says Grafton, “he neither loved nor favored.” This answer was conclusive; and, Richard, now fully aware that he must engage in open war with the revolted favorite, roused himself to meet the danger, and set every engine in motion to counteract the plans of his now avowed, as well as of his secret enemies.

The first positive information of the peril which menaced his throne reached the king during his progress through the north; he instantly sent to London, to the chancellor, for the great seal, which was accordingly delivered to him at Grantham, October 16th, 1483. He had already armed his retainers and raised a considerable force in the north; his next step was to proclaim Buckingham a traitor, and then publishing a manifesto extolling his own measures of government, the just administration of the laws, and the zealous regard of the interests of morality by which he was distinguished, concluded by contrasting this his transcendent purity with the character of his enemies, whom he branded with the most opprobrious epithets, assuring the people that in compassing the destruction of the throne, they meditated, “the letting of virtue and the damnable maintenance of vice.” He offered a pardon to all yeomen and commoners who had been deluded by the false representations of the insurgents, menaced those with the penalties of treason who should continue to assist them, and offered a large reward for the apprehension of the principal movers of the rebellion.

Fortune was unpropitious to the duke of Buckingham’s lofty assumption of the characteristic of his illustrious model, Richard Nevil, the king-maker; his arm was not destined to dethrone the monarch it had raised: followed more by fear than love, he had compelled a rude host of Welchmen into his service, and on the appointed day issued forth at their head; but, however zealous and ardent in the cause which he had espoused, he failed to inspire confidence; so that even many of the persons unfriendly to Richard could not believe in the sincerity of the motives which had impelled this sudden change in his conduct; and, slightly esteemed by the
higher orders, he experienced, from the hostility of his neighbours even at the outset of his enterprise, the greatest difficulties. The duke unfurled the standard of revolt at Brecon, but it was joined only by his dependants; while his kinsman Humphrey Stafford gave a mortal blow to the undertaking, by breaking down the bridges and destroying the roads which gave passage into England: many, too, of the passes were strictly guarded by the adherents of Thomas Vaughan, who with a loyal zeal for Richard, little honorable, however, to his filial feelings, instead of rushing forward in the train of Buckingham to avenge the murder of his father, who had been sacrificed with Rivers and Gray at Pontefract, he harassed the march of the insurgents, and urged them into by-paths, which delayed, and finally ruined the undertaking. Buckingham thus prevented from pursuing the direct road, led his forces through the Forest of Dean, intending to cross the Severn at Gloucester. The design chanced to be frustrated by a deluge of rain of ten days' continuance, which swelled the river until it overflowed its banks, carrying ruin and desolation into the circumjacent country;—the rushing torrent presenting an insurmountable barrier between the confederates. The marquis of Dorset had meanwhile raised his followers in Exeter, and other of the malcontents were ready to take up arms in different parts of the kingdom; but their junction could not be effected in consequence of the impassable state of the river owing to a flood, which, as Hall relates, was long after remembered throughout the country by the name of the "Great Water, or Buckingham's flood." Compelled to remain inactive on the borders of the stream, the Welch soldiers, little inclined to the enterprise, gradually dispersed themselves. The duke vainly attempted to retain them in his service by promises of reward and threats of punishment; they, however, fell off daily in great numbers, and Buckingham was at length deserted by all except a few persons belonging to his household. In this distress, the country hostile, his soldiers treacherous, and a price set upon his head, Buckingham was reduced to seek shelter under the roof of a servant named Banaster, at Shrewsbury, in whose prudence and fidelity he placed a vain reliance. The incautious conduct of this man led to fatal results: considering the rank rather than the circumstances of his guest, he excited suspicion by furnishing his table with viands of a quality superior to his ordinary fare. Watchful eyes were thereupon directed to his residence, and, tempted to anticipate the detection from which he dreaded by the large reward offered for Buckingham's apprehension, he himself basely betrayed the unfortunate nobleman to the sheriff of the county.

The proud duke, despoiled of those exterior marks of rank and riches, in which, like the ostentatious Richard, he so much delighted, and clad in a rusty black cloak, sought concealment throughout the day in a grove adjoining Banaster's house. In this disguise he was seized by an armed force and conveyed to Salisbury, where the king was already stationed with his army. Richard's vengeance fell swiftly on the prisoner's head; he had appointed a vice constable to pass judgment upon all rebels, without," according to Rymer, "delay, trial, or appeal." Pusillanimous in adversity, Buckingham showed himself to be unworthy of "deeds of high empire." Blackened with a dark stain of treachery towards his early friend, he descended into deeper perfidy in the vain hope of softening the monarch's inexorable heart, meanly betraying the names and purpose of his accomplices, and involving many gallant knights and gentlemen in ruin, by a base confession which availed him not. Richard, panting for his blood would admit no plea in extenuation of his sentence; so that neither former nor future service could divert the stern inflexibility of his soul, and, deaf even to the duke's eager solicitation to be admitted to a personal interview before his death, he condemned him, with merciless precipitation, to the block. It is said that Buckingham sought this in the hope of accomplishing a murderous revenge; and that armed with a dagger he was prepared to spring upon the monarch in some unguarded moment, and bury the weapon in his heart; but Richard's unrelenting severity defeated this crafty scheme of assassination, and Buckingham, disappointed in the expectation of achieving his purpose, suffered the punishment of treason in the market-place of Salisbury, upon a scaffold erected expressly for the melancholy occasion. His head was struck off on the 2nd. of November, and immediately
after the execution of his sentence, Richard's dependants hurried with eager rapacity to take possession of his forfeited estates. As a reward for his loyalty, or a bribe, to secure equal forbearance in any future attempt, the castle of Kymbolton, was that same day assigned to Stanley.

Buckingham's ignominious death, proved fatal, it is said, to Lionel, Bishop of Salisbury, uncle to Elizabeth of York, and one of the last of the unfortunate race of Wydeville. The prelate was deeply interested in the welfare of Richard's unstable favourite, in consequence of his marriage with a younger sister, and he was so strongly affected by the Duke's execution which took place at the seat of his own bishopric that he did not long survive the tragic scene. According to the old chronicles, retributive justice overtook the faithless servant by whose cowardice or treachery the Duke of Buckingham was surrendered into Richard's hands. Hall relates the disasters which befell the traitor's family in the following words:—

"Whether this Banaster betrayed the Duke more for fear than covetousness many men do doubt; but sure it is that shortly after he betrayed the duke his master, his sonne and heyre waxed mad and so dyed in a bores stye; his eldest daughter of excellent beautie was sodaynlie stryken with a foul leperye: his second sonne very mervellously deformed of his limmes and made decyptre; his younger son in a small puddel was strangled and drowned, and he being of extreme age arraigne and found guilltie of a murthyr and by his clergy saved. And as for his thousand pound, king Richard gave him not one farthing, saying that he which would be untrue to so good a master would be false to all other howbeit some say he had a small office or a ferme to stoppe his mouth withal."

Buckingham's disaster defeated for awhile the attempt to place Richmond on the throne. He had left St. Maloës at the head of five thousand men, partly English, and partly foreigners, whom he had embarked on board a small squadron destined for the invasion of his native country, but as the wind was exceedingly unfavorable, he did not reach the coast until his friends' efforts had proved unavailing. When Buckingham's fate was made known he resolved to return to his asylum in Britanny, and there await the arrival of a more propitious season for disputing the throne with his warlike rival. At the ensuing festival of Christmas, however, a meeting of Henry's adherents was held at Rhedon in Britanny, when the young earl swore solemnly, before the high altar, to make Elizabeth of York his queen, as soon as he should triumph over the usurper; and five hundred of his exiled friends on that condition took the oath of fealty, and did homage to him as their sovereign. Though the disappointment sustained by his enemies had conferred upon Richard additional strength and security, still he could not fail to be seriously alarmed at the idea of a marriage between Henry Tudor and Elizabeth of York. Thoroughly instructing himself in the details of the plan they intended to pursue, he determined to counteract their proceedings by tearing from their hands the instruments which they were meditating to employ against him. Strange and startling as it may appear in modern times, Richard resolved upon espousing his niece himself. With this view he altered his behaviour to the queen-mother, and when he had hitherto employed threats by favors and flattering promises, he endeavored to win her confidence. He sent to her various messengers, "men of wit and gravity" to conciliate her confidence. They performed their difficult task with zeal and discretion. They persuaded queen Elizabeth to forget all her wrongs, and entrust her daughters to the care of Richard, and his queen to form a part of his court, and to be educated under his care:—the king, binding himself by a solemn oath, before the peers of the realm, prelates and city magistrates that she and her daughter should be treated as his kinswomen; that their lives should be in no danger; that the mother should possess an annuity for life; and that each of the princesses should receive lands to the value of two hundred marks as a marriage portion, and to be married to none but gentlemen. The document itself preserved amongst the Harleian MS. is too singular and interesting to be omitted; it is dated on the 1st of March 1484, ten months after the wretched family had taken shelter from his persecution in the gloomy abode from which he now sought so earnestly to withdraw them:—

"Md. that I, Richard by the grace of God king of Scotland and of France, and lord of Ireland, in the presets of you my lords spirituell and temporell, and you mair and
aldermen of my cite of London, promitte and swore verbo regio upon these holy Evangelies of God by me personally touched, that if the daughters of dame Elizabeth Gray late calling herself Queene of England, that is to wit Elizabeth, Cecill, Anne, Kateryn, and Brigitte, wol come unto me out of the Sanctwarie of Westminster and be guided, ruled, and demeane after me, then I shall see that they shall be in suretie of their lyffes, and also that neither any manner hurt by any manner persone or persones, to be done by way of ravissement or defauling contrarie their wills, nor them nor any of them imprisoned within the Toure of London or other prisoone; that I shall put them in honest places of good name and fame, and then honestly and courtely shall see to be founden and entreated, and to have all things requisite and necessary for their exhibicion and findings as my kynneswomen; and that I shall do marie suche of them as now ben mariable to gentillmen born, and everiche of them geve in mariage lands and tenements to the yerely valewe of CC. marcs for term of their lives; and in likewise to the other daughters when they come to lawfull age of mariagie if they lyff. And suche gentillmen as shall happ to marie with them I shall straitly charge, from tyne to tyne, loyyngly to love and entreate them as their wyffys and my kynneswomen, as they wyl advoyd and eschue my displeasur.

"And over this that I shall yerely from hensfurther content and pay, or cause to be contented and pailed, for th' exhibicion and finding of the said dame Elizabeth Gray during her naturall lyff at iiiij. termes of the yere, that is to wit at pasche, midsomer, Michillmasse, and Christemasse, to John Nesfelde, one of the squers for my body, for his finding, to attend upon her, the summe of DCC. marcs of lawfull money of England, by even porcions; and moreover I promitte to them, that if any surmyse or eyll report be made to me of them, or any of them, by any person or persones, that than I shall not give therunto faith ne credence, nor therefore put them to any maner pynshement, before that they or any of them so accused may be at their lawful defence and answer. In witnesse whereof to this writing of my othe and promise as foresaid, in your said presences made, I have set my sign manuelli the first day of Marche the first yere of my reigne."

Of the few letters and documents hitherto discovered of king Richard the Third that are wholly or substantially his own, it has been justly remarked by sir Henry Ellis, that "even in these there is a darkness and a mystery inconsistent with upright deeds. The impression which they make is bad: and leads us to suspect that future discoveries, whatever else they may develop, will do little to retrieve the character of Richard the Third from the odium so concurrentely passed upon it by those who lived in his time." Richard's mental disquiet, his doubts, apprehensions, distrusts, are all visible in the documents of his last year, though sometimes attempted to be concealed under smooth and cringing expressions. What, indeed, can more strongly indicate the generally dark character of that reign of terror, and the wretched position of the desolate queen-dowager or her helpless family, in particular, than a king of England swearing before his spiritual and temporal lords, that he would not murder nor grievously harm five innocent young ladies, the daughters of his own brother and their late sovereign! How miserable the pitiance offered by Richard to those unhappy nieces who had so lately been contracted by their ambitious father to the greatest princes in Europe! such, however, was the state of distress of the desolate mother, that she accepted those humiliating terms, "forgetting," says Grafton, "the faithful promises and open oath which had been made to earl Henry; blinded by avaricious affection and seduced by flattering words, she delivered into king Richard's hands her five daughters, as lambs once again committed to the custody of ravenous wolves." Although thus breaking her engagements with Richmond's friends, yet, his cause then seemed so hopeless, that she had scarcely even to choose between immuring five young ladies, the eldest but seventeen, for life, in a sanctuary; or permitting them to receive that princely education, which her maternal affection desired. No friendly pen has explained her motives; unjustly, perhaps, she has been held up as an instance of feminine versatility and weakness. Her conduct may at first sight be so considered; but it is also possible that the entreaties of, as well as the advantages to her own children, may have induced a reconciliation with the king.

Accordingly, the queen-dowager in March 1484 repaired with her family to court. Both mother and daughters were received with studied honors and kindness by the king and his consort; and while by familiar and affectionate entertainments the usurper strove to make each member of his deceased brother's unfortunate family forget every former ill, marks of peculiar distinction were lavished upon the
young Elizabeth, whom Richard probably wished it to be thought was destined to be wife of his son Edward. "For he thought," Grafton quaintly observes, "that by the marriage of the lady Elizabeth his niece, the earl's comb had been clearly cut," and he could pretend no claim nor title to the crown. A regard for national tranquility, and, still more, for the security of his son's future succession, probably dictated this conduct which, while it seconded the king's peculiar policy, may have been most favorable to their happiness and the country's welfare. Richard also prevailed on the royal mother to solicit her son Dorset to concur in the family conciliation.

But while Richard was thus exerting himself to suppress and disappoint internal conspiracy, and to prevent invasion from Henry Tudor, he was destined to receive the first great retributive blow from the unseen direction of events, in the loss of his only son. After adding the princesses to his household, in February 1484, he assembled the chief noblemen and gentlemen of his kingdom, and caused them to swear an oath of fidelity and adherence to his only child, Edward prince of Wales—a vain precaution,—useless, as it regarded the frail dependence which his own conscience must have taught him could alone be placed upon the most solemn promises, though ratified at the altar and rendered unavailing by the premature death of the object of his parental solicitude.

Within ten months after he had thus secured, as he supposed, the succession to his own line, the young prince was attacked with a mortal disease at Middleham Castle, which carried him with frightful rapidity to the grave: a happy circumstance for the innocent boy, who, in all probability, would have shared in the disastrous fortunes which befell every male descendant of the house of York, and who was now spared a participation in the retributive justice which shortly afterwards overtook the guilty ambition of his father. Under more felicitous circumstances, the untimely decease of this fair child would have excited our sympathy and regret. The record which has been preserved of Richard's infant heir is slight yet interesting; we hear of him at the coronation at York, his baby-brows wreathed with a demi-crown, and his small hand linked in that of the exulting mother, who led him with a proud but tender joy to the ceremonial which she fondly hoped would have given a sceptre to his grasp. Nursed in the lap of luxury and ease, the prince in his earliest days was surrounded by pomp and magnificence; Richard's fondness for the shewy appendages of royalty extended itself to the appointments of his son; the graceful plume waved on his cap of state, his attire was rich and splendid, and his attendants numerous. We learn from a document amongst the Harleian MSS. that the primmer of "my lord prince" was corded with black satin, and, probably on account of his tender age, a chariot was provided for his accommodation in travelling.

The afflicting intelligence of their son's death reached the king and queen at Nottingham; they received it with frantic anguish, and abandoning themselves to despair mourned the irreparable loss, with delirious grief. Richard felt that his throne was weakened by this heavy and unexpected blow, and his foreboding spirit anticipated an evil, even more severe than the deprivation of the cherished idol of his tenderest affections. The prospects of the bereaved and sorrowing mother were equally gloomy; the tie was snapped which had secured the warm attachment of her husband, and henceforth she was doomed to mourn over disappointed hopes and alienated regards. But Richard, incessantly haunted by the name of Henry Tudor, linked with deep-laid conspiracies, shook off the weight of affliction which oppressed his soul, and starting from the benumbing influence of sorrow, applied himself again to public affairs. Eagerly desirous to raise up in the people's affections a rival to the menacing and hated Richmond, he named the earl of Warwick—the son of his unfortunate brother the duke of Clarence, as heir presumptive to the crown—a politic choice, formed without due consideration and speedily revoked in favor of another of the king's nephews—John earl of Lincoln, the son of Richard's most beloved sister, the duchess of York, who was exalted to this fatal pre-eminence.

The death of Richard's son had raised Elizabeth of York to a still higher station in the realm, than even that which she had previously occupied. What the king's original designs might have been with respect to the princess are unknown, but, ac-
cording to the supposition of a very judicious writer, in all probability, he intended to form an alliance between his eldest niece and his heir: this hope being frustrated by the untimely death of the young prince, Richard's personal enemies did not scruple to aver that he meditated a divorce from his queen, either by legal measures or a darker purpose, in order to secure, by a union repulsive to every moral feeling of society, the hand of so dangerous a claimant to his brother's throne. The world soon drew these inferences from the extraordinary marks of respect paid to Elizabeth of York, (who had been attached to the retinue of queen Anne, and thus left in real, though honorable captivity); she appeared at the court festivals which were given in celebration of the Christmas holidays, attired in most costly robes, ostentatiously vying in regal magnificence with those worn by king Richard's consort. The queen's illness, which almost immediately ensued, further strengthened these odious suspicions; the cause of an indisposition so opportune for the alleged desire of her husband, was attributed, by some, to excessive grief, occasioned by his neglect and wickedness; and, by others, to the more certain effects of poison. The latter supposition seems without foundation, however strong the inclination to charge Richard with the commission of a revolting crime in accordance with his inclination or his interest. Hall remarks, that the affections of the king were totally alienated from his wife; that his disgust and hatred broke out into bitter animadversions against her, and that his repining murmurs were confided to the ear of Archbishop Rotherham, not without a hope that he would report them to the queen, and thereby increase the malady which already oppressed her, and that when Anne, alarmed by these cruel tokens of the king's disregard, approached him sorrowing, he soothed her grief, and bidding her be of good cheer, offered gentle consolation in tender caresses and dissembling words: — a refinement in delicacy or hypocrisy in no wise analogous to his character, and altogether at variance with the proposed end, which the ungenerous complaints he is said to have uttered were intended to produce. The Croyland historian informs us, "it was said by many that the king, either expecting the queen's death, or meditating a divorce, for which he thought he had sufficient reasons, was applying his mind to a marriage with the princess, and that it did not seem to Richard that his kingdom would be confirmed to him, or the hope of his competitor Richmond taken away by any other measure; that he withdrew from the society of his queen, but states this separation to have been the result, and not the cause of her illness, and that the duration of the disease which finally terminated queen Anne's existence would have exonerated any other person from those injurious surmises which blackened the king's character. She lingered for nearly two months after her first attack, scarcely a sufficient period for the slow operation of pining grief, and too long for the impatient anxiety of a husband resorting to sinister means to procure the death of one who had outlived his affection." But Richard was now doomed to experience the fatal effects of the almost universal reprehension provoked by his open violation of every law of nature and morality. The gorgeous dress permitted to Elizabeth was a condemning circumstance, and, followed by the illness of the queen, whose days the archbishop Rotherham prophesied would be few, produced a strong sensation in the public mind.

News was now brought to Richard, while celebrating the feast of the Epiphany, of Henry Tudor's intended invasion early in the ensuing summer. In the centre of a magnificent court, surrounded by obsequious nobles bending in flattering homage to his will; and wearing on his brows the regal diadem, which he delighted to display full in the world's admiring gaze, the short-sighted monarch received the tidings with premature exultation, rejoicing in the prospect of giving battle to his adventurous enemy, and subduing by one decisive blow the alarming confederacy which, despite of a dauntless intrepidity of spirit inherent in the house of York, cast a deep shadow round his throne. Tormented by vague fears, suspicious of his associates, and unacquainted with his rival's resources, he ardently longed for a conflict where-in his own strength, his fortune and his pomp would be brought in overwhelming force against the utmost efforts of the long declining Lancastrians. It is not improbable that in the expectation of Richard's attempt the king meditated the defeat of the invader's best hope by raising Elizabeth to partnership in his throne.
informality in his marriage with queen Anne is said to have existed; and the keen
disappointment sustained by their now childless union offered other facilities for a
divorce. Anne’s dangerous illness prevented the necessity of applying to the church
for a separation; and anticipating his freedom from matrimonial bonds, his daring
temper suggested the revolting measure which would transmit the crown to the lineal
descendant of Edward IV. The object of the monarch’s unhallowed policy has not
escaped wholly free from the charge of having participated in this terrible expedient.
On the authority of Buck, Richard’s zealous and somewhat indiscreet advocate, the
princess Elizabeth dazzled by the splendor of a throne, entered with disgraceful
eagerness into her uncle’s views. The court physicians had declared their opinion,
upon the queen’s first seizure, immediately after the Christmas holidays, that her
sufferings must terminate by the middle of the following February. Elizabeth is
represented by her accuser as anxiously watching for the desired event; and, in
support of this injurious charge, he gives the substance of a letter alleged to have
been written by the princess to the duke of Norfolk, wherein, after assuring him that
“he was the man in whom she most affiled in respect of that love which her father
ever bore him”—and thanking him for all his former courtesies, she entreats his
good offices as a mediator to the king in behalf of the marriage propounded between
them, ‘who,’ says Buck, as she writes, ‘was her only joy and maker in this world,
and that she was in heart and thought;’ withal insinuating that the better part
of February was past and that she feared the queen would never die. All these,
continues the historian, “be her own words, written with her own hand, and this
is the sum of her letter, which remains in the autograph or original draft under her
own hand in the magnificent cabinet of Thomas earl of Arundel and Surrey.” If
this account be true, neither the youth nor the inexperience of Elizabeth can palliate
the weakness and the vice which she so unblushingly manifested; her fair fame
would be irredeemably affected—not on the ground of her relationship to Richard,
but from his being the author of the misfortunes, of her family, if not the murderer of
her brothers; and because she had pledged herself but a few months before to marry
the earl of Richmond. Buck is known as a faithless writer—his startling assertions,
must therefore be received with caution; and the more so, as the letter is not to
be found, neither does Buck expressly aver that he had seen it, this important
circumstance being only inferred; he neglecting to give an authenticated copy of a
document which assails the reputation of a lady rendered illustrious by the virtues
displayed throughout the remainder of her life. This letter, if genuine—so fatally
dishonorable to the writer, would exonerate Richard from proposing the odious mar-
riage with his niece. Elizabeth, in declaring her ready concurrence in the measure,
entreats the duke of Norfolk to exert his influence with her uncle in her behalf, thus
inducing the supposition that the idea originated in a third party, by whose persuasions
she hoped that the king would be guided. There are strong facts opposed to
this view of the subject, yet it is the obvious tendency of Elizabeth’s words, and
the discrepancy of her solicitations for the interest of another with the statement
contained in the chronicles of the time, will justify a jealous mistrust of a letter
which bears so many marks of being wholly surreptitious. Elizabeth’s request to the
duke of Norfolk must have arisen from doubt and diffidence of Richard’s intentions
towards her; and this alliance, which was happily prevented by the resolute inter-
position of the king’s friends, is represented to have been the suggestion of those
very men, at the moment in which their royal master was at liberty to complete it,
who boldly and firmly avowed their hostile sentiments. An intelligent modern writer
argues upon this interesting point of history, that if the letter quoted by Buck really
existed, its purport may perhaps be reconciled with other facts by supposing that he
misook its date, or assigned to it a wrong one; and that, in fact, the person for
whom she expressed so eager a desire to marry was Henry instead of Richard.

Queen Anne died on the sixth of March 1445, and every voice was raised at once
against a marriage which the whole nation contemplated with horror. Ratcliffe and
Catesby zealously and successfully opposed themselves to a design which they knew
would be fraught with ruin to the king, assuring him that should he persist in a pro-
ject branded with universal reprehension, the portion of his subjects most strongly
attached to his person, the men of the North, would inevitably rise in rebellion; and they further besought him if he valued the security of his throne to give a solemn pledge to the people of his entire abandonment of a purpose which was too offensive to public feeling to be for a moment tolerated. Though it was improbable that those sanguinary creatures of the usurper, the "knight and esquire of the body," should obtain the credit of disinterested probity on the occasion, their reasoning and feelings were just; but it was believed that their real motive was a fear that Elizabeth might gain the king's affection and govern his mind, and then revenge the murder of her uncle and brother at Pontefract on those who had recommended it.

The opinion of twelve doctors in theology was equally adverse to this incestuous connexion; they ventured to express a doubt of the pope's power to grant a legal dispensation, and Richard, thus warned of the insuperable difficulties which barred his hopes, was too prudent to brave the world's unmitigated censure, and, a short time before Easter, assembled the mayor, aldermen, and chief commons of London in the great hall of the Temple; and, in their presence, in a clear and loud voice, wholly and distinctly contradicted the invidious report which had been circulated throughout the kingdom. This denial came, however, too late to dispel the suspicions previously entertained, and it was attributed to fear of the consequences of so bold a defiance of law and religion. Richard's subjects saw no merit in the sacrifice of the monarch's supposed wishes, and his not ungraceful deference to the national voice was termed hypocrisy,—misinterpretations founded upon the low estimate which honest men had formed of his character upon the discovery of the tragic fate of Edward's children. Hence he entered upon the fatal year of 1485, with a diminution of his own safety, by the very measures which human calculation had supposed would most firmly consolidate it.

The marquess of Dorset, the brother-in-law of Elizabeth of York, yielding to his mother's representations of Richard's altered conduct towards her family, endeavored to escape from his co-exiles at Paris and join her family at the English court. He accordingly left the French capital secretly at night, for Flanders: but his departure became known to Richmond, who obtained the French king's authority to arrest him. He was overtaken at Compeigne, and carried back to Paris.

The information that Richard himself intended to marry Elizabeth, had made Henry Tudor despair for awhile of uniting himself with the line of York, while the desertion of Dorset having alarmed him for the stability of his other friends, he decided on attempting his enterprise without delay. Obtaining, therefore, a small force, and borrowing some money from the French king, for which he left Dorset and Sir John Bourcher as hostages, he went to Rouen, collected his friends, and prepared with alacrity a little fleet at Hartsleur to sail as soon as it was ready.

It would be improper not to notice, whilst touching upon this passage of English history, the corroborative testimony of a kind of metrical narrative of Elizabeth of York's connection with the revolution in favor of Henry the Seventh, entitled "The most pleasant Song of Lady Bessy," written by Humphrey Brereton, who represents himself to have been an esquire in the retinue of lord Stanley, afterwards earl of Derby; to have been privy to the manner in which that nobleman was detached from Richard's interests—to have carried the letters to lord Stanley's son, brother, and other relatives in Cheshire, urging them to espouse Richmond's cause—and to have been the bearer of a communication from Elizabeth and Stanley to Henry in Brittany. It is difficult to determine to what extent the statements in this "Song" are to be received as truth; but that they are not wholly imaginary is unquestionable. The most probable events related by Brereton, but which rest on his testimony alone, are that Elizabeth was especially recommended to the care of lord Stanley by Edward the fourth on his death-bed—that she lodged in his house in London* after she quitted the sanctuary—that she was privy to the rising in favor of Richmond—that she could read and write both French and Spanish—that Brereton was sent into Cheshire to Stanley's son—lord Strange, to his brother and other

* Derby House, a princely structure, formerly standing on St. Benet's Hill, Walbrook; the site of which is now occupied by the herald's College.
relations, entreatings them to support Richmond's cause—and that he was the bearer of letters to Henry in Brittany, together with a letter and ring from Elizabeth to him. On his return, he says that he found her in London; that she shortly afterwards accompanied Stanley to Leicester; and that she was in the neighbourhood of Bosworth when that battle was fought. Whether, as Brereton relates, lord Stanley was induced to abandon Richard in consequence of Elizabeth's pathetic remonstrances, and of the picture which he held up to his view of the usurper's character, charging him with the foul murder of Henry the Sixth, and the two young princes—with poisoning his queen that he might make her "his leman," and all the other crimes with which his enemies have failed to load his memory, cannot be determined; but, perhaps, this part of his tale is that which is least worthy of credit. But, if the slightest reliance can be placed on Brereton's authority, it must be concluded that Henry was indebted to Elizabeth alone for the support of the Stanleys, and, consequently, for his crown—that Richard sought to obtain, if not her hand, her person—that her fidelity to her engagement with Henry remained unshaken, and that she treated the usurper's advances with scorn and abhorrence.

The rumors that Henry's preparations for his invasion were advancing to maturity, increasing every day, Richard, roused to a sense of his impending danger, tried, in vain, by all his secret agents, to ascertain in what part he had resolved to land. An approaching struggle, in which a bloody contest for the crown was to be decided, seemed inevitable; and, baffled by Richmond's secrecy, Richard's mind became the prey of doubts and apprehensions. Sir Thomas More draws a fearful picture of the disturbed rest, the sudden terrors, the imaginary spectres, and continual perturbation which harassed the usurper's mind:—"I have heard by credible report of such as were secret with his chamberers, that he never had quiet in his mind, never thought himself sure. When he went abroad, his eyes whirled about, his body privily fenced, his hand ever on his dagger, his countenance and manner like one always ready to strike again. He took ill rests at night, lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch, rather slumbered than slept, troubled with fearful dreams, suddenly sometimes started up, leapt out of bed, and ran about the chamber; so was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of this abominable deed." He no longer knew indeed whom to trust or distrust. Daily defections sorely taught him to suspect the fidelity of the most attached amongst his adherents, and no one gave him more uneasiness than lord Stanley, whose hostility he dreaded both, on account of his extensive influence in Cheshire and Lancashire, and from his having married the mother of the pretender to the crown. To attach this nobleman the more firmly to the royal interests, the king had lavished favors upon him; but at the same time to keep him always under his own eye, he had made him steward of his household; and as a further test of his loyalty, on sending him to levy forces upon his northern estates, he retained at court the lord Strange as an hostage for the fidelity of his father.

The lord Stanley proceeded to Leicester, accompanied, as Brereton states, by the princess Elizabeth, who, it appears, for greater security, was soon after sent, by command of the king, to the castle of sheriff Hutton, in Yorkshire,—as soon as intelligence of Richmond's landing reached him. There she shared in the sad captivity of her cousin, the young earl of Warwick, jealously secluded from the world's gaze in the same fortress. The rightful heirs of the crown were in this manner detained in close imprisonment, while two pretenders, neither of whom possessed the slightest legal claim, where preparing for the mortal conflict which would secure the long disputed kingdom to the usurping line of York, or the illegitimate branch of Lancaster. Making Leicester his head quarters, that powerful nobleman speedily found himself at the head of five thousand Welch retainers, but the difficulties of Stanley's position were increased by his son being treated by Richard as a faithful adherent, whose death-blow was certain in the event of his father's defection.

Being covertly a party to the marriage of Henry and Elizabeth, Stanley temporised, seemed to fluctuate, and preserved a show of neutrality longer than could be conceived, if the extent and remoteness of his domains be not considered:—until at
length, in this painful state of suspense, Reginald Bray privately conveying to him the earl of Richmond's message, he took his measures accordingly.

Sailing from Harfleur with a small force, Richmond, in seven days, arrived off Milford-Haven. On the 6th of August he landed with his troops, which did not exceed two thousand men, at Dalle—a place chosen partly, perhaps, from some reliance on the partiality of the Britons to their native race—he being grandson of a descendant of Brut, Beli, Arthur and Cadwallader—and, as the means of placing the dynasty of ancient British ancestry on the throne of England. On the ensuing day, the earl entered Haverford West, where his reception from the eager enthusiasm of a warm-hearted people, delighted to greet a native prince, was highly gratifying to the returning exile, who, from the age of fifteen, had lived as a proscribed and banished man. Richmond had taken the inhabitants by surprise; no previous rumor announced his arrival; the rapidity of his march occasioned it to be proclaimed by his presence alone, and the burst of congratulation which followed his unexpected appearance, sprang from the first impulse of affectionate zeal. The situation also of Stanley's domains, on his left, was probably also not unimportant in directing his choice of a landing-place; for it was on the immediate co-operation of the Stanleys and his English friends that he mainly relied, and to reach them "before Richard's eagle eye could detect his march," was his only chance and hope. Proceeding, therefore, over mountain passes, by the least frequented tracks and most thinly peopled districts, he sent forward trusty messengers, as he moved, to his mother, lord Stanley and sir Gilbert Talbot, uncle of the young earl of Shrewsbury, to apprise them of his coming and acquaint them with his intention to cross the Severn at Shrewsbury, and thence direct his march to London. He met with little to oppose or encourage him: if the Welch chieftains did not impede his progress, few joined his standard; and when he took possession of Shrewsbury, his army did not exceed four thousand men.

Richmond, as active and vigilant in war as his brother Edward, quitted London on the 16th of August—a week having elapsed before he heard of Richmond's landing, and altogether doubtful of his brother's line of march, he moved to the central provinces, that he might more easily turn his attack wherever the appearance of the enemy required it. At the head of a numerous but promiscuous force, the king marched from Nottingham to Leicester with the most ostentatious pomp. On Sunday the 20th of August, with his jewelled crown on his head, seated on a great white steed, he entered the latter city, in magnificent array, followed by an immense multitude. It was the last day of enjoying, in the sight of the people, the gorgeous state he so fondly loved.

At Stafford, Richmond had been met by sir William Stanley, and, after a long consultation with him, moved to Lichfield, and encamped outside of the town during the night. In the morning he entered it, and was received with loud acclamations. Lord Stanley had reached the same place with his power, but hearing of Richard's approach, repaired to Atherstone. He made the movement to deceive Richard and save his son.

Not daring, however, to meet his son-in-law openly, lest his defection might prove the death warrant of lord Strange, he was constrained, after receiving intimation of his close vicinity, to dissemble his knowledge of the fact, until after nightfall; when, cautiously quitting his quarters, he proceeded to Atherstone, about six miles from Redmore Heath, in the immediate vicinity of which the hostile armies had encamped. There, under cover of the darkness, in a little close, the most lonely spot that could be selected, a secret interview took place between Richmond, lord Stanley and his brother; and they settled their plans for the impending battle. This meeting, between the son and the husband of Margaret of Lancaster, has been invested with additional interest by the glowing genius of our great dramatic poet:

Richmond. "All comfort that the dark night can afford.
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me how fares one loving mother?"

Stanley. "I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good."—Richard III.
This rendezvous had nearly proved fatal in its consequences to all parties. Having separated to seek their several quarters, Richmond, absorbed in intense meditation on the awful event which the morrow would bring forth, suffered his attendants to ride out of sight and hearing, ere he perceived that he was left alone. The perturbed state of Henry Tudor’s mind is forcibly delineated in the descriptive page of the chronicler Hall. This interesting writer—whose account Shakspere has closely followed—informs us that Richmond, revolting the doubtful chances of his almost wild attempt, and pondering upon the most fitting measure to pursue in the distressing difficulties which environed him, had lingered unconsciously upon the road, and awakening at length from his reverie found himself benighted and alone at a distance from his encampment. Clouds having obscured the horizon, and altogether ignorant of the face of the country and the disposition of its inhabitants, he wandered about a considerable time without being able to discover the object of his search; in this painful dilemma, and apprehensive of diverging too far from the advancing army, he resolved to await the dawn in a small village, where, without daring to ask a single question, lest he should betray himself at one of Richard’s out-posts, he passed a restless and miserable night. The desolation of Henry Tudor’s situation could scarcely be surpassed. Animated in his perilous expedition through Wales by the expectation of being strongly supported the moment he crossed the Severn, these flattering hopes remained unfulfilled, his promised adherents held themselves timorously aloof, and, involved in a state of dreary suspense, he was left to form the most gloomy conjectures concerning the issue of his enterprise. With returning day, Richmond hastened to overtake his army, whose march he was fortunately enabled to trace without further deviation. Unwilling to confess the danger into which his imprudence had betrayed him, he led the anxious enquirers who crowded round him to believe that his absence had been voluntary, and occasioned by the necessity of forming plans with some secret friends who were obliged to forbear for the present a public declaration in his favor.

As the important crisis approached, Richard’s disturbed soul became more than usually agitated. During the proudest moments of his triumphs he could not still the fierce upbroadings of a troubled conscience; and though he had suffered himself to be hurried on by the impetuosity of a reckless ambition to the commission of atrocious crimes, his heart was far from being callous or insensible to the world’s odium, and to the secret conviction of its justice. If the splendid fruits of Richard’s guilty daring, the regal diadem and scepter state, forbade repentance, he endured the agonizing stings of remorse without its healing balm—suffered the penalty of sin, and lost the hope of pardon. Every previously cherished apprehension rushed with appalling magnitude on Richard’s tortured soul during the night before the last eventful struggle for the crown; dismal visions haunted the restless slumbers of an uneasy couch, throughout the dreary hours of darkness; and black shapes flitted round him like fiends already contending for their prey. Returning consciousness could not dissipate the awful terrors of the night; aghast with horror, Richard’s trembling frame, haggard eyes, and convulsed features betrayed the agitated state of his mind, fearing lest his friends should attribute these suspicious symptoms to a craven spirit, and appalled at the approach of human enemies, he revealed the cause to the attendants of his person, describing the baneful symptoms which had blanched his cheek, and shaken every limb, confessing that:

"—Shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed all in proof, and led by shallow Richmond."

Rallying, however, his failing spirits, the king breathed vengeance against his rebellious foes, menacing Richmond’s adherents with signal punishment, and predicting equal misery to England from the vindictive spirit of his rival, should victory declare itself for the Lancastrians.

The twenty-second of August 1485, it has been truly said, was a portentous day
for England. To the combatants it was a struggle for life or death—to the leaders a contest for a crown—to the nation it was more—it was the day-spring of civil and religious freedom. It chronicles the fearful whirlwind which scattered in awful fury before it the stagnant and accumulated evils of ages, but which by its very violence, was eventually to purify the land.

Early in the morning, both armies—Richard’s double in number, advanced to Redmore Heath.* Richard, calling his chieftains together, addressed them in a short and energetic speech. But the king’s frame and spirits were by far too much agitated with nervous emotion to possess that alacrity of mind, and cheerfulness of countenance which he had always displayed on the day of a battle. His perturbed rest of the preceding night, was, we are told, visible in his trembling form, his attenuated, pale, and discolored face. The personal appearance of Richmond, on the contrary, was greatly in his favor. He was not tall, but he possessed an animated countenance; his yellow hair, like burnished gold, flowed gracefully about his quick, grey, and shining eyes. The interview with lord Stanley had dissolved his doubts, allayed his anxieties; hope sprang elate within his bosom, and “he seemed,” say historians, “more like an angelical creature than a terrestrial personage.” Riding from rank to rank through his small army, the earl gave comfortable words to all; and then ascending a small hill near, “armed in all pieces but his helmet,” he prepared to address the whole line. He pledged himself that in such a quarrel, rather than fail, they should find him a dead corpse on the cold ground than a prisoner on a carpet in a lady’s chamber; he, further, appealed to Heaven for the triumph, as they were met to avenge murder. “Get,” said he, “this day the victory, and be conquerors—lose this day’s battle, and be slaves. In the name of the supreme, then, and of St. George, let every man courageously advance forth his standard!”

Scarceley were these orations of the leaders finished, ere both sides prepared for the onset. “Lord!” exclaims an old historian, “how hastily the soldiers buckled their helms—how quickly the archers bent their bows and flushed their feathers—how readily the bill-men shook their bills and proved their staves, ready to approach and join when the terrible trumpet should sound the bloody blast to victory or death!” A great impassable marsh divided the two hostile forces. Richmond’s made the first movement. Stanley continued to march slowly, and hung aloof on the skirts of the hostile armies, while the vanguards engaged. Richard took advantage of the marsh which covered his right flank, and commanded his bowmen to assail the enemy, whom the discharge of arrows threw into confusion. A close fight with swords followed for a short time; but lord Stanley, who still hovered on the edge of the field, at this critical moment, joined his son-in-law, and falling on the flank of the royal army determined the fortunes of the day in Richmond’s favor. The undaunted Richard, undismayed at witnessing this defection of the Stanleys, the earl of Northumberland remaining inactive at his post, and his men wavering and on the point of fleeing or deserting to his competitor, omitted no exertions to counteract the effect of that alarming movement. There is a tradition, that at one period of the struggle, Richard turned out of it to refresh himself, by drinking at a well. It was probably at that time, that his staunch friends, seeing the treachery that was entangling him, brought him a swift and light horse, and advised him to quit the field, and save himself by flight. He, however, resolutely refused. Replacing his beloved crown conspicuously on his head, he bent his mind to the mortal result, and exclaimed, with an heroism of soul possessed by few, “Not one foot will I fly: I will this day either end all my battles, or here finish my life. I will die king of England!”

* This battle is usually called, the battle of Bosworth Field; but the scene of action is called the Field of Redmore in the York Register, which mentions the report of its issue, brought to the corporation by John Spon, sent unto the field of Redmore to bring tidings from the same to the city.” Drayton likewise, so styles it:—

“O Redmore! then, it seemed, thy name was not in vain,
When with a thousands’ blood, the earth was coloured red.”

Redmore means, literally, red marsh, and was, perhaps, the name of the marsh on which Richmond lodged his right flank.

U—April, 1841.
Perceiving Henry not far off, with a small number of men-at-arms, Richard closed his helmet; and, putting spurs to his horse and attended by a few of his most gallant followers, rushed through the contending forces to meet his competitor man to man—determined to win the day or perish in the attempt. He fixed his spear firmly in its rest; and though not strong in body, yet so furious and so vigorous was his assault, that he drove his lance through sir William Brandon’s arm pit as he was waving aloft the earl’s standard, and who fell dead at his feet. Richard approached to meet him; but sir John Cheyney advancing first, the king with a second shock, at the first charge unhorsed the gallant knight, though a man of large size and powerful strength. With his sword he then labored to cut a passage towards his rival, through the friends that crowded between: for awhile, the struggle seemed doubtful, when sir William Stanley, seeing the dangerous crisis resulting from the advantage which the king’s daring courage had given him, suddenly surrounded Richard with his hitherto neutral force of three thousand men. The king, baffled, disappointed and sold into the enemy’s hand, shrank not from impending death, but, exclaiming, as his sword flashed on the armour of his opponents, “Treason! treason! treason!” continued to hew down those it reached, till, exhausted by wounds and fatigue, he fell by a death too honorable for his crimes, but becoming the hero of the battle, found full of dents in a hawthorn bush, where, during the heat of the conflict it had been hidden by a soldier; and being carried to lord Stanley, that nobleman, who, by his timely interference substantially transferred the crown to Henry, was also the person who formally placed it on his brow, exclaiming, Long live King Henry!” which was re-echoed by the victorious army with military acclamations! The battle had ceased when Richard expired, and Richmond, apprised of the decisive victory and kneeling down upon the crimson field, breathed his earnest thanks to Heaven for the triumph.

The issue of this memorable fight appeared in the settlement of all those disputes respecting the right to govern the kingdom, which had distracted the nation from the period at which Henry IV. ascended the throne; by a fortunate concurrence of circumstances it was thus given to Henry of Richmond, an exile and an adventurer, without means and without title, in whom the ‘Two Roses’ were to be grafted in one, so that there might be bequeathed to posterity the benefit of an undisputed succession—the pretensions of the two great families which sprung from Edward the Third being yoked in the persons of their legal representatives Henry Tudor and Elizabeth Plantagenet.

From Bosworth Field, Henry proceeded to Leicester, where he rested two days to settle his immediate measures; thence he dispatched Sir Robert Willoughby to the Castle of Sheriff Hutton, with directions for the Princess Elizabeth to repair with all convenient speed to London, there to await him with the Queen Dowager—her mother, which she did with a stately retinue of noblemen and ladies of honour, suitable to her now elevated position as the affianced Queen of England. In the meanwhile, Henry advanced to the metropolis by easy journeys, and much popular applause; “which,” says lord Bacon, “was indeed true and unsignified.” For the nation thought, generally, “that he was a prince, as ordained and sent down from Heaven to unite and put to an end the long dissensions of the two houses. And as his victory gave him the knee, so his purpose of marriage gave him the heart; so that both knee and heart did truly bow before him.” At his approach, the Mayor and principal citizens rode as far as Hornsey Park to receive and welcome him, and were permitted to kiss his hand. The nobles greeted him at Shoreditch. He entered the city in a close chariot, which gave some dissatisfaction to the multitudes assembled to hail the deliverer of his country; but as he was almost a stranger to them, he may probably have thought it necessary for his safety. In a spirit of pious humility which evinced that attachment to religion which never left him, the King proceeded to St. Paul’s Cathedral, and on the high altar devoutly offered the three standards* dis-

* These standards were an image of St. George; the second, “a red fiery dragon, beaten upon white and green saracen” (the cognizance of Cadwallader and the native princes of Britain,) the third, “a dun cow painted on yellow tarterne.”
played at Bosworth field; and after joining with fervent devotion in the service of the church, and having had orisons and *Te Deum* again sung, he repaired to his lodgings prepared in the Bishop of London’s palace. While he rested there, plays, pastimes and pleasures were exhibited in every part of the city; and, assembling his council and the principal persons of the realm, most solemnly renewed his vow of espousing the lady Elizabeth of York; it having been reported in Brittany, that if successful in gaining the English crown, Henry purposed to marry the lady Anne of Brittany, *heirress of that Duchy. The affliction, which, says lord Bacon, this report occasioned the Princess Elizabeth, strongly corroborates the testimony of Humphrey Brereton, as relates to their private betrothment at the period above stated. “It bred some doubt and suspicion amongst divers, that he was not sincere, or at least not fixed in going on with the match England so much desired: which conceit, also, though it were but talk and discourse, did much afflict the poor Lady Elizabeth herself.” Bernard Andreas, Henry’s earliest biographer, who was present at his entry into the metropolis, and recited verses in his honor, gives Elizabeth the following pretty, but, we are disposed to think, imaginary speech on the subject:—

So, yet, at the last, thou hast, O God, regarded the humble, and not despised their prayers. I well remember, neither shall I at any time be weary to remember, that my most noble father, of famous memory, meant to have bestowed me in marriage upon this comely prince. O that I were now worthy of him! but my father being dead, I want such good friends as should motion so great a matter: and perhaps he will take a wife from foreign parts, whose beauty, age, fortune, and dignity shall be more than mine. What shall I say? I am all alone, and dare not open my mind to any. What if I acquainted my mother therewith? Bashfulness forbids. What if some of the lords? Audacity wanteth. O then that I might confere with him! Perhaps in discourse I might let slip such a word as might discover my intention. What will be I know not: this I know, that Almighty God cannot tell how to absent himself from them who trust in him. Therefore I make an end of thinking, and repose my whole hope upon thee, O my God:—do with me according to thy mercy.

That Henry was both serious in his intention of truly performing his promise to Elizabeth of York, and desired it should be also so believed, Lord Bacon expressly affirms; and, he adds, “the better to extinguish envy and contradiction to his other purposes; yet he was resolved in himself not to proceed to the consummation thereof, till his coronation and a parliament were past. The one, lest a joint coronation of himself and his queen might give any countenance of participation of title: the other, lest in the entailing of the crown to himself, which he hoped to obtain by parliament, the votes of the parliament might any ways reflect upon her.”

The various and jarring grounds on which Henry’s title to the crown rested, must have naturally engendered in his mind those perplexing and harassing doubts, which, of themselves, we think, present the obvious cause and best apology for delaying the fulfillment of the contract. Those grounds were three, viz:—his marriage with Elizabeth of York; second, his descent from the house of Lancaster; and third, the right of conquest. The last was too odious to be openly advanced. The second could not be singly relied on in the event of a breach between himself and his Yorkist adherents: and the first gave security only in the case of his having issue by his marriage with Elizabeth. “He rested,” says Bacon, “on the title of Lancaster, in the main, using the marriage and victory as supporters.” Thus, it is certain, that none of the titles relied on by Henry made the slightest approach to validity. Even if his descent from John of Gaunt had been legitimate, he was not the nearest descendant of that prince’s children; for princes and princesses of undisputed legitimacy, the descendants of John of Gaunt’s first wife, Blanche of Lancaster, and of his second wife, Constantia of Castile, were then living in the Spanish Peninsula; but their distance and their want of the means of interposition precluded all hope of enforcing their claims. Had the indefeasible succession of the house of York been likely at that crisis to have obtained the national concurrence, there were two unfortunate claimants in England, Edward Plantagenet Earl of Warwick,

*This princess married shortly afterwards Charles the Eighth of France.—(See her Portrait and Memorial in this Magazine for July, 1833.)*
eldest son of George, the murdered Duke of Clarence, and Margaret, daughter of that prince and the spouse of Sir Richard Pole.

Placing, therefore, in the interim, his bride elect under the protection of her mother—the Queen Dowager, Henry, though he had renewed to his council his intention of shortly celebrating the marriage, was, nevertheless, on the 30th of the following October, crowned separately, and the name of Elizabeth was purposely excluded from the parliamentary settlement, to banish any pretensions to a participation of right; yet he did not exact such a recognition of his title as would have been involved in a declaratory act, nor did he, on the other hand, accept the crown as a grant from parliament, but was content with the ambiguous language—"that the inheritance of the crown should rest, remain and abide in the king," who had "come to the throne by just title of inheritance, and by the sure judgment of God who had given him the victory over his enemy in the field." Yet it was entailed only on the heirs of his body;—a limited and conditional gift. All his titles, however, by descent, by marriage, by victory, or by parliamentary establishment, were recited and confirmed in the next year by a papal bull.

On the occasion of his coronation, Henry introduced a new means of personal safety, by appointing, like the king of France, a body guard of fifty archers, under the name of "Yeomen of the Guard." Their appellation was not new, for the king was far too wise not to soften an obnoxious measure by connecting it with existing titles. The novelty was in the personal appropriation of them to the royal security, and in their fixed locality about his apartments: and their state effect has occasioned them to be continued to the present day, in the dresses of their first institution, with the nickname of "beef-eaters," given from their commons, when in waiting, consisting of beef.

Immediately after his coronation, the king summoned a parliament, and, amongst other important and interesting transactions, repealed, in favor of Elizabeth of York, the act of the 1st of Richard the III., by which that princess had been pronounced a bastard, in common with the rest of her father's children by Elizabeth Gray. Out of respect for her who was to be his queen, neither the title nor the body of the act was read in either house. By advice of the judges it was merely designated by the first words; the original was then ordered to be burnt; and all persons possessed of copies were commanded to deliver them up to the Chancellor before Easter, under the penalty of fine and imprisonment.

But the cautious policy adopted by Henry, and, in particular, his silence with respect to his marriage with Elizabeth, seems to have alarmed not only the partisans of the House of York, but even the king's own friends, who had trusted, that under the union of the red and white roses, domestic peace would succeed to griefs and dissensions. But Henry was not sufficiently magnanimous to pardon the injuries which he had sustained from the House of York; the adherents of the white rose were continually visited by marks of the royal displeasure, and these invidious distinctions clearly evincing the rancorous hostility of his feelings towards a proscribed party, rendered the policy which excluded the Princess Elizabeth's claims the more odious, since it was supposed to originate in an implacable spirit, unyielding in its hatred to the rival house. The utmost delicacy of conduct was necessary to remove a prejudice so generally entertained; since Henry's personal interests required that he should be established on the throne, without appearing to possess the sovereignty in right of his wife, in the event of a marriage with Edward's daughter; since, if the king had admitted Elizabeth's pretensions, he must have been content to reign by courtesy alone, the mere shadow of a king—losing all title to supreme authority upon the death of his wife, whose claim would naturally descend to her children, or to her sisters and their heirs. These weighty considerations may justly be alleged in excuse of the jealous caution which dictatated an act, declaring that the succession should rest with the king, his lawful heirs, and in none other; but, compelled in support of his own dignity to adopt a measure which would not fail to excite indignation in every friend of the house of York, Henry could have studiously endeavored to shew by gracious conciliations to the adherents of the adverse faction that he had not been ungenerously swayed in silently rejecting Elizabeth's undeniable claims.
Anxious to revive the fading blossoms of the white rose, the Yorkists determined to petition Henry to conclude a marriage which offered so bright a prospect of national tranquility. When, therefore, on the 10th December, the commons presented to the king the usual grant of tonnage and poundage for life, they coupled it with a petition that he would be pleased to "take to wife and consort the princess Elizabeth, which marriage they hoped God would bless with a progeny of the race of kings." The lords, spiritual and temporal, rising from their seats, and bowing to the throne, signified their concurrence; and Henry graciously answered that he was willing to comply with their request.

Perceiving by this decisive demonstration that, as Hollingshed quaintly expresses it, "there lacked a wrest to the harp, to set all the strings in a monochord and perfect tune," that the nation had become uneasy, he yielded to the general desire of extinguishing all future civil wars of rival dynasty, by uniting the line of York with his own, and during the recess after Christmas married Elizabeth, January 18th, 1486.* The royal nuptials were solemnized with great splendor and magnificence at Westminster. Bonfires, dancing, songs and banquets pervaded the metropolis and elsewhere. It seemed, indeed, the consummation of the nation's happiness. But these same demonstrations of joy and gladness, on the occasion of the long expected marriage, Lord Bacon tells us, proved unpalatable to the king, who "rather noted than liked them"—that, viewing such excessive rejoicings as marks of universal affection to the House of York with undisguised displeasure, the irritation arising from this source not only disturbed his tranquility during the whole of his reign, but even poisoned his domestic enjoyments; that Henry proved no very indulgent husband to his young bride, treating her with marked unkindness and neglect, "though she was beautiful, gentle and fruitful." That his aversion to the race of the white rose was so predominant in him "that it found place not only in his wars and councils, but in his chamber and bed." This assertion has been repeated with one exception, by all historians; but later researches do not justify this conclusion; on the contrary, there is to be found in the more private records of the royal couple, ample evidence that they were not unhappy, nor to any extent the victims of jealousy or suspicion.

Henry and Elizabeth being related within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity, an application was made to the Roman Pontiff for a dispensation very soon after the request of the Commons; but power having been granted to the bishop of Imola, the pope's legate, to grant a dispensation to any twelve persons to marry, notwithstanding the impediment of consanguinity, Henry had availed himself of that circumstance to avoid waiting the arrival of the permission direct from the papal chair. Doubts, however, arising in the minds of one or both the parties whether such marriage, under a delegated authority ought not to be liable to impeachment, Henry, to insure its validity, applied to the Pontiff himself. Pope Innocent, therefore, at the prayer of the king, and to preserve the tranquillity of the realm, confirmed by a rescript, the dispensation which had already been granted, and the act of settlement passed by the parliament; and further declared the meaning of that act to be, that if the queen should die without issue before the king, or if her issue should not survive their father, the crown should in that case devolve to Henry's other children, if he should have any other by a subsequent marriage; and concluded by excommunicating all those who might hereafter attempt to disturb him or his posterity in the possession of their rights. To this bull extraordinary, which betrayed Henry's uneasiness with respect to the insufficiency of his own claim, the highest importance was attached, and the king being at Coventry when it arrived, on St. George's day, 1487, "the

* Cardinal Bouchier officiated at the marriage of Henry the VII. and Elizabeth of York. The longevity of this primate had enabled him to witness the commencement of that jealous flame which afterwards burned so fiercely between the Rival Roses, marked its devastating progress, as, unquenched by the best blood of Yorkists and Lancastrians it ravaged the devoted land; he saw successive princes of either party rise and fall, and, at length, when verging upon the brink of the grave, was called upon to perform the holy rite which united the two surviving branches of those deadly foes. Fuller, upon narrating the circumstances in the Archbishop's life quaintly observes, "His hand first held that sweet posy, wherein the white and red roses were tied together."
Archbishop of Canterbury, the bishops of Winchester, Ely, London, Worcester, Exeter, and the prior of Coventry, all in pontificalibus, read and declared the Pope's bull, touching the king's or queen's right; and there in the choir, in the bishop's seat, by the authority of the same bull, cursed with book, bell and candle all those who did anything contrary to their right; and approving their titles good."

The union of the two houses opened a brighter vista of peace and harmony than had gladdened the distracted land since the time that Edward the Third and the good queen Philippa,* the progenitors of the present royal pair, had ascended the throne. The happy event was marked by an act of justice to the queen dowager, Elizabeth Wydeville and her offspring. The statute of Richard the Third, which had so cruelly degraded the widow and children of Edward the Fourth was reversed, and the former restored to her dignity as a woman and a queen: and by letters patent he granted her an annuity for life, rendered her able to plead and be impaled, and to receive and grant lands and chattels. But it does not appear that her dower was restored.

Early in the ensuing spring, Henry quitted the metropolis upon a progress throughout the northern counties, where he trusted that his presence would obliterate the remembrance of Richard from the minds of the most attached portion of the late monarch's subjects. The citizens of York, delighting it would seem in a royal visit, whether wearing the white or the red rose, hastened to pay the same honors to Henry which they had accorded to his unfortunate predecessor. The king, mounted on a gallant courser, and "arrayed in a gown of cloth of gold, furred with ermine, attended by his henchmen, also in goldsmith's work all richly besee," left Tadcaster at the head of his train, accompanied by the sheriffs of the county, bearing their white rods before him. Three miles from the city of York, the mayor and aldermen, attended by the principal burgesses, all on horseback, went to receive their royal guest, the recorder being ready prepared with a speech, offering him welcome, and recommending the city and the inhabitants to his good grace. Half a mile without the gate Henry was met by an assembly of all the orders of friars, the prior of Trinity with his brethren, the abbot of St. Mary's abbey with the monks of his convent, the canons of St. Leonards, and the general procession of ecclesiastics belonging to all the parish churches, with "marvellous great number of men, women, and children on foot, which in rejoicing of his coyming, cryen king Henry! king Henry! Our Lord preserve that sweet and well savoure face." At the city gate the king was greeted by "a pajaunt with dyers personages and mynstrelay, and thereby stood a king coronede, which had his speche." And a little further another of those favorite devices demanded the monarch's admiration, being "garnyshe with shippes and botes on every side, in tokenynge of the kinges landing at Milforde Haven, and Solomon in his habit roaill crowned," was also armed with a speech. Beyond the bridge there was a third pageant of the assumption of the Virgin, who addressed the monarch with a complimental effusion which would sound profane in modern ears; and at the end of the principal street, upon a stage erected for the purpose, stood king David armed and crowned, and bearing a naked sword. The fronts of the houses were hung with tapestry and other rich draperies; and the delighted spectators, as the royal train passed along, flung wafers and comfits from the windows "in great quantitie, as it had been hail stones, for joy and rejoicing of the king's coming:" acclamations resounded on every side, and the fickle multitude who had so lately shouted loud applause in Richard's ear, now lavished the same adulation upon the triumphant victor who had forcibly deprived him of his crown.

Henry, during a residence of three weeks in the capital of the north, gave the citizens abundant marks of royal favor, and received, in return, assurances of affectionate loyalty, whose sincerity was speedily evinced by the trying events of the following year.

The king returned to the south through Worcester, Gloucester, Hereford and Bristol; the former of these cities, probably on account of some encouragement afforded to the Staffords, was visited with stern indications of displeasure: the autho-

* See a portrait and memoir of this heroic Queen of Edward III. in this Magazine for November, 1839. Also, the chronicle of King Edward by M. A. Dumas, in the same half yearly volume.
rities had prepared a pageant of Henry III. who was to have pronounced a welcome to his kingdom, “which his grace at that tyme,” says the herald, “harde not:” but sunshine returned to the monarch’s brow at Hereford, where there was a pageant of St. George at the gate, and another at the cross in the market-place, of a king and two bishops with appropriate speeches; and at the entrance of the cathedral, a pa-
jaunt of our Lady with many virgins, “marveleous and richly beseene.” Henry was spared both speeches and pageants at Gloucester; but at Bristol all the taste and talent of the city was put into requisition to aid an enthusiastic welcome; the mayor, the sheriffs and the aldermen, with the principal citizens on horseback and the recorder, appeared at the distance of three miles, the latter being as usual the orator appointed to address the king, and performing, as we are told, his office “right coningly.” Processions of friars were in attendance upon a causeway within the gate of the suburbs; and at the entrance of the city there was a pageant, accompanied by great melody and singing, and king Bremmins also with a speech, together with many other fastastic devices, “marveleous well done,” displaying the skill of ingenious artisans, which were prepared to delight the royal eye;—“an olifante with a castle on his back, the resurrection of our Lord in the highest tower thereof, with certayne imagerye smyting bells;” and also the shipwright’s pageant, with “praty concerts playing in the same,” were amid the most splendid of these exhibitions.* The poverty of the city being, however, apparent through all this studied magnificence, Henry sent for the mayor and the most respectable burgesses to inquire the cause; “and,” says the historian, “they shewed his grace for the great losse of ships and goodes within five years. The king comforted theyn that they shulde set on and make new shippes, and exercise their merchandize as they were wont to do, and he shoulde so help them by divers meannes like as he shewed unto them.” Delighted by this kindness and condescension, the mayor declared “they harde not this hundred years of nothing so good a comfort. Wherefore they thanked almighty God that hath sent them so good and gracious a sovereign lord.”

Henry appears to have nigh created a jubilee wheresoever he appeared; the sheriffs of each county through which he passed attended him upon his progress, and at every stage the provincial gentry flocked about him, and were received with flattering courtesy; assembled round the monarch’s festal board, the guests departed, charmed with their sovereign’s hospitality. These convivial meetings won the hearts of the higher classes; and, distinguished for his devout attendance at divine service, all ranks entertained a favorable opinion of Henry’s piety, and indeed nothing seems to have been wanting to complete a well merited popularity, save the presence of his gentle and beautiful consort, ungenerously denied a participation in the gratifying triumphs of the hour.

The royal train proceeded eastwards to Sheen, and, as it passed through the large towns and near the rich abbey, both the laity and the ecclesiastics made offerings, according to their wealth, of silver and gold, wine, beads and mittens,—manifesta-
tions of loyalty very usual in those times, and exceedingly acceptable to needy or rapacious sovereigns, who were always ready to receive the donations of their subjects. The lord mayor of London apprized of Henry’s approach assembled the barges belonging to the city companies, and rowed up to Putney at the head of a gay and splendid flotilla to meet and welcome the king, who performed the last part of his progress by water; and, surrounded by gilded vessels, a stately show, now entirely lost to the beautiful river so admirably adapted for aquatic processions, floated down the broad waters of the Thames in regal magnificence to Westminster, where he landed after an absence which had made him acquainted with a larger portion of the nation to whom he had previously been a total stranger.

The queen in the interim kept her court in great retirement at Winchester. It might have been expected that to gratify and conciliate the partisans of the house of York, the king would have taken his young consort with him during this journey of state; but it was supposed that he refused, through his jealousy of her influence, and his unwillingness to seem indebted to her for his crown. Elizabeth, most

* See also the general taste of bygone generations, in our account of very similar pageants to welcome the entrance of Isabel of Bavaria into the Parisian capital.
happily fitted for domestic life, gracefully submitted to her husband's will, and forgetful of her own superior claims to the throne never attempted to divide the sovereignty with a monarch who, until either won by her mild obedience or alarmed by the murmurs of the people, refused to grant her the honors of a coronation: an impolitic and invidious exclusion, which, although meekly borne by his truly feminine partner, was deeply resented by the whole of the extensive party who favored the house of York.

Elizabeth, in the bosom of her own family, and enjoying the tenderest attentions of maternal solicitude from the king's mother—the countess of Richmond and Derby, looked forward to the birth of an infant, whom she fondly hoped would be destined to unite the long jarring claims of the white and the red rose. The most splendid preparations were made for the reception of this fair bud of promise, under the immediate direction of the countess of Richmond. A highly curious document, containing regulations relative to the preparations and etiquette to be observed preparatory to the accouchement of this queen of England, drawn up at king Henry's request, is still preserved in the Harleian library under the title of "Ordinances by Margaret, countess of Richmond and Derby, as to what preparation is to be made against the Deliverance of a Queen, as also for the Christening of the Child of which she shall be delivered." It begins by ordaining that:

"Her highness pleasure being understood, in what chamber she will be delivered, the same must be hanged with rich cloth of arras, sides, roof, windows and all, except one window, which must be hanged so as she may have light when it pleaseth her. Then must there be set a royal bed, and the floor laid over with carpets, and a cup-board covered with the same suit that the chamber is hanged withall. Also there must be ordained a fair pallet, and all things appertaining thereunto, and a rich sparger (canopy) hanging over the same. And that day that the queen (in good time) will take her chamber, the chapel where her highness will receive and hear divine service, must be well and worshipfully arrayed. Also the great chamber must be hanged with rich arras, with a cloth and chair of estate, and cushions thereto belonging; the place under and about the same being well carpetted. Where the queen (coming from the chapel with her lords and ladies of estate) may, either standing or sitting, at her pleasure, receive spices and wine. And the next chamber between the Great Chamber and the queen's chamber to be well and worshipfully hanged; which done, two of the greatest estates (peers) shall lead her to her chamber, where they shall take their leave of her. Then all the ladies and gentlemen to go in with her, and none to come into the Great Chamber but women; and women to be made all manner of officers, as butlers, panthers, servers, &c., and all manner of officers shall bring them needful things unto the Great Chamber door, and the women officers shall receive of them."

The next ordinance of the lady Margaret descends to every particular of "the furniture appertaining to the queen's bed:" and, truly, of royal magnificence was its array. Ample evidence exists of the extraordinary richness and value of beds in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—nothing could exceed the gorgeousness of their hangings; we read of the curtains and other coverings being composed of the most superb materials and enriched with curious needlework, every kind of ornament, (arms, flowers, devices, scriptural subjects, animals &c.,) was embroidered on them. These beds had sometimes particular names, and were not unfrequently entailed on the possessors' heirs. The princess Joan Plantagenet, the Fair Maid of Kent, * left to her son Richard the Second, a new bed of red velvet embroidered in ostrich feathers and leopards' heads of gold; and to the earl of Kent, another of red camak paled with red and rays of gold. Ralph, lord Basset, (1389), bequeatheth the use of his great velvet bed for life to the person who shall first bear his arms. A red bed embroidered with lions, and a bed of Norwich stuff wrought with butterflies are mentioned in the will of sir John Cobham, 1394. John, duke of Exeter, 1447, leaves a white bed with poppinjays to his daughter Anne; a bed covered with ermine, a bed of silk of black and green color, a bed of red silk, another of blue silk; a bed of white velvet are also expressly named as legacies in different wills. Joan Beauchamp, lady of Bergavenny, was possessed of beds canopied with cloth of gold wrought with leopards, and of black and red silk embroidered with woodbine flowers of silver. Coverlets were furred with minever and worked in various devices

* See portrait and memoir in this Magazine for December 1839.
and coats of arms. Amid the bequests of John of Ghent are, a large bed of black velvet embroidered with setterlocks and garters; a bed of blue silk with eagles displayed, and a silk bed to his grandson Henry V. In the privy purse expenses of Elizabeth of York there is an entry for money “paid to certain persons working upon the rich bed, as well as for their board wages;” three men and three women being employed on it from fourteen to fifty-two days each. For the one so carefully prepared on this anxious occasion by the countess of Richmond for her royal daughter-in-law, there was directed to be furnished — “two pair of sheets of Rennes,” so called from the material being manufactured at Rennes in Brittany, and celebrated for its quality of softness as early as the fourteenth century. Of these sheets each of them is directed, to be “four yards broad and five yards long,” with two head-sheets of like Rennes, three yards broad and four yards long. Next “two long and two square pillows of fustian, stuffed with fine down.” Thus Chaucer, in the Romance of the Squire of Low Degree:

“Your blankettes shall be of fastyane,
Your sheets shall be of cloth of Rayne.”

The coverlet for the queen’s bed is next described as “a pane of scarlet furred with ermine, and embroidered with crimson velvet, or rich cloth of gold; and a head sheet of like cloth of gold, furred with ermine,” with a coverure of fine lawn of five breadths and six yards long. The mattrass is ordered to be stuffed with wool, and the feather bed and bolster with down; and, over all, to be suspended a sparver,* or canopy of crimson satin embroidered with crowns of gold, the king’s and queen’s arms, and other devices, lined with double tarteron, garnished with fringes of silk, blue, russet and gold, and affixed to a round ball of the same precious metal. Four cushions of crimson damask cloth of gold are also directed to be provided, and a round mantle of crimson yellow plain, furred throughout with ermine, for the queen to wear about her in her pallet. The pallet at the foot of the bed is ordered to be arrayed according as the bed is, except the cloth of gold of the panes to be of another color than that of the bed. “It must be forseen,” concludes the lady Margaret, that such estates as shall please the king to appoint to go to the christening, be placed near to the chamber where the queen is delivered, to the end, that anon after the deliverance they may give their ready attendance upon the child to the church.

The birth of a son and heir on St. Eustachius’ day, the 20th September 1486, tended still more effectually to draw the hearts of the whole nation to the reigning monarch and his queen. Henry, in compliment to his Welch friends, and in support of his pretended descent from the most celebrated of Britain’s early kings, determined to give the prince the name of Arthur. The English nation, delighting in the chivalric adventures and wonderful exploits which the fables of antiquity had ascribed to that renowned personage, anticipated a renewal of the glorious days so eloquently delineated in the fond record of Arthur’s splendid career; and attributing the same confidence in these romantic legends to neighbouring kingdoms, indulged a flattering hope that all Christendom shared in the expectation of some extraordinary accession of power to the English throne under a monarch so fortunately distinguished. We are gravely told by the venerable historian, Speed, that, at the christening of the young prince by the auspicious appellation of Arthur, “outward nations and foreign princes trembled and quaked, so much was that name to all terrible and fearful.” Even in this arrangement, in all other respects truly unimportant, Henry consulted the pride of his own lineage as invested with an independent royalty prior to his connection with the House of York.

On the Sunday following, the royal babe was baptized in Winchester cathedral. “The child,” says lord Bacon, “was strong and able, though he was born in the eight month, which the physicians do prejudice.”

This royal christening was contemplated and provided for by the countess of Richmond with a ceremonious solicitude, and afterwards performed with a deliberate pomp, which shows how fondly that age was attached to dramatic parade and stately form-

*A sparver is described by Archdeacon Nares as “the canopy or tester of the bed.” Harrington says “in silver sparmers, beds of down.”
alities, as well as the happy directress. "Incontinent after the birth, the writer before quoted, tells us Te Deum with procession was sung in the cathedral church, and all the churches of that city; great and many fires made in the streets, and messengers sent to all estates and cities of the realm with that comfortable and good tydings, to whom were given great gifts. Over all Te Deum laudamus sung, with ringing of bells, and in most parts fires made in the praising of God, and the rejoicing of every true Englishman":—

On the occasion of this stately baptism, the entire body of Winchester cathedral, we are told, was hung with cloths of arras, and, in the middle, beside the font of the said church, was ordained and prepared a solemn font in manner and form as aseuoth. First, there was ordained in manner of a stage of seven steps square or round-like, a high cross covered with red worsted, and up in the midst (centre), a post made of iron, to bear the font of silver gilt, which was well dressed within with fine linen cloth; and, near the same, on the west-side, was a step, like a block, for the bishop to stand on, covered also with red say; and over the font, of a good height, a rich canopy, with a great gilt ball, cibled and fringed without curtains. On the north-side was a traverse* hanged with cloth of arras, and upon one side thereof, (inwardly) another travers of red sarcenet."

There was a "fire without fumigations ready against the prince's coming:" while, on the outside, the steps of the font were "railed with good timber," carpetted as were the steps, and there were two entrances, one east, the other west, kept by five yeomen of the crown. After the lord John Alcock, bishop of Winchester, had "hallowed" the font, a guard of honor was appointed to "keep" it, consisting of two knights and four esquires of the body, who kept their watch night and day until the ceremony took place. On the Sunday following, when at the appointed hour, the chaplains who were to officiate made their appearance in "the queen's great chamber," the treasurer of the household "took the assay of salt to the sergeants of the pantry, and delivered it to the earl of Essex and a towel withall which the said earl cast about his neck. In likewise the sergeant of the chambery bare a taper garnished with four wheaten boats and bowls, and with barnekolls and pensiles (small streamers), with pretty imagery and scripture, the which the lord Nevill, son and heir of the earl of Westmorland, bare. Item, the sergeant of the epery delivered to the said treasurer a pair of gilt basons, with a towel folden upon them, which was delivered to the lord Strange," and notwithstanding the weather was "all rainy," the following procession bent its way to the cathedral:—

First, there were six torches borne unlighted, "two and two together" by henchmen, squires, gentlemen and yeomen of the crown, After these came the chaplains followed by certain knights and esquires "without order." After them, kings at arms, heralds, pursuivants wearing their coats of arms and attended by sergeants. Then the lord Derby and the lord Maltavers. After them, the basons; then, the taper; then, salt of gold covered; then, "a rich crism†, which was pinned on the right breast of the lady Anne, sister of the queen, hanging over the left arm. Sir Richard Guilford, knight-constable, on the right hand, and Sir John Turberville, knight marshall, on the left hand, bearing their staves of office. After them my lady Cecily, the queen's eldest sister, bare the prince wrapped in a mantle of crimson cloth of gold furred with ermine, with a train, which was borne by my lady the marchioness of Dorset, Sir John Cheyney, supporting the middle of the same. The lord Edward Wydeville, the lord Warre, the son and heir of lord Audley, and Sir John Arundel bare the canopy. The marquis of Dorset and the earl of Lincoln gave assistance to my lady Cecily. After enumerating the several ladies of high rank and "divers other gentlewomen" who closed the procession, it took its way, we are told, through the cloisters of the abbey to a little door beside the west-end of the cathedral which conducted to the south division of the edifice, where was ordained

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* A kind of screen with curtains, used in chapels, halls, and other large rooms. Cicely, duchess of York, gave in 1405, her son William a traverse of white sarcenet, and to her daughter Katherine a traverse of blue satin; and Katherine Lady Hastings in 1503, bequeathed a traverse of blue sarcenet.

† Chrism, the face cloth, or piece of linen put upon the head of a child newly baptized. The original use of the chrism cloth was to prevent the rubbing off the chrism or holy unction, a part of the baptismal office.
a rich and large cloth of estate, "for the weather was too cold and too foul to have been at the west-end of the church."

The dowager queen, Elizabeth Wydeville, had already taken her station in the cathedral "abiding the coming of the prince," but when the royal infant with his attendant procession reached the font, tidings being brought that the powerful earl of Oxford—king Henry's trusty adherent who had received the royal commands to be present and officiate at this state baptism—was within a mile of Winchester—and whose arrival had been retarded probably from the bad state of the roads—the ceremony was ordered to be delayed until the belated noble made his appearance.

"Howbeit they tarried three hours largely and more after the said earl of Oxford, and until, at last, the king's patience becoming exhausted, he commanded the ceremony to be proceeded with, and the first rites of the baptism were performed, the earl of Derby and the lord Maltravers being godfathers at the font, and the Dowager queen Elizabeth, godmother."

Scurcely, however, had the prince been "put into the font," and the officers of arms invested themselves in their emblazoned surcoats and lighted their torches, ere the earl of Oxford entered the cathedral. From the font the prince "was had to his travers, and above him a crimson cloth as before;" thence, in fair order, he was borne to the high altar and laid thereupon by his godmother, queen Elizabeth. After a portion of the gospel had been read, and, whilst Veni Creator and Te Deum "was solemnly sung by the king's chapel with organs," the earl of Oxford took the prince in his right arm, and the bishop of Exeter confirmed him, the bishop of Salisbury knitting (tying) the band of linen about his neck. Then, proceeds the ancient narrative, "the marquis of Dorset, the earl of Lincoln and the lord Strange, served queen (dowager) Elizabeth of towel and water, and Sir Roger Coton and master West served the other gospites." The ablutions being finished, the royal godmother made her offering of a rich cup of gold with cover, which was carried up to the altar by Sir Davy Owen. The earl of Oxford's gift consisted of a pair of gilt basons, with a salver, lord Stanley (recently created earl of Derby for his important services) presenting a costly salt-cellar of gold covered, and the lord Maltravers a gold censer, all presented by the hands of knights.

The procession then approached Saint Swithen's shrine to make offerings thereat; and whilst Iste Confessor, with an anthem of Saint Swithen were sung, "spices and hippocras, with other sweet wines, great plenty, were handed to those present." "Which done, the prince returned, and was borne home by my lady Cecily, accompanied as before, saving the salt, the basons and the taper, with all the torches burning." On the royal babe regaining his nursery, at the entrance of which "the king's trumpeters and minstrels were playing on their instruments," he was "straightway borne to the king and queen, and had the blessing of Almighty God, our Lady, and Saint George, and of his fader and moder." High festival was kept by the court, and conformable to the good old custom of our ancestors, the poor were not forgotten on this occasion of rejoicing; alms were liberally given, and two pipes of wine broached in the churchyard and offered freely to the rejoicing spectators.

This imposing ceremony it will be seen, supplies incidental proof that Henry was on good terms with his wife's relations, from the circumstance of the queen dowager having been god-mother to the child and her two daughters, Cecily and Anne having carried it to the font.

Elizabeth of York, in testimony of her gratitude to Heaven for her safe delivery, founded and endowed a chapel, dedicated to our Lady, in Winchester cathedral, on the walls of which was placed an impalement of her arms carved in stone, surrounded by a scroll bearing the words "in gloriæ Dei." An attack of ague prostrated the queen's recovery, but by the latter end of October she was sufficiently well to travel with the court from Winchester to Greenwich, where the royal family solemnly kept the feast of All Hallows.

Hitherto the king's enemies had given him little uneasiness: but the birth of his son, which threatened to perpetuate the crown in the family, urged them to one of the most extra-ordinary attempts recorded in history:—the sword of rebellion was unsheathed in favor of the pretensions of Lambert Simnell, the son of a joiner at Ox-
ford, who had been intrusted by one Richard Simons, a priest, to personate the young Earl of Warwick, said to have perished in the Tower. But why he should have been seduced to personate a prince who was still living, and who might any day be confronted with him, is a mystery difficult to unravel. The news of this insurrection reached Henry whilst on a progress through the midland counties; for on the 13th of May, being then at Kenilworth, he wrote to the Earl of Ormond, the Queen’s chamberlain, stating that he had received tidings of the landing of the rebels in Ireland on the 5th of that month; that he had sent to the Queen, and his mother the Countess of Richmond, to come to him; that he wished to have the Earl’s advice about subduing the rebels, and commanded him, in pursuance of his duty of attending on the Queen’s person, to accompany her to his presence. Her Majesty and the Lady Margaret accordingly joined Henry at Kenilworth, and, not long after their arrival, news were brought that the Earl of Lincoln, the chief supporter of Simnell, had landed with other of his adherents in England.

This effort in favor of the first of the impostors who disturbed Henry’s reign was quelled by the battle of Stoke, fought on the 16th of June, 1487. As soon as peace and order were restored, Henry, to gratify his people, as well, perhaps, as to remove one of the causes of discontent which threatened the stability of the throne, resolved to give orders for the coronation of his Queen. The delay in the celebration of this important rite had created great discontent; and, from the late insurrection, the King had learned the salutary lesson that it was not his interest to wound the feelings of those, whose principles had attached them to the house of York. Why, it was asked, was she not crowned? Why was she, the rightful heir to the crown, refused the usual honors of royalty? Other kings had been eager to crown their consorts; but Elizabeth had now been married a year and a half; she had borne the king a son to succeed to the throne; and yet she was kept in obscurity, as if she were unworthy of her station. Henry wisely, therefore, resolved to silence these murmurs, and from Warwick writs were issued, summoning the peers and others to attend that ceremony fixed for the 25th of the November following. The King and Queen commenced their journey from Warwick and, on their road, kept the Feast of All-Hallows in the stately abbey of St. Albans. On the near approach of the royal pair to the metropolis, the City authorities and “divers commons of London, thereto chosen out of every craft, all on horseback full well and honourably beseech in livery” rode forth to give a loyal welcome. The King “apparelled as a comely and royal prince, with “many great lords and others cleanly hosed came riding through the city to the West door of Paul’s, where his grace alighted.” There the victorious Henry was received by the archbishop of Canterbury and other bishops and prelates; and, as he approached the altar he was greeted by an angel, the ingenious device of the reverend brethren of the Church, who, descending from the roof, swung “the great censer of Paul’s over the head of Majesty,” during which time the choir sang a solemn anthem, and afterwards, _Te Deum_ “for joy of his late victory and prosperous coming to his said city.”

On this occasion of King Henry’s triumphant entrance into London, all the houses, windows and streets were “largely replenished with people in passing great number,” and the pageants prepared by the loyal citizens were of so costly and magnificent a description, that Elizabeth of York, the countess of Richmond, and the principal ladies of the Court, were privately placed to behold the scene in a house near St. Mary’s Hospital, Bishopsgate; and when the various processions had defiled through that ancient entrance to the metropolis, “they went thence to Greenwich to their beds.” The following morning the Queen repaired to Westminster to attend mass in Saint Stephen’s Chapel, after which, we are informed by Leland, that “her Majesty kept her estate” in the parliament chamber; the countess of Derby and Richmond sitting on her right hand.

The unanimity and affection which subsisted between the King’s mother and his meek and retiring consort, are amongst the many pleasing features in the career of those exemplary and illustrious women.

From the period of her son’s marriage, Lady Margaret added dignity by her presence to his feasts, gave confidence and support to the young Queen at all the pa-
geants which are recorded as having been celebrated during his reign, and by the
interest she exhibited in all matters of importance, she appears to have considered her
as a very daughter. "In no portion of her life," it has been well remarked "does
the Countess appear to greater advantage than at this period. The most exalted fe-
male in the land, next to Elizabeth of York, yet she acted as though she were the
most lowly; consulted by her son on all matters of real importance, she nevertheless
kept herself aloof from all obvious interference, and was so unostentatious in her de-
meanour, so open and upright in her dealings, that it is difficult to reconcile such
extreme humility with the pride of birth and wealth, in which from infancy she had
been nurtured."

Henry's welcome on his entrance into London proved how deeply the people were
interested in the honor and happiness of his amiable consort; every heart rejoiced
in the promised exaltation of the White Rose, and greeted with affectionate en-
thusiasm the monarch who no longer refused to grant the earnest desire of Edward
the Fourth's faithful subjects. Immense multitudes eagerly pressed forwards to be-
hold their King returning in triumph from the scene of his late victory.

On the following Friday, "the queen's good grace" royally apprarelled, accompa-
panied by Lady Margaret, the king's mother, and attended by a numerous and
splendid train of nobles and ladies, richly attired, embarked upon the Thames,—her
destination being the Tower of London, therein to lodge, conformably to an ancient
custom of the kings and queens of England during the few days previous to their
coronation. Upon this festive occasion, the gilded pleasure vessels belonging to the
City companies were in attendance, gaily painted and decorated with emblazoned
banners, pennons and streamers of silk, and manned by the lord Mayor, the sher-
riffs, the aldermen, and the principal burgesses, each striving to outvie the other in
the splendor of his galley:—one in particular surpassed the rest in its superior
splendor, and was called by distinction, the Bachelor's Barge, "wherein was or-
dered a great red dragon (the ensign of the house of Tudor,) spouting flames of fire
into Temmys." Also we are told, that "many other gentlemanly pajants were
curiously devised to do her highness sport and pleasure." The loud and exhilar-
ating minstrelsy of trumpets and clarions, accompanied the stately regatta as it
floated majestically up the river to the Tower, where Henry, in waiting with the
lords of his court, delighted the spectators by the gracious and affectionate recep-
tion with which he greeted the gentle partner of his throne, welcoming her "in such
manner and form as was to all the estates and others there being present a very
good sight, and right joyous and comfortable to behold." The king the same day
created fourteen knights of the Bath in honor of the approaching ceremonial, and
on the following afternoon the queen, attended by a magnificent procession, was con-
ducted in great pomp through the City to Westminster. Young and beautiful, her
native loveliness increased by the delicacy and elegance of her attire, Elizabeth,
fair as the emblem of her house, and arrayed in a white kyrtle of cloth of gold of Da-
mascus, and a mantle of the same splendid materials, furred with ermine, and fastened
on her breast with a richly wrought lace, knobbed and tasselled with gold; a diadem
set with precious stones encircling her brow, and her fair yellow hair "with a caul
of pipe over it" waving luxuriantly over her shoulders, was carried through the
streets, in a superb litter,* covered with cloth of gold, having a canopy of the same

* The litter, one of the most ancient modes of travelling, was continued for some time after
the introduction of coaches, both in England and France. It appears to have been considered
the more dignified carriage, and was generally used on state occasions only as a conveyance for a
single personage of high distinction; whilst the chare, (a four wheeled carriage, unquestionably
of very early origin in this country, and probably the parent of close vehicles,) was employed on
journeys as well as in processions, and usually accommodated several persons of inferior rank.
The litter in which Elizabeth of York was carried to Westminster on the day before her coronation,
is described as having "the timber-work thereof covered with cloth of gold of damask, and large
pillows of down covered with like cloth of gold, laid about her most royal person to sustain the
same;" whilst the ladies attending the queen followed in chares covered with rich cloth of gold,
"well and cleanly horsed." Later in the same reign, on the departure of queen Margaret, daughter
of Elizabeth of York, and Henry VII., to Scotland, she is described as riding on a "fairy palley,"
but after her was conveyed by two footmen "one verie riche litere, borne by two fair courseres very
nobly drest, in the rich litere the said qwene was borne in the instrying of the good towns, or
otherways to her good playser."
glittering drapery borne over her head by four knights, and followed by a brilliant train of the ladies of her court, some reclining in carriages, and others mounted upon grey palfreys—a fair and sparkling pageant.

All the streets through which the procession passed were "cleanly dressed and beseen with cloths of tapestry and arras," whilst Cheapside and other principal thoroughfares, were hung with rich cloths of gold, velvets and silks; the road, from the Tower to St. Paul’s, being lined with the city crafts or companies in their liveries. "There was," says the ancient narrative, "a marvellous sight of people" collected together in the streets, windows and houses, to witness their beloved and youthful queen "passing through in her royal apparel," to the ceremony of her long delayed coronation, and, whilst the crowd expressed its warm affection and loyal devotion to her person in reiterated shouts and acclamations, "well-singing children" some arrayed like angels robed in virgin white were stationed in divers parts of the city, and chanted her praises in "sweet songs as her grace passed by." Before the litter rode the Duke of Bedford as Lord Steward, the Earl of Oxford as great chamberlain, the Earl of Derby as constable, and the Earl of Nottingham as marshal of England, with the Lord Mayor, esquires of honor, heralds and pursuivants &c., and the newly created knights of the Bath. The latter are described as "riding in a suit (uniformly dressed) in their blue bachelors' gowns," in order after their banners. Then came all other baronets, knights and esquires, "well horded and richly besen, and some of them on marvellous doing horses." On every side, to clear the way of the press of people, were the officers of the marshal on foot, "many in number," all in red gowns of a livery, with tipped staves in their hands. Next following the litter, and before the henchman, came the queen's horse of estate saddled with a woman's saddle of red cloth of gold tissue, led by Sir Roger Cotton, knight, master of the horse, "which after the opinion of divers heralds should have followed next after the henchmen." Then came six henchmen, riding in saddles in the same suit as the saddle of estate, upon fair white palfreys, caparisoned with cloth of gold, richly embroidered and emblazoned with queen Elizabeth's paternal cognizance—

the white rose of York. Next followed, in two chairs covered with cloth of gold, her sister Cecily and her aunt the duchess of Bedford; the duchesses of Norfolk and Suffolk, and the countess of Oxford; whilst six baronesses, the ladies Strange, Gray, Delawarr, Ferrers of Chartley, Dudley and Powis, rode, it appears, upon beautiful palfreys "in gowns of crimson velvet, all of a suit." After them came two other chairs richly covered and well horded, with the rest of the queen's ladies and gentlemen; these latter followed, in turn, by the gentlemen of the duchess of Bedford and the lady Cecily attired in distinctive costumes; and "so following each other, the gentlewomen of every estate that waited upon the queen came riding upon goodly palfreys well and richly besen, with great beads and chains of gold about their necks in marvellous great number." On the queen's arrival at Westminster sorely fatigued, doubtless, by tossing so many hours in her clumsy palanquin, she took her void* and retired to rest.

On the morrow, Sunday the 25th November, Elizabeth walked to her coronation arrayed in a kirtle and mantle of regal purple velvet, furred with the kingy ermine, a circlet of gold richly set with pearls and precious stones upon her head. Thus splendidly attired, her sister the lady Cecily bearing her train, she proceeded to Westminster Hall and there stood under a canopy until the procession was marshalled, which commenced in the accustomed manner with a troop of esquires, followed by the new made knights of the Bath magnificently clad in silks of various hues; next came the barons and other noblemen according to their rank, and after them the bishops in their pontifical habits, with a long train of priors, abbots, and other ecclesiastics, all in their stately and picturesque robes. When these had passed on, the archbishop of York appeared walking singly, followed by Garter king-at-arms, then the lord mayor of London, preceding the constable and marshal, and to these succeeded the earl of Arundel bearing the ivory dove-crowned wand, the duke of Suffolk with the sceptre, and the earl of Oxford in his state robes, having in his hand his

* A slight collation answering to our meal of tea—so called from the basket or tray on which it was served, being termed a voider.
staff of office. The duke of Bedford, also decked in his magnificent attire as grand steward of England and bare-headed, was entrusted with the long withheld crown; bearing it on a splendid cushion, he walked immediately before the fair heiress of York, who, supported by the bishops of Winchester and Ely, moved under a canopy borne by the barons of the Cinque Ports. The ladies of the court closed the long and glittering line, the duchesses wearing jewelled diadems upon their heads, and those of lesser rank circlets of gold set with gems. The heralds and sergeants-at-arms surrounded the procession on all sides, in the vain endeavor to keep off the crowd, whose cupidity being tempted by the valuable ray (woollen) cloth which had been laid down for the queen to walk upon, rushed forward to seize the prize; the disgraceful attempt was not to be repelled without bloodshed; "certeyne persons" says our chronicler, "were slain and the order of the ladies following the queen, broken and distrobled."

On the queen's arrival at the entrance of the great western door of the abbey, the orison Omnipotens sempiterne Deus was chanted by the choristers and other ecclesiastics stationed there to receive the royal procession, and conduct her majesty to the pulpit, wherein was a siege royal (throne) dressed with cloth of gold, and cushions of the same costly material. The august ceremonial commenced by the queen leaving the pulpit and ascending the steps of the high altar, upon which she lay prostrate, before the archbishop, while he repeated over her the prayer, Deus qui solus habes; after which she arose and having knelt down, the lady in waiting removed the kerchief from her head, and the archbishop opening the bosom of her robe, anointed her; first on the forehead and then on the breast; repeating the words In nomine Patris et Filii sc.* The queen, having closed the bosom of her robe, the archbishop proceeded to bless the ring; and, after reciting a prayer and sprinkling holy water upon it, placed it upon the fourth finger of her right hand; he next, with the usual ceremonies set the crown upon her head, whereupon a coif placed for the conservation of the holy unction, and after the scepter and the rod had been delivered to her, Elizabeth of York, thus crowned, was conducted back to her throne; all her ladies following her. After receiving the sacrament and hearing a great mass performed, the queen, preceded by the archbishop and the rest of the prelates and peers, repaired to the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor, when the crown was taken from her head and placed upon the altar. She then returned to Westminster Hall with a procession far more splendid and numerous than that which had accompanied her to the abbey.

During the whole of this imposing ceremonial, it is stated that "the king's grace and my lady his mother stood on a goodly stage well latticed," erected between the pulpit and the high altar, from whence they viewed the interesting spectacle, with a goodly sight of attendant ladies and gentlewomen. The faithful friend of the youthful queen, the noble earl of Derby, was nominated to a most active part in the proceedings of the day, being appointed one of the commissioners for executing the office of high steward of England at the coronation, an office he had previously filled on a similar occasion, though with far less display: for now—whilst Elizabeth of York snatched a brief interval of repose previous to gracing with her royal presence the banquet which followed in Westminster Hall—in a rich gown furred with sables, a marvellous rich chain of gold many folds about his neck, his courtier richly accoutred and trapped with a trapper right curiously wrought with the needle—he rode about the hall, whilst the festal service was in preparation. On the queen's return to the hall, her majesty washed hands and the archbishop of Canterbury said grace; then "dame Katherine Gray, and mistress Ditton went under the table," where they sat on either side the queen's feet all the dinner time. The archbishop of Canterbury sitting at the end of the table on the right hand, the duchess of Bedford and lady Cecil, the queen's sister, on the left; whilst the countesses of Oxford and Rivers knelt on either side the queen, and "at certain times held a kerchief before her grace."

* In the contemporary account of the coronation of Richard the Third and his queen, we are told that the anointing was performed in the following extraordinary manner—"the king and queen put off their robes, and there (at the high altar) stood all naked from the middle upwards and anon the bishop anointed both the king and the queen."
At the end of the Hall, before the great window, a stage or gallery was erected for a band of trumpeters and minstrels which, when the first course was served, "began to blow." Lord Fitzwater, the Grand Sewer, attired in his surcoat, with tabard sleeves, a hood about his neck, and his towel above all, served the following messes, comprising the first course, all thedishes—the quaint names of which would assuredly puzzle the most erudite of modern gastronomists—being borne by knights. Amongst the dainties enumerated are:

First.—A a wariner before the course:
Shields of Brawn in Armour.—Frumenty with Venison.—Hart powdered grand cheer.—Swan with Chawdron.—Capons of high goe (query haute goat!)—Lampreys in gelatine.—Crane with cretney.—Pike in Latimer sauce.—Heronshaw with his cignet.—Carp in foil.—Kid reversed.—Porch in jelly dipped.—Conies of high grease.—Mutton royal richly garnished.—Valance baked; and a viand unknown to the present age, garnished with lozenges of gold.—Custards, tarts, and fruit green and garnished, accompanied by a "Satellit," with writing of ballads," furnished the first course.

At this royal dinner, it would appear that those only who formed part of the procession were guests, the king and his mother viewing it privately from a seat or stage, erected out of a window on the left side of the hall, "well latticed, that they might privity at their pleasure see, that noble feast and service:" but neither the queen's mother, nor any of her sisters, excepting Cecily appear to have been present. The service at the royal table was ended by serving the queen with "fruit and wafers;" and when "Sir John Turberville, the knight marshal, drew the surnap (table cloth), the hall resounded with minstrelsy, the torches were lighted, and when the queen had washed hands and grace had been said, she passed into a side apartment to take her void." "Then blew the trumpets, and the mayor of London served the queen with hippocras, and spices, and took the cup of gold for his fee." And then, the ancient narrator emphatically concludes, "the queen departed with God's blessing, and to the rejoicing of every true Englishman's heart,"—a sentence which conveys an idea of the deep and fervent interest felt by the nation at the celebration of the long delayed coronation of their beloved queen.

The next day Henry and Elizabeth heard mass in St. Stephen's chapel, attended by the king's mother and a magnificent court, comprising all ranks of the nobility and gentry; after which the queen "kept her estate" in the parliament chamber, the countess of Richmond sitting on her right hand, the duchess of Bedford, her aunt, on her left, and her sister Cecily at the end of the table. At a side table sat the duchesses of Suffolk and Norfolk, the countesses of Oxford, Wiltshire, Rivers, and Nottingham, many baronesses, and the ladies in waiting on the queen. After dinner her majesty and the ladies present danced—whether amongst themselves or with male partners is not stated—and on the following morning she returned to Greenwich, in consequence of the pressure of parliamentary business, "else the feast had endured longer."

Ample provision was now made for the maintenance of Elizabeth of York as a queen of England; in November and December, 1487, numerous manors were granted to her for life; and it was enacted, that in consideration of the great expense which she must bear in her chamber, and otherwise, she should be enabled to sell and grant leases in her own name without the consent of the king. From this period, Henry seems to have buried all former feelings of jealousy towards his consort on the score of the superiority of her claim to the crown; and Elizabeth was brought forward on all occasions of parade, and seems to have enjoyed the same consideration as former queens. The following Christmas was kept with high festivity by the royal pair at "the manor of Greenwich," though, it seems, that the etiquette of their court prevented them from dining together at the same board, for the king, we are told, "sat at dinner on Christmas day in the great chamber next the first gallery, whilst his consort, dined with the countess of Richmond and the ladies of

* Satellit.—At the end of each course was sometimes introduced a dish called a satellit consisting of curious figure's made of jelly and confectionary, to represent men, animals, or allegorical characters, illustrative of the event commemorated, with a label couched in quaint or riddling language, to exercise the thinking faculties of the guests.
her court, in "the queen's chamber." The same arrangements were repeated on New Year's day, on which festival a royal largesse was given to the officers-of-arms, six pounds by the king, and forty shillings by the queen; upon receiving which royal gift the heralds, according to custom, proclaimed aloud with a flourish of trumpets, all the styles and titles appertaining to their illustrious lieges. The same feudal form was likewise extended to the nobles related to the royal family: for, on the king's mother, the lady Margaret, giving twenty shillings, the herald thrice announced it as follows: — "Largesse de haut, puissant, et excellent princesse, la mère du Roy notre souveraine, comtesse de Richmond et de Derby. Largesse!"

The omission of such New Year's gift, on the part of several of the nobility who had been invited to the court to share in its festivities, is thus carefully noted in the old manuscript, written probably by one of the unfeed officers: — "This Christmas there were many lords more in the court, some coming and going, which gave no rewards to the officers of arms." On the New Year's night, amongst other diversions at court, there was "a goodly disguising," (in other words, a masquerade), and during the festive season of Christmas, 1487, many and divers plays were, we are told, performed before their majesties at Greenwich palace.

On St. George's day, 1488, the court repaired to Windsor to hold a chapter of the Order of the Garter.* On this occasion, the queen and countess of Richmond were present, each being attired in a gown of the order, and at the solemn feast, which was deferred until the Sunday following, her majesty and her royal mother-in-law again wore the uniform of the order, and rode from the great quadrangle of the castle to the college in a rich chair covered with cloth of gold drawn by six horses, trapped in a similar manner, and followed by a retinue of twenty-one ladies, "clad all in crimson velvet gowns, and riding upon white palfreys, their saddles of gold, the harness of goldsmith's work, studded with white roses (the badge of Elizabeth of York) demi-trapper-wise."

The feast of Whitsuntide, in the same year, was also kept at Windsor; after which the court removed to Woodstock; thence, at All-Hallow's-tide, to Windsor, and from Windsor to Westminster. At Christmas they were at Shene, where the queen was attended by the countess of Richmond and her sister Anne, and spent the festival of Easter 1489 at Hertford, whence the king proceeded to the north; but it is not recorded, nor does it seem probable, that the queen accompanied him.

In the following November (1489,) Elizabeth of York prepared for her confinement with her second child, by "taking her chamber" (as it is termed in the ordinances of the lady Margaret), with the usual ceremonies, her mother—the dowager queen, and the countess of Richmond both being present. This very curious custom, together with an account of visits paid by foreigners of distinction in the royal lying-in-chamber, is thus described in the Cottonian MS.: —

* The subjoined stanzas—interesting only for the historic allusions they contain—form part of a ddoggrel effusion, rehearsed on the occasion by one of the many Court poets.

"England now rejoice, for joyous may thou be, To see thy King so flowering in dignity."

This realm a season stood in great jeopardy When that noble Prince deceased, King Edward Which in his days gat honour full nobly, After his decease nigh hand all was marred, Each region this land despised, mischief when they heard Wherefore now rejoice, for joyous may thou be, To see thy king so flowering in dignity.

France, Spain, Scotland and Brittany, Flanders also, Three of them present keeping thy noble feast Of St. George in Windsor, Ambassadors coming moo', Each of them in honour, both more and the least, X—March, 1841.

O knightly order, clothed in robes with garter, The Queen's grace, thy mother in the same, The nobles of thy realm, rich in array, after Lords, knights and ladies, unto thy great fame, Now shall all ambassadors know thy noble name, By the feast royal. Now joyous may thou be, To see thy king so flowering in dignity.

Here this day St. George the patron of this place, Honoured with the garter chief of chivalry; Chaplains, chapel singing, procession keeping space, With Archbishops and bishops, beseech noble; Much people present to see thee King Henry, Wherefore, now St. George, all we pray to thee To keep our sovereign in his dignity, Seeking thy Grace to have thy noble behoest.be Wherefore now rejoice, for joyous may'st thou To see thy king so flowering in dignity.
"Upon All Hallows Eve, the Queen took her chamber at Westminster, greatly accompanied with ladies and gentlewomen; that is to say, the lady, the King’s mother, the Duchess of Norfolk and many others, having before her the great part of the nobles present at this parliament. She was led by the Earls of Oxford and Derby. The reverend father in oom the bishop of Exeter sung the mass in pontificalis, and after Agnus Dei, the Queen was led as before. The Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent held the towel, when the queen took her laver, and the torches were held by knights. And after mass, accompanied as before, when she was come into her great chamber she stood under her cloth of state. Then there was ordained a void of spicces and sweet wine. That done, my lord the queen’s chamberlain in very good words, desired in the queen’s name, the people there present to pray oom to send the good hour. And so she departed to her inner chamber, which was hanged and ceiled with rich cloth of blue arras, with fleur-de-lis of gold, without any other cloth of arras of imagery, which is not convenient about women in such a case. In that chamber was a rich bed and pallet, the which pallet bed had a marvellous rich canopy of gold, with velvetc paly (that is, striped per pale) of divers colours, garnished with red roses embroidered with (two) rich pannes of ermine, covered with Rennes cloth. Also, there was a rich altar well furnished with reliques and a rich cupboard well and richly garnished. Then she recommended herself to the good prayers of the lords, and my lord Chamberlain drew the travers. From henceforth no manner of officer came within the chamber but ladies and gentlewomen, after the old custom. But “within a little season after came a great ambassadoor out of France, among the which there was a kinsman of the queen’s called Francois, Mosnsieur de Luxemburg, the Prior of St. Mattelyn’s, Sir William de Zaintes, Bailly of Senlis and Montojie, king-of-arms of Frenchmen, which desired to see the queen, and so they did, in her own chamber. There was with her, her mother, queen Elizabeth, and my lady, the King’s mother—but there entered no more than has been rehearsed, saving my lord the queen’s Chamberlain, and the Garter principal-at-arms.”

On the 29th of November, the queen was safely delivered of a princess, and the day after it was baptized by the name of Margaret, after her god-mother the Countess of Richmond, to whom the important arrangements for the christening had been again confided by her affectionate son and sovereign, and which far exceeded in splendour and parade those which attended the baptism of prince Arthur.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

On the morning of St. Andrew’s day, the aforesaid new-born Princess was christened in the manner as followeth. The rich font of Canterbury* was prepared as of old time had been accustomed for King’s children, with a rich round canopy, with a great gilt ball. The aforesaid princess was brought from the queen’s chamber into the Whitchall, borne by my lady the Marchioness of Berkeley, and to her gave assistance the Earls of Arundel and Shrewsbury. The queen’s sister my lady Anne, bore next to her the chrysosome with a marvellous rich cross lace, and before her the viscount Wells bore a rich salt of gold garnished with precious stones. Before the last mentioned nobleman, the Earl of York bore a taper with certain boughees flourished, and on light (lighted) to the church ward. Before him was the Earl of Kent, who bore a pair of gilt basons; and before him the constables, and marshal’s of England with the staves of their office; before whom were the officers-of-arms on every side the chapel, saving Garter, who went next before the great constable. The chaplains were preceded by xxvi. torches on light, borne by knights, esquires, and other gentlemen and yeomen of the crown. When the said princess was brought to the porch of Westminster church, which porch was richly beseen, and had a rich ceiling of broderie work, the lord Aleocke, Bishop of Ely, was there ready in pontificalis, who christened the princess. Also, there was in the habit of bishop the Lord John Morton,† Archbishop of Canterbury and Chancellor of England, who was godfather, and the high and excellent princess my lady, the King’s mother, and the Duchess of Norfolk, the daughter of the good Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, who were godmothers, and so she was named Margaret, after my lady the king’s mother. The lady of Buckingham bore the train, and the lord Strange gave her assistance holding the mydys (centre) of the train. The canopy was borne by four

* Canterbury font.—It was customary for the royal children to be baptized in the font of Canterbury Cathedral, perhaps from some imaginary virtue which it was presumed to possess: the expense of bringing it on the occasion of christening Elizabeth of York’s third and youngest son 6s. 8d. to the bearer, and ditto 2s. to the servant of the prior of Christ Church, Canterbury, are entered in the king’s privy purse accounts.
† This prelate, whose inviolable fidelity to Henry the sixth, had secured for him that confidence from Edward the Fourth, which was so well repaid to his unhappy offspring, had been constituted Lord Chancellor on the accession of Henry, and eventually advanced to the see of Canterbury.
‡ Brother-in-law to Elizabeth of York.
noble knights Bannerets, that is to say, Sir John Savage, Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir Edward Stanley, and Sir James Blount, after followed a great number of ladies and gentlewomen; and the ceremony of baptism being ended, the princess royal was "brought before the high altar, the lord Thomas Rotherham, Archbishop of York, being in pontificalibus, confirmed her, and the lady Marchioness of Berkeley was there as godmother. Then washed the gossips, and went to the closet, and there they had spices and wine; and also all other nobles, ladies, gentlewomen, and others also." As soon as the royal babe was "put into the font" all the torches were on light and the tapers also, and the officers-of-arms put on their coats of arms. Thus, with all these lights, returning to the King's Palace, the Earl of Kent still bearing the basons and the Earl of Essex the burning taper. Next after them the Viscount Lisle bore two gilt flagons and the holy water stoke (or aspersorium) with a spongell of gold garnished with precious stones, which her godfather gave her." The Lord Dela Warre bore a salt of gold richly jewelled—the present of the Marchioness of Berkeley, followed by another nobleman bearing a cope of costly stuff, the gift of the Duchess of Norfolk, and the Viscount Wells carrying a chest of silver gilt, filled with gold coin, the gift of the happy deviser of all this stately ceremonial and pageantry—the lady Margaret, countess of Richmond, and the godmother and grandmother of the princess royal. This brilliant baptismal procession returned to the palace, we are told, "in good order, and with Christ's blessings, Amen."

The queen was privately churched on the 27th of December, and the measles having broken out in the palace, two days afterwards proceeded to Greenwich. On the 2nd of February 1490, the king, the queen, the king's mother, and the greater part of the lords spiritual and temporal, went in procession to Westminster Hall, and heard divine service, and at night a play was performed before their majesties. "This Christmas," says a court journalist "I saw no disguisings, and but right few plays; but there was an abbot of misrule that made them and their attendants at Whitchall much sport, and did right well his office."

An increasing family shed over the domestic circle of Henry the VII., and Elizabeth of York, that repose which party spirit and continual insurrection had denied to their public lives.

Early in the summer of 1491, Elizabeth of York removed to Greenwich to make preparations for her approaching confinement, and on the 28th of June 1491, in that ancient palace, gave birth to her second son Henry, afterwards king Henry the Eighth. Here, also, on the 2d of July 1492, her daughter Elizabeth was born, who died in infancy (1495). In the summer of that year she accompanied her royal consort in his progress to the north; they returned to Shene on the 16th of October, and on the 16 of the following November honoured the Sergeant's feast at Ely Place, Holborn, with their presence.

At this important crisis—the subsiding of that fierce spirit of faction which had so long harassed England—the young prince Henry was created Duke of York—a title that must have been as grateful to the queen's party, as it evinced policy and good feeling on the king's side—to endeavour to mitigate, by means of the names and titles of his children, those prejudices and contending feelings that the union of the two factions in the persons of himself and his royal consort had softened, but not entirely subdued. By the British appellation of Arthur, bestowed on the union of Wales, he bound himself, as has been already noticed, more firmly to his faithful Welsh, though he counteracted all appearance of triumph over the Lancastrians by selecting for his first-born, sponsors chosen from the Yorkists, in the persons of the dowager queen, and the noble earl of Derby. His eldest daughter Margaret, (as also previously stated) was by name and spiritual adoption peculiarly the child of his own revered parent. The infant Elizabeth was called after her royal mother and grandmother, whilst his name of Henry revived anew in the Lancastrians the glorious days of his progenitors, and yet re-kindled by the title of duke of York that deep-rooted affection to the fallen dynasty, which induced rebellion in many a generous heart, and rankled deeply in many of the finest spirits that yielded obesiance to Henry Tudor, merely as the husband of Elizabeth of York.

For the five or six years following, the only notice, of Elizabeth of York are to be gleaned from entries in the privy purse expenses of her royal husband, who, it appears, ordered twenty pounds to be given her on the 1st of February, 1496; and on the same day in the next year two thousand pounds were lent to her to pay her debts-
Thirty pounds were presented to her at Greenwich, by the king, in the May following, to purchase jewels: and in April, 1498, 6l. 13s. 4d. were given her, for what purpose, is not stated in the entry.

In May 1498, the queen was confined with her daughter the Princess Mary, afterwards queen of France, and on the 21st February, 1499, her majesty was again confined of her third and youngest son. The young prince was born at Greenwich, and christened on the 24th, being held at the font by his godmother—the countess of Richmond, after whose husband, Edmund, Earl of Richmond—his grandfather, he was named. The minute care and attention of the illustrious godmother was again displayed as conspicuously as on former occasions of birth and baptism of the royal progeny of England; and not less curious than those ceremonial arrangements—of which indeed they are part and parcel—are the lady Margaret’s

**ORDINANCES FOR THE DRESSING OF THE NURSERY FOR A PRINCE OR PRINCESS OF ENGLAND.**

*First.*—To show such things as must be had for the princess’s body; that is to say,—Two pairs of sheets of rennes either of ijij yards long; two head sheets of like rennes, of iiij breadth, and iiij yards long; two short pillows of fustian, stuffed with down, each with beeres of rennes. One pane (counterpane) of scarlet, furred with ermine, or bordered with crimson velvet upon velvet and cloth of gold. furred in likewise—the coverute of fine lawn of iiij breadths or five yards long.

*For the couch at the bed’s feet.*—*Item.* A featherbed, with bolster of down; one matress stuffed with wool two yards long and iiij short; iiij short pillows, each with ij beere of Rennes; one pair of fustians, of six breadths and five yards long; two pairs of sheets of Rennes, of iiij breadths and five yards long; two head sheets of Rennes iiij breadths and iiij yards long; one pane (counterpane) of scarlet, furred with ermine, bordered with velvet upon velvet cloth of gold, furred with ermine; one coverute of fine lawn, of five yards broad and six long; one head sheet of fine lawn of four yards broad and five long. A sparrow of crimson satin (a canopy), embroidered with crowns of gold, the Queen’s Arms and other devices, lined with double tarteron, and garnished with fringe of silk, blue russet and gold, with a round-above of about five yards in length. Four cushions covered with crimson damask cloth of gold. One round mantle, plain velvet, furred throughout with fine ermine’s backs for the queen to wear about her in her covite, and all things necessary to the same."

*The littell cradell.*—*Item.* A littell cradell of tree, on a form, embroidered and painted with fine gold, and devised; a yard and a quarter long, and in breadth twelve inches; four pommeles of silver gilt, with two like pommeles for the frame; five buckles of silver on either side the cradle, without tongues, for the swaddle bands. Two matrasses and two pillows for the same cradle. Two panes of scarlet; one furred with ermine and the other with grey—both bordered with cloth, the one of crimson and the other of blue; the head sheet of gold unfurred, ordained to the panes. A sparrow of linen cloth for the same cradle: a traverse (or curtain) of red tarteron. Two cradle bands of crimson velvet and a baile covered in Rennes for the same cradle."

*For the cradell of estate.*—*Item.* For the cradell of estate, in length five feet, and in breadth two feet and a half, covered with crimson cloth of gold, with four pommeles of silver gilt, with the King and Queen’s arms; also two like pommeles for the frame of the said cradell to be silver gilt; also eight buckles without tongues, on every side of the said cradell; one matrass for the same; also two pillows, &c.; one pane of scarlet furred with ermine, and bordered with blue velvet upon velvet cloth of gold of tissue. One head sheet of like cloth of gold, furred with ermine; one sparrow of crimson damask cloth of gold, lined with red double tarteron, garnished with fringe of silk and gold; one bayle, covered with Rennes; one cross of tree covered, with a wall above of silver gilt for the said sparrow; and two swaddle-bands, the one of blue velvet, and the other of blue cloth of gold, and all necessaries for the said cradell."

*To this minute and careful provision for the Royal Nursery, the Lady Margaret thus cares for the array to bear the Prince or Princess to the christening.*

*Item.* A mantle of rich crimson cloth of gold with a long train, furred with ermine, to bear the said prince or princess to the christening. *Item.* For other times to have for the said child twenty four yards of fine blanket, twelve yards of scarlet, and forty four of fine Rennes, for divers things necessary for the same. Two cushions covered in crimson damask. *Item.* A cushion of leather, made like a kermynger cushion for the nurse."

*Item.* A chase, and a bason of plate and two great basons of pewter, for the launder in the nursery, and eight large carpets to cover the floor of the chamber, and all other necessaries."

Prince Edmund died at Bishop’s Stortford, in Hertfordshire, about April 1500, as in May in that year 242l. 11s. 6d. were paid for the costs of his burial, inde-
pendent of fees to the abbot and convent of Westminster. In March 1502, the queen received five hundred pounds as a loan on the security of some plate, a fact indicative of the growing parsimony of the wealthy Henry even in the minor arrangements of his illustrious consort’s household.

Henry having suppressed the various domestic attempts which were made to disturb his throne, next turned his attention to the adjustment of his relations with foreign potentates. The rising power of France had excited in the pope, the emperor, and the king of Spain, such a feeling of jealousy, that they spared no pains to gain the alliance of the English monarch and to make him participate in their sentiments relative to the dangerous policy of Louis XII. It was in pursuance of similar views that the marriage of prince Arthur and Catherine of Arragon was contracted. More desirous at all times to confirm the peace of his kingdom than to extend its boundaries, he consented about the same time to the union of his eldest daughter, Margaret, with James the Fourth of Scotland; an event attended with important consequences to both divisions of the island, and which finally led to their conjunction under one sceptre: for, whilst from the lady Margaret of Lancaster are descended all the kings of England who have wielded the sceptre since the accession of her son Henry the Seventh,—by the union of this princess, her namesake, at the age of fourteen with the Scottish monarch, are descended all subsequent monarchs of that realm. This latter also became the ancestress of the first and every succeeding sovereign of Great Britain, when on the death of her niece queen Elizabeth of immortal memory, the two crowns were united in the same personage, and that title adopted by king James the First, her grandson.

The ceremony of affiancing the princess Margaret to James of Scotland, took place at St. Paul’s, in January 1502, when the king, queen and all the royal family, except the prince of Wales, were present, including Katherine lady Courtenay, her majesty’s sister. As soon as the ceremony was over, Elizabeth of York took the young queen of Scots by the hand, and "they both dined at the same mess covered," and jousts, feastings, a pageant and other festivities, for some days testified the importance which was attached to the event.

The parsimony of Henry was manifested on both occasions now mentioned, though he permitted his subjects to lavish their wealth in boundless extravagance. In all the devices and conceits which attended the former marriage, there was, says lord Bacon, "a great deal of astronomy; the lady being resembled to Hesperus, and the prince to Arcturus, and the old king Alphonsus, that was the greatest astronomer of kings, and was ancestor to the lady, was brought in to be the fortune-teller of the match. And whosoever had those toys in compiling, they were not altogether pedantical; but you may be sure that king Arthur the Briton and the descent of lady Catherine from the house of Lancaster was in no wise forgotten." The festivities lasted for two days throughout the metropolis, and to exhilarate the populace twelve hogsheads of claret were tapped in the streets, and a number of bonfires were kindled at night.

But the avaricious Henry would not consent to give with his daughter more than ten thousand pounds, to be paid to her husband in three instalments, as if his overflowing treasury would not have admitted a more prompt disbursement.

The abilities of the youthful prince Arthur, the sweetness of his temper, and his proficiency in learning, had gained him the affection of all who knew him; and his bride by her beauty, modesty, and accomplishments, became the object of general admiration. Their nuptials were celebrated with every token of joy and magnificence on the 14th November, 1501. Ludlow castle in Shropshire was assigned for their residence; and their court represented in miniature the court of their royal parents; whilst the prince amidst his vassals was instructed by his council in the rudiments of government. But the weakness of his constitution sank under the rigor of the winter; and the hopes of the nation were unexpectedly blighted by his premature death in the fourth month after his marriage, and the fourteenth of his age. Upon Henry and Elizabeth the blow fell heavily, and there is not upon the page of history any scene more affecting than their common grief and reciprocal condolence when they received the tidings of Arthur’s demise. The mournful intelligence was
first opened to the king by his confessor, and the whole scene is minutely and pathetically described by a contemporary.

Immediately after Arthur’s death, Sir Richard Poole, with other of his counsel, wrote and sent letters to the king and counsel, at Greenwich, where his grace and the queen lay, and certified them of the princess’s departure. The which counsel sent for the king’s ghostly father, a friar observant, to whom they showed this most sorrowful and heavy tidings, and desired him in his best manner to show it to the king. He in the morning of the Tuesday following, somewhat before the time accustomed, knocked at the king’s chamber door, and when the king understood it was his confessor, he commanded to let him in. The confessor then commanded all those present to avoid, and after due salutation began to say, “Si bonae manus Dei suscepimus, male autem quare non sustinamus,” and so shewed his Grace that his dearest son was departed to God. When his grace understood that sorrowful heavy tidings, he sent for the queen, saying that he and his queen would take the painful sorrows together. After that she was come and saw the king her lord and that natural a painful sorrow as I have heard say, she with full, great and constant comfortable words besought his grace that he would first after God remember the weal of his own noble person, the comfort of his realm, and of her. She then said, that my lady, his mother, had never no more children but him only, and that God by his grace had ever preserved him, and brought him where that he was. Over that, how that God had left him yet a fair prince, and said that God is where he was, and we are both young; and that the prudence and wisdom of his grace sprung over all Christendom, so that it should please him to take this according thereunto. Then the king thanked her of her good comfort. After that she was departed and come to her own chamber, natural and motherly remembrances of their great loss smote her so sorrowful to the heart, that those that were about her were fair to send for the king to comfort her. Then his grace of true, gentle, and faithful love, in good haste came and relieved her, and showed her how wise counsel she had given him before; and he, for his part, would thank God for his son, and would she should do in likewise.

This touching though artless narrative derives additional interest from its tendency to refute the charge which has been brought against Henry of treating Elizabeth with indifference and neglect; and the MS. of the royal biographer, Bernard Andreas, the journals of the Herald previously quoted, as well as many entries in Henry’s privy purse expenses also afford frequent intimation that the royal couple appear as if they entertained a real affection for one another.

The early widowed Katherine of Arragon was immediately brought from Ludlow to the metropolis, and on her arrival, the queen presented her with a litter, covered with black velvet and black cloth, with a valance and fringes of the same color, for her conveyance to Croydon: during her temporary abode in the ancient palace of the archbishop’s of Canterbury there she received many marks of the affectionate solicitude from her royal mother-in-law.

Throughout the remainder of the year in which Elizabeth of York was bereft of her beloved first born, change of scene was resorted to, as a means of mitigating the anguish of mind induced by so irreparable a loss. Elizabeth received the doleful tidings at Greenwich, which she shortly afterwards quitted for Richmond, and on the 27th she was conveyed thence in her barge to the Tower. She returned to Greenwich on the 2d May, went again to Richmond on the 19th, and continued there until the 4th of June, and on the 6th she went to Westminster, but returned to Richmond on the 11th of that month. On the 17th of June her majesty was at Windsor, where she remained until July 12th of July, and reached Woodstock, on the 4th. Taken ill she there endeavored to propitiate heaven by offerings to the altar of the Virgin and masses. On her recovery, Elizabeth of York made a progress into Wales, early in August, and after a tour of six weeks, her majesty reached Langley. Departing 3rd of October; she was at Richmond on the 25th, and next month at Westminster; having on the 3rd made her offering at the mass, annually celebrated on that day for the obit of Edmund, Earl of Richmond, the king’s father, in Westminster Abbey. In expectation of her confinement, two nurses, one of whom was a Frenchwoman, waited upon her, on the 13th and 16th. The queen removed 14th November to Greenwich; and thence on the 19th to Baynard’s castle, where presents of various descriptions were brought to her, on the 23rd. On the 26th she went to Westminster, until December 12th, and thence to the Tower; on the 21st to Mortlake; January 11th she was conveyed in her barge from Hampton Court to Richmond.
Towards the latter end of January 1503, the queen took possession of her apartments in the Tower of London; and on the 2d February gave birth to a daughter, who was named Katherine. For a few days, the state of the queen’s health continued satisfactory, but the appearance of certain symptoms giving ground for serious alarm, Henry dispatched a messenger into Kent for Dr. Aylsworth, a physician of great repute, who hastened to London with all speed, to exert his utmost skill in behalf of the illustrious patient. But it was too late—he found both mother and babe rapidly sinking, and on the 11th of February, the very day she had entered on her thirty-eighth year, the queen expired. Her sudden decease, we are told by a contemporary “was as heavy and dolorous to the king’s highness as hath been seen or heard of,” and by high and low throughout the realm she was sincerely mourned and lamented “for she was one of the most gracious and best beloved princesses in the world in her time being.” Though Henry’s feelings upon this melancholy event are only thus briefly recorded, yet the blow must have fallen heavily, since it has been proved that he was not insensible to Elizabeth’s merits or to the felicities which attended his union with the fairest blossom which had ever sprung from the White Rose. Henry, having given orders to the earl of Surrey, high treasurer of England, and Sir Richard Guildford, controller of the household to superintend the necessary arrangements for a pompous funeral,” took with him certain of his secretest, and privily departed to a solitary place to pass his sorrows, and would no man should resort to him.” Previous to his seeking such seclusion, the royal mourner ordained that six hundred and thirty six grand masses should be said in London; and sent by Sir Charles Somerset and Sir Richard Guildford, “the best comfort to all the queen’s servants that hath been seen of a sovereign lord, with as good words.”

After the body of Elizabeth of York had undergone the process of embalming — which commenced so soon as it was cold, and for which there was allowed sixty ells of Holland cloth, with gums, balms, spices, sweet wines and wax—it was seared by the king’s plumber, who “closed it in lead, with an epitaph of lead,” stating her name and titles, and then it was “chested in board,” covered with white and black velvet, with a cross of white damask. On the following day the corpse was removed from her chamber to the chapel of the Tower, preceded by the abbot of Westminster, in pontificalibus, with the dean and chaplains of the king’s chapel. Four knights supported the canopy, and certain nobles in the procession, as well as official personages belonging to the household “laid their hands to the corpse.” Lady Elizabeth Stafford acted as chief mourner, followed by all the other ladies of her majesty’s household, two and two, “attired in such most sad and simplest clothing that they had on their heads thredden handkerchiefs hanging down on their shoulders and close under their chins, and this daily until their sloppes, mantles, hoods &c. were made.”

In the chapel, which was hung with black cloth, profusely decorated with numerous escutcheons of the royal arms, and lighted with wax tapers, a rich hearse was placed for the reception of the coffin, covered with black velvet, having thereon a cross of cloth of gold; and when the coffin was set down beneath the hearse, a Pater Noster for the soul of queen Elizabeth and all christian souls was said in an audible voice; then the deans and chaplains, with the peers, officers of arms, and others went to the Great Chamber to escort the ladies to the mass of requiem. The queen’s sister Katharine, lady Courtenay, led by the earls of Surry and Essex, and accompanied with all the other ladies and gentlemen of the court, then entered the chapel and heard mass—lady Courteney kneeling alone at the head of the corpse, as chief mourner for that day. When the mass was over, the customary offerings were made; and during the ten days that the corpse remained in the Tower, this ceremony was

Sloppes.—Mourning cassocks so called. At the close of the fifteenth century, the superfluous usage of cloth and the vast expenses incurred at the funerals of the nobility and gentry, occasioned the promulgation of an edict by which the habits and liveries, as they were called, were limited to certain quantities. Accordingly in the eighth year of the reign of Henry he Seventh, his mother the Countess of Richmond issued an ordinance that the greatest estates “shall have their surcoates with a trayne before and another behind, or their mantles with traynes, the greatest estates to wear them longest, with mantles and tippets. The queen is to wear a surcoat with the traynes” as aforesaid, “a playne hood without clockes, and a tippet at the hood being a good length upon the trayne of the mantell, being in breadth a navele and an inch;” and
daily repeated and a watch kept each night comprising ladies, yeomen, grooms, and officers of arms, the six ladies being relieved at intervals by as many gentlemen, who "continually knelt about the corpse." On Wednesday the 22nd of February, the twelfth day after her majesty's decease, soon after early morning mass, the coffin was placed in a chaire or car, covered with black velvet upon which was embroidered "a cross of white cloth of gold well fringed," and drawn by six horses.

An effigy of the queen, attired in state robes, a crown upon the head, with hair dishevelled about the shoulders, a sceptre in the right hand and "the fingers well garnished with gold and precious stones," was carried upon an estrade, at each corner of which a gentleman usher knelt all the way to Westminster. Three hundred banners of our Lady of the Salutation, of the Assumption and of the Nativity, the emblems embazoned on a white ground, in token of the particular cause of death, were borne around the bier by knights and "men of honour." Next followed eight ladies of honor in their slops and mantles, mounted on palfreys, saddled and trapped with black velvet, the procession being closed by "honest persons," citizens of London, with the servants of the king and nobility on horseback, and one hundred Marshalmen with mourning hoods over their heads, bearing a "hundred of staff torches of pure wax." The mournful cortège was preceded by the Earl of Derby, Lord High constable, the lord Mayor, the Queen's chamberlain, several peers, the judges, prelates, and abbots, knights of the Garter, &c., whilst on either side "as far forth as they might, striding the kennels, one after another" walked two hundred poor men, dressed in mourning habits, each bearing a weighty torch. From Mark Lane to Temple Bar the streets were lined with upwards of five thousand persons bearing torches. All the parish churches furnished forth processions bearing crosses and singing anthems; whilst at Fenchurch Street and Cheapside stood thirty-seven virgins, a number corresponding with the deceased Queen's age, attired in white, wearing chaplets of white and green, over their dishevelled hair, and holding each a lighted taper. Deputations of the merchants of France, Spain, and Venice, carrying torches and escutcheons emblazoned with the armorial bearings of their respective nations, accompanied the procession through the city. While certain of the crafts of London, arrayed in gowns and hoods of white woollen cloth and bearing torches followed as far as Charing Cross. There the corpse was met and censed (incense burnt over it) by the abbot of Westminster. On the procession arriving at the churchyard of Saint Margaret's Westminster, the marquis of Dorset and the Earls "took their mantles" and every one dismounted. The royal corpse was received by the ecclesiastical dignitaries of Westminster bearing censers and holy water, and after being again censed was removed with the effigy from the funeral car and conveyed to the hearse prepared for its reception in the Abbey; when the usual service had been performed, the peers, peeresses, and officers withdrew to supper in the Queen's great chamber. After which "a goodly watch" of ladies and gentlemen, knights, esquires, officers of arms, yeomen and torch bearers was kept during the whole night.

Shortly after midnight, when matins had been sung, the Prior of Westminster and other priests "came full devoutly from the choir and stood about the corpse singing divers psalms." Masses were said throughout the morning until the lady mourners came to make their offerings, when each lady as well each nobleman offered a noble for the Mass Penny; whilst the late Queen's ladies of honour offered thirty seven palls, first kissing and then laying them on the body; of this number five were presented by each of her Majesty's sisters, all of whom, it may be inferred, attended the funeral. After the ceremony of the offering, a sermon was preached by Fitzjames, bishop of Rochester, from the text "Misère mei saltem vos amici mei quia manus Domini têtigit me;" which words he spake in the name of England, and the after the first quarter of a year the hood may be lined with black or furred with ermine, and all ladies down to the degree of a baroness are to wear mourning with the tippets and train shorters, and to be barded above the chin. The barb was a piece of white plaited linen worn above or below the chin, according to the wearer's rank. It formed part of a widow's dress in the time of Chaucer, for in the 2d book of Troylus, Pandarus says to Creseide, who the poet tells us, was "habited in her widow's weed;"—"Do away your barbe and shew your face bare."
lovers and friends of the same seeing the great loss of that virtuous Queen, and that noble prince, and the archbishop of Canterbury." After another mass had been said a minister of the church took away the palls from the coffin, and the ladies quitted the church. The queen's effigy in its rich robes was then placed in St. Edward's shrine, and the prelates with the king's chaplain approached the hearse. The grave was opened and hallowed by the bishop of London, and after "orisons and ceremonies, the chest was laid in the grave." Whereupon the queen's chamberlain "broke his staff of office and cast it into the grave as did the gentlemen ushers;" then, we are told, "there was weeping and sorrowing, and so all departed. On whose soul God have mercy, amen." This grave however, was not, destined to be the last resting place of Elizabeth of York, for on the decease of the king, her remains were removed from the abbey church in which they had been temporarily deposited, and entered with those of Henry in the splendid chapel which bears his name at the east end of Westminster abbey.

The privy purse expenses of the last year of Elizabeth of York's existence—(the only portion of those valuable muniments of history which have been preserved)—afford highly interesting illustrations of her character and daily pursuits;—in numerous instances corroborating the testimony of those contemporaries who have praised her charitable disposition, grateful remembrance of services conferred and sense of obligations entailed by her religious duties.

The first entry in these accounts is for Maunday money and clothes distributed on Shrovetide Sunday to thirty-seven poor women—a number always corresponding to the age of the donor. This is followed by the queen's offerings on Good-Friday and Easter-Day; by rewards for the performances of vicarious pilgrimages, and by donations to various shrines, anchoresses and other holy persons. Her charitable disposition is further evinced by entries of money paid for the maintenance of children, in burying criminals, in remunerating persons who had incurred losses, or who were injured in her service, in defraying the expenses of individuals taking the veil or entering a monastery, and in presents of money to purchase horses, wedding clothes, &c. By various entries the amusements of the queen are also indicated—rewards being given to players, dancers, minstrels, musicians, and other performers. Money is accounted for as lost at cards, dice and the tables; and from her keeping greyhounds, and purchasing arrows and broad-heads, she, as was common with ladies at the period, appears to have partaken of the pleasures of the chase. Rewards or gratuities to persons bringing her presents frequently occur, and the donation, though generally proportionate to the article given was sometimes of greater value. Nothing was too contemptible to be received, nor was any person deemed too humble to be permitted to testify his respect in this manner.* Besides allowing her sisters annuities out of her limited resources, she wholly supported her nephews and niece, the young Courtenays, and on every public occasion one of her sisters was about her person. Old servants of her father, and a man who had lent her uncle earl Rivers a house just before his execution, are mentioned as having partaken of her bounty. Such evidence, therefore, seems to justify the panegyric of Bernard Andreas. "She exhibited from her cradle," says the poet Laureate of those days, "towards God an admirable fear and service; towards her parents a wonderful obedience; towards her brothers and sisters an almost incredible love; towards the poor and the ministers of Christ a reverend and singular affection." The energy and talents of Henry the Seventh, it has been truly said, left no opportunity for his queen to display any other qualities than those which peculiarly, and it may be said exclusively belong to her sex. The grace and ornament of her domestic circle, every heart paid its tribute to the truly feminine virtues of this excellent princess; her exemplary conduct as a wife and a parent, a daughter, sister and aunt, characters in which she seemed to forget her claim to sovereignty, elicited the most enthusiastic attachment,

The custom of making presents to Royalty was probably very ancient, and as late as the reign of Henry VIII. Among the articles presented to Elizabeth of York were fish, fruit, fowls, pudding, tripe, drone, woodcocks, a popinjay, quails, and other birds, pork, rabbits, Lanthony cheeses, pease cuds, cakes, a wild boar, malmsay wine, flowers—chiefly roses, bucks, sweetmeats, rose-water, a cushion, and a pair of clarycords, a kind of virginal.
from all ranks and classes of the community, who evinced the warmth of their esteem and admiration by the simple but expressive appellation of "Good Queen Elizabeth," unanimously conferred upon the gentle heiress of the House of York.

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT AND ARMS OF ELIZABETH OF YORK.

Elizabeth of York is attired in a rich robe of brocaded silk, heavily trimmed round the skirt and wrists with costly ermine. Her head-dress is of the hooded description, and of which it presents by no means the most becoming specimen—being formed at the top of the head something like the ridge of a roof—with lappets hanging down close to each side of the face, permitting not a single lock of hair to be visible. It resembles a capuchon turned back, and is, indeed, a similar sort of hood to that now worn by the women of the Pons de Basque; but the earlier specimens of this ugly head-gear look like the lower part of the steeple head-tire when they threw away the pinnacle that surmounted it. On the sides an ornament is frequently seen which probably was the clog or cloak. At the close of the sixteenth century we find the clog or cloak removed to the stocking, which it still adorns.

The armorial bearings which accompany the Portrait are copied from an illumination in a contemporary MS. The sinister (or left) side of the escutcheon contains, in the first quarter, the arms of her father; in the second and third, those of Burgh; and in the fourth, the coat of Mortimer: the same impalement is to be found in the central East window of King Henry the Seventh’s chapel. The supporters to the shield are the white and red roses—those emblems of the two houses which have acquired so melancholy a celebrity in England. The white rose, we are told, was derived from the Castle of Clifford. It is generally supposed to have been used as a badge by Edmund of Langley, fifth son of Edward III., and from whom this royal house was descended by a female line. In a curious painting at Wiltshire, near Salisbury, of King Richard II. kneeling before St. John, St. Edmund, and St. Edward the Confessor, he is attended by Angels, who are represented as wearing collars of white roses intermixed with broom pods. Of the red, or as it is commonly called the Lancaster rose, we find in the will of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, the bequest of "une lit vert poindre de roses versuelles" to his sister, the Countess of Devonshire. The first adoption of this badge is, however, generally attributed to John of Gaunt: in the turbulent reign of Henry VI. it became the distinguishing badge of the partisans of that house. In that and the three following reigns, heraldic ornaments appear to have attained their zenith of splendour and importance. These distinguishing emblems of high birth and noble daring were the pride of men delighting in pomp and glitter, and exulting in the lofty descent and valiant deeds of ancestry. The intestine wars of York and Lancaster induced a scrupulous attention, not merely to the insignia of the rival chiefs, but to the distinctive cognizances and badges of their respective followers. (As an instance of the romance of heraldry, it may be mentioned that a white bear, with the cry "A Warwick!" "A Warwick!" appears to have decided the fortune of Banbury Field.) The cognizance

* The desolating effects of fire and sword were not only manifested over the face of the country in the smouldering ashes of whole towns and villages laid waste by a destroying army, but the natural ornaments of the soil, swept away in the general devastation, were neglected long after the return of more peaceable times. The most common fruits and flowers were expensive rarities even in the courts of kings. Henry VII. paid two shillings for the fatal emblem of his house, a red rose, according to a MS. still extant in the Remembrance office; and from the same document we learn that an apple obtained an equal and sometimes even a higher price.
and badge were even more widely extended than the achievements and escutcheons which bore the arms, the former being worn not only to distinguish the Prince, noble, or knight to whom it belonged, but also adopted by men of rank esparing the cause of their leader, while the latter was assumed by his friends, followers and dependents. The white hart of the unfortunate Richard II., yielded only in celebrity to the rival roses of York and Lancaster. But amidst the numerous cognizances of the proud Plantagenets, the ostrich feather and the roses are alone familiar to the present age. The origin of many other devices which still survive is forgotten, and few persons recognise Richard's white heart when contemplating that common sign, or the silver swan of the princes of Lancaster, so often inviting the traveller to refreshment and repose. The favorite white boar of Richard III., notwithstanding the monarch's endeavours to give it equal celebrity with the more esteemed badges of his illustrious house, obtained a very short-lived triumph, and was consigned to disgrace and oblivion on the usurper's fall. The satire by William Collingbourne on Richard and his ministers, in which he designated the monarch by his badge of the hog is well known:

"The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel the Dog
Govern all England under the Hog." (Gatesby, Ratcliffe, Lovel.)

This distich, unhappily, cost the author his life. Richard appears to have been extremely anxious to exalt his favorite white boar to a distinguished eminence; for, in the Wardrobe Rolls, there is a charge for "eight thousand bores made and wrought upon fustian;" and five thousand more are mentioned in the general account. During the tyrant's sovereignty, we are informed that the white boar was a common sign, but at his death the landlords took down their white boars, and where any one omitted it, the fickle multitude pulled it down for him; at this day, we behold the black boar and the blue boar, but rarely the white. At Richard's death few lamented and many rejoiced. The proud bragging white boar, which was his badge, was violently rased and plucked down from every sign and place where it might be espied; "so ill," says Hall "was his life, that men wished the memory of him to be buried with his carrion corpse."

This utter extinction of Richard's favorite device affords strong evidence of the public feeling at the period of his decease, and is a convincing proof that the historians of a later age did not exaggerate their accounts of the monarch's unpopularity. How different was the fate of the white hart of Richard II.—all the efforts of the successful Bolingbroke were exerted in vain to banish the sign so fondly cherished by the lower ranks of the nation; it exists to this day; kneeling, a crown about his neck, and chained, or, it still maintains its rank amid the most esteemed signs of our inns. Sandford tells us that he found Richard's white boar among the badges of the House of York, being of silver, with tusk and bristles of gold. This device was used by Richard previous to his possession of the crown, for a pursuivant then retained in his service bore the title of Blanc Sawglier. From the same author we learn that at the funeral of Elizabeth of York, the cloth of Majesty was inscribed with her motto

Honor and Reverence.

††† In the notice of the armorial bearings of Elizabeth Wydeville appended to our Memoir of last month the quarterings of the sinister (or left) side of the shield were not particularised; they are:—first quarter, Luxemburgh; second, Baux, duke of Andrée; third, Ciprus; fourth, Ursins; fifth St. Paul; sixth her paternal coat of Wydeville.
THE SOLDIER OF DAMASCUS.

I.

Hark! hear ye from these sultry plains
The mild rude clang of martial strains?
From yon fam’d city’s streets they come,
Where thousands make their farewell home.
Save stifled moans as of despair,
Barbaric music fills the air,
Damascus gates are open’d wide;
Out-pours the motley human tide—
No dancing denizens appear;
No merry maidens wanton here;
No warlike spoils on high are hung;
No parting song of triumph sung—
With clouded aspects, sad and slow,
Forth from that city’s gates they go:
Averted looks of sorrow all
Throw back upon that less’ning wall,
And deem as this more airy grew,
Their safety but a shadow too;
Then gaze into the wilderness—
The wid’ning scene of their distress,
And hear again the awful knell
Of thousands as when Acre fell—
Hath Acre fall’n?—“Return—return I!”
So spake the mandate brief and stern;
Stern as an Ali durst disclose
To Ali in the midst of foes—

II.

Young Leila was a Syrian maid,
By Zorani lov’d, but not betray’d;
And she return’d the genial glow,
Warm hearts like her’s alone can know;
The mandate came—too fond, and proud
To prove the constancy she vow’d,
She left her native land and home,
To share with him his love or doom.

III.

The army’s last sad meal was done;
Beneath the scorching desert-sun,
The soldiers urged their toilsome way,
While fast and frequent, day by day,
Half-famished stragglers stray’d aside,
Invok’d the prophet—dropp’d—and died:
And hovered in the distant rear,
(No nearer fight the rebels dare.)
The mountaineers’ exulting crew
Upon the helpless fainting few,
Like vultures on their victims flew.
Exhausted, by the dead sea tide,  
Sate Iram and his youthful bride—  
The soldier watch'd her failing breath,  
As nearer came the throes of death:  
Some roots lay nigh, call'd to sustain  
The throbs of life that still remain;  
Her lips refused the food to take,  
But smil'd upon the words he spake.  
"Thou know'st a narrow bridge-way lies  
Twixt us and our fair paradise;  
And fates by single hairs uphold  
From yawning gulfs the weak and bold.  
Yet joys divine have been decreed  
To all such as shall bravely bleed.  
What faithful Moslem need despond;  
Eternal summer smiles beyond.  
This desert, then let death prepare,  
Still shalt thou be my hour there.  
The danger now to such as we,  
Yet share we all, what'er it be.  
Here—brief thou bright have been our love,  
But there—long-lasting joys shall prove,  
The all enduring links that bind  
Two beings join'd in heart and mind."  
A sudden tumult stunn'd the ear;  
Loud yells announce the mountaineer.  
The dying soldier knew the sound,  
That rent the air and shook the ground;  
With painful force one arm he mov'd,  
(For both had clasp'd the form he lov'd,)  
And grasp'd the handle of his sword,  
And caused the foe by him abhor'd.  
They come—and one hath found the spot.  
Already hath his falchion flash'd,  
Iram's with his already clash'd,  
Exclaiming "Demon! smite her not:  
One moment stay your mordant blade,  
She perishes without your aid."  
But vain the threat, and vain the pray'r,  
His native rocks of Lilianon,  
To voice of menace or despair,  
Are not more callous than her son—  
"Yield, yield!" he cried, and ere the word  
Obey'd, might have forestall'd the sword,  
The blow had fallen—the feeble hand  
Had met it, but could not withstand—  
Young Iram's blade is dash'd apart!  
His foe's is in his lov'd one's heart:  
One long, long breath was all she drew,  
Ere yet the ruffian-spoiler's glaive  
The soldier of Damascus slew,  
Who fell with her he fail'd to save!—  
Oh! say not that the corpses shall  
Supply the vulture's festival;  
But sun-bright breezes softly sigh  
O'er love and truth their lullaby.
First representation of the Dianus de la Couronne, in three acts, at the Opera Comique, the words by M. M. Scribe and Saint Georges, the music by M. Auber. March, Paris.

This is one of the luckiest of theatrical hits. M. M. Scribe and Auber, have, indeed, thrown into this dramatic representation the spirit of their finest compositions with the utmost energy of youth, and their efforts have been wisely seconded by the management, which has omitted nothing to render the piece permanently attractive. In the language of the National, it has nourished the enthusiasm of Mr. Sénancour with an affection truly maternal, and richly ornamenting it, with gold and with diamonds; moreover opening freely for its use, its richest stores, enrobing it in the most costly and beautiful stuffs; and surrounding it with a host of attendants: upon the slightest accident, sighs are answered by sighs, tears are responded to by tears, and its every movement is most carefully watched. We now present our readers with a slight outline of this interesting and attractive, though rather complicated story.

Over-taken by a storm, the young count Henri de Siva, one of the first ministers of the Portuguese, has quitted his post chaise to take refuge within a cavern connected with the old hermitage of Saint-Hubert. Whilst in that state of happy excitement, to which even a misadventure can give birth in the minds of the adventurous and romantic, he hears, of a sudden, the striking of bullets against the wall of this cavern. Don Henrico in now fully alive to the fact that he has entered the retreat of money coiners. Numerous banditti soon afterwards enter the cavern. Concealed behind a cavity of the rock, Don Henrico hesitates not secretly help himself to a portion of his own gold stored from out of his post chaise. Being shortly afterwards discovered, Don Henrico is surrounded, and about to fall the victim of his want of caution, when a beautiful girl, named Catarina (madame Anna-Thennon) stands forward to rescue him, by taking him under her own protection. Being questioned by Catarina relative to the object of his journey and his engagements, he informs her that he was just about returning to his uncle’s house to marry his cousin Diana. Thereupon, Catarina speaks of Diana and his uncle, as if she had been living in close intimacy with them. Prior to his release, she requires his solemn pledge that he will not betray the band or their retreat. Don Henrico’s carriage having meanwhile been precipitated into a mountain abyss, Catarina orders her own to be in readiness to enable him to continue his journey. Overcome by gratitude at such liberal conduct, the count endeavours to persuade Catarina to return to a course of virtue; the latter, though heedless altogether of the young moralist’s remonstrances and advice, shows so much good feeling and sensibility, that, Don Henrico, taken more and more by her manner, trusts for some favorable moment in which to win her to his purpose, and invites himself to breakfast with her. Meanwhile, a troop of the King’s rifles surrounds the cavern, and the brigands as well as Catarina are on the point of being in, spirited away by the author. Don Henrico has, however, a blank pass, which he had received from his uncle. Catarina gains possession of it, and uses it to ensure the safety of her comrades, who disguised as monks and bearing their treasures in a chest, represent the shrine of Saint Hubert, defile through the midst of the guards, whilst Catarina herself escapes by a private door. This concludes the first act.

The second act opens with a view of the chateau of Coimbra, the residence of Don Henrico’s uncle—the count of Campo-major, minister of justice. Here he is busied with the making preparations for the intimate marriage of Diana with the young count. This alliance threatens to be unproductive of happiness to the former, whilst it plunges into deep despair, Don Sebastian d’Avagro—a young friend of Don Henrico’s, while he himself appears not to experience any very great delight at the union. The thought of his noble and beautiful Catarina engrosses his mind. Judge, then of his surprise, when, in the midst of the fête intended to conclude with the signing of the marriage contract, he perceives Catarina herself, accompanied by one of the brigands, who represents her attendant, enter the apartment. Don Henrico now in turn trembles for the safety of one to whom he owes his own life: and, fortunately, at that instant, his uncle, who has retired to his private room, is engaged in perusing important despatches. Catarina has, therefore, an opportunity of escaping from the threatening danger. Far, however, from listening to the count’s entreaties for her self-preservation, with admirable heroism she declares her resolution to take part in the approaching concert. At the commencement she sings with Diana, then alone, and elicits applause from all the company. The pretended uncle, the brigand Robello, play the backgammon with Don Sebastian, and Diana reads aloud from a newspaper her cousin’s adventure in the cavern.

The minister having finished perusing his despatches, is informed of the robbery of the crown diamonds, and he is commanded to regain them, whatever the cost. At that moment, he beholds one of the jewels, the
paz, on the finger of his nephew, by whom it is affirmed, that he bought it of a jeweller in the city. Diana having ended the account, she was perusing in the newspaper, sends forth a loud shriek, having recognized in the stranger the Brigand chief. Henrico, however, more smitten than ever, watches over Catarina's safety, and favors her escape in one of his uncle's carriages. The marriage contract is now ready for signature. Henrico cannot, however, make up his mind to sign it, and Diana and Don Sebastian are equally rejoiced when they behold him refuse to receive the pen for the purpose. Catarina re-appears by a secret door, thanks him, and is unmasked. The wheels of a chariot are heard; it is the departure of Catarina with Robolledo in the minister's carriage. Pursuit is instantly commenced.

In the third act, preparations are making at the court of Lisbon for the marriage of the young queen Maria Francesca. The count de de Fuentes, a man who shares the fate of Don Henrico, Don Sebastian and Diana, whom he intends that day presenting to the queen. When Don Sebastian is just fancying that he has recognized the pretended uncle of Catarina, in a certain Count Marilias de Fuentes, an hussar announces that an audation will be granted him to this Count de Fuentes. Don Henrico is meanwhile full of astonishment and despair, since he had purposed narrowly watching the doubtful movements of this dangerous personage. The false Count, now alone, reads the report which he has prepared for the queen, of which the following is the substance:

"Complained of death as a coin, he one day saw a damsel enter the prison where he each moment expected his final doom. The latter exhibiting to him a diamond of the finest water, enquired if he thought himself capable of making an exact imitation. His reply in the affirmative procured his restoration to liberty; in turning to his mountain home were his workshops and forges, under the escort of his unknown liberator, who took the name and appearance of Catarina, he successfully imitated all the crown jewels. This order came from the young queen herself, who, moved with compassion by the wants and sufferings of the starving people, had generously resolved to sell the jewels of the crown for their benefit, and to substitute false diamonds, but out of respect to an ancient superstition which linked together the happiness of the people with the possession of these costly emblems of royalty.

The queen, in her appearance. The count de Fuentes, or rather Robolledo could scarcely recover from his astonishment in recognizing in Donna Maria Francesca her whom he had all along regarded as only a lady of honor to the queen. The queen and Catarina, are, in fact, but one person. Here the play presents itself in altogether a new aspect: the queen desires to obtain the consent of her minister to the issuing an edict, authorizing her to marry the husband of her choice; to gain this end, she frightens the minister of justice, throwing out her suspicions that he is in league with those who stole her diamonds, since Catarina was sheltered in his residence, and even escaped in his own coach. This state of affair afforded many opportunities for good underplot, which winds up with the queen's coronation. Possessed of the edict which she had desired from her council, the queen next declares her royal pleasure to take for a husband some brave and noble lord of the court, and names Don Henrico, who is at last judged as confounded that he has gained a crown in a coiner's den.

The overture to the Diamans de la Couronne, cannot be numbered amongst remarkable musical compositions; on the contrary, it seems far below M. Auber's talents and powers; deeply we do believe that he should have prepared for public representation, an introduction so weak, so flimsy, and so bad, for a piece which possesses so much merit. After a few bars, composed in something of the pastoral style, elegant and pleasing, M. Auber all at once introduces, with the aid of drums and cymbals, without rhyme or reason, one of the worst and most ordinary galops. We marvel greatly how M. Auber's tact, experience, and good taste, could have been silenced to these departures from all that was excellent, which one possessed of the most ordinary musical knowledge could have perceived. Scarcely, however, is this gallop ended, with all its light and unnecessary accompaniments, than the composer changes again entirely the current of his conceptions, and, by a little secondary arrangement transports our imagination to quite a different land. For awhile, he delights us with the solid and graceful nature of his style; then again there suddenly arises a burst of trumpets which makes us the more sensible of the present infliction, from the deep contrast to the heart-felt and agreeable sensations in which we were indulging. To this burst of trumpets, succeeds some miserable composition, then, again, the gallop we have been condemning, which is perhaps one of the most insignificant which has ever been prepared for the Opera-Comique Orchestra.

In the first act, a more lively interest is awakened by the dramatrical development of the piece, than by the music. Full of interest—from fine situations and remarkable moments, it is not the music which is the real attraction. The air upon the entry of Coudere (Don Henrico) is, however, very pretty and full of point; but M. Auber has still more successfully exerted himself, to give eclat to the arrival of Catarina; this improvement, is, therefore, full of power and fascination; the words, however, are compa
M. Auber's last Opera.

There is as great a difference between the sweetness of his compositions, as there is between the productions of the natural, the inspired poet, and those who rhyme by dint of effort, as occasion calls forth their powers, or as a trade; the result being proof for these interpreters of the ideal world, the noble passions, the mysterious sensations of the world we know where to find those which approach the nearest to the truth, and which are the most warmed by the sun of genius.

Nevertheless, it is not an uncommon thing to find, in the work of M. Auber, pieces full of charm, grace, and polish; but so rarely can you there meet with true sentiment—a touching thought, an idea which springs from the bottom of the anguished soul, that the finest scene in his new opera, which would have made us give him credit for the great powers of his imagination, has furnished us with proof to the contrary, and has greatly surprised us. One single swallow, says the proverb, betokens not the coming of spring; and he, indeed, must be a miserable artist whose pencil has not once been inspired with power to delineate the lively sensations of his animated breast. We do not, however, carry our remarks upon M. Auber as far as this; in the Muette, he has shown us that he possesses fine ideas.

In the present piece, the choruses have been more frequent than usual in comic operas; besides the prayer of the monks, we have mentioned the chorus of the courtiers, full of nerve and enchaining attraction; put together with great address, and executed with great neatness, it was received with plaudits. The chorus in the introduction to the second act deserves also to be noticed; the music, without possessing claim to invention, is lively, suited to the situation. Several times, during the course of the piece, M. Auber added to the chorus accompaniment airs in mezza voce, which produced a great effect, and altogether recovered an indifferent piece from perdition.

Madame Anna Thillon was completely successful in the part of Calarina; the greater the responsibility cast upon her, the more readily do we commend her talents. But her pronunciation is drawing, and she is moreover guilty of some maimars, which greatly injure the clearness of her utterance and her singing, sometimes even to the right understanding of the piece: but she is a good actress, with much tact and capability, Madame Darcey well seconded Madame Thillon, and particularly in the bolero for two female voices.

M. Condere played with fine taste and judgment, though towards the end of the piece his zeal increased his efforts to almost a state of feverish excitement.

So much then for this true jewel in the cap of M. Auber.
THE CONFESSIONS OF A CONFESSOR, BY THE ABBÉ MONTELLE,
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THE RICH MAN'S WIFE.

(Concluded from p. 240.)

Now Emily became as wretched as her mother, wandering about like some fair spirit, weary of her dwelling-place; and soon again another crisis came—a crisis fraught with misery to both, though neither could escape it. In the effort to do so, Emily sometimes sought the presence of her lover, as if with mimic happiness to beguile her real griefs.

They stood together in the twilight of a winter's evening. The fire was blazing, huge shadows playing on the lofty walls, and all things seen in such an indistinct obscurity, that it was just the time for sorrow to express itself and all unseen. Emily was thinking whether she dare tell George Marchmont all. She knew his nature. The letters but once seen, he would discover the author. Honorable, brave, indefatigable in all pursuits, where would this all end? Perhaps in violence, and death: most certainly so.

"Will you do me a kindness, George," she whispered.

"Will I! dear Emily?" was the reply.

"I have lately become afraid of my dear father," said Emily: "Mamma is far too ill. I can hardly ask it; but will you lend me twenty pounds?"

The young man did not immediately reply, struck dumb with his amazement. Was she not the darling of her parents, most liberally furnished with every requisite,—was there a thought, a fancy that had ever been refused her,—what could it mean? "Twenty pounds! Two hundred, if you wish it," he cried hastily: "Dear Emily, I am shocked that you should have to ask this—what advice or further friendship will you permit me? Will to-morrow morning do?"

"It must be now or not at all," she said, with a kind of calm despair: "I have waited two days now, before I could consent. Sure, George, I am humble as a beggar to have asked it."

He searched his pocket-book and gave the sum requested. That he loved her, he felt it was too true; and what acuteness of anguish it inflicted to hear her thank him. Her mind appeared almost half distracted; her heart, more than half broken.

"You were always kind to me," she said; "I can scarcely help thinking that you would never quite desert me. I have felt lately as though I were not my father's child,—and not your cousin,—so, you must never love me, George."

Ere he could answer, she glided from the room. It was remarkable, but so it was, that just as she retired, the remembrance of that man's figure, and his ungracious aspect, uprose before the fancy of her lover. An unspeakable curiosity came with it, a desire to fathom this extraordinary mystery. Still, how ridiculous was the antipathy produced by a single glance, and the prejudice imbibed against an individual whom he had never yet either known, or with whom he had ever conversed. Nevertheless, it employed his waking thoughts during that one night at least.

The following morning, no sooner was Mr. Marchmont gone out, than his wife ordered her carriage, but previous to her departure was seen in confidential discourse with John, her private servant. It was observed that he conveyed a small box or casket into the coach; and having enquired of his mistress her intentions, they drove off towards the city. The lady reclined too far back to be clearly discerned: but if any passenger had caught sight of her he might truly have conceived, from the glimpse of a face of such paled misery and mental anguish, that the wealthy were not exempt from mortal suffering, and that here was a noble and beauteous creature, from whose lot in life the veriest beggar would have shrank, nor envied her the many gifts of fortune.

The carriage stopped at the house of an eminent goldsmith. Mrs. Marchmont was apparently so lost in thought that she started, when her servant, appearing at
the door, demanded her further pleasure. His mistress trembled as she spoke, and changed from white to red.

"Take this casket, John," she said. "It contains a set of rubies and—and another of emeralds. Shew them and say that they were purchased here—doubtless they will recognise them."

She paused, unable to speak farther; the footman waited, expecting other orders.

"Your pardon, madam," said John at last, "you wish them cleaned, perhaps, or re-set."

"I want them to lend me some money upon them," she replied, with a kind of sudden desperation,—and she could say no more.

"I understand, madam," was the man's answer, as though there were nothing peculiar in his mistress' commands. "Perhaps, madam, you will alight yourself—your presence may be required."

"I cannot—no, John, not myself," she whispered; for pride, shame, delicacy—every feeling alike revolted from the idea of appearing in the transaction. The man saw her distress, bowed and entered the house.

Time halts with the wretched, and runs swiftly with the happy. The short period of his absence was as an interminable period of mental agony; and when, at length, a gentleman appeared, soliciting some further information respecting her wishes, she would have willingly died to avoid his enquiries, and to escape altogether.

"Mrs. Marchmont, I presume," said the person.

"I am Mrs. Marchmont." Here she stopped, beholding his eyes fixed upon her with amazement; possibly excited by her beauty and evident distraction, but certainly not by the business in hand, for only her entire ignorance of such proceeding could make it remarkable to him. The gentleman saw at that glimpse, however, that she was not at all fit for conversation.

"Your servant has, madam, perhaps," said he, "full authority in this, and is in your confidence?"

"He is," she cried, "I should like John to arrange with you, if that will do."

He bowed and was gone; and shortly after again presented himself with a handful of bank-notes, a document to be signed by the lady, and John at his elbow, as witness. It was the work of an instant.

"Oblige me, madam, by overlooking the notes," said the gentleman. Mrs. Marchmont passed them through her hands mechanically, though her sight and senses were as though gone, still it was done. The person bowed with profound respect; John leapt on the box, the carriage whirled away. It appeared something remarkable to her; her polite reception during the whole of this, the pleasing facility shewn in this easy transfer of property. She did not understand this, but attributed it to the high character and large fortune of her husband. Awhile, and even these means were shortly exhausted.

About this period there went some reports abroad that Mrs. Marchmont was mad; and there were some grounds given for this conclusion. She avoided all society, refused all invitations, shunned all approaches of friendship, yet could not be persuaded to seek country air, nor quit scenes that it was but too apparent had not only lost all interest, but had almost become hateful to her. The lovely spring was now advancing, the season of new-born hopes and aspirations, but it brought no joy to her. She began to neglect her attire, indifferent to its fashion and grace; and this was the sure sign indeed that all was not right within,—the neglect of personal appearance being truly the last weakness of all who are tired of life and weary of the world, and restless to go upon their holy pilgrimage.

All this was seen and observed upon, and every one wondered at Mrs. Marchmont's unconcealed despondency, and melancholy aberration, that verged upon insanity. But who should enquire her thoughts, and fathom her distress? Was not her own conscience her monitor: were not the pleadings of her own heart even as constant reproaches heaped upon her? Alas! it was so.

She saw by now that her own child would fall the sacrifice of her folly; and that in that child's heart her hands had planted the night-shade that in time consumes
the flower. There were no methods now of cure. Their tyrant fate held them too fast,—and if they should attempt to fly—where was their city of refuge;—it lay beyond the dwelling of the dead. Upon this, her thoughts were ever fixed;—the eye-sight of the soul absorbed in this too heavy darkness. There was one other thought besides.

If she had lost faith in her own honor, doubly had she lost it in her honesty. Those funds, given by her husband as tokens of his favor, were now transferred to a base villain’s hand, and cast down the wide sink of soul depravity. The vow that once her innocent bosom made, to garner her lord’s fortune as his life—that tender vow was broken. Nay, the very treasures, jewels, gifts that he confided to her keeping, to grace his dear affections, these had been wounded from her—these he had madly given to a profligate, to save her from the stigma of dishonor. And now, and now again, the time was coming, when her resources were exhausted, the wretch’s calumnies would then break forth; what help was near? He would at last complete his purposes; and why, in weakness, had she feared his wrath, his inanities—his deep conspiracies? Why? but for the love of him, whose love she yet must love; yet, mighty the power of such dear affection; it sheds even a dying halo on such a fate as this.

The world, though, talked of Mrs. Marchmont’s madness: and, at length, it reached her husband’s ears,—who henceforth watched her closely. He was himself alarmed. He spoke of change—of country air.

“I cannot go,” she cried, roused from her reverie, “I dare not. Dearest Edward, some horrible events are coming on, so be prepared; and it will come when I am gone away. Then let me watch, Edward, watch night and day. It may perhaps be well for you.”

All this was enigmatical; without apparent reason, incapable of explanation. Her husband gazed with anxious sorrow and waved the subject once again. His words and ways spoke of a kind indulgence.

But, at length, even if he left home, but for a few hours, such was her state of high excitement and nervous sensibility, that she sprang up to meet him, held him in embrace and fondled him, as if she had been dreaming of his loss, or he were suddenly restored from some impending danger. The husband pondered over it. It seemed almost as though she felt some horrible presentiment of his coming death; and so was restless for his safety; or perhaps for her own condition after he was gone. This could hardly be. It might be. He sought the counsel of his friends, of medical advisers, but few even pretended to comprehend the case, much less give advice upon it. The nerves were too highly strung. Peace, rest, and tenderness might still avail;—true, but she was fading fast.

“Nothing shall persuade me, my dear,” said he, “but that you have something on your mind; and lest it should be anything that I can remedy, I have tried all things. There is the copy of my will; I give it into your keeping. There you will discover that if I have remembered you while living, I have not, while dying, forgotten you. Now, Amelia, be happy.”

She smiled wanly, and breathed her thanks; but this indeed was no satisfaction. She was, she felt, unworthy of his love,—a base and miserable deceiver; and every act of goodness or esteem was a tacit reproach to her, rousing pangs of conscience utterly insufferable, and driving to fresh acts of desperation her distracted mind.

It was a spring-time morning. All nature was glowing into fresh life; the Heavens were bright, the earth yielding reviving freshness, and all things whispering hope. The postman came; honest John took the letters, some for his mistress, some for Miss Emily; but they were both ill, and John bethought him whether he had not better give them to his master; but, then he changed his mind, and sought his mistress in the breakfast parlour. She was there, drest in a close morning cap, and in the attire of an invalid. He gave the letters and retired.

Shortly after, her maid came to him, bidding him seek his master, for she thought her mistress was in a trance or deathly lethargy, probably the forerunner of some hysterical attack, or phrensy of the brain. His master was walking in the park, but ere he could be summoned, the lady seemed reviving, but in a state quite un-
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accountable. As Mr. Marchmont entered, he heard her voice calling him to protect her, with wild expressions mingled with her grief that altogether confounded him. He hastened into her presence; there was a sight indeed! She stood in the centre of the room, her dress disordered, her hair dishevelled—madness in her face.

"Take my clothes," she cried, "my jewels—take them all." And she rent her robes while she was speaking, and clutched her bosom as though willing to tear out the heart that lingered there. "There—there," she raved, "but do not smile, see, take care not to smile upon your victim. There, take them all."

But Edward, her husband, stood before her.

"Why, my Amelia, what is this," said he, in tones of mild expostulation. "What has terrified you?" And thus he led her to the sofa.

"I know," she said, as if only half recovered, "I know whatever that man should say, you, my Edward, you would never believe it."

"What man? Who is it?" he enquired.

"Aye, never listen if any one should tell you," was the answer; "but I shall some day leave this house—my home—my child—my husband. Every one will wonder—but not you, my love; you will then know the secret and weep."

He heard, but did not reply to this insane discourse. His looks of grief roused her at once; she started, like one wakening from a dream, and wept in silence on her husband's bosom. Nothing more passed between them. That day a new physician visited her;—her husband never quitted her. George Marchmont tended her with the kindness of a son, and Emily was there too,—but though so watchful and so tender, there was mysterious meaning in her gaze, if that most wretched mother had dared to comprehend it. She saw the trial was not yet over, nor the task done.

Emily Marchmont was more than usually pale, restless, perturbed, and constantly standing with a full gaze fixed, as if enquiringly, upon her mother. Mrs. Marchmont shunned her child, fearful of the consequences. Indeed, lately there had been little apparent confidence between them. Besides, since her late sudden illness, the attentions of Mr. Marchmont and his nephew had been altogether of a character that precluded private discourse.

It was on the second day after this event, and the evening of that day when Mr. Marchmont seeing her, as he supposed, more composed, invited his nephew to take a walk round the park—being anxious to consult with him relative to the ill health of his wife and child, if only to seek consolation for his sorrows.

Now was the moment for a full development of her true position. Mrs. Marchmont was alone in the drawing-room; she drew forth the fatal letter of yesterday.

She passed over all other passages but the following:

You seem for the first time to brave me—to dare me to the worst. Now listen: you remember the night that you spent with me at B——; you remember writing to me the day after. The eloquent pen of the girl has here said enough to implicate the character of the woman. I assert that it has done so. You may say that this was before your marriage with Mr. Marchmont; but I say it was in the self-same month, during his absence on the death of a relation. You may assert that this was in April, 1781. I assert it was April, 1782. I have my proofs. You struggle in vain. Shall I, my dear Mrs. Marchmont, enclose this letter to your husband? Is your daughter Mr. Marchmont's child or no? I can alone answer that question—or let him read the letter and believe. But, my dear, this is your ci-devant lover's pleasantry, so treat him with kindness—send the money forthwith.

She was in the snare of the fowler! Where had this wretch acquired his deep duplicity? She was the sufferer on the rack, and he the executioner;—but, merciful God! was her child to perish also!

She was alone. A brilliant chandelier was burning in the centre of the apartment. She started up. In an immense mirror, she beheld her own ghastly aspect;—the pale and care-begone countenance, —the brow collapsed with care, the eager eye, the compressed lips. She viewed herself, as though from that examination she could discover something, or know herself again even as she was, when she was young. The remembrance dawned upon her. Her heedless gait, her thoughtless ways, her unprotected girl-hood; but there the shadow of no counsellor,
The Rich Man's Wife.

no friend intruded. She had done foolish things,—she had not known the ways of wisdom. She had written—yes, she had often written to him—the man—the monster. She could not recall the past—all perfect, to her memory. There were, perhaps, implications from which she could not escape;—and, now, she wildly clasped her hands.

"Strength—strength—strength!" she cried. "Oh fortitude of mind and human foresight! Oh energy of thought—alert in action! Oh nerve of body to contend with fate! How precious art thou,—and life's dearest gift. Let the most humble creature that can claim thee feel powerful and free. Let the great court thee lest they should stand forsaken in their need. Let them who hold thee, praise the ruler of the skies, for they are highly favored!—I am weak."

Thus she apostrophized,—but all in vain. Had she never yielded, then she had never been a slave. Had she defended herself, she might have still stood firm. But she had fallen, sunk from her high estate; inasmuch as she had knelt before her conquerer. There was still one remedy. She would write to the man, expostulate, debate, entreat his pity. She sat down to her task.

Many things arose to say to him, much did she implore his future silence; then, boldly did she assert her innocence, and dare him to the proof; and driven to extremity, strongly did she reproach his cowardice, his mean duplicity, his shameless impudence. But just as she had finished, she drew back, perused the letter, and destroyed it. Could she stoop thus low. Did she not blush to hold communication with a wretch so vile? She did. If still her husband's honor was dear to her, by silence she asserted it, by that alone she could defend it.

While still she sat there, she, at last, became aware her daughter bore her company. In the remote distance of the gay saloon, she stood, like some fair figure starting from a picture, so mute and motionless. In her hand, she held a folded letter too. So wan her aspect, that, amid the blaze of splendor all around, she might be seem most like the shadow of some heavenly nymph, alighted softly in the surrounding space, and waiting to perform her preter-natural mission, ere yet she vanished. The mother beheld her child, and guessed her errand; the young girl gazed back again, under an apparent fascination.

"Come nearer Emily," she said. "You do not fear me."

The young lady slowly advanced.

"Approach Emily," said her mother. "The pain is past,—the sting—the dread,—the absolute certainty is come,—I feel that I must some day leave you,—and shall be an outcast on the world, my child."

Emily Marchmont advanced again.

"You look like death, dear Emily," were the next words; "and when you die, you will then feel your mother murdered you, with seeming kindness too. Come!—not a smile, my child."

Emily Marchmont approached close to her, but said nothing. If silent looks had often held communion there before, interrogated and responded too, such looks conversed together now; and now, Emily enquired if the other could bear up bravely against coming fate, if she could hear mysterious tidings,—the mother answered in the affirmative—her spirit was not yet subdued.

"Look not so sad, my child," said she at last. "The world may say that I have lost honor and honesty, but not my love of thee."

"I feel it," said her daughter. "Oh my mother!" The exclamation fell unguarded from her, but with redoubled force.

"Pity your mother," said Mrs. Marchmont, energetically; "pray for her, she has need of prayers,—defend her,—you shall be rewarded, Emily,—and honor her,—for she has suffered much. Now, love, what would you say?"

"I have often troubled you for money," said Emily, in a low voice.

"You have love," was the answer.

"I have not told," said Emily, "the purposes for which it was intended."

"I have never sought to know," replied Mrs. Marchmont.

"Shall I have more?" asked Emily, "or will you ask what I have done with that? dear mother, mother?" and the young girl knelt down before her, and
clasped her hand in her's: "remember," she urged, "I am but yet a child, and I am weak."

"I sit here," said Mrs. Marchmont, sternly; "it is a dwelling like a palace, but I am poor; your honored father gives a fortune to me, but I am poor. The beggar that solicits my bounty is not more poor. Nothing I have is mine; all belongs to him—to the man—to our enemy—my child!"

There was a terrible slowness, emphasis, desperation, in the manner she pronounced these words; "you know it all then," cried Emily,—a horror-struck delight was in her tones; "he!—he writes to me."

"It is then true," said her mother; "well is my poor girl weary of this world!"

"Many times I have sent him money," whispered her daughter, with a face as pale as twilight; "and now he sends for more."

"Ask—ask your father, love" said Mrs. Marchmont; "only let him be silent. I shall have time to die."

"I have," said Emily; "and he has had it."

"George, your cousin—lover," gasped her mother.

"I only come to you when I am driven here," said Emily; "driven down at your feet, and what is to be done?"

"Give me the letter," said, Mrs. Marchmont.

The decision expressed in her words was wanted in her action. She handled the fatal falsehood, as if thereby she could extract its venom, and make it sound like truth. She tried to prepare herself, but she was unprepared for all that it contained. Here it was again repeated, that he held proof of her daughter's illegitimacy. But why detail the infernal malice that directed him and all its horrors?

"Not her own father's child!" cried Mrs. Marchmont, in extremity; "the God of heaven is witness of it. But Emily, let us go hide our heads—bury us with the dead—we are only fit for everlasting sleep!"

"What can help us?" said Emily.

"Nothing in this world," was the reply.

But Emily now started up.

"I will go," she cried, a ghastly light shone in her looks. "I will tell George Marchmont—he will know that it is false."

"Your father will be murdered—George killed!" These were the words she heard, and a strong grasp—the grasp of despair—withheld her.

"You know your father's nature," said the voice. "Great, high and generous. You know his pride. His very soul would shrink from me—and he can never hear it. If so,—Emily—Emily—" she added with a smothered cry; "what is become of all his love for me! gone—my child—gone—for ever!"

So, by the repetition of these words, it seemed she impressed on her own heart the height of her affections—the depth of her exceeding loss.

"Shall I see the man," said Emily, "and speak to him?"

"Poor girl! poor—poor child!" repeated the mother; "no, Emily, no."

It was a terrible thing now to behold the trembling fragile girl, the stern and suffering mother, held in one another's fond embrace.

"Enough: he holds me in his power," said that sad voice; and now she clasped her daughter both firmly and imploringly. "We must bend—we must submit—we dare not struggle," she said, in a sort of distracted fear. "How can I prove or disprove? Consider. Think. We are his prisoners—his slaves—his sacrifice.—Wait only till I die, my child—and it will soon be over."

"Then we can never escape?" said Emily.

"Never:"—was the response.

"Never be happy again?"

"Never:" was the echo.

"Nor ever explain this?"

"Oh no, child, never." The sigh was echoed by a sigh.

"Yet," said Emily, pausing; "you must be good—you must be innocent."

Mrs. Marchmont drew her daughter full before her. Their hands were held in
one another's, as in the attitude of prayer. Her looks were beaming as with a holy
vision, far away.

"Heaven smiles upon it, child," she whispered. "My own heart knows my
innocence. Therefore, though desolate, let us bend—let us pray—let us worship
and submit, as the high God is witness of my faith and purity!"

She paused an instant.

"This—Emily—this," she cried, "is your wretched mother! Wretched in heart
—in soul,—weary in spirit, and, for my life! why—it is fading fast away."

She said, but scarce so, when Emily fell swooning to the ground. The father had
just then returned. There was a voice heard, high, and sounding wild, like a voice
in the wild desert. "Come—come!" it cried, in lamentation. "Come and behold
me—for I have killed my child!—look on her—look and pity me. There, Edward,
do you see, love? But forgive me all."

Facts or singular combinations of circumstance are some times more fatal in their
tendency, than the best concerted scheme of vengeance and destruction that mortal
ingenuity could devise. On the evening indeed, just mentioned, if the secret thoughts
of every member of the family could have been elicited, it would have been dis-
covered that each tended to the same point; a peculiar curiosity as to the origin of the
late events, and the singular unhappiness of Mrs. Marchmont, and her daughter;
and thence uprose many natural enquiries, which, if satisfied, must doubtless, in
time, explain a mystery, till now, altogether inexplicable.

"This is frightful indeed," said Mr. Marchmont. "I would sacrifice my fortune
itself to know the cause of my wife's—of poor Emily's declining health."

"Fortune! I would give life itself," cried George Marchmont. "Sir, sir, my
aunt is sinking fast; my cousin—consider my affection—what can it be! what
can be done?"

Such discourse and such enquiries occupied the evening; and others in the estab-
ishment, were, in the same way, engaged.

"My mistress will certainly not live long," said John, below stairs. "There is
some sorrow here in the heart, Sarah; and what that is none of us know."

"It's my belief," said Sarah, in the tone of one propounding opinions of mar-
velous sagacity; "Ah, John, it is some old love affair."

"That's impossible," was the reply. "Bless you, no one could look on that man
and love him."

"What then? why you know all about it! cried she. "I have kept many a
letter from him for my mistress—what does that look like?"

"Hush," said the man. "There never was a better woman than my mistress,
and she loves my master too.—But I think."

"What now? John," she cried; "for she and John carried on together a some-
what mock-heroic or fashionable courtship;" what do you think? However, I know
it all myself."

"You have only got to see the man and know him to be a villain," was the answer.
I should like to kick him."

"You kick," was the retort. "Kick a gentleman,—why, they would hang you,
depend on it."

John laughed; and at that instant the same summons to the street door was
heard. It had always a prophetic sound to him, and he knew it must be the same
mysterious visitor,—the bearer of another letter,—his curiosity was roused at once.
He silently obeyed the signal, cogitating, nay, attempting to make out a clear pro-
position relative to the science of sound; a philosophy, quite as perplexing to him
as to any of its more erudite disciples. He deigned, at last, to appear at the en-
trance, and an exceeding civil voice addressed him.

"My good man, there is a letter, without doubt, left out for me; or rather, do
you deliver all letters addressed to Mrs. Marchmont?"

"No letter is left out;—all addressed to my mistress, reach her," said John,
bluffly.

"Is she to be seen?" was the next question. "No, sir, impossible."

"What is the best hour?"
"Can't say," said John.
"It must be private—alone—quite"—said the same civil voice.
"My mistress cannot be seen," said the man; and a pause ensued. He surveyed the person so minutely that he, at last, tendered him some silver.
"Hint to her that I expect to hear from her," said the other; "aye, and this evening too."
"Mrs. Marchmont is too ill to be troubled," said honest John, coldly. "Suppose you take back your money, sir."
"If you had your eyes open," said the person, irritated, "you might have a fee for every letter, fellow:"
"Indeed, sir," said John.
"Aye, fellow,—yes, I say."
"From whom?" said John.
"From me, if you would," was the answer.
"No—no—sir, thank ye," said John; —"obliged to you all the same."
"From her—then—from her," said the same civil voice, with smothered imprecation. "Indeed," said John, with imperturbable gravity: and he added, with slow irony, "perhaps, you would like to see Mr. Marchmont sir?"
"No, no, my good man," said the polite voice again. "I should not—she would not like it!" and shuffling and muttering something unintelligible, he departed.

The brain of John was as full as the brain of any servant man can be—full of doubt and amazement: and his fists tingled to be at some kindly encounter with the gentleman, for now, there flashed across his intellectual obscurity a certain kind of blazing comet, all alight with the past, and terror and wonder came with it. The mortgage of his mistress' jewels, when he had been, as it were, her agent; his mistress' agitation on many occasions, particularly, on the delivery of letters; every thing conspired to his belief, that nothing but unceasing curiosity, intent on entire satisfaction, and manly pugnacity in its defence, could now redeem him as a human being fit to be classed among the serving men of the great city. But to Sarah, he said nothing; since love had before then, too often, led wise men astray.

But Mrs. Marchmont for awhile was free, confined to the sick room of her dear daughter; and it seemed that a cessation of her sorrow was found here. But letters were, nevertheless, sent, by private messengers or by the post; but John had now no courage to present them, though he promised to himself to do so, every day and every hour.

"Strange, John," said his master; "here is a note complaining that some time past, the writer expected possibly to hear from me. I hope that you are careful."
"I do my best, sir," said John. "My young mistress being ill, they may have been delivered in her room by some mistake, and laid aside."
"Be attentive—be prudent, John," said his master.
"I will, sir, to the utmost," said the man, and he took the packet of hoarded letters and gave them to his mistress.
"I thought my lady was too ill," said John.
"She is," said his mistress, with pallid looks; "but, John, remember," she added, in trembling accents, "though ill—though dying, these letters must be brought to me and never reach your master."

"They never shall, madam," said the servant; and now he was doubly bewildered by what ensued.

An hour after, Mrs. Marchmont summoned him, and many opened letters were laid before her. She had come to that dread point where she must confide in some one, or be lost at once; herein her case was without remedy. She sat like death repeating to itself some by-gone thought: and thus she pondered awhile. "Take it John," she said, at last, and gave him a parcel, sealed with care. "When your mistress dies, be sure she will not forget your services. Deliver it according to the address. Be secret, ask no question of any one you see."
"It shall be done, madam;" and John departed.
He took the way through unfrequent thoroughfares, until he reached an obscure court, the haunt of vice and wretchedness: in fact, a region not to be mistaken.
He referred to the address of the letter, initials A.C. and the name of the miserable court appended, explained that he was not in error, but this indeed, the house and place intended. For the first time in his life John began to think seriously and reflect on the errand that engaged him. Hitherto, his duty as a dependant forbade all curiosity as to the affairs of his superiors—but now it seemed a merit to be inquisitive. John himself could not account for it; but he was inwardly resolved never to forget either the day, the house orught relative to it, and so he put it in his note book, in a species of hieroglyphic best understood by himself. A dirty girl attended at last to his repeated ringing, and on hearing the initials, stated that it was right, he might leave the letter. John remembered his mistress’ commands, but could in this control himself no longer.

"The initials, A.C. said he," I should not to like to leave it unless I heard the name, perhaps you know it?"

"Anthony Cartwright," said the girl, a captain on half pay; my friend—eh—my man, what more, eh?"

"Enough; that will do," said John.

"It's only the money come as usual, said she." The girl flung away, but John still stood there, pondering over the name, determined never to forget it.

What was to be done? His ignorant but honest mind was quite bewildered. Should he tell his master, ask advice of Master George; neither would do; and even he began to suspect, however apparently immaculate she might appear, there must be something wrong. But John’s thoughts were in his own keeping, and it was best to watch for the future and abide the issue.

But not less bewildered than he, was young Emily Marchmont. After the first shock, as her health and strength rallied, with all the elasticity of happy girlhood, her spirits revived, and she was scarcely prepared but to believe that there must be some means of extricating her unhappy parent and herself from this cruel infliction; and sometimes romantic dreams intruded that, if ultimately she should be proved poor and despicable, George Marchmont would not therefore desert her. Some such vision, revived the blush again, of the fast fading rose of youth. In truth, lately, all letters were carefully kept from her; and as her wretched mother perused them, they revealed the deeper and deeper machinations of this consummate villain. And yet, by this time Mrs. Marchmont believed that he must be right, that some of the crimes charged to her must certainly be true; that all the proofs he boasted of her early imprudence, of the mesh in which he held her, of the inevitable ruin that must ensue from her neglect of his demands; that this was all too certain. Horrible had life become and all its daily occupations; dreadful is that fear that increases our sense of danger; and far more fearful that sensibility of nerves where trifles may be magnified to monsters of terrible deformity:—but unto all this, nay, more was her excited fancy wrought; the desire of rest—of peace,—aye—even wild dreams of suicide—possessed her waking fancy. But all degrees of despair are incalculable, until it leaps at once to its reprise and welcomes death.

Mr. Marchmont and his nephew watched incessantly, but all in vain. Their medical advices recommended gay society and soothing recreations; and as the opera was one of Emily’s chief delights, as soon as her recovery permitted they appeared there again. The eyes of many were upon them, beholding so much beauty, so much sorrow met in their twin aspects; but on this night, the beautiful Mrs. Marchmont seemed to outvie herself. Now, while her heart was breaking, her style of dress partook of the nature of her feelings; simple as the vestments of a shade, and unadorned as one who had quite returned to nature’s arms, content to die there. Her private griefs might well explain the want of costliness in her attire; yet on her breast there shone a circle of full refulgent diamonds, magnificent in splendor, the last fond gift of Mr. Marchmont, who saw that other gifts were now apparently neglected, and deemed that this last sign of love might suit her best.

Awhile, and the young girl was lost in sounds, whose entrancing melody might soothe anguish itself to peace; or in the mazy windings of exuberant song, lead it away to other realms, of most pure and soul-subduing pleasure; and there, her fancy wandered, free, in ethereal joy. Even Mrs. Marchmont herself was, as it
were, beguiled into short repose:—all, but Edward Marchmont, her nephew, who was attracted by something that could not fail entirely to engage him.

In the pit there was a person whom Edward had elsewhere seen. And who, being immediately opposite their box, appeared to be engaged in a close scrutiny of the company, and so rudely to remark them, as to excite the young man’s notice, and rouse the lover’s fiery spirit. Shortly, however, he discovered that Mrs. Marchmont was the object of his gaze,—and of a kind of gaze—a calm familiarity of look,—that never can quite agree with the true aristocratic temperament. It was difficult to tell where he had met this man before, yet, there was a faint, imperfect remembrance existing of some such personage.

He was aware of Mrs. Marchmont’s uncommon personal attractions; but this was not admiration, but rather expressed either gross impudence, or could it be—defying malice. The nephew also knew that his uncle, if he had a failing, was, what some might call rather inclined to jealousy; or possibly, almost over-nice in the observation that so beauteous a creature as his wife must necessarily excite. He wished the man away, and yet to linger still that he might further know him. It was a prophetic feeling and spoke like prophecy.

At last, it grew so indefinable a sensation, that he would willingly have rushed out to ask the man this question. He smiled to think so, and turned towards Mrs. Marchmont.

It was at the close of a long scene, whose harmony expressed all the sublimest passions of our nature, that Mrs. Marchmont first became aware that she was so observed. The light of peaceful thought was changed, at once, to the sad shade of utter misery; and then it settled down to a stern twilight of despair, which startled the young man at once. He saw that Mrs. Marchmont knew the man and terrible the recognition; that he knew her, and triumphed in the knowledge. He feigned indifference, and turned aside. Presently, Mr. Marchmont spoke.

“Are you ill, my love?” said he; but ere she answered, he whispered, “Edward your aunt is ill, call for some help;” and Edward then beheld a frightful change. The eloquent blood all rushing to the face; the silent blood all creeping back to the heart; and the dead hue of death, shewing that it congealed there; and as he gazed downward she sunk before him. He looked about, anxiously, eagerly, distractedly, questioning unseen faces:—at last, he saw the man was gone.

It were vain to tell all that then followed; how, in the carriage, her husband’s arms alone supported her, her daughter’s voice entreated, her kindly nephew comforted her,—she was still restless to be at home again. “Once there,” she faltered out, “oh love, no harm can reach me—none—none dear Edward;” and she pressed his hands and patted them, in soft appeal entreating his forgiveness.

While she was conveyed unto her chamber, the thoughts of Edward Marchmont were busy in her cause. There must be something that he could remedy, had he but sagacity enough to find it out. She had only loved—she could only love his uncle; a man most comely and gracious to all eyes, whose strong affection guided by strong intellect, made him beloved by all.

No sooner was the unhappy lady left alone, and at her own entreaty too, than Sarah was called to wait upon her. Could she forget those cool, inexplicable looks, and all the promised misery they bespake—villainous malice and undying hate;—no. They were in her heart—her brain—peopling the immensity of space;—and ice impenetrable to quench the vital spark of life itself.

“Has any one been here, Sarah?” said she, with forced composure, or any letter, my good girl?”

“None, madam, as I know. Shall I ask John,” she answered. “Do;” said Mrs Marchmont: and now left alone; loneliness is the leisure of the wretched; she held communion with herself, believing she was thinking, even when she spoke aloud.

“Tempt me no farther,” she muttered; if you are unflinching steel—it cannot cut the air,—and I am thin, and am soon gone. There is nothing like the bliss of lying down on placid waters,—they flow near us; there are knives, sharper than your’s that give no pain; the gun is there and loaded—say no more,—if I but fire—why, sir, I shall not hear the noise,—and be at peace.”
She now saw some one was approaching,—it was Sarah.

"Here is a letter, madam," said the girl, with trepidation; scarcely aware whether she was doing right or wrong.

"That is kind, Sarah," said she,"—"very kind to bring it to me. Now leave me alone."

The girl, awed by her pale composure, and re-assured by the mildness of her manners, at once departed.

She was now in bed; a table was beside her; around the spacious room, the lights cast a beclouded radiance,—she stayed awhile and then began to read. An unknown language may well bewilder those who read; and many times she perused it, before she gathered the full meaning.

"How much your hand resembles what it was in early youth." So said the fatal and abominable scrawl. "The letters that you have sent me cannot be counted, but I keep them still. The last, addressed A. C., reasoning against the strong reality of facts, one moment defying me,—the next, entreatling mercy,—this letter is like yourself, but does not suit me. Others I have more charming, amorous, better resembling our ancient fond affection. If you doubt my possession of these letters, I will send you one. I have many, as you know; they are your own or so much like that lovely hand that none but an infernal sprite could have so imitated it. You know I love you,—I have given many evidences;—that you love me—these many letters in my keeping are proof sufficient. Shall I send them to poor Marchmont—or will you send me what I most wish.

But degradation lives in the infamous repetition of such deep villainy;—and henceforth let the anonymous letter writer learn that murder is mercy, to charity dealt out in such immeasurable misery.

The lady read many passages unreadable; teeming with demands that she could not satisfy, and threats that she could not avert. With the cunning almost of madness, she took the paper and held it to the light, slowly consuming it; searing her delicate hands, burning the lace that trimmed the wristbands of her night-dress,—for she was now insensible of pain. With strange bewilderment she sought her husband's dressing case, and there were many glittering razors lying, set in silver; and she took up one, and sure it must be sharp; she turned her night-dress back and stared in the broad mirror,—the face reflected suited in hideous whiteness the nature of her thoughts;—and so, she stood and tried the instrument to see that it would fit the delicate throat; and all was right. But she would see her husband—that dear husband's picture once again. It was a toy that herself had bought. It always hung before her—at the bottom of the bed. She now approached it. The lights were waning, the room was in deep twilight, she faltered for an instant, holding the dear likeness,—and a strong arm at once seized on and held her.

"God of heaven! oh my lost angel!" shrieked a voice,—the well-known voice of Edward Marchmont; it was her husband, and he held her fast. And then, behind him stood her nephew George, for they had come to bid good night:—she scarcely understood what it could mean when she became, at once, aware that he—he—the object of the wife's—the mother's love—was weeping like a boy—depressed and sunk before her.

"Her mind—her mind—oh George," faltered his uncle.

"I will fetch some advice," said he, and presently was gone.

The husband, who till now, had held his feelings in, clasped her in his embrace and wept in wild emotion.

"There, dear Edward," said she, I promise you. "Henceforth, I will bear all things patiently—submissively,—and I will die at last—quietly—unseen by you; but I must die. There love:" as she kissed him;—the medical gentleman, a near neighbour, entered.

It can be no wonder if, after this, there went reports abroad that Mrs. Marchmont was insane; and by her anxious family she was watched like one whose mind was gone astray. For many weeks, she kept her room, but still displayed the same intense anxiety, relative to all persons that might call or wish to hold communication with her. The daily letters, and where they were was still her daily question; that once, she passed the hours in sacred reading, as seemingly averse to all society.
During this time, Emily had thought frequently of revealing to George Marchmont the whole of this dreadful mystery; for at certain periods, that renewed agitation of Mrs. Marchmont, implied that the same cause was still working the same inevitable evil. She thought also that she perceived the same contending doubts in John, the servant man,—and more peculiar evidence still in Sarah, her mother’s waiting-maid. "To this maid of late Mrs. Marchmont appeared more than usually attached; and as the over-wrought mind snaps when too strongly wound, so, during her night-time deliriums, this was the only person whom she ever permitted to be near her.

"What have I told you, Sarah," she often asked as morning dawned, "what do I talk about?—sad things, perhaps,—but Mr. Marchmont is not here."

"No, madam, certainly not; but you say nothing peculiar."

"I hope not;" she whispered: but then another letter came. This was about the period of Mr. Marchmont’s quarterly allowance, and though too ill to rise, the kind occasion was not forgotten by him. The money lay upon the bed; her husband quitted her, and she meditated long and sorrowfully.

"It is all owed and must be sent," she said; and to the amazement of her waiting-woman, she formed the notes into a packet, desired them to be given to John,—for he knew all about it,—and as the mind is guardian of the body, this day her medical advisers stated that she was worse, and John and Sarah debated together whether it was not like murder itself to let such things go on. Chance was, however, working many ways in favour of discovery. John delayed to take the packet, and on that very evening, the civil voice was heard at the street door again.

"Nay master! she cannot be seen," said John.

"I must," was the reply.

"She is ill—supposed to be dying," said John, in some emotion.

"Dying—sad work for me," said the man—involuntarily,—and in so cool a tone as to rouse the servant’s wrath at once.

"I’ll tell you what, sir," said John, "if you come here again, I shall hand you in to my master; " but John was in his turn bewildered by the man’s retort.

"Ask your mistress first," said he, "or go to her—ask—if—if there be no communication for A. C.?"

"There is, yes—yes," said John, amazed, and he gave him the packet.

The night was more than usually dark and gloomy,—the man was departing, when just under the portico he encountered George Marchmont. The young man halted, turned back to observe him, and entered quickly.

"Who is that person—that gentleman—that man?" he cried.

His name was unknown.

"Has he been here before? when? for what?"

He had been before—one.

"Should he come again," said George Marchmont, after a pause, why, John, let me know.

"He comes to—has some business with—with my mistress," said John, speaking as though his conscience spurred him to the act.

Young Marchmont hesitated, though but for awhile; "Well, let me know," he said, and passed on; but in the labyrinth of thought this clue he followed.

"How is my aunt?" said he, when alone with Emily.

"Worse—oh George—much worse," said she.

"Are you sure that there is no secret trouble that is killing her," said George Marchmont.

"I think she has troubles," was the answer.

He waited, but nothing followed.

There was labouring at the young girl’s heart, in that short moment, an inexplicable throng of emotions, wishes, ideas, all of which she feared to express.

"The doctors think that anxiety of mind destroys her," said George Marchmont;

"—Emily, if you know it—"

"I know that she has griefs," said Emily;—"she has said so."
“She ought to have none,” said George; “for there are none from which my uncle’s fortune or station cannot protect her.”

“Anonymous letters are horrible things,” said Emily; and George Marchmont was startled, but he said nothing.

“It is legally punishable,” said he, with a kind of coolness that he by no means felt; and the young lady was deceived by his apparent composure. “I have seen one or two of them,” she gasped; “dreadful! but ask me no more!” but George Marchmont did ask, and she could deny to answer no longer.

He gleaned, therefore, so far; but the name of the writer she believed was unknown to her mother:—that money was extorted she knew,—but of the letter sent to herself, she said nothing. In fact, could she see her parent die, and these things unexplained; and the careless smiles of George Marchmont beguiled her into the notion that such difficulties were easily surmounted, and nothing but his aunt’s ill state of health could account for a different opinion, or any other method of action than the one he should adopt. So they parted for the night.

A whole crowd of surmises were now set afloat on the ocean of uncertainty; and singular too, with every doubt, or even the most absurd idea, this unknown person once seen before—seen at the opera, encountered on that very evening,—with each, this one individual was connected. It could be this man only. If so, he was in the young man’s power.

During the night, scenes of pugilistic contention;—open fields and duels fought,—seconds and pistols, amused the fancy of George Marchmont.

This high excitement was now deceased, when, weeks passed, and nothing occurred; but Mrs. Marchmont was declining daily; or, at all events, evinced more distraction of conduct than ever. Sarah, the maid, also attracted remark by the private errands and duties whereon she was engaged by her mistress.

“Here are more letters,” said the wretched lady, speaking from the bed where she was confined,—and her mind was growing weaker with many throbbing woes: “more letters again, Sarah. There—come—any old shawl will do for me. You must take them Sarah, and sell them, and bring money. I must have money—nothing else will save me. So, sell them and I shall be at peace.”

“Dear mistress, consider my master—I dare not do it.”

“Consider? dare!” she cried. “Then I must leave my home—go into the streets. My husband—my child, all will forsake me. I shall not have even this room. I must ask dear George to allow me a few shillings, and bury me decently. It’s all the proud can need—and what am I!”

Thus, from time to time, Sarah was seen emerging from the house, with secret packets of valuable things, and these were either pawned or sold for money, which no sooner met her mistress’s view, than it was sent to the same individual as before. Alas! what was she to do? Who can behold the fading form of death,—sunken eyes and hollow cheeks—white, trembling hands, upraised in supplication—the high unequal voice of the worn spirit,—who beholds insensible?—but rather yields at once to dire necessity. One other day, and the climax was now come.

Another letter was delivered.

“What is to be done?” said Mrs. Marchmont; as though questioning some invisible agent or unseen spirit of futurity. After its perusal, she lay for hours in deep abstraction; and all who saw beheld there a care and anxiety so intense as even to swallow up the sense of all beside. The only visitor the unfortunate lady had of late seen was her father confessor, but his counsel seemingly availed her not. She lay, clasping the cross suspended from her neck, her fingers wandering up and down the rosary, till, as Sarah beheld her, she trembled at what she saw.

“This letter, I will keep,” said she, at length, and speaking inadvertently. “It shews me all my sorrows held fast in one;” and shortly after, she ordered the girl to bring her the casket that held the diamond necklace, and it was placed before her. She cast her eyes from it to her husband’s picture and back again, ere she had quite decided.

“Bring me some paper—a pen,” she said; “yes, Sarah, it must go;” and much to the girl’s amazement, the valuable gems were carefully enclosed, directed with
the same initials of A. C., and ordered to be given to John, and instantly delivered. The girl hesitated, as she was retiring, and suddenly turned back—"we shall both be ruined," she cried. "Oh! my dear mistress, listen to me. If it should be found out that these jewels are gone,—and my good master's last present to you,—what will be said,—only just think."

"Said? Sarah," her mistress answered. "Why only that the mind's torture has driven me mad;—and if Edward—if he think well of me—what then?"

There was a placid smile, a deadly calm of conscience in her manner—the tranquillity of an entire desperation—that bewildered the girl at once. She thought it better to submit to do all things—rather than contradict or thwart the dying.

"I hope, madam," said the girl, as though driven to extremity, as by tears of honest feeling burst from her eyes—"I hope this will be the last! Do—ma'am, do," and she flung herself on her knees by the bedside,—"whatever it is, tell my poor master. I know he will forgive it all;—for never a gentleman loved his wife as he does you."

"Love is soon changed to hatred," said the lady; "no—no. I am dying and—yes, Sarah, I shall let him know that you are honest; and when I am dead—yes—it is all over." And for awhile, a terrible kind of delusion encompassed her.

"Is it not right?" she faltered, with deathly aspect; "he never gave me even a moment's pain—and I have deserved his wrongs,—and it is just that as I love him—I should die. He shall not turn and call me horrid names—and spur me. Shall his great heart be broken? No, we will die friends as we have lived." After a horrible pause, she added, "Go, girl, and let us part in peace."

Death's mandates are imperious, and she obeyed, with tearful looks, seeking out John—the servant man.

"Another packet for that A. C. John," said she, and both surveyed each other, but neither spoke.

"Mr. George has made some enquiries," said John.

"I am sure that she is dying," said poor Sarah.

"I can't help thinking we shall get the better of it yet," said John, and he went upon his errand.

He halted in the same street—by the same door; and straightway, there presently passed before him, a thin military man, of unprepossessing appearance, and looking a queer personage,—at least, so honest John thought. He entered the house,—the man servant followed quickly.

"A. C., is it right? is he within?" asked John.

"Yes, there he is," said the girl.

John stared amazingly, resolved to know him again,—for there he saw indeed the same person whom he had so often seen at his master's door.

"A. C.—Anthony Cartwright—captain,—is that right?" said the man.

"Certainly, quite so," said the same civil voice; and before the same noble captain could offer his douceur, John had departed.

In a burning heat was John as he entered his master's house. It seemed marvellous self-possession that he had not knocked the brave captain down,—and why?—honest John was at some difficulty to tell.

"Did you give the packet as it was directed?" asked Sarah.

"All right," was the reply.

"I may tell my poor mistress so," said Sarah, "eh, John."

"I am thinking of telling my master," said John.

"Only think," said the girl, "John, that parcel contained that splendid diamond necklace she wore, poor thing, the last night they went to the opera."

"This will never do," said he. "It's worth our lives at the Old Bailey to take out of the house our master's property in this way!" and the weight of the diamonds was nothing to the weight of anxiety that oppressed him for many days after. At last, a very welcome visitor appeared.

"Is your master at leisure this morning," said a very respectable looking man:

"If so, I should like to speak with him."

"He is not," said John, for he was somewhat suspicious of his errand, particu-
larly as he saw that he had a parcel of a small size. "You see, the lady is ill—and—"

"I come on particular business," said the person.

"Is that the diamond necklace that you have brought back again," said John, whose mind was beinging with it, and could no longer bear its suspense.

"I come about a diamond necklace certainly."

"Walk in—sir—walk in," said John, as if a leaden weight had been lighted from his heart. "Mr. George Marchmont—the young gentleman—you had better see him, sir."

A short while elapsed, and young Marchmont entered in.

"You have some business with me, I believe, sir," said he.

"I have called respecting a diamond necklace," said the stranger.

"Sir?" said the young gentleman; but the casket was, by this time, displayed, and therein was seen the identical necklace that he had seen Mrs. Marchmont wear, and he had aided his uncle in the choice of it.

"Is this Mrs. Marchmont's necklace," was the question.

"It looks like it, certainly"

"May I enquire—has it been sold?"

"Certainly not," said George Marchmont; and accordingly they seated themselves. One glance served as a enquiry, and it was answered in the instant.

"Some few days ago, this was sold for a large sum, to a person in our trade; and presently after brought to us, as an article of our pattern and workmanship, that we might be willing to re-purchase. We were, of course, astonished; in fact, sir, we submit it to your inspection, doubtful whether it may not have been abstracted—stolen, indeed, by some domestic:—but the person ceased speaking, beholding that the young gentleman was absorbed in some mental investigation, not altogether necessary to be interrupted.

"How long ago?" asked he at last—

"Three or four days at most;"

"Can you tell the kind of person who brought it?"

"A thin, shabby genteel man—pale—and not difficult to recognise."

"They doubtless let him go without further inquiry," said George Marchmont, eagerly.

"Not altogether, sir. They guessed that the property had been originally our's, they also knew the rank and fortune of those who buy gems so rare and curiously set."

"His name? have you learnt that?" said the other.

"It was given in upon enquiry, before they bought so singular an article. He calls himself Anthony Cartwright,—captain;—but this may be a subterfuge."

"Anthony Cartwright! we shall discover it at last," said George Marchmont.

"However, sir, retain the jewels. Consider me security to you for the amount, we will make farther enquiries:" and thus, they separated. "John," said he, immediately after, "that gentleman who has sometimes called on business with my aunt,—do you know his name?"

"Why, A. C.—I have seen parcels and letters addressed to him, A. C. I think, sir—certain, sir, it is A. C."

The name, the letters agree, thought the young man, and he thought many other things besides intent on probing and on proving them.

But as he meditated, how many dreadful surmisings intruded; of doubts and interrogations relative to his aunt's just acquaintance and whole intercourse with a man whose power wrought upon her to send him such gifts as these,—for that she could afford him the opportunity of seeing her frequently, and of so purloining property of value—and the presents of a most generous husband,—this he could not believe. Emily had mentioned her receiving anonymous letters,—but if she could herself correspond with him, and thus be the abettor of his infamy, she was equally answerable for the issue. Yet, when he thought of her,—of her who had been as mother to him,—the beautiful,—the kind,—the good;—now withered, sunk and blasted in the fair summer of her life;—most gentle judgment and indulgent fancies
then succeeded, and vows of heartfelt zeal that if she were injured, he only would avenge her.

"Has that gentleman often been to see Mrs. Marchmont?" he enquired.

"Once, sir, no more."

"I thought he had often been."

"Yes, sir," cried John, "he has often been, but only once seen my mistress. She ordered me never to admit him again."

"Has he never delivered any letters here himself?"

"Yes, sir, a something like it," said John, "and sent them by the post too, as I think."

"The next that he brings—take care—give it to me, John," said young Marchmont, with emphasis.

"My mistress will soon be well, if you take it in hand, sir," said John.

"Has Mrs. Marchmont often received letters?"

"Aye, sir, indeed," was the reply, and John departed. Young Marchmont took a turn about the room to cool himself,—hot with zeal and angry passions; but what farther could be done, either justifiable or rational, without they could arrive at farther proof of injury?

It is true letters still arrived; but, still debating over some points of conscience, or fearful of the consequences, John regularly handed them to 'Sarah, his mistress' confident; and she, terrified at her lady's state, withheld them, pretending none had come. At length, Mrs. Marchmont was given over as irrecoverable, and was apparently becoming insensible or indifferent of all around her. In high excitement, John now watched indeed, spurred on by the unwearied enquiries of his young master.

It was dead night time, much later than usual, when a knock was heard that seemed to indicate that it must be the person, whom they so wished to see. John appeared; a poor boy was there—another letter. John questioned but in vain, the boy knew nothing. The man could argue the case no farther, he transferred it to George Marchmont.

The young man was quite alone, strolling up and down a wide saloon; their domestic misery and Emily's delicate state, preventing even the prosecution of his love-suif. He was in deep thought.

"A letter, sir," said John, "a ragged boy delivered it."

"For Mrs. Marchmont," repeated George. "That will do;" and presently he felt that he was alone. This was his duty, at least. His teeth were set in stern decision as he read. At the close, he suddenly started up and paced the room, breathing with audible respiration, as though oppressed with startling difficulties. But he must read again. The words ran thus:

"You have neither answered me, nor sent me my usual remittances. I have demanded two hundred guineas, and you will find it worth your while to attend. If dying, as they say, you can the more easily spare me what I require. But you do not half know me yet. I repeat that you are in my power. Listen, I will shew that you must bribe me still; therefore, applaud my invention.

"I knew you before marriage and can prove it. I know you now. By an admirable counterfeit of your writing, done by a fair creature like yourself, I hold in my possession a tolerable packet of love epistles. Would you prefer Mrs. Marchmont to see them now; or that they should serve, after your death, as material to indite your epitaph upon? Why, which you will. —Send the money; if not, as my name is Anthony Caithwright, you shall rue, as I congratulate myself upon, the first dear day we meet."

"So,—so," breathed out George Marchmont: "this is it. Infamous villain! But I will search through this great town before the scoundrel shall escape me."

On that very night, the waiting woman, on being strictly interrogated, delivered up the other epistles lately received. They were opened, were read, the fact was herein confirmed. And what did John know about it? So plausible were the apparent designs of young Marchmont; so improbable the possibility of danger to himself, in the ultimate arrangement of this business; at least, so he explained it;
that John was, in the end, induced to reveal all he knew respecting it, the fact of the initials, the name of Anthony Cartwright, the court, the place of his supposed abode,—and this was satisfaction indeed.

During that night, he roamed about in restless agony, incapable of sleep. He perused the letters again, and again. Here were the engines of mental torture,—this the rack to rend the heart strings,—of an innocent woman,—and that one—could human words express his reverence and love? And as there lives no man—none who deserves the name, that does not respect the tender feelings of a woman; no man of honor, who will not defend the honor of a woman dear to him;—so George Marchmont vowed he would acquit himself of this disgrace and be revenged as well. Cool did he seem, and calculating; and firm as though no passion swayed him,—but he was full of his great enterprise and fixed intention.

The day dawned clear and lovely, and Mrs. Marchmont even was more herself, and all this spoke of hope, so he construed it. At a brisk pace he now set off to glean some further intelligence; and those that encountered him, had they known his errand, they might have perceived that his decisive step alone betrayed that great indeed must be the cause that now should turn him from his purpose. He reached the court, at last,—but much to his discomfiture, Captain Cartwright, he was told, no longer lived there—he had left some time past, and gone they knew not whither. The young man was thwarted, but not, therefore, utterly foiled; but even at the jeweller's, where the diamonds were sold, nothing certain could be elicited.

At last, one evening, John almost darted into the dining-room, I using the character of the attendant in that of the anxious friend. Mr. Marchmont and his nephew were seated together.

"Sir, sir, Mr. George," cried John, "a letter—the ragged boy again;" and without farther preface, young Marchmont sprung from the room.

"What is this,—what is the matter," said Mr. Marchmont.

"Why an affair of my young masters," said John.

"My good lad," said George, below stairs, "do you know the gentleman who gave you this letter?"

"No sir—not I," was the reply.

"Has he ever employed you before?"

"Once sir."

"Where did you meet him?"

"At the bottom of Park Lane, please you sir—I look out for jobs."

Marchmont viewed the lad instantly: he might be speaking the truth, but—however he gave him something, and bade him begone.

The mystery of romance appeared to surround him as he quietly sped after the lad, and a double delight was experienced at every turn and winding of the way. Now the catastrophe was about approaching, and now as remote as ever. For awhile, in the open space across the park, the boy's shadow, as he dodged up and down in the moonlight, gave a sprite-like vivacity to the scene, seeming as though the moonbeams now suddenly gave life to him, and anon hid him from the view at once. Thus they journeyed on till they reached the crowded streets; and here Marchmont had time to discern how many objects indifferent to manhood arrest the fleeting fancy of youth. In fact, he toiled after him in vain; for after most tedious pursuit, he found him take refuge in an obscure dwelling, every way befitting his poverty and condition.

Edward Marchmont was disappointed indeed as he turned homewards again; but it was a defeat that certainly ensured certainty of success for the future, making him obstinate in the determination to be satisfied, or never, at least, to rest till he was so. The next day's events increased, if possible, his anxiety.

He had given the superscription of one of the letters to John, that if any arrived by the post, he might trace the hand, and withhold them from Mrs. Marchmont; and now, John approached with one, and undoubtedly it was the same writing, only addressed to Emily. If before, the young man now was pale with anxious thought, it was now flushed with crimson anger and indignation. He hesitated not, but broke the seal.

"The same design again," he whispered, as he perused threats and phrases of—April, 1841.
insult and extortion beyond human imagination; but when he further read, hints horrible for a daughter's heart to understand, subversive of the dear girl’s rights of inheritance, and all the loving ties that held her to this life, did he not laugh with scorn, and crush the empty scrawl, and make such oaths of honorable vengeance, of every revenge that manly courage may permit, oaths that once uttered were not so easily forgotten.

Here was explained at once, her coldness and rejection of his suit; and this alone might well require some far greater satisfaction than such a wretch could give him. Then her altered health and careworn looks, such sounds of sad disgrace and deep opprobrium, might well have made this change. But as his revenge, aye, Mrs. Marchmont’s honor, could only be defended and proved pure at the great risk of life itself, he was resolved to know that, in this extreme of fate, he was himself most thoroughly justified.

"How is it Emily," he said, "here is a letter, have you received many such?" She colored and tears started; she smiled and dashed her tears away. "Have you saved them?" he enquired. "Yes, some"—she faltered out.

George Marchmont was frank and free, but here deception was to him like virtue, or, at least, like duty. He said that his aunt should be no more troubled with such absurdity, that he had means of settling the affair easily and without his uncle’s interference, that the whole was a ridiculous conspiracy fit only to frighten tender women,—and his concentrated indignation broke forth in trembling tones, but it was so concealed with forced composure, that Emily imagined it was nought but the swift zeal of his discourse that so expressed itself.

She resigned to him the whole of the papers she had received, and here were injuries enough indeed to exonerate the man that in the fierceness of his just resentment, should dart upon the wretch and shake him limb from limb, and scatter his worthless carcass to the winds—or any other mad, surprising action, that might annihilate him quickly. Blind anger dares strange things; but just anger the soul-absorbing sense of injury, this when roused to fury, does acts indeed of terrible effect, seeming beside the other madness, like to a holy and sublime enthusiasm.

Another pause of fate ensued, whose length gave zest and strength to his motions; for Mrs. Marchmont, though her state was variable, was now pronounced quite past all human aid and irrecoverable. The young man searched into those dying eyes and found his own acquittal there.

She had some comfort still, for the incessant kindness of her husband and his fond attentions, of themselves, proved to her, that her secret still was safe. But in her nephew, she saw other signs, a sympathetic interest, an abstracted tenderness that reached her eyes only, and there diffused the sacred balm of comfort. But from this kindly conduct, she gradually gleaned something that might well alarm her; and this he soon perceived.

"You look, George," said she, one morning, "as if you knew more than I know myself. Sarah tells me that you receive my letters and undertake to answer them."

"No, no, dear aunt," he murmured; "you mistake me—it is meant in honor and in kindness: but do they need an answer?"

"They may do so. Some George, some at least."

"It is soon given," he whispered."

"Silence is eloquent."

"And dangerous too, dear boy."

"You! there is—there shall be nothing to disturb your peace," he said.

"Oh George!" she cried, roused into sudden energy, "take care, the Almighty has so willed it—leave the man—yes—leave him to himself just now. When I am gone—you may defy him!"

He beheld her wan and faded—he stayed his wrath at once.

"All this might have been spared," he faltered; "and he have been exposed."

"You," she cried, hastily, with lingering fire playing in her eyes: "you then, George, know that his poor wife dies innocent. And as you hope for everlasting peace, let me feel that you are safe, leave that poor miserable wretch to his own
"I shall—I will," whispered the young man, deeply. "A sum of money is all he wants; so now—there, be at rest."

"God bless you," she sighed out, "and bless my child and her dear father, and be all blest, you in them and they in you. I knew, George, that you would take care that I should die in my own home. God bless you for it."

"Sleep—sleep awhile," he said and turned away, tears bursting from his eyes—those ardent drops that spring from generous hearts; and with such scenes as these, fresh in his thoughts each day and hour, no wonder if suspense were torture and long delay but sharpened his emotions into a keen sense of injury; desperate impatience of that fate, that still denied him perfect retribution.

Night after night he wandered in the park with lingering hopes that the man might call again, that he might find him in the act of his extortion, but in vain. Yet, once only, in the shadowless gloom, a person came who well might awaken his suspicions. He could not distinguish the figure or the face; both appeared muffled and disguised, as though to escape recognition. Frequently, the stranger walked up and down, observed the house and, as it would appear, examined minutely those windows, where the pale gleaming light betokened the dying lady lay. George Marchmont would have whispered him, to bid him knock and leave another letter at the house, so mad was he to see and have his long suspicions verified. But no such thing. The night time now was dark as ever, no moon shone forth, the stranger, at length, weary or perceiving that he was remarked, sauntered away. And in the day too, young Marchmont still was on the alert, to watch who might deliver the epistles, whether any one under the guidance of another, or some one who understood his errand, by coming straight to his destination. Once again, he beheld the messenger, another person truly, but one, evidently so often employed on such duty, as either to be careless of their import, or imprudently indifferent of consequences. He could discover nothing. Latterly indeed, as though the captain had his own suspicions, these letters came by the post, with post-marks from different neighbourhoods in London.

This lasted for a time, till two of the same vicinity came successively, and Marchmont hastened there to make enquiries, offer rewards and stimulate by bribes, but nothing could be clearly ascertained, for some individuals pretended to him something to satisfy their own selfish curiosity, and this revealed that they knew nothing of all that he most wished to learn.

At length, however, Mrs. Marchmont received one more fatal letter so delicately written that none doubted the exterior—it was presented to her. The symptoms that afterwards appeared roused all her nephew’s fears. The horrible attempt to outrage even her dying hour, provoked him even to madness. As though fortune now resolved to favor him, that person gave either a real or a feigned address; but one, where money was to be sent and these would reach him. Oh shallow cunning of duplicity! what was now the best thing to be done, to be wise and wary? The best path was one that would avoid suspicion and eventually throw the villain in his power.

John, the servant was summoned, and with an artful sagacity of which he was ashamed, young Marchmont enclosed a sum of money, bidding the man be prudent, and deliver it to none but the captain himself; and upon the plea of obeying his mistress’ last wishes, enquire where the captain could accidentally be found or heard of; since it was his mistress’ desire to know, that her last bequest to him might not miscarry. He was directed also to hint that the period of this must be uncertain, as the lady now slowly lingered and now declined as fast. He was to deliver it to the captain himself, note the man, his residence—that therefore they might never hesitate or be mistaken again.

John did not half like his commission; for in his young master’s looks he traced such thoughts and feelings as cannot be concealed, and coming horrors that he dared not fancy. He was growing thin too, with eager passions that could not be checked. Still, as the man thought of all things, and guessed some villainy was at work that killed his mistress; he went with tolerable willingness about his task.

"How is she—my aunt—Mrs. Marchmont?" cried the young man, as the medi-
cal gentleman passed hastily by: "She it not better, I fear. She must be kept free from all excitement? There appears to me no complaint," said he, despondingly.

"None sir! none whatever," was the decisive answer! "The heart sir, the heart,—gradually—a broken heart—sir—a distracted mind;" and the gentleman ceased speaking, either from some overpowering emotion, or in meditation upon the cause of grief which he, neither as a friend or as a physician could discover.

"Dearly shall it be paid as something dearly prized!" said he, and earnestly, yes he well might pray that this consummate wretch, might be, by strict fatality, consigned to him, that he alone might deal with him.

He could bear his thoughts no longer. The day was bright: he presently sallied forth; and full of strong anxieties that could not be suppressed, attempted to throw them off by rapid movement and exercise that precluded contemplation. He was at last fairly out of breath and paused awhile. He was now some way from home; well, he turned back and at a pace that better suited summer time. To amuse his sad uneasiness, he now surveyed the passengers. Revenge and justice have quick eyes. He was preparing to cross Oxford street, when his wandering gaze was fixed at once.

Immediately opposite there was a person crossing also. They met, and close together. George Marchmont turned to look again. It must be so; his memory could not so far deceive him. The man was with another,—but the man was the one seen at the opera; a likeness so exact it could not falsify the original. He sped after him. Narrowly he surveyed him and often too. It must be so; and this, at least, was something. He dogged them at their heels and cautiously. As though urged him on to certainty, the two persons, at length, separated, and he was about to rush after the man in question, when a new motion startled him, and he turned back and pursued his late companion. He was breathless as he reached him; breathless with unspeakable emotions. The person stared first at being accosted by so fashionable a young man, and then at the energetic action that detained him. This pause afforded Marchmont time to collect his faculties.

"Your pardon sir," said he, with remarkable self-possession, "my memory greatly deceives me—or you just now parted with Captain Anthony Cartwright—a friend of my early boyhood—and—"

"Certainly, sir, it is so," was the reply.

"Can you,—will you oblige me with his address?" asked Marchmont.

"He is to be seen—I know, sir, at ——;" and he mentioned a club-house, well known as the resort of military men. George Marchmont raised his hat, the person returned it in full, and so, they parted. On his way home he wondered how he came not to think of this place before; only that the despicable infamy of the man, seemed to forbid the possibility of his being found in such society. When John returned, he also had been more fortunate than hitherto.

He had seen the captain, presented the packet, and all was so far right. It was the person whom he had once seen before; and the Captain was apparently blind to the snare laid for him. His fears of detection were probably lulled by the certain knowledge that the last moments of his victim were at hand; and that she who had passed a life of endurance, was not likely to wince at the death stroke. Happy are the enduring, who stand, at last, content, at the golden gate of peace.

However, the captain had condescended, on hearing of some prospect of future benefit,—he had so far explained as to tell, where the benefits of fortune or his excelling luck, might safely be sent and reach him unimpaired. And dearly did George Marchmont treasure this and remember it too. That night, and that only was the one destined to satisfy his outraged feelings. His heart was all alive, each pulse was throbbling, and every nerve new-strung in this dear cause.

The unhappy creature, the honored wife; the tender mother, the—most miserable of women, she boasted that she was better. In fact, Mr. Marchmont's health had suffered within these few days. There is no woman with a noble soul, who is not still more noble towards the man she loves,—and so was she. Should he suffer and be neglected? Should he be lonely and not comforted, or seek a consolation and not find it? Therefore, for these last few days, she had risen from her bed of coming peace, and once more was before him—changed but unchangeable still.
George Marchmont, her nephew, but one, to whom she had been a mother, wanted but one more incentive—excitement—stimulus—and this was it. It was a sight indeed to see!

To see white silver locks in womanhood's maturity: eyes, bedimmed with earthly tears, in search of heaven; hands losing animation, still clasped warmly, as with love; a voice all musical, turned into discord—painful—harmonious breathing—and all because so rough a wind had blown upon her. And there she lay:—white clothing covered her, as with a shroud; dark shawls of deeper color shaded her, as with death's mantle—night darkness dipt in dew;—but poetry has nought to do with real life—romance here mocks at grief. She had a face that beamed from a close cap,—a heart,—it was all heart—and this the ending. So before her, so beholding her—George Marchmont made a vow that registered in brighter spheres, made all beneath, between, as nothing.

"What are you looking at, George," she asked.—

"At you, ah!" he breathed out; but now, as he beheld her husband, his thoughts were with him.

There was that stern resignation that, nevertheless, reveals how hard a thing it is to part with what we love. There was a manliness, a tenderness, a depth in such emotions,—George Marchmont understood them well. Beside the couch where the poor lady lay, her daughter sat in grief, so much unlike herself, her youth, and blithe hilarity,—that he dared not look again; the family picture was cast in the shade, its glorious hues and tints of joy and life were gone—and where! He sighed to see it was so.

At this instant, John appeared. Another letter! This was, however, from the goldsmith, intimating that, at last, after some difficulty, they had traced Captain Anthony Cartwright, to a club-house,—to the club-house—the identical place mentioned by him to John, and there, doubtless, he might be found. This was the night—and this night only! He was pale, composed and thoughtful; but at length, urged by excitement, unable to bear his extreme thoughts, he started up, and moved to go at once.

"You are not leaving us, George," said Mrs Marchmont.

"I am going, dear aunt," said he, to see if I cannot find some one or something to make you well again; and when I return I will bring this comfort back with me."

Mrs. Marchmont looked doubtful of his meaning, but his careless air deceived her, and she smiled mournfully. "Be sure you keep out of all danger, George, love," she whispered, as he stooped to kiss her.

"That will!" said he. "Danger is a word to the brave, the timid understand it otherwise. As you are safe, dear, I am safe."

The party gazed round upon one another, as the young man, before he quite departed, turned back again,—and with a kind of tender respect, half playful and half serious, bent over Emily Marchmont and touched her forehead with his lips. Wonder and alarm possessed them still; when he was gone, they recalled the pleasing smile he gave on quitting them. This smile beamed like a sunbeam on deep waters, and soothed their quick alarm.

His first thought was, that the moment was now come of justifiable punishment, and now the villain should suffer; his next was, that he must not mistake the man, but on him and him only deal out retribution. Therefore, in a room below, he penned a note in delicate writing, a mere subterfuge to gain access to the good captain, and thus be certain of his man. John was ordered to attend him to the club-house; and somewhat to the man's amazement, he stated that he intended to have an interview with Captain Cartwright, and for this reason, had written him an intimation of his design, which polite intention was herein expressed, and John was to present it to him. John, of course, obeyed.

It was a lovely evening in the summer time, and sultry hot. A myriad of stars were shining in the sky, through a clear atmosphere; so that the darkness was, as it were, stained with a living hue of purple twilight, as if in mimicry of the broad day. And there, in the far lunar region, the moon put forth her silver bow, seeming a crescent hung in the mid-air, and over it pale fleecy clouds of vapour passed.
by suddenly; and being past, formed lengthening shades far over the horizon,—
a bar of ebon night that cut the heavens in two, extending wide.

The young man saw it at a glimpse, and made a likeness in his mind, sudden
and short, to something he had just then witnessed. But like the moon, so pale, so
pure, she should shine forth,—the darkest clouds of fate had darkened, but to show
her brightness,—and Mrs. Marchmont should be happy still.

As he hastened on, however, John bethtought him, that his young master’s pace
was rather rapid, and his decisive footstep not altogether indicative of pacific
measures. They, at length, reached the street, and George Marchmont halted before
the door of the club-house, and afterwards strolled leisurely up and down, to cool
himself, as it might seem to John. Then, the servant man first perceived that he
had a cane,—a stick rather; and several times, he handled it with a strong gripe.
But it might be the man’s imagination, it must be so, since he was calm indeed;
when he motioned him to approach, to receive farther orders.

“John,” said he, “enter, and ask for Captain Anthony Cartwright; return back
here—here into the street. Here is a note. Give it to him, and let me see that
you give it to him.”

The man bowed. His master spoke with such composure, nay, dignity, that he
could not suspect; and he was straightway gone. The moment was immemorable
to George Marchmont, ere he emerged again. At that instant he was followed by
the captain. It was the same man—the same as ever. George lifted the stick, but
delayed to strike. The captain took the note. It was but a glimpse—and he re-
entered the house.

“Enough, John,” said young Marchmont. “If I should not be home again—
be silent and say nothing.”

He spoke with calmness and slowly turned away. Whatever delusion had occu-
pied John’s mind, it vanished. That sudden bound—the energetic spring—the
eager leap of Marchmont as he entered, was in itself enough.

The clash of a door was heard, and then another—and so on—to another,—till
young Marchmont found himself in a spacious room, lit with many chandeliers,
whose dazzling light, compared with summer twilight—bewildered him at once. A
crowd of faces flashed before him, till he saw that one. The tiger’s leap was not
more sure, as he springs upon his prey. His hand was at his throat,—the captain
on the ground. The cane sounded well and strongly, and he heard no more. It
was only the captain’s cries that roused him to fresh exertion. He was powerful:—
would he not shew his power—his breathless wrath!

“Sir, sir, too bad—hold back the gentleman,” cried many voices; and a con-
tending crowd were now around him; but as they struggled to withhold his blows,
he dealt them out more hastily, with better will too. The scuffle now encreased:
till, for want of breath, Marchmont himself gave in and was their prisoner,—the
wretched captain was lifted from the earth.

“Shameful! a most cowardly attack,” cried some. “The young gentleman
uses the cane well, however,” said a voice,—and Marchmont shook himself free from
their hold. “Cur of a dog!” he gasped, “for many a better has been whipped to
death.” “Captain Cartwright must have satisfaction for this,” said some one with
the tone of a bully.

“He shall,” said young Marchmont, energetically. “I feel that nothing else
will satisfy me. You wrote this—and this—and this!”—and he drew out the letters
and dashed his hand impressively on each;—and the captain, abashed and confused,
answered him nothing.

A pause ensued.

“Captain Cartwright,” at length said Marchmont, speaking more coolly, “I know
you to be a villain—the meanest of all scoundrels—and listen to my words, and un-
derstand them, sir.”

“You know, young man,” said the captain, expressing himself with difficulty,
but with considerable effrontery; “you know that the cause of this dispute cannot
be stated openly.”

“Indeed!” said Marchmont, with fierce irony. “Gentlemen—I beg pardon.
here stands a rogue, but my name is Marchmont—here is my card—George Marchmont. The lady is a lady of a matchless beauty and unblemished honor,—she is dying. For years—aye, he has extorted money—broken this lady's heart and—yes—by infernal machinations,—and—if, after this, there lives a man—base enough to defend him!—but he, with rage and grief, could say no more.

"Well, if this is it," whispered some, "I am sorry we interfered"—"cane him again," said another of the gentlemen, and all drew back, excepting one or two of the captain's old associates, who, as they partook his infamies, shared also in his impudence.

"This calumny—this insult—sir, you shall fight me," threatened the captain.

"You know, sir, where to hear of me," said Marchmont,—as he turned away.

"I thought it must be you," said a voice; and he recognised one of his uncle's oldest friends, an officer of that high standing and accredited character, that ere they had shaken hands, the young man had many advocates besides the one in question. Indeed, it was clearly seen who was the aggressor and who the avenger here. The officer, with military promptitude offered his farther services, and they adjourned to a private room together. Awhile, and it was whispered that, doubtless, the injured lady was the lovely and innocent Emily Marchmont, the cousin, and betrothed of the young gentleman; and that it was more than probable, that the captain was a consummate scoundrel, and Marchmont's retaliation just and proper.

The captain, ere he retired, brooded on this mishap; that, after schemes for years, so skillfully conducted, he should be discovered and exposed by such a boy as this. He thought of enduring this chastisement—this open degradation, quietly—his conscience was not so tender, nor his sensibilities so keen. But even in this instant, the atmosphere of all around was changed; a sudden frost of distance and reserve succeeded to the genial warmth of civil intercourse, and all looked coldly on him. This he could not afford. Though a professed gambler, a man of depraved habits, yet, his rank in the army, and some original respectability of connexion, obtained him an introduction among gentlemen; and now, the lower he sank in character, the higher he must seem to rise in the scale of society, or he would be lost indeed. Where was his livelihood? and where the dupe that he might cajole? It would not do. He gazed around, but none accosted him. No, he could not afford it, and he must resent it.

"A troublesome affair this," he whispered. "You must shoot the young fellow through the head if possible," was the reply; and shortly after, he also retired to another apartment; the friends of both parties were seen in short debate,—the challenge was given and received.

One hour later was employed by George Marchmont in the arrangement of affairs, more momentous to him, than even this. In the first instance, in case of future consequences, he penned an account of the whole circumstances, explained as shortly as possible; and this, with the letters in his possession he enclosed to his uncle—the man most beloved by him of any in the world. This done, he drew up a small document wherein he left his worldly possessions and noble fortune to his beloved Emily; and this being over, he set himself to meditate upon the chances of the future, a subject that, like the past, will seldom bear meditation. He found it so, and resolved on active duties to the last.

We cannot but say that the cheek of the veteran, colonel Foster, blenched with agitation, when he peted from his young friend for a few hours repose before morning; and George Marchmont was pale with many emotions besides that of fear.

"You will be there—at four o'clock—in Battersea-fields," whispered the colonel.

"To the instant," said Marchmont: "and Colonel, in case—you see I am a man of business,—my will—a short memorandum,—I leave it with you." His friend pressed his hand and was gone.

Now, by summer-mornlight, he rambled homewards—first, because they might be alarmed if he did not return, and then, because of that precious packet—explanatory of the cause—the sweet cause; and there are no noble motives that can bear to be misconstrued. So, he went homeward, not wavering or, in trepidation; but as all hearts tend to their native source, ere they expire, as light falls in, eclipsed
by shade. He beheld the stars—diffusive nature; but he would not behold. He recognised all things—everything, but they must be known no longer. He was one whose life was on the venture, to abide the doom. He entered—John smiled a welcome, like one who feared the worst.

"John," said the young gentleman, "I must leave here early: I am engaged to meet Colonel Johnson—you know him. If—however, if I should not return to-morrow, give this to my uncle. Do not forget."

John was altogether faithful; and he could not say his mistress was better; but as George Marchmont retired to his chamber, not to sleep, John sat up in a large arm-chair, that he might be waked, because, he did know why, but he wished somehow to see the last of his young master; but nevertheless, he, even in the arm-chair, slept soundly. Mr. Marchmont, on that night, was occupied in pacing his chamber, in gazing upon a pair of pistols, in probing his conscience to find a valuable part where there was none; and yet, the life of such a wretch as this, infamous beyond common infamy; yet, how glorious was the spoil of life in him, because he felt it in himself. Then followed distracting doubts—the trembling horror of those who reel upon a precipice, the height and deep unknown. At length, in the far east a tinge of rosy light appeared, streaming through the grey twilight of the dawn; and this proclaimed the coming of the day, perhaps no day to him—but one short—short hour between this and eternity. He looked upon the sky for the last time, and then on all around; and then upon a miniature hidden in his own bosom; and henceforth he cast away all weakness, checked the rising tears, and thus he bade farewell to all moat dear.

He stepped down stairs on tiptoe, willing to escape unseen; but John was there.

"I humbly ask pardon, sir," said John; "but there’s nothing like an old servant, in case of the worst."

"Right, John," said George Marchmont. "I leave you here, therefore, where your services may be required. Goodbye to you—good fellow."

The moon was breaking gloriously, as John watched the young gentleman cross the park, at a brisk pace, and his "God bless you, sir!" was cut short, by a rising emotion, which filled his eyes at once; though it was John’s belief that the haziness of the morning prevented him seeing more clearly.

At the same rapid pace, young Marchmont pursued his way, when suddenly in the east, the golden sun peeped over the horizon, and ere he was aware, lost in attraction, and till now, regardless of every outward object, he found himself approaching the appointed place—those fields, so often before and since the scene of such meetings. On any other occasion, he might have lingered to remark the pleasant garden grounds that flank the Thames, or the bright river flowing onwards beneath the matin sun; but not now. He thought of life and death; the short transition was in itself enough; and how far he was justified if this man’s life should be the sacrifice.

It was still early and he felt relieved, yes, greatly so, that he was the first on the ground, that he might dwell upon such meditations, and an instant more alone. He chose a plot of grass, away from the high road, remote from observation, and here he wandered. Presently after, he became aware that another person joined him, but neither spoke; and then two others made their appearance—the moment was now come.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said George Marchmont; and now the twilight shades had vanished, morning was come, the sky was bright, all things would be rising with the sun—there was no time to lose. The sight of Captain Cartwright was enough: doubt and delay were ever kindling wrath; ad steady treatment—whispered him at once, and it were well if the last act were over.

The seconds, by this time, had learnt enough to know that all hopes of compromise must be resigned: and, therefore, they set about their duty, and indeed, like men to whom the taste might be familiar. A few moments sufficed and all was ready.

The captain was pale and woe-begone, as one not quite half willing to abide the venture; young Marchmont, stern and composed—and if he trembled, it was with
scorn and hatred. One instant;—they now stood opposite,—there stood the villain as Marchmont looked upon him for the last time. One instant;—and they both turned away;—another,—the pistols were raised—the signal given—they fired. The body of captain Cartwright leapt upward, and fell down upon the eart here Marchmont’s senses had scarce caught the sound of the report — and an electric shock passed over him, and through him, and around. At last, he heard a voice.

“You are wounded, Marchmont,” said the colonel; and, though the broad day, the young man now beheld all that had passed. He was, as it were, transfixed; till, as with some fascination, he was drawn to the spot,—there were the mortal remains, but the life was extinct.—He had shot him as with the direct hand of destiny, clear through the heart.

“We must fly, sir,” was the next sound heard;—and people were seen approaching, whom the report of the pistols had drawn to the spot. Colonel Foster urged his departure.”

Poor wretch!” said Marchmont. “If such things as this may be, why, let us be forgiven: “ and while speaking in a kind of stupor of horror and mingled regret, his friend dragged him away.—An hour after, and the scene was as peaceful, as though nothing of this had occurred.

Early on that day, Mrs. Marchmont, who had been of late fast-sinking, and was scarce expected to survive each setting sun, expressed herself as better; and ordered Sarah to arrange her dress, and let her be carried down into a drawing-room, there to enjoy her husband’s company.

“You are better, love,” said he, as he arranged the blinds to form that pleasant twilight, most sweet to senses weary of the world.

“Ah, Edmund,” she replied; “all but my mind dear.”

“Will you have some holy comfort?”

“None, no more,” she answered. “Can human counsel destroy human wickedness? none can stand between me and my God; the Almighty has heavily afflicted me, to him I bend, he hears my supplications; he does not question, hunt out my secret sorrows; all there is holy silence,—fit counsel for the heart.”

Her husband said no more, neither did he understand the meaning of her words: in truth, his soul was full of sad forebodings, inexplicable imaginings of coming ill; and in this uncertain twilight, they sat together, lost in silence, till the day was far advanced. Many times she had enquired for her nephew, but he was out, and was not yet returned. After repeated questionings and indirect answers, she became alarmed, and as the hours passed on, Mr. Marchmont himself experienced fears and doubts, for which he could not account. Noontide was over, when John, the man- servant, entered his master’s presence, and requested to speak with him. Mr. Marchmont drew him away into his study; the man’s manner implied that life and death were in the words he uttered.

“What is it? John, speak,” said his master, himself speaking with difficulty.

“There has been a duel in the fields yonder,” said John, slowly; “my young master ordered me to give you this, Sir, if he should not return.”

“Leave me alone,” was the reply.—“Alone?—I shall soon be so,” he murmured, as the man retired; and what pen or pencil can pourtray his mortal agitation while perusing facts that laid bare the broken spirit of one—his wife!—and one beloved beyond all human apprehensions.

“Had it but been permitted me,” he whispered, “to have avenged that precious life myself,—Oh! George, my son, my wife, and child;’ and scarcely knowing what way he went, or which claimed most his sympathy, he strolled with tursting heart from room to room, and at length sought his dying wife’s apartment.

“My suffering angel,” were his words, as he just entered; and Mrs. Marchmont only smiled in welcome of his fondness: when a shriek sounded below, piercing through every sense of all who heard it.—But a short pause, and Emily flew into their presence, her hair dishevelled, and wild distraction in her mien; her father rushed to meet her in despair; the shriek, the words she faint would utter, were frozen at her heart, by the terrific sight she saw before her.
Mrs. Marchmont, who had been incapable of standing for many months had sprung up, and now stood rigid and woful as death itself.

"Ah! my child," she said, with inward tones, and lips that moved not, "the hour has come,—that man has killed him—I feel it here. Now poor George is gone, I must go too, leave my home, child, husband." Her husband turned, hearing her speak, and beholding, he saw enough.

"Soft, child, soft," he whispered, "or we shall lose her quite;" and calmly, almost as we approach a statue, he advanced.—"Sweet one, my girl, my poor girl," he faltered out,—"believe it, love, your husband speaks; he knows, he feels your innocence."

"Loving," she murmured; "you, only you,—you Edward, you," and repeating this one word, Edward, the statue seemed to dissolve into a passing sensibility.

But now John entered the room.—"All is safe, Oh God!" cried John in horror, "dear mistress, master George is only wounded."

"Softly," sighed Mr. Marchmont, "her precious life is passing from us: wife, dear wife, dear wife!"

"Edward,—yes,—yes, Edward;" so the shadow faltered;—"dear Edward;" and as he clasped her round, the delicate hands played kindly on his temples,—those hands that ever spoke the heart,—until, at last, they rested on his shoulders in the soft-motion of embrace. A fervent fire was beaming in her eyes. It was a trance from which none dared awake her;—and thus,—the spirit vanished. Alas! she was lifted to repose, sacred in insensibility; and in a few hours, her gentle memory alone remained.

Among the many reports of that eventful day, the one circulated that George Marchmont was shot was the most prevalent; and shortly after reached the ears of Emily, through the imprudent folly of a domestic.

The arrival, in the evening, of Colonel Foster, who stated that his young friend was in safety, though suffering from a severe wound in the arm, brought some consolation, if any can attend the bed of death,—and such as this.

By a paragraph, appearing very many months afterwards, it has been ascertained that George Marchmont was married to his cousin, Emily;—and by a rustic inscription in the parish churchyard, near his country estate, we discover that the services of John, and Sarah, his wife, were not forgotten.

BUSTS OF THE TWELVE CESARES.—At the Palace of Hampton-court there always have preserved eight of these busts of the Roman been Emperors formed of terra cotta and beautifully enamelled. The entire series was presented by Leo X. to Cardinal Wolsey, for the decoration of his intended luxurious abode, but four out of the number were unaccountably lost sight of, till a few months ago, when one of them (in an excellent state of preservation), was accidentally discovered in a back room of the Palace. Another of these fine works of art has been subsequently recovered (also by chance) in a cottage near the stag-paddocks in Windsor Park, when recently undergoing repair. A bust fixed in the wall about 18 feet from the ground was discovered by the workmen, and proving to be one of the long lost busts was sent to rejoin its companions at Hampton-court. A third of these missing treasures has been discovered yet more recently by Mr. Jesse, at what is called the World's-end-Lodge, in the Great Park, inhabited by one of the keepers. It was here found let into the external wall about 10 or 12 feet from the ground, a place it must have occupied for above a century. The residents at the lodge took it for a bust of queen Anne, and in so little respect was it held that the boys in the neighbourhood frequently made it a butt for volleys of destructive missiles. The enamel is slightly injured, but with this exception, the attacks of these Gothic destroyers have fallen harmless on the imperial Romans—who will shortly be sent to join his brother Cesars at Hampton Court. Every effort is making for the recovery of the twelfth, the only one now wanting to complete the series of these unique specimens of art, which already extremely valuable, will of course, be rendered infinitely more so by completion.
March 1.—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent visited the Queen. H. R. H. Prince Albert visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager. Her Majesty had an evening party.

2.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked in the Palace Gardens, after which His Royal Highness honored with a visit the Surrey Zoological Gardens.


5.—H. R. H. Prince Albert left the Palace early in the morning for Stanmore, where a numerous field was assembled for the turn-out of the stag. H. R. H. was received by Lord Kinnaird, Master of Her Majesty's Buck-hounds.

6.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert after having driven out in a pony phaeton, took equestrian exercise in the riding school.

Her Majesty and His Royal Highness honored Covent Garden Theatre with their presence.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager took an airing to Kensington.

7.—(Sunday).—Her Majesty, H. R. H. Prince Albert and the Queen Dowager attended divine service in the Chapel Royal St. James's.

8.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked in the Palace Gardens. H. R. H. Prince Albert honored Mr. A. Penley with a sitting. Her Majesty had an evening party.

9.—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent honored the Haymarket Theatre with her presence.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager received visits from their Highnesses the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge.

10.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert took an airing in an open barouche and four.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent visited the Queen Dowager. H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge gave a dinner to the Directors of the Concerts of Ancient music—after which His Royal Highness accompanied by his guests went to the performance of a Concert in Hanover-square rooms.

11.—The Queen held a chapter of the order of the Garter, whereat his Grace the Duke of Somerset and the most noble the Marquis of Westminster were duly elected Knights of the order. Her Majesty had a dinner party.

12.—Her Majesty took an airing in an open carriage and four, with outsiders. H. R. H. Prince Albert riding on horseback at the same time. H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge honored with his presence the performance of "Israel in Egypt" by the Sacred Harmonic Society in Exeter Hall.

13.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager honored the Zoological Gardens with a visit.

Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

14.—(Sunday).—Her Majesty, H. H. H. Prince Albert, and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

15.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert took an airing in an open carriage and four.

16.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert inspected Wm. Bonnar's grand historical picture of "John Knox Administering the first Protestant Sacrament in Scotland." The Queen, H. R. H. Prince Albert, H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

17.—Her Majesty honored Mr. Partridge with a sitting for her portrait.

18.—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent visited the Queen. Her Royal Highness honored the English Opera-house with her presence.

19.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked in the Palace Gardens. The frontispiece and title for the "History of the Orders of Knighthood," by Sir Harris Nicolás, has been submitted to the Queen's inspection. It's subject is Her Majesty in the robes of the order of the Garter, the banners of the several orders, and the arms of the Sovereign founders, the whole printed in oil colors. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert honored Drury-Lane Theatre with their presence to witness the performance of Fidelio.

20.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert honored the Italian Opera with their presence, as also H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent.

21.—(Sunday).—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

22.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked in the garden of Buckingham palace.

23.—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent visited the Queen.

H. R. H. Prince Albert went to Deptford, and from thence to Woolwich to inspect the vessels fitting out for the Niger expedition. Her Majesty had an evening party.

24.—The Queen held a levee, the first of this season at St. James's palace. The Duke of Wellington presented an address from the corporation of the Trinity-house, congratulating Her Majesty on the birth of the Princess Royal.
25.—H.R.H. Prince Albert received addresses of congratulation on the birth of the Princess Royal from various places and jubilee bodies, as did also H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. Mrs. G. Hayter’s splendid whole length portrait of the Queen in the imperial Dalmatic robes which Her Majesty has graciously presented to the Goldsmith’s Company, was finally placed in their livery-hall.

26.—The Queen held an investiture of the most honorable military order of Bath, at Buckingham Palace, when Sir Frederick Adam, Sir Andrew Barnard and Sir Joseph O’Halloran, received from her Her Majesty the insignias of the order. Major Gen. J. Dickson also received the star of a knight commander, and Lord William Fitzray the honor of knighthood. The Ashantee Princess, the Prince William Quanamissah, and the Prince John Antal were introduced to the Queen. This being the birth-day of H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge, numerous complimentary visits were paid by the nobility and gentry at Cambridge-house.

27.—Her Majesty held a court at Buckingham Palace. The Queen, with H.R.H. Prince Albert, visited the British Museum, where they were received by Sir H. Ellis and other officers of the Institution. The royal party remained two hours with Her Majesty, and H.R.H. Prince Albert honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

28.—(Sunday).—Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James’s, and afterwards visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent attended divine service in Trinity Chapel, Sloane-street.

29. The Queen took an airing in an open barouche and four, H.R.H. Prince Albert, riding out on horseback at the same time.

Her Majesty honored Sir William Newton with a final sitting for the coronation picture.

30. The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert honored the English Opera-house with their presence.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent, and the Duke of Cambridge, visited her Majesty.

31st. Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert honored the German Opera with their presence.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, inspected Clarence-house, St. James’s.

H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, 12.
Duchess of Sutherland, 12.
Duchess of Inverness, 12.
Duke of Norfolk, 12.
Marquis of Northampton, 12.
Earl of Radnor, 12.
Earl and Countess of Rosebery, 12.
Lord and Lady Fitzalban, 12.
Baronet Leuben, 12.
Earl of Lintowel, 4, 12.
Hon. C. A. Murray, 12.
Lord A. Paget, 12.
Capt. F. Seymour, 12.
Prince Esterhazy, 8.
The Bavarian Minister and Baroness de Cetto, 8.
Lady Bowater, 8.
Baron Stockmar, 15, 17, 25.
Mr. G. E. Anson, 15, 17.
Viscount Templeton, 17.
Lord and Lady Burghersh, 17.
Earl and Countess of Errol, 4, 8, 29.
Lady Ida Hay, 4.
Lady Barham, 10.
Hon. Miss Noel, 10.
Earl of Morley, 10.
Lord Robt. Grosveuer, 10.
Earl of Clarendon, 22.
Earl and Countess Cowper, 22.
Viscount and the Lady Marianne Alford, 22.
Lord Beaumont, 22.
Right Hon. I. B. Macauley, 22.
Lord and Lady Holland, 22.
Lady Anne Maria Dawson, 25.
Lord John Russell, 25.
Lord Wriothesley Russell, 25.
General Alava, 25.
Viscount Palmerston, 26.
Earl and Countess de Grey, 29.
Viscount Duncannon, 29.
Lord and Lady Norreys, 29.
Lord and Lady Kinnaird, 29.
Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, 29.

Ladies in Waiting—Marchioness of Normanby—Countess of Charlemont—Countess of Mount-Edgecombe.

Maids of Honor.—Hon. Misses Paget and Anson, Pitt and Devereux.

Lords in Waiting—Lord Byron and Lord Poltimore.


Equerries, Sir Edward Bowater, Capt. Francis Seymour.

The Duke of Wellington’s Statue.—The weight of this colossal figure, now in the Atelier of Mr. Wyatt, is calculated, when finished, to weigh about 50 tons and to stand from the pedestal 32 feet in height. Those parts of the statue at present complete have been cast out of the metal of a single cannon and comprise only the head and boots—the face is considered an excellent likeness. Two years, eleven months of which have already expired, is said to be the period appointed by the committee for the completion of the gigantic statue.
ROBBERT AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—On Thursday, 25th March, valuable property estimated to consist of upwards of one cwt. of silver articles and portions of silver furniture, was discovered to have been stolen from Windsor Castle. Amongst the latter, are legs and top of a splendid silver chased table which was sent from Hanover many years since, when that country was threatened with invasion by the army under Marshal Mortier. Two solid silver figures of angels upwards of 16 inches in height, each bearing a crown, and likewise brought from Hanover, have also been purloined. A porter in the stores department who absconded as soon as the discovery was made, is the person on whom suspicion most strongly rests.

MORAL AND PRACTICAL REMARKS ON THE ROBBERT AT WINDSOR CASTLE. — (March 31st.) A silver crown, of most elaborate and beautiful workmanship, which formerly belonged to Charles II., and which was placed among the stores, has been discovered to be missing; although strict search is being carried on, it will be some time before the exact extent of the robbery can be ascertained, owing to the numerous apartments of the Castle to which the absconded party had access. The latter has been traced to the railway-station at Slough: but from thence no clue has been obtained to his place of retreat.

PRINCESS AUGUSTA'S LIBRARY.—The splendid and valuable library at Frogmore Lodge belonging to the late Princess Augusta, as well as the greater portion of the plate of her late Royal Highness, has been purchased by the king of Hanover. The books consist of upwards of 5,000 volumes of choice standard works, many of which, are of an extremely rare and valuable description: they were for the most part the property of queen Charlotte, after whose death the collection fell into the hands of the Princess Augusta, who made some important additions to it.

In consequence of her late Royal Highness having died intestate, the proceeds of these sales, as well as that of the pictures &c., will after payment of all debts be divided amongst the heirs-at-law of the late Princess, viz.: the king of Hanover, the dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, the duchess of Gloucester and princess Sophia.

THE PALACE INTRUDER.—Henry Jones, who has lately paid a third visit to the Royal residence, has excited some attention in those who make character their study. Mr. Fennimore Cooper, the celebrated American novelist, supposing from his inquisitive freaks that the lad must be possessed of more than a common share of enterprise and acuteness, offered him his fortune by taking him to America. Upon being asked if he would go, the boy refused, and Mr. Cooper finding moreover on an interview, that he bore all the characteristics of dull obstinacy, instead of clever activity, abandoned his intention.

SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.—An important essay on the subject of preserving meat by injection has been presented by M. Gannal to the Academy of Sciences. According to this plan 4lb. weight of saline mixture injected into the carotid artery of an ox penetrates all the vessels and prevents decomposition. The muriate of alum is employed for the purposes of this discovery which is likely to be highly valuable in preserving provisions.

TORTOISE-SHELL HAT.—Her Majesty has recently made a donation to the British Museum of several interesting specimens of the workmanship of the natives of New Caledonia, Isle of Pines, &c. Amongst these curious objects which comprise articles of costume and furniture, with various pieces of armament, one which has excited peculiar attention is a lady's bonnet from Navigator's Island, most ingeniously formed of small pieces of tortoise-shell, and bearing a remarkable resemblance in shape to the prevailing fashion. These articles have been arranged in cases 32 feet square in a large apartment at the top of the principal staircase.

Some valuable pictures which belonged to the collection of the late Professor d'Alton at Bonn, have been recently purchased by Prince Albert, and now adorn His Royal Highness's private gallery in Buckingham Palace. Among them are three masterpieces of Rubens, Jordens and Rembrandt, and the exquisite Magdalen of the same collection by Annibale Caracci is now on its way to London.

DESTRUCTIVE ENGINES IN WARFARE.—The subjoined extract from the travels of count Falhenstein is applicable to the recent invention for blowing up ships or towns: A native of Dauphiny by name of Dupré, who had spent his life in cultivating the science of chymistry, invented a kind of fire so rapid and so devouring that it could neither be avoided nor extinguished. Water instead of destroying it, gave it new force. Various experiments were tried with it, on the canal of Versailles, in the presence of the king, Louis XV., which were repeated at the arsenal at Paris and in several sea-ports. The most intrepid soldiers trembled at the effects of so diabolical an invention, and considered it with the same degree of horror as the ancient knights did the discovery of gunpowder. Being convinced that one man, assisted by such an art, could destroy a fleet or burn a city, the king commanded Dupré never to communicate his secret, and paid him for his silence. His majesty, however, was at that time engaged in a ruinous war; the English braved him in his harbours, and every day he suffered losses and disgrace. He could easily have destroyed his enemies, but he preferred to suffer rather than to augment the evils of humanity.—Dupré's dangerous secret died with him.
PARIS FASHIONS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

[For the usual descriptions of our Paris Fashions see Letter-Press accompanying the plates.]

Voilà chère et belle amie des toilette des printemps que je t'envoie: en attendant celles de Long-champs, que je te promets pour ma première lettre. By that time I hope that we shall have laid by all our winter wrappings, which a late renewal of the cold winter has as yet prevented us doing, and malgré cela, we are all suffering with colds, coughs, &c. However, ma bonne, we are getting ourselves cured as fast as we can, for you know the week after next, we must appear at Long-champs, il n'y a pas à dire—il faut le guérir à temps! Our late balls have been very brilliant, but you know we do not dance in the Carême. Concerts, and soirées littérates are therefore more in vogue just now with us than balls. It is quite de mode to have some great writer to read a chapter of his latest unpublished novel, a new poem, a tragedy, or comedy, not yet represented: enfin ma chère without M. de Châteaubriand, or the Viscount d'Arlinecourt, or M. Scribe, or the red-hot bal esprit, point de soirée. Corsages à pointe have put all others out of date. Some of the points just now are very short, which answers best for a figure rather inclined to embonpoint, especially if it be not too pointed, the sleeves short, flat, and tight, with a guipure or lace ruffle, turned up quite flat over the sleeve is what is most seen. However, some ladies still persist to wear full garnitures over their tight sleeves, but this is seldom the case unless the arm is too thin. Gauze, organde and crape, are the materials for ball dresses. The skirts of the former are always made double and now even constantly, there are three skirts one over another, of different lengths, and all three trimmed or embroidered at bottom. If you have not seen any of these dresses a triple jupe, the idea may appear singular to you, but I assure you that the effect in a ball room is exceedingly elegant, and much newer than a single skirt ornamented with flowers &c. The dresses mostly seen, at our private concerts or our soirées littérares are quite as recherché as the ball dresses. They are of satin, plain and figured; of moiré, velours epinéle, and brochée silks. The skirts are mostly open in front and looped back with diamonds, caméos, flowers or bows.

The following dresses are in promenade or carriage costume. And gros de Naples Moiré (watered) likewise. These dresses are mostly made en redingote to open in front, and at present it is the mode to leave them without fastening down the fronts of the skirts, in which case the petticoat should be embroidered up the front en tarbes. The corsages of these redingottes are only half high in the neck. They are either à pointe (a slight point) and tight to the bust, ordre почé with gathering at the shoulders and crossing a little at the waist. The tight sleeves for morning dress are decidedly on the decline. Those at present in vogue, are full at top, and tight or nearly so from the elbow to the wrist. After all they are more graceful than the tight sleeve especially when they are not of an immoderate width at top. Velvet scars lined with silk or satin, are now more fashionable and more distinguè than shawls, and it is supposed that scarfs will be more generally adopted this spring and summer than shawls of any description.

Should this be the case, we shall of course, have some variety in these scarfs. Many are now made of silk, the rich taffetas, lately employed for mantelets, is considered the best for this purpose. Some are trimmed all round with lace, and others have only a face or a silk fringe at the ends. They are invariably lined, and sometimes with the same colour. Some ladies, however, prefer a different colored lining.

Whatever we may have new in the bonnet department, will not be known until Long-champs, pailles de riz, and straw bonnets are in preparation. Nous verrons bientot.

Turbans are coming very much into fashion but they are not the old fashioned made up turbans. The gauze or lama, or whatever may be the material is now twisted and intermixed with the hair. The effect is so lovely that our youngest beauties do not disdain a turban of this description.

There are also becoming little velvet hats ornamented with feathers, and looped up with diamonds, which have lately become de mode.

I will give you a few ensembles de toilettes.

Carriage or Walking Costume.—Dress of chestnut color levantine shot with black scarf of purple velvet lined with rose color, hat of white velours epinéle, collar and cuffs of clear cambic.

Dress of black watered gros de Naples, scarf of violet velvet, hat of gros d’Afrique, or gros des Indes, straw color collar and cuffs of guipure.

Evening Dresses.—Dress of white gauze, or organzé, with three skirts of unequal length, each skirt embroidered at bottom with three rows of small silver stars. Cor-
sage à pointe, a row of three silver stars covering each seam. Venetian sleeves over short tight ones, with a border of straw all round. Front hair in ringlets, back in braids with a red camelia and a sprig of white jessamine placed over the left ear. Dior of white sa-
lin broché in pink flowers. Corsage à pointe short, tight sleeves with engagéantes, man-
till of lace to match the ruffles. Skirt open in front, and trimmed all round with a garniture of tulle, caught up at distances with a rose de Meaux, fastened to the dress by a diamond ornament. Turban of pink gauze, intermixed with the braids of hair, front hair en bandeau. Dress of blue damas à grands ramages jaune, corsage à pointe, short tight sleeves, berthe and manchettes de guipure, deep guipure flounce caught up at distances with grapes of diamonds and garnets, bandeau of diamonds and garnets above the front hair, which is in smooth bands. Short kid gloves, fan, bouquet, cambric handkerchief, three bracelets, one upon the glove, and two above.

Lingerie.—The collars are still exceedingly small, the forms have not changed lately. Those for full dress are richly embroidered en guipure à la régence. It is the rule at present that the collar, cuffs, and pocket handkerchief should match; and in evening dress, the berthe or mantilla. The manchettes or engageants which ever may be worn, must also match with the handkerchief.

Colors.—For hats paille, pale yellow, and poussière. Sometimes pink. For dresses—chestnut, black, lavender, and navy blue. Adieu, ma chère amie, Toute à toi. L. de F.

THE THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Theatre is again appropriated to the purposes of dramatic representation, M. Jullien and his corps of Concert musicians having departed and made way for the German company who commenced their exertions on the 15th March with the Opera of Der Freischütz. Among the vocalists are Madame Stöckel Heinefetter and Schumann, Hatzinger and Sesselman, a new singer to the London public. These (especially the three former) were most effective in their several parts, and were admirably sustained by the chorusses and band. The excellence of the former, especially wherein each singer seems to fancy the success of the opera dependant on his own exertion, merits all praise, and presents a striking, but by no means flattering contrast, to the inanimate performance of our own chorus singers. On the 18th, Madame Stöckel Heinefetter excited most deserved applause by a truly brilliant display of acting and singing as the heroine of Spohr's Jessonda, and on the following evening again delighted her audience in the opera of Fidelio, whose performance was honored by the presence of her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert.

The Haymarket Theatre on the 15th, to re-open on the 12th of April.

HER MAJESTY’S THEATRE.—On the performance of Tancredi, (which has succeeded Cimarosa’s opera of Gli Oranzi ed i Curiali.) Madame Persiani made her first appearance this season, on the 20th, in the part of Amenand. Her acting possesses all its wonted finish and exquisite expression, while her voice has gained in mellowness and power. She was well supported by Madame Viardot (Pauline Garcia) in the part of Tancredi, and owing to the exertions of these distinguished vocalists the opera was received with applause. The theatre was honoured by the presence of her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert.

COVENT GARDEN.—A new comedy from the pen of Mr. Lee Morton, entitled London Assurance, was brought out at this theatre on the 4th March. Farren, Mrs. Nisbett, Mad. Vestris, Mrs. Humby, Bartley, Keeley, Charles Matthews, Harley, and Mr. Anderson, all find admirable scope for the exertion of their peculiar excellencies in the personages of this most lively and humorous drama. These consist in the order in which we have named the actors, of Sir Harcourt Courtly, a silver-haired and silver-tongued lothario, Lady Gay Spanker, a sportswoman whose dashing spirits have broken down those of her husband, Mr. Adolphus, played by Keeley—Grace, a tormentingly arch young lady; and her Abigail, Max Harkaway, a country squire, Mr. Dazzle a cool and confident gentleman about town, and Mr. Charles Courtly, an ardent lover. The above enumeration of characters may give a pretty fair notion of their several agencies in the piece, whose plot we therefore forbear to sketch, or criticise, for whatever its defects,—the factious drollery of the dialogue and incidents succeeded in exciting the uniring merriment of the audience who expressed their approbation on an announcement of repetition.

This successful play was repeated on the 25th for the 18th time.

The British Museum.—From a document laid before Parliament, it appears that the total number of persons who have visited the Museum during the past year (from Christmas 1839 to Christmas 1840) was 247,929, the lowest number in any year since 1834.—The receipts for the year were 34,388l. 18s. 5d., and the payments 31l. 2s. 5d., leaving a balance of 2,911l. 16s.

The Museum is open to the public on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from May 8th to August 31st from 10 till 7, and from Sep. 8th to April 31st (the 1st to the 7th of January excepted) from 10 till 4.

The apartments at St. James’s Palace assigned as the future residence of H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge, are the suite now occupied as the offices of Sir Henry Wheatley (Her Majesty’s Privy Purse) with the rooms appropriated to the Duchess of Wurtemberg whilst in England.
Monthly Critic.

Summer Rambles and Winter Amusements, by a Clergyman's Widow.

For the preface to this little work the authoress compares her quick transition from one subject to another to the flittings of the butterfly from flower to flower—we would rather liken her useful labors to those of the bee, for in resemblance of that industrious insect she has collected a hothied store for the (mental) aliment of the rising swarm. The garden, the wood, and the more remote fields of history have furnished her with materials for a varied banquet suited to the taste of childhood, and as the repast is no less wholesome than agreeable we shall look with pleasure for a second course.

J. Green's Nursery Songs, dedicated to the Princess Royal.

Let poets boast of immortality, but who amongst them all ever attained a greater share of this coveted et dorado than the humble authors of nursery rhymes, which handed down from one generation to another, survive in our memories, while loftier strains have perhaps left no lasting impression. We are glad to see our favorites arrayed in court attire, rendered a perfect bijou for the most juvenile of all listeners or performers, and indeed, claiming most justly the honour of admission to the presence of cradled royalty.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

No. 913.—Dress of shot striped silk, the skirt ornamented with two deep flounces. Corsage décotée (low,) scarf of the same material as the dress. (See plate.) Hat of green velvet ornamented with flowers. Hair in ringlets, à l'Anglaise. Lace frill, clear cambric cuffs, yellow gloves, black varnished shoes. Broom.

2nd figure.—Hat of white gros des Indes; with a bouquet of feathers drooping to the left side. The hat, it will be perceived is very small, coming low at the sides of the face, but not meeting under the chin, (see plate,) the crown is low and small, sits quite flat. Flowers, but no blonde or cap under the front of the bonnet. Redingote décotée de pous de soie cendre de rose, a kind of cedar color. The corsage is tight to the bust, and with a very small, but sharp point in front. (See plate.) The sleeves are gathered in four or five rows at the shoulders, the remainder is left loose as far as the wrist. A kind of low pelermine, much in the style of a rever, is worn over the corsage, it has two rows of liseré all round, which gives it the appearance of being double. (See plate.) A simple quilling of tulle goes round the neck. It will be perceived by the opening of the skirt of this dress in front, that it is not intended to be worn closed; a liseré of satin similar to that in the pelermine goes down each side of the front and round the bottom. It is worn over an embroidered dress. Pale yellow gloves, cambric cuffs and handkerchiefs. Hair en bandeaux.

No. 915.—Hat of white poux de soie. This hat differs but little from those we have lately described to our readers, the front and crown seem all of a piece, and the front comes low at the sides. The trimming of Ruban velours épingle, is put on in a kind of roll, (see plate,) which crosses the bonnet and is finished by a cluster of bows of the same, placed as low as possible at the left side, a light and elegant demi guirlande of mixed flowers, is also at the left side of the bonnet, (see plate) round the edge of the point and lower part of the barolet, is a very short white silk fringe Low dress of white cashmere or fine merinos. The sleeves are full at top, but rather less so towards the lower arm, and finished by embroidered poignets (wrists.) At the bottom of the skirt is a bias, or hem cut upon the cross way of the material and put on with a liseré or piping at top. This hem is about two-fingers in depth, (see plate.) The front of the skirt is ornamented after a new and singular fashion which it is thought will be much adopted this Spring. It is embroidered en toiller, (see plate) in a light and elegant pattern, the part uncolored being done in white silk, (demi-torse) and in the tambour stitch, whilst the colored parts are done in satin stitch, with colored floss silks. The corsage of this dress is covered with a Cnecou à Coulisses, of clear muslin. The drawings go up instead of across (see plate) The back is precisely similar to the front, with the exception of the pink ribbon puffings which are only down the centre of the front, and along the shoulders. A narrow lace goes round the bosom of this Cnecou and another row, but deeper and with more fulness. Hair in ringlets, pale yellow gloves, black shoes, cambric embroidered handkerchief.

Second Figure.—Dress of lavender poux de soie, hat of pale yellow velours épingle, this hat gives the back view of that we have just described. India muslin scarf trimmed all round with deep frill of the same set in plaits (tuyauté) with an Italian iron, (see plate.) This is one of the nouveaux in preparation for the spring. Yellow gloves.

[COURT MAGAZINE.]
General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

No. 11, Carey-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields:—

Office for the PRINTED ALPHABETICAL REGISTRATION of MARriages, BIRTHS and DEATHS, after a plan proposed some years back to Government, and, by petition, to both houses of Parliament, by the founder of the Harrow Road Cemetery and the new system of Exurban Burial in England—part of which plan, viz., that a certificate should accompany each corpse that a double entry might be made, namely in the Parish where a death takes place as well as at the place of interment, printed anno 1834, will be found embodied in the instructions of the Registrar General of Births, Marriages and Deaths, printed somewhere about the year 1837—12 years afterwards! The public as well as the private advantages of this mode of Registration over every other system, if not at once self-apparent, is strikingly displayed in the name of —— in a recent number. — His residence was in Kent, he died in Sussex, and he is buried in Middlesex; a few years hence how laborious might be the search, notwithstanding the present admirable registration act, and how great the expense to discover the simple fact where he was interred. So also with persons marrying when from home.

So valuable, indeed, do we consider this plan, that we doubt not the long few persons concerned will be inconceivable enough not to register with this establishment. So also as respects Births—how often is the house, in which born, altogether unknown—the place, even forgotten—when such a record as this registration affords might be of infinite value; and there are, indeed, very few Life assurance establishments which would not at once receive this proof presumptive of the day of birth as proof positive of an individual's age.

BIRTHS.

Baring, Mrs. Henry, of a son; Cromer-hall, Feb. 26th.

Bosanquet, Lady of James ——, Esq. of a son; Hyde-park-square, March 21st.

Bradley, Hon. Mrs. of a dau.; at Pan, in the Basses Pyrénées, Feb. 15.

Bromilow, Lady of Adam ——, Esq., barrister-at-law, of a son; Wilton-place, March 16th.

Bulby, Lady of Ashburnham H. ——, Esq. of a son, Wilton-street, Grosvenor-place, March 16th.

Craven, the Right Hon. the Countess of ——, of a son; Charles-street, Berkeley-square, March 16th.

Davidson, Lady of Henry ——, Esq. of a son; Bruton-street, March 2d.

Doughty, Lady of the Rev. C. Montague ——, of Thieberton-hall, Suffolk, of a son and heir; March 15.

Goldsmith, Lady of Frederick ——, Esq. of a son; Manchester-square, March 9th.

Gresley, Lady of the Rev. Sir Nigel, Bart. of a dau., who survived only a few hours; at Netherseal-hall, Leicestershire, March 20.

Honey, Lady of Andrew ——, Esq. of a son; Park-village-west, Regent's-park.

Irvin, Lady of Walter ——, M. D., of a son and heir; Park-street, Bath, March 9th.

King, Lady of Robert Duncan ——, Esq. of a dau., Albany-street. Regent's Park, March 10th.

Lascelles, the Lady Caroline, of a son; Wilton Crescent, Belgrave-square, March 23d.

Marsham, the Lady Margaret, of a son and heir, Boxley-house, Kent, March 7th.

Moore, Lady of George A. ——, Esq. of a son, at Bath, March 8th.

Russell, Lady of F. W. ——, Esq. of a dau., Westbourne-street, Hyde-park, March 2d.

Seymour, the wife of the Rev. Sir J. H., Bart. of a dau., Tothill, near Plymouth, March 6th.

2 B—April, 1841.

Stephenson, the Lady Mary, of a dau.; Arlington-street, March 10th.

Strover, Lady of Colonel ——, of a dau.; at the Willows, Upper Tooting, Surrey, March 26th.

Tewar, Lady of Edward ——, Esq. of a son; York-place, Portman-square; March 21st.

Walton, Lady of William H. ——, Esq. of Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, of a son; March 22d.


MARRIAGES.

Ballock, Mary Stuart, 2d dau. of the late Lieut.-Col., H. I. C. S., to Robert Corbett Gore, Esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law; All Souls' church, Southampton, March 17th.

Bays, Anna, 2d dau. of T. W. ——, Esq. of Stiffkey, to Frederick Charles Grimm Rito, of Cley-hall, Norfolk; Stiffkey, March 9th.

Bickford, Harriet Shatto, youngest dau. of the late Jacob ——, M. D., of Weymouth, Dorset, to Robert J. Walker, Esq.; St. George's, Hanover-square, March 5th.


Breton, Mary Anne, eld. dau. of Peter ——, Esq. of Polygon-house, Southampton, to Horatio, F. F. Holloway, Esq. of March woodland-house, near Southampton, High Sheriff of the County of Hants; All Saints', Southampton, March 9th.

Corne, Jane, eld. dau. of Henry ——, Esq., of Park-road, Stockwell, to John Shepherd, Esq., youngest son of the late Arthur ——, Esq., of Shaw-end, Westmoreland; St. Mark's, Kennington, March 9th.
Collings, Euphemia Eliza, 2d dau. of the late Capt. E. — , Hon. E. I. C. S., to Francis Findlater, Esq., Town-church, Guernsey, March 2d.

Coster, Elizabeth, dau. of M. J. — , Esq., to Benjamin Dewolf Fraser, M. D. of Halifax, Nova Scotia; Witheredge, Devon, Feb. 23d.

Crobie, Eliza Anne, only dau. of Captain — , R. N., to Henry Colburn, Esq., St. James's church, March 2d.

Da cres, Arabella, dau. of Rear Admiral — , to Lieut.-Col. Butler, eldest son of Thomas — , Esq., of Bury-lodge; at Hambledon, March 11th.

Drew, Dulcibella, 5th dau. of the late Robert — , Esq., of Heal, in the County of Devon, and Guilford-street, Russell-square, to Wm. G. Barley, Esq., of Bernard-street; Saint Bride’s, Fleet-street, March 9th.

Emmett, Grace Harriot, dau. of William — , Esq. of Turnham-green, to Richard Rosley, Esq., of Oxney-court; Christ-church, Mary-le-bone, March 9th.

Farebrother, Emily Augusta, dau. of Mr. Alderman — , of the Mont-house, Stockwell, to Thomas Earnshaw, Esq., of Tulse-hill, St. Mark’s, Kennington, March 23d.

Fergus, Jane, young dau. of the late Walter — , Esq. of Strathose, North Britain, to Robert W. Roys, Esq. of Gloucester-place, Portman Square; Kircaldy, March 16th.

Gell, Jane, widow of the late W. E. — , Esq. of the Cloisters, Westminster, to S. B. Blatherwick, of Lincoln’s Inn, Esq.; St. Margaret’s, Westminster, March 4th.

Giles, Mary Ann, dau. of the late James — , Esq. of Leigh, to Charles Mitchell, Esq., M.D.; St. Thomas’s-square, near Hackney, March 12th.


Gurney, Amelia, 4th dau. of William B. — , of Denmark-hill, to the Rev. Joseph Augus, M. A. of Walworth; Camberwell, March 5d.

Hakewill, Frances Sarah, dau. of the late Henry — , Esq. to Alexander Boules Stewart, Esq., of Barrie, Upper Canada; Brompton, March 2d.

Harton, Maria Augusta, youngest dau. of J. L. — , Esq., of King’s County, Ireland, to James B. Sharpe, Esq. Lieut. in her Majesty’s 26th Regiment, 2d son of J. B. — , Esq., of Windsor, Berks, and of Hoxton, Banagher, King’s County, March 16th.

Hawkins, Miss of Upper Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square, to William Myatt, Esq., of North Crescent, Bedford-square, St. Pancras, Feb. 27th.

Haynes, Emma, Caroline, only daughter of James — , Esq. to J. H. Clayton, Esq. of the Inner Temple, St. Mark’s, Pentonville, March 11th.

Herbert, Anne, eld. dau. of Jacob — , Esq. of the Grove, Camberwell, to Edward Horner, Esq. second son of the late John — , Esq., of Grove-hill, St. Giles’s, Camberwell, March 11th.

Hoeking, Priscilla, 3d dau. of John — , Esq., of Surrey-square, to Richard F. Bickerton, Esq., Surrey Chapel, Feb. 27th.

Hughes, Mary Elizabeth, youngest dau. of the late Thomas — , to the Rev. Horatio Moule; Clapham Church, March 9th.

Jamieon, Eliza, only dau. of the late James — , Esq., to Francis Hird, Esq. of Cleveland-row, St. James’s; Stoke church, Alverstoke, Hants, March 13th.

Jones, Sarah, eld. dau. of R. A. — , Esq., of Kenningford-terrace, Islington, to F. W. Johnson, Esq. of Cloudesley-square; St. Mary’s, Islington, March 4th.

Jones, Mary, youngest daughter of the late Capt. of Bala, Merionethshire, N. Wales, to Frederick Billebois, of Benham-place, Berks, Esq.; St. George’s, Hanover-square, March 18.

Kerr, the lady Frederic, 6th dau. of the late Vice-Admiral Lord Mark —, and the Countess of Antrim, to the Right Hon. Montague, Earl of Abingdon, by special license, Saint George’s, Hanover-square, March 11th.

Lang, Charlotte, youngest dau. of the late Geo. — , Esq., of Camberwell, to William Tree Tatlock, Esq., of Greenwich; March 18th.

Macurdy, Jane, dau. of the late John — , Esq., surgeon, R. A., to Archibald Boriand, Esq. M. D., of Trinity-square; St. George’s, Hanover-square, March 10th.

Malztahn, Mademoiselle de, dau. of the Prussian Ambassador at Vienna, to his Excellency Lord Beauvale, her Britannie Majesty’s Ambassador to the court of Austria; in the Chapel of the English Embassy, Vienna, Feb. 26th.


Morrat, Anna Augusta, eld. dau. of John — , Esq., late of Madras, to Count Jules de la Salle, only son of the Marquis — , of the Château d’Evequemont, near Saint Germain; at Paris, March 15th.

Mylius, Clara, Eleanor, eld. dau. of C. A. — , Esq., her Majesty’s Civil Commissioner, Seychelle Islands, to Major Henry John Savage, commanding Royal Engineers, at Port Louis, Maurice, Oct. 27, 1840.

Old, Juliana, dau. of Trenham — , Esq. of Baham-hill, Surrey, to Y. Lanham, Esq., of Duke-street, St. James’s, March 9th.

Plasket, Emily, youngest dau. of Thomas H. — , Esq., of Clifford-street, and Sidcup-place, Kent, to Sylvanus Roger Partridge, only son of Roger — , Esq. of Queen Anne street, Cavendish-square; St. James’s church, March 9th.

Ross, Marianne, yget. dau. of Alexander — , late of the Bengal Civil Service, to Captain J. F. Porter, of the Madras Cavalry; Inverleith-row, Edinburgh, March 11.

Roys, Fanny Louisa, only dau. of John —, of Gloucester-place, Portman-square, to Capt. Aldjo, of Brynstone-square; St. Mary-le-bone church, March 11th.

St. John, Elizabeth, yget. dau. of the honorable General—to the Rev. George Carter; Challey, Sussex, March 8th.
Deaths.

Alexander, Robert, Esq., brother to the Right Hon. Sir William —, of Airdrie House, Lanarkshire, at Frankfort, Kentucky, where he had resided more than 40 years, Feb. 1st.

Atkinson, Eleanor, daughter of Mr. James —, of Albany-road, Camberwell, aged 15, died 22d Feb.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Barrington, Eliz., Dowager Viscountess, in the 73rd year of her age, at Shriverham, March 2.

Bailey, Mary, wife of Mr. Richard —, of Brook-street, Lambeth, aged 40 years, died 5th March; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Betts, John, Esq., in the 83rd year of his age, at Lisleworth house, Esher, Feb. 23.

Bozer, John Esq. of Kenington, aged 62 years, died 2d March; South Metropolitan Cemetery. at Lisleworth-house, Esher, Feb. 25th.

Bishop, Harriett Arabella, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Sir George —, Bart., Dean of Lismore, and sister of Sir Cecil, Bart. at Torquay, Feb 28th.

Bolland, Harriet, dau., of the late James —, Esq., Paston-hall, near Peterborough, Feb. 27.

Bull, Susannah relict of the late Mr. —, of Vauxhall, aged 47, died 28th Feb.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Buckton, Edward, Esq., Comptroller of Her Majesty's Customs at Ceylon; at Jaffna in that island, Dec. 18.

Burke, Richard, Esq., M.D., of Sackville-street, Piccadilly, Feb. 25th.

Campbell, John, Esq., aged 75, at Budleigh Salleton, Devon, March 9th.

Chamberlain, Humphrey, Esq., Alderman of Worcester—He succeeded by unwearied exertions in bringing the Worcester porcelain, formerly known as the Regent's China, to its present state of perfection; at the Park, Worcester, Feb. 27th.

Chine, Margaret, relict of the late Henry —, Esq., of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, in the 88th year of her age, March 4th.

Christmas, Walter Fearn, son of the Rev. W. —, Bridge-street, Blackfriars; died 15th March; aged 16 months; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Church, Elizabeth Mary dau. of Mr. Hen. —, Vauxhall-terrace, died 25th Feb. aged 2 months; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Cookson, Col. James, late of the 80th regt., at his residence, Nesham-hall, in the county of Durham, March 20th.

Cook, Mr. John, of Alfred-place, Kent-road, died 7th March, aged 77 years.

Cromie, Sir William Lambert, Bart., only son of Sir Michael —, Bart., and grandson of the 6th Earl of Cavan; the late Baronet having left no issue the title is extinct; Feb. 27th.

Crosswaite, Anna Maria, wife of John —, Esq., Park-farm, Brixton, died 22d Feb. aged 68 years; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Drury, the Rev. Henry, lower master of Harrow school and rector of Fingest, Bucks; at Harrow-on-the-Hill, March 5th.

Ellis, Henry William, Esq., of the 60th Royal Rifles, eldest son of Francis —, Esq., Crescent, Bath.

Ellsby, Alfred, 3d son of the late Rev. Francis —, M.A., aged 15, supposed to have been drowned in the discharge of his duty as midshipman on board the Windsor, off Calcutta, Jan. 10th.

Elliott, Lieut-General Henry; at Rosebank, near Kelso, Feb. 14th.

Eyre, Anne Elizabeth, wife of Charles Cocks —, Esq., of Turnham Green, March 15th.

Gaiselee, Emma, dau. of the late Mr. Justice Montague; at Montague Place, March 15th.

Haliford, Mrs. Sarah, relict of the late Mr. —, of Wandsworth-road, aged 87, died 23d Feb.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hamilton, Robert Hewden, eldest son of Robt. —, Esq., 2d grandson of Sir Frederic —, Bart., aged 7 years; Great Cumberland-place, March 22d.
Hardy, Elizabeth, relict of the late Peter ---, Esq., late of Enfield, one of his late Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Middlesex; Gibson-square, Islington, Feb. 26th.

Hare, Matilda, wife of Sir John ---, of Langham-place, and Brislington, near Bristol, March 15.

Hercy, Henry Edward, Esq., 2d son of the late Thomas ---, Esq., of Hawthorn-hill, Berks; at his residence, Cunningham-place, Regent's Park, March 13th.

Hesketh, Mrs. Anna Maria, of Tulketh-hall, Lancashire, aged 80, Feb. 27th.

Ingram, John, Esq., late of Staindrop-hall, county of Durham; at Rome, Jan. 29th.

Knight, Ann, dau. of Peter ---, Esq. Wilton-road, Pimlico, aged 28 years, died 5th March; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Lascelles, Rowley, Esq., one of the benchers of the Middle Temple, editor of the Liber Hibernia and other works, in his 71st year, March 10th.

Lea, Harriet, wife of Thomas ---, Esq. of Cornhill, died 29th Feb. aged 24 years; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Lewis, Rev. Israel, A. M. Vicar of Long Ashton, a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of the county of Somerset, in his 85th year; Long Ashton, Somerset, Feb. 20th.

Little, Harriett Cripps, dau. of Sam. Wm. ---, Esq. of Drury-lane, aged 26 years, died 1st March; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Marshall, Ellen, the beloved wife of George Stansfield ---, Esq. Bernard-street, Russell-square, March 9th.

Maud, Sarah Ann, dau. of Geo. ---, Esq. Thornton-heath, Croydon, died 17th March; aged 12 years; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Mayne, the Rev. Robert, aged 63, for 34 years Rector of Limpsfield, Surrey; Tonbridge Wells, March 7th.

Monson, Anne, relict of the Hon. Colonel Wm. ---, aide-de-camp to George 8d, and formerly M.P. for Lincoln; Chart-lodge, Kent; Feb. 26.

Mount, Edward, 2d son of William ---, Esq., of Wasing-place, Berks; at Eaton College, of scarlet fever, March 15th.

Murray, Mr. Patrick, of Wlnled-terrace, Newington, aged 56 years, died 7th March; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Perceval, John, Esq., on his way to Ceylon, at Carak, Dec. 9th, 1840.

Pimley, the Rev. Henry, M. A. Chancellor of the Diocese of Chichester, vicar of Cuckfield, and nearly 40 years rector of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, London, March 10th.


Richardson, Sir John, Knight, one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, aged 70; Bedford-square, March 19th.

Royle, Vernon Poole, Esq., late of Wrixham, Churton-lodge, near Chester, March 16th.

Scott, Ann, wife of James Broadway---, Esq., of Brixton, died 8th March, aged 62 years; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Seymour, wife of the Rev. Sir J. H. ---, Bart., rector of North Church, Herts; Tothill, Pymouth, March 9th.

Shaw, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas, late of the Hon. E.I.C.S. in his 80th year, at his residence, Widcombe-crescents, Bath, Feb. 10th.

Shelburne, the Right Hon. the Countess of ---, in the 24th year of her age, after a most distressing illness, at Wilton-house, near Salisbury, March 1st.

Smith, Sidney Kesterton son of Mr. Dan. ---, West-street, Walworth, died 24th Feb. aged 3 years and 12 days; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Sultan, Maria, the beloved wife of William ---, Esq., of Cornwall-terrace, Regent's Park, March 2d.

Spurrell, Emily Flassman, dau. of Chas. ---, Esq. of Arter-terrace, Southwark, aged 16 years, died 1st March; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Tecdale, Marhamuuk Francis, 4th son of John ---, Esq., in his 15th year; Russell-square, March 5th.

Valentin, Lord, eld. son of the Right Hon. the Earl of Mountnorris; Brighton, March 16th, 1841.

Walker, the Right Rev. James, D. D., Bishop, in Edinburgh and Primus; Stafford-street, Edinburgh, March 5th.

Watson, the Rev. Jeremiah ---, of Armwood, Hants, March 7th.

Watson, Jane, wife of John ---, Esq. of Stockwell, died 10th March, aged 30 years; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Westmeath, the Right Hon. the Countess of ---, in the 70th year of her age; Chapel-street, Grosvenor-square, March 18th.

Wilberforce, Emily, wife of the Ven. Archdeacon ---, and dau. of the late Rev. John Sargent, of Leamington, Sussex; at the Close, Winchester, March 10th.

Woodyeare, John, Esq., of Crook-hill, Yorkshire; Elmfield, Doncaster, Feb. 25th.

Wright, Mr. Jonathan of Brixton, died 27th Feb. aged 20 years; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Wrottesley, Baron, in the 70th year of his age, at Wrottesley, Staffordshire; March 15th, 1841.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St-Marin. 61.

Ensemble de toilette de M. Bollet, rue Richelieu, 95.
Mouchoir de Chapout, rue de la Paix, 7 — Gants de Mayer, Passage Choiseul, 32.

Court Magazine. N° 11, Carey street l'indol's Inn, London.
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St Martin 61.

Chapeau en gros des indes et Chapeau de velours des indes, de M. de Cassé.
Robes de foulard et Echarpe en peau d'Augustine, rue Louis le Grand 97.
Gants de Mayer, 67 Chausée, 92 - Moucharo de Chapron, r de la Faus 7.

Court Magazine, N° 11, Carey street, Lincoln's Inn London.
DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

No 913. — Hat of green velvet ornamented with flowers. Dress of striped shot silk with two flounces. Scarf of the same material as the dress. Lace frill, yellow gloves; hair in ringlets à l’anglaise; black shoes.

2nd figure. — Dress of poux de soie, corsage half high, with low pelerine, and full sleeves. Hat of gros des Indes, with feathers; yellow gloves. Hair en bandeaux.

No 915. — Hat of white gros des Indes, with a demi guirlande of flowers at the left side. White dress with full sleeves, and a canezou of clear muslin à roulisses, trimmed round with lace, et ornamented with puffings of pink ribbon.

2nd figure. — Dress of grey poux de soie, white scarf. Hat of poux de soie paille ornamented with flowers.
UN CHATEAU FEODAL
Sous Richelieu.

Un groupe de plusieurs personnes, les unes à pied, les autres à cheval, longeait le bord de la mer et paraissait se diriger vers le golfe de la Ciotat.

Le personnage le plus important de cette petite caravane était un homme d’un éminent point respectable, à figure grave et compassée, portant un manteau de voyage pardessus son habit de velours noir.

Il avait une chaîne d’argent au cou, et montait un petit cheval qui marchait l’amble.

Ces personnages n’étaient autres que maître Isnard, greffier de l’amirauté de Toulon, et son clerc ou scribe, qui, monté sur une vieille mule blanche, portait en coupe d’énormes sacs remplis de dossiers et deux grands registres dans leurs étuis de chagrin nigr.

Le clerc était un petit homme entre les deux âges, au nez pointu, au menton pointu, aux pommettes saillantes, aux yeux perçants. Ce nez, ce menton, ces pommettes et ces yeux étaient fort rouges, grâce à un vent du nord très piquant.

Un valet, monté sur une autre mule chargée de bissacs, et deux hallebardiers vêtus de casques verts et oranges à parements blancs, accompagnaient le greffier et son clerc.

— Maugrebleau ! s’écria le greffier, voilà deux jours seulement que j’ai commencé ma tournée, mais elle est loin de s’annoncer d’une manière agréable. Hum ! la noblesse prend mal le recensement des armes que monseigneur le maréchal de Vitry a ordonné : on nous reçoit dans les châteaux comme chez le Turec.

— Et encore bien heureux sommes-nous quand on nous y reçoit, maître Isnard, dit le clerc. Le sire de Scignol nous a fermé au nez la porte de son manoir, et nous avons été obligés de verbaliser au clair de la lune. Le sieur de Saint-Yves nous a reçu fort à contrecœur.

— Et toutes ces résistances ouvertes ou sourdes aux ordres de son éminence le cardinal seront dûment enregistrées, clerc, et les mauvais vouloirs seront punis.

— Heureusement que la réception du baron des Ambiez nous dédommagera de ces tribulations, maître Isnard.... On dit ce vieux seigneur le meilleur des hommes. Son humeur joviale est aussi connue dans le pays que l’austérité de son frère le commandeur de la galerie Noire, et que la charité du P. Eléazar de la Merci son autre frère.

— Hum ! Raymond V fait bien d’être hospitalier, murmura le greffier ; c’est un de ces vieux remués toujours prêts à dégager contre tout pouvoir établi. Mais patience, clerc ! bon courage ! le règne des hommes de paix et de justice est arrivé, Dieu merci ! Tous ces arrogants batailleurs à longues rapières et à longs éperons se tiendront cois dans leurs maisons fortes, comme des loups dans leurs tanières, ou, maugrebleau ! on rasera leurs demeures pour y semer le sel ! Enfin, ajouta maître Isnard, comme s’il eût voulu se donner un courage factice, nous sommes toujours sûrs de l’appui du cardinal, et nous ôter un cheveu de la tête, voyez-vous, c’est arracher un poil de la barbe de son éminence.

La petite caravane cheminait depuis quelque temps sur la grève, ayant à sa droite la mer, à sa gauche d’interminables rochers, lorsqu’elle fut rejointe par un voyageur modestement assis sur un âne.

Au teint basané de cet homme, à son surcot de cuir, à son bonnet rouge qui laissait échapper une forêt de cheveux noirs, crépus et hérisssés, enfin à une petite forge portative établie sur un des côtés du bât de son âne, on recon-
naissait un de ces Bohémiens ambulants qui allaient de ferme en village offrir leurs services aux ménagères pour ressouder ou raccommoder leurs ustensiles de ménage.

Malgré le froid, cet homme avait les jambes et les pieds nus. Ses membres grêles, mais nerveux, sa figure expressive à peine ombragée d’une barbe noire et claire, offraient le type particulier aux hommes de sa race.

Son âne, à la physionomie calme et débonnaire, n’avait ni mors ni bride; il le conduisait au moyen d’un long bâton qu’il approchait de l’œil gauche s’il voulait le faire aller à droite, et de l’œil droit s’il voulait le faire aller à gauche. En s’approchant du greffier et de sa suite, le Bohémien prit l’âne par une de ses longues oreilles pendantes, et l’arrêta net.

—Pourriez-vous, messieurs, dit respectueusement le Bohémien au greffier, me dire si je suis encore loin de la ville de la Ciotat?

Le greffier, regardant sans doute comme indigné de lui de répondre à cet homme, fit un geste dédaigneux et dit à son scribe :

—Clerc, répondez-lui.

Et passa.

—La bouche est la maîtresse, l’oreille est l’esclave, dit le Bohémien en s’inclinant humblement devant le clerc.

Celui-ci gonfla ses joues maigres, prit un air grave, se campa sur sa mule d’un air triomphant, et dit au valet qui le suivait, en montrant le Bohémien :

—Laquis, répondez-lui.

Et passa outre.

Petit-Jean, plus compatissant, dit au vagabond qu’il pouvait suivre la caravane; qu’elle se rendait à un endroit très proche de la Ciotat.

Les deux haltebodiers un peu attardés ayant rejoint le principal groupe, on continua de s’avancer sur la grève.

Le soleil fit bientôt sentir sa douce influence, quoiqu’on fût au mois de décembre, ses rayons devinrent assez vifs pour que maître Isnard sentit le besoin de se débarrasser de son manteau; il le jeta à son clerc en lui disant :

—Étes-vous bien sûr, clerc, de reconnaître la route qui conduit à la maison forte de Raymond, baron des Anbiez? car nous nous arrêtons d’abord dans le logis. C’est par là que je commencerai le recensement des armes du diocèse. Eh! eh! clerc, l’air du matin et l’odeur saline de la grève m’ont ouvert l’appétit! On dit que le baron fait une âtre d’abbé et qu’il est d’une hospitalité digne du bon roi René. Tant mieux, maugrébleu! tant mieux! ainsi, clerc, au lieu d’aller établir pour quinze jours dans quelque hôtellerie de la Ciotat, je prendrai mes quartiers d’hiver à la maison forte de Raymond, et vous m’y suivrez, clerc, ajouta le greffier d’un air satisfaisant. Au lieu de votre lard à l’aïl et aux fèves, ou de votre raito (1) des grands jours, vous n’aurez qu’à choisir entre la volaille, la venaison et l’excellent poisson du golfe... Eh! eh! eh! pour un affamé comme vous, c’est une rare aubaine; aussi, clerc, vous allez vous en donner une fière râtelée.

Le pauvre scribe ne répondit rien à ces plaisanteries grossières dont il se sentait humilié, malgré son infortune; il dit seulement au greffier :

—Je reconnaitrai facilement le chemin, car il y a un poteau à l’écu de Raymond V, et une borne qui marque les terres baussenques (2).

—Des terres baussenques! s’écria le greffier avec indignation, encore un de ces abus que son éminence détruira, maugrébleu! C’est à devenir fou que de vouloir se retrouver dans ce labyrinthe de privilèges féodaux!

(1) Morue assaisonnée d’huile et de vin. Mets des pauvres provençaux.

(2) Terres exemptes de droits et de taxes, par suite de concessions faites aux seigneurs de la maison de Beaus, une des plus anciennes de Provence, à laquelle Raymond V était allié.
Puis, passant du sévère au plai-ant, le greffier ajouta avec son gros sourire :
— Eh ! eh ! eh ! ce serait une tâche aussi difficile que s'il vous fallait distinguer le vin de Xérès du vin de Malaga, habité que vous êtes à vous entonner de mauvaise eau de grappe (vin de la seconde pressée) et à déguster un verre de sauvochristian pour la bonne bouche.

— Heureux encore quand l'eau de grappe ne nous manque pas, dit le pauvre clerc avec un soupir.

— Eh ! eh ! eh !... alors la rivière ne manque jamais, et les ânes y peuvent boire à leur aise, reprit insolemment le greffier.

Sa malheureuse victime ne put que baisser la tête sans répondre, tandis que le greffier, fier de son triomphe, mettait sa main au-dessus de ses yeux pour voir si on ne découvrait pas enfin la maison forte des Anbiez, car l'appétit de l'homme de loi était vivement excité.

— Dites moi, clerc, s'écria le greffier en s'arrêtant court devant un poteau armorié, marquant l'embranchement d'un chemin, n'est-ce pas là la route des Anbiez ?

— Oui, maître Isnard. Il faut abandonner le rivage ; voici le chemin de la maison forte ; elle est à deux cents pas d'ici. Ce bloc de rocher vous la cache, ajoute le clerc en montrant une sorte de petit promontoire qui s'avançait dans la mer et empêchait en effet d'apercevoir le château.

— Alors, clerc, allez devant, dit le greffier en retenant son cheval et en donnant un coup de houssine à la mule du scribe.

Celui-ci passa le premier, et la petite troupe s'aventura dans une espèce de chemin creux très rapide qui serpentait à travers les rochers de la côte.

Après un quart d'heure de marche le chemin s'aplaniit ; des collines boisées, des vignes, des oliviers, des champs ensemencés, succédaient aux rochers. Maître Isnard vit enfin avec joie la masse imposante de la maison forte. Elle se dessinait au bout d'une immense avenue plantée de six rangs de hêtres et de sicomores, qui conduisait à la vaste cour dont nous avons parlé.

— Eh ! eh ! dit le greffier en ouvrant ses larges narines, il est tantôt midi : ce doit être l'heure du dîner de Raymond, car ces seigneurs campagnards suivent la vieille mode provençale, ils font quatre repas, de quatre heures en quatre heures, dînent à midi, goûtent à quatre heures et soupent à huit.

— Hélas ! c'est à peu près comme s'ils mangeaient toute la journée, dit le clerc avec un soupir de convoitise, car ils restent deux ou trois heures à table.

— Eh ! eh ! vous l'échez déjà vos maigres badigoinces, clerc ! Mais ne voyez-vous pas une épaisse fumée du côté des cuisines ?

— Maître Isnard, je ne sais pas où sont les cuisines, dit le clerc ; je ne suis jamais entré dans l'intérieur de la maison forte. Mais on voit, en effet, une grosse fumée au-dessus de la tourelle qui regarde le pont.

— Et ne sentez-vous aucune odeur de bouille abaissée ou de rôti ? Magrebleu ! chez Raymond, ce doit être le Noël tous les jours. Flairez, clerc, flairez.

Le scribe avança le nez comme un chien en quête, et répondit en secouant la tête :

— Je ne sens rien.

Lorsque le greffier fut à quelques pas de la cour de la maison forte, il fut étonné de ne voir personne au-dehors de cette vaste habitation, à une heure où les soins domestiques exigent toujours tant de mouvement.

Nous avons dit que la cour formait une sorte de parallélogramme. Au fond s'élevait le corps de logis principal. De chaque côté, on voyait ses ailes en retour, ainsi que les communs. Enfin, sur le premier p' an, une haute muraille percée de meurtrières, au milieu de laquelle
s’ouvrait une porte massive; devant cette muraille régnait un large et profond fossé rempli d’eau, qu’on passait au moyen d’un pont vo
tant établi en face de la porte.

Le greffier et ses gens arrivèrent à l’entrée du pont; ils y trouvèrent Laramée.

Le majordome, solennellement vêtu de noir,
portait à la main une baguette blanche, marque
distinctive de ses fonctions.

Le greffier descendit de cheval d’un air
d’importance, et s’adressant à Laramée, il lui dit :

—De parler roi et son éminence monseigneur
le cardinal, moi, maître Isnard, greffier, je
viens faire le cens et d’enrôlement des ar
mes et des munitions de guerre détenues
en cette maison forte, appartenant au sieur
Raymond V, baron des Anbiez.

Puis, se retournant vers sa suite, à laquelle
le Bohémien s’était joint, le greffier dit :

—Suivez-moi, vous autres.

Laramée fit un profond salut d’un air sour
nois, répondit au greffier en lui montrant le
chemin :

—Si vous voulez m’accompagner, monsieur
le greffier, je vais vous ouvrir nos magasins
d’armes et d’artillerie.

Encouragés par cet accueil, maître Isnard
et ses gens traversèrent le pont, laissant leurs
chevaux au dehors, attachés au parapet, selon
la recommandation du majordome.

En entrant dans la cour plantée d’arbres,
le greffier dit à Laramée :

—Ton maître est-il censé? Eh! eh! nous
avons grand’aim et grand’soif, l’ami.

Le majordome regarda le greffier, ôta son
feutre et répondit :

—Vous me tutoyez, vous m’appellez l’ami,
vous m’honorez beaucoup, monsieur le greffier.

—Je suis bon prince, va. Si le baron n’est
pas à table, mène-moi d’abord à lui, et, s’il est
à table, conduis moi encore bien plus vite à
lui.

—On vient justement de servir monsei
gneur, monsieur le greffier, je vais aller vous
ouvrir la porte d’honneur comme il convient.

En disant ces mots, Laramée disparut par
un étroit passage.

Le greffier, son clerc, son valet, le Bohé
mien et les deux hallebardiers restèrent dans
la vaste cour, occupés à regarder du côté
de la porte principale du château, dont ils
s’attendaient, à chaque instant, à voir ouvrir
les deux battants.

Ils ne s’aperçurent pas que deux hommes
retiendraient le pont volant, en dehors du fossé,
du côté des champs, desorte que toute retraite
était coupée aux hommes de justice.

Du côté de la cour comme du côté de la
mer, trois fenêtres de la galerie qui s’étenda
dent dans toute la longueur du bâtiment don
naient sur un balcon dont le rebord surplon
bait la porte principale du château.

Le greffier commençait à trouver qu’on
mettait bien du cérémonial à l’introduire au
près du baron, lorsque les fenêtres s’ouvrirent
brusquement, et dix ou douze gentilshommes
en costume de chasse, galonnés, bottés, épe
ronnés, tenant un verre d’une main et une
serviette de l’autre, se précipitèrent au balcon
en poussant des clameurs et des cris immodérés. À leur tête était Raymond.

On voyait, à la rougeur avinée des compa
gnons du joyeux gentilhomme, qu’ils sortaient
de table et qu’ils avaient glorieusement vidé
plus d’une botrine de vin d’Espagne.

Les convives de Raymond appartaient à
la noblesse des environs; ils étaient presque
tous connus pour leur haine contre le maréchal
de Vitry, et pour l’opposition ouverte ou souverde
qu’ils faisaient incessamment au pouvoir du
cardinal.

Le greffier commença de croire qu’il s’était
trompé en comptant sur un accueil favorable de la part du baron ; il craignit même d'être victime de quelque tour diabolique en voyant la gaité bruyante des hôtes de la maison forte.

Toutefois il fit bonne contenance : suivi de son clerc, qui tremblait de tous ses membres, il s'avança au-dessous du balcon, ayant ses deux hallebardiers sur les talons.

S'adressant à Raymond qui, le corps penché en avant sur la grille du balcon, le regardait d'un air ironique, il lui dit :

— Au nom du roi et de son éminence monseigneur le cardinal......

— Au diable le cardinal ! que son éminence infernale retourne d'où elle vient ! s'écritèrent quelques gentilshommes en interrompant le greffier.

— Belzébuth fait en ce moment rougir une barrette d'airain pour son éminence, dit le sieur de Sérignol.

— Les cordelières de son éminence devraient être en bonnes cordes à potence, reprit un autre.

— Laissez dire le greffier, mes amis, cria le baron en se tournant vers ses hôtes, laissez-le dire ; ce n'est pas à un seul cri qu'on reconnaît l'oiseau de nuit...... Alons, maouhar !... parle, greffier ! parle donc ! continue ton grimoire !

Le clerc, complètement démonisé et méditant sans doute déjà sa retraite, tourna sa tête du côté de la porte, et s'aperçut avec terreur que le pont était retiré.

— Maître Isnard, dit-il tout bas et d'une voix tremblante, nous sommes pris comme dans une souricière : on a enlevé le pont.

Malgré l'assurance qu'il affectait, le greffier regarda d'un clin-d'œil pardessus son épaulé et répondit à voix basse :

— Clerc, ordonnez aux hallebardiers de se rapprocher de moi insensiblement.

Le scribe obéit ; le petit groupe se concentra au milieu de la cour, à l'exception du Bohémien qui, placé au bas du balcon, semblait contempler avec curiosité les gentilshommes qui s'y pressaient.

Maitre Isnard, désirant accomplir sa tâche au plus vite, et voyant qu'il s'était trompé sur les dispositions hospitalières de Raymond, lut d'une voix légèrement émue cette sommation judiciaire :

— Au nom de sa majesté notre sire, roi de France et de Navarre, comte de Provence, et de son éminence monseigneur le cardinal de Richelieu, moi, Thomas Isnard, greffier de l'amirauté de Toulon, envoyé par le procureur du roi au siège de ladite amirauté, je viens cy en cette maison forte faire le cens et dénombrement des armes et munitions de guerre qui y sont renfermées, pour en dresser un état, sur lequel état statuera son excellence monseigneur le maréchal de Vitry, gouverneur de Provence, afin d'aviser à la quantité d'armes et de munitions qu'il devra laisser dans ladite maison forte ; en conséquence de ce, moi, Thomas Isnard, greffier de l'amirauté de Toulon, je me suis présentée de ma personne audit sieur Raymond V, baron des Anbiez, le requérant et au besoin le sommant d'obéir aux ordres à lui signifiés. Fait à la maison forte des Anbiez, dépendant du diocèse de Marseille et de la Viguierie d'Aix, le 27 décembre 1632.

Le baron et ses amis écoutèrent le greffier avec un calme parfait, en échangeant entre eux quelques regards ironiques. Lorsque maitre Isnard eut cessé de parler, Raymond se pencha en dehors du balcon et répondit :

— Digne greffier, digne envoyé du digne maréchal de Vitry et du digne cardinal de Richelieu (Dieu sauve le roi, notre comte, de son éminence), nous, Raymond V, baron des Anbiez et maître de cette pauvre maison, nous t'autorisons à remplir ta mission. Tu vois cette porte...... là...... à gauche, où est cloué cet écrivain : ARMES ET ARTILLERIE...... ouvre et fais ton office.
En disant ces mots, le vieux gentilhomme et ses hôtes s’accon- dèrent sur le balcon, comme s’ils se fussent préparés à jouir de quelque spectacle intéressant et inattendu.

Maitre Isnard avait suivi des yeux le geste du baron, qui lui indiquait le mystérieux magasin.

C’était une porte de moyenne grandeur sur laquelle on voyait en effet un écriture faîallenge peint, portant ces mots : ARMES ET ARTILLERIE. Cette porte était située vers le milieu de l’aile gauche, en grande partie composée des communs.

Sans pouvoir se rendre compte de sa répu- guance, le greffier jeta sur le magasin un regard inquiet, et dit à Raymond d’un air presque arrogant :

— Qu’un de vos gens vienne ouvrir cette porte!

Le visage du vieux gentilhomme devint pourpre de colère ; il fut sur le point d’éclater, mais, se contenant, il répondit :

— Un de mes gens, seigneur greffier ? hélas ! je n’en ai plus ; le vieux bonhomme qui vous a reçu est mon seul domestique ; les impôts que lève votre digne cardinal et les dons volontaires qu’il exige de nous, réduisent la noblesse provençale à la besace, ainsi que vous voyez. Vous êtes accompagné de deux commandes de hallebardes et d’un drôle à manteau de serge, votre monde est plus que suffisant pour mettre vos ordres à exécution.

Puis, voyant le Bohémien au pied du balcon, il s’écria :

— Eh ! l’homme au chapeau rouge, qui dia- ble es tu ? approche, que fais-tu là ? appartien- 

Le vieillard s’approcha du balcon et répon- 

— Monseigneur, je suis un pauvre artisan ambulant qui cherche à vivre de son travail : je viens de Bany, je vais à la Ciotat, je suis entré pour savoir s’il n’y avait pas d’ouvrage au château.

— Maujor ! s’écria le baron, tu es mon hôte, ne reste pas dans cette cour.

EUGÈNE SUE.

(La fin au prochain numéro.)

De toutes les publications musicales de cet hiver, Un refrain de matelots est appelé à avoir le succès le plus constant et le plus mérite. Cette barcarolle est parue, pour tenir et basse - taille. — L’histoire que M. Adolphe Favre nous a contée dans ce petit drame, que nous insérons dans nos colonnes, est d’un pi- quant très original. La musique, due à mon- sieur Becqué de Peyreville, est ravissante de nuances et de mélodie.

UN REFRAIN DE MATELOTS.

BARCAROLLE.

Dans la rapide gondole,
Au doux murmure des flots,
Chantons une barcarolle,
Un refrain de matelets.
Coupon la lame
Avec la rame
Aux perles d’or ;
Suivons la brise
Loin de Venise
Voguons encor.

Joyeux gondolier de Venise,
J’ai ramé pour maint rendez-vous ;
J’ai conduit plus d’une marquise
Près d’un amant, loin de jaloux.
Dans la rapide gondole, etc.

J’ai vu des prélats d’Italie,
Des seigneurs du palais-ducal,
Fuir avec madone jolie,
Sous le masque du carnaval.
Dans la rapide gondole, etc.

Un soir que j’avais noble dame,
Beau cavalier à ses genoux,
Voilà qu’arrive une autre rame,
C’était le doge son époux.
Dans la rapide gondole, etc.

ADOLPHE FAVRE,
Rêves poétiques.

La poésie a le plus beau domaine!
Mise féconde aux immenses trésors,
Dans l’univers régnant en souveraine,
Elle répand ses sublimes accords.

Souffle enchanteur, qui sans esse illumine,
Bayon du ciel, feu sacré de l’esprit,
Dont le flambeau, lumière divine,
Toujours élève et toujours réfléchit.

À cet ange à genoux sur une pauvre tombe,
L’orne de mille pleurs;
Sur sa joue amaigrie une larme qui tombe
Rêve les douleurs.

Ici repose un père, ou peut-être une mère;
Elle demande au ciel,
Par ses pieux soupirs, par son humble prière,
Le repos éternel.

Plus loin est une bière, aux bras de jeunes vierges;
Sainte procession, cortège solennel;
Enfants, pourquoi ces pleurs? Redressez tous vos clercs,
Quand Dieu rappelle un ange, il en manque un au ciel.

J’aime à jeter mes pensers dans l’extase,
Et reposer dans ces sublinités;
Les abreurer à ce sublime vase
D’où jaillit un flot de voluptés.

À haut, l’homme a son trône avec sa royauté;
Noble et sainte région, source de poésie,
D’où s’échappe un concert d’angélique harmonie,
Qui prépare notre âme à l’immortalité.

Cercle Fourcy. La soirée musicale de dimanche dernier du Cercle Fourcy n’a pas été moins intéressante que celles qui ont eu lieu précédemment. Mesdemoiselles Baymond et Vernay, jeunes et gracieuses personnes, se sont fait vivement applaudir dans un morceau sur des motifs de Robert, pour harpe et piano; M. Fourcy, dont nous constatons avec plaisir l’heureux résultat des nouvelles études, a chanté fort agréablement plusieurs de ses romances : Ange de ma vie et Peines du cœur, ces paroles ravissantes de M. Adolphe Favre, qui ont inspiré à M. Fourcy de délicieuses et suaves mélodies, lui ont valu les applaudissements les plus mérités. À la madone l’autre publication dans laquelle les mêmes auteurs se sont distingués d’une manière remarquable, avait une place dans le programme; nous regrettons que le talent de la jeune chanteuse ne nous permette pas de citer son nom; nous pensons au contraire qu’elle nous saura gré de notre discrétion. Un morceau de hautbois a été exécuté par M. Grigny au milieu des applaudissements. M. Colonna est été dignement fêté dans les chansons nettes qu’il a interprétées avec un entrain plein de comique.

—Nous avons assisté, il y a quelques jours, à une ravissante soirée de la rue d’Antin. L’ensemble de cette brillante et nombreuse réunion, où se présentaient de gracieuses et élégantes jeunes femmes, était délicieux. Mademoiselle Drouart, jeune et intelligente cantatrice, qui doit débuter à l’Opéra, a dit avec une expression touchante un air de la Chaste Suzanne; M. Cénouec, dont l’audition est toujours un bonheur, nous a encore fait entendre Deux enfants et Ange et Mère, ces deux charmantes romances de sa composition, dont nous avons déjà parlé, et dans les paroles desquelles M. Adolphe Favre a mis tant de suavity poétique. Mademoiselle Cloutier, premier prix du Conservatoire, a joué un solo de harpe dans toute la perfection: on trouve rarement une exécution plus élégante, plus suave, plus hardie que celle de cette intéressante harpiste.

Après le concert, le bal; à cinq heures du matin les vases et les quadrilles continuaient à être très animés.
MADAME DE LAVALETTE

Born 1785. Married 1796.

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Kent Magazine.

VOL. XX A. 29 of the series of ancient portraits. 1840
THE COURT, LADY'S MAGAZINE,
MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.

A Family Journal
OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c., &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIR OF THE
COUNTESS DE LAVALLETT.

ILLUSTRATED BY A FULL LENGTH AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT, EXHIBITING THAT HEROIC LADY IN
THE DRESS IN WHICH SHE INSURED HER HUSBAND'S ESCAPE FROM THE CONCERGERIE.*

Embellished with a full-length Portrait (No. 99 of the Series of full-length Authentic
Ancient and modern Portraits).

Louisa-Emily de Beauharnais was niece, by marriage, to the subject of one of
our previous memoirs—the amiable Empress Josephine, her father—the Marquis de
Beauharnais—being elder brother to the Viscount Alexander, married to Mademoi-
selle Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, who, it will be recollected, fell a victim to the
horrors of the revolution, and perished upon the scaffold in July 1793, five days
previous to the downfall of Robespierre. He himself was united to a daughter of
the Countess Fanny de Beauharnais, a first cousin of his own, and niece to the
Count de Beauharnais, whose daughter, Stephanie, was wedded by Napoleon to the
grand duke of Baden. Louisa-Emily, the only surviving child of the marriage
between the cousins, was born in 1780. Like many other children, the offspring
of the French nobility of that day, the childhood of the little Emily was exposed
to many of the vicissitudes attendant upon that period of violence and carnage.
At the time of the convocation of the States-General, when Alexander de Beauhar-
nais became one of its leading members, his brother, Francis, was appointed suppliant
to the assembly of the nobility of Paris; he did not, however, take his seat in the
chamber until after the sixth of October, in the year 1789, when he replaced M. de

*The artist of his own authority, has, unwittingly, added a veil to the bonnet.

2 C—May, 1841.
Lally Tottendale, who quitted France at that epoch. The younger brother died the partisan of liberty, whilst the elder, who constantly voted with the Côté Droit, quitted France in 1792, for the purpose of joining the princes at Coblenz. He was no sooner gone, than his wife was seized and thrown into prison, where she remained during the period of two years, whilst her only child was left to the care of menials. At the period when Josephine placed her own daughter, Hortense, under the care of Madame Campan, Emily Beauharnais accompanied her cousin, and soon became distinguished for her beauty, virtues and accomplishments: but neither of her parents returned from emigration, and the poor girl might have been doomed to a life of suffering, had not General Bonaparte, with his usual sagacity, come to the resolution of uniting her to a man worthy of her in every sense of the word. It is true, she had no choice in the matter, for her union with M. Lavallette was brought about and concluded as hastily as all the other marriages contracted under the auspices of Napoleon. It was in 1796, and about three weeks previous to the departure of the expedition to Egypt, that M. de Lavallette, then one of the aides-de-camp of General Bonaparte, joined him in Paris on his return from the congress of Rastadt. Numerous promotions had just taken place in the army, and the General, desirous of rewarding the services of his aide-de-camp, and being at the same time unwilling to expose himself to a refusal on the part of the directory (with whose members, as we have elsewhere remarked,* he was far from being on amicable terms), bethought himself of uniting him to the niece of Madame Bonaparte, a step that he was aware, his own gigantic, though hidden views would one day lead to greater honors than any advancement on the part of the Council of Five. Accordingly, having required the attendance of Lavallette one day, in a visit to the treasury, the General, on his return, ordered his coachman to drive towards the new Boulevards, for the purpose of conversing more freely with his companion. "I have brought you hither," said Bonaparte, as soon as the smooth rolling of the wheels announced that they were off the paré of the ill-paved streets of Paris, "I have brought you hither, to tell you that I cannot give you the command of a squadron, but that I can give you a wife. You shall marry Emily de Beauharnais: she is handsome and well educated. Do you know her?"—and he paused for a reply from his astonished companion.

"I think I remember to have seen her," answered Lavallette, half smiling, and at a loss to know, at first, whether the General were not in jest; but soon perceiving by the inflexibility of his features that Bonaparte was downright serious, he added to his acknowledgment of having seen the young lady—"But General, I have no fortune, and I may be killed in this expedition, and then what would become of the poor young widow? Besides, I confess to you, candidly, that I have no inclination to marry."

"We marry for the sake of having children," returned Bonaparte, "that is the great object of life;" and he paused, but after brief space resumed:—"It is possible you may be killed; Emily will then be the widow of one of my aides-de-camp—of a defender of her country; she will be entitled to a pension, and may be able to form a future advantageous alliance. As she is—the daughter of an emigrant—one will propose for her, my wife cannot take her into society, and the poor girl is worthy of a better fate. You understand; let this affair be terminated without delay—you will talk it over with Madame Bonaparte to-night, she will tell you that Emily's mother has given her consent, therefore, the marriage shall take place by this day week, and you shall have a whole fortnight's congé. This is the 9th, you will join me at Toulon on the 29th."

M. de Lavallette had already seen sufficient of the despotic character of his General-in-Chief, to teach him that a murmur against his orders must be the death blow to his own hopes of advancement in the career he was destined to follow: he therefore wisely concealed his own feelings on the subject, and assuming an air of satisfaction and gratitude replied—"you shall be obeyed, but suffer me to ask, will the young lady consent as cheerfully as I do, for never will I force myself upon her acceptance."

"Pshaw!" returned Bonaparte, "Emily is a child, heartily sick of remaining

at school, and would be wretched if she went to her mother. During your absence she will reside with her grand-father at Fontainebleau. There's no danger of your being killed, and in two years, at latest, you will return to her. Come, 'tis a settled affair. Tell the coachman to drive home."

The same evening, as previously arranged, Madame Bonaparte and the side-de-camp talked over the business; the amiable Josephine testified the most lively satisfaction at Bonaparte's selection of him as a husband for her niece, and, playfully, calling him her nephew, promised to introduce him, on the following day, to his intended:—"We will all go to Saint-Germain with you," gaily exclaimed Madame Bonaparte, "and you will be delighted with my niece, "for she is a charming girl."

Accordingly, early on the ensuing morning, General and Madame Bonaparte, Eugene Beauharnais, and M. de Lavallée, arrived at Madame Campan's establishment at Saint-Germain, where, a few minutes after, the blushing bride elect was introduced to their presence by her cousin Hortense de Beauharnais, and it was not without some secret misgivings, on the score of his own want of rank and fortune, that her future lord beheld a tall, graceful girl, of the most elegant deportment, possessing considerable beauty of features, and a lovely complexion, heightened at that moment by her bashful timidity to a degree of the most dazzling brilliancy. M. de Lavallée admitted afterwards to a friend, that, during the first half-hour of this important interview, his feelings were in a state of the most indescribable excitement; that the questions:—"will she accept me? and if she does, will it be without repugnance?" uneasingly recurred to his mind, together with thoughts of the disadvantages liable to result from their marriage being too hastily concluded, and the notion of his immediate and prolonged absence—an absence that might perhaps be eternal.

Fortunately, to the relief of all parties, General Bonaparte proposed their partaking of a collation under the shade of a clump of trees on the lawn; a proposition that was eagerly seconded by all present, and, as soon as the repast was concluded, Eugene Beauharnais, as had been previously concerted, led his cousin towards an avenue of lime trees, where, being speedily joined by the young side-de-camp, Eugene retired, leaving them to a tête-à-tête discussion of their love affairs. No time was lost by M. Lavallée in acquainting Mademoiselle de Beauharnais with his want of fortune, nor did he conceal from her the obscurity of his birth. "My sword," said he, "together with my General's favor, is all that I possess; and I shall be forced to quit you almost immediately after our marriage. Be candid with me: I feel disposed to love you with my whole heart and soul; but that is not sufficient. I must know if you have objections to our union: confide in me, and, without betraying the trust you repose in me, I promise you to find means to break it off; you shall not be blamed, and your secret will be for ever safe with me." And Lavallée anxiously awaited the reply of his fair companion. Emily smiled, hesitated for an instant, raised her eyes to his, and, without speaking, placed in his hand the bouquet she held in her own. This was sufficient, the accepted lover caught her to his bosom and embraced her, and after another turn or two, led her back again to her friends. On that day week their marriage took place at the Municipality, and, on the following morning, at an early hour, at the earnest entreaty of the young bride, they repaired to a little convent in the Rue Saint-Honoré, where their union was consecrated at the altar by a poor priest who consented for a trifle to run the dangerous risk. Our readers will recollect that, at this period of the revolution, the rites of marriage, as well as all other offices of religion were strictly prohibited.

Very few days after his marriage, M. de Lavallée saw himself forced to hasten the preparations for his departure for Toulon, whither Bonaparte had already arrived. It was, therefore, arranged that Madame de Lavallée should divide her time between her aunt, and her grandfather, who was not at that time in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and who doted upon his grand-daughter. M. de Lavallée, who had learnt to love most fondly the wife who had been in a measure thrust upon him, departed without Emily's knowledge, unwilling, as well on her account as his own, to add additional pangs to this sorrowful leave-taking. Contrary to all his sad presentiments, M. de Lavallée returned to Paris eighteen months after his departure.
of the eight aides-de-camp who had accompanied General Bonaparte in his rash expedition to Egypt, but four survived. M. Julien and Sulkowsky were assassinated by the Arabs; Croisier was killed at the siege of Saint Jean-d'Acce, and Guibert at the battle of Aboukir; Duroc and Eugene Beauharnais were both severely wounded, so that an aide-de-camp, of the name of Merlin, and Lavallée, were the only two fortunate enough to have escaped unhurt; although, strange to say, they were in the thickest of every engagement.

A short time after his return to France, Madame de Lavallée accompanied her husband to Saxony, and, in 1804, when Napoleon placed the imperial diadem upon the brow of his beloved Josephine, she was named Dame d'Atours to the Empress. This was a situation, however, which Madame de Lavallée did not long retain, for, in consequence of some unpleasant discussions relative to the immense expenditure in the department of the toilette, in which even the Emperor's frequent admonitions were disregarded, a coolness ensued between the aunt and the niece, and Madame de Lavallée consequently resigned her charge. Napoleon, however, immediately appointed her Dame du Palais, and she remained at the Tuileries, until the divorce and subsequent marriage of the Emperor with Maria Louisa forced her to retire. From that period, Madame de Lavallée never appeared at Court; and, during a space of six years, was forgotten by all, except by those intimate friends, who, duly appreciating her numerous virtues, never ceased to preserve an unbroken intercourse with her; and had not the death of the Empress Josephine and the downfall of Napoleon intervened, this period, passed in retirement, and wholly devoted to her husband and daughter, would have been the happiest of her life; and the remainder of her days would, no doubt, have glided on in the same uninterrupted tranquillity, had not the cruel events of 1815 succeeded. To this most important period of the life of Madame de Lavallée we shall now turn our attention.

The particulars of the return of Napoleon from the island of Elba are too well remembered to require our calling them to the minds of our readers. We shall therefore pass on to the morning of the 20th of March, 1815, when Lavallée, aware of the Emperor's approach to the capital, and of the flight of Louis XVIII. and his court in the course of the previous night, proceeded, at six o'clock that morning, to the hôtel des postes, where, according to his own statement, he found every thing in the greatest confusion. Having ascertained that the Count de Ferrand, by whom he had been officially replaced on the first entry of the Bourbons, was still in the hôtel, he sent to request an interview with him. After a brief delay, Count de Ferrand, whom Lavallée had never previously seen, entered; but without pausing or even addressing a word to his visitor, he passed through the room and entered his own private cabinet, closing the door after him. In a few minutes, Count Ferrand again appeared, bearing some bundles of papers; but, leaving the door open, and waving his hand in that direction, as if to intimate that the room was at the disposition of Lavallée, he immediately retired to his apartments. M. de Lavallée now proceeded to the bureau of the Chefs de division, where he was warmly greeted by every member. His most ardent wish, at that moment, was to set off for Fontainebleau to welcome the Emperor's return, but Madame de Lavallée being in an extremely delicate state of health, he was unwilling to leave her, and decided, therefore, upon dispatching a courier to Fontainebleau with a letter for the Emperor, acquainting him with the flight of the Bourbons—the precise state of Paris at that moment, and requesting his orders in the department of the postes, which the Count de Ferrand had just given up.

His next step was to suspend the departure of the Moniteur and other newspapers containing the proclamation by Louis the Eighteenth. These were two of the accusations, subsequently, brought against him; but M. de Lavallée very justly remarks, that, had the Count de Ferrand acted with a little more celerity, the safety of the Moniteur would have been insured—for the proclamation having been issued at Paris on the evening of the 19th, previous to the departure of the king and royal family, a copy should have been forwarded by Estafette to the prefects of all the departments. Thus twelve hours would at all events have been gained by the

4See the recent English capture of this fort.

*The Count de Lavallée had held the situation of Director-General of the Postes during the last 12 years of Napoleon's reign.
royalists. M. de Lavallée now returned to his own home, but, in the course of the day again revisited the hôtel des postes, where, to his surprise, he saw the post horses and carriage that was to convey the Count de Ferrand and his family from Paris still in waiting. As soon as Lavallée’s return was known in the hôtel, M. de Ferrand sent to request a permit to enable him to quit the capital. M. de Lavallée refused, and for some time persisted in his refusal, declaring that he was not in office, that he had no right to deliver permits, and that, in short, the Count de Ferrand’s own signature would be a far better protection to him and his family than any passport he could give. The Countess de Ferrand, however, whose apprehensions seemed to increase, momentarily, herself requested M. de Lavallée to accede to their demand. “It is for my husband’s safety,” said that lady, “that we entreat of you to give it.” M. de Lavallée hesitated no longer, and signing a permis de poste, presented it to the Countess. This was another of the acts brought to his charge.

That same evening completed one of the most extraordinary episodes of the history of France. The king had departed—the Bourbon dynasty was overthrown, and the Emperor, for the second time, master of France! Never was enthusiasm carried to such a height as on the eventful evening of his return. But we must leave Napoleon to his temporary triumph—and, three months later—to his final downfall, and return to Count Lavallée.

A few days after the Emperor’s final departure and the reinstatement of the Bourbons on the throne, Count Lavallée was informed that, by the special orders of the princes of the house of Bourbon, and the duchess of Angoulême, who was said to take an active interest therein, Messrs. Talleyrand and Fouche had, by their joint efforts, produced a proscription list amounting to two thousand names, in which figured his own, with those of Maréchal Ney and General Labéoyère. All three were at the same time earnestly entreated by their friends to quit France, but, unfortunately, as the sequel proved, the consciousness they felt of their own innocence made them neglect the advice.

On the 18th of July following, as M. de Lavallée was at dinner with his wife, and a truly sincere friend—a M. de Méneval—an agent of the police entered with a polite request from M. de Cazes, préfect de police, that M. de Lavallée would accompany the messenger to his office, as he desired to speak with him. The Count de Lavallée instantly complied, and, apologising to his friend and assuring his wife of his speedy return, proceeded to the porte cochère, where, on entering a hackney coach, he was astonished to find himself surrounded by a number of ill-looking fellows, whom he at once perceived to be mouchards. Resistance was unavailing, and, in a short space of time, M. de Lavallée found himself a prisoner within the walls of the prefecture. There he remained a whole fortnight without having had a single audience of M. de Cazes. The agitation of mind that M. de Lavallée suffered at seeing himself thus torn from his family and incarcerated, without having been informed of the nature of his offence, together with the confinement and bad air of his prison, soon brought on a disease of an inflammatory kind, which threatened to release him speedily from the power of his enemies. By the aid and attention of his physician, however, the dangerous symptoms subsided after some days, and the prisoner was removed to the Conciergerie, where he passed his first night in the dungeon occupied by the unfortunate Maréchal Ney. During the first three weeks of his imprisonment, Lavallée complained, bitterly, and, in a letter to M. de Cazes, declared that a relapse would speedily put an end to his life if he were not instantly removed from the wretched dungeon into which he had been thrown. Accordingly, that same night, at nine o’clock, the jailer conducted him to a small, low room, with a window and a chimney, (there being neither in the one which he had just quitted) apologising, at the same time:—“I would have placed you here at once,” said he, “but that General Labéoyère occupied the next room, and we never put prisoners where they can communicate with each other, but the General has just been removed to the Abbaye.” The next day M. de Lavallée requested to see the chamber where his unhappy friend had passed eight or ten days au plus rigoureux.

*M. Lavallée was, in 1803, named Commander of the Legion of Honor and Count of the Empire.
secret, and found it even still more gloomy and wretched than the one he himself had occupied during the first few hours of his detention in that prison. During the first six weeks of his imprisonment in the Conciergerie, M. de Lavallette was kept, au secret. One or two of his friends had with much difficulty procured access to him, but he was not permitted to see them except in the presence of the greffier: his letters, too, were all opened and read before they reached him; in short, he was subjected to as rigorous a treatment as that of the veriest criminal. At this sad period, Madame de Lavallette was still in a suffering state, and within four months of her second confinement; and her husband, justly apprehensive of the worst consequences to her, insisted on her not visiting him until after that event. This deprivation, together with his fears for her, rendered him more impatient at his detention, than from any apprehensions on his own account. His wife, too, on her side, tried to conceal the real state of her feelings; but the agitated style of her letters, and the evident tremor of her hand, betrayed to M. de Lavallette the intensity of her sufferings. The first member of his own immediate family whom he saw during his incarceration was his young daughter Josephine, then about fourteen years of age. Her mother sent her to receive her father's benediction on the eve of her entering upon her first communion; and it was not until M. de Lavallette saw this, his only child fall senseless at his feet, (for the shock she received at witnessing the horrors of his situation had caused her to faint) that he seemed alive to a sense of his own danger. The most inexorable judges, he was wont to say to his friends, could only condemn him to five years imprisonment, and, if he were fortunate enough to pass that time in a Paris prison, he should still be enabled to watch over his family.

Lavallette's trial was at length fixed for the 19th of the following November, but the preliminary conferences commenced nearly a month before, and were carried on regularly twice a week until that period. It was during the continuance of these debates, that the satisfactory intelligence of Madame de Lavallette's having given birth to a son was communicated to him. Alas! the heart-felt happiness she experienced on this occasion was but transitory, for he looked forward, in the event of his own death, to his wife's receiving consolation from her care of a much-wished-for boy. His agony of mind may, therefore, be imagined when, on the eve of his trial, news was brought him of the death of this precious infant, and the overwhelming grief of its mother. That moment, he afterwards declared, was the bitterest of his life. It is here needless to enter into the minute details of the fatal trial which, at midnight, on the 21st of November, 1815, condemned M. de Lavallette to death, as an accomplice in the attempt committed by Bonaparte against the royal authority. M. de Lavallette heard this fatal sentence with the same impressive calmness he had evinced throughout the debates. "Que voulez-vous, mon ami?" said he to his counsel, M. Tripière, whose eloquent defence had not been able to save him—"c'est un coup de canon qui m'a frappé;" and then turning towards a number of persons employed in the various departments of the administration of the posts, who had all been summoned to give evidence against a man, whom, during twelve years, they had looked up to and venerated as a master, he waved his hand, as he cried in a calm, steady tone of voice—"Farewell, gentlemen of the post!"

The appeal to the Court of Cassation was made contrary to the wishes of M. de Lavallette, who merely acquiesced in the form being gone through to satisfy the earnest entreaties of his friends. As he anticipated, the appeal was rejected. All proper forms had, indeed, been too carefully observed for him to hope to escape through any informality.

Now came the dreadful task of breaking this heart-rending intelligence to his beloved Emily. M. de Lavallette at length came to the resolution of writing to two of their oldest and most attached friends—a Madame de Vandeuil, and the Princess de Vaudemont, requesting them, as the last act he could demand of their friendship, to take upon themselves this cruel mission. Accordingly, these two ladies having taken the precaution of attiring themselves in the deepest mourning, repaired to Madame de Lavallette, who, the moment she beheld them habited in the garb of woe, understood the object of their visit. The princess de Vaudemont, gifted with a most excellent understanding and great penetration, insisted on Madame de La-
vallette writing to the Due de Duras, first gentleman of the bed-chamber, to obtain for her an interview with Louis the Eighteenth. It was doubtful whether this demand would be acceded to, for both Madame Labédoïière and Madame Ney had been refused. However, almost contrary to all expectation, in about an hour after, an answer was brought containing these words:—*The King awaits Madame de Lavallette in his cabinet.*

Madame de Lavallette instantly drove to the Tuileries accompanied by her daughter, and having been conducted to the royal presence by the Due de Duras, the unhappy wife threw herself upon her knees at the feet of Louis XVIII. "Madame," said the monarch, "I instantly consented to receive you, as a mark of the interest I feel for you." These few words were all that fell from the royal lips. After a look from the King, the Due de Duras stepped forward, and having assisted Madame de Lavallette to rise, led her from the chamber.

The day following this ineffectual attempt upon the royal clemency, Madame de Lavallette had her first interview with her husband within the walls of the Conciergerie. It was four months since they had met, and M. de Lavallette was ill-prepared for the sad change that had taken place in the appearance of his beloved Emily. She was thin and pale as death, and her deep dejection convinced her husband that she at least had no hope—neither had he any himself. On entering the miserable dungeon he had inhabited for nearly four months, Madame de Lavallette threw herself into her husband's arms, and for more than an hour was unable to articulate a word. At length, she recovered sufficiently to be able to give him an account of her unsuccessful application to the King, and, by that time, she was forced to retire. The ensuing days were spent by Madame de Lavallette and her friends in unavailing applications to the royal clemency, in which the duc de Ragusa, M. Pasquier, minister of state, the duc de Richelieu and others, all took an active, though equally unsuccessful part. A second admission to the Tuileries was formally denied to Madame de Lavallette, and when, by stratagem, some of her powerful friends succeeded in placing her in the King's way on his return from chapel, the only words she could obtain, after throwing herself at the sovereign's feet, were:—"Madame, I can only do my duty." The wretched wife then turned imploringly towards the Duchess of Angoulême, but she was intercepted by M. d'Agoult, chevalier d'honneur, who, extending his two arms before her, forced her to stop whilst the princess who passed quickly on, scarcely deigned to cast a look upon the sufferer. For the third time, this courageous woman ventured to approach the royal dwelling, and, this time, succeeded in gaining the ante-chamber of the duchess of Angoulême's apartment, but having been recognised by a domestic, orders were instantly issued that no person whatever was to be admitted, and the duchess quitted her apartments by another passage. Thus, Madame de Lavallette, seeing the fruitlessness of her exertions, decided upon quitting the palace, and once more turned her steps towards her husband's dungeon, where she arrived, expiring with fatigue, and nearly heart-broken. In similar exertions did this devoted wife and her friends pass day after day, until the afternoon of the 19th December, when the prisoner was apprised that forty-eight hours were all that remained to him of life.

Many different accounts having been given of the circumstances attending the escape of M. de Lavallette, we translate the following particulars, from the Count's own words:—"It was Tuesday evening, the 19th of December, and I had just heard that I had only forty-eight hours to live. Eberle, one of the jailer's, entered with a light, and I could not resist saying to him: "It is always on the Fridays that the executions take place."—"Frequently on the Thursdays," returned the man with a sigh.—"And, at four o'clock, in the afternoon?" I added, interrogatively.—"Often in the morning," answered the jailer, seemingly much affected, and, at the same time, quitting the cell. At six o'clock, my wife, accompanied by a relation, Mademoiselle Dubourg, came to dine with me. When the jailer quitted us, Emily, for the first time, gave me an idea of her plan. "It appears but too certain," she said, "that we have nothing to hope. We must then come to a resolution ourselves, and here, my love, is what I have to propose to you. You will put on my dress, and, at eight o'clock, to-night, you will quit the prison in company with my cousin. You will find my sedan chair outside, and
it will convey you as far as the Rue des Saints-Pères, where Monsieur Baudus will be in waiting with a cabriolet, and he will conduct you to a place of safety, where you will remain until we can find means of enabling you to quit France." I listened, in silent astonishment, with my eyes fixed upon her. She was perfectly composed, and the tone of her voice partook of thorough conviction; in short, she seemed so firmly convinced, I hesitated how to reply. The enterprise seemed to me so rash, that, sooner or later, I felt I must tell her, that I had no hope of success; but as she saw me about to object, she immediately interrupted me—"I will have no objections," said she, impressively. "If you die—I die—therefore do not reject my plan. I am convinced of its success—for I feel that God sustains me!" In vain did I represent to her the difficulties of such an escape—the number of jailers and guards I should have to pass—the turnkey, who was in the habit of handing her into her sedan chair—the impossibility of being sufficiently disguised to avoid detection, and, in short, the invincible repugnance I had to leave her in the hands of such a set of wranglers as those about the prison, and were it even possible that I could escape, what her lot would be when they discovered the trick, and that they might, perhaps, in their brutal fury, violently assail her? I was about to continue, but remarking her unwonted paleness, and some indications of impatience which she seemed unable to conceal, I saw myself forced to desist, and, for some moments, remained silent. At length, "Emily," I said, "I will do all you wish, but, for the success of your plan, suffer me to make one observation. The cabriolet is too far off. I shall have scarcely escaped when I shall be missed, and, most undoubtedly, the sedan will be overtaken, for we cannot reach the Rue des Saints-Pères under an hour, and, encumbered with your dress, I cannot possibly hope to evade my pursuers on foot." This reflection seemed to strike her for the first time. "Change," I continued, "that part of your plan; to-morrow belongs to us still, and I swear to you that to-morrow I will do all you desire."

"'Tis true, you are in the right," said Emily, "I will have the cabriolet placed nearer this. But give me your word of honor to obey me, for it is our last resource."

Taking her hand:—"I will do all you desire—and as you desire," said I. This promise satisfied her, and we parted.

"When Emily and her cousin were gone, I sat down in my solitary dungeon to reflect upon her project; but the more I reflected on it, the more impracticable it appeared to me. My wife was taller than I was by a good half inch; she, too, was slender, and her movements full of grace. It is true that all the torment of mind I had undergone had singularly diminished my embonpoint, but the difference between my appearance and her's was far too striking for the slightest chance of success to attend our plan; and, then, on the other hand, I was so well prepared to die! Yet, I must admit, that I had been deliberating for the last two days whether I would not make use of a table knife that I had concealed, and thus save myself that horrid toilette, and the dreaded passage on the charrette from the prison to the scaffold. Still I resisted, and now I must cease to think of death, and once more harass my mind with all the minute details of a project of evasion, extravagant in itself, and impossible to be realized, so that burlesque would be mingled with tragedy, for I must inevitably be taken, and, probably, my enemies would have the cruelty to make an exhibition of me in the absurd costume thus thrust upon me. But then, when my mind reverted to my beloved Emily—how could I refuse her, and her plan seemed to make her so happy, and she was so confident of success! To disappoint, would be to kill her! Such were the thoughts that tortured my mind the whole of that night, and following day until my wife's arrival in the course of the morning. Emily told me she had been again the previous night, after quitting me, with the minister of foreign affairs, but that he gave her no hope, although he did not seem to differ in opinion from her when she spoke of the injustice of my condemnation; he, however, declared to her that the King had positively forbidden him to say another word on the subject of M. de Lavallette.

"Then, save him yourself, Sir," exclaimed Madame de Lavallette.

"It would be a crime, Madam," answered the Duke de Richelieu. "Could you not present another petition to the King in my name?" demanded the courageous wife.
"Willingly," answered M. de Richelieu, "let me have it by eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and, I pledge you my honor, it shall be delivered without delay to His Majesty." — "Then," continued Emily, "I went to M. Tripier for the memorial, and the King has it by this time. Meanwhile," she added, significantly, "I persist in my plan for to-night, to-morrow would be too late, as we have no news from the Tuileries. I will return to dine with you—preserve your firmness. For my part, I feel that my courage will last another four-and-twentyeight hours—but not a moment longer," she added, with a deep sigh, "for I am nearly dead from fatigue." Emily quitted me without my having made a single objection. In the course of the day, my daughter, accompanied by the old tourière of the Abbaye-aux-Bois, came to visit me. The presence of my child, whom I might never again behold, completely un-nerved me. I took her on my knees, and she leaned her head upon my bosom, weeping violently. In vain did I try to utter some words of consolation; my tongue refused to give them utterance. Unable to breathe, I rose, and, placing my child on the chair I had just quitted, walked up and down the cell, for some time, in a state of the most unutterable anguish of mind. At length, coming to a decision, I took her hand:—"Return my child," said I, "to your convent, and I promise to see you again to-morrow; my affairs have taken a more favorable turn than my friends imagine. Say nothing to any one and be sure that I shall see you again." "Searcely had she departed, than all my affected firmness gave way. I burst into an incontrollable agony of tears, as I cast what I then considered to be a 'last look' upon my only child, and I was long before I regained my wonted calmness. "At five o'clock, Emily returned, and, to my surprise and delight, brought Josephine with her, saying, as she entered, "I have brought Josephine," for I think that we had better put our child into our confidence." My wife was habited in a Merino pelisse, lined and trimmed with fur, which she had been in the habit of wearing at night, over her dress, when returning from parties, or the theatres; and, in her bag, she brought a black silk petticoat. "It is all you will require, to be perfectly disguised," said she, and having sent Josephine to the window, she continued in a low voice:—"All is ready, as the clock strikes seven, you must be dressed. As you go out, Josephine must take your arm: be careful, and walk very slowly, and as you cross the large room where all the jailers are assembled, draw on my gloves, and then hold your handkerchief to your face. To-day, I thought of a veil, but, unfortunately, I have never worn one coming here, so we must not think of it." Mind, also, to stoop a little as you pass those low door-ways, otherwise the feathers in the bonnet will be caught, and we shall be ruined. I always meet the jailers in the long-room, and the concierge has the habit of offering me his hand to lead me to my sedan chair, which I always leave near the furthest gate, but, to-day, you will find it in the court-yard, at the top of the grand staircase. Shortly after you leave this, you will be met by M. Baudus, who will see you to your destination. Thus, by God's grace!—my love,—" and she paused. "Now remember all I have told you, keep up your courage. Give me your hand to see how your pulse beats:—Good!" she exclaimed. "Now, feel mine,"—there is not the slightest emotion," she added. For my part, I was convinced she was in a high fever. — "Above all," said Emily, "let there be no grief, no weeping at parting, or all is lost." I gave her, however, a ring I had worn from our marriage, on which were engraved our names and the date of that event, telling her I might be recognised by it before I quitted the frontiers. Emily then called Josephine—"Listen, my child, attentively," she said, "to what I am going to say to you, for you must repeat it all to me again. I shall leave to night at seven, instead of eight o'clock; you must follow close behind me, for you know the doors are too narrow to admit of your being by my side, but, as soon as we enter the long room, you will place yourself at my left side, for the concierge has the habit of offering me his arm on that side, and he disgusts me. And, then, when we get outside the first iron gate, at the foot of the flight of steps, place yourself on my right, to prevent those horrid gendarmes coming to stare under my bonnet as they always do. Can you understand all this?"

Josephine repeated word for word all that her mother had told her.

* The artist has, unwittingly, added a veil to our portrait.
"'Tis well," said Emily. The child had scarcely concluded her lesson, when a
certain and kind friend called, under pretence of escorting my wife to her home, but,
in reality, for the purpose of seeing me once more. His presence being likely to
embarrass us, for he was not in the secret, I was forced to get rid of him as quickly as I
could; therefore, taking him aside, I whispered him: ""My dear Sainte-Roses, do
not remain any longer at the present moment. Emily, is not yet aware that it is for
tomorrow: we must not let her know it. Return at eight o'clock, but pray do not
come in, unless you see the sedan chair outside: if it is not there, it will be a sign
that Emily is gone home, and you can call upon her at her house;"" then, bidding
him farewell, I thrust him out. He had no sooner disappeared, than another friend
entered who had been prevented by illness from calling on me for the last two months.
He had not expected to see my wife, and soon perceived that his presence might
not be agreeable: he was deeply affected, and displayed such intense grief that I
dreaded his remaining a moment longer. ""Go," I whispered, "go, it is my last
interview with my wife, she knows it not, but the least emotion may be fatal to her."
At length we were left alone. I looked at Emily. I thought of all the difficulties, all
the obstacles that lay in our path. At this moment, a sudden idea took possession of
my mind; I imparted it to my wife. ""If," said I, "you were to go and offer the
concierge 100,000 francs to shut his eyes whilst I pass, he might consent, and we
should all be saved." Emily gazed upon me, for a moment, without speaking.
""Well," she said, "yes, perhaps; I'll go see," and she quitted the room. After a few
minutes absence, during which I clearly saw the imprudence and danger of such a
step, Emily returned. ""It is useless," she said, composedly; "the few words I was
enabled to draw from the concierge convinced me of his probity: let us not change our
plan." Dinner was now brought in. As we were seating ourselves at the table, an old
nurse of the name of Madame Dutoit who had long been in our service, and had
accompanied Josephine, suddenly came into the room in a fainting condition. Madame
de Lavallette had left her in the turnkey's room with the intention of making her follow
me as I went out; but the extreme heat of the stoves, together with her emotion,
had so completely overcome her, and she entreated so earnestly to be admitted to see
me once more, that, without the jailer's permission, one of the turnkeys took upon
himself to bring her to us. Far from being of any assistance, the presence of the
poor creature only added to our embarrassments. The very sight of my disguise
might disorder her intellects: but what was to be done? She was not in the room
two minutes before she broke out into the most dismal lamentations; fortunately, my
wife's resolute manner stopt her, instantly: ""Come!" said Emily, in a tone that
admitted not of contradiction, "'come, no childish nonsense, no crying, no sobbing.
Sit down to table, don't eat, don't speak, but smell this bottle of salts. In less than
an hour you will be in the open air."

This repast, which in all probability was to be the last in my life, was, I may say,
frightful. We could not swallow a morsel of food, and we durst not trust ourselves
to speak a word. In this horrible situation, we passed nearly an hour. At length,
the prison clock struck six and three quarters. Emily rose from table, and pulled the
bell. "'I want to say a word to Bonneville," she said. My valet de chambre entered
she took him, aside, and whispered a few words in his ear, and, then, continued,
 aloud: "'Let the chairmen be in readiness, I am going, immediately," the servant
quitted us, and turning to me she added in a low voice: "'Tis time to dress.'"

I retired with Emily behind a large folding screen which divided my chamber
into two apartments; and, there, with that charming quickness and dexterity that
alone belongs to woman, she completed the disguise to which I owe my life—all
the while repeating her instructions over and over to me: "'Mind and stoop your
head in passing through the door ways. Walk very slowly down the long room, like
a person exhausted by suffering." In the course of three or four minutes my toilette
was completed. We returned to the other end of the room; and Emily called her
daughter: "'What do you think of your father?' she enquired, anxiously.

A smile of incredulous surprise beamed upon Josephine's countenance. "'Seriously,
my child, how do you think he looks?' repeated Emily, breathlessly. I walked a
few steps forward. "'Mais pas mal,' answered Josephine; and the tears glistened
in her eyes, and her head drooped upon her bosom. We now advanced towards the door. "The concierge," I whispered to Emily, "comes every night after your departure, go behind the screen and make a slight noise, he will suppose that I am there, and will quit the room for a few minutes, which are indispensable to me." She made a sign that she understood me, and I pulled the bell. "Farewell!" said she, raising her eyes to Heaven in silent prayer. I pressed her arm with my trembling hand; we exchanged a look. An embrasse would have ruined us. Footsteps approached. Emily glided behind the screen, the door opened. I passed out, my daughter followed, Madame Dutoit came last. After having crossed the corridor, I arrived at the door of the long room. Here I had to go up one step, at the same time that I stooped my head to prevent the feathers coming in contact with the top of the door; I succeeded, but, on raising my head I found myself in the immensely long room, with no fewer than five jailers, some seated, some standing in my very passage. I finished putting on my gloves, and held my handkerchief to my eyes, as though I was weeping. I expected Josephine to take my left arm; in her anxiety she took my right, and the concierge, descending the few steps leading from his room, which was at the left, came directly to me, and laying his hand upon my arm observed:— "You are going away, early, to night, Madame la Comtesse." The man seemed affected; no doubt he thought she had been bidding me an eternal farewell. (Some accounts of my escape have said that my daughter and myself were sobbing loudly. On the contrary, we neither of us dared scarcely breathe.) At length, I reached the end of that long room. Close to the door is a little space enclosed, wherein, day and night, sits a jailer, whose business it is to open and shut that door. I arrived opposite this man, who looked at me, but without opening the door. I could not speak, but thrust my hand through the iron bars of the enclosure, to intimate that I wanted the door to be opened. He turned the key, and we passed outside. This time, Josephine made no mistake; she took my right arm. Here was a flight of twelve steps to ascend, before we could attain the court-yard; at the foot of these steps, was a guard-house, so that, within three paces of me stood a group of about twenty gendarmes with their officer, waiting to see Madame de Lavallette go out. At length, slowly and tremulously I gained the last step of the flight; the sedan chair was close by, I entered, but could see neither chairmen nor servant. My daughter and the old woman stood close by the sedan, and not more than two or three yards off, immovable as a statue, his eyes fixed upon me, stood a sentinel. A violent agitation now began to mingle with my astonishment, at this extraordinary delay. My eyes were as steadfastly fixed upon the sentinel's firelock, as those of a servant upon the prey he fascinates before he devours it. I felt, as it were, the weapon within my grasp. At the slightest noise, at the slightest alarm, I was decided to rush upon it, for I felt at that moment as though I possessed the strength of ten men, and, most certainly, I should have killed all those who would have tried to seize me. I remained in this most horrible situation, at least two minutes. At length I heard Bonneville's voice; he whispered, softly, "one of the chairmen is missing, but I have found another." I then felt the chair lifted from the ground. We crossed the great court-yard, and turned to the right, and on to the quai des Orfèvres, till we came to the rue de Harley. There, the sedan stopped, the door was opened, and my friend Baudus came up and offered me his arm, saying, aloud, as he did so, you recollect Madame, that you are to call on the President." We turned down the little street and Baudus pointed to a cabriolet at a short distance. I darted forwards and sprang into the cabriolet; the driver asked me for his whip, I searched in vain for it, it had fallen: "no matter," said he, and, giving the reins a jerk, the horse started off at full trot. As I turned again upon the quay I saw Josephine, her hands clasped, and, seemingly, praying to God with her whole soul. We crossed the pont St.-Michel, the rue-de-la-Harpe, and soon after reached the rue de Vaugirard, behind the Odeon. It was only now that I began to breathe: in looking at the driver of the cabriolet, what was my astonishment to recognise the Count de Chasseron, whom I little expected to find there! "What!" I exclaimed, "is it thou?" "Yes, and behind you are four brace of pistols well loaded; I hope you will make use of them." "No, truly, I said, I have no wish to ruin you." "Oh! if that is all, I will give you the example,
and woe betide him who should try to stop you.” We proceeded onwards as far as the new Boulevard, at the corner of the rue Plumet. There we stopped. I spread my white handkerchief upon the apron of the cabriolet: it was the signal agreed upon with M. Baudus. I now disencumbered myself of all my female attire, which I exchanged for the coat and gold laced hat of a groom. By this time M. Baudus arrived, and, bidding farewell to M. de Chassenon, I got out of the cabriolet, and followed my new master. It was then eight o’clock; the rain poured in torrents, and the night was as dark as pitch. We scarcely met a soul in that solitary part of the faubourg Saint-Germain. I walked with the utmost difficulty, and it was not without an effort that I was able to follow M. Baudus closely enough not to lose sight of him. After a short time, I lost one of my shoes, but dared not wait to pick it up. We met a party of gendarmes in full gallop. Perchance it was me whom they were in search of — little did they think I was so near them! At length, after a long and painful hour’s march, weary to a degree, with one shoe on, the other off, we arrived in the rue de Grenelle close to the rue du Bac. Here, M. Baudus paused, a moment. “I am going into one of these hôtels,” said he. “Whilst I stop and speak to the concierge, you must pass on into the yard. You will see a stair-case on the left hand, go up to the very last story, and you will find yourself in a long dark passage; turn to the right, and, at the end, you will find a pile of wood; stop there.” He said no more, but turned down the rue du Bac, and I felt a sort of giddiness seize me, as I saw him knock at the door of the Duc de Richelieu, minister of foreign affairs. M. Baudus entered, and, whilst he was speaking to the ‘Suisse,’ who put his head quite out of the lodge window, I passed quickly into the yard. “Where is that man going?” cried the “Suisse,” who saw me pass. “It is my servant,” answered M. Baudus, carelessly, and went on with what he had been saying. I quickly ascended the stairs to the third story, and arrived at the spot indicated. I had scarcely reached the pile of wood, before I heard the rustling of a woman’s dress, and feeling a gentle hand laid upon my arm suffered myself to be drawn into a chamber where the door was shut upon me, and the key withdrawn on the outside. I advanced, softly, towards a lighted stove, and, placing my hands on the slab to warm them, discovered a candle and a bundle of matches, which enabled me at once to take a survey of my new abode. It was a good-sized room, with a slanting roof, containing a nice clean bed, a chest of drawers, two chairs, and the stove already mentioned. On the drawers was a slip of paper containing these cautious words: — “Make no noise, do not open the window except during the night, put on the list slippers, and await patiently.” Beside this paper was a bottle of excellent claret, several volumes of Molière and Rabelais, and a pretty little basket filled with sponges, perfumed soaps, almond paste, and, in short, all the little items of the most recherché toilet table. These delicate attentions, together with the pretty female hand-writing of the billet, convinced me that I was the guest of persons, not only gifted with the most generous sentiments, but also possessed of elegance of manners and good taste. But what puzzled me above all was — why I was in the hôtel of foreign affairs. I had never seen the Duc de Richelieu, and could not, therefore, imagine that the minister would, in violation of the duty he owed his Sovereign, assist, even indirectly, in the escape of a state criminal, condemned as a conspirator.

I was lost in these conjectures, when the door opened, softly, and I found my hands clasped in those of my kind friend Baudus. As soon as the first transports of our joyful emotions had a little subsided, I commenced questioning him; but he interrupted me with: — “I comprehend your anxiety to know all the particulars; but do not let your imagination run on too quickly; here is the truth: — the day before yesterday, Madame de Lavallele sent for me: as soon as the doors were closed, and that we were sure of not being interrupted, she thus commenced: — ‘as we have no chance of my husband’s pardon, I am going to save him myself; but I am at a loss for a place of safety for him when he is free. I cannot hope for assistance from either my own family or immediate friends, it is out of their power to aid me. I look, therefore, to you with confidence, to ensure him the means of concealment, for, to-morrow, he will be free.’ This was a brief summons, ‘continued, Baudus,’ and I must admit that I was not a little disconcerted. You know how few persons I
visit, and to conceal you in my own chambers, in a furnished hôtel, occupied by at least thirty individuals, was out of the question. I stated all this to Madame de Lavallette, but she would listen to no excuse—"you must think it over, at once," she said, "for you must positively find me what I require." After some hesitation, I asked her for two hours to consider of it, telling her, at the same time, that there was a family here, and who had once known misfortune, with whom I happened to be on terms of intimacy, and that they might, probably, give me some assistance. "Go, go to them, instantly," cried Madame de Lavallette, "describe my position to them, tell them it is my life they give me in concealing my husband." I wanted to learn something of her plan; "not now," she cried, "run to your friends, on your return I will tell you all." I quitted your wife and came hither. Stop—do not be so impatient, you are the guest of M. Bresson, cashier of foreign affairs."

I had never seen M. Bresson but twice, accidentally, but I was acquainted with his history. He had been a deputy of the convention, and, in consequence of having voted against the sentence of death passed upon the unfortunate Louis XVI., was proscribed and forced to fly. His wife and himself were fortunate enough to find an asylum amidst the mountains of Vosges, where they were received into the family of some kind peasants, who, at the imminent risk of their own lives, sheltered them for nearly two years. "On quitting these excellent persons," continued M. Baudus, Madame Bresson, in the fulness of her gratitude, made a vow, in her turn, to save some individual condemned to death for political crimes, if Providence favored her so far as to throw in her way any person so circumstanced. I then went to Madame Bresson's, and—"your wish is granted," I cried, as soon as we were alone; and, in a few words, I related to her your history and Madame de Lavallette's resolution. "Bring him to us, bring him to us," she exclaimed, enthusiastically, "my husband is from home, but I need not wait to consult him; to perform a good action, his sentiments perfectly accord with mine. I will instantly prepare a chamber where he will be in safety; hasten back to assure Madame de Lavallette of this." I accordingly returned to your wife, who then acquainted me with her plan. I listened, in silence; for it was not a period to make objections, and she seemed so sanguine of success, and so happy, that I entered at once into her plans with the utmost ardour; but we wanted a private cabriolet. With Madame de Lavallette's permission, then, I went in search of the Count de Chassenon. I knew him to be a man of honour and courage. He readily consented. Thus my friend, here you are by a sort of miracle; for I cannot yet actually understand how you succeeded. You perceive yourself the necessity of for ever concealing the names of the generous persons who, at their own risk have afforded you this means of concealment; the whole family would be ruined were it known, and M. Bresson, having a daughter and some nephews to provide for, cannot afford to lose his situation. A public functionary, honored with the confidence of the minister, lodged at the King's expense, he is not blind to the irregularity of his own proceedings; but, on the other hand, he is convinced of your innocence, and as he himself says, "what are all these minor considerations, in comparison with the life of a human being?" We are going to try by what means we can get you past the frontier; it will be no easy matter, but the most important part of the business is accomplished, and Providence will not leave its own work unfinished."

M. Baudus quitted me, and I remained alone during two entire hours, scarcely daring to breathe or move, reflecting, sadly, upon the fate of my poor Emily, who was left as a hostage, in my dungeon. About eleven o'clock, my door opened again, and a lady, elegantly attired, and with a veil thrown over her head and face entered the room; she was accompanied by a little girl, apparently about fourteen years of age. The lady seemed deeply affected, and pressed me in her arms; and the child, whose tears were falling, stood timidly by her mother's side. "In the name of God!" I cried, "raise this veil Madame, and let me know the angelic being to whom I owe my safety." "We do not know each other," answered the lady, kindly, and, at the same time, throwing back her veil; "but I am happy to be enabled to participate in the heroic action of Madame de Lavallette." It was true, I had never before seen Madame Bresson; she was then about forty years of age, but an excellent skin and complexion and an elegant figure made her appear at least ten years younger. When she came
in, she laid a sort of soup tureen upon the stove, she now pointed to it, "here," she said, "is your dinner, you have both courses together; you will have bad cheer with us, for we are obliged to stint ourselves to feed you—you see we do not wish to confide our secret to any of our servants; they all inhabit the rooms in this corridor, and the next room to your's is the bed-chamber of my nephew Stanislas. Therefore, make no noise: in the morning, when you get up, make your bed, and do the room yourself, but bear in mind that the slightest noise would be heard, and we should all be ruined, for the room you are in is never inhabited."

After remaining about an hour, Madame Bresson bade me good night, and, a short time after she was gone, her husband came to visit me. I recollected having seen him once, about fifteen years before, previous to my departure for Saxony, and may have seen him, once again, on my return. Since that we had never met. He had an agreeable countenance, a cultivated mind, great energy of character, and pleasing, lively manners. We chatted, gaily, for some time. "I have been taking a round of the Salons," said he, laughing; "and you cannot think what a panic you have struck into the minds of the Parisians. Not a creature within the walls of the Tuileries will go to bed to night, I promise you. They are persuaded that your flight is the result of some great conspiracy about to break forth—they see you already marching upon the Tuileries, at the head of the vieille armée, and all Paris taking up arms to join you. For my part, I should not be astonished at their recalling the foreign troops. They talk of closing the barriers. Only fancy what confusion such a step would create. Why, the poor milk women could not come in in the morning, and what would our old dowagers do for their coffee? And I, who listened to all their lamentations, I, who had you safe under my own key!—ha! ha! 'tis positively laughable."

Before he retired, M. Bresson took a survey of my chamber, showed me the drawers full of changes of linen, &c. "Open only the least morcel of your window shutter," said he; "merely sufficient to give you light to read, and if, by chance, you take cold, you must put your head into this closet if you want to cough." I asked him to let me have some beer to quench a raging thirst that had tormented me for some days. "No," said he, "We cannot give you beer, we are not in the habit of drinking it; and it would be remarked. I have not forgotten the history of M. de Montmorin, who was discovered and died upon the scaffold, merely from having eaten a fowl, the bones having been thrown outside the door. A troublesome neighbour, knowing that the old woman by whom he was concealed was too poor to afford to live upon fowl, seeing the bones, came to the conclusion that she was secretly possessing some proscribed person, and, accordingly, went and denounced her. No, no, you shall have syrups and sugar as much as you please, but no beer."

I passed this, my first night of liberty, in a state of violent agitation, pacing up and down my chamber, and breathing the air at the open window. I could not see into the Rue du Bac, but I distinctly heard the tramp of horses, and, this sound, frequently renewed, made me tremble. However, towards morning, fatigue got the better of my fears, and I threw myself upon the bed and fell into a sound sleep. About two hours after, I was awakened by a noise in the chamber, and, starting up, perceived to my astonishment a little man polishing the floor, cleaning the furniture, and, in short, putting all to rights:—"Who are you?" cried I, terrified. "I am Monsieur's valet de chambre," was the reply. "But I understood," said I, "from your master, that no one was to come into this room." "They have changed their minds" returned the man, composedly, "and, if you will get up and go into my room opposite, I will finish this and make your bed." I complied, and to my surprise found myself in a very nicely furnished apartment. On the chimney was a time-piece and two vases of artificial flowers, the bed was of mahogany and very elegant. I peeped into a closet at the head of the bed, and saw several gowns hanging up. What is the meaning of all this? thought I.

This servant must be a married man; he knows who I am, and, of course, his wife must be also in the secret. Is this wise to let a child and two servants in this very hôtel know the secret! These reflections troubled me so much, that I fell from my chair upon the floor in a fainting fit. The man came in, about half an hour afterwards, and finding me in this condition dragged me to my own chamber, where, after a great deal of
difficulty and trouble he succeeded in placing me in the bed, and I did not recover till long after. "You must take care of yourself, for neither Monsieur nor Madame can come to you before night." "I will return to you if I can," said the poor creature, soothingly, "but, in God's name, don't go and fall sick, for how could we ever bring a doctor to see you?" I felt the truth of all this, and my thoughts took another turn. "If I were to die here," said I, "what would they do with my body?"— and, for some time, this thought oppressed me. At length, I was aroused by cries in the street: it was from some newsmonger, vociferating with all his might something in which I fancied I could distinguish my own name. I placed myself still closer to the window, where I awaited two hours, until another came round. At length, I heard a woman's sharp, shrill voice, and clearly made out the following words:—"Lavallette—lodgers—proprietors." No doubt these latter were threatened with severe punishment if they harboured me, and rewards were, of course, offered to informers. "If," said I, to myself, "the two servants of this house were to betray me —!" But I wronged them; for both the man and his wife had been in the service of M. and Madame Bresson for upwards of twenty years, and were proof against all bribery. Late in the evening, my kind friend came to visit me, and reassured me on all the points that had given me uneasiness. They explained their motives for having trusted these two servants, and told me they had also decided upon imparting our secret to their nephew Stanislaus, whose chamber was contiguous to the one I occupied. Accordingly, they brought him to visit me that same night. He was a young man of about twenty years of age, of agreeable manners, and who had read a great deal. We soon became excellent friends. He came to me every night, afterwards, at eleven, and remained till two o'clock. I taught him the game of chess, and he brought me the journals and all the news of Paris.

But it is time to return to the Conciégerie and my dearest Emily. I had scarcely passed the outer gate, before, as I had foreseen, the Conciégerie entered my dungeon. Hearing a noise behind the screen, he went away for five minutes, when, returning, and hearing the same noise repeated, he walked in, and folding back one of the leaves of the screen, at once discovered my evasion. He uttered a loud shriek and ran towards the door. Madame de Lavallette bounded forward, and seizing upon him by the arm, tried with all her strength to retain him—"stop, one moment," she cried, "let my husband go, oh! wait, save him." "You have ruined me, Madam," cried the man, furiously, shaking her off; but again catching hold of the skirts of his coat, she clung to him with all the frenzy of despair, thus impeding his movements. At length, he succeeded in tearing himself from her, leaving part of his coat-skirts in her hands, and, running out, alarmed the whole prison with his cries. All the jailers and turnkeys, and all the gendarmes started off in various directions. Some of them overtook the sedan chair, and, in their eager haste, tearing it open, were disappointed to find it only contained my daughter. Of course, they left the child unmolested, and pursued their way, until weary of their fruitless search they returned one after the other to the Conciégerie. Order being once more established, regular parties were organised for the pursuit. Strict search was made in the houses of all my friends and acquaintances. The barriers were actually closed the next morning, and the joy of the Parisians could only be equalled by the disappointed rage of the police. When the violent perturbation of Emily's spirits had a little subsided, she would have enjoyed her triumph most heartily, had it not been for those brutal jailers who, leaving the door open that none of their words should be lost upon her, loaded her with imprecations and invectives, and all the while declared that it was an impossibility I should not be re-taken.

The arrival of M. Bellart, procureur-général, soon put an end to these insults. He set about making out his proces-verbal, all the while reproaching Madame de Lavallette for her conduct! By his orders, she was most absurdly treated with a severity, which, in her then delicate and excited state, laid the foundation of the cruel malady, with which she was afflicted during upwards of twelve years, but which, thank Heaven, at the period I am writing, has completely disappeared.

* For the above space of time this heroic lady suffered mental aberration.
She was imprisoned in the wretched dungeon inhabited by Marshal Ney, and, au plus rigoureux secret. She was even denied the services of her femme de chambre, and was waited on by the wife of one of the jailers. She was neither permitted to write to her friends, receive letters, or visits. In this dreadful state, assailed by a thousand terrors, and uncertain of my fate; imagining, also, every sound to be her husband dragged back to prison and to death, my unfortunate wife passed upwards of six weeks.

My child returned to her convent that same night, wild with joy at having contributed to save her father. But the following day, when all was known, the superior, a protégée of the Duchess of Angoulême’s was seized with fear. Josephine was condemned to absolute silence, and the nuns and several of the pupils who had been her dearest friends, then shunned her as though she had been stricken with the plague. But this was not all—will it be believed that many of the parents of the children who were at that convent threatened the superior to remove their daughters, if Josephine Lavallée remained in the house. Emily’s first act upon regaining her own freedom, was, therefore, to withdraw her daughter from the Abbaye aux Bois.

I had now passed ten days, tranquilly, in my retreat, laden with the most touching marks of the esteem and affection of my kind and excellent friends who assured me, that, without the slightest trouble to them, I might remain months where I was. Baudus, however, who came to see me, occasionally, and whom I questioned, closely, could not conceal from me that the police were as active as ever in pursuit of me. They were confident that I had neither passed the frontier at the Strasbourg side, nor at the side of Metz. General Excelman’s, who had, likewise, been proscribed, and had retired to Brussels, having read the particulars of my escape, wrote, as it were in confidence to his wife that we had supped together at Brussels. This anecdote was widely disseminated and believed by all, except the police, who were not to be so easily deceived. It was, then, in Paris, they continued their search, and persons known to be my friends were very closely watched. I was anxious to get off, and with Baudus consulted my new friends, seriously, upon the means. Another female disguise, by means of which I should be enabled to gain a sea-port, whence I could procure a safe passage to England, was proposed. I dreaded having recourse, a second time, to woman’s gear, and that notion was discarded. Amongst the most feasible was the following:—“A Russian general, about to return to St. Petersburg, would give me a seat in his calèche, and I could thus pass the frontiers in safety.” But then I must previously advance a sum of 8,000 francs to pay off his debts, and defray all the necessary travelling expenses. The money was ready, but the project failed. The Russian insisted upon knowing the name of his fellow traveller: when it was told him, the dread of being exiled into Siberia, in case it was discovered, induced him to reject the offer. Many other plans were likewise thought of, but, equally, discarded. At length, on the eighteenth evening of my retreat, my friend Baudus came to me in excellent spirits. “At last we shall succeed,” he said, “some Englishmen have offered to save you, and there is scarcely a doubt of their success.” He then explained to me that the Princess de Vaudemont, uneasy to know that I was still in Paris, although she was unaware of my place of concealment, had been communicating her fears to a Madame Saint-Aignan, one of the most courageous and kind-hearted women in existence. This lady proposed to the princess to sound a young Englishman, a Mr. Bruce, upon the subject. Bruce, delighted to be able to contribute to save an individual, so miraculously rescued from the scaffold, eagerly accepted a share in the transaction, and, on his side, imparted the secret to General Wilson.

General Wilson shared the enthusiasm of his young friend. He had failed in an attempt to save Maréchal Ney, and hoped, this time, to make amends for that accident. He thought of making a military adventure of it, and, as Bruce was not in the army, he considered it necessary to engage one or two English officers to join him, men of independence and liberal opinions, who would find some satisfaction in playing off this little trick on the Bourbon government. The road to Belgium, by Valenciennes, was specially appropriated to the use of the English army: this road was, then, fixed upon to insure my escape. These gentlemen only demanded two days to conclude their preparations. I received minute instructions for my dress. I was not to wear
mustachios, but to have a wig à l’anglaise, to be closely shaved, to wear a military
great coat with buttons like those of the other English officers, &c., &c. After not a
little difficulty and trouble to my friends, I succeeded in procuring all that was neces-
sary for my transformation into an English officer, and at eight o’clock on the evening
of the 9th of January, 1816, I bade farewell to my kind friends the Bressons. We were
all deeply affected, especially I, who never expected to see them again. I have had
that happiness, however. Messrs. Bresson and Baudus accompanied me to the
corner of the rue de Grenelle, where I again found the cabriolet and its faithful
Chassenon, who was delighted to see me. In proceeding to my destination, we
crossed the place du Carrousel. I could scarcely forbear smiling as we passed by
the numerous sentinels about the Tuileries; and as I gazed upon the brilliant pile, I
thought how many there were within, furious at not being able to seize upon me. Yet
there I was within fifty yards of them—had they known it!

We stopped at the rue du Helder, close to the Boulevard; there I took leave of my
friend Chassenon. As I was going up the stairs, to my astonishment I met Made-
moiselle Dubourg. I passed onwards, for a recognition would have been attended
with too much danger. I learned since, that she was going to M. Dupuis, the juge
da Instruction by whom I had been first examined. On arriving at the first floor, a
tall, distinguished looking man came out to meet me, it was Sir Robert Wilson; he
presented me to two others, who were waiting for me in the saloon. I immediately
recognised Mr. Bruce whom I had met the preceding winter at the Duchesse de Saint-
Leu’s. The other person was the master of the apartment, Captain Hutchinson. He
gave me a most amiable reception, and we sat down to a bowl of punch. The con-
versation turned upon public affairs, which we discussed with as much freedom as
though we had been in London. The three gentlemen seemed perfectly certain of
the success of our journey, which was to commence on the ensuing morning. After
about an hour’s conversation, General Wilson and Mr. Bruce arose; the former
pressing my hand, warmly, said, “Be up in the morning by six o’clock, shave and dress
yourself carefully. Here you will find a military great coat which you will put on;
at eight o’clock, precisely, I shall be at the door.” “And, I, said Bruce, shaking
hands in his turn, “I am going to pass the next three days in the country at the Prin-
cess de la Moskowa’s, for I can do no more for you. Farewell, my best wishes will
accompany you, I shall hear of you from my friends.”

After their departure, Mr. Hutchinson politely offered me his bed, but having no
inclination to sleep, I threw myself upon a sofa. My companion shortly after gave
evident tokens of being asleep; I arose softly, and looking round the apartment, sought
a corner where I might conceal myself in case of a visit from the police; but there
was not much furniture, and the whole apartment consisted of only two rooms and a
closet. It would be impossible, I clearly saw, to escape their searching eyes, for even
a single quarter of an hour. I opened the window to measure its distance from the
ground. It was far too high for me to be able to run away after my leap, and to
near the ground for me to hope to be killed in my fall. Fortunately, I recollected
a brace of pistols that M. de Chassenon had given me. I examined them, carefully,
and finding all right, placed them under the sofa pillow, laid myself down, and was
asleep in a few minutes. About one o’clock, however, I was awakened by a loud noise
at the porte cochère; I listened, breathlessly, and was able to make out two voices raised
in angry dispute. It was evident some person wanted to get into the house. I quickly
awakened my companion:—“I believe I am discovered,” said I, “get up, I entreat,
there are persons at the door that want to get into the house.” Captain Hutchinson
got up, and, unlocking the door, went out upon the landing. In about five minutes,
which I found of interminable length, he returned:—“it is only a dispute between the
porteière and a French officer who lives on the third floor. She complains that he comes
in too late at night; so we may go to sleep again.” For my part, I counted every
hour until six, when I recommenced my toilet, and at eight o’clock, precisely, General
Wilson, dressed in full uniform, drove to the door. Captain Hutchinson then mounted
his horse, I got into the gig, and away we drove. The morning was delightful, all the
shops open, and numbers of persons in the streets.

We were now within sight of our first barrière, that of Clichy, previously to attain-

2 D.—May, 1811.
ing which we passed two English officers, who looked not a little surprised at seeing General Wilson accompanied by an officer wearing the English uniform, and with whose face they were totally unacquainted. Mr. Hutchinson, however, saved us all explanations with them by riding up and engaging them in conversation until he saw that we had reached the Barrière.

We now had a French and English guard-house to pass; situate, one on each side of the road. The soldiers of both drew up and presented arms. Fortunately for me, those on my side were National Guards, by whom it was next to an impossibility I should be recognised, inhabiting different quarters of Paris, as we did. We passed them slowly, returning their salute. I could scarcely contain myself at our success, and I thanked General Wilson with as lively a gratitude as though we had cleared every barrière in the kingdom. We proceeded briskly to the village of La Chapelle, where we were obliged to stop and take a fresh horse to convey us as far as Compiègne. For this purpose we were obliged to stop at the largest inn in the village. As we advanced towards the house, we saw four gendarmes standing in front of the door-way. The General drove his gig straight up, and they fell back, separating, to make way, while Mr. Hutchinson, stopping, entered into conversation with them in order to divert their attention from us. He asked so many questions, that they concluded he expected the arrival of some troops, and one of them offered to accompany him to the mayor:—"not now," answered the Captain, "for I must go on to meet the baggage waggons, but, on my return, in about two hours' time. Whilst this conversation was going forward, our horse was changed, and as we drove off, we had the pleasure of changing compliments with the gendarmes. As we proceeded on our road, we met great numbers of gendarmes, some charged with despatches, others escorting malefactors. They all looked at us, but passed most unsuspiciously. I had taken the habit of closing my eyes when I saw them advancing towards us, but always with the precaution of placing my hand upon my pistol, for had I been so recognised, I had come to the resolution of blowing my brains out, before I would suffer myself to be recaptured, for that would have been a stupid donouement to our enterprise.

At length we reached Compiègne, where we were obliged to wait the arrival of General Wilson's carriage to proceed on our journey. Every thing, however, had been so well arranged by my generous preservers, that we not only found a safe retreat, but were also furnished with a comfortable repast during our delay. At six o'clock in the evening, we quitted Compiègne and reached Condé, where we were vexatiously delayed for a considerable time during the night; at seven o'clock on the following morning, we arrived at Valenciennes, the last French town on that frontier. I now thought all danger was past, and was growing more confident, when the post-master having asked for our passports and examined them, directed us to go to the captain of gendarmerie to have them signed. "You do not seem to have noticed our rank," returned General Wilson, coldly:—"If the captain wish to see us, let him come hither." This was said with such an air of offended dignity, that the post-master became at once sensible of the impropriety of his order. He took the passports himself and went off to procure the captain's signature. He was absent for a length of time, during which a most horrible anxiety seized upon me. Had I come so far to be captured, at length—at the very frontier, too? Might not this officer of gendarmerie come himself to verify our signalements—and might he not recognise me? Most fortunately, the weather was intensely cold and it was not clear day-light. The post-master found the captain in bed, who signed without thinking it necessary to verify; we got back our passports and quitted the town, supposing all our interruptions to be at an end. We were mistaken, however; for, after we had passed the gates, we were stopped by one of those harpies, called a custom-house officer, who wanted to see that we were en règle; his curiosity once gratified, we had no further interruptions. We had now gained the delightful Belgian roads, and sped onwards with the rapidity of lightning. Every now and then I looked behind to see that we were not pursued. My impatience increased with every turn of the wheel. The postilion had pointed out to us a large building in the distance, as being the Belgian douane,* or Custom-house. I kept my eyes fixed upon this point, but it seemed to me that we approached no nearer to it. The postilion, too, I fancied, had grown lazy; in short, I was ashamed
of my impatience, but could not moderate it for my life. At length we reached this much desired spot; we were upon the Belgian territory; I was saved! I pressed my deliverer’s hands, my heart was almost too full to speak, but notwithstanding the emotion that impeded my utterance, I made him understand all my gratitude. Meanwhile, the General, preserving all his national gravity, smiled, and answered not a word.

In about half an hour after, however, he turned towards me, gravely: “Now, my dear friend,” said he, with an air of the utmost seriousness, “will you be good enough to tell me, why you did not like to be guillotined?” I looked at him in silent astonishment. “Why, returned the General,” replying to my look, “they say that you requested as a favor to be shot.”

“True,” I answered. “I dreaded the toilette. You know, the prisoner is conducted to the place of execution on a charrette, with his hands tied behind his back, and when he is on the scaffold, he is fastened to a board, which being let down, slides beneath the axe.” “Ah! now I understand, cried General Wilson, “you had an objection to having your throat cut like a calf.”

We arrived at Mons, about three o’clock in the afternoon, and, fearlessly, drove to the first inn. Whilst we waited for dinner, I wrote a few letters which the General was kind enough to take charge of; and that same evening, after having assisted me in making some purchases, and having given me two letters—one for the king of Prussia, the other for Mr. Lamb, the English ambassador, at Munich, we parted, my noble deliverer to return to Paris, and myself to pursue my journey into Germany as far as Bavaria. I remained that night at Mons, and continued my journey the following day, under the name of Colonel Lossack, charged with a mission from the duke of Wellington to the courts of Munich and Vienna. I purchased an old cabriolet at Mons, but I had no servant, and the weather was so severe, and so precarious, that I was unable to travel more than twenty leagues a day. I was thus exposed to great danger in remaining so long upon the public roads. My description had been forwarded to all parts, and my English uniform and passport, so ill accordant with my not being able to speak a word of the language, laid me open to very serious consequences, had I had the misfortune of meeting any English traveller by the way. I arrived, however, without accident, at Worms. I knew sufficient German to be able to make my way; and the first thing I did upon my arrival, was to procure the latest papers. My consternation may be better imagined than described, when I read in the Gazette, that Madame de Lavallette had been detained at the Conciergerie, and that General Wilson and his two friends had been arrested! This intelligence threw me into despair. I formed the resolution of going to St. Petersburg, to obtain the Emperor Alexander’s pardon for my wife and friends, and with that intention I hastened onwards to Mannheim, to obtain a letter from the Emperor, from the Grand Duchess of Baden, who was my wife’s first cousin. This lady, however, was not in the town, and, from all I learnt from the person in whose house I took up my abode, I saw the necessity of preserving the very strictest incognito, the grand duke refusing to permit French fugitives to remain in his town. Before I quitted Mannheim, I wrote to the Grand Duchess, and continued my route, like a hair-brained school-boy, through Wurttemburg and Stuttgart, in which latter place I had a hair-breadth escape of being arrested. This, made me more careful, and, at length, after traversing Ulm, I gained the Bavarian territory, where I was out of danger.

When the king of Bavaria heard of my flight from the Conciergerie “let him come to me,” he exclaimed to Prince Eugene, “let him come to me, and I will take care of him.”

I accordingly went to Munich, and, having given notice of my arrival to the king, was distressed to find he could no longer receive me. It was generally thought that I had gone to America. The king dreaded having dissensions with France, which would have inevitably ensued, had he harboured me. However, he advised my taking up my abode in the little village of Starnberg, situate upon a lake of the same name, where I resided some time afterwards.”

“I must find a protector for our child,” she wrote, when she gave M. de Lavallette the first intimation of her intention—“for I feel it is time!”

M. de Lavallette it is well known remained in exile six years, after which period
he was permitted to return to France. Alas! when he returned, it was to find the
devoted wife to whom he owed his life—a maniac! Madame de Lavallette seemed to
have a presentiment of the cruel affliction that was in store for her. For, shortly after
her emancipation from the Conciergerie she found means of writing to her husband to
obtain his consent to her daughter’s marriage with a young man of the name of For-
get, a proprietor in Auvergne.
Twelve years of suffering was the lot of this undaunted woman. At length, care and
affection did what medical aid could not effect. Madame de Lavallette recovered her
reason, and passed her days blessed and happy in the companionship of that beloved
being for whom she had done so much.
Although it is stated in no fewer than five biographies that the Countess de LaVal-
ette preceded her husband to the tomb, yet such is not the case;—she is still alive,
and living with her daughter, the Baroness de Forget, in Paris. Though not perso-
nally acquainted with this generous and noble-minded woman, we have been re-
cently to her house, so that we cannot be mistaken. It was not, however, until after
the greatest difficulty that we were enabled to ascertain this point, so completely
had even her name, no less than her extraordinary history been forgotten by the lively
Parisians. In our first search we visited Père la Chaise, and saw even her tomb, so
that we felt disposed to credit the records of her death,—but, on examining further,
it appeared that it was only the tomb prepared for her by her husband’s side.
The inscription on his, is:—

“Le Comte de Lavallette, décédé à Paris le 13th. Fevrier, 1830.”

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS DE LAVALLETTE;

(Accompanying the Present Number.)

Madame de Lavallette is here represented in the very dress in which she effected her
husband’s escape from the Conciergerie; it is that almost universally adopted by the French
ladies in the winter of 1815.
The hat is of black velvet, the crown very high, and standing up nearly straight. The
front consists of a small coif, very shallow, and turned up all along. The feathers are placed
half erect and half drooping at the left side. The cap border visible, beneath, is of rich
lace; the hair is curled on each side the face.
The pelisse is of fine merinos, lined throughout, and trimmed with fur; the corsage and
sleeves are plain, and the waist remarkably short, as it was worn at that period. A white
cashmere scarf with very rich ends, is twisted round the neck, the ends brought down in
front, in the style of a boa. The brodequins are of grey cloth, with green fronts to match
the dress, the gloves are yellow kid, the pocket-handkerchief cambric, festooned all round.
The black lace veil is an addition by the painter, for it will be seen by Madame de Laval-
ette’s own words, that she regretted not having worn a veil when she visited her husband in
prison; query, if she had, might not some prying eye, in seeking to recognise the features
of the wearer, have detected the fraud in time to have defeated the noble project of this most
devoted of wives?
SONNET ON GLORY.

What art thou glory? that the warlike breast
Should brave all dangers to secure thy charms,
That the pale bard should leave his couch unprest
To toil, then, die, contented in thine arms.
What art thou glory? which if lost or won,
Alike can rob the panting heart of rest;
Few are his joys who lives for thee alone
And yet, without thee, man would live unblest.
What art thou glory? a delusion vain!
Daughter of many sorrows! a light breath—
A shadowy, fleeting phantom of the brain,
Pursued mid sickening toil, despair and death;
Scourge of the human race, thy trophies wave
Mid hate and envy, o'er each victim's grave.  

THE VILLAGE QUEEN.

BY W. J. G. BARKER, ESQ.

Among the rustic maids she sits alone,
A village Queen, upon her rural throne—
Although no diadem is on her brow,—
Sparkling with gems,—brighter by far I trow
Are those fresh blossoms, odorous and fair,
Twined mid the ringlets of her sunny hair;
The wild briar-rose and the sweet violet—
Gather'd while yet their leaves with dew were wet;
This, like her smooth cheek in its crimson dye,
That, like the soft blue of her laughing eye,—
And, with them, mingled, see, the azure bell
That springeth bashful in the shady dell;—
Would not the emerald mar a wreath like this?
The sapphire or the ruby seem amiss,—
Blended with those sweet flowers?—ay, let them blaze
On fashion's brow, and shed their dazzling rays
From the proud coronet's rank, their joys to wear,
Within those lofty halls, where pomp and care,
Linked, hand-in-hand, move down the courtly throng,
And with tired ears listen to flattery's song.
But yon sweet maid, to icksome state unknown,
Filleth with joyous heart an easy throne:
Her's is no sceptre of usurp'd command
With iron sway stretch'd o'er a groaning land;
Queen of the village fete—their simple lays
Her glad companions carol in her praise—
And she with blushing cheek attends the while,
Till her ripe lips assume a tempting smile:
Ah! grief, upon that cheek has never prey'd,
Nor sorrow dar'd assail the blooming maid,
If ever Love has kindled in her breast
His holy fire, be sure it has been blest;
For, pure as flame, that on Heaven's altar burns—
Where the archangels keep their watch by turns,
Is His ethereal spark, when free from sin,
It finds a kindly heart and enters in—
Filling the young and undefiled soul
With the same feeling that inspires the whole
Of those bright Seraphims, who, around the throne,
Adore the God of Love—the undying one.
She sits supreme, upon the village green,
Chosen by yonder laughing girls their queen;
According to the ancient rites of May—
The rose crowned's sovereign of a summer's day:
And beauteous is her wreath of stary flowers,
With care selected from the early bowers,
But far more beauteous she—her simple dress
Serves to enhance her native loveliness,
While guiltless mirth has given to her eye
New luster—to her cheek a deeper dye:
And, gracefully, adorn those shoulders fair
Fall the rich ringlets of her golden hair,
Save when the gentle breeze some straying tress
Lifts in its course, as if from wantonness.

Upon her bosom gleams no costly gem,
But one white moss-rose, on its perfume stem—
It closely gather'd in her garment's fold;
And in her hand a garland sweet behold,
Of all the flowers hill, vale, or river yields,
From well-kept gardens cull'd, or pleasant fields.

The revelry begins—and small feet glance
Along the velvet turf in merry dance;
The tuneful bells from their grey steeple ring;
And hale youths shout—and rosy virgins sing;
Her laughing subjects own her gentle sway,
And the glad village hails the Queen of May.

Banks of the Yore.

VINCENT PINZON—THE MARINER OF DIEPPE.

[The historic doubts suggested by the ensuing narration form a problem equally new and interesting. If the discussion and establishment of facts were essential to the plan of a romance, it would be easy to support those, related in our tale, by curious documents drawn from the archives of Simon Calv, from the Mémoires chronologiques pour servir à l'histoire de Dieppe; l'histoire des anciennes villes de France by M. Vitet; and from Recherches sur les découvertes des navigateurs Normands, by M. Estancelin, nor would the "Life of Christopher Columbus," by Washington Irving, and the narrative of Diogo, the admiral's own son, have been the last books to which we should have referred for corroborative testimony. The bombardment of 1614, by which the admiral's archives of Dieppe were destroyed, has, unfortunately, closed up the most direct avenue towards the attainment of certainty on a point which, to the meanest capacity, would have been rendered no longer problematical.]

CHAPTER 1st.

"Roused discipline aloud asserts her cause,
And injured navies urge their broken laws."

The Island.—Canto 1.

Beyond the line of houses which border the quay of Henry IVth at Dieppe, is a battered and time stained fragment of wall, whose turret and battlements indubitably mark it as a ruin of the middle ages. These mouldering relics, contiguous to the town and overlooking the channel, are all that remain of the Crab-Tower (Tour aux Crabes) which, forming still a part of the fortifications of Dieppe, was probably erected in the 13th or 14th century. Although this ancient piece of masonry presents an admirable moonlight object, it may, nevertheless, appear surprising that the municipal council, whose members, certes, in other respects, possess but little antiquarian or picturesque taste, should have shown respect towards this monument of the past; but so it is, and even the engineer, who has rebuilt the town, and obtained from the
good people of Dieppe, the appellation of M. de Gâte-Ville, has not dared to lay a sacrilegious hand upon the venerable Tour aux Crabes. Performing, as it were, the part of sentinel to the building, is the jettee, with its pharos eye of flame streaming through the darkness of night. The Crab-Tower forms, indeed, the sole maritime vestige of ancient Dieppe, and is regarded by the fishermen of the town as an architectural relic, far more worthy admiration, than all the exquisite gothic tracery of the neighbouring church of St. James.

On Sunday, the 15th of August, in the year 1488, the front of this advanced fortress was beaten by the restless undulations, not of the briny tide, but of an unusual assemblage of people collected around it. The sun was shining in full brilliancy on the motley crew, and, amidst their varied costumes, those of the merchants, citizens, civic militia and gens du Pollet, were the first whose presence struck the eye. A large number of women, some on horseback, some on foot, and many whose dusty garments bespoke their having travelled far, formed some portion of the crowd, which extended from the end of the main street, the base of the Crab-Tower, then appropriated as the residence of the pilot and a few subaltern officers of the fort. From the animated gestures and energetic voices of the assemblage, a stranger might have erroneously conjectured that the people had met to celebrate one of those curious and mystic fêtes which were wont, of yore, to be held at Dieppe, in the middle of August, a species of Mystery, wherein Grimpesulais the Norman buffoon, performed the strange and profane part of conversing with God and the Virgin. It was not, however, till the reign of Louis XIV that the mysteries were established, but the expectation of a far different spectacle had collected this group around the Crab-Tower.

The purpose for which each eye was anxiously strained and each neck eagerly outstretched on the present occasion, was, in short, none other than that of witnessing the return of a vessel called the Saint-Jacques, fitted out months before by a company of merchants, for the purpose of making what is now called a voyage of discovery, the command of which expedition had been entrusted to a young man named Jacques Cousin.

So brilliant was the day, and so clear the atmosphere, that the ship, though two leagues out at sea, was distinguishable from the quay as she rested on her anchors. A barque, vigorously impelled by six rowers, had just quitted the channel, seated in which was the pilot of Dieppe holding a standard, with the arms of the town (a barge on a parti-colored shield of gules and azure). In accordance with the usual custom, he was deputed to board the ship and inform her captain what had occurred in the town since his departure—in return for which information, the latter was expected to furnish a statement to the captain of the port of those amongst his crew deceased, or fallen sick during the voyage.

The pilot’s barque seemed already reduced to the size only of a sea-gull, skimming the surface of the deep, and, few eyes, save the interestingly sharpened optics of some anxious ship owners, persevered in following her course, when, suddenly, the attention of the crowd was turned in the direction of the city, by the appearance in that quarter of a phenomenon on which mariners are not ordinarily wont to bestow much attention. This object was none other than a superb rain-bow extending its luminous arch from the sea line, whereon the ship was visible, to the steep shores by which the Pollet is defended. The blended hues of opal, ruby and sapphire were discernible, as usual, in the celestial bow, at the end which seemed rising from the ocean; but that stretching over the town appeared in a dull fiery vapor, red as blood. It fell perpendicularly on a pointed roof of mean appearance which would have been totally lost to observation amongst those of the adjoining houses, save for the meteoric glow which illumined it with peculiar intensity.

"Oh, good Martha, were I superstitious!" whispered a young girl to an old woman wrapped in a long black hooded cloak, by whom she was accompanied, and as she spoke she endeavoured to repress a slight tremor of apprehension, which, nevertheless she could not wholly conceal.

"Superstitious! say’st thou, my dear Jeanne," returned her companion, "is not this rainbow a sure token of a happy return", see you not it seems sent from the good ship herself, on purpose to tell us that those we expect are safe on board.
"Yes, but you cannot deny, good Martha, that it is a strange freak of this messenger of good tidings of his journey to rest in a globe of fire just over our abode: old Martin the pilot had always told me that such appearances betoken ill. Suppose we are deceived—and that yonder ship is not the Saint-Jacques at all."

"Nonsense, Jeanne, you know the report of her arrival has been spread about the country ever since early morning." "Yes," continued the old dame, "I shall see him again—after an absence of eight long months—ah! my sweet child! I could almost envy thee the eyes of sixteen—"

"Dearest Mother—for so you permit me to call you—dearest mother—oh!—how happy you will be!"

"And thou Jeanne! Surely thou hast not forgotten Vincent?—the Vincent who, as a parting gift, gave thee those ear-rings and that chain?—true, indeed,—since he sailed, he has not once written to us; but, to be sure, a mate, on board ship, has but little time—heere the old lady paused, then with a suppressed sigh and shake of the head, resumed—" He certainly, however, managed to send a letter to the good father Descaliers,—but he is a holy priest, and a learned scholar, so holy, so learned, that he deserves to be reverenced, almost like God himself."

"Yet for all that, mother, I think Vincent might have written to both of us, for, who can love him more than thou—or I?" concluded Jeanne—a blush mantling her cheek.

"I—perhaps!" at that moment exclaimed a voice, which the maiden recognised close behind her; and, as the words were spoken, an old man's hand was stretched forth in kindly greeting. It was the hand of Descaliers himself and the rosy lips of Jeanne pressed it with tender respect.

Both as a pious priest and learned professor, Descaliers seldom traversed the town of Dieppe without receiving from its inhabitants some marks of reverential respect. He commenced his studies as a mariner, but subsequently entered upon a monastic life. His acquaintance with astronomy caused him to be looked upon by the ignorant fishermen, as nothing less than a magician, and many would fain have consulted him on their future destinies; while the science of hydrography, to which he had paid particular attention, had early laid open to him the ports of a new world. Jacques Cousin, captain of the discovery ship, had been his pupil, and little did he then anticipate that he would one day become his successor. Next to Cousin, who, moreover, had much gratified his old master by distinguishing himself in naval engagement with the English, and whom Descaliers himself had instructed for the late maritime expedition, the most cherished of his pupils was Vincent Pinzon, originally a sailor belonging to Dieppe, and selected by Cousin to accompany him as mate of the Saint-Jacques. Nothing could exceed the kindness with which Vincent's first studies were superintended by the professor, except, indeed, the indulgence shown towards his youthful foibles by the priest. The young sailor's headstrong impetuosity, his haughty bearing, his jealous hatred of those who surpassed him, over all these defects of his ardent disposition, Descaliers was ever ready to cast a veil. Vincent had early distinguished himself as an expert sailor, and evinced both taste and daring for noble enterprises. The seamen of Dieppe had, at this period, been converted from a company of simple fishermen into a legion of hardy navigators, whose presence on the coasts of Guinea, in 1384, together with their knowledge of the compass, and the science of hydrography, had gained for them considerable reputation. None were better acquainted than Descaliers with the art of pilotation, (as applied to the direction of a ship in mid sea) and the meanest sailors of the port had gained the benefit of his experience. The return from her voyage of the adventurous "Saint-Jacques" could not then be otherwise regarded than as an event of exciting interest to the learned priest, as furnishing a practical test of the successful application of his scientific theories: but there were probably other reasons which made him anxious to hail her arrival.

Ever since Vincent Pinzon's departure, his late master had experienced a sort of blank, and he would frequently visit old Martha's house in the Pollet, with a view doubtless of obtaining from his poor mother tidings of the absent mate. As already noticed, Pinzon proved a lazy correspondent, and only Descaliers had received a letter from his pupil, but it was merely a sort of geographic delineation; so entirely
confined, indeed, to maritime subjects, as scarcely even to leave room for mention of his cousin Jeanne, who passed in the town for the mate’s sister.

Jeanne was a lovely girl of sixteen, her beauty distinguished by a complexion of dazzling family fairness, with long almond-shaped blue eyes, deeply shaded by silken fringes. Her smile was one of the sweetest imaginable, and her brown hair fell in rich clusters around her smooth white neck. From her elegantly moulded form, and, especially, from those tapering fingers which often distinguish the nobly descended, she might have been taken for the scion of some illustrious house, a relative, truly, of one of the lords of Eu: yet was she simply, but Jeanne, the daughter of old Martha Pinzon’s sister. Why Martha had adopted this niece and loved her even as her own child, was a query which could probably be solved by one man only in the town, and he the last to have disclosed the secret. Whatever this might be, Jeanne was brought up by her aunt with all the tenderness of a mother, and, on return, was the pride and comfort of her grey hairs, delighting the poor old woman with her playful gaiety as she sang the songs, or recited the marvellous legends of her country. Jeanne had been received by her aunt immediately on her mother’s death, and had no provision save the slender pittance of her aged relative, who, with the venerable Descaliers was her sole companion. But the lovely girl coveted no other intimates, for she was endowed with a mind and feelings of higher stamp than are ordinarily possessed by those belonging to the sphere in which she moved; moreover, she entertained an innate hope and reliance on a brighter future, a visionary structure, of which Vincent Pinzon was the corner stone. The mate was a young man of prepossessing exterior, with a countenance strongly indicative of the daring resolution which marked his character; his image, at the moment when they parted, was seldom absent from his cousin’s thoughts; and when, occasionally, she glanced at her own, in old Martha’s mirror, poor Jeanne had certainly the vanity to think that he whom she called brother, could not have quite forgotten her. She had embroidered a scarf for him, with the motto, “Sancte Jacobe, exaudi me!” and the good Descaliers, while intently watching the progress of her needle, had more than once detected a tear falling upon her silken work. And now the moment was arrived which would restore to her longing sight, the object of her young affections, the hero of her glowing imagination, the being whom her fancy had exalted so far above his fellows.

The three eager and anxious expectants, Martha, Jeanne and Descaliers, had been waiting for about an hour’s time when the pilot’s barque returned, and the former was speedily conducted by the captain of the port to the base of the Crab-tower, in the interior of which they proceeded to hold conference. It so happened, that, close against the window of the very apartment they had entered, Jeanne, forthwith elevated herself upon a wooden bench, in order to command a view, of what was at that moment passing “Oh! Master Descaliers,” exclaimed she, impatiently, “why cannot I hear what they are talking about. What would I not give to know whether the news they are discussing be good or ill! However, one thing is certain, the rainbow has disappeared!” “Trust in God, my dear child,” returned the priest, “rely on Him, in whose mighty hands are earth, and sea, and sky.” “Doubtless,” proceeded Descaliers, who continued in a lower tone to hold converse with himself, “Doubtless, cousin must have entertained the design of gaining that African coast with whose exploration he was charged, and must have advanced towards the South pole, by following an eastern course—Et exaudi nos in die qua invocarimus te!” concluded the venerable man, while a tear of mingled piety and professional enthusiasm stole down his cheek.

“Good father,” interrupted old Martha, “I heard some folks saying that the pilot looked disconsolate and alarmed when he came on shore, and that he demanded audience of the town council. Perhaps they have brought home with them some African prince.” “Or, perhaps, a lion,” continued Jeanne, “a noble lion, like that which licked the hands of Daniel in my illuminated bible.”

“Have you forgotten, dear Martha,” replied Descaliers, “that the town council is invested with maritime jurisdiction; see, here come the members, robed and hooded. Now they are here, awaiting her, the ship can make no longer delay.”
"Oh, this provoking fog!" exclaimed Jeanne, as she perceived the ocean undergoing a sudden change, which covered its surface with a light vapor.

"The weather is certainly growing overcast," returned the priest, "but by the help of my telescope I can clearly discern the Saint-Jacques, and her tacking about. She is making head, with the wind right in her favor, bearing her nobly onwards like a swan upon the waters. Look Jeanne, can you not discern the rigging through this glass. She comes! She comes! I can even distinguish the Fleurs de lis upon her flag!"

"Oh! 'tis true," returned the girl with transport, as she gazed through the telescope. "Thank God, this is happiness, indeed! but in eight long months, what may not have happened?" "And what new countries may not have been discovered?" added Descailiers, softly.

"My son, my only son, I shall see him again before I die," exclaimed Martha, looking up with gratitude to Heaven.

"Here, good mother," said the priest, addressing the old woman, look you through the glass, 'tis your turn now. A rare sailor, on my faith, is this Saint-Jacques," he continued, "no English arrow ever sped more swiftly; I warrant me there are plenty of brave Castilians in this crowd, who would give their ears for such a gallant craft. "Aec Maria!" he exclaimed, suddenly, as he drew a rosary from his violet colored robe, and threw himself prostrate on the quay pavement. "Kneel, my friends, kneel,—I see the master canonnier standing by his gun upon the deck. On your knees, and let us pray to God for returning to us our brethren."

He had scarcely spoken, ere the entire mass of the people on the quay had fallen prostrate as a single man.

The priest's voice was yet uplifted in prayer, when a magistrate asked him in a whisper, if he could procure him an indulgence. "At Rome, only, can such be purchased," returned Descailiers; "but, it would seem, then, my afflicted brother, that thou hast committed some heavy crime."

"Not so, father," replied the functionary, "but 'tis one such, truly, I am about to commit, for my conscience tells me, that the sentence you will shortly hear us pronounce, is none other than a crying injustice. It relates to——."

At this moment, a triple salute, from the cannon of the fort, welcomed the appearance of the Saint-Jacques, within a few waves' distance of Dieppe channel. The tide was in the ship's favor, and the wind delightfully swelled her sails. Although only a merchant vessel, she was nearly equipped as a ship of war, and all her crew now appeared under arms, while the assembled sailors of the port raised their voices aloud, in an uncouth song of greeting. The figure of Saint James, her patron saint, as it appeared at the ship's head, was adorned with feathers and foreign shells, much to the admiration of the good people of Dieppe; and the carpenter of the vessel had, moreover, on this important occasion, so highly colored the cheeks of the holy apostle, as to render him a more fitting representative of Bacchus, than of a holy apostle.

The eyes of the returned mariners now met the anxious gaze of their respective friends on shore, who clearly discerned that the countenances of the crew were overcast; neither were the greeting strains of the Dieppe sailors responded to by a single voice from on board the silently approaching vessel. Foremost on her deck stood the captain, Jacques Cousin, grasping his naked sword; he wore a rich Spanish mantle trimmed with furs, a velvet cap and a gold chain wound three times round his neck. Old Martha and Jeanne, supporting each other, had been long anxiously striving to distinguish the person of Vincent Pinzon the mate, when a scream suddenly burst from the lips of Jeanne; Martha fell on the quay pavement, and Descailiers rushed towards the ship; the eyes of the three had, at the same moment, rested on one object, a man tied with cords to the foot of the mast.

"Let justice be done, strict and impartial justice," exclaimed Jacques Cousin, in a loud voice. "Gentlemen of the City Council, I deliver this man into your hands; you have, doubtless, already heard from the pilot, and the captain of the port, the insubordination of Vincent Pinzon. He has made it his study constantly to oppose
and thwart our projects, endeavoring even to excite our crew to mutiny. The examination made by my orders into his conduct, together with the evidence of my officers and crew has been laid before you. Let nothing then retard your proceedings; and, for myself, I swear, that, I, Jacques Cousin, captain of the ship you have confined to my charge, will in nowise set foot in my native town, until Vincent Pinzon's insubordination has been duly punished! Again, I demand justice, impartial justice!" The captain's words were succeeded, first, by silent amazement, then, by murmurs, and even the town council, composed of the most upright magistrates seemed not to relish the serious duty thus imposed upon them; for Vincent Pinzon, as already noted, bore the reputation of being one of Dieppe's most skilful sailors. Jeanne, pale and terrified, sought out Descailiers in the crowd, and then threw herself at the feet of the mate's judges. Descailiers himself, proceeding in a boat to the ship's side, exerted all his eloquence to soften the heart of his old pupil, Jacques Cousin; but the captain remained inflexible, and ventured not to look the priest in the face, lest his resolution should give way. Old Martha had, meanwhile, been carried by some sailors to the pilot's apartment in the Crab-Tower, in a state of insensibility, and was thus spared the hearing of the sentence pronounced by the Town Council against her son. "We the chief magistrates of the maritime police of Dieppe, declare the mate, Vincent Pinzon, to be guilty of mutiny against his captain, and incapable of being henceforward employed on board the vessels of this port. His name shall be erased from the registers of the Admiralty, and from this day forward, both his services and pay shall cease. In consideration, however, of the happy return of the good ship Saint-Jacques, we inflict on him no further imprisonment than that to which he was subjected on his passage, and only sentence him to assist, barefoot, at the mass of thanksgiving to be celebrated for the successful issue of the expedition.

Done at Dieppe, this 15th August 1488."

Scarcely had this decree been read, when a cry of alarm and distress issued from the Crab-Tower: it was not uttered by the culprit’s mother, but by those who stood around her; anxiety and joy, fear and disappointment had proved too much for her aged frame, and poor Martha had breathed her last ere she could, again, embrace her son.

Released from his bonds, Pinzon was conducted by Jeanne and Descailiers to his melancholy home over whose threshold his parent's lifeless remains had just preceded him. He wept not, but, kneeling, kissed the cold forehead of the departed, and joined his voice with the accents of the maiden and the old priest, as they mournfully repeated their orisons for the dead. Not a single mariner, of Dieppe, however, accompanied Vincent at his mother's funeral, but beside him, wrapped in a Spanish cloak, walked a native of Castile who seemed to take an interest in the fate of the disgraced sailor, almost as strong as that evinced by his old master, Descailiers.

CHAPTER II.

Three years subsequent to the events just recorded Vincent Pinzon still continued to inhabit his late mother's residence, one of those cross-beamed, gable-ended habitations yet common in Dieppe. But one visitant ever crossed the threshold of this now melancholy abode, and that individual was the aged Descailiers. Intimately acquainted with Vincent's character, none knew so well as the priest, how deeply the mariner's spirit had been wounded at his punishment, and as the most probable means of restoring peace and oblivion to his embittered mind, Descailiers promoted his marriage with a ministering angel of devoted love: Jeanne had become his wife. The poor girl had, indeed, been deprived of every resource by the sudden death of her aged aunt, an event whereby Pinzon had been left, as it were, her sole and natural protector, yet not for this had she willingly bestowed her hand on the condemned, debased, dishonored sailor; not for this, but because her very existence was bound up in his, and because pity gave him the stronger claim upon her generous heart. Poor Jeanne! it was under truly gloomy auspices that her marriage was
contracted. The ceremony took place at midnight in the little chapel of the Pollet distinguished by its damp green walls and roof, then as now, hung with little wooden ships and votive offerings of the mariners—emblems, which reminding Vincent of his former profession, seemed to hang there in very mockery of him, as an outrage; Descaliers, too, with inward misgivings pronounced a blessing on the life of the fair bride, whilst Pinzon himself, absorbed in the engrossing thoughts of her daughter's state, which poisoned his existence, knew not half the value of the self-consecrated victim whom he now reconducted to her home.

Ever since the severe sentence which had been pronounced against him, the mate of the Saint-Jacques had, indeed, abandoned himself to the most gloomy bitterness of spirit. Three long years had thus been passed, till life itself had become an almost insupportable burthen; a weight such as a weak and timid man might have sought to throw off by a suicidal act; but not so the daring Vincent Pinzon, "death will release me" was never the contemplated solace which he tamely looked to; but "vengeance will repay me," constituted the consolatory thought, on which, in all its bearings, he loved to dwell.

The gloomy cemetery, the wild sea shore and the secluded valley were the three favorite haunts of his solitary footsteps; rarely was he met within the precincts of the town, for the very aspect of the port would draw tears of bitter anguish from his eyes. Often by early dawn would he climb the craggy mountains which stretch themselves along the coast where rises the ancient fort of the Pollet, and, as often, were his wanderings prolonged till nightfall. Temperate to an extreme he possessed not even the resource to be derived from indulgence in wine and revelry to drown reflection, and throwing himself, in his clothes for a few restless hours upon his pallet it was seldom but that he contemplated the sun's glorious rising from the ocean. Such was the life he led, and however monotonous and solitary it was, the days of the proscribed seaman passed not without their pleasures. Standing on surge beaten heights above the town, where he found or fancied himself to have become an object of scorn, his murmured curses on its denizens would often mingle with the voice of the tempest and of the hoarse roaring of the waves beneath him.

Ambition, that peridious counsellor, had alone led Pinzon to contemn authority; despising his captain, knowing himself to be the better seaman, and that Cousin was next to helpless without the assistance of his mate, he could not endure the yoke of a superior, above whom, in every thing, save in station, he found himself immeasurably exalted. Often, whilst yet a boy, had he braved and overcome the terrors of the ocean in the conduct of a crazy boat, and, growing up to manhood, with the persuasion that in his aspiring musings he was a very monarch of the sea, he thought that destiny had called him to enact a lofty part on earth; hated, though respected by his comrades, on account of his superiority, even before he was expelled their ranks, he was ever eager to attract the notice of men of rank. An embroidered velvet mantle was ever with him an object of coveted respect, and many were his day-dreams of costly palaces, sparkling jewels, and slaves obedient to his will. What, then, to a heart like his, ever agitated by ambitious and restless hopes, were the soothing placid endearments of devoted love.

Now that it was too late, Descaliers reproached himself for having fostered in his pupil those daring aspirations which had become his bane, and exposed him to a punishment which, although severe, was, nevertheless, just. Far, however, was it from the good old priest, in the hour of adversity and disgrace, to desert a man who, besides all former claims upon his regard, possessed the claim of Jeanne's husband. As for Vincent, he had begun to look upon Descaliers more as an object of fear than of love—fear, which at certain moody seasons approximated very nearly to feelings of absolute hatred—and there were moments when he felt inclined to curse him for the knowledge he had acquired from his old master, together, with the fatality, which had made Jacques Cousin and himself fellow pupils; for, to the mate's diseased mind, it appeared a crime in Descaliers even to have assisted in the education of a man who had trampled him to the earth, in return—for what? Why, for having, times without number preserved his good ship from certain destruction—besides he owed the priest no good will (great, as might have been the obligation) of
having been the means of uniting his own cursed existence with that creature of a woman, whom he felt incapable of rendering happy, and of whom his conscience whispered him to be unworthy ——. And yet, next to her—his devoted wife—Descaliers was the best, indeed, the only friend who adhered to the fallen fortunes of the disgraced mariner, who never failed to address him with words of consolation, and never lost an opportunity of striving to fan into a cheerful blaze the embers of hope that seemed to smoulder in his bosom.

There was one circumstance that greatly excited the priest’s surprise; it was the extreme difficulty of obtaining a reply from Pinzon when questioned concerning the particulars of his voyages; nor on such points was he more communicative even to Jeanne, for Vincent studiously avoided all conversation with her on the subject of his maritime life. The few professional relics which he had brought from his ship were enclosed in a little box, never opened, and, day and night, he wore the key around his neck.

Had the mental malady of the unhappy mate been such as to admit of cure, it must certainly have yielded to the affectionate endeavours of his devoted wife to heal his wounded spirit and allay his burning thirst for vengeance. Jeanne had of late noticed her husband’s absences from home as more frequent and longer than they used to be, and she was totally at a loss to guess whither he went. Ever disposed to commiserate his situation and reward his punishment as one of unjust severity, Jeanne had for some time entertained the project of endeavouring to soften the hearts of his judges in his favor. She would attempt that which even Descaliers had failed in effecting; she would present herself before the Council, and move it’s members, by prayers and tears to reverse the sentence they had pronounced. Accordingly, while Vincent was sleeping, accompanied by the priest, she one morning repaired to the city chamber. The first person whom, to her consternation, she beheld on entering, was none other than Vincent’s old captain, Jacques Cousin. Beside him stood a man richly attired in the Castilian costume. His Spanish mantle was trimmed with the most costly fur, and as he stood in the embrasure of a window, engaged in close conversation with the captain, a fragrant odor exhaled itself from his perfumed gloves, whilst he carelessly beat them together in speaking.

“Signor Castilian,” said Jacques Cousin, “with the greatest pleasure would I lay before you the chart of the countries I have explored, but, unfortunately, the mate of my ship, a man whose name, three years ago, was erased for ill-conduct from the Admiralty rolls, confessed on his examination that he had thrown the register of our expedition into the sea;—shame on his infamous treachery!”

“So, then,” returned the Spaniard, “you cannot gratify my curiosity?”

“No, Signor, and I can only regret my inability to serve, or rather please you, for doubtless, you would have examined the journal of our voyage, only with a view to amusement—as a noble gentleman delighting in novelties,” said Cousin, looking fixedly at the enquirer. “You and the stranger depart to-morrow?”

“To-morrow.”

Therefore my noble Signor, I must refer you to the worthy Vincent Pinzon.”

On hearing some portions of the above discourse, poor Jeanne’s courage failed her, the meditated prayer died upon her lips, and her knees shook beneath her. At this moment Jacques Cousin recognised Descaliers, and respectfully saluting his old master, enquired the name and business of the woman by whom he was accompanied.

“Tis the wife of your former mate, once the companion of your studies,” returned Descaliers.—“She comes.” “To implore your pardon for her husband,” interrupted Jeanne; “have not three years of punishment sufficed to blot out his offences? mortifications, wretchedness and distress have fallen heavily upon us: for, spite of the charitable succour of this worthy priest, want has entered our door.”

“I am sorry for you my good woman,” returned Jacques Cousin, really moved at her distress, and the recollections of his old mate and fellow-student;”—“but what do you desire?—as for your husband’s restoration to the service, that is a matter entirely dependent on the council, whose sentence cannot, I think, be reversed—All I can at present promise, is, that Vincent Pinzon shall hear from me between this
time and evening.—Having thus spoken, he offered his arm to the Castilian, and quitted the chamber. The Spaniard’s countenance seemed not wholly unknown to Jeanne; she had some recollection of having seen it on the day of old Martha’s funeral. She had since observed a similar looking personage loitering beneath the window of their dwelling, or crossing Pinzon’s path, as if desirous of holding parley with him. The mate’s doors, as before noticed, were closed against every individual, save Descaillers, and his wife was, therefore, not a little astonished, on the very evening of her application to Captain Cousin, to see the Castilian make his sudden appearance in the little apartment where she sat beside her husband busied in making lace.

The mariner’s agitation, on beholding his visitor, was strongly perceptible.—"I am at your service, Senor,—I will instantly follow you," he hastily exclaimed, even before the Spaniard had time to speak.—"Jeanne," added he, as though to reassure her, "I shall return in an hour, but you had better go to rest." So saying, he kissed her on the forehead with an air of hope and joy utterly inexplicable to his wondering wife, who also observed that he had taken and held under his arm the little box which had never been opened in her presence.

Vincent’s foot was yet on his threshold, when a man wearing the Admiralty livery, and carrying a bag of money, accosted him.—"I have brought this for you," he said, offering him the coin.

"For me! you are doubtless mistaken," replied Vincent, "tis not assuredly for me,—from whom should I receive money?
"From Captain Jacques Cousin."
"Cap-tain Cou-sin," muttered the mate between his compressed teeth,—Ah! ‘tis he then who hath sent thee. Well! I return, and tell this Captain Cousin, that Vincent Pinzon the mariner of Dieppe is dead,—defunct,—Go!—are thy feet nailed to the ground?—Go! I say, and quickly. Jeanne vainly endeavoured to calm her husband’s irritated feelings.—"See’st thou," he exclaimed, "instead of my being re-instated, they send me money,—insult me with their charity!"

After this rough dismissal of the Captain’s envoy, Vincent pulled his cap over his brows, and, despite of the bitter cold and rain, accompanied the stranger to one of the most solitary spots of the steep shore adjacent to the town. On several previous occasions the inhabitants of the Pollet had observed him ascending the cliffs similarly accompanied, and, as many believed, holding converse with the devil. On the present night their parley was but brief.

"So thy resolution is taken," said the stranger.
"Most firmly," replied Pinzon.
"And thou consentest to embark this very night for Spain?"
"For Spain, this night."
"And thy wife?"
"You have promised to secure her an annual pension of a thousand livres, to be transmitted through a trusty agent."
"That is already done."
"But I have a right, Senor, to be fully assured."
"Behold, then, the proof in this paper."
"Tis well, and as far as this fitful moonlight permits me to examine, it seems regularly drawn."
"But what dost thou with that box?"
"It contains my clothes," answered Vincent.
"See’st thou yonder Frigatina advancing towards us with the rowers’ utmost speed."
"I see her well, and that she bears the Castilian flag."
"How rapidly she approaches, but yet not so swiftly as to prevent my taking one farewell glance at my native town."
"Look not backwards," said the Spaniard, "or, perchance, thou may’st falter in thy resolution."
"I falter! no, Senor, you know me not."

Vincent Pinzon folding his arms stood for a moment lost in contemplation of the port and towns as they lay wrapped in quietude beneath him; the city spires stood out clearly defined against the moonlit sky; now tears of indignant emotion fell
from the mariner’s eyes, as they rested on the tattered sail which supplied the place of a standard on the Crab-Tower.—For the last three years he had daily and nightly gazed on this tower, as a man, sternly eyeing his inveterate foe;—before the walls of that building his sentence had been pronounced, and, within it, his mother had breathed her last, ere she had time to bless him, and welcome his return. Having descended the cliff with all the activity of a wild-cat eager for its prey, he threw himself into the Castilian Frigate, exclaiming, as it pushed from shore:—

“AT LENGTH I SHALL BE REVENGED.—YES, I SHALL BE REVENGED.

Two months and four days had elapsed since the departure of Christopher Columbus from the port of Palos. The fleet equipped for the expedition of discovery consisted of three ships or Caravels, namely, la Pinta, la Nina and la Santa-Maria.

Columbus sailed in the latter. The wind was blowing fresh, and the caravels proceeding under full canvas. The admiral stood on deck, before him, the astrolabe, and, beside him, with the sounding lead, Pedro Gutierrez, formerly valet to Queen Isabella. Rodriguez, Salcedo, admiral of the fleet, and Sanchez de Segovia, commissary of war were with Columbus, with eager interest examining a few floating green and yellow herbs which seemed to have been recently detached from some adjacent rock or island.

“Let some one bring hither Captain Vincent Pinzon from on board the Nina,” said Columbus.

The captain of the Nina was presently on the admiral’s deck, and Columbus instantly led him to the poop of the vessel, conversing in a low tone of voice. “So Captain,” said he, “there have been no murmurings during the last two days.”

“Not any, admiral; the tokens of land are becoming more frequent. Birds have flown so near my caravel, that a sailor killed this with a stone. They have also caught an emperor and a dorado.”

“The birds come from the north?”

“And fly southwards, as I led your highness to observe. Again, I repeat, land cannot be far distant.”

“You are right Captain Vincent—but you were certainly deceived on the last occasion, when you cried out, land! land!

Nay—your highness forgets that it was merely a stratagem to awaken the crews from their despondency, and I afterwards explained to my men that clouds sometimes produce fictitious appearances.

“And how passed off the evening prayers?

“Well!”—Your Highness must have already observed that the needle varied yesterday above a quarter of the circle and that it remains this day fixed at the north. The two stars that we call Sentinels were together in the west, during the night, and when day began to break they met in the north east.

Tis true; and I have explained this phenomenon to my pilots who were equally astonished and alarmed thereat; but the confidence with which I have been enabled inspire them will doubtless be generally communicated to the crews.

“Probably—but mind, your Highness still remembers that we set sail unfortunately on a Friday.

True—it was on a Friday the same day of the week, Captain, as that on which Don Juan de Colonna, secretary of state, recommended you to my notice. You had known him, I believe, for some time previously?

Pinzon seemed embarrassed as Columbus proceeded.—“It was he, if I mistake not, who induced you to become a naturalized Spaniard?”

“None other,” returned Vincent, “and it was he to whom I imparted my ardent desire of joining in your glorious expedition.”

Besides a pension of ten thousand maravedis, and the velvet mantle promised by King Ferdinand to the discoverer of new lands, you know Vincent Pinzon, that I have received blank commissions from Don Juan.”

“I know it,” replied the Mariner of Dieppe;—“you are a skilful seaman Captain Vincent,” pursued the Admiral, “and come from a town which boasts of producing many.—Wherefore did you leave it?”

“To follow Christopher Columbus, Admiral and Viceroy, in all seas; for such I
believe are the titles with which your contemplated discovery would invest you?"  
"The articles of the treaty signed April 19, 1482, were certainly to this effect."  
"Have you any further commands Admiral?"  
"None, except as yesterday, to keep every sail furled except one on the lower forecast, and to keep up signals, lest the caravels should be parted by a gale." Here the conversation was interrupted by the approach of Rodriguez Salcedo.  
"Adieu, Captain, for the present," said Columbus, pressing Vincent's hand as he took his leave to return on board his ship.—"Adieu, and may God be favorable to our wishes."  

Various emotions had been visible on the expressive countenance of Columbus during the above colloquy with the Captain of the Nina; often, though he scarcely knew why, had he looked with mistrust on Vincent Pinzon, but as his captain, and yet more as his most skilful, experienced and prudent pilot, he found his aid necessary, and he was therefore a person not to be slighted.—The confidence displayed by Pinzon on all the doubtful points whereon they had held a consultation, and the extent to which his opinions had been borne out by events, appeared to the Admiral little short of supernatural intelligence. Columbus' feelings were those of a sublime speculator in pursuit of a new world, and each unlooked-for phenomenon, each unexpected variation of wind caused his mind to vacillate like the light of a flaring flame.—Great was his resolution, but it was courage wrestling in all the horrors of doubt.  

Far different was it with Vincent Pinzon—his was the fixed immutable conviction of experience, for, had he not before sounded these very seas in company with Jacques Cousin? When receiving him as his officer and companion on the recommendation of Don Juan Colonna, (Pinzon's mysterious visitant at Dieppe,) little, indeed, was it suspected by the noble minded Columbus, that the heart of that individual about to be enrolled amongst his crew, was stained with the blackest treachery to his native soil—treason! that crime so odious, so unpardonable, so rarely heard of in the land of Spain. Nothing, indeed, could appear more natural to the Admiral than Vincent's desire to accompany his expedition, and the zeal and activity he displayed in forwarding its departure. The inhabitants of Dieppe held intimate relations with those of Castile, and it was a frequent custom, on the departure of a Dieppe vessel on an extended voyage to take on board either a Spaniard or Portuguese, to serve as interpreter or factor. There was, consequently, nothing at all extraordinary in the reciprocity of such a procedure. Besides, scarcely even could Vincent Pinzon be regarded as a Frenchman; the Z. in his name made him evidently a Spaniard. For the last six months he had resided at Palos, where, thanks to the liberality of Don Juan Colonna, he lived in style and affluence. The appointment of such a man as the Captain of the Nina, was sufficient, in Don Juan's opinion, to ensure the success of Columbus. Vincent having proved to Colonna his acquaintance with the seas about to be explored—on the return of the expedition, the reward for discovery, though not the honor, was to be Pinzon's portion.  

Great had been the change of personal appearance wrought during the last six months in the late Mariner of Dieppe, now Captain of the Nina. Embroidery and feathers had succeeded the seaman's poor woollen dress, and the downcast, moody aspect of his disgraced existence had been exchanged in Andalusia, for a deportment of confident assurance! but, altered as was his outward mien, the mind of Vincent Pinzon remained the same—his hatred unabated, his thirst of vengeance unappeased. It was with feelings of exquisite delight, that he daily watched, while ploughing the ocean, the gradual unfolding of that wondrous book, with whose every page he was acquainted—he could easily have told the Admiral the name of each shoal, perceived or avoided by Jacques Cousin, but he was content with pointing out the course he thought it advisable to hold, and the necessity of bearing more Southward than Columbus was disposed to do. Intimately connected as were all his individual feelings, hopes and fears with the issue of the expedition, Vincent's irritation and anxiety may be easily imagined on finding the sailors utterly discouraged, and loudly demanding to return. "Return!" he resolutely repeated, while raising his voice as he stood surrounded by murmurers on the deck of the Nina.—

[ Court Magazine. ]
“Return! Heaven forbid that we should entertain so cowardly a thought—shame on your weakness! Forward! God is with us, and land before us!

Not content with exhortation, Pinzon also employed other means of encouragement to rouse the drooping spirits of his crew:—he would occasionally distribute among them double rations of wine and rice, and allow them to profit by the numerous fish and birds taken around the ship. Neither did Vincent forget to kneel and address God in fervent and sincere, though impious prayer—that the aspects, both of sea and sky might prove favorable to his contemplated revenge.

When night thickened around the little fleet, and all was wrapt in silence, Pinzon would frequently fix his sleepless eye upon the feeble light gleaming from the admiral's cabin window. “He watches,” thought the captain of the Nina, “aye, he pursues his work, indefatigable seeker as he is! His midnight vigils are for glory; Nina, for revenge. Oh, if it were now my wish, a single word would make me a mighty leader,” for these men, these crews who pass their lives in mutiny against their master would raise me for a season to such dangerous eminence! Science of the past! I thank thee for the present service that thou dost me! Watch in peace Columbus, examine quietly thy treasured charts, carefully observe the course of each star, the flight of every bird; those stars and birds to which I am already known, on which I have so often gazed from the deck of my excellent Captain Cousin—yet for a season must I be content to crawl, but by crawling I shall climb to vengeance within a few miles of the land we are nearing! I raised Cousin’s crew in mutiny, but those of Columbus I shall peaceably conduct towards the unknown shores.——Again, I say, watch good admiral; compass in hand, take heedful observation, but for me, already methinks I scent the odor of fruits and flowers borne on the breath of spring from yonder unknown regions. Here in this coffer lined with lead; here admiral lies thy talisman, the register, the journal of our expedition written under Cousin's command. The life of thy crew, thy own glory and that of Spain—and, what is worth them all, with them the revenge of Vincent Pinzon, abide within this coffer——and if it fell into the sea, still, admiral, thou shouldst have it, yes, thou shouldst receive it from my hands stiffening in dying agony; to save the precious treasure I would even contend with mortal struggle against the impetuous waves.

CHAPTER IV.

“That savage spirit, which would lull by wrath
His desperate escape from duty’s path.
Glares round thee.”

The Island Canto I.

At sunrise, on the 8th of October 1492, a cannon shot resounded from the caraval la Nina then bearing a-head of her two companions. This was taken at first for the signal of land, but the marines soon found their hopes delusive, and, from their momentary exultation fell, instantly, into deeper despair. Columbus had never wholly succeeded in quieting the murmurs of his crews, and, on this occasion they burst forth with redoubled violence, the men openly declaring that they would compel him to sail direct for Europe—threatening even the Admiral's life in case of non-compliance.

“He's a mere adventurer,” cried some. “One who has nothing to lose, let him pretend as he will to bear the king's authority, what care we? We'll throw him overboard and say in Spain that he got drowned by accident!”' others complained, that their provisions were failing, whilst some vociferated “La Santa María has sprung a leak!” “Drown him! drown the adventurer!” vociferated a host of voices. See, the wind is changing and carries us out of our course.” “What awful lightening! murmured Rodriguez Salcedo devoutly crossing himself.”

The demon of the storm had, indeed, flapped his dark wings heavily over the ocean, whose waves, rising in tumult round the vessels, seemed emulous to outvie the hoarse murmurs of their mutinous crews. Columbus, standing on deck with folded arms, calmly surveyed the double indications of coming tempest and revolt. Several of the mutineers now fiercely brandished their axes, and some proceeding to—May, 1841.
yet farther, dared even dispute with Columbus the passage into his cabin. The Admiral's countenance at this downfall to his hopes and resistance to his authority against which he had no power, successfully, to contend, was unusually pallid: fear blanched not his cheek, but he was bodily weak, having recently recovered from a severe attack of gout, a complaint which frequently compelled him to confine himself to his bed. His long sword, nevertheless, still reposed peacefully in it's velvet sheath, even during this moment of peril, whilst the eyes of the noble Genoese rested devoutly on an image of Notre Dame of Palos, suspended to a mast rocked by the wind.

So great was the darkness occasioned by the storm which we have just spoken of, that, in order to examine his chart, Columbus was compelled to demand a light. There was, however, none on board the Santa Maria, Salcedo having given secret orders to extinguish them all, from apprehension that the ship might be set on fire; but, at the Admiral's request, a man hastened from on board the Nina with a horn lanthorn, and, as he approached, Columbus addressed a few soothing words to several of the most infuriated malcontents. This individual was none other than Pinzon, who, alone, in the midst of all the surrounding tumult, preserved an air of bold, unruffled confidence—firm as had been his courage, Columbus' hopes had begun to falter, but they instantly revived at beholding the captain of the Nina, whom he was wont involuntarily to regard as a sort of familiar demon, whose presence he almost dreaded, yet on whose council he was ever glad to depend. On perceiving Vincent, he became deaf to the angry clamors of those around him, and utterly insensible to the threats of the cowardly desperados who talked of nothing less than binding him and throwing him into the sea. "Bind the admiral!" exclaimed Pinzon, "who dare say it?" "I" replied Nunez, "it was I, the pilot of this vessel; I have at home a wife and aged mother whose sole dependance is on me. And these are the only means by which I am ever likely to rejoin them." As he thus spoke, Nunez, who was backed by several of his comrades, shewed Vincent a thick knotted rope lying coiled upon the deck. "Miserable wretch," cried the captain of the Nina, "lay a hand upon Columbus if thou darest—knowest thou what it is to bind a man; perchance thou mightest not—but—I do—yes, well! come on and try," Nunez advanced, one step—two; ere the third, a hatchet hastily snatched up by Pinzon had claven the head of the unfortunate pilot. A howl of rage succeeded this prompt execution, while Columbus, placing himself before the executioner, defended him with his naked sword. The murmurers were, however, somewhat intimidated, and, ultimately, induced to listen to their admiral who solemnly assured them, that, if in three days, no land appeared, he would at once deliver himself up to their vengeance.

While Columbus was yet speaking, a sudden gust of wind separated the Santa Maria from the other two caravels—and the admiral's ship was left without a pilot. "Who" cried the sailors, "will now supply the place of Nunez?"

"I will—if you wish it admirals," returned Pinzon "my first mate can direct the Nina's course until to-morrow, for this night my services are your's!"

For three whole nights was the Santa Maria exposed to the fury of the tempest, and Heaven awfully threatened to belie the hopes of the admiral. Vincent Pinzon still acting as his pilot, became, during those three dreadful nights, as it were the shadow of Columbus standing by his side when the storm was raging highest, and, with a finger on the chart, composedly pointing out the course it was advisable to follow. On the third night Pinzon and the admiral were together in the father's cabin, the wind still continuing to blow with tremendous violence. "Prytho take some rest, admirals," said Vincent, "and let me keep watch alone. I am younger than thou and fatigue harms me not."

"Pinzon," returned Columbus, "surely Pinzon, you can never think it—I slumber! I take rest! when to-morrow, to-morrow I have promised them . . . . "And your promise, admirals, will be fulfilled. Here are a piece of stick and a plank wrought by human hands, which have been brought towards us by the storm."

"Storm! Vincent Pinzon," returned the admiral, shaking his head, "storm! It is always storm, but, again, I ask, dost thou not remember what I told them: said I not, in three day's time I will give you a new world, and now this third day is come, and but a few short hours remain for the fulfillment of my promise."
"God will yet take pity on us," exclaimed Vincent energetically, "even now the ship tosses less heavily, and the wind is beginning to sink." At this instant a vivid flash of lightning illumined the cabin. Pinzon and the admiral crossed themselves, but the former continued, with confidence:—"You may rely upon it, that on sounding, in a few hours bottom will be found. Is not Vincent Pinzon your pilot?" "And my friend," added Columbus; "but if I must needs confess it, I have ere now, and could at this moment almost suspect thee to be a phantom." "A phantom said'st thou admiral, thou art right; I am, indeed, the phantom of what I once was," murmured Vincent with a sigh. Columbus had no time to guess the hidden meaning of these words, the conversation being interrupted by clamorous outcries proceeding from the deck, and mingling in fearful chorus with the voice of the still reigning tempest. The admiral and Pinzon hastened by their presence to calm the tumult, and by again holding forth hopes which, however, the latter alone really entertained. The Pinta, which was the foremost caravel, had wholly disappeared and was conjectured to be lost, while the Nina conducted by Pinzon's mate betokened her distress by signal lights. Of all on board the Santa Maria, one individual alone seemed to rise superior to the horrors of that dreadful night; it was Columbus' new pilot, who seeming to command the waves, kept the ship's cutwater continually towards the south. The admiral approaching, demanded (in a low voice) what he really thought. "I think," returned, Pinzon, "that save thyself admiral, there is no one to be pitied on board this caravel." "Thou dost pity me, then," said Columbus, "thou can'st pity, while others are enfuriated. Vincent Pinzon, I believe thou hast a noble heart!" The admiral's eulogium brought a deep red flush into Pinzon's cheek, but at such a moment it attracted no attention from Columbus, who continued:—"Yes, Pinzon, thou alone hast comprehended my aim and can't do me justice. God only knowth what may be the issue of this fearful struggle, but if I die, thou canst at least bear witness how I have borne me in these closing scenes of trial. The journal of this expedition thou shalt this night seal in my presence and put in a bottle to be committed to the waves. Then, if I am doomed to perish, the victim of these enfuriated men, these pages concluded by the lightning's glare will give silent testimony to the truth. I shall enter my cabin; remain thou on deck and give the necessary orders. In a quarter of an hour I shall expect thee." The furious raging of the winds and waves had absolutely imparted a secret joy to the breast of Vincent Pinzon, for Jacques Cousin in a similar latitude had experienced a similar tempest. The violence of the gale had now, however, gradually abated, and appearances began to augur favorably for the safety of the ship, when Pinzon descended from the deck into the admiral's cabin.

His pale careworn countenance illuminated by the feeble rays of a small lamp, Columbus slept, overpowered by fatigue; and, open on a table beside him lay the journal of the voyage. Vincent Pinzon advanced cautiously, opened his pourpoint and drew forth from his bosom the register written by Jacques Cousin and by him believed to have been lost. "Here they are face to face," murmured Vincent. "To which, now, of these glorious wrestlers will the palm be awarded? Why, that depends on me! Yes, my ungrateful native city, here thou art matched against the proud land of Spain; here thou art Jacques Cousin my old comrade, weighed in the balance with the mighty admirable Christopher Columbus."

Pinzon then proceeded in silence to institute a careful comparison page by page, between the two documents. That of his late commander was a most important step in advance of the other, for Cousin had, actually, though by accident, touched upon the very shore towards which the sleeping Columbus was then only stretching forth his arms, in the fond imagination of a dream.

"We are lost!" murmured Pinzon, "we are utterly lost if in a few hours we behold not land! Hitherto, indeed, this history of our former expedition has been verified; but if this tempest should be followed by a calm, if the wind should cease to favor us! . . . . "It will favor us," cried Columbus, suddenly starting from his sleep. "But what book Pinzon is that you're holding. It looks like a marine journal, come, give it me, my pilot."

A mortal shudder ran through the frame of Vincent Pinzon, and he bounded sud-
denly backwards, like a tiger discovered in his lair. "Give you this book admiral! no, never! This book, I tell you, is as self destroying as ardent fire, as keen as sharpened steel. If you touch it, even for a moment, you will kill me admiral: yes, you will kill me even as I destroyed your would-be murderer Nunez!"

A latent gleam of indefinable joy, totally at variance with his last words, shot across Pinzon’s dark countenance as he gave them utterance. An irresistible power seemed to tell him that he had gone too far to recede. That now was the time for Christopher Columbus to learn from his own mouth the (almost) certain success of his vengeance, and, accordingly with the air of another Mephistopheles, in the presence of another Faust, he tendered the precious book. ... Then Columbus stretched forth his hand to take it, he experienced an involuntary sensation of dread, partaking of those mingled feelings of mistrust and deference with which he had ever regarded the bold captain of the Nina. — Nor, could he have guessed it, was there lacking substantial cause for the admiral’s vague alarm, for the hand of Vincent Pinzon was, at that moment, grasping the agate handle of a long dagger concealed in the folds of his cloak, as stedfastly regarding Columbus he stood ready to spring upon him, in case he should act otherwise than according to his pleasure. For nearly a quarter of an hour had Columbus continued to turn over the pages of the register, when, suddenly, a mist seemed to gather before his sight, and he fell back pale, and nearly insensible, in his arm chair. "Does the admiral desire water?" cried Pinzon, hastening to a reservoir suspended near Columbus’ bed. "What thinks the admiral of my old master captain Cousin?"

This name aroused Columbus from his stupor, and, opening his eyes with the bewildered air of one just awakened from a dream, he demanded of Pinzon whence he had obtained the journal.

"From Captain Jacques Cousin, with whom I have already navigated these seas."

A hideous spectre seemed conjured up before the Admiral’s gaze.—

"From Captain Cousin saidst thou—and thou wert with him?"

"Yes, Admiral, I was his mate, and in that capacity kept the register of his expedition."

Columbus regarded Pinzon with a sternly searching gaze.—"But how is it," he slowly resumed, "how is it thou canst betray a man like him; for, surely, a bold adventurous genius, and a lofty spirit must belong to the first discoverer of this virgin soil;—like myself, doubtless, he has devoted his sleepless nights to study, and grown grey in ...

"Pardon me, Admiral, he was a young man."

"A young man, saidst thou? shame and misery!" exclaimed Columbus, bitterly, the dream of my whole existence, my glorious, my beloved, my beautiful dream, accomplished four years ago! and by one in the hey-day of his youth! oh! but," he resumed, "again taking up the registers, "that is utterly impossible, he can only have discovered by merest accident this world which has been the object of my incessant, untiring pursuit, this world, to which I shall bequeath my name, wherein I shall fix my abode, my regal, my magnificent abode.—Oh! yes, this world, this world on which I am about to set foot, is mine, only mine!—Am I not Columbus, the persevering Columbus, who, undeterred by repeated discouragements, unrepulsed by reiterated refusals, at length won the fostering favor of the royal Isabella?—Yes, I am Columbus, but who, and what art thou? a creature of human mould, or a spirit risen from the deep?"

"These words burst from the Admiral’s lips with an almost phrenzied rapidity; after a moment’s pause he resumed in a calmer tone, “man or devil, Vincent Pinzon, thou hast acted a demon’s part in thus betraying thy commander.”

"Yes, I have betrayed him—I have sold you his secret, page by page; ’tis true, I am a wretch, a base—but then, I am avenged—that man had dared to bind and tie me to a mast, even as Nunez would have fettered thee, that man had driven me with disgrace from my loved possession, caused my name to be blotted from the archives of my native town, and opened a grave before the tottering footsteps of my aged mother, even when she was hastening to meet and welcome her sailor-son’s return.—All this did Jacques Cousin, and now Admiral, comprehendest thou me!!"
"Is this your captain's only journal?" demanded Columbus.
"The only one, and he believed it to have been thrown into the sea, by his mate Vincent Pinzon."
"And what say'st thou, would this same Pinzon think, if bound hand and foot, I caused him to be thrown into the sea? . . . . this journal is now mine, and furnishes me with certainty instead of doubt.—Thou art but a fitful traitor, and if I chose—"
"But you will not choose; in the first place, Admiral, because my death would render you no service; in the second, because not five days since I saved your life!"
Columbus remained silent for a moment,—"Go, then," said he, "for a base miscreant, as thou art."
"Admiral," resumed Pinzon, calmly, "on one point let your mind be easy.—This secret has never been sold except to the minister Don Juan Colonna, and I should never, except in a moment of imminent peril have confessed my shame to Christopher Columbus.—Admiral, the day is breaking,—the day on which land is promised them."
"Land! land! yes, I know that I shall speedily behold it;—but to whom now does this world belong? to me!"
"To you, Admiral, said Pinzon, approaching the cabin window near which they were speaking; he opened it, and the gentle breath of morning which had succeeded the late furious gale, came laden with perfumes from some neighbouring shore.
"Ah! well I know ye," murmured Pinzon, apostrophising the remembered odors, "sure tokens of the land of flowers, the land of gold on which these Spaniards are about to pounce.—Admiral," he continued, audibly, "perceive ye not a light yonder?"
"Santa Maria," exclaimed Columbus, "it moves, as though carried by some human hand—Oh! my heart, my heart, thou wilt break with joy!"—Tears burst from his eyes as he spoke; but suddenly turning towards Pinzon with a bewildered air.—"What wouldst thou require? what demand of me, Vincent Pinzon? my persecutor, my tormentor, avaunt thee!—Seest thou not, that spirit of thy accursed presence, the storm is lulled beneath the arm of the Almighty?—kneel, Pinzon, if thou can'st, and let us thank God for the termination of our perilous voyage!"
Columbus fell prostrate before a crucifix in his cabin—and, when he rose, a dark line was clearly discernible in the morning light. The shores of his new world lay indeed, stretched before his view.
"And now Admiral," said Pinzon, let these pages be destroyed for ever!" so saying, he set fire to the journal by the Admiral's lamp, and, at the same moment the chant of Te Deum resounded from the Pinta.
Columbus, accompanied by Pinzon, that day landed, bearing the royal standard, and took possession of America in the names of Ferdinand of Aragon, and Isabella of Castile!

It was upwards of seven months since Columbus had set sail from the port of Palos, and for the last week reports of his return had been current throughout the city. The streets and the shores were every where lined with expectant groups dressed in their gayest attire, while the bells awaited but a signal from the port cannon to pour forth their merriest peals from every steeple. The sea was covered with barques and frigates, and many of those belonging to persons of consequence were fitted up with rich and luxuriant couches, whereon their owners might recline at ease, while waiting the presence of the fleet. It was on this occasion that a man was seen approaching, towards night fall, the cathedral church of Palos. Having gained an entrance by a side door, this individual found himself in the presence of three masked inquisitors, a position, for which, however, he seemed fully prepared.
"Vincent Pinzon," asked the first of these officials, are you willing to affirm before a priest the facts you have asserted. Is it to yourself or Columbus that the honor of discovery is due?"
"The proofs of my veracity are already in your hands, returned Pinzon. It was I who first saw a light in the island, on the night of the 11th of October, and justly mine are those honors which moreover Columbus cannot personally receive, because how anxiously soever expected, he will not arrive. Separated by tempest from the Admiral's caravel, I have performed but my duty in landing at the port of Palos, and sending a written report to the king and queen. Now convey me, if you please, into the presence of a priest, before whom I am ready to repeat all that I have told you.
An officer was then dispatched by the inquisition to summon the padre Aranjuez, confessor to the queen, but he being unable to attend, a poor monk was brought to supply his place. On the Father's entrance, Pinzon started and turned pale, for he instantly recognised the well known features of Descaliers. "Thou here! he involuntarily exclaimed." "Yes, I am here," sternly replied the priest—"Judas as thou art, to cover thee with confusion, and tell thee that Heaven is well nigh tired of thy crimes. Since thou so well remembered the old man, Descaliers, perchance thou canst also recall to memory a woman whose name was Jeanne. Double traitor and trafficker in secrets, I have one for thy private information; this Jeanne, thy fond and faithful wife, thou art her murderer, for she drowned herself in sinful despair, at thy abrupt and mysterious disappearance. For myself, thy instructor, and adoptive father, thou hast been the means of driving me an exile, from my native city, to hide in a cloister, the shame and grief thou hast brought upon me.—Yes, thou hast torn from an old man's heart the only two objects of his affection, his beloved city and his darling child, for Jeanne was my daughter—Yes, truly, my daughter—a poor innocent, to whom my parent arms were never opened, and to whom my lips never confided the secret of her birth. This fault of my youth, I have striven, still strive to expiate by penance and by prayer.—But, thou vile worker of iniquity; it is crime upon crime thou delightest to heap up. What dost thou at this moment, but lay an unjust claim to what is not thy due. Not content with the gold thou hast received in recompense of thy treachery, thou must needs have honors also; but think it not: the noble minded is safe under Heaven's protecting care, and he comes to crush thy vile presumption. He comes;—Hark! even now I hear the joyful acclamations of the people.

"He cannot, will not come," repeated Pinzon, in a tone of reckless positive assurance, "he will not come, and, again, I demand that which is my due."

"Thy due, Vincent Pinzon, will assuredly be soon awarded by God and this holy tribunal.—Look! hearken! and hide thy head for shame!" At that instant the bells burst forth in clanging peals, while the name of Columbus was loudly echoed from mouth to mouth; Pinzon turned to leave the church, but, ere he had advanced three steps, a dagger was plunged into his heart.

"This, Pinzon," exclaimed a harsh female voice, "this is the vengeance of a Spanish woman. Look at me, murderer! I am the wife of Nunez, whose blood you shed upon the admiral's deck." As Pinzon reeled upon the cathedral pavement, Descaliers beheld a crimson torrent issue from his mouth.

"Killed by a woman," murmured the priest, "fitting end for a cowardly traitor!"

Trampled beneath the feet of thousands, the corpse of Pinzon remained on the marble flags of the cathedral, during the celebration of the Te Deum in honor of Columbus' return. It was afterwards carried to his house at Palos, over the door of which figured the traitor's coat of arms in sculptured stone, Don Juan Colonna having conferred nobility on the low born mariner of Dieppe. In front of this very door, his mutilated body was burned by the infuriated populace, who then proceeded to raze his habitation.

During the bombardment of Dieppe, in 1617, Pinzon's former residence was utterly destroyed.

Societá dei Sanguinarj.—A singular and most horrible association so called, is now (it is said) existant in Italy. The object of its members is merely to justify their dreadful title without any view to theft, their oath being to shed blood as frequently as possible. More than 70 murders in a year are imputed to this Society. It is said that the chief of the band who has recently been condemned to hard labour for life, has a wife who at her own cost has enabled him to keep his oath of blood. When an evening of a day arrived on which no blood had been shed, this woman was sent out on some excuse, and on her way home received a slight stab from a man stationed upon her road. Notwithstanding this treatment, she showed an affection for her husband, which even the horrible revelations, brought to light on his trial, did not weaken.
THE SPANISH GUERRILLA.

The wild guerrilla bends no knee,
But boasts that he alone is free;
A bandit on the heath and wold,
The fastness of his rocky hold
Secures to him his ill-got gain,
While shouting “liberty and Spain.”
(How many, sacred liberty,
Thy shadow would embrace for thee!)
An exile in his mountain cave—
An outlaw in his home,
Too proud to be the rich man’s slave,
All nameless he would roam.
With him ’tis freedom to oppose
The laws—all tyrants are his foes—
Perchance, in some heroic mood,
He ponders thus dark deeds of blood:—
“ ‘All-glorious Spain! that thou shouldst be
The sepulchre of chivalry!
What, tho’ victorious Fame may wave
Her laurel-wreaths above the brave,
She cannot smile upon their doom,
Nor hope to see them live again,
But weeps o’er an eternal tomb,
Or paints in scorn to modern Spain—
If stars determine this should be
Our sad yet noble destiny,
That henceforth fierce guerrillas stand
Sole wreck of this immortal land;
And fallen chivalry endow
Us as his sole knight-errants now—
Be bold and brave—the coward’s fate
Would prove us thrice degenerate;
Tho’ despots rule, let us not bow—
Tho’ liars swear—be kept our vow.—
Vow to be free, by land and flood—
A vow of vengeance and of blood,
And swelling with the thought sublime
He stoops to be the slave of crime.
His life from social ties restrain’d,
Cain mark’d, and doubly thus enchain’d,
He wanders in the wood and wild,
And robs e’en woman—spoils a child,
And wolf-like, crouching in his lair,
Turns murderer in fell despair.

W. LEDGER.

SONNET

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FERDINANDO GHEDEINI.

ROME ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Art thou that Latin city whose renown
Was matchless? Never did the golden sunshine fall
On walls more honored, e’en decay’s dark pall
Fell o’er thee with a grandeur all thine own;
Are these the walls to which the nations bowed,
The battlements that filled the world with dread?
Are these the streets, where walked with drooping head
Barbarian kings captured by Rome the proud?
Are these thy relics, that unequalled dower
Of which time had not reft thee, now defaced,
And broken by the ruthless hand of power?
How has the stranger laid thy glory waste!
Fabius and Curius live in bronze and stone
Such souls as warmed them are for ever gone.

E. E. E.
PARIS FASHIONS.

[For the usual descriptions of our Paris Fashions see Letter-Press accompanying the plates.]

Paris, April 25, 1841.

Hélas! chère amie, after all our preparations and anticipations, point de Long Champs cette année. The weather was cruelly unpropitious; we had rain, and wind, and cold, impromptu dérèved par les rues. I must not disappoint you, as we were disappointed. I cannot tell you what we wore at Long champs, as we did not go, but I can tell you what we proposed wearing had we gone: this perhaps may answer your purpose as well.

Although the hats of paille de riz were in preparation, our belles seemed to run upon drawn capottes of crape in preference; and if you saw how very elegant these latter are, you would not be surprised. There is scarcely any difference in shape from those worn this winter. They continue small in the crown, sitting flat, nearly on a line with the front, and the front very long at the sides, and rather less deep in the centre than elsewhere; this form is becoming to most ladies, the coutures (drawings) of some are in the usual style, going across, but of others, they go lengthways, this change I rather think is not for the better, and many have the fronts fluted, some have capottes that are not only cut from the crown, but also from the sides, and inside, where the front is put on to the crown. There is always a garniture of one description or another round the edge of the front of these bonnets; some have a double quilling of tulle illusion put on at the inner edge, others, a quilling of ribbon outside, or what we call a galon, which I suppose you know to be bands of the material cut out in small mitres at both edges, and thickly quilled in the middle; others have a demi-voile of point d'Angleterre, but these are not numerous, and several have a rouleau of the crape, forming the border at the edge of the front, similar to those in the plate No. 92. Flowers are almost universally adopted in these bonnets; some have a couronne or wreath twisted round the crown, one end being brought low to the side where the bow is placed; others have only half wreaths, beginning as high as the centre, and going down at one side, these are thinner than bouquets or branches of flowers. A wreath or half-wreath of the myosotis on a white crape capotte is lovely in the extreme, or a wreath of the bouton d'or on a mauve crape is equally beautiful; these capottes are generally made in white, lilac, yellow, or pink crape.

Hats of pons de soie are also fashionable, the shape similar to those just described: many of these hats have feathers instead of flowers. The pailles-de-riz are generally ornamented with a bouquet of marabouts. It appears that straw-bonnets will be in favor favor this year, pailles à jours, open straws, lined with colored satin, are in preparation, as well as plain straws. Velvet trimmings are again fashionable, but ribbon is also worn. Two rows of trimming are put across the bonnet, a simple form of dress from the elbow to the wrist. There is a new fashion lately come in for the skirts of the dresses, which I do not imagine will become very prevalent, that is, four or five rows of trimmings (like those at the tops of the sleeves) below the waist. You know that Ceintures (waist-bands) to dresses are plaited; there are four or five rows of running that I speak of, are therefore below where the ceinture would come, were there one to the dress. They follow the shape of the figure as much as possible, the top one being infinitely more confined than those below it. Although I tell you, as in duty bound, that this is the fashion; mind, that I do not require you to adopt it, it gives an awkwardness to the figure that is by no means desirable. Another unbecoming mode just coming in, is that of having the garnitures half way up the skirt: a tuck cut on the cross way (en biais) of the material, and a full quartier of a yard in depth, is put at the bottom of the skirt, and a second, about two thirds of the depth of the lower one, is placed just above the knees. Another trimming of this kind is a flounce, nearly half a yard deep, and two others, each about a finger in depth, immediately above it, forming as it were a heading to the deep one. Others have a single flounce with scarcely any fulness, the precise depth of half the skirt of the dress. All these modes being a little outré, besides
their exceeding unbecomingness, will not, it is to be hoped remain long in being.

Flounces or tucks of a moderate depth are certainly becoming, and the latter seem likely to continue in fashion.

Spencers are still de mode, but nearly restricted to carriage costume, they are made tight to fit the bust, with a rounded point, and frequently only three quarters high in the neck, sloped down the front en cœur. Some are plain, others ornamented with three rows of buttons or brandebourgs; the sleeves tight, with two tucks put on half way between the shoulder and elbow. These spencers are made of velvet, and generally worn with skirts to match in color, of gros de Naples, &c. They say they will be worn this summer with white skirts, nous verrons! and that they are to be made of satin as well as velvet.

Black silk scarfs will decidedly be in favor, the ends trimmed with fringe or lace. India muslin scarfs embroidered richly at the ends, and a little border of embroidery all round, and lined with colored florence, are in preparation for this spring. Others likewise of India muslin, lined with silk, and with one or two ruches of quilled ribbon, are also to be worn; one ruche goes round the edges, the second a little inside. I have seen some entirely white, which have the advantage of matching every dress, these are trimmed with a quilling of tulle or a bouillon trimming.

Hair.—The front hair is still worn in either ringlets or bandeaux in the morning; for evening the curls are in very full tufts at the sides, and the back hair dressed low, very much à la Grecque, intermixed with pearls, wreaths à la vestale, of full blown roses, and coming very low upon the brow, are fashionable; but a camelia, or a bunch of provence roses, or some other delicate and becoming flower drooping over one ear, takes precedence of all other coiffures.

Turbans, small velvet or satin hats, à l'Espagnol, à la Henri IV., are fashionable for full dress.

The gloves continue to be worn so short, that they merely cover the wrist, they are never seen without a trimming of some sort at the tops, a quilling or puffing of ribbon, a ruche of tulle, a little mixture of flowers, a small cordelieère and tassels, and within these last few days a parement of velvet to match or correspond with the dress: by a parement you know that I mean a cuff, which turns down in this instance instead of up.

A fall of deep lace put on moderately full is quite as fashionable just now round the bosom of a dress as a berthe. The newest berthes have a piece coming down in front, like a stomacher. The ruffles, or engaganties, whether of guipure or lace must match the berthe.

Collars continue to be worn very small, cuffs are indispensable to the toilette of a lady.

Watered silks are amongst the materials most adapted to spring dresses. Crepes Rachel. Mazagrans, Foulards of different kinds, Pouz de soie fleuré, shot silks, Baréges of different patterns, striped and checked, black organdi (book muslin) with colored sprigs, are amongst the spring materials.

Colors for Hats.—White lilac shot with white and yellow. For dresses, shot silks, pink shot with blue, or lilac, &c. &c. Mauve and black shot with various colors.

Adieu ma belle je t'embrasse,

L. de F——

Balloons, Discovery of a Mode of Guiding.—The success of the following interesting experiment promises ere long to render travelling through the air no chimera. M. S——and his son have for some time past, publicly announced their success in the directing of Balloons through the air; and, after some minor experiments in the Court-Yard of the Ecole Militaire, have subsequently performed one on a grander scale near St. Denis. M. S——junior, after rising to a height of about 250 metres in a balloon constructed by himself and his father, impelled it towards the west, (by some ingenious mechanism), although a strong wind was blowing from that point. He then returned and sailed about in various directions, the balloon rising and lowering at the will of the aeronaut, without the apparent use of any kind of ballast. The experiments lasted three hours, at the end of which time, M. S——descended at the point whence he started.

Astronomy.—One of the greatest astronomical discoveries of modern times has been made by a German professor, M. Bessel. By repeated observations made from August 1837, to March 1840; he has found that the parallax of the double star Cygni, does not exceed 31 hundredths of a second, which places the distance of that star from us, at nearly 670,000 times that of the Sun, which is nearly 64 millions of millions of miles. This immense distance may be better understood by saying; that if a cannon ball were to traverse this vast space at the rate of 20 miles a minute, it would occupy more than 6,000,000 years in coming from that star to our earth; and, if a body could be projected from our earth to Cygni at 3 miles an hour, (about the same rate as carriages travel on railroads) it would occupy 96,000,000 years. Light which travels more than 11,000,000 miles in a minute, would occupy about 12 years in coming from that star to our earth.
CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.—There are about 300,000 Christians in China, the greater part of whom are indebted for pastoral care to the Lazarists, but some, likewise, to the Dominicans and Franciscans, and to a small number of Italian priests. The whole number of priests, European and Chinese, does not exceed 300. Of seminaries there are but few, and those few little more than common schools. The Christians are not allowed to practise their religion publicly; but with their private assemblies no interference takes place. The churches are but few in number, and those not sufficiently capacious for their several congregations, the faithful being obliged to meet privately. Singularly enough a church, erected at Pekin by the Emperor Hang Hi, who favoured the Christians, has remained untouched, a notion having prevailed among the Pagans of China, that as long as the cross remained standing on the steeple of this church no serious calamity can befall the Empire. In Canton there are between 8000 and 8000 Christians, who in that city enjoy greater liberty than in any other part of the country. In Macao there are upwards of 1000 Catholics. The foregoing details are furnished by a native of China, now at Rome.

MADEMOISELLE MARS.—This veteran actress appeared last night from the stage at the Théâtre Français on the 15th of April, the king and queen with the Duchess of Nemours and the Princess Clementine, being present to join in the parting homage paid by the public to this “setting star” of the French Drama. —The performances for the night were Le Misanthrope, and Les Pauvres Confidencés, in both of which Mademoiselle Mars played with almost as much taste and animation as she displayed a quarter of a century ago.—Most vehement was the enthusiasm of the audience for their retiring favorite, and applause, bouquets, crowns, and garlands were showered upon her, even beyond all former example, and when the great actress for the last time answered the public call, the plaudits were absolutely overpowering, and deeply affected the object of them. The amount received on this her last benefit, was twenty-four thousand francs. On the last time but one of Mademoiselle Mars appearing on the stage, she was retiring with a bouquet which had been thrown to her, when she met Madame Thénard, the daughter of the oldest living actress, and presenting the flowers to her, said—“Offer these in my name to your mother, she encouraged my first attempts, and I wish her to know that I did not forget my first benefactor.”

THE GOVERNOR PENNER.—Portions of the timbers of this unfortunate wreck have been cast up on no less a space of shore than 60 miles on the Welsh coast. The mate has recovered two trunks belonging to himself and wife, cast up at Cricester and Aberffraw.

COINS AND ANTICUITIES.—An earthen quart jug containing 269 pieces of silver coin, one of Oliver Cromwell, one Philip and Mary, the remainder of the reigns of Charles 1st and 2nd, Elizabeth and James the 2nd, was recently discovered on digging in a garden at Pembrum, Essex. —The weight of the whole was 4lb. 7oz. The Churchwardens and overseers have taken possession for the present of this treasure, the ground wherein they were found being parish property.

FANNY ELSLIER.—A letter has been addressed by this celebrated danseuse, to a friend at Paris, detailing her brilliant success at the Havannah. By her benefit she says, she cleared 6,000 dollars, after which she was escorted by a deputation of 24 of the wealthiest gentlemen of the island to a grand supper given by the authorities. This sylphide of 36 who has a son of 18, seems herself astonished, at the rapture she still excites.

RAILWAY SIGNALS.—A recent trial has been made on the London and Birmingham Railway, for accomplishing the grand object of efficient railway signals. The first of two plans was for effecting a communication between the guard and engine driver; the other to enable a policeman on the line to open a whistle on the engine, by fixing a catch upon the chairs which support the rails, and thus give notice to the driver in a fog, or when anything goes wrong ahead.

THE SHETLAND POXIES forming the Lilliputian equipage of the Princess Royal were presented to Her Majesty, by Mrs. Cox of Lawford, Essex. They are scarcely larger than a Newfoundland dog, are beautifully marked black and white, and of most symmetrical shape. Their age is five years, and they have been so domesticated as to enter the house and feed out of the hand.

THE TOWER.—The reduced prices of admission to the jewel-office, has attracted great numbers to view the regalia which still remain in the old room; the new building destined for their reception being yet incomplete. The amount received in one day for tickets, at the reduced admission of 6d. each, was £40 15s., and the number of visitors larger on that day than in any three months under the old system of exorbitant fees.

ROMAN REMAINS.—An interesting discovery of an extensive Roman fortress has rewarded the labors of the Historical and Archaeological Society of Wibaden, after four years of persevering excavation. The remains which are in the neighbourhood of Heidenberg are in excellent preservation, and are said to be the most considerable ever found in Germany. —The fortress had been flanked by twenty-eight towers, and surrounded by a triple moat; its various compartments are distinctly marked, and the foundations are of great solidity.
THE QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL—HER ROYAL HIGHNESS ADELAIDE MARIA LOUISA.


3.—Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Gloucester and Prince George of Cambridge visited the Queen.

4.—(Sunday).—Her Majesty, H. R. H. Prince Albert, and the Queen Dowager, attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

5.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager. The Committee on Education of Her Majesty's Privy Council met at the Council-house.

6.—H. R. H. Prince Albert inspected Mr. G. J. Doo's copy of the picture of "Ecce Homo," by Correggio, in the National Gallery.

7.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert left town in a carriage and four with outriders, escorted by a party of Hussars, for Windsor Castle. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent also left town for Windsor. The Princess Royal was held up to the window of her carriage, much to the gratification of the assembled multitude.

8th.—This being Maundy Thursday, the usual distribution of her Majesty's royal bounty took place at Whitehall Chapel, the recipients consisting of twenty-two aged men, and the same number of women. The royal minor alms had been previously distributed to upwards of nine hundred, and the royal-gate charity to one-hundred and sixty-eight persons.

Windsor.—The Queen drove out in a poneypheaton; H. R. H. Prince Albert riding out at the same time on horseback.

9th.—Her Majesty attended divine service.

10.—Windsor.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked in the Slopes and Home Park.

11.—Windsor.—The Queen, H. R. H. Prince Albert, and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, attended divine service in the private chapel of the Castle.

12.—Windsor.—Her Majesty took an airing in the Park. The Princess Royal was also taken out, attended by the usual party. H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge honored the Lord Mayor with his company at dinner at the Mansion House.


14.—Windsor.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked on the terrace and in the little park. The Princess Royal was taking her accustomed airing. H. R. H. Prince Albert met Her Majesty's stag hounds in the Great Park. The books and plate of her late Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, purchased by His Majesty the King of Hanover, have been removed from St. James's Palace on board a steam packet, for conveyance to their intended destination.

15.—Windsor.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert took their accustomed walk and drive. H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge honored Covent Garden Theatre with his presence.

16.—Windsor.—The royal party drove out in poneypheasons.

17.—Windsor.—H. R. H. Prince Albert and suite attended a private run of Her Majesty's hounds.

18.—(Sunday).—Windsor.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert with visitors and suite, attended divine service at the Chapel Royal St. George's.

19.—Windsor.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert left town, walked and rode out as usual: the Princess Royal was also taking her accustomed airing.

20.—Windsor.—A lithographic drawing by Mr. Lane, from Mr. Hayter's Picture of their Serene Highnesses the Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg and her daughter, the Princess Adelaide, was submitted to Her Majesty's inspection.

21.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert arrived at Buckingham Palace from Windsor. Before leaving the Castle, H. R. H. Prince Albert inspected the 60th Rifles in the Home Park. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent arrived from Windsor, at her new residence, Clarence House, St. James's.

22.—Her Majesty held her first Drawing Room for the season, at St. James's Palace. A deputation from Christ's Hospital was previously received by the Queen in the Royal Closet, when Her Majesty was pleased to examine and express her approval of the drawings and charts executed by the boys educated in the Royal Mathematical School, founded by King Charles II. The Drawing Room was numerous attended. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert honored the Italian Opera with their presence.


24.—Her Majesty held a Court at Buckingham Palace.—Their Serene Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Leiningen arrived on a visit to the Queen. The Princess Royal was taking an airing.

25.—(Sunday).—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. This being the birthday of the Duchess of Gloucester, Her
Royal Highness received visits of congratulation from H. R. H. Prince Albert and other members of the Royal Family.

26th.—H. R. H. Prince Albert was invested, at Buckingham Palace with the Ensigns of the Order of the Golden Fleece, His Grace the Duke of Wellington a Grandee of Spain, and a Knight of the Order, being nominated by Her Majesty the Queen of Spain, to perform the ceremony of investiture.

The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert honored with their presence, the rehearsal of the Concert of Ancient Music at the Hanover-square Rooms.

27.—Her Majesty accompanied by the Princess of Leiningen took an airing in a landau and four. The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Leiningen honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

28th.—The Queen held a levee at St. James's Palace.

April 29.—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace.

H. R. H. Prince Albert received addresses of congratulation. One on his Royal Highness's marriage from the Legislative Assembly of St. Christopher, and others from various places and public bodies, on the birth of the Princess Royal. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, also received addresses on the latter occasion. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Leiningen honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

APRIL


ATTENDANTS IN WAITING.


A donation of one hundred guineas has been presented by H. R. H. Prince Albert to the Committee for superintending the erection of the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square.

EXTRAORDINARY CHANGE IN THE TEMPERATURE.—The following is stated by a correspondent to the Times:—On Saturday morning (April 24.) the thermometer registered at the lowest point, 34 degrees of Fahrenheit, and on Tuesday morning the lowest was 54; the highest in the shade 74, and in the Sun 106, making a difference in the extreme of 72 deg.

THE PRESIDENT STEAM VESSEL.

The Lyra packet, Lieutenant Morgan (acting), arrived this morning from the Leeward Islands, having quitted Martinique the 9th ult.; Dominica and Guadaloupe, 10th; Antigua and Montserrat, 11th; Nevis and St. Kitt's, 12th; Tortola, 13th; St. Thomas's, 24th; Porto Rico, 25th; and Cape Hayt, 29th following.

The above vessel brings no intelligence whatever of the President steamer, which, after all is not to be wondered at, if, as has been generally expected, she was disabled in the gale on or about the 12th ult; for if she missed making Bermuda (a very probable case), a longer space of time must necessarily elapse ere she could have reached either of the islands. The next packet from that quarter is the Tyrian, which, having already arrived at St. Thomas's on her homeward passage, may be here in a day or two, and if so, bring little or no later intelligence than the Lyra. We hope, however, that she may furnish the cheering information of the President's safety. The Lyra has only 600l. on freight.

The Mongibello new steamer, Captain Caffero, belonging to a company at Naples, and which arrived here yesterday morning from the river to coal, sailed this afternoon for the above city.

The above intelligence is dated Falmouth, April 28th.
BIRTHS.

Austen, lady of the Venerable Archdeacon of British Guiana, of a dau.; Harley-street, Cavendish-square, April 1st.

Atkins, lady of the Rev. W. F., of a dau. Langley House, April 22d.

Berkeley, lady of Charles—, Esq., of a son; Montagu-place, Russell-square, April 23d.

Bernard, the viscountess of a dau.; Connaught-place, April 10th.

Cathcart, the lady Eleanor—, of a son; Adlestrop House Gloucestershire, April 11th.

Chapman, lady of W. S.—, Esq. of the Middle Temple, barrister, of a son; April 10th.

Dundas, lady of the Hon. and Rev. Charles—of a dau.; Ashbourne-hall, Derbyshire, April 2d.

Gilbertson, lady of William—, Esq., of Crom Avon, Glamorganshire, of a son; April 10th.

Glysm, lady of the Rev. Sir George—, Vicar of Ewell, of a son; April 22d.

Harford, the lady of Charles—, L.L., Esq. of Eb- bow Vale, Monmouthshire, of a son; Chelten- ham, April 19th.

Hodgson, lady of Rev. Douglass—of a son; East Woodbury Rectory, Hants, April 21st.

Impey, lady of M. E.—, Esq. of Devonshire- street, Portland Place, of a dau.; March 30th.

Kelly, lady of the Rev. Watter—of a son; Preston Vicarage, near Brighton, April 8th.

Kelly, lady of Richard—, Esq., of a son, Cleve- land-row, April 12th.

Kirkland, the lady of T. A.—, Esq. of the Coldstream Guards, of a son; April 18th.


Malcolm, the lady of John—, Esq., of a dau.; Great Stanhope-street, April 22d.

Matthus, lady of Sydenham—, Esq., at Dart- mouth, of a dau.; March 8th.

Palmer, lady of the Rev. Edward—of a son; Cumberland-terrace, Regent’s-park, April 16th.

Rawlinson, lady of Captain—, 1st European Rgt., of a son; Aden, Feb. 16th.

Read, lady of William—, Esq. barrister, of a son; Beaumont-buildings, Bath, April 17th.

Russell, lady of D. Watts—, Esq., of a son; at Biggin-hall, in the County of Northampton, April 24th.

Swainson, lady of John—, Esq., of a son and heir; Liverpool, April 10th.

Talboys, the Right Hon. lady de—, of a dau.; at Genoa, April 5th.

Towneley, the lady Caroline—, of a dau. stillborn; Tinsley-street, April 6th.

Tull, lady of R.—, Esq. of a dau.; at Crookham, Berks, April 11th.

Tyrwhitt, lady of C.—, Esq. of a dau.; Charles- street, Berkeley-square, April 16th.

Vage, lady of Thomas—, Esq., of a son and heir; Alfred-pl., Bedford-square, April 12th.

Wynne, lady of Charles—, Esq., Jun. of a son; Portman-square, April 6th.

MARRIAGES.

Ackers, Harriott Dell, widow of the late George—, Esq. of Moreton-hall, Cheshire, to Col. Powell, of Nanteos, M. P. for Cardiganshire; Campton, Bedfordshire, April 21st.

Atkinson, Emma Louisa, eld. dau. of Capt. Sir H. E.—, Royal Navy, to Lieutenant T. A. Butler, R. N.; St. Mary’s, Newington, Apr. 10.

Bennett, Eliza, eld. d. of the late Capt.—, of the St. Helena Infantry, to Henry B. Solomon, Esq., Surgeon; at St. Helena, Feb. 9th.

Bligh, Mary Jane, 2d. d. of the late Richard—, Esq., Barrister-at-law, and grand dau. of the late Admiral—, to the Rev. Geo. Horace Nutting, B. A.; Ventnor, Isle of Wight, April 21st.

Boulger, Emily, 3d. d. of the late William—, Esq., of Bradfield-house, Berks, to Geo. Mel- lish Simonds, Esq., of Reading; Wolverton, Bucks, April 15th.

Bruce, Elizabeth Mary, only dau. of Cumming,—, Esq., M. P., for the Counties of Elgin and Nairn, to the Right Hon. James, Lord Bruce, eldest son of the Earl of Elgin and Kincairdine; Kinmighthouse, Stirlingshire, April 22d.

Butterworth, Margaret, 3d. d. of the late Henry—, Esq., of Sunnyside, near Burnley, to Car- dinal Brewer, Esq., eld. son of J. N.—, Esq., of Halsted-lodge, Essex; at Goodshaw, near Burnley, Lancashire, April 22d.

Bryant, Amelia Caroline, ygst. d. of John—, Esq., M. D., of the Edgeware-road, to George G. Richardson, Esq., of Siggleshorne, York- shire, and Percy Cross, Fulham; St. Mary’s, Bryanstone-square, April 27th.

Capper, Ann, eld. d. of Charles—, Esq., of Frederic-place, Mecklenburgh-square, to John Ferris Marshall, Esq., of Gainsborough; St. Pancras, April 22d.

Cotton, Mary Ann Harriette, only d. of R. P. —, Esq., of Kensington-square, to Edward Harper, Esq., of Kensington-crescent; St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, April 22d.

Covey, Sarah Ann, eld. d. of John—, Esq., of Holloway, to Thomas Gould, Esq., of Kings- land Crescent, Hackney; April 3d.

Cubitt, Laura, 2d. d. of William—, Esq., of Mecklenburgh-square, to Joseph Francis Ol- liffe, Esq., M. D., of Paris; St. Pancras, Apr. 19.

Curtois, Anne, ygst. d. of the Rev. Peregrine —, of the Longhills, near Lincoln, to At- well, 3d son of the late Sir James Lake, Bart.; Branton, Lincolnshire, April 22d.


Dickinson, Frances Elizabeth, eld. d. of John—, Esq., of Abbots-hill, Herts, to Frede-
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

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rick, eld. son of F. Pratt Barlow, Esq., of Kensington; Abbots-Langley, April 14th.
Ellison, Sarah, Caroline, 5th dau. of Cuthbert, —, Esq., of Hebburn-hall, in the county of Durham, to Sir Walter James, Bart., St. Margaret's, Westminster, April 17th.
Fisher, Emily, dau. of Rev. John ——, Rector of Wavingdon, to Thomas Anderson, Esq., of Littleharle Tower, Northumberland; Wavingdon, Bucks, April 20th.
Fisher, Toten, youngest dau. of James ——, Esq. of Elmwood, Kingsgate, Ramsgate, to Capt. T. L. Peake, Royal Navy; St. George's, Hanover-square, April 17th.
Fleet, Louisa, ygst. d. of William ——, Esq., of Darenth Grange, to William Kenrick, Esq., of Bourne End, Kent; Sutton-at-Hone, April 12th.
Gibson, Jane, d. of the late Thomas ——, Esq., to the Hon. Charles R. St. John; St. James's, April 20th.
Gilbert, Anne, ygst. d. of Joseph ——, Esq., of Pooshinton, Wilts, to Capt. Thoms, H. C. S. of Clempington, Forfarshire; Buchinestone, Apr. 21st.
Green, Eliza, ygst. d. of the late W. ——, Esq., of Bryanston-square, to W. L. Bulwer, Esq., of Leydon-hall, Norfolk; April 16th.
Hall, Harriet, 3d. d. of the late Richard ——, Esq., of Portland-place, and Copped-hall, Hertfordshire, to William Penefather, Esq., of Fitzwilliam-square, Dublin; Totteridge, March 30th.
Hewitt, the Hon. Alicia Anne, eld. d. of Viscount Lifford, to Sir Edwin Pearson, of Her Majesty's Household; St. Mary's, April 15th.
Holland, Mary, wid. of the late James ——, Esq., Attorney-General of the Bermudas, to M. Gilbertson, Esq., of Egham-hill; Brighton, April 8th.
Horsley, Fanny, 2d. d. of William ——, Esq., of Kensington-gravel-pits, to Seth Thompson, Esq., M. D., of Lower Brook-street; Kensington, April 22d.
Howard, the Lady Arabella, 2d. d. of the Right Hon. the Earl of Erpingham, to the Right Hon. Francis Baring, M. P., eld. son of Sir Thomas ——, Bart., of Stratton-park, Hants; St. George's, Hanover-square, March 31st.
Ilberry, Mary Ann, eld. dau. of the late James ——, Esq., of Doughty-street, to W. H. Barton, Esq., of Cenyon; Calcutta, Feb. 2.
Levet, Mary, 2d. dau. of the late Thoebilus, ——, Esq., of Wichnor-park, Staffordshire, to the Rev. John Buckleton, incumbent of Wicknor; Teignmouth, April 14th.
Lincoln, Eliza, eldest dau. of the Bishop of ——, to the Rev. John Bowstead, Vicar of Mescingham; North Willingham, April 22d.
Macdonald, Sophia Cecilia, 2d. dau. of the Ven. W ——, Archdeacon of Wilts, to Charles Prothero, Esq., of Malpas, Monmouthshire; the Cathedral, Salisbury, April 15th.
Macdougal, Catherine Mary, 2d. d. of the late Moris Alex. ——, to T. J. Langford Brooke, Esq., eld. son of T. L. ——, Esq., of Mereha, Cheshire; St. George's, Hanover-square, April 21st.
Matthew, Lucy Aune, d. of the late Rev. John ——, rector of Kive, Somersetshire, to the Rev. J. F. Cumberlege, vicar of Astwood, Bucks; Chelvey, Somerset, April 13th.
Mayhew, Clarissa, 3d. d. of J. D. ——, Esq., of Fitzroy-square, to Charles Woolloton, Esq.; St. Pancras, April 14th.
Mordaunt, Mary, eld. d. of the late Sir Charles ——, Bart., to Thomas Dyke Acland, Esq., M. P., eld. son of Sir Thomas ——, Bart.; at Walton, Warwickshire, April 14th.
Myers, Julia Rachel, only d. of the late John ——, Esq., Barrister-at-law, of Pow-house, Millow, Cumberland, to the Rev. John Meeakin, M. A., Curate of St. Mary's Speen, Berks; Huddersfield, April 14th.
Norman, Marianne, eld. dau. of John ——, Esq., Clapham-road, to the Rev. Thomas James Rowell, B. A., Saint Mark's, Kennington, April 21st.
Norris, Blanche, 6th. d. of John ——, Esq., Huggenden-house, Bucks, to Philip Wroughton, Esq., of Ibstone-house; Huggenden, April 22d.
Ottley, Celia, youngest dau. of Sir Richard ——, late Chief Justice of the Island of Ceylon, to Thomas Jervis Amos, Esq.; at Pisa.
Palmer, Mary, d. of the late Henry ——, Esq., of St. Elizabeth's, Jamaica, to M. A. John Henry Rolle, Esq., of Lower Edmonton; St. Mary's, Newington, April 20th.
Paravicini, Caroline, only d. of the late Joseph Baron de la —— to George Simon, Esq., eld. son of L. M. ——, Esq., of the Paragon, Blackheath; Brixton church, April 13th.
Parker, Mary Anne, ygst. d. of the Rev. William ——, M. A., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and rector of St. Ethelburga, to William Martin, Esq., Chief Justice of New Zealand; St. Ethelburga, London, April 3d.
Paget, Georgina, 4th. d. of the late Hon. Sir Charles ——, and niece of the Marquis of Anglesey, to William Kennedy, Esq., Lieut. R. N., son of Hugh ——, Esq., Cultra, County Down, Ireland; Rlegate, Sussex, April 2nd.
Phillips, Martha, ygst. d. of John ——, Esq., of Rodley-house, Durham, to Owen Walls, Esq., of Overstone-Grange, Northamptonshire; Gateshead, April 14th.
Pitt, Henrietta Sarah, only d. of the late Rev. Cornelius ——, rector of Rencombe, Gloucestershire, to Thomas Millar, Esq., of Preston, Lancashire; at Crudwell, Wilts, April 16th.
Pocock, Mary Anna Caroline, youngest d. of the late Luke ——, Esq., of Ashmore-house, Kent, to Dr. de Prati, Physician; St. James's, Clerkenwell, April 24th.
Powell, Caroline Annette, only d. of Henry ——, Esq., of Muswell-hill, to Benjamin Marshall, Esq.; St. Mary's, Hornsey, April 3d.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Raper, Catherine Barbara, only d. of William —, Esq., to James Winkworth, Esq.; Horsham, April 20th.

Robinson, Ellen Elizabeth, 3d. d. of William —, Esq., of Tottenham, to the Rev. Launcelot A. Sharpe, B. D., rector of Tackley, Oxfordshire; Tottenham, Oxford, April 22d.


Ratcliff, Mary, 2d. d. of John —, Esq., to William Barrayd, Esq., of Camberwell, Surrey; April 14th.

Resker, Sarah Margaret, d. of the late Robert —, Esq., to John Lucking, of Wolbrook, Esq. St. George's, Hanover-square, April 13th.

Shean, Rebeca, eld. d. of Samuel —, Esq., of Crix, Essex, to the Rev. Henry Soby, of Yeovil, Somersetshire; at the Presbyterian Chapel, Stourbridge, April 22d.

Seymour, Ellen, y.g.t. d. of the late Rear-Admiral Sir Michael —, Bart., and K. C. B. to the Rev. Henry Forster; Blendworth church, April 15th.

Stauteley, Agnes Frances, eld. d. of Martin —, Esq., of Cambridge-terrace, Regent's-park, to Charles Tanner, Esq., of Portland-square, Plymouth; St. Pancras church, April 16th.

Stepney, Elizabeth Teresa, relict of the late Capt. John Sims, d. of His Majesty's 66th Regt., to William Dudley Wordsworth, Esq., only son of the late Rev. William —, of Sandwich, Kent; Monckstown, near Dublin, April 16th.

Smith, Ann, widow of the late William —, Esq., of Hailey, near Witney, to William Ellis Lamb, Esq., of Bampton, Oxfordshire; All Souls, Langham-place, April 22d.

Stanhope, Harriett, d. of Walter Stott —, Esq., of Ewell-house, Surrey, to John Nicholls Shelley, Esq., of Ewell, April 15th.


Scott, Elizabeth Rebecca, y.g.t. d. of Samuel —, Esq., of London-place, to the Rev. Samuel Jones, Classical Tutor of the Wesleyan Theological Institution; St. George's, Hanover-square, April 8th.

Samuel, Ann, 2d. d. of the late Isaac —, Esq., to E. Levin, Esq., Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square; April 21st.

Terry, Emma, y.g.t. d. of the late Richard —, Esq., of Knareborough, to Fred. l'Es- trange Clark, Esq.; Charlton church, April 14.

Thompson, Mary Ann, only d. of the late Osborn —, Esq., to James Topham, Esq., of the Clapham-road; St. Mark's, Kennington, April 14th.


Wapshare, Georgiana, only d. of James —, Esq., of Bath, to William Stephens, Esq., of Timberdene, Mickleham, Surrey; Walcot church, Bath, April 13th.

Wise, Sarah, only surviving d. of the late Rev. Thomas —, D. D. of Blandford, Dorset, to the Rev. William Maskelyne, M. A., rector of Crudwell, Wilts; All Souls, Langham-place, April 17th.

Wilmet, Isabella Eliza, d. of the late Lieut.-Col. —, Royal Horse Artillery, to John Hap- pole Lecky, Esq., of Cullen's-wood-house, Co. Dublin; Llorrington, April 20th.

Walters, Charlotte Mary, 2d. d. of the late Joseph —, Esq., to Henry James Slack, Esq., of Hackney-terrace; Finsbury chapel, April 10.

Wallace, Anne Matilda, eld. d. of George —, Esq., of Stoke Newington, to Henry S. Sims, Esq., son of J. T. —, Esq., of Highbury-park-north; St. Mary's, Newington, April 17th.

Deaths.

Adams, Robert, Esq., Old Barge House-Wharf, Blackfriars, aged 60 died March 21.; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Anstruther, Meredith Maria, wife of Sir Wyn- ham Carmichael, Bart; Brighton, April 10.

Archer, John, Esq., of Queen-square, aged 62, March 31st; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Belmore, the Right Hon. Earl of —; Lea- mington, April 18.

Bennett, William, Esq., Great Guildford-street, aged 51, April 15th; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Banks, Eliza Jane, wife of Delamark, — Esq. High Sheriff for the County of Kent; April 12th.

Blundell, Eleanor, the beloved wife of Edward S., —, Esq., M.D.; Lower Seymour-street, Fortman-square; April 9th.

Bradford, Major John Yardley, E. I. C. S.; Montague-square; April 8th.

Burton, Robert, Esq., in his 87th year; at his seat, Longmer-hall, near Shrewsbury, April the 1st.

Calloway, Hebe, dau. of Mr. Wm. Calloway, Westminster Bridge-road, aged 9 months, March 27th; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Church, Mrs. Frances, of Vauxhall, aged 60, March 6th; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Colquhoun, Elizabeth Farren, relict of the late Col.,—1st regt. of Guards; and youngest d. of the late Denis Farren Hellesdon, Esq., of Elstow; Elstow, April 20th.

Crosthwaite, John, Esq., of Brixton, aged 78, April 19th; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Clausel, the Countess, lady of the Marshal; — at Hauteine, in the Haute Garonne, April 18.

Carr, the Right Rev. Dr. James Robert, Bishop of Worcester. His Lordship was consecra- ted bishop in 1824, and translated in 1831; died at Worcester; April 24th.

Colley, Sarah, wife of Richard J. — Esq. late of her Majesty's 45th regt. and daughter of the late General Cavendish Lister; Jer- sey, April 6th.

Calvert, Nicholson, Esq., of Hunsdon-house, Herts., formerly M. P. for the county of Herts., aged 77; Wimpole-street, April 30.

Curtis, Emma, fourth daughter of John Ader, Esq., of Dorking, Surrey; April 9th.

Dundas, Vice Admiral Sir Thomas, K. C. B. and D. C. L, most sincerely esteemed and regretted; Reading, Berks., March 29th.

Dimock, Mary, youngest daughter of John, —, Esq. of Randwick, Gloucestershire; Torquay, April 22.
Davis, Lieut. George, son of Colonel W. B. —, of Upper Harley-street; on board the Malabar, on his passage to England, Jan. 25.

Dorville, Thomas, Esq., late Lieut. Col. Gren. Guards; Mabledon-place; April 6th.


Erut, Thomas Henry, Esq., died on board the Oriental off Falmouth, on his passage from Malta, aged 54, April 12th; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Ferguson, General Sir R. C., at his residence, Bolton-row; April 10th.

Gamage, Royston, Esq., Tulsehill, aged 77, March 25th; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Grassett, William, Esq., Ovedon, Kent; April, 18th.

Gore, the Rev. Charles, of Barrow Court, Somersetshire; brother of Col. Gore Langton, M.P.; Wilton, April 21st.

Gildart, the Rev. Frederick, of Norton-hall, Staffordshire, and rector of Spridlington, Lincolnshire; West Wickham, Kent; April 23d.

Gordon, Major, William, in his 57th year of apoplexy; Brixton, April 8th.

Hamilton, Mrs. Sarah, wife of John —, Esq., Lann Cottage South Lambeth, aged 52, March 30th; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Harris, Joseph, son of James Hawke—Broadwater, aged 6 Months, April 8th; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hornblow, Miss Mary Hitchcock, of Clapham-road, aged 71, March 24th; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Hawkins, Henry, Esq., Twickenham, April 19th.

Hawkins, Rose, daughter of the late Anthony, M. D. of the Gaer, in the county of Monmouth; Montague-place; April 26th.

Holcombe, Catherine, widow of the Rev. G. —D. D., late Prebendary of Westminster; Bishopbourne Rectory, Kent; April 3.

Johnstone, Eleanor, wife of Lieut Col. —, 42d regt. Highlanders, daughter of the late and sister of the present Sir Francis Hopkins, Bart., of Rochfort, county Meath Merrion-square, Dublin; April 20.

Jerrard, Mrs. Emily Jemima Spear, wife of Mr. Jerrard, Clifton-street Finsbury, aged 28, March 31st; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Jones, Richard, son of Jones, Esq., Chesterplace, Lambeth, April 1st; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Kinsey, Miss Ellen, dau. of Matthew Esq., Denmark-street, aged 23, March 27th; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Kruger, John, Esq.; at his house, York-terrace, Regent's-park; April 18th.

Lister, Eliza, relic of Lieut. Gen. Henry —, late of the Coldstream Guards; aged 100 years and 10 months; Twickenham, March 26.

Lloyd, the Rev. Owen, incumbent of Langdale, Westmoreland; Longsight, near Manchester; April 18th.

Mackenzie, Colin, Esq., barrister at law; King's Bench-walk, Temple; April 18th.

Marlborough, the Duchess Dowager of, in the 74th year of her age; Park-lane, April 2.

Meux, Sir Henry, Bart., aged 71; at Theobald's-park, Hertfordshire, April 7th.

Marsden, Elizabeth, dau. of William —, M. D., of Thaties Inn, Holborn, died at Bologne, March 28th; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Meyer, George, Esq., of Croydon Common, aged 52, April 19th; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Nethercote, Charlotte, wife of John —, Esq., of Moulton Grange, Northamptonshire; Jersey, April 7th.

Orme, the Rev. Cosmo Charles, eldest son of the late Major —, Fitzgerald-square; April 11.

Smyth, Richard Walter, youngest son of the late Sir Walter —, of Ballymoyer, co. Armagh; April 20th.

Stourton, the Right Hon. Dowager Lady; Hazelwood-hall; April 10th.

Reid, Colonel, Stephen, Bengal Army; at sea, on his voyage from India to England, Mar. 10.

Reynolds, Frederick, Esq., the Author of seventeen successful Comedies; April 16th.

Sargent, Charlotte, widow of the late John —, Esq., of Lavington, Sussex, aged 86; Putney-heath, March 31st.

Sinclair, Robt. Esq., of Garvel-park; Greencock, April 14th.

Sotheron, Jane, relict of the late Admiral—, Grosvenor-street, April 4th.

Stow, Benjamin, assistant-commissary-general, at Sierra Leone; Feb. 3d.

Wood, the Rev. William, Prebendary of Canterbury, and Rector of Coulson; at the Rectory, Easter-day.

The sum of two thousand pounds, the interest of which is to be applied to the purpose of counteracting the influence of Romish seminaries, has been bequeathed by a brother of the poet Cowper, just deceased.

FREDERICK REYNOLDS, the DRAMATIST.—

The father of this hero of dramatic history, (whose death is recorded in our obituary), was attorney to the celebrated Wilks, at the period of that republican’s popularity, a circumstances, which combined with his education at Westminster School, afforded Mr. Reynolds an early introduction into public and fashionable life. From the re-building of Covent Garden Theatre to the close of the Drury Lane season, 1838-39, Mr. Reynolds was the chief adviser in the cabinets of Mears, Harris, Elliston, Price, La Porte and Bunn. He was the author of nearly one hundred pieces, the last labor of his life being the Adelphi Pantomime last Christmas.

The celebrated Bergamis who figured in the trial of Queen Caroline of England, died recently at his villa of Fosomboone, near Rome.

The Queen has transmitted through Sir W. Wheatley, her annual munificent donation of one hundred guineas to the Covent garden Theatrical Fund.

[COURT MAGAZINE]
Le Folllet,
Courier des alons.

JOURNAL DES MODES.
COURT MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

Lyon, chez M. Mégrevy, rue Poulaille, 21.
Bordeaux, chez M. Cahezac, place Pyrapiuin.
Strasbourg, M. Alexandre, dépositaire de journaux.

Marseille, chez M. Hippolyte Bonnafos,
Nîmes, et rue de l'Arc, 7.
Lille, M. Gaillard-Lafitte, rue Famanenoise.
Reims, chez M. L. Retz, rue Bruyère.

Et à Londres, chez MM. Dosses and Co., au bureau du court Magazine, n° 14 Carrey Street
Lincoln's inn.

CONDITIONS DE L'AFFAIREMENT:
Pour Paris—2 mois, 6 f. 50 — six mois 13 f. — un an 26 f.
Pour les départements: 7 f. — 14 f. — 28 f. — A l'étranger, le prix se paie selon le pays.

Modes.

Nous commencerons notre bulletin par quelques détails sur les modes d'homes, détails qui, nous en sommes sûrs, seront reçus par tout le monde avec un empressement d'autant plus vigoureuse qui, nous avons été officiellement transmis par Blay-Lafitte, rue Vivienne, 2, dont le nom fait autorité depuis longtemps, et qui chaque jour encore fait de nouvelles découvertes dans le domaine de l'élegance et du bon goût.

L'habit habillé de la saison nouvelle aura peu d'échancrure et ne se boutonnera pas; il sera arrondi des hanches, aura les basques un peu amples et les anglaises larges du haut avec renversement très marqué; il se fera en couleurs foncées, principalement bronze, noir, vert.

L'habit de fantaisie ne différera de l'habit habillé que par des formes plus arrondies et par la substitution des nuances mélangées aux nuances foncées.

De même que pour l'habit, les couleurs foncées, surtout bronze, noir et vert, sont recherchées pour les red niges, sur lesquelles nous avons peu de chose à dire, sinon que le renversement sera large et le collet toujours très bas, nous serions tentés de dire trop bas.

Il n'y a jusqu'à présent aucun changement à signaler pour les pantalons d'été. On portera beaucoup d'étoffes quadrillées et de nuances grises.

Pour les gilets les soies façonnées claires à petits dessins disputent la vogue aux cache-mières sans les détrôner. Ces deux rivaux ré-

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gneront paisiblement ensemble. Un petit cran formant anglaise est la seule innovation que se permette jusqu’à présent cette partie de la toilette masculine.

Le paletot d’été se rapprochera plus que jamais de la redingote, surtout par devant. On dirait que ce vêtement commence à ronger de lui même. Le derrière sera large et les poches droites.

Quoique les mauvais jours d’avril semblent avoir indéfiniment ajourné l’ouverture du printemps à laquelle nous avions cru assister en mars, l’émigration se prepare pourtant de tous côtés ; on n’entend parler que de plaisirs champêtres, de longues promenades dans les forêts ombreuses, etc., etc., et tout cela nous paraît un tant soit peu prématuré, car, il y a quelques jours, la neige et la grêle nous visitaient encore, et les feuilles, timides avec raison, montraient à peine une légère pointe de verdure. Quoi qu’il en soit, la mode commence à se dessiner mieux, et nous vous annonçons avec plaisir qu’elle persévère dans la voie où nous l’avons vue entrer il y a un an : elle n’a rien d’exclusif, et il nous semble que ce système, qui laisse une latitude plus grande à l’originalité, est préférable à tous égards, puisque sans rien perdre du côté de l’élégance et du bon goût, il a pour lui la variété. Il ne faut pas se le dissimuler : les changements journaliers de la mode n’ont jamais eu d’autre cause que cette exclusion mal entendue qui nuisait l’élégance par l’uniformité. Aujourd’hui la mode est plus raisonnable, et c’est un progrès dont nous devons surtout féliciter Augustine et Constance, qui, les premières, ont compris cette vérité.

Nous vous avons décrit les corsages grand-mères de Constance auxquels nous avions prédit un succès de vogue ; notre prédiction a été plus que justifiée, ainsi que nous avons pu nous en convaincre à notre dernière visite dans ses ateliers. Voici ce que nous y avons remarqué encore : — Des robes en poulte de soie uni avec revers brodés de couleurs nuancées, beaucoup de corsages montants ; beaucoup de corsages à la Niobé et de corsages à la Vierge, manches demi collantes et manches plates, volants de dentelle que l’on peut remplacer élegamment par des plis ou effilés ; biais échelonnés de chaque côté du jupon se prolongeant en cœur jusqu’au corsage et se répétant sur de petites manches où ils sont accompagnés de coques.

Madame Lallemant, rue de l’Échiquier, 34, fait pour la ville beaucoup de redingotes en soie chinée avec écharpe en pareil de couleurs changeantes, car les étoffes à couleurs changeantes et à reflets sont universemellement portées. Elle emploie aussi beaucoup de cachemire, de jacosans imprimés, d’organdis de couleurs, de barjages et de mousselines imprimées ; corsages plats demi décorés, manches plates.

Nous ne vous dirons rien aujourd’hui des robes de madame Pollet, rue Richelieu, 95 ; mais nous ne saurions résister au plaisir de vous citer ses bonnets en point d’Alençon, à barbes tombantes très longues, retenues de chaque côté par une touffe de réséda, de géraniums nuancés ou de bruyère ; ses délicieuses capotes en crêpe ornées de voilettes retombant en écharpe des deux côtés ; et aussi ses capotes de gaze en biais et fleurs.

Mâme Dasse et Maurice Beauvais ont aussi de charmantes nouveautés dont il serait injuste de ne pas vous entretenir. C’est chez eux que nous avons vu les chapeaux diaphanes en tissu de soie garnis de rubans de soie ou de velours, de plumes ou de fleurs ; chez eux encore les chapeaux à voiles et voilettes plissées sur la calotte et la passe, les capotes de crêpe dont les voilettes sont retenues par des fleurs.

Leclère, rue de Rivoli, 10 bis, emploie pour ornements des guirlandes de plumes nues, de petites pommettes, d’élégants bouquets à
LE FOLLET
Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

"robe en satin de soie orné de Plumes des Salons Icleure" à de Rivoli, 10.° Robe Grand Mère en soie brochée avec revers pris dans l'épaulette et pli très au corsage. Écharpe en organdi de lin doublée de soie.

Constance à Mme Vivienne, 32, Gare de Lyon, p. Cheval, 32, Embrielle Canal, 10, Montmartre, 10.

Uniform Magazine, X no Coram Street Lincoln's Inn, London.
DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

No. 921. TOILETTES DE LONGCHAMPS.—
Drawn capotte of straw color crape with a wreath of violets encircling the crown and a border en rouleau round the edge of the front. A full bow of satin ribbon is placed low at the right side, just over the finishing of the bavolet. Dress of lilac poux de soie. Corsage low, and tight with revers figuring a pelerine. Long sleeves full at the upper part of the arm, and nearly tight from the elbow down, and finished by a poignet, the skirt of the dress very long and without trimming.

2nd figure. Drawn capotte of white crape with a bunch of roses placed low at one side, the remainder similar to that just described. Hair in ringslets intermixed with roses. Dress of poux de soie, low corsage. Sleeves full at top and tight below. The skirt ornamented with a deep flounce, put on in sit plaits or gathers. Scarf of India muslin lined with blue sarasin and trimmed all round with two rows of quilled ribbon, one at the edge, the other in side. Yellow gloves, black shoes, green parasol trimmed with narrow white lace.

No. 922. Hat of white poux de soie ornamented with a full bunch of feathers. Dress of flowered silk called à la grand'mère. This bouillonnée, etc., etc. C'est ici le lieu de remarquer que si les petites capotes de couleurs tendres sont fort bien portées en ce moment, leur règne sera de courte durée : elles ne résisteront pas aux premiers rayons du soleil.

Comme observation générale, la paille consue conservera une forme moyenne qui s’agrandira d’une manière assez sensible pour la paille d’Italie.

Votre amie, HENRIETTE DE B....

PORTRAIT OF MADAME LAYALETTE.

The accompanying portrait of this celebrated lady gives the exact costume in which she effected her husband’s escape from the Conciergerie. See the subjoined biography for particulars of that event.
Marie Chamans, comte de Lavalette, est né à Paris, en 1769; son père, qui se livrait à un commerce peu étendu, mais dont les bénéfices suffisaient à ses besoins, lui avait fait donner une excellente éducation, et vécu assez longtemps pour recueillir le prix de ses soins. Mort avant 1815, il a joui de la prospérité de son fils, et n’a pas eu à pleurer ses malheurs. Comme M. Lavalette montrait du goût pour le barreau, on lui fit étudier le droit; la révolution le surprit pendant la durée de ses cours, et il fut obligé de les suspendre. Dès le mois de juillet 1792, il fit connaître la modération de ses principes politiques, en signant les pétitions dites des dix mille et des vingt mille, dirigées contre le projet d’un camp sous Paris, et contre les événements du 20 juin précédent. Officier de la garde nationale à l’époque du 10 août, il marcha avec sa compagnie à la défense du château, conduite qui fut pour lui un titre de prostration quelque temps après. C’est dans les rangs des braves qu’il chercha un refuge. Il s’enrôla comme volontaire dans la légion des Alpes, servit avec distinction aux armées du Rhin et d’Italie, et obtint sur le champ de bataille ses différents grades.

En 1796, il servait en Italie, auprès du général Baraguay-d’Hilliers, dont il était aide de camp. Le général Bonaparte, qui avait eu plusieurs fois occasion d’apprécier sa bravoure, ses talents et sa prudence, le nomma son aide de camp après la bataille d’Arcole, à la place de Muiron, qu’il venait de perdre. Ce général le chargea successivement de plusieurs missions, qui n’exigeaient pas moins de prudence que de courage. C’est en cette même année qu’il épousa Louise Emilie de Beauharnais, fille du marquis de Beauharnais, et nièce de l’impératrice Joséphine. En 1797, Bonaparte envoya M. Lavalette à Paris, pour y juger l’esprit public aux approches de la crise qui eut lieu les 18 et 19 fructidor An V. M. de Lavalette lui fut de la plus grande utilité, et c’est à la justesse de ses avis que le général Bonaparte aンドuble d’avoir mieux jugé en définitive cet événement que, hors de la France, n’avait pas été saisi par tous les observateurs sous son véritable aspect. Il retourna en Italie après cette révolution, et revint dans la capitale avec Bonaparte, à la fin de la même année. L’estime que le général avait prise pour lui l’avait porté à se mettre par des liens plus intimes, en lui faisant comme nous l’avons dit épouser la nièce de madame Bonaparte, Emilie de Beauharnais, fille du marquis de ce nom.

M. de Lavalette fit partie de l’expédition d’Égypte, où il acquit de nouveaux droits à l’estime publique, par les services qu’il rendit dans diverses occasions. De retour en France, il fut témoin des événements du 18 brumaire an VIII; et devint successivement commissaire, puis directeur général des postes, avec le titre de conseiller d’État. C’est en 1803 qu’il fut nommé commandant de la légion d’honneur et comte de l’Empire.

Le 20 mars 1815, à sept heures du matin, en vertu des ordres de Napoléon, qui fit son entrée dans Paris à la fin du même jour, il reprit ses anciennes fonctions et donna aussitôt des ordres pour la suspension du départ des journaux, des dépêches ministérielles, et la défense de délivrer des chevaux aux voyageurs sans un ordre signé de lui, d’un des ministres de l’empereur ou du général Exelmans. Il expédia en même temps un courrier à Napoléon, et fit connaître par des notes envoyées aux directeurs des principales villes, les événements qui venaient de se passer, et la véritable situation de la capitale. Le 2 juin, il fut nommé à la chambre des pairs. Au deuxième retour de Louis XVIII, le 8 juillet, il fut des-
titué et compris dans l’ordonnance royale du 24 du même mois.
Arresté par les soins du préfet de police, M. Decazes, aujourd’hui duc et pair, il fut livré à la cour d’assises du département de la Seine, en novembre, et condamné à mort le 25 du même mois, comme coupable de complicité dans l’attentat commis par Bonaparte contre l’autorité royale, etc. M. Tripié, son défenseur, avait en vain établi la défense de l’illustre accusé sur le principe que M. Lavalette n’avait pas agi pour que Bonaparte en trahit, mais parce qu’il était impossible que Bonaparte n’entrât pas. M. de Lavalette entendit son arrêt de mort avec un calme égal à celui qu’il avait montré dans tout le cours du procès. « Que voulez-vous mon ami? dit-il à M. Tripié. C’est un coup de canon qui m’a frappé. » Se tournant du côté des nombreux employés des postes, qui avaient été appelés comme témoins à charge contre un homme qui les avait toujours traités en père il les sa lua de la main en leur disant : « Adieu, Messieurs de la poste. »
Le pourvoi en cassation ayant été rejeté, et le recours en grâce formé par madame Lavalette n’étant point accueilli, l’exécution fut fixée au jeudi 25 décembre. La veille, cette dame, dont le dévouement conjugal sera à jamais célèbre, sa jeune fille et une gouvernante se présentèrent à la prison, et furent admises en vertu d’une permission du procureur général. Madame de Lavalette était arrivée comme à l’ordinaire dans une chaise à porteurs; quelque temps après, la gouvernante et l’enfant se présenteront à la grille, soutenant madame de Lavalette, enveloppée dans sa fourrure, un chapeau sur la tête, et tenant son mouchoir sur ses yeux. On les laissa passer. A peine sont elles dehors, que le sieur Roqueta, concierge, se rend dans la chambre du condamné; il n’y était plus, sa femme avait pris sa place. Toutes les recherches dans l’intérieur de la prison et à l’extérieur furent inutiles. On retrouva la chaise sur le qui des Orfèvres ; mais elle ne renfermait que la fille du comte Lavalette dont elle avait pris la place. Le concierge fut destitué sur le champ, les barrières de la capitale furent fermées, et des estafettes, porteurs du signalement du fugitif, envoyés sur toutes les routes.
M. de Lavalette, pendant ce temps, s’occupait des moyens de quitter Paris, et de passer la frontière sans accident. Il avait reçu asile chez une dame Bresson qui, en souvenir de l’asile reçu par son mari durant le gouvernement révolutionnaire, avait fait vœu de sauver le premier condamné politique qu’on lui amenait, et elle cacha en conséquence Lavalette, quoique ne l’eût pas même connu. Troisanglais généreux, MM. Hutchinson, Wilson et Bruce, lui fournirent ces moyens quinze jours après. Le 7 janvier, à 9 heures et demie du soir, M. de Lavalette, revêtu de l’uniforme d’officier général anglais, se rendit chez le capitaine Hutchinson, et le lendemain, à 7 heures et demie du matin, il partit en cabriolet avec le général Wilson. Il ne fut point reconnu aux barrières, et il arriva à Mons, où son guide le quitta. M. de Lavalette obtint, non sans peine, la facilité de se rendre en Bavière; il se fixa dans une maison de campagne aux environs de Munich. Là dans une solitude presque absolue, il attendit des jours moins rigoureux: ils arriveront enfin. Après avoir été rayé cinq ans du nombre des vivants, il apprit qu’une ordonnance royale annulait la condamnation dont il avait été l’objet, et le rendait à sa patrie, à ses amis, à sa famille. Avec la vie l’ordonnance royale ne pouvait lui rendre tout ce qui en faisait pour lui le charme.
De retour en France, le comte de Lavalette trouva sa femme atteinte d’une maladie peut-être incurable, suite du dévouement auquel il avait dû son salut. Sa seule occupation fut d’entourer de tous les soins possibles cet ob-
jet d'une reconnaissance que rien ne saurait fatiguer. Étranger aux affaires publiques, étranger à la société même, le comte de Lavalette concentrera dans ces soins pieux sa pensée, son existence. Il n'a pas été à l'abri cependant de toutes imputations, et s'est vu contraint encore à repousser une accusation, qui l'avait signalé comme fauteur d'un complot dont était prévenu le colonel Mazois, avec lequel M. de Lavalette n'avait jamais eu le moindre rapport. Une simple dénégation au reste à suffi à sa justification.

Le comte de Lavalette mourut le 15 février 1830. Son épouse dévoquée vit encore.

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**LE CHEVEU BLOND.**

**ÉTUDE PHILOSOPHIQUE.**

—Oui, dit le docteur, il est dans la vie des phases de dégoût, de découragement qui, par malheur, lorsqu'elles ne sont pas combattues, se terminent souvent par le suicide. Cette maladie mentale se déclare d'ordinaire à l'âge de la désillusion, c'est-à-dire de vingt-deux à vingt-cinq ans. C'est une dangereuse période que cette transition de la théorie à la pratique de la vie, cette sorte de réveil de la pensée qui passe ou plutôt qui tombe des fées rigues palais de l'imagination sur le plain-pied de la réalité. Il n'est pas d'homme, si prosaïque qu'il soit, qui n'ait eu son âge de poésie, et conséquemment de déceptions. Chez les enfants que l'on jette, après les premières études, dans le créuset d'une profession, la transformation des idées se fait d'elle-même et sans brusques secousses, parce qu'ils s'éveillent avant le rêve, parce qu'ils entrent dans les misères créées par Dieu avant d'avoir enfanté dans leur cerveau osis un monde plus beau mille fois que la création divine. Mais le jeune homme qui a lentement épuisé les loisirs de l'adolescence, et qui, après avoir marché vingt ans sur la mousse veloutée des illusions, des énivrés, des enfantillages de la pensée, vient tout à coup à poser le pied sur une déception, celui-là est vraiment en péril. Le pauvre malade voit tomber une à une toutes ses croyances : c'est la chute des feuilles ; mais l'arbre redevient au printemps, tandis que l'homme ne renait pas hors de la tombe.

Moï qui vous parle, mes amis, j'ai passé par là. Entendons-nous pourtant ; je me suis arrêté sur le bord de la tombe. Je n'ai pas la facilité de vouloir prendre les airs d'un revenant. J'ai cinquante-cinq ans, et je les ai vécus sans entr'actes. Cela posé, que diriez-vous si je vous apprenais ce qui m'a retenu sur le parapet du pont Notre-Dame, ce qui m'a fait vivre trente bonnes années de plus, et ce qui me permet de vous raconter aujourd'hui mon suicide?

—Parlez, parlez, docteur.
—Eh bien! mes amis, regardez!
Le docteur ouvrit le chaton d'une bague qu'il portait au petit doigt de la main gauche, et demanda en riant :
—Qu'y voyez-vous?
—Mais rien, dirent les curieux désappointés.
—Comment !... regardez bien.... Il doit y être.
—Ah !.... il me semble que je distingue un cheveu.
—C'est cela.
—Un cheveu blond.
—Précisément.
—Un cheveu de femme.
—Vous y voilà.
—Eh quoi ! docteur, un simple cheveu ?...
—A été mon sauveur, la cause de ma fortune et de ma petite célébrité. Jugez si je dois tenir à mon cheveu !
Et le docteur referma soigneusement sa bague, après avoir posé les lèvres sur son précieux talisman.

Comme on le pense bien, il n'y eut pas assez de voix pour le questionner, pour le prier de raconter son histoire.

Le bon docteur nous fit donc le récit suivant :

—En 1810, j'avais vingt-cinq ans, je venais de terminer mes études médicales, et, muni de mon diplôme de docteur, j'avais dit adieu au quartier latin et m'étais installé dans un petit appartement au troisième étage d'une maison de la rue des Prouvaires. Mes ressources étaient plus que modiques ; la faible somme que ma pauvre mère avait pu m'envoyer en réclamant son mince revenu, avait été bien nulle presque absorbée en entier par l'achat du modeste ameublement de mon cabinet et des livres de science qui devaient former ma bibliothèque, accessoire obligé du sanctuaire d'un nouvel Esculape.

Ma mère, dans ses naïves idées de province, n'avait nullement inquiétude sur mon avenir. À présent que, grâce à ses sacrifices, j'étais arrivé au terme de mes longues et coûteuses études, à présent que j'étais docteur en médecine et chirurgien de la Faculté de Paris, ma fortune était faite, mon sort assuré ; la clientèle devait accourir chez moi, et, avec les clients, la richesse, la renommée, les honneurs mêmes ! La pauvre femme me voyait déjà siégeant dans le fauteuil académique ; ses lettres n'étaient que des rêves d'or, de magnifiques espérances, qui, pour elle, semblaient si près de s'accomplir, qu'elle les voyait réalisées et les touchait du doigt.

Je partageais moi-même, durant les derniers mois de mes travaux scolaires, ces hallucinations enchântées, fruits décendants de l'expérience de la vie. Il me semblait aussi, pendant les brûlantes veilles consacrées à la composition de ma thèse, que je touchais au but, et qu'une fois investi du droit de guérir les maux, les malades s'empresseraient de mettre à l'épreuve mon jeune savoir.

Le jour où je pris possession de mon nouveau logement, je me crus presque un personnage important. Sans me rendre compte de la folle vanité qui grisaît ma raison, il me semblait que la réception d'un membre de plus dans le doctore corpore devait être un événement public, que chacun devait me connaître et dire en me voyant passer : Voilà un jeune docteur rempli de mérite et de science. Je m'étais dans mon cabinet et n'osai pas sortir de la journée, de peur de faire défaut aux nombreux maâdes qui sans doute viendraient me consulter ; mais l'obscurité de la nuit fut la seule visite qui m'arriva. Je me décidai enfin à me coucher, et fis tous mes efforts pour résister au sommeil, dans la crainte de ne point entendre la sonnette de nuit placée au pied de mon alcôve et correspondant à la porte de la rue. La maudite sonnette me laissa dormir profondément, et je ne fus éveillé que par un rayon de soleil qui vint, comme pour me narguer, effleurer mes paupières closes encore à dix heures du matin.

Mon illusion ne dura pas longtemps. Un profond dégoût s'empara bientôt de moi quand, à la place du grand homme que je croyais être, je me vis chétif, inconnu ; obligé de m'abaisser, d'avoir recours à un honteux charlatanisme, je voulais répandre mon nom et trouver des clients ; je me vis éclaté par cette atmosphère d'égoïsme dans laquelle je venais de tomber. Mon amour propre s'accrut avec le sentiment de ma misère ; j'aurais rougi de solliciter une protection, un appui, et les protecteurs pourtant ne s'offrent pas d'eux-mêmes.

Quelques amis m'étaient restés attachés depuis ma désertion du quartier latin ; je les vis bientôt me négliger, puis cesser tout à fait de me voir. L'un était riche ; je m'expliquai facilement sa froideur croissante ; la misère
qui me talonnait effrayait son avarice et menaçait sa bourse d’un emprunt auquel il voulait se soustraire; l’autre, insatiable solliciteur, avait enfin obtenu l’außenže d’une place et il quittait Paris pour aller l’occuper. Un troisième se mariait et se renfermait dans son ménage avec toute la sauvagerie d’un l’bertin converti. Un quatrième m’abandonnait tout bonnement parce que les rêves de gloire dont je m’étais lourdement ne s’accomplissaient pas, et qu’un instinct parasite l’attirait vers toute célébrité faite ou naissante, et l’éloignait de tout être souffrant et découragé.

Je restai donc seul au milieu de la grande ville, entouré de mon néant, et n’ayant pas la force ou plutôt la volonté de lutter, comme les autres, contre les obstacles de toute carrière à son début. A mesure que ma situation s’assombrissait, les lettres de ma mère devenaient plus radieuses de joie et d’orgueil maternel, son rêve se continuait et suivait les phases brillantes d’une carrière imaginaire. Je me gardais bien de détruire ce riant mensonge, qui jetait sur les derniers jours de ma bonne mère des rayons de bonheur! Mes réponses entretenaient son erreur. Je brodais le roman qu’elle s’était créé de toutes les merveilles qui pouvaient ajouter encore à sa joie des joies nouvelles! pauvre et manquant presque de tout, je me faisais riche et opulent, et quand je quittais mon logement du troisième étage pour monter dans une miserable mansarde, j’écrivais qu’une fortune inespérée m’avait permis d’habiter un magnifique appartement au premier. Je faisais, par amour filial, la contre-partie de la réalité: mes derniers vingt sous servirent à affranchir la lettre qui me disait presque milliardaire.

Cependant cette piéuse fraude eut un terme, trop prompt, hélas! Ma pauvre mère mourut en remerciant le ciel d’avoir exaucé ses vœux et assuré l’avenir de son fils bien aimé.

Dès lors, il s’opéra en moi une crise fatale; mon découragement fit place à une noire misanthropie; je devins l’ennemi du monde entier, de cette société ingrate qui récompensait si mal six années de travaux et de repugnantes études; je sentis dans mon cœur une haine farouche contre tous, contre mes rivaux heureux, contre les indifférents, contre moi-même. Je rompis brusquement avec les prétendus amis qui semblaient m’accueillir avec une bienveillance trop marquée pour être sincère; je me renfermâi tendrement dans mon galetas, et là, nouveau cynique, je pus, tout à mon aise, laisser mes sarcasmes amers sur la race humaine et la mandrie libérément. Mes livres et mes meubles s’avaient été vendus et remplacés par un mauvais lit, une table et une chaise; c’était assez pour moi, car désormais je voulais être seul sur la terre. Je ne supportais d’autres visites que celles de ma portière qui venait chaque matin remuer mon matelas, et je ne consentais à prêter l’oreille qu’à la conversation de cette femme, virile, bavarde et méchante; dans sa position d’esclave, je l’écoutais, avec un certain plaisir, médire du tiers et du quart, déclamer à belles dents toutes les personnes dont les noms passaient sur sa langue envenimée. Cette patience, d’il encore que l’audace à laquelle elle n’était point accoutumée, m’avait concilié les bonnes grâces de madame Pingot, et, par un accord tacite, elle n’exigeait, pour tout salaire des petits services qu’elle me rendait, que ma complaisance à entendre ses méditations et ses causeries.

L’homme est né pour vivre avec ses semblables, et l’isolement l’amène bientôt au dégoût de la vie. Pour moi surtout qui avais étudié la vie dans ses ressorts physiques, le mécanisme de l’existence me paraissait si fragile, si misérable, que la pensée de le briser volontairement me semblait aisée. Les analyses de la clinique sont incompatibles avec les utopies de la métaphysique, et ce paradoxe monstrueux dont plusieurs médecins se con-
tentent pour nier l'âme, et que j'avais plus
d'une fois réfuté, me semblait alors plein de
justesse et de logique : Nous n'avons jamais
vu, disent-ils, l'âme s'échapper du cadavre au
moment où s'accomplit le phénomène de la
mort, donc nous refusons de croire à l'exis-
tence de l'âme.

Ce blasphème du matérialisme le plus ab-
surde servit de base à mes nouvelles croyan-
ces, croyances négatives qui ne pouvaient
engendrer qu'une criminelle résolution. Je
résolus donc de mourir. Pendant un mois je
me préparai à cet acte suprême, en évoquant
da dans ma mémoire tous les sophismes écrits ou
répandus en faveur du suicide. Si je m'accor-
dai ce délai, ce ne fut point par une pensée de
 crainte et d'hésitation ; je voulais seulement
satisfaire ma raison en justifiant ma volonté
par une épreuve de trente jours. Je demandai
d'abord si ce n’était point ma misère qui dé-
gadait à mes yeux le prix réel de la vie, et
mon orgueil me rassura sur ce point. J'envisa-
geai l'avenir, même avec l'opulence, avec la
renommée et toutes les chimères que les hom-
mes poursuivent sous le nom de bonheur, et
l'existence la plus heureuse possible me parut
encore méprisable et indignée de mon ambition.
Je voyais les années arriver rapides, fuir de
même, amener la vieillesse, la décérépitude,
les infirmités, la mort, ce terme inévitable
qui se dresse au bout du chemin comme un
épouvantail pour le riche, comme un phare
de consolation pour le pauvre. A quoi bon,
me disais-je, traverser tant de maux ? ne vaut-il
pas mieux en finir avant de les connaître ?
Quel courage, quelle sagesse y a-t-il à s'exposer
aux malencontreux d'un long voyage, quand
on peut s'arrêter et se reposer avant la fatigue?
Je me pris à regarder comme de pauvres fouls
fous ces piloyables humains qui consentaient
à vivre leur temps, à traîner stupéfient leur
boulet, quand d’un pas ils pourraient franchir
les portes du bagnes. La laine qu’je leur ava s
vouée se transforma en une dédaigneuse com-
passion. Je riais de pitié en descendant dans la
rue, en voyant s'agiter cette fumillière im-
becile qui prenait tant de peine, tant de soins,
tant de soins, pour conserver ou prolonger
les malheurs de la vie, de cette vie que j'allais
quitter froidement, sans démesure, mais par le
seul conseil de ma raison. Je riais de bon
 cœur, avec tout le laisser-aller d'une franchise
et intime gaité.

Mes amis, continua le docteur, en quittant
le ton un peu déclamatoire sur lequel il avait
monté le récit de ses extravagances passées,
mes amis, remarquez, s'il vous plaît, que j'é-
tais frappé de la plus incurable, de la plus
inévitablement mortelle de toutes les mono-
manies de suicide. Les symptômes de ce cas
alarmant présentent en apparence une réaction
favorable : le malade chasse son humeur som-
bre ; il devient gai, rieur, enjoué. Il est perdu
sous ressource. Un pauvre diable, chez qui
une grande douleur fait naître une idée de
suicide, peut être rattaché à la vie par la plus
faible lueur d'espérance ; mais celui qui rit en
faisant les apprêts de sa mort, celui là est mort
céa, rien ne saurait le sauver, si ce n'est un
miracle. Eh bien ! ce miracle, il a eu lieu pour
moi.

Le jour fixé d’avance pour mon départ de ce
monde se leva enfin. Madame Pingot vint
comme d’habitude m’éveiller à huit heures.
Elle plaça près de mon lit, sur mon unique
chose, mes habits détaillés qu’elle venait de
brosser avec soin.

—Monsieur, me dit-elle, est-ce que vous ne
ferez pas un peu de feu dans votre poêle ? Il
fait un froid ce matin !....

—Nous verrons demain, madame Pingot,
—C’est bon... Ah ! monsieur, il faudra pen-
sé à vous faire faire un habit, le vôtre com-
mençant à rire par les coutures.... et un médecin
qui va les coudes percés....
— Il sera raconté demain, madame Pingot.

— Ah ! c’est que nous avons dans la maison un ivrogne de tailleur qui vous aurait arrangé ça. Certes, ce n’est pas pour lui faire gagner quelques sous que je dis ; mais c’est que pendant qu’il aurait travaillé à vos coudes, il n’aurait pas eu le temps de battre sa pauvre petite femme. Pauvre chatte, en reçoit elle… Soyons justes pourtant… quand on se conduit comme elle, quand on rentre à des onze heures, minuit, c’est équitable.

— Madame Pingot…

— A propos, je crois que je vous ai trouvé une pratique… Ce ne serait pas malheureux, parce que, comme on dit, la première amène la deuxième, la deuxième la troisième, et ainsi de suite. Vous savez bien, votre voisine, cette vieille rentière qui se dit veuve, et à qui on n’a jamais connu de mari…

— Est-ce qu’elle est malade ?

— Pas elle… Ah ! ben oui ! les vieilles rentières, ça n’en finit jamais… Mais c’est son bien, son Azor.

— Comment elle veut que moi ?

— Ce n’est pas elle qui veut… c’est moi qui vous ai proposé, et je suis bien sûre qu’elle vous paierait gras si vous lui guérissiez son Azor, une vilaine bête, sans éducation… et que j’aimerais autant voir décéder tout de suite… Mais c’est par intérêt pour vous, monsieur le docteur. Vous avez tant besoin de pratiques…

Si j’avais été dans une situation d’esprit normale, j’aurais probablement jeté madame Pingot à la porte ; je ne fis que rire de son impertinence involontaire, et lui promis de visiter, le lendemain, le chef de ma voisine.

— Demain ! toujours demain ! dit madame Pingot ; vous avez donc bien des affaires aujourd’hui, monsieur ?

— Je n’en ai qu’une, ma bonne dame, mais elle est assez importante, ajoutai je gaîment, pour m’empêcher de penser aux autres.

— Allons ! allons ! tant mieux ! dit la portière en interprétant ma gaité ; il paraît que ça commence à marcher… ça me fait plaisir.

Je congédiai madame Pingot, et m’étant habillé fort tranquillement, je sortis sans laisser sur ma table la moindre église, ni le plus petit quatrain en forme d’épitaphe. Pour moi, la vie ne valait pas même un regret.

Madame Pingot avait dit vrai ; il faisait froid, un froid piquant. Je grelottais dans mes vêtements amincis et rongés par la brosse : je n’avais ni gants ni manteau ; je boutonnaï mon habit pour garantir ma poitrine, je fourrai mes deux mains dans mes poches et m’achemina vers le pont Notre-Dame. La rivière est le seul suicide que l’on puisse se procurer gratis. Tous les autres genres de mort eussent été du luxe pour moi : la corde, le charbon, la poudre et les balles étaient au-dessus de mes moyens pécuniaires.

J’arrivai sur le pont, je me poschai sur le parapet et m’usurai d’un œil curieux la hauteur de ma chute prochaine. La Seine charriait quelques glaçons qui se brisaient aux piliers du vieux pont. Des badauds, me voyant regarder, s’arrêtèrent auprès de moi pour regarder aussi. Dans la crainte d’être secouru, je voulus attendre qu’ils fussent éloignés ; je m’adossai contre le para, et croisai les bras avec impatience. Dans cette attitude, mes yeux s’abaissaient sur la manche droite de mon habit, et j’y aperçus un cheveu ! Je le pris pour le jeter ; mais, le tenant entre mes doigts, j’hésitai à les ouvrir pour le livrer au vent qui l’eût emporté dans les eaux.

C’était un beau et soyeux cheveu blond, d’une nuance toute particulière, se rapprochant un peu du reflet légèrement bi-terre que les peintres affectent à la chevelure de la première femme ; il décrivait dans sa longueur une gracieuse spirale, indiquant qu’il s’était
détaché d'une boucle soigneusement arrondie par le frère. La finesse de ce cheveu et sa coquetterie semblaient affirmer qu'il avait appartenu à une jeune et jolie femme.

Mes notions physiologiques me permettaient d'induire du seul aspect de ce cheveu, plusieurs conséquences sinon infaiîbles, du moins d'une probabilité reconnue par la science. Ainsi, de sa nuance et de sa vigueur, j'aurai un tempérément nerveux et sanguin, et, par analogie, une peau blanche, ferme et satiniée, un teint coloré par la fraîcheur de la santé, des yeux d'un bleu azuré, entourés de longs cils châtain, et brillants d'une douce vivacité sous la courbe bien dessinée des sourcils.

Mon imagination se plaisant à cette gracieuse fantaisie n'eût garde de l'abandonner sans avoir complété cette création qu'elle avait si complaisamment ébauchée. Toutes ces facultés pensantes, concentrées dans ce travail charmant, prétendaient à la nouvelle Galatée des beautés, des perfections surhumaines. Moi qui naguère m'étais impitoyablement refusé une âme, j'en accordai une, belle et parfaite comme son corps, à cette idole enfantée dans une hallucination de mon cerveau malade.

Mes regards étaient toujours attachés sur le soyeux cheveu blond, mais ils voyaient et contemplaient la fraîche et riante jeune fille ; mon cœur se gonflait d'émotion, et mon âme, comme révélée d'une longue et glaciale léthargie, semblait bondir en moi de bonheur et d'ivresse !

En ce moment mes yeux se portèrent sur les eaux limoureuses qui roulaient en grondant au-dessous de moi, et je tressaillis d'effroi en me rappelant tout à coup l'affreuse pensée qui m'avait conduit sur le pont Notre-Dame. — Le suicide ! m'écraît-je, non ! la vie peut encore être belle et heureuse quand on est jeune et fort. Il ne faut, pour l'emblâmer, qu'une volonté ferme, du travail, de la persévérance. Se tuer quand on est misérable, c'est une folie !

C'est une absurdité ! Dire que la vie est amère avant d'en avoir goûté le miel, n'est-ce point une parole de déraison ? Comment se prononcer sur ce que l'on ne connaît pas ? Commencons par acquérir toutes les joies dont on peut s'abreuver en ce monde, réalisons le beau rêve de ma pauvre mère, accumulons sur notre existence les biens matériels et les jouissances de l'âme ; soyons riche, aimé, honoré. En nous rendant utile à nos semblables, commandons leur estime et l'estime de notre propre conscience.

Ces réflexions régénératrices me donnèrent le courage de renoncer à mon sinistre projet de mort. J'ai dit le courage, mes amis, et ce n'est pas au hasard que j'ai prononcé ce mot. Il y a dans notre vanitéuse nature un mauvais levain d'amour-propre, une sorte de respect humain intime qui nous engage envers nous-mêmes et nous pousse à persévérer jusqu'au bout dans une résolution coupable, même après l'avoir reconnue telle, et par cela seul que nous nous étions promis de l'accomplir.

Mais, je vous ai prévenus, mon talisman fait des miracles.

Tout en roulant ces belles pensées dans ma pauvreté, naguère si folle, j'avais dévité sur mon doigt le cheveu blond qui brillait comme une bague d'or, et m'éloignant à grands pas du pont Notre-Dame, je regagnai ma rue des Prouvaires.

Quand je remis le pied dans ma mansarde, je ressentis ce doux attendrissement que l'on éprouve en revoyant, après une longue absence, un lieu que des souvenirs de bonheur vous ont rendu cher ; et pourtant cette chambre n'avait été témoin que de ma profonde misère et de mes mortelles tristesses. Mais, d'après mes impressions récentes, tous mes maux composaient un bien, celui de la vie.

Je plaçai avec le plus grand soin mon talisman dans une petite boîte, puis, posant la main droite sur la précieuse amulette qui ve-
nait de me rendre, non-seulement à la vie,
mais encore à la vertu, je fis le serment de
chercher sans relâche la femme à laquelle
avait appartenu le beau cheveu blond et d'é
poser cette femme.

Vous riez, mes amis, interrompit le docteur
en partageant lui-même notre hilarité; voilà
un malheurieux qui bien mal guéri, direz-vous.
Le premier usage qu'il fit de sa raison reve
nue est un acte d'ex-ravageur parfaitement
caractérisé. Prenez patience, mes chers rai
leurs, et ne vous hâtez pas de m'envoyer aux
petites-maisons.

Pour rencontrer ma belle au cheveu blond,
il fallait sans doute renoncer à mes habitudes
de misanthropie et de sauvagerie. Ce n'était
point dans mon grenier, dont la seule fenêtre,
découpée dans le plafond, donnait vue sur les
ardoises des toits, que ma fée devait m'appa
raître, il fallait aller dans le monde, suivre
les réunions, les soirées, les spectacles où les
femmes nous laissent admirer leur chevelure
dégagée des entraves du chapeau. Mais com
ment aller au spectacle? J'étais littéralement
sans le sou. Comment me présenter dans un
salon avec mes guenilles? Comment alors ac
PLIER mon vœu solennel et sacré?
Ainsi ma bonne volonté se brisait au pre
mier pas contre une impossibilité insurmon
table. J'étais en outre assailli par la faim, par
le froid. Je me vis sur le point de regretter ma résurrection et de tomber dans une mor
telle rechute de discouragement, de désespoir.
Je me rappelai en ce moment le bizarre
client que madame Pingot m'avait offert, le
chien de la vieille rentière ma voisine.
Oh! par Dieu! m'écriai-je, il est moins
honteux, pour un docteur de la Faculté, de
guérir un chien malade que de mourir de
faim! Je m'élançai hors de ma chambre et
frappai résolument à la porte de ma voisine.
La vieille dame vint m'ouvrir; c'était une
femme de soixante-cinq ans environ, dont la
figure pleine de finesse et de distinction ne
semblait nullement au portrait trivial que
l'odieux madame Pingot m'avait plus d'une
temps tracé de cette respectable dame. Ses ma
nières et son langage annonçaient les habitu
des de la bonne société et la fréquentation du
beau monde.

Quand je lui eus appris le motif de ma visite,
ma pauvre voisine se confondit en excuses,
m'assurant qu'elle avait expressément défendu
damour Pingot de me faire une aussi in
convenante proposition. Cette délicatesse ex
cessive me donna beau jeu pour insister à voir
le malade. Il me fallut soutenir une lutte de
politures qui, bien que poussée à l'extrême,
n'avait rien d'exagéré, si l'on considère dans
quelle position embarrassante la portière avait
placé la bonne dame vis à vis de moi. Elle
comprit sans doute l'impérieuse raison qui me
faisait ainsi comiquement obstiner dans une sem
blable circonstance, car elle céda enfin et
consentit à me laisser approcher du fauteuil où
dormait un joli épagnon. Le petit animal
avait été bessed à la patte par une voiture.

Je reçus dix francs pour cette première vi
site, qui fut suivie de plusieurs autres au
même prix.

Mon costume fut bientôt renouvelé. Présenté
par la vieille dame, je vis s'ouvrir pour moi
les maisons les plus riches et les plus nél
bles de la capitale. Je ne manquai ni un bal, ni un
concert, ni une réunion; je cherchai toujours
et partout les frères de mon cheveu blond;
mais de toutes les têtes blondes qui posaient
devant mes yeux, pas une seule ne m'offrait
la singulière nuance de mon talisman, et, fi
dèle à mon vœu, je cherchais sans relâche. Le
résultat de cette fanatique recherche fut de
me mettre en rapport avec l'élite de la popu
lation parisienne. Je ne tardai pas à avoir
quelques clients que je guéris aussi bien que
l'épagnon de ma protectrice; ma clientèle
était fort peu nombreuse d'abord, je mettais
tous mes soins à me la conserver entière.

Quelques-unes de mes curef furent remarquées, et dès-lors ma fortune fut déterminée. Je devins ce qu'on appelle un médecin à la mode, un médecin de migraines et de vapeurs, le plus lucratif des métiers et le moins compromettant.

Tout en traitant les oisives indispositions des jeunes comtesses et des jolies marquises, je ne négligeais pas les études sérieuses et je pénétrais chaque jour plus avant dans les arcana infinis de la science médicale. Mon talisman avait été enchaîné comme une relique merveilleuse dans le chaton d'une bague, et il ne me quittait plus. La fortune semblait aussi s'attacher à moi. J'étais, depuis longtemps, redescendu de mon grenier dans mon appartement du troisième étage; six ans après je dus descendre au premier, par égard pour mes nouveaux confrères de l'Académie de médecine.

Plusieurs fois, des amis officieux avaient tenté de me marier, mais j'étais inhabordable sur ce sujet. Personne ne soupçonnait le mystère de mon célibat opiniâtre. Pouvais je répondre à mes amis, quand ils m'offraient un brillant parti : Non, j'ai juré de rester fidèle à un cheveu blond.

Le jour de mon troisième déménagement, madame Pingot vint, selon sa coutume, se jeter au milieu des embarras, sous prétexte d'aider mes domestiques et les ouvriers. Comme elle allait et venait devant moi avec toute l'activité de la mouche du coche, je sentis à la main un léger chatouillement; je regardai d'où pouvait provenir cette sensation, et j'aperçus sur ma main un cheveu blond, absolument semblable à mon talisman du pont Notre-Dame. Presque au même instant je levaï les yeux sur madame Pingot, et je remarquai avec stupeur que cette honnête portière,

Pour réparer des ans l'irréparable outrage,
garnissait son front d'un tour de cheveux blond.

Je voulus douter d'abord qu'une identité parfaite existât entre mon poétique cheveu et le tour de madame Pingot, mais il fallut bien renoncer à toute poésie, quand le tour, examiné avec scrupule et conscience (au grand étonnement de la portière) me présenta précisément la nuance étrange que j'avais si longtemps cherché sans succès.

Devais-je houdre contre la Providence de ce qu'elle avait donné une semblable cause à la prolongation de ma vie, à ma richesse, à ma réputation? J'en eus presque la pensée un moment. Ce mouvement d'humeur fut bientôt étouffé par un sentiment d'adoration pour les œuvres de la Providence, œuvres d'autant plus grandes, d'autant plus infinies, que l'instrument qu'elle emploie pour les accomplir est plus futile, plus imposant en apparence.

J'entre aujourd'hui dans ma cinquième-cinquième année; si je n'ai pas savouré tous les plaisirs, tous les bonheurs de la vie, j'en ai du moins goûté quelques-uns, et je vous avouerai que, depuis le pont Notre-Dame, mes idées sur le suicide n'ont pas changé; je pense que la vie est une bonne chose et qu'elle vaut la peine qu'il faut se donner pour la conserver et l'embellir.

Voilà, mes amis, l'histoire de mon cheveu blond. C'est-à-dire que j'ai empêché de réformer, à vingt-cinq ans, une carrière inutile. Si je suis aujourd'hui assez riche pour faire du bien, si je suis estimé, honoré, presque illustre même; si enfin, ce qui vaut bien mieux, je suis en ce moment entouré de vrais et sincères amis, je dois tout cela à un cheveu, à un cheveu de madame Pingot!

Faut-il maintenant tirer la moralité de mon histoire, comme faisait le bon Esop, dont le corps était si tortu et l'esprit si droit?

—Docteur, la moralité est dans votre récit même, mais elle laisse quelque chose à désirer.
—Oui, docteur. Vous ne nous parlez plus de votre serment... vous avez été ingrat envers madame Pingot.
—Je lui ai fait une pension jusqu'à sa mort.
—Et votre vœu d'épouser la belle au cheveu blond?
—Je suis en règle, s'écria gaîment le bon docteur : d'abord madame Pingot n'était plus belle... et, de plus, elle était mariée.

MARC MICHEL.

POÉSIE.

Vous aimer comme un frère.

ROMANCE.

Pourquoi vous fâcher et m'envoyer,
Vous taire devant mon aveu?
N'ai-je pas le droit de m'en plaindre,
Quand je vous parle comme à Dieu?
De vous seule qui m'êtes chère
J'implore un mot consolateur :
Je veux vous aimer comme un frère,
Chérir toujours comme une sœur.

Que je trouve au moins dans mes peines
Un être pur à qui parler,
Et mes espérances moins vaines
Viendront soudain me consoler.
Je lui dirai : Toujours sincère,
Toujours digne de sa candeur,
Je veux vous aimer comme un frère,
Chérir toujours comme une sœur.

Ne craignez plus, ô point d'alarmes,
Loin de vous tout cruel effroi ;
D'un doux sourire séchez mes larmes,
D'un regard d'ange accueillez-moi.
Ce destin de vous sur la terre
Va mettre le ciel dans mon cœur :

Je veux vous aimer comme un frère,
Chérir toujours comme une sœur.

AD. FAVRE.

Cette romance est destinée à faire sensation dans le monde musical ; les paroles, dues à M. Adolphe Favre, dont le nom a déjà été si souvent cité dans notre journal, sont gracieuses et de fort bon goût ; la musique, traitée avec talent par M. Becqué, est tendre et suave. C'est une romance que tous les amateurs voudront connaître.

CHRONIQUE.

Opéra. Les nouveautés vont se succéder à l'Opéra. Ce sera d'abord Griselle, ballet en deux actes, Freyschutz, non pas tel qu'on l'entend à l'Odéon, mais tout à fait conforme à la partition de Weber ; la Rosière de Gand, grand ballet en trois actes ; le Chevalier de Malte, opéra en quatre actes, de MM. Halévy et St-Georges, enfin le Prophète, grand opéra de Meyerbeer, dont les études commenceront au mois de septembre.


Palais-Royal. La Permission de dix heures a obtenu un succès brillant qui doit se prolonger une partie de la belle saison, et qui ne peut qu'ajouter à la prospérité de ce théâtre.

Ambigu-Comique. La nouvelle administration de l'Ambigu déploie la plus grande activité ; tous les engagements d'artistes sont achevés, nous en donnons prochainement la liste ; le traité avec la commission dramatique est définitivement conclu ; plu-
sieurs grands ouvrages ont été lus, et le drame d'ouverture est déjà à l'étude. Le prologue d'inauguration renferme, dit-on, une donnée aussi neuve que piquante. Rien ne manquera à la solennité de la réouverture, qui aura lieu cette semaine.

CIRQUE OLYMPIQUE. Lundi, le Cirque a donné un ouvrage à spectacle qui a été fort applaudi : Anitra, ou les Français en Espagne. Avec cet ouvrage, l'administration peut attendre l'époque prochaine où elle prendra possession du cirque magnifique qui vient de s'élever aux Champs-Élysées. Des danseurs remarquables par la force et l élégance, les frères Javelot, ont débuté à ce théâtre avec un succès méritoire. Cet intermède apporte une agréable variété dans le spectacle.

FOLIES DRAMATIQUES. M. Mourier, l'habile directeur, vient d'engager mademoiselle Pauline Haas, la gentille actrice de la Renaissance ; c'est une certitude de plus pour lui que la vogue qu'obligent son théâtre lui restera fidèle.

GÂTÉ. Quatre-vingts représentations de la Grâce de Dieu n'ont point épuisé la curiosité publique, et la foule est au théâtre de la Gâté comme aux premiers jours. Il y a peu d'exemples d'un succès semblable et aussi méritoire. L'ouvrage est joué avec le même ensemble, le même soin qu'aux premières représentations. Neuville, Francisque jeune, Survilliers, mademoiselles Clarisse et Léontine reçoivent chaque soir de nombreux applaudissements.

—Le succès des Scènes de la vie des Animaux grandit tous les jours. Les derniers livraisons, par MM. Baude, de la Bedollière, Bernard et Stahl sont d'un comique très varié. Enfin M. de Balzac va publier le Guide Anse, à l'usage des animaux ambitieux. Les hommes les plus désintéressés voudront posséder ce manuel, vrai chef-d'œuvre de critique et de philosophie.

—Nous avons remarqué un délicieux tableau historique devant lequel la foule s'arrête au Salon. M. Amédée de Taverne s'est inspiré d'un sujet vénérable. Il a pris le moment où Bonchamps, exécutant demande grâce pour quatre mille républicains déshérités qui allaient être mis à mort. Le général expiré et son dernier veau est saucé : les républicains sont rendus à leur drapeau. Notre impartialité nous fait un devoir de trouver grand et sublime ce qui est grand et sublime dans tous les partis. Cette petite scène, d'un saisissant dramatique, impressionne et touche ; les détails, habilement ménagés, font valoir l'action principale. Harmonie, couleur, dessin, tout est irréprochable et fait beaucoup d'honneur à M. de Taverne.

—Notre du-rrière chronique a fait connaître l'avis que l'église Saint-Jean de Chaillot a inséré dans les grands journaux pour ses orgues ; maintenant c'est l'église française de l'abbé Chamel qui se sert du même moyen pour ses sermons. Demain ce sera le tour du Combat des animaux de Montfauccon. Nous n'avons qu'à nous incliner devant tant d'humanité.

Quoique les journaux aient dit, nous savons de bonne source que rien n'est encore terminé aux Français avec mademoiselle Rachel ; on assure au contraire qu'il est fortement question d'elle à l'Opéra, où elle aurait trois cent soixante-cinq mille francs par an et onze mois et demi de congé, pour créer un rôle de muette dans une pièce inconnue de feu l'abbé de l'Épée. Depuis cette assurissante proposition, M. le juij père est aux anges et prétend imposer à sa fille le plus affreux mutisme. Mais mademoiselle Rachel est femme et ne veut pas renoncer à la parole. Si la noble tragédienne pouvait s'en servir pour convaincre celui-ci de ses préventions inqualifiables !

—Le Baptême du Christ, par M. Auguste Muynier, est une peinture sacrée savamment traitée. Nous aimons la tête du Christ dont le caractère est sublime de sainteté et de religion : chaleur et élégance, transparence et éclat, telles sont les admirables qualités de cette brillante composition.

—La Vera-Cruz va avoir, comme la rance et l'Angleterre, un théâtre d'opéra italien ; la troupe, composée de dix-sept personnes dont six dames, vient d'arriver au Hâvre pour s'embarquer avec M. Roche, son directeur ; les comédiennes et les chœristes seront pris parmi les indigènes. Nous croyons bien que la Vera-Cruz ne nous rappelle une des fables de LaFontaine, et qu'elle est inutile de citer ici pour que l'on sache que c'est de Legrand qui se veut faire aussi grosse que le beau que nous voulons parler.

Mademoiselle Francis Cornu, premier prix du Conservatoire, est engagée au théâtre de Bordeaux comme première chanteuse. Mademoiselle Cornu a de l'avvenir ; que le travail seconde les heureuses dispositions dont elle est dotée, et nous la verrons avant peu une de nos premières scènes lyriques.

—Il n'est bruit dans nos salons que du dernier
ouvrage de M. le vicomte d’Arlinecourt, Ida ; tout
le monde s’entretient du peu de succès auquel il est
appelé.
— M. Berruyer vient de faire retirer du salon son
portrait, qu’on avait, dit-il, dédaigneusement placé
dans la grande galerie. Il ne consentira à le rendre
que pour le salon Carré où le Panthéon. Aux grand
hommes les grandes idées.
— Un autre tableau, la Sainte Famille en Egypte,
ou nous a arrêté un instant, et nous nous disons : C’est
impossible que ce tableau n’ait été fait avec les
mains. Quelle fut notre surprise quand nous vîmes
qu’il était l’œuvre de M. Duconnet, né sans bras.
Il y a des pressentiments étonnants.
Le numéro 4573, dans lequel l’auteur a cherché
trois fois le château d’Eve, notre mère à tous, est un
gâchis d’œuvres, de vermillon et de céruse. Des ar-
bres, des fruits, des fleurs, un serpent, une femme;
richesse de composition comme de couleurs.
Une Vierge à l’enfant, exposée sous le no 424, est
sans doute une plaisanterie que Messieurs du jury
ont voulu faire au public. Ils y ont bien réussi, ou
plutôt ils en ont pas réussi du tout, car nulle autre
personne que nous n’a peut-être encore songé à
donner un regard à ce vrai ramassis de palette. Il
faut appeler les choses par leur nom.
— Au Steele-Chase de la croix de Benvy une
affiche faisait défense expresse de porter aucuns sec-
cours ni au cheval ni au cavalier, quoi qu’il arrivât
à l’un ou à l’autre. Donc M. le marquis de C, en-
traîné par son cheval se cassa la cuisse en roulant
au fond d’un fossé avec sa monture. Un paysan vient
téasser, il entend les cris de détresse de l’infortu-
né marquis dont le pied était pris dans l’étier et
se tordait dans des tortures inouïes ; mais le
rustre avait lu l’affiche, et il assiste froidement à la
mort du noble écrivain. L’autorité qui reconnaît que
l’article 475 du code pénal, qui ordonne de prêter
secours en toutes les occasions possibles, a fait ar-
rière ce pauvre garçon. L’illustrateur devrait de
ces fêtes contesté le droit à la justice d’intervenir
dans cette aventure, et il intente un procès au tribu-
nal correctionnel afin que le prisonnier campagnard
soit renvoyé sans jugement et ce avec dommages
et intérêts. Nous entretiendrons nos lectrices de
ce cas qui est digne en tout du peuple brittan-
nique.

— Une fête brillante est venue clore les soirées de
madame M... On y dansait peu, mais, en revanche,
on y jouait braucoup. Depuis que le N° 413 n’existe
plus au Palais-Royal, il existe partout, dans la plus
petite comme dans la plus grande réunion. Faites
donc des réformes !
— Mademoiselle Mars a fait ses adieux définitifs
au Théâtre-Français dans une représentation so-
lemnelle. Public, artistes, sociétés, tous en étaient
émus, ou parissaient l’être. Ne savons-nous pas que
parmi ces derniers il devait s’en trouver plusieurs
qui étaient pour quelque chose dans cette retraite
de la grande actrice, et qui jouaient là la scène de
Judas et du Christ. Malgré l’envie, le Théâtre-
Français est veuf d’une illustre comédienne. Qui
lui succédera ? Nous craignons bien que sa place ne
soit vide encore pour longtemps, si ce n’est pour
toujours.
— Un soir de l’autre semaine, à une heure assez
avancée, comme nous passions dans la rue de Bon-
dy, à la hauteur de l’Ambigu-Comique, nos oreilles
furent subitement frappées d’un chant funèbre.
Vivement intrigués de l’audition de cette musique,
notre pensées vont arriver à tout moment quelque
procesion nocturne de pénitents blancs ressuscités
ou de pauvres dévots repentants du quartier....
Mais non, rien ! rien ! quand tout à coup, oh ! ne
vous effrayez pas, chères lectrices, apparait devant
nous, au premier étage d’une maison, ce que nous
allions chercher bien loin : c’était madame la com-
tusse Merlin qui exécutait, en compagnie de chan-
teurs et chanteuses, le Requiem de Mozart, en
l’honneur de sa dernière soirée.
Mais voici un fait plus vertueusement chrétien.
Francois IV, duc de Mœdcne, ne pouvant se conso-
lier de la perte de la duchesse sa femme, se dispose
to quitter le monde et d’entrer au couvent des Jés-
sulies, où s’est retiré l’ex-cardinal Odesscalchi, pour
passer sa vie dans le recueillement et la prière. Ce
grand acte d’une résignation pieuse parait sainement
à l’âme et n’a pas besoin d’éloge.
— Ne soyez pas étonné si l’un de ces matins vous
recevez un prospectus de M. Sellyer pour soi-disant
une bonne affaire en librairie qu’il vient de fonder
par actions. Réponse chez M. Buchère, rue Saint-
Séverin, 4. Menez-vous de ces sortes d’annonces
qui vous arrivent par la poste sans être affranchies.
ISABEL OF ANGOULEME
5th Consort of John
King of England.
Married 1200.
Died 1245.
An authentic portrait engraved
exclusively for the "Court Magazine"
Vol. XIX. No. 97 of the series
N. 11 Garvy Street Lincoln's Inn London.
1841
THE COURT, LADY’S MAGAZINE,
MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.

A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c., &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIR OF

ISABELLA OF ANGOULEME,
QUEEN-CONSORT OF JOHN, KING OF ENGLAND, AND MOTHER OF KING HENRY THE THIRD.

Embellished with a full-length Authentic Portrait from her effigy in the Abbey of Fontevraud, (No. 97 of the Series of full-length Authentic Ancient Portraits.)

ISABELLA of Angoulême—the most celebrated beauty of her time, and who, at the very early age of fifteen, most unexpectedly became queen of England—was the only child of Aimar, count of Angoulême, and Alice de Courtenay, grand-daughter of Pierre de Courtenay, fifth son of Louis Le Gros, king of France. About the period of her birth, her father, count Aimar, having entered into a confederation with the count of Limoges, and other Poitevin lords, against the redoubtable Richard Cœur de Lion, had carried fire and sword into the Acquitaine territories of that prince, who, in turn, failed not to retaliate upon theirs with twofold devastation. In the year 1192-3, during the treacherous captivity of that warlike monarch in Germany, Aimar profited by such absence to renew his incursions into the Angoumois, a fertile province situate in the centre of Acquitaine; and though the gallant prince of Navarre, Sancho the Strong, Richard’s brother-in-law, aided by the brave seneschal of Gascony, offered a determined resistance to the insurgent nobles, the struggle for the mastery continued long marked by alternate reverses, until the death of Geoffrey de Rançon, lord of Taillebourgh, one of Aimar’s most intriguing and ever turbulent allies, deprived the count’s party of a considerable portion of its strength, without, however, bringing this border warfare to an immediate termination. In 1194, Cœur de Lion, being at length freed from his chains, entered Acquitaine at the head of a powerful army, bent on revenge. The strong castle of Taillebourg surrendered to him without striking a blow; and he made himself master of all the other places dependant upon that fortress. Thence 2 F.—JUNE, 1841.
passing into the Angoumois, he subjected the whole of that country with such astonishing rapidity, that, in the short space of six hours, he carried the capital after a most sanguinary assault. In this short but fierce campaign, he took prisoners three hundred knights and about forty thousand soldiers. During this scene of slaughter, Philip Augustus, who had stirred up these vassals of his brother monarch to revolt, himself remained inactive, in order that no obstacle might arise to a truce, which was under negotiation between the two crowns, and which was, in fact, concluded by their plenipotentiaries on the 23rd July, 1194. Count Aimar was now compelled to throw himself wholly upon the generosity of Richard: he succeeded not only in appeasing his incensed suzerain, but regained possession of his lands. This was effect ed by the betrothment of his only daughter, Isabella—the subject of the present memoirt to the son of Hugh de Lusignan, count de la Marche. The youthful Isabella, at the conclusion of this arrangement, not being of a marriageable age, was consigned to the care of the countess Matilda, her mother-in-law, the better to ensure the stipulations of the contract; and in such wardship she remained until, in the autumn of 1200—
the year fixed for her union with young count Hugh de Lusignan—the lovely heiress of the Angoumois captivated the heart of the usurping king of England.

In the preceding year John, earl of Mortaigne, surnamed Lackland, youngest son of Henry the Second, had succeeded his brother, Richard, on the throne of England, as well as in his foreign dominions, to the exclusion of Arthur, the youthful duke of Brittany, the only son of Geoffrey, his elder brother. John was at this time thirty-two years old—a manly age—which gave him many advantages over kings commencing their reigns in earlier youth. He was robust, healthy, and, like most of the Angevin race, handsome; but his evil passions distorted his countenance, giving it a treacherous and cruel expression. The defects of his character appeared so early in his father’s life, that his clerical friend, Giraldus, then describes him as a prey to the follies of youth, impres sed as wax to vice; rude to his better advisers; more addicted to luxury than war, to effeminacy than hardships; remarkable rather for juvenile levity than for the promise of that manly maturity to which he was hastening. He is not distinguished to us, by the observant monk, with any of those positive excellencies which characterised his brothers. At his accession he was already hated by the people, and his reign opened inauspiciously. Many of the nobles of England immediately showed disaffection. The king of Scotland, William the Lion, who had quarrelled with him, on account of the provinces of Northumberland and Cumberland, threatened him with invasion; and on the continent, with the exception of those in Normandy, all the great vassals were up in arms for his nephew, Arthur, and in close alliance with the French king, who had renewed the war, promising himself every success, from well knowing the difference between the warlike Richard and the cowardly John. Leaving William de Stuteville to keep in check the Scots, John crossed over to Normandy, where the earl of Flanders, and other great lords, who had confederated with Richard, brought in their forces. Philip demanded and obtained a truce for six weeks, at the end of which term he met John to propose a definitive peace. His demands led to an instant renewal of the war, for he not only required the surrender, by the English king, of all his French possessions (Normandy excepted) to Arthur, but the cession, also, of a considerable part of Normandy itself to the French crown.

The only being engaged in this game of ambition that can at all interest the feelings was the innocent Arthur, who was too young and helpless to play his own part in it. The greatest of our*poets has thrown all the intensity both of pathos and horror around the last days of this prince; but all the days of his brief life were marked with touching vicissitudes. Like William of Normandy, the hapless son of duke Robert, Arthur was the child of sorrow from his cradle, upwards. His misfortunes, indeed, began before he came into the world; his father Geoffrey was killed in a tournament eight months prior to his birth, and Brittany, to which he had an hereditary right through his mother, was divided into factions, fierce yet changeable, destructive of present prosperity and unproductive of future good; for, the national independence, their main object, was an empty dream, in the neighbourhood of such powerful and ambitious monarchs as the Plantagenets of England and the Capetians of France. The people of Brittany, however, hailed the birth of the posthumous child of Geoffrey with transports of patriotic
joy. In spite of his grandfather Henry, who wished to give the child his own name, they determined upon the name of Arthur. The mysterious hero was as dear to the people of Brittany as to their kindred of our own island: tradition painted him as the champion in arms of their "king Hoel the Great;" and though he had been dead some centuries, they still, like the Highlanders of recent times, expected his coming as the restorer of their old independence. Merlin had predicted this, and Merlin was still revered as a prophet in Brittany as well as in Wales.* Popular credulity thus attached ideas of national glory to the cherished name of Arthur; and as the child was handsome and promising, the Bretons looked forward to the day when he should rule them without the control of French or English. His mother, Constance, a vain and weak woman—(for historic truth compels us to dispel the illusory portrait drawn by the magical fancy of Shakspere)—could spare little time for her amours and intrigues to devote to her son, and at the moment when his uncle John threatened him with destruction, she was occupied by her passion for a third husband, whom she had recently married, her second husband being still living. During the life-time of Richard Coeur-de-Lion, she had banded her son between that sovereign and the French king as circumstances and her caprice varied; and now, when awakened to a sense of his danger, the only course she could pursue was to carry him to Paris, and to place him under the protection of the astute and selfish Philip, to whom she offered the direct vassalage not only of Brittany, which, through her, Arthur was to inherit, but also of Normandy, Anjou, Aquitaine, and the other states he claimed as heir to his father. John's troops, composed almost entirely of mercenaries, fell with savage fury upon Brittany, burning and destroying the houses and fields, and selling the inhabitants as slaves. Philip assisted William Desroches, the commander of the small Breton army, and took several castles on the frontiers of Brittany and France from the English. But as soon as he gained these fortresses he destroyed them, in order evidently to leave the road open to himself, when he should throw off the mask and invade the country on his own account. Desroches, incensed at these proceedings, withdrew Arthur and his mother from the French court, and they would both have sought his peace, and delivered themselves up to John, had they not been scared away by the report that he intended the murder of his nephew. After this, young Arthur returned to Philip, who knighted him, notwithstanding his tender age, and promised to give him his daughter Mary in marriage. But Philip only intended to make a tool of the unfortunate boy; and when some troublesome disputes, in which he was engaged with the pope, induced him to treat with John, he sacrificed all his interests without any remorse. By the treaty of peace which was concluded between the kings, in the spring of 1200, John was to remain in possession of all the states his brother Richard had occupied; and thus Arthur was completely disinherited, with the connivance and participation of the French king; for it is said, that by a secret article of the treaty, Philip was to inherit his continental dominions, if John died without children. Circumstances and the unruly passions of John soon nullified the whole of this treaty, and made Philip again the slippery friend of young Arthur; but nothing could efface the French king's perjury, or re-inspire confidence in him, in reasonable men.

In the summer of this same year, the second of his reign, John made a royal progress into Aquitaine, to receive the homage of the barons of that province. He delighted the lively people of the south with his magnificence and parade, and captivated some of the volatile and factious nobles with a display of familiar and festive humour; but these feelings were but momentary; for neither with the people nor their chiefs could he keep up the favorable impression he had made. Though a skilful actor, his capability was confined to a single scene or two; it could never extend itself over a whole act: his passions, which seem to have partaken of insanity, were sure to baffle his hypocrisy on anything like a lengthened intercourse. He had thus shown his true character, and disgusted many of the nobles of Poictou and Aquitaine, when his sudden passion for the young betrothed of count Hugh de Lusignan completed their irritation and disgust. Twelve years had elapsed since the marriage of John with

* It was the existence of the same tradition in the latter country which, after a lapse of three centuries more, prompted Henry VII. to baptize his first-born son with that name. —See Memoir of Elizabeth of York, April, 1511.
Avisa, the grand-daughter of his great uncle Robert, Earl of Glocester. Although a fair and virtuous woman, interest, not affection, had brought about their union—for Avisa was the wealthy heiress of the earldom of Glocester, and brought John an immense dower: but her estates, however valuable to the earl of Montaigne, were of little consequence to the king of England; and a sentence of divorce, on the usual plea of consanguinity, was readily granted by the archbishop of Bordeaux. Immediately this marriage had been annulled, John sent ambassadors to Lisbon, to demand the princess of Portugal: but before he could receive an answer, he saw by accident the lovely Isabella of Angoulême. In the absence of her betrothed spouse, Isabella had been suffered to quit the castle of Valence on a visit to her parents, in order that she might grace their board by her presence at a banquet given by them to John, during his progress through the Angoumois. Disregarding the disparity of their ages—John being more than double that of Isabella, he suffered himself to be captivated by the fair betrothed of Hugh the Brown, and, in spite of every obstacle, determined to make her his queen. The glitter of a crown seduced the faith of Aimar, if not that of his youthful daughter, and John's unexpected proposal of depriving the princess of Portugal of a husband, and the young count de la Marche of a wife. Alike, despising the complaints of the one and the threats of the other, in the month of August, 1200, the fierce king compelled the bishop of Bordeaux to perform the rites of marriage between him and the daughter of his vassal, in the cathedral of Angoulême, the bishop of Poictou and Saintonges, having previously read the divorce which had been pronounced between king John and Avisa of Glocester.

John conducted his fair young bride in triumph, to England, and caused her to be crowned at Westminster, on the 8th October; and he himself was re-crowned at the same time, the archbishop of Canterbury officiating. The next year, the same ceremony was repeated at Canterbury, on the festival of Easter. The importance assigned by our forefathers to this ceremony, not only for their kings, but also for their queens, is forcibly expressed, says a modern historian, in the introduction to the charter which specifies Isabella's dower, and which is dated 1203. The reason of the introductory clause being so strongly worded, may probably be found in the circumstances of the marriage; and it is worthy of remark, that the claim of Isabella to her dower is founded not upon her marriage, but upon her recognition as queen of England, by her coronation. It commences, "John, by the grace of God, king of England, &c.: know ye that we have given unto our beloved wife Isabel, by the same grace queen of England, who in England, by common consent, and willing concord of our archbishops, bishops, earls, barons, clergy, and people of the whole realm, was crowned queen of England." This form is, in the course of the charter, used a second time; and the modern reader will scarcely repress his astonishment at the long catalogue of broad lands, and large and important towns and cities, which, apparently, as matters of course, form the queen's noble dower. The city of Exeter, (with its adjacent forests and villages), Ilchester, Wilton, Malmesbury, Belesdon, and Wiltershaw, Chichester, Waltham, the honor of Berkhamstead, Rochester, the wharf in London called Queenhithe, and the whole county of Rutland, were assigned to her; and in addition to this splendid portion, the towns of Calais, Damfront, and Bonville, besides "all those others that were appropriated to our beloved mother Elinor, as well on this side the sea, as on the other."

As this is the earliest document hitherto discovered relative to the dowry of our queens, it is impossible to determine whether the towns and lands here specified belonged to the regular provision made for each queen-consort, or whether they were assigned to Isabella by John's profuse liberality. That the greater part of them formed the usual dower of queens is probable from the circumstance of Exeter being expressly mentioned by Maud, the wife of Beaumarez, as belonging to her; and the same city, together with the honor of Berkhamstead and Queenhithe, being specified in a charter granted by Adelais to the abbey of Reading, as also being her property.

But a provision for the queen-consort was not only supplied from the extensive domains which formed her dower; another, and most important source of revenue was derived from fines, which, under peculiar arrangements, were paid into the exchequer, and designated by the name of "queen's gold." Thanks to the toilsome but most loyal labors of Pynne, we are put into possession of a number of very curious facts relating
to this celebrated tax, in a tract entitled "Aurum Regum," compiled by him for the use of, and dedicated to the unfortunate Catherine of Portugal. In this treatise he acquaints us that the claim of queen's-gold took its rise from the frequent mediations and powerful intercessions of queens-consort to our monarchs, in most grants of honors, offices, licenses, franchises, privileges, pardons, &c. to their subjects, which being commonly procured, or their fines moderated, or much abated by their royal mediations, the subjects thereupon for these favors, by way of gratitude and justice, held themselves obliged to present them with so much gold, as amounted to at least one tenth part over and above their entire fines. "It seems rather singular, after this clear statement, to find that, in case of their ungrateful neglect thereof, they were, by custom, justice, and law of the realm, enforced to pay it by legal proofs:" thus, after all, like the loans and benevolences of a later period, queen's-gold, whatever milder terms might be used to designate it, was a real and direct tax. The reason for enforcing its payment is illustrated: "The rather, because in many copyholds the wives or ladies of the landlords do still claim to receive from the copyholder or tenant, on renewing or changing leases and estates, a gratuity over and above." He next proceeds to inform us on what occasions, and for what species of fines, it was received. These were all fines of ten marks and upwards; and for a long list of liberties, licenses, grants and immunities, and et ceteras, which fill up two thirds of a quarto page. From the section specifying those payments upon which the superadded tax of queen's-gold could not be claimed, we learn that it was not due "from subsidies of tonnage or pondage granted by Parliament," nor from aids raised by the clergy from the necessary defence of the realm, or of the Holy land; nor for fines paid in kind, such as palfreys, hawks, tunns of wine, &c. "because these were not money, therefore the rates of value were uncertain." This due, he farther states, was so absolutely vested in the queen, that the king's remission of his fine would not remit the superadded tenth due to her, and if the king died ere his debt were paid, "this debt survived to the queen." If, however, the queen died, "all arrears due to her became the king's, and if he meanwhile died, to his successor." When this ancient tax was first imposed, the industry and research of Prynne have not been able to discover, "It was due time out of mind," he says; at the same time acknowledging that he finds no traces of it under our Saxon monarchs, nor any entry in the rolls of the exchequer relating to it, until the reign of the subject of the present memoir. That queen's-gold, both in name and reality, was known previously to the times of Isabella, is proved, he remarks, by a passage in the curious dialogue on the exchequer, which states that one gold mark on this account was due for each fine of one hundred, and two gold marks for each fine of two hundred. As it is not in this dialogue spoken of as a new tax, it seems on the whole most probable that it was a Norman custom and introduced either at the conquest or soon after; and this opinion derives additional support from the fact that a similar custom prevailed in some parts of France; for we have still extant a precept of Edward the First, commanding his receiver for the Duchy of Aquitaine to pay his consort "those sums which had been accustomed out of all bailiwicks, or lands sold or let to farm, in as ample proportion as had Joan countess of Poictou." The term queen's-gold, it may be added, probably took its rise from the form of paying the fine in gold marks, as above stated, rather than in the more common mode in silver.

The first entry relating to this very rich and important source of revenue to our queens, is dated the 1st. of John. The next entry dates not until his tenth year; and we then find the Abbot of Reading paying £4, and others paying various sums, the largest eleven gold marks. There are several entries during the succeeding years; but the net amount is never large; the highest annual payment not exceeding £100; a small sum when compared with the revenue derived from this source alone by Isabella's successor. It would be difficult to find a reason for this deficiency. John, it is well known never remitted a fine which he could obtain, nor ever yielded a right which it was possible he could demand: either, therefore, eagerly employed in increasing his own revenue, he neglected that of his queen, or irritated at her conduct during the latter years of his reign, he made no endeavor to secure for her those privileges, which were considered the inalienable right of each queen-consort.

To return, however, to the period of Isabella's first arrival in England—we find
John's marriage was no more popular than his other actions: from this inauspicious alliance, indeed, may be dated the decline of the Plantagenet family. When Isabella was seduced from her affianced husband, John was lord of the French coast, from the borders of Flanders to the foot of the Pyrenees: in three years he had irrevocably lost the best portion of this valuable territory, the provinces which his predecessors had inherited from William of Normandy, and Fulk of Anjou—the lion-banner of Plantagenet waved alone from the towers and castle keeps of the small province of Guienne. After the second coronation of himself and his young queen, surrounded by a splendid but semibarbarous court, John gave himself up to idleness and luxurious enjoyment. But in the following spring he was disturbed from this dream of pleasure by the vengeance of the Count de la Marche, upon whom he had inflicted so deep and incurable a wound. That nobleman, with his brother, the count of Eu, and several other barons, took up arms in Poitou and Aquitaine. When summoned to attend their liege lord, many of the English vassals—unlike the chiefs of Troy—refused, declaring that it was too insignificant and dishonorable a warfare for them to embark in. They afterwards said they would sail with him if he would restore their rights and liberties. For the present, John so far triumphed over their opposition as to make the refractory barons give him hostages, and pay sequestration in lieu of their personal attendance.

But the public mind in England was at this period in a state of anxiety and alarm that rendered the unpopular measures of that monarch a subject of comparatively little moment. "In that same year, (1201)" says Hoveden, "our doctors foretold that the old dragon, which is the devil and Sathanas, was about to be loosed: therefore said they, "woe, woe, to the inhabitants of the earth, because he, that old dragon which is the devil" (concerning whom the blessed John, who reigned on his Lord's breast during the supper, and from that self same fount drank the stream of evangelical truth,) said, 'I, John, saw an angel with a great chain to bind the devil for a thousand years.'" Now our doctors said that these thousand years were passed away, and that the devil was about to be loosed. Woe to the inhabitants of the earth, therefore! for if the captive devil hath brought forth so much and so great evil into the world, what and how much he may not do when he shall be unbound?" The worthy chronicler then, in a strain of simple and earnest piety, exhorts his contemporaries to keep a watchful guard over their tongues and actions, to abstain from all appearance of evil, to beware of every species of excess, that when Christ the judge shall come at the end of the age, we may be partakers together of his eternal felicity.

Actuated, probably, by a wish to warn men of these coming judgments, Eustace, abbot of Flay, came over to England about this time and preached with great success. From the accounts transmitted to us by Hoveden and Matthew Paris, he seems to have roused a spirit of devotion, and not, improbably, of sincere piety, in the breast of many a hearer; and it is gratifying to find that the principal theme of his discourses was not the miracles of any lately canonized saint, nor the efficacy of any superstitious ceremonial, but the duty of almsgiving, of abstaining from usurious contracts, and, above all, of a reverential observance of the Sabbath day. "He preached the word of the Lord," says Hoveden, "from city to city, and from place to place; he went also, to York, where, being well received by the archbishop, he preached and gave absolution to the people, forbidding markets to be held on the Sundays, and teaching that henceforth they should keep the Sabbath day and the due feast days, not doing any servile work on the Sabbath, but devoting their time wholly to prayer and to good works." Nor, according to the general belief of the age, did abbot Eustace want miraculous corroboration of the authority of his mission. "Signs and wonders followed; and thus did the omnipotent God call the people to the keeping of the Sabbath." These miracles are duly recorded by the above-named chroniclers, and in their character they far more resemble the stories that we meet with in the lives of the earlier

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* At this time, indeed, all the nations of Christendom were thrown into consternation by the commentators of the Apocalypse, who do not appear to have been better gifted with the spirit of prophecy than their more recent successors. They taught that at the end of the year 1200 expired the term of 1000 years, during which the devil was to be bound in the bottomless pit; and left it to the imagination of their hearers to conceive the confusion he would cause and the horrors he would perpetrate, when he should be set at liberty.
and mother of King Henry the Third.

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reformers, than those which are usually related by the chroniclers of this early day. But marvels were presenting themselves on every side; for men, harassed by oppression and misgovernment, and alarmed with vague and mysterious apprehensions of approaching ill, were precisely in that state of feverish excitement, which is sure to invest the commonest and most matter-of-fact events with a character of supernatural agency. Supernumerary moons appeared; the beautiful Aurora displayed her war-ponting coruscations; and a horrible tempest, attended by a shower of hail-stones, so large that they resembled eggs, desolated wide districts of the land. The most appalling, and certainly the most surprising feature of this fearful storm was, that "fowls were seen flying in the air, and bearing fiery coals in their bills, wherewith they set houses on fire!"

Little did John heed either the exhortations of the preacher or the alarming portents which signalised his mission; and while the whole nation stood breathless with awe, awaiting, as they believed, a coming judgment—how to exact money in the greatest measure from his subjects, that he might increase his army of mercenaries or lavish it on his profligate enjoyments, was the sole idea that occupied the mind of this most contemptible of princes. Having collected force sufficient to keep in check the exasperated count de la Marche, he embarked with Isabella for Normandy; the king and queen did not sail together in the same ship, and a storm arising they were separated from each other in the channel. The vessel which carried Isabella ran imminent risk of foundering, but, after suffering great distress, fortunately succeeded in making the port of Harfleur, where John soon afterwards rejoined her, having, on his side, been driven back to the Isle of Wight. The royal pair proceeded through Normandy to Paris, where they were courteously entertained by Philip, a much greater master in deceit, who was, at that very moment, in league with the count de la Marche, in Aquitaine, and preparing a fresh insurrection against his guest in Brittany. Leaving Isabella at the court of the French king, John marched into Aquitaine, but not to fight. The sword of the count de la Marche was, indeed, too feeble to inflict any serious injury, save in a personal encounter with his adversary. Aware of this, he challenged the destroyer of his peace of mind to meet him single handed in the lists. The dastardly John replied by urging his plea of suzerainty, in justification for not accepting the combat in person, but, at the same time offered to fight the Count by proxy. This alternative, the Provençal noble refused, affirming, that it was against his honor as a noble knight to draw his sword in a duel upon any of John's mercenary retainers. For the present, therefore, he contented himself, with entering into a league with the guardians of young Arthur of Brittany, to wrest that dukedom from the usurper's grasp; and John, after a paltry, but ostentatious parade through the safe part of the country, marched back to his pleasures at Rouen, leaving the insurgents in greater power and confidence than ever.

In 1202, on the death of Constance, duchess of Brittany, the count de la Marche, burning to unsheathe his sword against the oppressor, appealed, in behalf of her son to the justice of Philip, their common lord; nor was that prince sorry that John's ingratitude afforded him a pretext for humiliating so powerful a vassal. The moment had now arrived for the decision of the question at issue—whether the Plantagenets or the Capetians should be lords of France. The superiority of the former race had been established by the wisdom of Henry II., and pretty well maintained by the valor of Richard Cœur de Lion; but under the unwise and pusillanimous John, it had no longer a chance. The provisions of the late treaty were instantly forgotten, and Philip now broke the peace, by openly succouring the insurgents in Aquitaine—friends of the count de la Marche who had been mutually incensed at those first fruits of king John's lawless appetites—and by reviving, and again espousing the claim of young Arthur. The poor orphan was placed under the protection of the French king, because, says a chronicler, he was in constant fear of John: and Philip received the homage of Arthur for Brittany, Anjou, Maine and Touraine. "You know your rights," said Philip to the youth; "and would you not be a king?" "That truly would I," replied Arthur. "Here then," said Philip, "are two hundred knights; march with them and take possession of the provinces which are yours, while I make an inroad on Normandy." Thereupon, Arthur raised his banner of war, and the
discontented barons hastened to rally round it; the Bretons sent him five hundred knights, and four thousand foot soldiers; the barons of Touraine and Poictou one hundred and ten men-at-arms; this, with the insignificant contingent supplied by Philip, was all the force at his disposal. His friends had counted on a force of 30,000 men, but it was not the plan of his treacherous ally to make him powerful. Philip only wanted a diversion in his own favor, while he followed up his successes in Normandy. Fortress after fortress surrendered to the confederates; and the heart of John sank in despondency, when an unexpected event arrested the progress of his enemies, and gave him a temporary superiority. The young orphan—for, even now, Arthur was only in his fifteenth year—was of course devoid of all military experience, and dependent on the guidance of others. Some of his friends—or may be his secret enemies—advised him, as his first trial in arms, to march against the town of Mirabeau, about six miles from Poictiers, because his grandmother Eleanor,* who had always been the bitter enemy of his mother, was residing there; and, because, if he got possession of her person, he would be enabled to bring his uncle to terms. In this attempt he was probably further prompted by the irritated Hugh de Brun—who looked forward to her seizure as a sort of retaliation for the abduction of his young and lovely bride. Arthur marched, and took the town, but not his grandmother. The veteran Amazon, though surprised, had time to throw herself into a strong tower which served as a sort of citadel, wherein she stoutly defended herself and found means to acquaint her son with her danger. John, with an activity of which he was not deemed capable, marched to her rescue; and his troops were before Mirabeau, and had invested that town, ere his nephew was aware of his departure from Normandy. The unnatural discords of the Norman and Plantagenet race had already and repeatedly presented the spectacle of son warring against father, brother against brother, but here was a boy of fifteen besieging his grandmother of eighty, and an uncle besieging his nephew—all at one point. On the night between the 31st of July, and the 1st of August, the savage John, by means of treachery, got possession of the town. Not one knight of the duke of Brittany’s little army escaped death in a prison. Arthur was taken in his bed, as were most of the nobles who had followed him on that lamentable expedition.

The count de la Marche, Isabella’s betrothed husband, on whom he had inflicted the most unsupportable of wrongs, and whom John considered as his bitterest enemy, the viscountess of Limoges, Lusignan and Thouars, were among the distinguished captives, who amounted in all to two hundred noble knights. The captor revelled in base vengeance; he caused them to be loaded with irons, tied in open carts, drawn by bullocks, and afterwards to be thrown into dungeons in Normandy and England. Of those whose confinement fell in our island, twenty-two noblemen were starved to death in Corfe-castle—a mode of destruction which, combining the utmost agony with the least humiliation, is worthy of a being of unmingled malignity. The life of count Hugh was saved, but he underwent a lingering confinement of many years in the dungeons of Bristol castle, where also the cruel tyrant placed Arthur’s sister, Eleanor,† sur

* A memoir of Eleanor of Acquitaine, queen-consort of Henry II., is in preparation.

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permitting a prince to live, who, as he now claimed, might on some future occasion obtain the crown. It does not, however, appear, that John fixed at first on the dreadful expedient of assassination. The short remainder and tragic conclusion of his life have been variously related. The variety, however, is such that it may exist without contradiction. The scenes described by different writers may have all occurred at different stages in the long agitation which ended in the foulest of deeds. "John," says Matthew Paris, "went to his nephew at Falaise, and kindly besought him to trust his uncle." The high spirited youth, foolishly betraying his indignation, cried out, "Restore to me my kingdom of England!" John retired pensive and discontented, and Arthur was transferred to the castle of Rouen, and confined in a dungeon of the new tower—where all traces of him are lost. Such infernal deeds are not done in the light of day, nor in the presence of witnesses, and much obscurity and mystery must always rest upon their horrors. The version of Shakspeare has made an impression which no time and no scepticism will ever efface; and, after all, it is probably not far from being the true one.

The monks of Margan tell us, in their brief yearly notes, "that John being at Rouen in the week before Easter (1203), after he had finished his dinner, instigated by drunkenness and malignant fiends, literally imbrued his hands in the blood of his defenceless nephew, and caused his body to be thrown into the Seine, with heavy stones fastened to his feet; that the body was, notwithstanding, cast on shore, and buried, secretly, at the abbey of Bec, from fear of the tyrant." According to the popular traditions of the Bretons, John, pretending to be reconciled with his nephew, took Arthur from his dungeon, in the castle of Rouen, and proceeded with him towards Cherbourg, travelling on horseback, and keeping near the coast. Late one evening, when the king and his nephew had outridden the rest of the party, John stopped on a high cliff which overhung the sea: after looking down the precipice he drew his sword, and riding suddenly at the young prince, ran him through the body. Arthur fell to the ground and begged for mercy; but the murderer dragged him to the brink of the precipice, and hurled him, yet breathing, into the waves below.

But Ralph, the abbot of Coggeshall, the nearest of the contemporary chroniclers, who tells the pitiable tale most minutely, is, probably, the most correct of all. His account is as follows:—Some of the king's councillors (we believe John needed no council save from his own depraved heart), representing how many slaughters and seditions the Bretons were committing for their lord Arthur, and maintaining that they would never be quiet so long as that prince lived in a sound state, suggested that he should deprive the noble youth of his eyes, and so render him incapable of government. Some wretches were sent to Falaise to execute this detestable deed: they found Arthur loaded with chains, and were so moved with his tears and prayers that they staid their bloody hands. The compassion of his guards, and the probity of Hubert de Burgh—the kind Hubert of Shakspeare—saved him for this time. Hubert, who was warden of the castle, took upon him to suspend the cruelties till the king should be further consulted. This merciful appeal only produced his removal from Falaise to Rouen. On the third of April, in the year of mercy, 1203, the helpless orphan was startled from his sleep and invited to descend to the foot of the tower, which was washed by the peaceful waters of the Seine. At the portal he found a boat, and in it his uncle, attended by Peter de Mauluc, his esquire. The lonely spot, the dark hour, and the darker countenance of his uncle, told the youth his hour was come. Making a vain and last appeal, he threw himself on his knees and begged that his life might at least be spared; but John gave the sign and Arthur was murdered. Some say that Peter de Mauluc shrunk from the deed, and that John seized his nephew by the hair, stabbed him with his own hands, and threw his body into the river.

The narrative of Hemingford and Knyghton, which describes Mauluc as the executioner, is confirmed by the circumstance which they mention, and which is otherwise established, of John having bestowed on Mauluc, the heiress* of the barony of Mulgref in marriage, as the reward of his iniquity.

* "John employed Peter de Mauluc, a Poitevin esquire, to murder Arthur, and in reward for that execrable act, gave him to wife Isabel de Turnham, heiress to the barony of Mulgref."—Dugdale's Baronia. His family were lords of parliament for about 240 years.

2 G—June, 1841.
In the essential parts of the crime all writers agree. "The small number of English writers," says a recent historian (Macintosh), "who do not speak of the murder, are equally silent respecting the notorious fact of Arthur's disappearance, which they could have no reason for being afraid to relate, but their conviction of John's guilt. In all who have dared to speak, we can evidently perceive a sort of rivalry in expressing the horror felt by their contemporaries, which more than outweighs, in the scales of evidence, any mistakes or exaggerations into which these honest feelings may have betrayed them."

If the manner of Arthur's death could have borne investigation, John, for his own honor, would have made it public. His silence proves that the young prince was murdered. After a short pause the whispers of suspicion were converted into a conviction of the king's guilt, and the rumor of the murder excited a universal cry of horror and indignation. The Bretons, among whom the young prince was born and brought up, and who had looked to him with the fondest hopes, were the loudest of all in their condemnations. Their rage amounted to an absolute phrenzy; and even when cooler moments came, they unanimously swore to revenge their prince's death. The Maid of Brittany—the fair and unfortunate Eleanor, Arthur's eldest sister—was in John's hands, and closely confined in a monastery, or prison, at Bristol, where she consumed forty years of her life, conformably to the barbarity of an age which could bear no rival near the throne; but the enthusiastic people railed round Alice, an infant, half-sister of the murdered prince, and appointed her father, Guy of Thouars, the last husband of their duchess, Constance, their regent, and general of their confederacy. At a meeting of the estates of the province, held at Vannes, it was determined that Guy (who bore the infant Alice in his arms) should, with a deputation, forthwith carry their complaints before the French king—"their suzerain lord"—and demand justice. Philip listened to their petition and gladly summoned John to prove his innocence in the presence of his French peers.* The process was in the regular order of feudal justice; but the accused monarch did not appear, on which, with the concurrence of the barons, this sentence was pronounced upon him:—"That John, duke of Normandy, unmindful of his oath to Philip, his lord, had murdered his elder brother's son, a homager to the crown of France, within the seigniory of that realm; whereon he is judged a traitor; and, as an enemy to the crown of France, to forfeit all his dominions which he held by homage; and that re-entry be made by force of arms." By this murder, therefore, John, at a blow, lost one-third of his dominions.

The Plantagenet dominions, as far as Rochelle, were subdued with so little difficulty, that we may hope for the consolation of ascribing their easy conquest to the universal horror excited by the murder of Arthur. John's attempts to recover those fair and ample domains were alike pusillanimous and imbecile. No criminal ever less covered his crime by courage or capacity. Though John was at the head of a numerous army, he seemed afraid to show his face to the enemy; and the task of withstanding the attacks of king Philip and the enraged Bretons, devolved on his general, the earl of Pembroke. If we may believe the accounts which have been transmitted to us, he sought to drown the voice of his conscience in scenes of merriment and debauchery. While tower and town successively fell before the invaders, John passed his time with Isabella in voluptuous indolence at Rouen, surrounded by women and effeminate courtiers, who feasted and played, sang and danced, without a thought of the morrow.

The extreme youth of Isabella frees her from the charge of being the Circe, by whose arts and blandishments the debased monarch was lulled, in the lap of pleasure, into an insecure slumber; he, in truth, wished to remain ignorant of the loss of his towns, the miseries of his people, his own shame; and when obliged to listen to some dismal news, in the fulness of his infatuation, he was accustomed to say: "Let them go on, let these French, and this rabble of Bretons go on; I will recover in a single day all that with such pains they are taking from me." At last his enemies appeared at Radermont in the vicinity of Rouen, and then in the month of December, he fled precipitately with his young queen to England.

* John, on receiving the summons, demanded a safe-conduct. "Willingly," said Philip; "let him come unmolested." "And return?" enquired the English envoy. "If the judgment of his peers permit him," replied the king. "By all the saints in France," he exclaimed, when further pressed, "he shall not return unless acquitsted."
At this period of John's departure, nothing remained to him save Rouen, Verneuil, and Château-Gaillard. The last was a strong castle built on a rock overhanging the Seine; it was the pride of the late king, the valorous Cœur-de-Lion, who took extraordinary pains in its construction, and it was held for John by a brave warrior who was true to his trust. In Rouen, the people animated by a hereditary hatred of the French determined to defend themselves; but when pressed by a vigorous siege, they applied for aid to their sovereign, the king of England. John had no aid to give. It was in vain he punished his lukewarm barons of England by fines and forfeitures—it was in vain that he collected a considerable army at Portsmouth—the nobles resolutely told him that they would not follow his standard out of England. Thus abandoned to themselves, and suffering from famine, the citizens of Rouen surrendered to the French king. Verneuil was taken about the same time, and Château-Gaillard fell after nobly sustaining a siege of seven months. Thus, John had no longer an inch of ground in Normandy; which duchy, after a separation of two hundred and ninety-two years, was finally annexed to the crown of France. Within this year, Brittany, Anjou, Maine, Touraine and Poitou equally acknowledged the authority of Philip, and John had nothing left in those wide provinces except a few castles. Aquitaine or Guienne retained its allegiance to the English crown, but we are unacquainted with the circumstances which preserved the connection of that duchy with this country.

Few and scanty are the notices relating to queen Isabella, which occur at this period of her consort's disgraceful reign. In the close of the year 1204, we meet with the first* specific enumeration of the royal apparel worn on high festivals; and it is curious from the minuteness of its description. "On the first day of the moon, before Christmas day" Alan, preceptor of the new temple is directed to bring "our golden crown, made at London;" a red satin mantle adorned with sapphires and pearls; a robe of the same; a tunic of white damask; buskins and slippers of red satin edged with goldsmith's work; "a baldric set with gems; two girdles enamelled and set with garnets and sapphires; white gloves, one with a sapphire and one with an amethyst; and a splendid collection of clasps, adorned with emeralds, turquoise, pearl and topaz, one of which is designated as "of London work;" and sceptres most gorgeously set with jewels, among which we find one with twenty-eight diamonds, the first instance in which the name of this stone is found. Though exceedingly fond of gay attire himself, John, if we may judge by the entries in the wardrobe accounts of his reign, was sufficiently parsimonious in his grants of materials for decorating his consort's lovely person; for although the patent and close rolls abound with precepts respecting the king's dress and jewels, the only ones relating to the queen are, "for sixty ells of fine linen cloth, forty ells of dark green cloth, and a skin of miniver for her robe;" again, "cloth given out to make two robes for the queen, each of five ells—one of green cloth, the other of brunet." The green robe lined with candal or saracen, is rated as worth sixty shillings. We read also of purple cloth for a pair of buskins, and four pair of women's boots, to be embroidered in circles about the ankles; and "one fur of miniver, one small brass pan, and eight towels, for the lady queen's use." Other entries of a different nature strikingly exhibit the unprincipled character of this shameless monarch; such for instance as—"Robert de Vaux gave five of his best palfreys, that the king might hold his tongue about Henry Pinel's wife." "Richard de Neville gave twenty palfreys, to obtain the king's order to make Isolda Bisset take him for a husband." To the bishop of Winchester is given "one ton of good wine, for not putting the king in mind to give a girdle to the countess of Albemarle." The transfer of bribes and amercements, paid in kind must have caused no small inconvenience, and often entailed a publicity it were well had been avoided. A bribe of beeswax, or of palfreys being not so easily transferable as a bundle of bank-notes.

But, to return to the order of events— if John had neglected to preserve, he seemed resolved to recover his transmarine dominions. In a great council held at Winchester in the following year 1205, it was proposed and resolved, that every tenth knight in the kingdom should accompany the king, and serve in Poitou at the expense of the

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* A short entry on the Exchequer Rolls, perhaps, is the only exception—"three cloaks of fine linen, one of scarlet cloth, and one grey pelisse," the whole costing no more than 12l. 6s. 4d. were furnished the queen Isabella on the occasion of her coronation.
other nine. John proceeded to Portsmouth and actually put to sea, yet so weak was the force he could muster, that he returned to land and abandoned the attempt. For this he consol'd himself during the summer by levying fines on the defaulters; and the next year, having released the count de la Marche,* effected a reconciliation with the wronged lover of Isabella, and, further, securing the co-operation of Guy of Thouars, he contrived to land an English army at Rochelle. Aided by the gallant Hugh de Lusignan, he laid siege to the strong castle of Montauban; and John was soon able to boast that he had reduced in a few days a fortress which Charlemagne had not taken in seven years. Then marching to the Loire, he took and burned Angers, committing many cruelties. He then reposed on his laurels, and gave himself up to feasting and debauchery. When again aroused, he descended the Loire, and laid siege to Nantes. This siege he raised to offer battle to Philip. As the battle was about to commence he proposed a negotiation, and as the proposal was under discussion, he ran away to England, covered with new infamy.

In the absence of her recreant lord, Isabella had given birth to an heir at Winchester, who was baptised, Henry, after his grandfather. On returning to his native shores, the next step of the degraded, but still arrogant John was to quarrel with the pope—to brave the thunders of the Vatican, then wielded by a Pontiff who had dragged the crowns of France and Germany at the wheels of his triumphant car. He was sufficiently insen'ate to provoke, to the utmost, and by deeds which gave an odious coloring to his cause, even where he was wholly or partially in the right, the enduring enmity of that power which had shaken the throne of his great and wise father. When Innocent III, in a gentle, but most decided tone asked for redress, John braided his authority: thus an open struggle began between one of the ablest priests that ever wore the tiara, and the meanest and basest king that ever disgraced the English throne. Innocent was not slow in maintaining his authority. He sent orders to the bishops of London, Ely, and Worcester to wait upon the king in his name, and, if they found him still refractory, to threaten him with the interdict. John, at last, received these prelats: when they came to the threat he grew pale with rage; his lips quivered and frothed. "By God's teeth," he cried, "if you, or any of your body, dare to lay my states under interdict, I will send you and all your clergy to Rome, and confiscate your property. As for the Roman shavelings, if I find any in my dominions, I will tear out their eyes and cut off their noses, and so send them to the pope, that the nations may witness their infamy." The bishops trembled and withdrew: but these were not times when personal fear stopped the triumphant march of Rome. A few weeks after, on Monday, March 23rd, 1208, in Passion week, they pronounced the sentence of interdict against all John's dominions, and then fled for safety to the continent.

The nation was thus at once plunged into mourning by the ban of Innocent—the churches were instantly closed—the priests, ceased their functions, refusing to administer any of the usual sacred rites, except baptism to infants and the sacrament to the dying. The dead were buried, without prayers, in unconsecrated ground,—the relics of the saints were taken from their places and laid upon ashes in the silent church, their statues and pictures were covered with veils of black cloth, the chime of church bells no longer floated in the air, and every thing was so arranged under an interdict, as to give a most lugubrious aspect to the whole country upon which it had fallen. "By a strange short-sightedness of one of the most profound and far-reaching of pontiffs, the people," it has been well observed, were in great measure, driven from the gorgeous ceremonial which was the proudest boast of the Latin church, to a simplicity of religious service, which almost anticipated the desires of the Puritans. The multitudes whom the closed doors sent to the church-yard, or to the market cross, there to listen to the simple homily of the way-side preacher, learned the important truth, that reli-

* The means by which this reconciliation was effected cannot now be traced, but the precept on the Tower Rolls, addressed to his custodian, presents a curious illustration of the rigorous treatment of prisoners of rank in those times. "The king to Hugh de Neville, &c. We command you without hindrance and delay, to permit William Baudud, clerk, to speak with Hugh le Brun, through S. Wescelin, our clerk, whom we send with him to you, for we wish him to confer with him. And if he be willing to follow, in all things, the agreement made between us and the viscount of Thouars, a transcript whereof we send to you, we then desire that the aforesaid Hugh be released from fetters, and partially put into ring-chains. Witness ourself at Chinon on the 26th day of August."

igion is not dependent on place or circumstance, on the will of monarch or pontiff. Thus, when John, having reconciled himself to the papal see, invoked on his own behalf the terrors of the pontifical chair, the whole nation smiled at the impotent appeal, and pressed firmly on to demand their rights, heedless of ecclesiastical anathema, even though pronounced by an Innocent.

During the continuance of the interdict, the people seemed to have pursued their various callings as before. The mandate which closed the churches could not bind up the sweet influences of Heaven; the sun shone, and the grass grew, and the harvest gilded the fields, and industry gained her reward, and commerce extended her range, and the walled towns advanced rapidly into wealth and importance, during the whole six years that the nation lay under the papal anathema.

Though, at first, the sudden extinction of the forms and aids of religion struck the people with horror, the short-sighted and heartless king, by assuming, amidst the general gloom, an air of gay unconcern, seemed resolved to attract to himself the hatred of the people, as the unfeeling author of suffering which they were taught to attribute to his violence and obstinacy. Reckless of the future, he indulged for the moment in the low gratification of revenge. At the same time, to secure himself at this hour of danger, the tyrant obliged as many of his nobles as he could, to place their children in his hands, as securities for their allegiance—a measure which created fresh disgust. When his commissioners went to the castle of William de Braose, lord of Bramber, in Sussex, that nobleman’s lady exclaimed to Peter de Maulce, (who, also on this occasion, was the tyrant’s agent.) “My son shall not go near him; he murdered his own nephew, whom he should have cherished.” “Thou hast spoken like a foolish woman,” said the husband; and then turning to the officers, the baron added:—”If I have done any thing against my sovereign, let a day and place be named, for I am ready, and ever shall be, to make him satisfaction, without hostages, according to the judgment of his court and my peers.” John gave secret orders to seize the whole family: they were warned in time, and escaped safely to Ireland; but being shortly afterwards discovered by the tyrant’s emissaries at Meath, the lord de Braose, with his wife and children were brought to England, thrown into the dungeons of old Windsor castle, and there met a lingering death by starvation. Previous to the flight of the unhappy family to Ireland, the lady de Braose had sought to procure the intercession of queen Isabella with her treacherous consort, and with that object presented her, among other gifts, with the strange present of four hundred kine and one bull, all milk white, except only the ears, which were red. John’s savage fury would not, however, be propitiated, and the hapless family, in spite of Isabella’s entreaties, were doomed to their horrible fate. Seldom, perhaps, was there a prince with a heart more callous to the suggestions of pity. Of his captives, many never returned from their dungeons. If they survived their tortures, they were left to perish by famine: he could even affect to be witty at the expense of his victims. When Geoffrey, archdeacon of Norwich, a faithful servant, had retired from his seat at the exchequer on account of the interdict, the king ordered him to be arrested, and sent him a cope* of lead “to keep him warm in prison.” Wrapped in this ponderous habit, with his head only at liberty, the unhappy man remained without food or assistance until he expired. On another occasion John demanded a present of ten thousand marks from an opulent Jew at Bristol, and ordered one of his teeth to be drawn every morning till he should pay the money. The Jew was obstinate. The executioners began with his double teeth. He suffered the loss of seven; but on the eighth day solicited a respite, and gave security for the payment.

John was not less reprehensible as a husband than as a monarch. While Philip took from him his provinces on the continent, he had consoled himself for the loss, in the company of his beautiful bride; but he soon appears to have abandoned her to revert to his former habits. The licentiousness of his amours is reckoned by every ancient writer among the principal causes of the alienation of his barons, many of whom had to lament and revenge the disgrace of a wife, of a daughter, or sister; and when John subjected himself to the Pope, to protect him against France, he incurred that

* The cope was a large mantle, covering the body from the shoulders to the feet, and worn by clergymen during the service.
disgust and contempt from all classes of his subjects which rarely fails to attend those princes who throw themselves on foreigners for safety. Discontent had gradually grown into disaffection. During the last ignominious scenes, disaffection was rapidly ripening into revolt. When the king was absolved from the interdict at Winchester, he bound himself by oath to abolish unjust laws, and to restore the good laws of Edward the Confessor. After the administration of the sacrament, John and archbishop Langton met and kissed each other in the cathedral porch: it was, however, clear to all men that Langton placed no confidence in the king; and that the king, who considered him as the chief cause of all his troubles with the see of Rome, regarded Langton with all the deadly hatred of which his dark character was capable. John, who had collected an army to meet Philip once more in the field, now set sail with a few ships, but his barons were in no hurry to follow him, being far more eager to secure their own liberties than to recover the king's dominions on the continent. They said that the time of their feudal service had expired, and they withdrew to a great council at St. Albans. John got as far as the island of Jersey, when, finding that none followed him, he turned back with vows of vengeance. He landed, and marched with a band of mercenaries to the north, where the barons were most contumacious. Burning and destroying, he advanced as far as Northampton. Here Langton overtook him. "These barbarous measures," said the prelate, "are in violation of your oaths; your vassals must stand to the judgment of their peers, and not be wantonly harassed by arms." "Mind you your church," roared the furious king, "and leave me to govern the state." He continued his march to Nottingham, where Langton, who was not a man to be intimidated, again presented himself, and threatened to excommunicate all the ministers and officers that followed him in his lawless course. John then gave way, and, to save appearances, summoned the barons to meet him or his justices. Langton hastened to London, and there, at a second meeting of the barons, read the liberal charter which Henry the First had granted on his accession; and, after inducing them to embrace its provisions, he made them swear to be true to each other, and to conquer or die in support of their liberties. Langton henceforward became the guide of the confederate barons. John again attempted an invasion of France; landed in Poitou, and advanced to Angers, and into Brittany. But the imperial forces, and their Flemish and English allies, being defeated by Philip in the great battle of Bovines, in Flanders, John returned to England disappointed and disgraced.

Fuel was added to the flame of the incensed barons of England by the attempt of John on the beautiful wife of Eustace de Vescy, a distinguished baron. When John, with his accustomed insolence, boasted of his success over a woman celebrated for her faultless attachment as well as her charms, De Vescy could not refrain from saying, that she had substituted in her stead a loose and low female, disguised in the apparel of the highborn dame. John threatened him with death for this bold stratagem. De Vescy, with other sufferers from the like outrages, flocked to the councils of the confederates. "The time," they said, "is favorable; the feast of St. Edmund approaches; amidst the multitudes that resort to his shrine we may assemble without suspicion." On the 20th of November (1214), the saint's day, they met in crowds at St. Edmund's-Bury, where they finally determined to demand their rights, in a body, in the royal court at the festival of Christmas. The spirit of freedom was awakened, not soon to sleep again: they advanced one by one, according to seniority, to the high altar, and laying hands on it, they solemnly swore that, if the king refused the rights they claimed, they would withdraw their fealty and make war upon him, till, by a charter under his own seal, he should confirm their just pretensions. Then they parted to meet again at the Feast of the Nativity. When that solemn but festive season arrived, John found himself at Worcester, and almost alone, for none of his great vassals came as usual to congratulate him, and the countenances of his own attendants seemed gloomy and unequable. He suddenly departed, and riding to London, there shut himself up in the strong house of the Knights Templars. The barons followed close on the coward's steps, and on the feast of the Epiphany (at every move they chose some day consecrated to religion) they presented themselves in such force that he was obliged to admit them to an audience. At first he attempted to browbeat the nobles. One bishop and two barons were recreants, and consented to recede from their claims, and never
trouble him again, but all the rest were firm to their purpose. John turned pale and trembled. He then changed his tone and cajoled instead of threatening, and thought it safer to turn their minds from immediate violence by gaining time, which they granted till Easter. The confederated nobles then retired to their homes. Both parties applied to the Pope, who openly and heartily espoused the cause of his vassal, and exhorted the barons in a circular letter (of which the copy addressed to Eustace de Vesey is still extant), to lay aside conspiracies against their liege lord, now the dear son of his holiness. Both parties, also, distrusting negotiation, made such preparations for war as they could. In these preparations, however, the barons had an immeasurable superiority.

On the appointed day in Easter week the barons met at Stamford with great military pomp, being followed by two thousand knights and a host of retainers. The king was at Oxford. The barons marched to Brackley, within a few miles of that city, where they were met by cardinal Langton and the earl of Pembroke, who had not ceased to attend upon John, to learn their demands. They sent in writing the articles afterwards presented to him for his assent. “These are our claims,” said they, “and if they are not instantly granted, our arms shall do us justice.” When the deputies returned, and Langton expounded the contents of the parchment he held in his hand, John exclaimed, in a fury, “And why do they not demand my crown also! By God’s teeth I will not grant them liberties which will make me a slave.” On learning this refusal from the illustrious mediators, it was unanimously determined to appoint Robert Fitzwalter their general. They then marched against the castle of Northampton, but they had no battering engines; the walls were lofty and strong; the garrison, composed of foreigners, stood out for the king; and their first warlike attempt proved a failure. After fifteen days they gave up the siege and advanced to Bedford with anxious minds. On whichever side the free burgheers of England (like a different faction in our days) threw their substantial weight, that party must prevail, and, as yet, no declaration had been made in favor of the confederates. But, now, anxiety vanished,—the people of Bedford threw open their gates; and soon after messengers arrived from the capital with secret advice that the principal citizens of London were devoted to their cause, and would receive them with joy. Losing no time they marched to Ware, and, not stopping to rest for the night, pursued their course to London, which they reached in the morning. It was the 24th of May, and a Sunday: the gates were open—the people hearing mass in their churches—when “the army of God” entered the city in excellent order and profound silence. On the following day the barons issued proclamations requiring all such earls, barons, and knights, as had hitherto remained neutral, to join them against the perjured John, unless they wished to be treated as enemies of their country. In all parts of the kingdom, the lords and knights quitted their castles to join the national standard at London. It is needless, say the old chroniclers, to enumerate the barons who composed “the army of God” and of holy church—they were the whole nobility of England. The heart of the dastard John again turned to water: he saw himself almost entirely deserted, only seven knights remaining near his person, of whom some are known to have been, in their hearts, in the Baron’s interest.

John, though appalled by the general secession, on recovering from his first stupefaction, resorted to his old arts. He assumed a cheerful countenance; said what his liesges had done was well done: and from Odham in Hampshire, where he was staying, he despatched the earl of Pembroke to London, to assure the barons that, for the good of the peace, and the exaltation of his reign, he was ready freely to grant them all their rights and liberties; and only wished them to name a day and place of meeting. “Let the day,” replied the barons, “be the 15th of June,—the place Runnymead.”

On the morning of the appointed day, the king moving from Windsor castle, and the barons from the town of Staines, the parties met on the green meadow close by the Thames, which the barons had named. With John came eight bishops, Randolph, Almeric, the master of the English Templars, the earl of Pembroke and thirteen other gentlemen. On the other side stood Fitzwalter and the whole of the nobility of England. With scarcely an attempt to modify any of its clauses, and with a facility that might justly have raised suspicion, the king signed the scroll presented to him. This
Isabella of Angoulême, queen-consort of John King of England:—

was Magna Charta—the Great Charter—a most noble commencement and foundation for the future liberties of England. The more we contemplate this important charter—which every Englishman learns almost from his cradle to revere as one of the main pillars of his constitution, and which has been the great support of his national prosperity—the more we shall perceive it to have been pregnant with benefits to every order of the community, except to villains—that unfortunate class, who, being in a servile state, were considered to be the property of their happeniermasters, and are therefore not noticed in this palladium of the rights and privileges of the free.

An universal joy was spread throughout England, on the publication of this great charter. "England," says the patriotic monk, Matthew Paris, "seemed delivered from an Egyptian yoke, and the people believed that the king's stony heart was softened." But John soon divulged that it was not made of penetrable matter. His actions after the signature, betrayed what best explains his life, that his mind was partially deanged. As soon as the great assembly dispersed, and John found himself safe from the observing eyes of his subjects, he called a few foreign adventurers round him, and gave vent to rage and curses against the charter. According to the chroniclers, his behavior was that of a frantic madman; for besides oaths and maldictions, he rolled his eyes, gnashed his teeth, gnawed sticks and straws, excrating his mother, and, like Job, "cursing his day." On the very night of the settlement he sent secret letters to all the governors of his castles, who were foreigners, ordering them to provision their fortresses, make arrows, and prepare their warlike machines, but privately and cautiously, that the barons might not discover it. The rumour of these measures reaching them, they enquired the truth of the king; with a serene air he swore he meant no hostility; and his rude horse-laughs seemed more like folly than malice. Half appeased, half mistrusting, they withdrew; and the king, suddenly, at the next dawn of

*The following analysis of the chief features of the great key-stone of our liberties may probably be not unacceptable to younger readers.

"No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or dispossessed of his land, or outlawed or banished, or in any way destroyed; nor shall the crown press upon him, unless by the legal judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land.

"Common pleas were not to follow the king's court, but to be held in some certain place.

"The king shall not sell, deny or delay right or justice to any one.

"No bailiff shall place any one under the law by a mere complaint, without faithful witnesses brought to prove it.

"Nothing shall be given or taken for the writ of inquisition of life and limbs, but it shall be freely given, and not denied.

"A freeman shall not be amerced for a small offence, but in proportion to its nature. If the offence be great he shall be fined accordingly; but saving his comtenements; to a merchant, his merchandise; and to a villain, his waggons.

"Fines to be moderate and just.

"Two justices shall be sent through every county, four times a year; who, with four knights, to be elected by the county out of it, shall hold the assizes.

"The city of London shall have all its ancient liberties, and its free customs, as well by land as water. All other cities, boroughs, towns and ports shall have all their liberties and free customs.

"If any freeman shall die intestate, his chattels shall be distributed by the hands of his near relations and friends, under the superintendence of the church, saving to every creditor his debt.

"The guardian appointed to any heir under age, shall take from the land only reasonable payments and services, and without destruction and waste. If he committed waste, he was to forfeit his guardianship. While he held it, he was to keep up the houses, parks, ponds, mills, etc., out of the profits; and to give the land up to the heir when of age, stored with its carts and waggons.

"Heirs were to be married without dispensation; and the marriage was to be previously announced to the relations.

"Every widow to have her jointure and dower. She might remain in her husband's house forty days after his death, within which time her dower was to be assigned to her.

"No widow was to be compelled to marry, as long as she wished to live without a husband, provided she gave surety that she would not marry without the king's consent, if she held her lands of him, or the consent of the lords, if she held any.

"Widow to have her dower without contributing to the payment of debts; and the children under age to be provided with necessaries; from the residue the debts were to be paid, saving to the lord his service.

"One measure and one weight throughout the kingdom.

"All merchants might safely come to England, and go from it, and remain in it, and travel through it to buy or sell, and on the ancient and right customs. Foreign merchants, if their country were hostile, might be arrested until it was known how our merchants were treated in the alien country.

"Every one might leave the realm, and return, saving his allegiance; except in the time of war, and excepting prisoners and outlaws, and merchants of a country at war with us.

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day, after a sleepless night, set off from Windsor for the Isle of Wight. He hid himself in some part of the channel, brooding on plans of malicious revenge, and is stated to have passed some months among the fishermen and seamen, whom he tried to captivate by adopting their manners—even to the practising of piracy—his subjects, in the mean time, wholly ignorant of what had become of him, and debating whether he had turned fisherman or pirate: even they who had business to transact could not find him out. Insanity cannot give clearer indications of its existence.

During this struggle of the confederated English barons, Isabella, happily for her own peace of mind, saw little of her despot lord, and that only at distant intervals. It is said that the beautiful queen, to punish his infidelity and neglect, imitated the licentiousness of her husband; and that John, not being a man to be insulted with impunity, on detecting her gallant and his accomplices, barbarously put them to death, and afterwards hanged their bodies over her bed. These statements of the chroniclers may, after all, have no other foundation than the unauthenticated scandal of the day. The only certain clue we have to form conjectures as to the terms upon which John and his consort lived during the latter portion of his reign is afforded by entries on the patent Rolls preserved in the Tower of London. At the period when the following document was written, the king appears to have been on good terms with his queen; at least there is no evidence of any open rupture between them.

"The king to his beloved brother Peter de Joigny, greeting. We inform you that you may come to us into England, in safety, until the feast of St. John the Baptist, in the ninth year of our reign, to visit your sister the lady queen, our wife, who is very desirous of seeing you; and to this we much entreat you. Witness Stephen de Turnham, at Lambeth, on the 1st day of May." The subsequent letters which place her under restraint, though by no means confirmatory of her alleged infidelities, prove, at least, that she had then lost the king's confidence:

"The king to Thoric le Tecs, &c. We command you to proceed without delay to Gloucester with the lady queen, and there keep her guarded in the chamber wherein our daughter Joan was nursed, until we command you further thereupon. And we have enjoined the sheriff of Gloucester, by our letters directed to him, which we send to you, to receive the said queen, and supply whatever may be necessary for her and you. Witness ourself at Corf, the 3rd day of December, in the 16th year of our reign."

But in the accompanying order to the sheriff there is nothing to justify the suspicion that she was a prisoner. He is to receive them and take care that the queen be in the chamber already mentioned. It appears probable, from a diligent comparison of the dates to the entries on the rolls, that the king, as he was always on horseback moving from one place to another, in order to spare Isabella the fatigue of accompanying him, sent her before him under the care of Theodorie, and by easy stages, to some castle in which he might again meet her. When he went to France in 1214, he left her under the care of the abbot of Beaulieu in Hampshire; sent for her to Poi
tou (June 19.) and on his return to England (October 14.) took her with him to Writtle, in Essex. Thence (Nov. 3.) Theodorie was ordered to accompany her to Gloucester, as is already mentioned, where the king joined them soon afterwards. From Gloucester she went to Marlborough, Winchester and Bristol, always in the company of Theodorie, and was at all these places occasionally visited by her husband. The German, who was the king’s most intimate favorite, may have been a spy on her conduct; but he always appears in these documents as the chief officer in her service. He gives directions for gowns for her and her maids, orders necessary for her household, and receives money for her use. As, in the month following the date of the order given to Theodorie for the conveyance of Isabella to Gloucester, there is a precept in the Close Rolls, directing Reginald, of Cornhill, to provide twenty-seven ells of cloth "to make a robe for our lady queen;" and as, in the May following, careful direction is given to the constable of Marlborough, "to fish, on Friday and Saturday, in our fish ponds, and take for our lady queen’s use roach and pike;" she may have been conveyed to Gloucester solely to protect her from the inconveniences arising from the unsettled state of the midland counties. Subsequently to the signing of the charter, there is a precept directed to Isabella and the before mentioned Theodorie, directing
them to deliver up the brother of the constable of Gloucester, then in their custody. This certainly seems to warrant the inference that, at such period, a reconciliation had taken place between John and his queen.

During a three days' stay of the royal pair at Winchester, in June 1215, (the week following the memorable meeting at Runnymead, John issued a precept to Thomas de Sandford, directing that two barrels of money, from his treasury at Corfe, should be sent to him. This money appears to have been intended to redeem an immense quantity of plate and jewellery, which the king, during his late contest, seems to have pledged to various religious houses. The receipts which are sent to sixteen abbeys and priories, are worthy of notice, as they are the earliest specifications of the royal treasure. The abbot of Reading returns ten silver gilt, and thirteen silver cups; eight silver basons; and, together with other plate, "a silver coffier set with onyx and other stones, containing relics; a small ivory coffier, also with relics; a red coffier with jewels; and a golden cup set with pearls, which the lord pope sent to us." The abbot of Waltham sends "thirteen silver cups weighing thirty-four pounds, six clasps set with precious stones," and a number of jewelled girdles. The abbot of Stanley, a large silver cup, seven silver pitchers, ten other large cups; while the other convents send a variety of similar plate and jewellery; among which, the abbot of Forde returns a rich collection of gold chains and crosses, collars, pendants and reliquaries, together with sceptres and gold combs. Nor were these all the royal treasure; in a receipt given to the "two faithful men-at-arms" of Hugh de Neville, for the plate brought from Marlborough, we find more than four hundred pounds weight of plate, in cups, vases, candlesticks, and dishes of various sizes. A mere inventory like the foregoing is of more importance than at first sight may appear;—from the circumstances under which these seem to have been pledged and redeemed, we find that the royal collection of plate was a fund from which the monarch might at any time raise a supply for his immediate necessities; and we also find that these immense collections of jewellery, which by some writers have been considered as a proof of the frivolous taste of the middle ages, were, in reality, chiefly prized, as the means by which a large amount of value could be obtained in a small and easily convertible form.

The following entries in the close Rolls which occur at this period, relative to the care, training and preservation of the king's hawks, hounds and horses are highly characteristic of his mind, shewing, as they do, that whilst occupied in wasting the lands, firing the towns and houses of his subjects, merely because by standing forward in defence of their liberties they had restricted his capricious humours and arbitrary will, that the exasperated John was no less mindful of all that appertained to his ordinary diversions, as well as befitting his accustomed state. "The king to John Fitz Hugh &c. We send to you by William de Mere and R. de Erleham, three girefalcons, and Gibban the girefalcon, than which we do not possess a better, and one falcon gentle, commanding you to receive them, and place them in the mewes, and provide for their food plump goats, and sometimes good hens; and once every week let them have the flesh of hares, and procure good mastsifs to guard the mews. And the cost which you incur of keeping those falcons, and the expenses of Spark, the man of W. de Mere, who will attend them with one man and one horse, shall be accounted for you at the exchequer. March 21st, 1216." "The king to William de Pratel, and the bailiffs of Falk de Breaut of the Isle of Ely greeting. We command you to find, out of the see of Ely, necessaries for Richard the huntsman, who was with the bishop of Ely, and for his two horses and four grooms; also find for his fifteen grey hounds and twenty one hounds their allowance of bread and paste, as they may require it, and let them hunt sometimes in the bishop's chase for the flesh upon which they are fed." By an earlier entry (1214) the Seneschal of Angoulême is commanded to defray the reasonable expenses of the king's hunstmen, dogs and their keepers; and if they should take any fat stag, the flitch or sides, haunches and flank are to be reserved for the king's use; and the tongue and the lard are to be sent to the queen.

During the memorable year 1215, Matilda the fair, another victim of John's lawless passions perished by assassination, if we may believe the chronicle of Dunmow, wherein we are are told that "there arose a great discord between king John and his
barons because of Matilda, surnamed the fair, daughter of Robert Fitzwalter, whom the king unlawfully loved, but could not obtain her, nor her father's consent thereto. Whereupon the king banished the said Fitzwalter, the most valiant knight in England, and caused his castle in London to be spoiled." This unhappy lady's story, which savors in many particulars rather of romance than of sober history, is as follows: —

On Matilda the Fair entering her eighteenth birthday, her valiant father, who is distinguished in history as the 'Marshal of the army of God and holy church' and the leaders of the illustrious barons who extorted magnæ carta from King John, invited the neighbouring nobles to a costly banquet. For three days, jousts and tourneys delighted the assembled guests, and won honor and lady's love from many a new-made knight. On the fourth, a strange warrior, caséd in mail, entered the lists and vanquished the bravest of the combatants; his gallant bearing and handsome features enamoured the fair young queen of the festival, and she was observed to blush deeply when she hung the golden chain around the victor's neck and kissed his lofty forehead. But the knight's countenance was clouded with sorrow, and, as he came so he departed, none knew whither. Prince John (for this occurred previous to his accession to the throne,) who had honored the castle with his presence, became smitten with the charms of the high-born maiden, and basely endeavored to obtain her for a mistress. Lord Fitzwalter, her father, treated his proposals with just and natural indignation, which so enraged the headstrong prince, that, taking advantage of his brother—Cœur-de-Lion's—absence in Palestine, where the greater part of his followers were likewise fighting, he immediately attacked castle Baynard, and slew its owner. The fair Matilda, however, fortunately effected her escape, and sought refuge in some sylvan fastness, the locality of which is not recorded. There she was again met by the stranger knight, the victor in the tournament; his burnished steel was laid aside, and he was clad in Lincoln green, the archer's garb. He told the lady he was Robin Hood, the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon,—"at the mention of whose name the warrior trembled in his hall," and the ecclesiastical turned pale, although reclining on the episcopal throne, and that he would shield her innocence from the fierce and cruel ravisher. The prince discovered her retreat and attacked the foresters; a sanguinary affray ensued, during which it is said that John and the lady (who was then in male attire) met and fought, hand to hand. The prince required her to yield, and she resolutely desired him to win her first, and so stoutly did she repulse him, that he was constrained to withdraw from the ungodly contest.

This part of the story, it is true, places Matilda in a somewhat unfeminine light, but allowance must be made for the customs of that age and the peculiar circumstances of her case. She afterwards married the noble outlaw, and when King Richard restored him to his earldom and estates, she became Countess of Huntingdon. When her husband was again outlawed by King John, she shared his misfortunes, and, at his death, took refuge in Dunnmow Priory in Essex (which appears to have been enriched by some members of her family), trusting to spend the residue of her days in peace. The tyrant, however, who had never forgotten her bravery in Sherwood forest, despatched a gallant knight, one Robert de Medewé (the ancestor of the present Earl Manvers) with a token to the fair recluse,—a poisoned bracelet. Ignorant, of the accursed deed he went to perform, Sir Robert arrived at the Priory, and was respectfully and cordially received. Matilda had lost the bloom and vivacity of youth, but her mien was stately, and her person still imposing. The rough warrior felt the flame of love kindling in his bosom, but he strove to stifle it, and, bidding the lady a hasty adieu, speedily departed. Whilst on the road to London, his fond feelings waxed stronger and stronger, the further he proceeded from the object of them, and, at length, being unable any longer to curb his passion, he turned his horse's head, and retraced his way. It was night when he reached the priory, but the light of many tapers streamed through the windows of the adjoining church on the weary soldier, and the solemn dirge of death awoke the slumbering echoes. With fearful forebodings he entered the house of prayer, and there in the chancel, on a bier, covered with flowers, was stretched the lifeless body of the unfortunate Matilda. The bracelet was on her wrist, it had eaten its way to the bone, and the fiery poison worked its mortal effect. The flesh was ghastly pale, but a heavenly smile irradiated her sêne countenance: the priests
were standing round weeping, and the "Dies Irae" died away on their quivering lips when the warrior entered. He flung himself upon the lady's corpse, invoking a thousand maledictions upon his own head. No persuasions could induce him to return to the camp and court, but resigning his mail for the cowl and frock, he became a faithful brother of the order of St. Augustine.

According to another authority, the White Tower of London was the scene of the murder of Matilda the Fair, and a different version is given of the foul deed. John's messenger is said to have poisoned an egg, and bade her keepers, when she was hungry, boil it and give it her to eat. She did so and died. Whatever portion of the foregoing account may belong to fiction, it is evident that the unfortunate lady perished by a violent death, and it is moreover the opinion of Mr. Stevens, Bishop Percy and the poet Drayton that the name of Marian was originally assumed by a "lady of high degree" who was murdered in Dunmow Priory.*

To return to more certain history,—the next intelligence which reached the barons of their missing king, was that troops of Brabanters and other mercenary recruits were stealing into England in small parties, and forming the nucleus of an army destined to effect their subjugation. They instantly despatched William d'Albiny, at the head of a chosen band, to take possession of the royal castle of Rochester. D'Albiny had scarcely entered the castle, when John found himself sufficiently strong to venture from Dover, the un-English despot, followed by Poitevins, Gascons, Flemings, Brabanters and others,—the outcasts and freebooters of Europe,—laid siege to Rochester castle at the beginning of October. The barons knowing the inefficient means of defence within the castle marched from London to its relief, but they were obliged to retreat before the superior force of the foreigners, who, were daily joined by fresh adventurers from the other side of the channel. Fortunately for England, one Hugh de Boves and a vast horde of marauders perished in a tempest on their way from Calais to Dover. John bewailed this loss like a maniac, but he pressed the siege of Rochester castle, and still prevented the barons from relieving it. After a gallant resistance of eight weeks, when the outer walls were thrown down, an angle of the keep shattered, and the last mouthful of provision consumed, D'Albiny surrendered. John, with his usual ferocity ordered him to be hanged with his whole garrison; but Savario de Mauleon, the leader of the foreign bands, opposed this barbarous mandate, because he feared the English might retaliate on his own followers, if any should fall into their hands. The tyrant, was, therefore, contented to butcher the inferior prisoners, while all the knights were sent to the castles of Corfe and Nottingham.

The loss of Rochester castle was a serious blow to the cause of the barons, who were soon after excommunicated by the pope; for the king's application to Rome had met with full success, notwithstanding a counter appeal made by the English nation. Innocent declared that the barons were worse than Saracens for molesting a vassal of the holy see, a religious king who had taken the cross. Thus emboldened, John marched from Kent to St. Albans, accompanied by Falco, "without bowels," Manleon, "the bloody," Walter Buch, "the murderer," Sottim, "the merciless," Goderchal, "the iron-hearted," and a most mixed and savage host. It was thought at one time that he would turn upon London; but the attitude of the capital struck him with terror; and leaving a strong division to manoeuvre round it, and devastate the south-eastern counties, he moved towards Nottingham, marking his progress with flames and blood. Alexander, the young king of Scotland, had entered into an alliance with the English barons and crossed the borders. The whole northern country, being obnoxious to John, thither he determined to carry his vengeance. A few days after Christmas, the ground was covered with deep snow, he marched from Nottingham into Yorkshire, burning and slaying, the more savage the further he advanced and the less he was opposed. Every hamlet, every house on the road, felt the fury of his execrable host.

* In the Priory Church of Little Dunmow, Essex, the monumental effigy of Matilda the Fair, may still be seen. It is of Alabaster and placed between two pillars of the Tuscan order. The face although much disfigured, bears traces of former beauty: her hands are clasped as in prayer. She has a collar of S. S. and necklace of pendants falling from a rich embroidered neckerchief; a rich girdle and long robes, the sleeves close to the wrists and slit there. Her fingers are laden with rings, there being two on several of them.—Gough.
—he himself giving the example, and "setting fire with his own hands in the morning to the house in which he had rested the preceding night." The Scottish king was forced to retire before a superior force, John vowing he would "unkennel the young fox" (whom he so named in allusion to his red hair), and following him as far as Edinburgh. Meeting with opposition, he paused, then—valorous only when unopposed he turned back to England, burning Haddington, Dunbar, and Berwick on his way.

 Whilst the ruthless sovereign gave up every part of his kingdom, which was traversed in his desolating course, to the horrid excesses of his blood thirsty and rapacious followers, Isabella remained at Gloucester, where she had given birth, in the preceding year to a second daughter—the princess Isabella, (afterwards empress of Germany as the wife of Frederick II). By John's command, the queen journeyed, as far as the castle of Savernake in Wiltshire to meet him, where they abode some days; and where, say the record rolls, great preparations were made for the royal visit,—new kitchens being constructed with fire places of width sufficient for roasting oxen whole. When John departed the castle, Isabella returned to Gloucester, together with prince Henry, the heir to the crown: this appears to have been the last interview of John and his beautiful consort.

 On the 16th of December another sentence of excommunication was promulgated by the abbot of Abingdon, upon those who still boldly remained in arms against the tyrant, in which Lord Fitzwalter, father of Matilda the Fair, general of the confederacy and all the principal barons were mentioned by name, and the city of London was laid under an interdict. This measure excited some fear and wavering in the country, but the citizens of London had the boldness to despise it. According to Matthew Paris they asserted that the Pontiff had no right to interfere in worldly concerns; and, spite of the interdict, they kept open their churches, rang their bells, and celebrated their Christmas with unusual festivity.

 The condition of the barons in the capital was now desperate: and in their distress they were driven to a measure, so pregnant with danger to the independence of their country and disgrace to their own honor and the righteous cause for which they had leagued, that, before its adoption can be excused, it is necessary to remember the extremity to which they had been reduced, viz., that they had no alternative but surrendering their lives, liberties and fortunes to the sport of a triumphant and remorseless tyrant, or to transfer their allegiance, to gain succour and protection from a foreign master. After much hesitation, they accordingly offered the crown of England to the eldest son of the French king—prince Louis—connected with the reigning family by his marriage with Blanche of Castile, John's own niece; believing that should he land amongst them, the mercenaries now with John, who were chiefly subjects of France, would join his standard, or at least refuse to bear arms against him. Philip and Louis eagerly grasped at this offer; but the weary old king moderated the impatience of his son, and would not permit him to venture into England, until twenty-four hostages, sons of the noblest of the English, were sent into France. Then a fleet, with a small army, was sent up the Thames: it arrived at London at the end of February, 1216, and the commander assured the barons that Louis himself would be there with a proper force by the feast of Easter. Innocent, in the meanwhile, was not inactive in John's, or, rather, his own cause; he despatched a new legate to England; and Guaro, on his journey, reached France in time to witness and to endeavour to prevent the preparations making for invasion. He boldly asked both king and prince how they dared attack the patrimony of the church, and threatened them with instant excommunication. To the astonishment of the churchmen, Louis advanced a claim to the English throne through right of his wife Blanche,* and departed for Calais, where his army was collecting.

 Louis certainly meant to conquer the English crown; but if any other person should come forward, with better right, he was willing justice should be done. Such reasoning might amuse, it could not satisfy the mind of the Pontiff. He waited, however, till he had received despatches from the legate, and then solemnly excommunicated Louis and his abettors.

* See Portrait and Memoir in this Magazine, November, 1810.
Nothing daunted, Louis, at the appointed time, set sail for Calais with a numerous and well-appointed army. His passage was stormy; the mariners of the Cinque Ports, who adhered to the English king, cut off and took some of his ships; but on the 30th of May, he landed safely at Sandwich. John, who had come round to Dover with a numerous army, had fled before the French landed, and, burning and ravaging the country, went to Guildford, Winchester, and Bristol, where Gualo, the pope’s legate soon joined him. Louis besieged and took the castle of Rochester. He then marched to the capital, where, on the 2nd of June, 1216, he was joyfully received by the barons and citizens, who conducted him with a magnificent procession to St. Paul’s. After he had offered up his prayers, the nobles and citizens did homage, and swore fealty to him. And then he, with his hand on the Gospels, also swore to restore to all orders their good laws, and to each individual the estates and property of which he had been robbed. Soon after Louis published a manifesto, addressed to the king of Scotland and all the nobles not present in London. An immense effect was presently seen: nearly every one of the few nobles who had followed John, now left him and repaired to London; all the men of the north, from Lincolnshire to the borders, rose up in arms against him; the Scottish king made ready to march to the south; and, at first in small troops, and, then, in masses, all the foreign mercenaries, with the exception of those of Gascony and Poitou, deserted the standard of the tyrant and either returned to their homes or took service under Louis and the barons, who were now enabled to retake many of their castles. Gualo, the legate did all he could to keep up John’s drooping, abject spirit; but, at the very moment of crisis, July 16th, the mighty Innocent, died, and John saw himself deprived of his most powerful friend, when in the greatest need of his protection.

Louis now marched to Dover, and laid siege to the castle, which was most bravely defended for the king by Hubert de Burgh; and some of the barons also attacked Windsor castle. Philip sent his son a most formidable military engine, called the Malvoisine or bad neighbour, to batter Dover castle; but when the siege had lasted several weeks, Louis, forced to withdraw his army beyond the reach of the arrows of the garrison, yet swore he would reduce the place by famine and hang all its defenders. In order to repel John, who, after running from place to place, at last made his appearance near them, pillaging the estates of the nobles, the barons raised the siege of Windsor castle. At their approach, he eluded pursuit by tact and flight till he reached Stamford. The barons now joined Louis at Dover, where much valuable time was lost, for that prince would neither assault the castle nor quit it. Other circumstances too, caused discontent: Louis treated the English with disrespect, and began to make grants to his French followers, of titles and estates in England, giving the earldom of Winchester to the count de Nevors, and that of Lincoln to Gilbert de Gaud. But jealousy and apprehension were further excited by an event, which is said to have happened. The viscount de Melun, who came over with the prince, being suddenly seized with a mortal malady in London, implored to see such of the English nobles as remained. The barons went at the summons of the dying man. “Your fate grieves me,” said de Melun; “the prince and sixteen of his army have sworn when the realm shall be conquered and he crowned, for ever to banish those who have joined his standard, as traitors not to be trusted, so that their whole offspring will be beggared or exterminated. Doubt not my words; I, who here lie dying before you, was one of the conspirators: look to your safety!” so saying, the viscount died. This dramatic scene, which, probably, originated in the invention of some of John’s partisans, was whispered everywhere, and believed by many. Several barons and knights withdrew from Dover, and though few would trust John, all began to doubt whether they had not committed a fatal mistake in calling in the aid of a foreign prince. As these doubts prevailed more and more, and as the gloom thickened round the camp at Dover, where Louis had lost nearly three months, John’s cause brightened in proportion. And so dubious became the issue of the contest, that there seemed to remain, for the unhappy nation, no other prospect than that of a protracted civil war, to be terminated by the equally fatal triumph, either of a foreign conqueror, or of their native oppressor.

At this perilous crisis, the kingdom was suddenly delivered from a part of its im-
pending calamities, by the only event which could save the national independence and liberties—the tyrant’s, whose existence had so long burthened the land. Soon after, eluding the pursuit of the barons, he had made himself master of Lincoln, where he established his head-quarters, making predatory excursions on all sides. At the beginning of October, marching through Peterborough, he entered the district of Croyland, and plundered and burnt the farm-houses belonging to that celebrated abbey: he then proceeded to Lynn, where he had a depot of provisions and other stores. Thence, he marched to Wisbeach, and next to the Cross Keys, on the southern side of the Wash. It is not clear why he took that dangerous route, but he resolved to cross the Wash by the sands. At low water this estuary is passable; but it is subject to sudden rises of the tide. John and his army had nearly reached the opposite shore, called the Fossdike, where the returning tide began to roar. Pressing forward in haste and terror they themselves escaped; but, on looking back, John beheld a long train of wagons and sumpter horses, which carried his jewels, insignia and money overtaken by the waters; the surge broke furiously over them and they presently disappeared,—carriages, horses, treasures, and men being swallowed up by a whirlpool, caused by the impetuous ascent of the tide, and the descending current of the river Welland. In a mournful silence, only broken by curses and useless complaints, John travelled onward to the Cistercian abbey of Swineshead, where he rested for the night. Here he ate glutonously some peaches or pears, and drank new cider immoderately.*

John passed the night sleepless, restless, and in horror. At an early hour on the following morning, October 15th, he mounted his horse to pursue his march, but he was soon compelled by a burning fever and acute pain to dismount. His attendants then brought up a horse-litter, “presently made of twigs, with a couch of straw under him, without any bed or pillow,” in which they laid him, and so conveyed him to the castle of Sleaford. Here he rested for the night, which brought him no repose, but an increase of his disorder. The next day they carried him with great difficulty to the castle of Newark, on the Trent, and there sending for a confessor, he laid himself down to die. The abbot of Croxton, a religious house in the neighbourhood, equally skilled in medicine and divinity, attended him in his last hours, and witnessed his anguish and tardy repentance. Whilst the things of this world were fast fleeting before the gaze of the dying despot, messengers arrived from some of the barons who were disgusted with Louis, proposing to return to their allegiance. This gleam of sunshine came, however, too late—the “tyrant fever” had destroyed the tyrant. The abbot of Croxton asked John where he would have his body buried? John groaned, “I commit my soul to God, and my body to St. Wulstan!” and soon after expired, October 18th, in the 49th year of his age and the 17th of his wretched reign. His body was carried to Worcester and interred in the cathedral church, whose patron saint was St. Wulstan.

* His being poisoned by a monk may be true or false; but it is told in two ways, and was never told at all by any writer living at the time or within half a century of it, and the excess already mentioned, acting upon an irritated mind and fevered body, seems to have been cause enough for what followed. Chroniclers relate that whilst the exasperated monarch sat at his fatal repast in the abbey of Swineshead, he learned from the monks that corn was very cheap and plentiful in those parts. This information, which ought to have delighted the mind of any Christian king, greatly displeased the tyrant; “as he that for the hatred which he bare to the English people, that had so traiterously revolted from him unto his adversary Louis, wished a misery to light upon them, and thereupon said in his anger that he hoped to make the halfpenny loaf cost a shilling before the year was over.” When Symon of Swineshead, a Saxon monk, heard the ill intentions of the king, he went to his abbot and told him all that king John had said, and declared that he, if the abbot would assist him, would forthwith give the king such a drink as would make all England glad of it. When the abbot had joyfully shriven him, the monk went into the garden, and caught a toad, and he squeezed it into the king’s drink, and then presenting the envenomed cup to John, the king bade him be his taster and make the assay. Then to relieve the land from the rule of John, the monk willingly devoted himself to death by drinking of that cup; and it is averred that “five monks of that abbey were ever enjoined to sing for the repose of that brother’s soul, while the structure stood, for the monk expired in the infirmary, before the king died at Newark.” By another writer we are told that Symon the Saxon used another means of poisoning John, and at the same time of saving his own life. He had pricked with a poisoned needle a whole dish of fine pears or peaches, except three, and when the king compelled him to taste the fruit, he ate those which were sound and escaped.
When Giralda delineated the characters of Henry's four sons, John had already debased his faculties by excess and voluptuousness. The courtly eye of his preceptor could, indeed, discover the germ of future excellence in his pupil; but history has only recorded his vices: his virtues, if such a monster could possess virtues, were unseen or forgotten. He stands before us polluted with meanness, cruelty, perjury, and murder; uniting with an ambition, which rushed through every crime to the attainment of its object, a pusillanimity which often, at the sole appearance of opposition, sank into despondency. Arrogant in prosperity, abject in adversity, he neither conciliated affection in the one, nor excited esteem in the other. His dissimulation was so well known, that it seldom deceived; his habit of suspicion served to multiply his enemies; and the knowledge of his vindictive temper contributed to keep open the breach between him and those who had incurred his displeasure. He tortured the Jews, confined the wife and children of a noble who had affronted him, in Windsor Castle until they died of famine; he one day ordered before dinner, twenty-eight Welsh lads, received the year before as hostages, to be hanged, because their countrymen made depredations on his borders; he tortured to death one of his clergy, described as a faithful, prudent, and accomplished man; he hung Peter the Hermit and his son, who had ventured to predict that he would not be king on the next Ascension day, which John confirmed, by resigning to Pandulph, the pope's legate: his malignity of disposition, indeed, no human sympathies softened, and his religious opinions may be inferred from his exclamation over a fat stag taken in hunting, as he saw him flayed: — "How happily has this fellow lived! yet he never heard mass!"

Though John lived without respect and died un lamented, yet from his disgraceful reign one inestimable benefit was extracted to his people—a definite ascertainment and legal record of their constitutional rights. John on his death-bed appointed his eldest son Henry only ten years old—and left under care of his mother in the strongly fortified city of Gloucester—to succeed him, after dictating a circular letter to all the royal officers throughout the kingdom, enjoining their obedience. But the firmest champion of the tottering throne of the Plantagenets was William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, who by his temperate and upright conduct, at this dangerous juncture, deserves to be remembered as the Saviour of her independence. This nobleman with the Primate Langton—noted during the negotiation preceding the signature of the charter on Runnymead, as a mediator between the king and the barons, and who subsequently maintained his allegiance to the faithless tyrant, and the cause of legal government, likewise preserved the kingdom from that foreign yoke, which the resentment or despair of his less scrupulous and less reflecting com-peers had well nigh imposed on themselves and their posterity. No sooner was John buried at Worcester, than the earl marched with his army to Gloucester and with the Queen Dowager Isabella, caused young Henry to be crowned by Gualo, the pope's legate, in the church of St. Peter, belonging to the abbey. Of English peers and nobles only the bishops of Winchester, Bath, and Worcester, the earls of Chester, Pembroke, and Ferrers, and four barons were present; together with a few abbots and priors. The prince took the usual oaths "up on the gospels and relics of the saints." The royal crown had been lost, with the rest of the regalia, in the Wash, and, instead of it, Gualo put a plain gold circlet, belonging to Isabella, upon his head. As the youthful Henry of Winchester had gone through these solemnities without understanding them, and no part of the nation seemed willing to entrust the regency to the queen-mother, a great council was held at Bristol in November, and the earl of Pembroke chosen protector, with the title of Rector regis et Regni.

When the Earl of Pembroke entered upon his high office of "Protector of the king and kingdom" of England, onerous, indeed, appeared the task. A boy-king in leading-strings, and the greater number of his brother barons in arms on the side of Louis the Lion, who not only held London and the rich provinces of the South, but reigned almost without an opponent both in the North and the West, where the king of Scotland and the prince of Wales supported his cause; still Henry's youth and innocence excited universal compassion. Though John had been a tyrant: "what crime," said many, "had the prince committed, that he should forfeit the crown, to which he was born?"

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Louis—after ineffectually tempting the brave Hubert de Burgh with magnificent offers and equally disregarded threats—raised the siege of Dover, and to compensate himself for the loss of time there, had taken the two castles of Hertford and Berkhamstead. But the capture of the latter proved a loss rather than a gain, for the gift of it to a French vessel led to a quarrel with lord Robert Fitzwalter—who, stung by the wrongs inflicted by John upon his daughter Matilda the Fair, had been the first to invite Louis to the English shores—and his mistrust of the English was made every day more evident. Louis marched to St. Alban's, where he threatened to burn the vast abbey if the abbot did not come forth and do him homage as the legitimate king of England; but the abbot, it is said, escaped on paying a fine of eighty marks of silver. For a long period the carnage of war was brought to a stand by unanimous consent. Christmas was at hand, and a truce was agreed upon until the festival of Easter.

The earl of Pembroke then recommenced hostilities, laying siege to the castle of Mount Sorel, in Leicestershire. Louis, thereupon, sent the count of Perche with six hundred knights and twenty thousand armed men to relieve it. On their march, this mixed army of English, French and Flemings, and all kinds of mercenaries, plundered the peaceful inhabitants, and wantonly burnt churches and monasteries. Pembroke's forces having raised the siege retired before superior numbers. Flushed with success, the count of Perche marched to Lincoln: the town received him, but the castle resisted, and when he laid siege to it, he was foiled by a woman—Nichola, the heroic widow of Gerard de Camville, who held the custody of Lincoln Castle by hereditary right. Whilst the confederates were wholly occupied, Pembroke collected a force of 400 knights, 250 cross-bow-men, many yeomen on horseback, and a considerable body of foot, and appeared before Lincoln in admirable order. The count would not believe that the English would attack him within a walled town, but the enemy battered the castle until he found himself engaged in a fatal street contest. To animate Pembroke's force, Gualo now excommunicated prince Louis by name, and pronounced the curse of the church against all his adherents, dispensing, at the same time, to the other party absolution and promises of eternal life. The regent took advantage in the most skilful manner of the count's blunder: he threw all his cross-bows into the castle, by means of a postern. The yeomen made great havoc on the besiegers by firing from the castle walls; and seizing a favorable opportunity they made a sortie, drove the enemy from the inside of the northern gate of the city, and enabled Pembroke to enter with all his host. The French cavalry were totally unable to act in the narrow streets and lanes: they were wounded and dismounted, and at last obliged to surrender in a mass. The victory was complete: as usual, the foot-soldiers were slaughtered, but the "better sort" were allowed quarter; only one knight fell, and that was the commander, the count of Perche, who threw away his life in mere pride and petulance, swearing that he would not surrender to any English traitor. This battle, facetiously called by the English "The Fair of Lincoln," was fought on Saturday, May 20th, 1217.

Isabella, meanwhile, much to her disinclination, remained with Henry in the castle of Stow, whither, without halting or refreshing himself, the earl of Pembroke rode the same night to give her and his royal pupil an account of his success. It was indeed a victory worthy of such a courier—for it secured the crown on the head of the young king, and kept Louis cooped up within the walls of London, where plots and disturbances soon forced him to propose terms of accommodation. An ineffectual conference was held in June, between Brentford and Hounslow. Philip, scared at the threats of Rome, durst not send reinforcements; and urged that he could not prevent Blanche of Castle, wife of his son Louis, from aiding her own husband in his extremity; accordingly, another fleet and army sailed from Calais, August 23rd, who, with a large body of infantry, consisting of eighty great ships and many smaller vessels, having on board three hundred choice knights, at the bidding of the energetic Blanche had rallied round her husband's standard. The next day—the great festival of Saint Bartholomew—as they were attempting to make the estuary of the Thames, to sail up the river to London, they were met by the hero of Dover castle, the gallant de Burgh. Hubert had only forty vessels, great and small, but he gained the weather gage, and

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by tilting at the French with the iron beaks of his galleys, sunk several of the transports with all on board. He afterwards grappled with the enemy, fastening his ships to theirs by means of hooks and chains, and, in the end, took or destroyed the whole fleet with the exception of fifteen vessels.

With this fleet perished the hopes of Louis the Lion; who, on the approval of the royal army, gladly accepted the offer of an accommodation. In his attempt to gain the English crown, this prince had become so poor that he was obliged to borrow money from the citizens of London to defray the expenses of his journey home. On the 14th of September a safe conduct was granted; he was honorably escorted to the sea-side by the earl of Pembroke, and sailed for France with his foreign associates. The king of Scotland was the first to take advantage of the pacification. He came to the faith and service of the young king, and did his devoirs at Northampton, in the presence of Isabella and the Regent. Llewellyn, prince of Wales, after hesitating, followed his example, and did homage to his sovereign lord at Worcester.

In these transactions no mention is made of the Beauty of Brittany, who was still imprisoned in her cell at Bristol, nor was her name breathed during the civil wars which followed—a proof how little female right was regarded; for, by the rules of succession now recognised, she was undoubtedly heirless to the throne. Henry, owing to his weak and defective character, ever a passive tool of others, passed his whole life in a state of dependence—governed by some powerful noble, foreign favorite or other. The great earl of Pembroke acted nobly as a protector to the kingdom and more than father to the boy-king, when the selfish queen-mother, Isabella, abandoning her child in the midst of its troubles, hurried back to Guienne in search of a husband. But he did not long enjoy the happy fruit of his labors; he died in the year 1219, and was buried in the church of the Knights-Templars, at London, where his tomb and effigy are, with an inscription which scarcely exaggerates his virtues as a warrior and statesman.

In the summer of 1418, Isabella, who, though the cause of her misconduct does not appear, had evidently lost the confidence of the English nation, bade a final adieu to England—embariking from one of the ports in Devonshire for her native shores. England, and probably her son too, grieved by her absence, for she had as little conscience or good conduct as her husband John. A precept in the Close Rolls, in June of that year, directs the sheriff of Devon to provide, without delay, "ships for our lady mother the queen, whence she may be honorably transported to foreign parts:" this document bears the earl of Pembroke's signature. On her arrival in the Angoumois, the faithful Hugh de Lusignan renewed his vows of love to his early betrothed and still lovely Isabella, (then in her 34th year,) whom he ceased not to adore, and whose charms he had continued to celebrate in his laisse under the title of Riezouz Rubis—for the count de la Marche was one of the most elegant Troubadour poets, as well as bravest warriors of his time. But it conveys a strange notion of the delicacy of those days to find, that the valiant and accomplished Hugh, from whom king John seventeen years before, had stolen her, "nothing loth," consented to take her back, and re-married her with great pomp. In virtue of this marriage, Hugh succeeded, in the following year by the death of Aimar Taillefer* Isabella's father, to the earldom of Angoulême. Unlike her former husband, the hardy Hugh Le Brun, suffered not himself to be long held in bonds of silken dalliance by his voluptuous queen-countess; for, a few months after their nuptials, exchanging the glittering robe of estate for the iron mail of the crusader, he departed for the holy land in company with the count of Barsur-Seine, and was amongst the foremost to mount the breach at the siege of Damietta, in 1219. The death of his father, in the following year, recalled him to Europe, in order to take possession of his Poitou domains—an accession of territory, which constituted him the most powerful vassal of the French crown, and which from Isabella's pride and violent passion was the cause of his breaking off his alliance from, and ultimately involving him in years of disastrous warfare with his suzerain.

The count de la Marche and d' Angoulême, in 1226 had joined the confederated

* The name of Taillefer was acquired by Guillaume, count of Angoulême, who in a combat with the Norman clove his adversary from the head to the breast, through armure and all; his descendants for three hundred years kept the name.
barons arrayed in arms against Blanche, queen regent of France; but, owing to the masculine activity of that noble-woman, suppressing the troubles in Languedoc, in March, 1227, Hugh found himself compelled, with the duke of Brittany, to do homage and render satisfaction to Saint-Louis in the castle of Vendôme. The investiture of that monarch’s brother Alfonso (married to Jeanne, daughter of Raymond of Toulouse) with the fief of Poitou, provoked the fiery Hugh to acts of open rebellion. The vanity of the imperious Isabella was wounded at her husband being called to do homage. “She was a queen,” she said, “and she disdained to be the wife of a man who had to kneel before another.” La Marche at her instigation rode back to Poitiers, publicly defied Alphonso, and retired in the midst of his guard of archers, who marched with bows bent ready to oppose force by force, having, previously, in the presence of the assembled barons, asserted the claim of his step-son, Richard Earl of Cornwall, to the province of Poitou, given him some years before by his brother Henry. On this defection of the powerful count de la Marche and Angoulême, the French king was abandoned at Poitiers by most of the barons whom he had summoned to witness the ceremony of his brother’s investiture; lying without troops in the immediate neighbourhood of a considerable armed force assembled by his disobedient vassal, (he heartily wished himself back at Paris) which, Joinville adds, he could not realize till after fifteen days anxious suspense, and some compromise with the Count de la Marche, of which the chronicler is unable precisely to inform us.

Hugh le Brun was well aware of the uncertain tenure of this reconciliation effected by necessity, and he lost no time in strengthening himself by alliances. Raymond of Toulouse, smarting under the deprivation of the chief portion of his dominions, and jealous of the aggrandizement of his daughter in her husband’s new fief of Poitou was, at his own expense, easily allured to join in a projected league against France; and received the hand of a daughter of Hugh and Isabella (thus a half sister of Henry III,) in the hope of issue by which he might disinherit Alphonso and Jeanne. The kings of England, Arrogan, Castile, Navarre, and Trincavel, viscount of Bezun and Carcassone, (son of that gallant Raymond Roger, who had perished thirty years before in the dungeons of Simon de Montfort,) entered into a conspiracy with the count de la Marche; and it was agreed that he should withhold an open declaration of resistance till Alfonso held his first court at Poitiers. On that occasion, Hugh publicly renounced allegiance to the French prince, whom he stigmatized as a usurer; and accompanied his defiance by an act of open insult, setting fire to the house in which he had been lodged, then galloping furiously from the city.

A war was now inevitable; and Isabella implored the aid of her son the king of England:—thus adding, alike, to the odium in which she was held by the English, and to the embarrassments and unpopularity of her son, by hurrying him into a struggle with France—merely for the gratification of her wounded vanity. St. Louis was in the prime of manhood, and immeasurably superior to his rival, loved too by his subjects; whereas, Henry was despised by his people. When the English parliament was called upon for a supply of men and money, they resolutely refused both, telling Henry that he ought to observe the truce which had been continually renewed with France, and never (as they asserted) broken by Louis. Isabella was still importunate; and by means not recorded, but, probably, not very honorable, Henry contrived to fill thirty hogheads with silver, and, sailing from Portsmouth with his queen, his brother Richard, just returned from the Holy Land, and three hundred knights, made for the river Garonne. Soon after landing, he was joined by nearly twenty thousand men; some his own acknowledged vassals, others followers of nobles, once those of his predecessors, now anxious not to re-establish the supremacy of the English king in the south, but to render themselves independent of the crown of France by his means, or at his expense. During the following month, Louis actively employed himself in reducing the chief towns of Poitou. Before one of them, Fontenay, Alfonso was severely wounded; and, on its surrender, the king consented to raze it to the ground as some expiation for his brother’s sufferings. His courtiers would have pushed his vengeance to far more odious severity; and they urged him to put to an ignominious death a

* Second son of king John.
natural son of the count de la Marche who commanded the garrison, and more than one hundred captive knights and soldiers serving under him. St. Louis's reply was noble, and in full accordance with many other testimonies of his generous spirit recorded by history. "The one," he said, "has not committed any crime in obeying his father, nor the others, in fulfilling the orders of their general."

The two kings, as if by mutual consent, reached the small town of Taillebourg about the same time; and the hostile armies were separated by the narrow, but deep and rapid stream of the Charente, the bridge over which was commanded by a fort, in the hands of the English. Henry was greatly outnumbered by the French; since, with the exception of the count de la Marche, not one of his allies had put their promised contingent in motion. When Henry saw the enemy's superior force, he complained to the count of the deception which had been practised upon him; but while speaking, the French, with characteristic impetuosity, attacked the bridge. Louis fought at their head; the passage was forced, and the oriflamme, his standard, unfurled. The English, however, made a gallant resistance, and kept the fortune of the day in suspense, till intelligence arrived that a large body of the enemy had crossed lower down in boats, and were marching to intercept their retreat. The English, struck with panic, fled precipitately to Saintes. So hot was the pursuit that many French entered the gates together with the fugitives, and were made prisoners in spite of their success. Henry, for greater security had withdrawn himself from the mass of the fugitives; but he must have fallen into the hands of the enemy had he not been rescued by the address of his brother Richard. The Earl of Cornwall, who had just returned from the Holy Land, divesting himself of his armour, and bearing a pilgrim's staff, approached the French camp. Richard had served with great distinction in Palestine, where he had deservedly won the gratitude of many French knights who were indebted to him for freedom. His reception, therefore, by his ancient comrades in arms, was most kind and affectionate; and, in the king's tent, he was hailed, not as a messenger from the enemy, but as a kinsman and soldier of the cross.* St. Louis, at his request, assented to an armistice till the following morning, little thinking of the prize which his condescension suffered to slip through his hands. The two brothers immediately mounted their horses and reached Saintes that night.

With morning's dawn, the French were visible from the walls. The count de la Marche immediately sallied out, and, by degrees, the whole of the army became engaged. It was not, however, one battle, but a series of separate actions; for the ground was so intersected by lanes and vineyards, that the combatants fought in small parties, without communication or concert. Much blood was spilt: and the battle terminated somewhat to the advantage of the French. The result of these two actions convinced the count of his dangerous situation. His son Hugh clandestinely left Saintes, and threw himself at the feet of the French monarch, who readily pardoned his father, on condition that he should withdraw his troops from the English army, cede to Alphonso the castles which had already been taken, allow three others to be garrisoned for a time by the French troops as a security for his future fidelity, and for the rest of his possessions, trust to Louis's pleasure and courtesy. Henry, who had resolved to maintain Saintes against a siege, learnt at the same moment that its terrified inhabitants were preparing to open their gates to the enemy, and that Hugh his father-in-law, by whose invitation he had commenced this disastrous war, was treating for a separate peace. His alarm at this intelligence was not without cause, and its effects are most graphically described by Matthew Paris. Messenger after messenger poured in, breathless and panting, to announce some new addition of peril; and it plainly appeared that nothing but instant and most rapid flight could save the whole army from destruction. Dinner was about to be served when the king's terror was raised to its height by fresh and most authentic confirmation of the treachery of his allies; and, hastily rising from the table, hungry and empty as he was, he spared neither his horses' flanks nor his own spurs, little regarding which of his people had

* The kings of England and France and the earl of Cornwall had married three sisters, daughters of the Count of Provence.
the power of following. For two days and nearly two nights before he reached Blaye on the Garonne, he neither ate nor slept; and the sufferings of his army in its tumultuary retreat before it rejoined him were most acute. No provision had been made for this unexpected movement, and the only scanty sustenance which his famishing soldiers could procure during their march, was derived from the wild berries which they plucked by the road side. The loss of men and horses was terrible—"so great," says the chronicler, "as to move abundant tears in those who beheld it."*

St. Louis, content with the entire discomfiture of his enemy, exercised great moderation and forbore pursuit. Yet the king of England renewed his ignominious flight, not thinking himself secure till he had gained the coast of Bourdeaux. In this second race the ornaments of the royal chapel and the military chest were abandoned to the enemy. On entering Saintes, Louis received the submission of the count de la Marche, while the imperious Isabella, to her extreme mortification, found herself a prisoner at the victor's mercy, and was compelled to witness her husband perform the galling act of homage to Alfonso, as count of Poictiers. "The count," says Joinville, "knowing that he could not amend himself for the evil he had done, surrendered himself, his wife and children, prisoners to the king, who, on consenting to a peace, gained many considerable territories from the count. I have heard that with the lands the king required, the count de la Marche gave him an acquaintance for ten thousand livres Parisis which he was wont to receive from him annually.

The submission of the count de la Marche and Angouleme greatly extended the power of the French monarch; for, although this powerful vassal of the earldom of Poitou held his fiefs immediately only, from the crown, he had remained independent of France and England, both of which laid equal claim to his allegiance. But upon him, more than all the rest of the rebellious barons of the south, had fallen the disasters of the last war—his were the castles that had been stormed and taken, the peasantry which had sufferedURL most from pilage, the soldiers that had fallen in battle; his, the knights and vassals who, disheartened by such a series of reverses, had broken their feudal allegiance, and treated directly with St. Louis. Although his territories had remained, at the conclusion of peace, of an extent almost equal to their state previous to the war, they were no longer in a condition to recommence the struggle, more especially since he could no longer reckon upon the support of Henry of England, nor of the count of Toulouse. St. Louis possessed a mind of too noble a character to take advantage of the count's reconciliation, but Alfonso, count of Poictiers, the king's brother, was not so generous.

Geoffry de Rançon lord of Taillebourg, and vassal of the count de la Marche, had received, he averred, a mortal insult at the hands of the latter, and he had sworn a solemn oath not to let a razor pass over his beard or head until he had avenged himself, either by his own hand, or by that of another. After the disastrous battle of Taillebourg, when the imperious queen-countess Isabella and her vanquished lord sought the tent of St. Louis, as prisoners, the revengeful Geoffrey was there, to witness the discomfiture of his hated lord; "and when he saw," says Joinville, "who was present, the count de la Marche with his wife and children, all upon their knees before him, imploring humbly his mercy, he caused a barber's chair to be brought in, and was shaved and had his hair cut in the presence of the king, the queen-countess and her husband and the rest of the lords and knights assembled." This pantomimic declaration that he accounted himself avenged by the hands of St. Louis, was most bitterly felt by Hugh and Isabella, and so deeply did such discharge of his vow rankle in the breast of the latter, that, undeterred by the disasters and disgrace which her pride and vanity had entailed upon herself and husband, she now, transferring her hatred and vengeance from the suzerain to the vassal, waged a deadly feud against the lord of Taillebourg. A series of aggressions on both sides ended in an accusation of felony made during the following year by de Rançon against the count de la Marche.

* The loss of dinner evidently haunts the good Monk's imagination as the heaviest calamity of all which Henry and his soldiers endured, and is the subject of repeated allusion. The distance from Saintes to Blaye does not exceed forty miles, and since Henry rode at full speed, he probably missed his way or found it necessary to make a circuit; for without some supposition his allowance of time was most extravagant.
in the presence of the king and his brother officer Alfonso, count of Poitiers. Flinging his glove at the feet of Hugh de Lusignan, the accuser offered to prove the truth of the charge upon the body of the count in single combat, conformably to the custom of France in those times, and a law of chivalry which St. Louis had himself sworn to preserve. The count picked up the glove and declared that he was ready to maintain his innocence before Heaven and his sovereign in the lists.

It was not, however, without the most painful emotion that the knights and soldiers of Poitou beheld their once-formidable prince—the husband of a queen, the father of a king—rendered venerable too by grey hairs, that had been bleached in many a hard-fought campaign, for he was then upwards of sixty—compelled to enter the lists and defend his honor, at the sword's point, before the tribunal of a count. Anxious to preserve the honor of his name untarnished, the young Hugh de Lusignan, eldest son of the count de la Marche and Isabella entreated it as a favor at the hands of his suzerain, in consideration of his father's age and rank, to be allowed to do battle in his place. "No," replied the count de Poitiers, "he must fight for himself in his own person, in order the more fully and apparently to reveal to the light of day the manifold crimes with which this persevering author of all our woes is salled." Thus, the issue of the combat was rendered more doubtful to the accused, through the avowed partiality and prejudice of the unforgiving Alfonso.

The treason of which the veteran Marcher was charged as being indirectly cognizant, originated with his queen-countess Isabella and was no less a crime than the attempt to assassinate her generous foe St. Louis. When, after she had succeeded in exciting her husband to revolt against the brother of that king, she heard of his approach at the head of an army destined to punish its authors and abettors, Isabella, it is said, prepared, with her own hands, a poison, the secret of concocting which remained with her alone. Having, by means of costly gifts, gained over two members of the royal household, she suborned these agents to watch an opportunity to pour the deadly potion into the monarch's cup. This diabolical plot was providentially discovered, the emissaries of the vindictive queen-countess arrested, and, upon their own confession being found guilty, they were forthwith hanged. "When the countess Isabella," say the annals of France, "learned that her dark doings had been discovered, for very shame and grief she would have stabbed herself in the breast with a knife, had not one of her attendants held her hand; and when she saw that she could not effect her criminal purpose, she laid violent hands upon herself and tore her violet and her hair, and remained long and grievously sick of grief and vexation."

The conscience-striken Isabella, well knowing how often she had immeshed her lord in treasons and intrigues against the French king, and dreading, lest the nerveless arm of the aged Hugh might fail him in the impending trial of battle and thereby involve her in his consequent condemnation, fled for refuge to the royal abbey of Fontevraud, uncertain even, whether she might not be dragged forth from its privileged precincts to share in the punishment her crimes had drawn down upon her husband. Thus, forsaken by all, her name devoted to lasting infamy in her native land as well as in that of which she had formerly been queen, the wretched and impoverished Isabella applied for succour to the Pope. A bull is still extant addressed by Innocent "to the queen of England," (but with a blank for the name,) granting her permission to retire to any nunnery she may choose, accompanied by "ten honest women." The noble cloisters of Fontevraud gave concealment and asylum to the guilty fugitive; and there "conscions to herself" of all the evils she had caused, in a most secret apartment, and beneath the religious garb, she hid herself, scarcely even then safe; for, adds the chronicler, "the French and Poitevins, who pursued her with inexorable hate, declared that rather than Isabel, she should have been called the most impious Jezebel,* since she was the chief cause of all these ills."

The French nobility, however, took alarm at beholding one of its most distinguished chiefs thus summoned to judgment and exposed to suffer for a crime of which it was possible he might be wholly guiltless. A deputation of barons sought St. Louis and

* This was an Anagram, which the French mode of spelling her name afforded to her incensed countrymen a jeu-de-mot which her detestable character rendered strikingly appropriate.
represented to that justice-loving monarch the danger of exciting the resentment of so powerful a family, who would be certain to make the count's punishment a pretext whereby to stir up the Poitevins to revolt and renew their border warfare out of mere revenge. As it was the policy of St. Louis to allay all internal discord amongst his vassals, no matter at what sacrifice, in order to concentrate his energies and resources in an expedition to the Holy Land, for which he was then making active preparations—the royal crusader interposed his authority between the cited noble and his brother Alfonso; the count de la Marche consented to make his accuser pecuniary amends; the gages of combat à l'entrance were returned and he obtained permission to withdraw from the court and service of Alfonso.

This dishonorable compromise—for so it was considered by the courts of France and England—seems to have proved the death-blow to the haughty-minded Isabella. It quickly reached her, we are told, "in the secret chamber of Fontevraud—for evil tidings hasten fast," and she never again quitted that solitary cell: for immediately taking the veil she bade a final adieu to earthly cares, and a few months afterwards the royal penitent died of grief and remorse in the sixtieth year of her age (anno 1246.)

The count de la Marche, after Isabella's death, departed with his son Hugh, a crusader, and by his devotion and valor under the banner of St. Louis, wiped off the stain with which the misdeeds of his queen-countess had sullied his ancient name. He died in the year 1249, and his remains were interred in the abbey of Valence, near Couhè. Those of Isabella—a queen and mother, by her first marriage, to two kings and two queens—had been buried in the common cemetery of Fontevraud, probably from a penitentiairy motive. Eight years after her decease, however, her son, Henry the Third, being on a progress through Normandy, visited the regal abbey which enshrined the dust of his ancestors, and beholding with sorrowful feelings that his mother's remains had been "cast out from fellowship, even in death," with the royal personages whose splendid monuments graced the majestic gothic pile, he caused them to be transferred to the royal mausoleum and a magnificent tomb to be erected to her memory.

Isabella of Angoulême left eight children by her second marriage:—Hugh, who succeeded his father; Guy, lord of Cognac, slain at the battle of Lewes; William de Valence, the ancestors of the earls of Pembroke, in England; Geoffrey, lord of Jarrauc, created lord Hastings; Ademar, bishop of Winchester; Margaret, married to Raymond VII, count of Toulouse; and Alfais, married to the earl of Warwick. On the marriage of Henry the Third with Eleanor of Provence, these indigent half-brothers and sisters of the king flocked with their relatives and friends to the English court, where honors and rewards were heaped upon them, to the infinite discontent of the native nobility; and England was kept for some years in a state of ferment by the attempts of the latter to remove them from Henry's presence and councils and the arts of those foreign favorites to maintain their ground.

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DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF
ISABELLA OF ANGOULEME,
QUEEN-CONSORT OF JOHN, KING OF ENGLAND, AND MOTHER OF KING HENRY THE THIRD.

(Accompanying the present Number.)

The authority for this authentic portrait, is the effigy of Isabella of Angoulême still preserved at Fontevraud in Normandy; our artist having given that noble monumental figure the attitude of life. Queen Isabella wears a loose flowing robe of purple silk, thickly sown with a small golden crescent-shaped ornament, bordered at the neck and wrists, with an ele-
gant pattern, also in gold. The waist, at which there is no constriction in an attempt to render it taper, is simply girded with a richly ornamented waist-belt of crimson leather. This robe, or cyclas, slightly opening at top, discovers a neckerchief or chemise of fine linen confined at the throat by a plain circular brooch of gold. Gracefully flung round her person is a long and ample mantle of yellow silk, studded with cinque-foils, and lined with dark grey fur—a golden band securing this regal garment across the shoulders. On her head she wears the coverechief, and over it a low crown, of mural form, inlaid with rubies of large size; and the hair being almost entirely concealed by the veil, kerchief, or wimple, gives altogether a conventual appearance to the costume.

The first effigies in point of date, on which the eye of the artist can rest with complacency, are those at Fontevraud. Although in a foreign land, these four effigies of Plantagenet, Courde-Lion, Elinor of Aquitaine, and Isabella, admirably serve to illustrate the progress of art at that period, since they were erected at English cost and under English superintendence. An exact date can be assigned to the statue of Isabella, from the testimony of Matthew Paris, who tells us it was executed in 1254: it is distinguished by much grace and elegance; and the drapery which is very full and light, is chiselled with great freedom and delicacy. During the devastation which followed the revolution in France, these interesting remains sustained much damage and mutilation. Mrs. C. Stothen tells us that when her late husband visited France during the summer of 1816, he went direct to Fontevraud, to ascertain if the effigies of our early kings who were buried there yet existed;—subjects so interesting to English history were worthy of the enquiry. He found the abbey converted into a prison, and discovered in a cellar belonging to it, the effigies of Henry the second and his queen; Richard the first, and Isabella of Angoulême, John’s queen. The chapel where the figures were placed, before the revolution, had been entirely destroyed, and these valuable effigies, then removed to the cellar, were subject to continual mutilation from the prisoners, who went twice in every day to draw water from a well. It appeared they had sustained some injury, as Mr. S. found several broken fragments scattered round. He made drawings of the figures; and upon his return to England represented to our government the propriety of securing such interesting memorials from further destruction. It was deemed advisable, if such a plan could be accomplished, to gain possession of them, that they might be placed with the rest of our royal effigies in Westminster abbey. An application was accordingly made, which failed; but it had the good effect of drawing the attention of the French authorities towards those remains, and saving them from total destruction. “In a low vaulted chapel in a retired nook,” says a more recent traveller (anno 1840), “I more than ever rejoiced that every vestige of the royal mausoleum had been collected by the hand of care, if not of taste, and is now placed in security after centuries of desecration. In this low cell, which is lit by one small window filled with remnants of antique stained glass, probably picked up amongst the rubbish of the ruins, lie all that ages have left of the once magnificent tombs of the kings of England of the Angevins race.”

The arms of Isabel of Angoulême, impaled with those of king John, have been copied from an impalement represented on the cornice of queen Elizabeth’s monument in Westminster abbey; in Sandford’s time, the same arms were perceptible on the monument of her son, William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and on the tomb of this queen at Fontevraud.
A LEGEND OF THE TAGUS.

By Mrs. T. R. Edmonds.

Don Roderick sat on a gorgeous throne
In Toledo's ancient tower,
And his proud Hidalgos around him shone,
And revelry ruled the hour:

When sudden appeared mid the glittering crowd
Two sages with silvery hair;
And wondered the king and his courtiers proud
What had brought those old men there;

Their temples were bound with an ivy wreath,
And their beards were like mountain snow,
And scarce did king Roderick dare to breathe
As they entered all silent and slow.

Their long and transparent robes of white
Were bound by a mystic zone,
And the signs of the zodiac in colors bright,
Were brocaded their girdles upon:

And never did craftsman since devise
Such keys as in clusters fell
From those zones that attracted king Roderick's eyes
Like a strange and mystical spell.

They approached the throne with noiseless tread,
"What would ye," Don Roderick cried,
Then one of them lowly bowed his head,
And thus to the king replied:

"May it please thee, king! there stands a tower
Near Toledo's ancient town,
Built by that Lybian whose strength and power
Have obtained him such deathless renown.

Of wondrous strength is this ancient place,
And finished with magical art,
And a secret lies hid in its dark recess
Which mortal may never impart.

The door is of ponderous iron made,
With a lock of burnished gold,
And a terrible curse is denounced on his head
Who its mysteries shall seek to unfold:

And Hercules issued a stern command,
That a lock should added be,
By each king that reigned o'er this ancient land,
To these portals so strange to see.

And now, great king! we come to crave
That thy lock may added be,
And the holy Madonna your kingdom will save
From this fearful mystery."

2 K—June, 1841.

Then bowed these old and mysterious men
As they left the chamber of state,
But it never was known to mortal ken
How they entered Toledo's gate:

Pondered king Roderick much and long
On this wild and marvellous tale,
And he vowed in his heart that the fortress strong
He would dauntlessly assail.

Then sought he Urbino, anointed of Heaven,
And this to him did he say:
"Father, my mind with impatience is riven,
And my soul brooks no further delay."

What boots it to me that the Lybian churl
Hath passed so strange a decree;
When a Christian king shall his banner unfurl
The Pagan's proud minions will flee.

And how will Spain then exult to behold,
Deep hid in that desolate tower,
Such gems of the East and treasures of gold
As Sultan ne'er had for a dower.

Forbear! oh my son, said the reverend sage,
Abandon this daring design,
Oh think not this fearful warfare to wage
Lest some punishment dire should betheine.

But Roderick laughed this advice to scorn,
Determined to rush on his fate:
"Father!" said he, "at the dawning of morn
I will stand at that mystical gate."

Brightly the morning sunbeams fell
On Toledo's ancient walls,
When Roderick arrayed in shining mail,
On his chosen warriors calls.

In vain to the king did Urbino pray,
For ambition had fired his brain,
Woe! woe to thee Roderick! that thus thou wouldst slay
The chivalry of Spain.

The Tagus crossed, soon the cavalcade gained
The paths to the tower that lead,
Now Heaven and our lady these cavaliers send
For this is a fearful deed.

The tower was built on a lofty rock
That frowned o'er a foaming stream,
And human eyes could ill stand the shock
Of its dazzling and mystical gleam.

Of jasper and marble the walls were made,
With the surface polished so bright,
That they seemed, when o'er them the sunbeams played,
Like a mass of gorgeous light.
Soon they reached a narrow arched way,  
Cut through the living stone,  
And well might Roderick a moment delay  
To gaze its strange portals upon.

Its massive locks were encrusted o’er  
With the rust of countless years;  
And stood with their keys, the portals before,  
The hoary and bearded seers.

Alighted the king and his chosen band,  
And prepared the tower to explore,  
But the old men trembled at Roderick’s command  
To unclose that terrible door.

Forbear, oh king! the old men said,  
Oh bring not such ruin on Spain!  
Even Caesar himself forbore to invade  
This fearful and mighty domain.

“Let fate do her worst,” Don Roderick cried,  
“Old dotards obey my command,  
And you, my brave soldiers, keep close to my side,  
And let each bear his sword in his hand.”

Trembled those weak and ancient men  
As they turned each rusty key,  
And the dark-browed cavaliers of Spain  
Looked on impatiently.

The last bolt has yielded to the key,  
And loudly Don Roderick calls,  
Come on my brave flowers of chivalry,  
And sack these far famed walls.

Vainly these lusty cavaliers tried,  
Though loose hung each ponderous chain,  
Though every strong bolt was thrust aside,  
Yet could they no entrance gain;

Then advanced with frenzied haste the king,  
And struck the door alone,  
And wide did the iron portals swing,  
And the eager band passed on.

Onward they went till they reached a hall  
Where a terrible figure stood,  
Oh well might that figure king Roderick appal  
And freeze the young cavalier’s blood.

Gigantic in stature, and fearful in face,  
Was this wild and unearthly thing;  
And threateningly round him a ponderous mace  
Did the monster exultingly swing.

“Be thou spectre or man,” said Roderick the bold,  
“I conjure thee to let me pass on,  
I come not to seek for jewels or gold,  
But to find out this mystery alone.

Then paused the strange figure, nor whirled  
his mace,  
But held it uplifted on high,  
And gladly did Roderick that moment embrace  
To pass with his followers by:—

A stairway led from this fearful hall  
To a chamber of gorgeous design,  
With rubies and emeralds glittered the wall  
And diamonds in clusters did shine.

Its dome was of gold all burnished and bright  
And studded with starlike gems,  
And the whole was filled with a flood of light  
That burst on their eyes like flames;

Then did Don Roderick haste to seek  
A table of workmanship fair,  
Where the name of Alcides the Theban Greek  
Was written in characters rare:—

On this table a golden casket lay,  
With these words engraved on the lid,  
“Who opens this coffer shall rue the day  
For within it the mystery is hid.”

Then spoke Urbino, the holy man,  
And thus to Don Roderick said,  
Oh! forbear, the decrees of fate to scan  
And bring not Heaven’s wrath on thy head.

“Come weal, come woe,” Don Roderick cried,  
“My soul can resist the shock,”  
Thus did he the Fathers’ counsel deride  
And rashly he burst the lock.

And eagerly now did each cavalier strain  
The contents of the box to behold,  
But it nought save a linen cloth did contain  
Which king Roderick made haste to unfold.

There the king saw depicted a mighty band  
Of warriors stern and bold,  
They wore the loose robes of Araby’s land  
And the turban of countless fold;

And cross bows on their saddle backs hung;  
Round their necks they scimitars wore;  
And banners and pennons around them were flung  
And fluttered their fierce steeds o’er.

An inscription was written those banners upon  
That fired king Roderick’s brain:—  
“These warriors, rash king, shall o’erturn thy throne,  
And conquer thy kingdom of Spain.”

While yet they gazed on the painting,  
dismayed,  
The figures seemed filled with life,  
War trumpets sounded, and bold steeds neighed,  
As if rushing to mortal strife.
And the linen cloth rolled forth, and behold!
It filled the mystical hall,
And disclosed a vision, that Roderick the bold
And his followers did sorely appal;

For the shadowy figures began to move,
And louder the clamor became;
And Moslems and Christians fiercely strove,
Midst flashes of lambent flame;

And trumpets brayed, and cymbals clashed
Mid the clarion's deafening sound;
And as onward the war-steeds of Araby dashed,
They tore up the blood stained ground;

And the Christians quailed before the foe,
And the Infidels still pressed on,
Till the once proud banner of Spain was laid low
And the sign of the cross was cast down:

Then the shouts of the conquerors filled the air
Mingled with fearful howls,
And shrieks and ravings of dark despair,
As men yielded up their souls.

Mid the flying squadrons did Rod'rick espy
One who wore a kingly crown;
Though his back was turned, he well could descry
That the shield and device were his own.

The warrior bestrode a milk-white steed,
And well did king Roderick know,
Twas his own proud horse, that, with frantic speed,
Thus fled from the Moslem foe.

The warrior was lost in the turmoil of flight,
But the steed hurried fearfully on;
And shuddered the king at that terrible sight,
For on him there rider was none.

Then rushed the king from that fearful place,
And gained the outer hall,
But the figure with the fearful mace
Had left his pedestal:

The king and his cavaliers onward sped
Till they reached the iron door,
And there the ancient men lay dead
The fearful portals before.

Long and vainly tried the king,
To fasten that ponderous door,
While the turmoil within continued to ring
With a wild and tumultuous roar.

And rain and hailstones on them dashed,
As the band retraced their way;
And the thunder rolled, and lightnings flashed,
And filled their hearts with dismay;

And loudly the Tagus raged and swelled,
And overflowed its once fair shore;
And the howling wind around them wailed
With sullen and fitful roar.

The king's heart beat quickly against his mail
As they passed through Toledo's gate;
And the courtiers saw he was deadly pale
As he entered the chamber of state.

The morning sun rose bright and clear,
After that fearful hour;
And, armed as before, with sword and spear,
The king took his way to the tower.

He longed those fearful portals to close,
And the horrible ruin restrain,
Which threatened to fill his kingdom with woes,
And to blood turn the rivers of Spain;

When the king and his cavaliers reached the tower,
A new wonder met their sight;
An eagle of terrible size and power
Wheeled round it in airy flight.

He bore in his beak a burning brand,
And lighting the tower upon,
With his outstretched wings the fire he fanned
Till the flame all brightly shone;

Then burst the edifice forth in a blaze
As of resin the walls had been;
And e'en more dazzling than the sun's rays
Was that bright and terrible scene.

Then a flight of birds, of sable hue,
Came over the distant seas,
And wheeled round the ashes, till upwards they flew,
As if fanned by a mighty breeze.

And wherever those mystic ashes fell,
On the flowery fields of Spain,
There was seen, as ancient chronicles tell,
A prophetic and blood red stain:

And all who stood neath this mystic shower
In the field of battle were slain;
For the ruin of Hercules' fearful tower
Was a type of the conquest of Spain.

[Postized from a favorite author.]
EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1841.

"Amicus Plato sed magis amica, veritas."

On entering the apartments devoted to this exhibition, we cannot but be struck with admiration at the great number of works of the fine arts contained in them, amounting in all to thirteen hundred and forty-three. To describe all these in detail would be tiresome to our readers. We shall, therefore, limit our notice to such works as have some claim to importance. There are more than a thousand pictures which we class in the following order:—Historical works, including subjects of invention or composition of one figure, or half figures, only, about 200; portraits, more than 500; landscape, 200 or more; the rest of the pictures consist of dogs, cats, rats, horses, all animals of interest and celebrity in the house and stable, where these picturesque individuals have the honer to inhabit, and a few fruit, and flower pieces, of more or less flavor and fragrance. We shall perhaps be asked if, as veracious critics, we consider the quality of the exhibition of this year, equal to its richness in quantity? Though the question is delicate, we answer that we do not find one work this year of some of the first British Masters, and we fear some will be inclined to inscribe on the entrance the motto of Horace, the aurum mediocre vitis, which the poet thinks so desirable when applied to private life, but which we doubt if he would have considered an equally happy state in an exhibition of the fine arts in such renowned capital as London.

D. Maclise, R.A., exhibits four pictures, and they are those which seem most attractive to the public. — 33, an Irish girl, is best explained as to subject by the quotation below.

"Burnning the nut is a famous charm. They name the lad and the less to each particular nut as they lay them on the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the cause and issue of the courtship will be."—Note to Halloween by Burns.

The figure is graceful and expressive, and the picture is to be admired in many parts for the character and finishing of the details; but as a whole, it is deficient in true contrast of light and shadow.

The same defect may be attributed to a large picture of composition with a hundred figures. — 124, The sleeping beauty, by the same artist. This is the favorite picture of the public, and to make our readers understand the magical invention, they must remember a tale of every nation called by the French, "La Belle au bois dormant." According to events and predictions of inevitable fate, the enchanted princess has fallen asleep in the most magnificent room in the palace—her bed is embroidered in gold and silver, and by the power of a good fairy sleep falls on all within the walls of the palace, dogs and cats included—they sleep on—and at the end of a hundred years, they are still sleeping, when the destined prince arises. The picture represents the moment when he has reached the apartment, where, on her bed with curtains open, she lies still asleep,—the most wonderful beauty that ever appeared on earth or fairy land.

But vainly will severe critics assert that the light is too equally diffused, that effects of chiaroscuro are entirely wanting—that there is profusion, amounting to confusion in the ornaments and objects introduced, that the coloring is meretricious and resembles the exaggerated imitation of the manerists who followed Bouchet and Watteau—that the accessories are not always truly represented; for example, that the armour of the soldiers, instead of being iron, is porcelain. Vain are these, and other remarks, for are we not in fairy land, and the sleeping beauty and all around her a dream of fancy? Where it is permitted, unreproved, that the true should be false, and the false true.

We have to add, also, that the eye is pleased by many fanciful inventions and playful ideas conveyed by the varied groups of sleepers,—so expressive in their attitudes and ensemble. But let the student beware of imitating a picture like this; here the eye is dazzled, but the mind is unpersuaded by the conventional and meretricious charms—which are as
gilded brass to true gold—for, if these fictitious beauties be carried into a picture intended for history, or an imitation of nature—the artist who does so must fall into an abyss of the most absurd mannerism, and he must have much talent to save him from utter perdition; for, starting from a false point, he is likely to wander further and further from the true path. Such was the philosophy of certain theologians and metaphysicians of past times, who, to support a sophism, displayed real talent à pure perte to discover others yet more subtle and ingenious.—So also those artists of ancient and modern times, who, not content with imitating or making a beautiful selection from nature, and endeavoring with a poetical fancy to approach that ideal beauty which is the symbol of moral beauty, and to which all art should tend, not content with this, give themselves to follow some conventional style, and fall thence into absurd mannerism. We speak strongly on this point, because it appears to us, that many of the youth of our school are imitators of the dangerous style of Mr. Maclete, whose defects they may copy without being able to imitate the beauties of his works, as the imitators of Michael Angelo—instead of exhibiting vast anatomical skill in strongly developed muscles, produced figures that seemed without skin, and the imitators of Guido in his silvery style, painted faces so pale that they seemed likenesses of the sick, or statues of wax. No. 285, also by Maclete is a picture of true talent, as well for the touch of the pencil and tone, as for the effect of the ornaments and details: the subject is a lady in a Hindoo dress, and it is evidently a portrait—it pleases us much more than the other work of the same artist.

313, Hunt the slipper at neighbour Hamborough's, unexpected visit of the fine ladies. This picture, taken from chapter IX. of the Vicar of Wakefield is pleasing in various parts, from its composition, the expression of the countenances, and the management of the drapery. But is it true? Now we have no fairy land, but a scene of real life, and in such, truth is the first element of beauty. Whence, therefore, are these owl's eyes in so many faces? why that completely equal light that pervades every part of the apartment in the vicarage? how is it possible, that bodies of bones and flesh, and furniture of wood, and hangings of stuff, should throw no shadows? These are neither ethereal, nor enchanted. This constant defect of Maclete and others, namely, want of shadow, deprives objects of their roundness, makes the aerial perspective, untrue, and has the effect of making the figures not appear moving, but separately fixed into the canvas. The attitudes in many of the figures in this picture are carried to the extreme of the theatrical style.

J. R. Hervert, in a well composed and well drawn picture, represents a fact belonging to Venetian history, which appears to be a favorite source with this young artist, many of whose works are drawn from it. This is—410 Pirates of Istria bearing away the Brides of Venice from the Cathedral of Oliolo. To our taste, beautiful is the expression of the countenance of the young girl, who tries with her feeble hands to defend herself from the robust pirate who is bearing her off—and the torso of the rower who remains in the boat, awaiting the arrival of its precious freight, is fine, and displays much good anatomical drawing. But while we conscientiously believe that Hervert is an artist who will do much honor to his country, and feel real admiration of his talent, we cannot but observe in his works a too great tendency exclusively to the German school—which, possessing many fine qualities of invention and disposition, falls sometimes into a dry manner with a leaden or ashy tone, losing truth of effect and brilliancy of color, as may occasionally be seen in the works of Hervert, for whom we should always desire complete success.

J. Martin exhibits seven pictures which we shall name shortly. This artist, who feels that painting is poetry and history represented—and draws almost always from these his inspirations—has chosen for the subject of 428, The celestial city and river of bliss, from the beautiful lines of Milton's Paradise Lost, where the author of all is thus apostrophised:—

"Fountain of light, thyself invisible, Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st Throned inaccessible."
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Here, as in all the works of this far famed artist, the intellectual and inventive part of the picture is almost always sublime—the material and executive part defective, as well in drawing as in coloring. The same remarks apply to 570, Pandemonium, inspired by the same poem from the verses beginning "Anon out of the earth a fabric huge." The above observations easily explain why the engravings from Mr. Martin's pictures please more than the original paintings: defects both of drawing and coloring disappear under the burin.

We should judge there is local truth, as well as true effects in—593, Valley of the Tyne, my native country from near Henshaw—and the poetical painter has well translated on canvas the verses in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," beginning "Still as I view each well-known scene."

— 684, View on the western coast of Guernsey does not please us so much—it seems to us there are colors in this picture which are not in nature, and the same remark applies to another picture of Martin's, 685, View on the vale of the Wandle spring.—Still, however, there is remarkable merit in this, as in the other two pictures by this artist.—722, View in Comberwood—October; and 723, View in Hampshire looking upon Alton.

Mr. Eastlake, R. A., exhibits a scriptural picture, 73, Christ lamenting over Jerusalem. We do not quite think that this picture possesses the Asiatic and mystic spirit proper to such pictures—but it does great honor to the artist; first, because it elevates the art of painting to a grave and important subject; in the second place, because many parts of the picture are beautiful in invention and execution; we except some things that seem needlessly introduced.

The venerable countenance of St. Matthew, placid and contemplative, contrasts well with the head of St. John beside it, more robust and more sadly thoughtful. The picture is harmonious in coloring, and the draperies are really beautiful. The general tone is stronger than Eastlake's pictures usually are where the coloring is, perhaps, too weak.

Let the young observe this—weakness is not sweetness in coloring, but sickness in art.

Mr. Eitty, R. A., has different pictures, in which he shows, as usual, some partially good intentions as to coloring, a total negligence of drawing, perspective, and chiaro-creu; and, frequently, a theatrical disposition of his figures. Such appears to us the tout ensemble of 136, The Prodigal's return, and we may add, that a learned R. A. should be aware that philosophic criticism on the fine arts cannot pardon at present the clothing biblical figures in the usual burlesque manner of Rembrandt and Tintoretto. 206, Mars and Venus is a replica of a noted picture by Mr. Eitty, and he has also, repeated here, amidst some beauties of coloring, the same defects of drawing and mannerism.

—379, Female bathers surprised by a swan, is transparent in some parts of the coloring, but leaden in the whole, negligent, and without firmness.—519, David, is not a scriptural figure, but there is in it a certain inspiration that would appear more if the coloring was more harmonious and without that detestable yellow. Quantity of bright color, without harmony does not form beauty any more than, in singing, many voices that are discordant, do not produce music, but a disagreeable noise...

—17, The temptation of Andrew Marvel, by C. Landseer, is a very pretty picture, but the light is too much diffused.—90, The Hermit, by the same, is a work indicative of study, and giving promise that this is an artist who will make progress.—339, De Montfort, also the work of Mr. C. Landseer, is a well imagined picture, but deficient in chiaroscuro.

—38, Going to the Fair, J. J. Chalon—Exemplary in its defects, being as little like truth as the wooden figures carved by the Tyrolese resemble human beings.

—51, View of the Ponte Vecchio from the Ponte alle Grazie, and 509, View of the Ponte alle Grazie from the Ponte Vecchio, Florence, both possess much truth—both are from the pencil of Mr. F. James.

Mr. Leslie, R. A., has three productions.—52, Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme. — Who can tire of Monsieur Jocourd?—not we certainly—often have we met him, but never more delightfully than now. His consciousness of being finely dressed, and his de-
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size of self-preservation, are alike visible in his face, and we cannot but sympathize a little, for Nicole is a formidable adversary. The whole picture is very pleasing. But, 95, Fairtopair; by the same hand, stones for a little submission to the laws of harmony in the last named picture—this is dissonance itself. 340, Library at Holland House, is interesting for the portraits it contains, but the picture is hard and the figures from want of shadow are like a pack of cards. The Boy and many friends, 62, by T. Webster, is a pretty and pleasing picture.—79, The little sick scholar, by Fanny McI.-—the subject is taken from Master Humphrey's clock.—How full of expression, how touching is this picture, though a critic might add, it is somewhat weak in coloring. W. Collins—The two disciples at Emmaus, 106, is a picture with harmonious tone, pleasing taurine taste; a feeling which does not extend to 299, Lazzaroni at Naples, by the same artist. We do not much admire, 109—Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proev. c. xx. the work of Mr. Mulready.—125, Portrait of Miss Milman, by H. P. Briggs, R.A. is very good. 42, based after a successful cruise visiting his old comrades at Greenwich, 133, by J. S. Davis is a very weak picture. The Pope's mausoleum at the fountain of Trevi, 135, by W. Barraud, is a pretty little work.—138, Savoyard, by C. Wilton, is full of harmony and like a Flemish picture in beauty.—153, Repose, W. F. Witherington, R.A., is a picture of considerable effect, but too apparently artificial, and a little forced. 154, Portrait of the right hon. C. W. Williams Wynn, M. P., by Sir M. A. Shee, R.A. It was proposed at Paris not to admit portraits at the exhibition there, or to save a place of exhibition for them alone. We are not disposed to be so severe, but we think a reform is required here in the selection of these works; it cannot, however, extend to pictures, painted as are some of the portraits of Sir M. A. Shee, which we should always welcome. 165, The old man's blessing, J. P. Knight, A. An interesting picture, but deficient in chiaroscuro. We notice, by the same artist, 270, Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen. We can scarcely call the style of this picture biblical, but it has merit, especially the torso of the Christ, which is very fine. Also, 543, Portrait of Lieut.-Col. Marcus Slade, an excellent portrait.—166, Lear and Cordelia in prison, by T. Uwins, R. A.: a picture of fine effect, but like his other works a little timid in point of shadow. Mr. Uwins gives us also 298, the Pet of the village, a truly charming picture, well composed, and in every way pleasing.—291, The bay of Naples on the 4th of June, various groups, and 622, Children returning from the festa of St. Anthony, and chanting a hymn in praise of the Saint, both of these possess the grace and beauty he gives to all his works.—172, Hebrew exiles, by H. Howard, R. A., is without the least shade, all is a flat surface.—176, Roseueil the seat of H. R. H. Prince Albert of Coburg, near Coburg. This is mere inanity, and resembles nothing real, like—277, Depositing of John Bellini's three pictures in the Chiesa Redentore at Venice, which is neither Venice nor anything else, and 532, Dawn of Christianity, flight into Egypt, which is a real flight in art.—182, The Flight at Credy bridge, June 29th, 1644, where Sir William Walter attacked the king, by A. Cooper, R.A. A picture full of movement, but shewing that fear of chiaroscuro, which seems to assail many modern pencils, especially those of Royal Academicians.

—249, An equestrian portrait of Miss Hoare, by the same, is a wooden picture, but the horse and dog are better executed than the lady. —188, Portrait of H. R. H. Prince Albert, by J. Partridge, one would fancy had been painted according to the command of Queen Elizabeth to her portrait painters to avoid all shadows, a perfection found in Chinese pictures, but which now a-days, we consider, speaks more for the judgment than the taste of her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth. —200, Portrait of a gentleman in the Highland costume of 1745, full length, J. Watson Gordon, is a very remarkable picture, but requires a little more harmonizing. —205, The castle builder, R. Redgrave, A. and 287, Sir Roger de Coverley's courtship, by the same, are both bad imitations of Mr. Maclise. —207, Tithania sleeping, R. Dadd. Here is poetry, a truly fairy picture, and in many parts very well painted;
we should like to see something in a higher style from the same hand. — 216, The Farewell, A. E. Chalon, R. A. Mrs. Mabery's lines explain the fanatical title of this picture by Chalon. The fair lady, who sleeps, has an interesting countenance, and a Canary bird, whose cage had been left open, flies away and bids “farewell.” The execution is tolerable. — 237, England's pride, J.W. Kidd, and 419, Britain's glory, also by Mr. Kidd, are both pretty pictures. — 242, Poor lane guardians, C. W. Cope, has much expression, but the coloring is not good. — 263, The wreck of the Forfarshire steamer, in 1838, from sketches and portraits painted on the spot, by T. M. Joy. There are in this picture some details of an appalling truth; but the general tone of coloring is not good. — 275, The will of Mrs. Margaret Bertram, of Singleside, T. Clater, is really a little gem. — 278, The child of the desert, W. H. Pickersgill, R. A., is poor in invention as in execution. — 321, Portrait of Equus Maxweli, Esq., R. N. in an Andalusian dress, W. H. Philips, is a good portrait. — 333, Ruin of a fort at Castel-a-Maré, bay of Naples, T. C. Holford, badly executed. — 336, Sally Paddock; a sketch at Lord Tankerville's almshouses; Shrewsbury, 1840, P. Corbet. A fine head, that might have been the work of Ribera, in his finished style. — 350, Answering the advertisement, F. R. Stephanoff. This is really well imagined, well composed, and pleasing, the tints, perhaps, a little crude. — 354, Pozzoni from Caligula's bridge; the isle of Nesida and bay of Baiae, C. Stanfield, R. A. Beautiful, and full of real talent, as are all the works exhibited by Mr. Stanfield, only there appears to us a little monotony in the coloring. — 417, Near Castel-a-Maré, bay of Naples. This picture of Mr. Stanfield's appears to bear the prize of beauty in landscape. — 437, Italian peasants repose at the Madonna, near Lubianco, Roman states, W. Havell, has much force of coloring. — 439, Touch and take, J. Bateman. A dog seizes a mouse; the artist is an imitator of Landseer. — 450, Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, D. Roberts, R. A. Electric. Here is a certain effect of color; but the figures, as in most of Mr. Robert's works, are but sketches. — 429, Mary Queen of Scots, and her retinue, returning from the chase to the castle of Stirling, in 1562, W. Simson. The light is too equally diffused; but there is expression, and some of the details are good. — 435, Portrait of the grand duchess Olga and Alexandrina, by Mrs. J. Robertson, is like something of the school of Watteau. — 466, The Sculptor's triumph, when his statue of Venus is about to be placed in her temple—a morning at Rhodes, F. Danby, A. R. Here is effect, but too much effort, and the picture is crude. — 479, The Madonna and child, J. Wood, seems the work of a pupil of Elisabetta Sirane. — 492, Party at Ranton Abbey, the shooting lodge of the earl of Lichfield, contains portraits of the earls of Sefton, Uxbridge, Lord Melbourne, &c., F. Grant. Here is also timidity in the shadows, and a degree of crudeness in the coloring; but this is an artist from whom much may be hoped. — 503, Reflections after the ball, S. J. Rochard, is charming. — 517, A mountain road, J. Creswick. Mr. Creswick is always excellent for truth, for the touch of he pencil, and for all details; see, also, his pictures,— 181, A rocky stream, and — 121, A pastoral. — 520, Zingarella, J. Inskipp, is true, but is too careless. — 571, Venice, R. M'Murrough, has the merit of much fidelity. — 119, A veteran of the old guard describing one of Napoleon's battles—interior of a farrier's shop, F. Goodall. A beautiful and interesting picture, excellent alike in composition, drawing, and coloring. We see Mr. Goodall is no soldier, for he has put the cockade on the right side of the veteran's hat, which is wrong. — 1161, The vineyard, E. V. Rippingille. We may say of this picture, "Sunt bonas mixta malis." Of the next of more pretension, The emperor, Charles V., picking up the pencil of Titian, we may say, "Sunt mala mixta bonis." Its number is 1162; the author, W. Fisk. — 1175, Cardinal Wolsey leaving London after his disgrace, J. West. We trace, in this work, the same excellence in drawing which distinguished the President West. — 1176, Sunday morning, A. Johnston. A charming and transparent water-color drawing. — 1182, The Earl of Sefton and party returning from shooting, R. Ansdell. Here nothing is transparent. We pass on to the apartments appropriated to the drawings and miniatures; in the latter we think Mr. Ross bears the prize from all competitors. Many of his works are beautiful; some are wonderful to see, especially 856, a magnificent portrait of the king.
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of the Belgians—857, frame containing portraits of the right hon. the countess of Chesterfield and the right hon. lady Elizabeth Murray—the splendid portrait, 864, of her grace the duchess of Somerset; and the fine effect of 875, Portrait of his grace the duke of Somerset; also, 801, Mrs. Fuller, and 802, hon. Mrs. Bryas, both beautiful. 837, Cicero, after suppressing the conspiracy of Catiline, was accompanied by the senate to his own house, &c. G. Jones, R. A., is an excellent Seppia drawing; but the subject is not made out with sufficient distinctness. 669, The prisoner, an incident in the time of Philip and Mary, J. A. Houston. This picture is interesting in every respect, and the coloring truly harmonious. 665, Cecilia, and the female hostages, escaping from the camp of Porson, and crossing the river to Rome, by G. Jones, R. A., is a well-composed work. 840, Flowers. Mr. V. Bartholomew really is to flowers what Landseer is to animals, and we cannot praise his works more highly. 954, Achilles among the daughters of Lycomedes; from one of the Townley marbles, W. Bromley, A. E. This is drawn in a very pure style.

We now come to Architecture, the drawings for which are almost solely interesting to him for whom they are done, and to him who did them. We, however, admire much 993, Study for the front of a public building, C. R. Cockerell, R. A.; it is in a pure, beautiful, and grand style. 1107, Design for the new assize courts, Liverpool, approved by the committee, in October, 1810, H. L. Elmes. We greatly admire, also, 1110, Design for a Gothic roof to Guildhall, London, E. Woodthorpe, both for the invention and execution.

We now come to Sculpture; and here, also (as in all the Exhibition), we find an invasion of portraits, busts, heads, profiles, and arduous, surely, is the duty of the sculptor who would give immortality in marble to heads which possess neither beauty nor celebrity to excite interest—which are unsuited as objects of art; but "auri sacra fames," and many other reasons, compel such labors, and praise be to him who is able, instead of mere imita-

tion, to render them real works of art. Among the portraits, as works of art, much praise is due to Chantrey for two statues; — 1218, Statue of Henry Bathurst, D. D., late bishop of Norwich; for Norwich cathedral; and — 1251, Statue of the hon. Henry Rider, D. D., late bishop of Lichfield and Coventry; for Lichfield cathedral. 1340, Bust in marble of lady T. Elliot Drake, by R. Westmacott, A., we also admire much. 1286, Anorion, a bust in marble by the same artist. As works of art we prefer — 1291, Eee, by Bailey, in which the attitude, the design, and the softness of the execution are admirable. 1229, Prayer, by P. Macdowall, seems an angel in human form, that prays for peace between Heaven and earth. How sweet and charming the statue is by the same hand. 1244, marble statue of a girl going to bathe. Its companion should be the beautiful and graceful work of Wyatt, — 1248, marble statue of a nymph coming out of the bath. Mr. Wyatt also exhibits, — 1241, marble statue of a shepherd boy, one of the sweetest inventions of the statuary's art. — 1231, a basse relievo, in marble, of Christ restoring sight to a young man born blind, part of a monument to the late Mr. Thwaytes, in commemoration of a miniscutum bequest to be applied to the relief of the indigent blind, J. C. Gibson; and — 1231, a basse relievo in marble. These works, we think, need not fear comparison with the bas-reliefs of Thorwaldsen.

We here close our review with the observation, that, proportionally, the works of sculpture this year are superior to those in painting. In the latter we observe many equally distant from truth and ideal beauty; from careful drawing, or good finishing; and, what is yet more important, that the form seems more regarded than the idea, the material than the intellectual part, as if in art mere amusement were sought; not tending to the higher aims of art, suited to the wants of the epoch, and the increasing refinements of the social organization. Yet we see, amidst all this, some artists rising from the crowd, and seeking to tread a different path. These, in their works, seem to say, "Come with me and I will show you the way that leads to the beautiful, the great, the sublime—to true glory."
THE JEWISH RABBI TO HIS FOLLOWERS
EXHORTING THEM TO RETURN TO SYRIA.

Children of Judah! turn ye to the land
Girt by the deep-delled Taurus, and the shore
Of dark Euphrates; form one countless band,
And seek the clime where dwelt your sires of yore.

Boasts not the earth a happier resting place
Than this fair heritage of Israel's line;
Rise men of Judah! and thy scattered race,
Shall live to praise their father's God and thine.

Benighted people! would ye roam the world,
And leave to foes this fair and fertile land?
No! let Jehovah's banner be unfurled;
In one proud phalanx seek the sacred strand.

There, every clod is nourished with the blood
Of Judah's heroes, when the wrath divine
Burst, like a sudden and overwhelming flood,
Upon the once fair fields of Palestine.

There, where the lofty cedar rears its head,
Emptied thy sires their cup of joy and woe,
Till discord, like a plague-spot o'er them spread,
Nor ceas'd, till Israel's glory was laid low.

Long did the houseless tribes of Judah weep,
"Like limbs all bleeding from their country torn,"
But he whose power and mercy cannot sleep
Bids them no longer wander thus forlorn.

Rather would Stamboul's Sultan tranquil reign
O'er the united tribes of Judah's line,
Than see fierce discord devastate the plain,
And dye with blood the streams of Palestine.

Crushed are her enemies, their host laid low,
Yet, Israel, supine and wavering lies;
Wake men of Judah! strike one mighty blow;
And once again bid Zion's temple rise.

E. E. E.

SONNET FROM PETRARCA.

THE APPARITION OF LAURA.

Oh death! how hast thou changed that beauteous face,
And quenched the light of those angelic eyes;
That spirit, bright, with Heaven born energies,
Has left its body in thy cold embrace:
Hushed are the silvery accents of that tongue,
In one short moment I am filled with grief,
No other sound can give my heart relief:
The voice is mute on which my spirit hung.
But hush! my lady comes to soothe my woes,
Her lovely face with sweet compassion beams;
The angel vision cheers me in my dreams
And to my soul restores its lost repose.
The heart was never formed in human mould
That could unmove her peerless charms behold.

E. E. E.

* See portraits in youth and full beauty, Nos. 11 and 13, with memoirs January and March 1834 in this Magazine.
PARIS FASHIONS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

[For description of the Paris Plates, see the accompanying Letter-Press.]


Comme ce mauvais temps est triste, ma chère amie, toujours plu, ou vent, ou froid, pas de beaux jours au moi de Mai! C'est désolant et nos belles toilettes de promenade—all laid aside, for if we venture out we are glad to remain shut up in our carriages, instead of enjoying our delightful promenades au Bois, and in the Tuileries.

The most fashionable material for morning costume is shot silk, and many of these dresses are very elegant. The corsages of all the new dresses are made quite plain and tight to the shape; they fasten at the back, and generally have a slight point, but which is almost invariably rounded instead of being pointed, the long points being only worn in evening dress. Some of these corsages are high to the throat, others half or three quarters high, and sloped off en cœur, which is far more becoming than if taken off straight across. The tight sleeves, contrary to all expectation, still hold their sway, the only variety from them being a very small gigot sleeve, tight as far as the elbow, the remainder a little full to the shoulder. These sleeves are exceedingly graceful, and infinitely more becoming to the figure than those of an immense width, which, though in fashion for so long a time, were, it must be admitted, most disfiguring to the person. Tucks in the dress, or put on, cut on the cross way of the material (en biais), and headed with a narrow piping, are very prevalent. One flounce is seldom seen at present, two or three narrower ones being preferred; however, many of the new dresses are without any trimming whatever. The skirts as well as the waists are worn very long. I must not omit to say that many of these silk dresses, for morning wear, have two flounces of deep black lace, put on perfectly plain; for evening dress, the corsages are à pointe, and quite tight and plain; some have draperies à la Sévigné, others are worn with a Berthe. The sleeves are short, some plain with a cuff of guipure turned up over them, others, à sabot, or à double sabot, and many again nearly plain with frills of lace in the fashion of the sleeves worn by the ladies of the court of Louis XIV. These dresses are à l’ordinaire, made of lace, tulle, crapes, guazes, &c., and are mostly trimmed with flowers, marabout tips, bows of ribbon or lace or guipure flounces.

Hats and Capottes.—Drawn capottes are rather more worn than they have been for some time. Some are intermixed with lace, many are of poux de soie, but those in crapes are the most fashionable at present.

The form of the hats has not varied materially lately. They are not very large, but come low at the sides of the face; they are rather more open or évasé than they have been, and the front and crown are so much upon a line, that they seem to be formed of but one piece. Willow knotted, and bunches of three small ostrich feathers, together with marabouts, guírandes, bouquets of flowers, blonde and violettes of tulle illusion are all fashionable in bonnets. The straw bonnets are either trimmed with plaid ribbons, or with velvet of two different colors as green and mauve, and they are lined with white and have a ruche de tulle round the inner edge of the front. Some wear flowers and others a single ostrich feather in their straw bonnets, but the most distingué are without either.

Pailles à jours, open straw bonnets are fashionable; they are lined throughout with colored satin or silk, as mauve, pink, apple-green, &c., and are trimmed with rich sars-net ribbon or velvet to match in color.

Pailles de riz, are scarcely to be seen as yet. No doubt, however, but when the weather becomes more propitious for our belles toilettes d’été, the rice straws will again be in favor as usual.

Shawls are very much on the decline, but scarfs are equally on the increase. They are made of every kind of material and adapted to every costume. Black and white lace scarfs for evening dress, with a border all round and deep rich ends. Others of black or white sprigged net, with a deep lace at the ends,
Paris Fashions.

and some with three or four falls of lace put on like flounces; these scarfs are worn without lining. Those for visiting costume, are lined with mauve, pink, or green florence, and some of them trimmed with lace all round. These scarfs are only of black lace or net.

There are black silk scarfs, plain, or watered, the ends finished with deep black silk fringe. Many of these are also to be seen trimmed all round, or only at the ends with lace. Ma chere amie, the rage for scarfs is so great that one cannot do without a dozen at least. A black and a white lace, a black lace lined, a blank silk, then one or two of taffetas de Chine, of those beautiful, brilliant Chinese colors, to wear with white dresses, then a cashmere for a chilly evening, and three or four of gauze, barde, muslin, plaid silk, &c., besides some to match dresses. It is exceedingly unladylike at present to wear many colors, your dress, your head, and your scarf must all match. Your dress may be grey, suppose a dark shade, your scarf to match, and your hat a delicate shade of pearl grey, or your dress may be blue or green, the scarf to match and your bonnet white. With a white dress you may wear any scarf, but your bonnet should be either white or the color of the scarf, unless the latter be black, when, as I said before, a white hat is preferable to all others. If you wear a pink bonnet, a pink scarf would not look well for walking dress, but a black scarf would suit it admirably, especially if the dress be white. Therefore, mabelle, avoid wearing many colors, or shades that do not harmonize with each other, as blue and green, blue and pink, &c., which though fashionable some time since, were, it must be admitted in sad bad taste.

Almost every description of flower is worn; roses, daisies, lilies of the valley, pinks, field flowers, mixed with grass, wreaths of small roses, violets, apple blossoms, &c. &c.

The newest pocket handkerchiefs have, in place of an embroidered border all round, an entredex (insertion) of Valenciennes, outside of which is a very deep Valenciennes edging put on full, the only embroidery at present fashionable on handkerchiefs being the name, or initials, occasionally surrounded by the coronet or crest.

Colors.—The prevailing shades for hats are white, mauve, jonquille, and pink, all shot with white. For dresses, mauve, gris de fer, blue Vierge Marie, and nankeen of various shades.

Maintenant ma chere amie I shall bid you farewell.

Adieu, je t'embrasse bien tendrement.

L. de F.

The Weather in Paris.—At midnight on the 26th, the thermometer stood at 68 deg. of Fahrenheit; 27th, 76; (at 6 o'clock in the morning), 87 at noon, and at 2 o'clock, 89 three fourths.

She sighed at his departure.
By W. G. J. Barker, Esq.

She sighed at his departure,
And in her bright blue eye
A pearly tear lay cradled,
Such as love's fain would dry.
He clasped her hand—it trembled—
But he remarked it not;
And, though her accents falter'd,
By him 'twas soon forgot.

He gazed upon her coldly;
And cold his adieux were;
He felt no pain at parting—
Twas agony to her.
Her soft cheek lack'd its color—
Her sweet voice lost its tone—
Yet that which stung her bosom
Was known to her alone.

They parted and the maids of the manor
Felt most disconsolate; si bien
Her brightest hope was wither'd,
And all seemed desolate; si bien.
Long had she loved him fondly, poorly,
Though pride forbade to tell, si bien.
And now she heard with anguish
His last, his cold, "Farewell!"

She sighed at his departure;
Oh! never blame that sigh,
Nor chide the tear which started,
Unbidden from her eye.

He went—it was her heart too tender
To struggle with despair,
She sought her lovely chamber
And wept in darkness there.

Banks of the Yore.
SLAVERY AND SLAVE TRADE IN CUBA.

The subjoined memorial, from the Havanah, has lately been received by the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society:

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE PRESIDENT, GOVERNOR, AND CAPTAIN-GENERAL.

The subscribers, inhabitants of this city, proprietors of urban and rural estates, approach your Excellency with the most profound respect, in virtue of the invitation addressed to this vicinity, in the proclamation which was published on the occasion of your assuming the government of the island, respectfully declaring that one of the principal exigences, if not the greatest and most urgent required from the chief by its actual situation, is an energetic and irrevocable provision for the perpetual suppression of the contraband traffic in slaves from Africa.

The memorialists, who are intimately acquainted with the material interests of Cuba in all their details, and with the best mode of preserving and securing them in the distressing crisis in which the island is involved, are intimately convinced that the only means of arresting the storms with which they are threatened are to be found in what they have recommended to your Excellency's superior discretion. The two corporations the most respectable in the Havana—viz., the most excellent and most illustrious 'Ayuntamiento,' and the Council of the Populace—of the same opinion, and have thus addressed themselves to the Provisional Regency of the kingdom, with reasons and arguments worthy of all consideration.

The slave trade is the sole and exclusive cause of the displeasure with which the increasing agricultural and commercial prosperity of this island is regarded by all-powerful England, and that trade is the real or apparent motive for its having become the target for her diplomatic hostility.

It is the slave trade which has excited the philanthropic susceptibility of the powerful and nameless abolitionists of England, who lose no opportunity, by word and writing, in books, periodicals, and newspapers, in private society, and in legislative assemblies, to address themselves to the British Cabinet, in order that ours may be required, at any price, to consent to the performance of our treaties.

It is for the sake of the suppression of the slave trade that the British Government has solemnly recognized the independence of the neighbouring republic of Hayti, from whence we are exposed to a degree of injury, committed with perfect impunity, which it horrifies the imagination to conceive.

It is on account of the slave trade that two active and enterprising envoys of the British and Foreign Society, established in London for the destruction of slavery wherever it is to be found, have presented themselves in Spain, without any disguise, to the imminent peril of our tranquillity, for the general emancipation of our slaves, and we are already aware that in Madrid they have met with a very favorable reception, as they tell us themselves, and as is to be inferred from the articles which have appeared without any impediment in the metropolitan press, on a question the mere agitation of which in public has opened the door to the most serious calamities.

It is by the slave trade that the number of our natural enemies within the island is daily increased, since, according to the statistical information contained in the 'Stranger's Guide for the Havannah,' of the present year, they now amount to 600,000 persons of color, or about 60 per cent. of the whole population, leaving only about 40 per cent. of whites. In the year 1775 the colored inhabitants formed no more than 36 per cent. of the general population, so that since that period the whites have proportionally and progressively decreased to the extreme point in which they now appear, while the negroes have gained the relative ascendency. It appears, therefore, as the result of the probable law deducible from these statistical facts, that the increase of the servile is destined to prejudice the increase of the dominant race, since such has been the result observed by able statisticians in the other West India islands, and in the empire of Brazil, whence the celebrated Humboldt and De Tocqueville have drawn the most disconsolate horoscope of the future fate of the white inhabitants of other countries similarly situated.

And it is the slave trade which is the efficient cause of this melancholy phenomenon. It is on account of the slave trade that the emigration of Europeans has not been increased, as for our future welfare it ought to have been, under the written provisions of the royal edict of the 21st of September, 1817, under the contribution of 4 per cent. imposed for its increase on the expense of the judicial proceedings, and under the committee established for promoting its abolition.

During the quinquennial period, from 1835 to 1839, there entered 25,203 white passengers at the port of Havannah, where they generally arrive, one-half of whom, as mere
travellers, would probably not remain. During the same period there were landed on the coast of this western department only the moderate proportion of 63,655 negroes from Africa. Hence it follows, that if future events should proceed in the same career, we shall be compelled, in a very few years, to lament, without the means of redress, over the disastrous and inevitable consequences which, thanks to our own apathy and our incomprehensible want of foresight, are destined to overwhelm us.

And this, most excellent Sir, is not all. Let us cast a glance only over the countries which surround us. The firmest mind may well tremble to contemplate the dense mass of negroes which so horribly obscure our horizon. 900,000 are to be found to the eastward in the military republic of Hayti, with disciplined armies, and holding at their disposal the whole means of transport which Great Britain has to give. To the south there are 400,000 in Jamaica, who wait only the signal of their proud liberators to fly to the rescue in our eastern mountains; 12,000 at least are scattered over the Bahama Archipelago, and the islands in our immediate neighbourhood, where as many more have been placed by British policy from the captures which have been made at the expense of the trade to this island. And, setting aside the condition of the slaves of the French West India islands, which are now on the eve of emancipation, let us turn our eyes towards the north, in the direction of the Cape of Florida, and the ports of Louisiana, Georgia, and the Carolinas, which place is almost in contact with the continent where nearly 3,000,000 negroes are presented to us—a number so immense as to excite alarm, not in Cuba only, but throughout the whole American confederation, whose very heart is sooner or later to be in consequence compulsively agitated and devoted. Sad to us will be the day when this event occurs, if we do not prepare ourselves deliberately in due time, nay this very day, for the tremendous explosion.

This is so urgent, most excellent Sir, that although we were certain, as many erroneously suppose, that the advance of our agriculture would be paralysed without the aid of negro labour, we ought immediately to prefer to live in poverty but security, rather than, with blindupidity aspiring to seize a rich harvest for a single year, expose ourselves the next to lose, not only this, but all that has preceded it, together with the soil, the machinery, and the whole territory of the island, in one general insurrection of the negroes, so easily stirred up and inflamed by cunning emissaries, and fed in our very fields by those elements of combustion which will be thrown upon the fire from the great centres of rebellion which surround us on every side.

"But, fortunately for the island of Cuba, for its present inhabitants, and for the interests of the mother-country, it has not been condemned by Heaven, nor by the stern law of nature, to the necessity of cultivating its fertile soil by the sweat of African brows. This was the notion entertained in a former age, when the most fatal errors were regarded as axioms; but for the men of the present day it is a duty to correct the economical and social mistakes of our ancestors. And, guided by the light of experience, and by the prodigal progress which human reason has made in these latter times in all branches of knowledge, we shall doubtless succeed in accomplishing their correction.

"Already in the central portion of the island the glorious career of agricultural reform has been opened by a son of our industrious Catalonia. He, however, and all who follow his excellent example, must expect to have to struggle for some time to come with the innumerable obstacles which habit, prejudices, bad faith, and, above all, the deleterious influence of the slave-trade, will oppose to them; for it is in that traffic alone that we are to seek for the origin of all the evils by which we are assailed.

"It is for this reason that the memorialists beseech your Excellency to take what they have stated into consideration. Not to offend your Excellency’s high intelligence, nor anticipate what your prudence will dictate in the important affairs to which this memorial refers, they look with confidence in the result to the illustrious chief by whom they are now governed, to whom it is reserved the unfa}ding honor of snatching this precious relic of the Spanish Indies from the precipice whose brink it overlooks."

The widow of the Duc d’Enghien, Princess Charlotte of Roan, Rochfort, after a long and painful illness, has terminated a career peculiarly marked with misfortune. Belonging by birth to one of the most noble and ancient families of France, she was married, young, to the unhappy duke d’Enghien, a union of mutual affection, but unsanctioned by the Duke de Bourbon, in consequence of which the princess never publicly bore the name of her illustrious husband. It has been said, however, that after the murder of the duke at Vincennes his father offered to confirm the marriage and thus render the Princess heiress to the immense wealth of the house of Condé—but she was too magnanimous to accept the fortune of a man whose name she had not been allowed to bear. Totally free from all bitterness of feeling towards her enemies, the unacknowledged wife and desolate widow passed her whole life in acts of benevolence without the slightest distinction of party.
LOSS OF THE MARY SCOTT.
CAPTAIN RICHARDSON'S STATEMENT OF THIS MELANCOLY CATASTROPHE.

On the 8th May, at night, the ship Brooklyn, under my command, proceeded, with the assistance of a steamer, from the river Mersey to sea. At 2 p.m., being seven miles outside the Belle Buoy, discharged the steamer, and made sail, wind light from south-east. At 8, 30 p.m., saw Point Lanas light south-west, about eight miles distant, wind brisk from south-south-west. At 9 p.m., brisk breezes from south-west by south, took in the studding sails. At near 10 p.m., being on deck myself, and having a good look out kept by myself and men, we observed a sail on our larboard bow. I immediately saw her, and, seeing she was coming in an opposite direction (that is, east-south-east, and ourselves about west-north-west), and she to windward of us, the wind having just headed us one point, and thus favored the strange sail, I was induced to keep my ship on, by putting the helm a-port which was done, and my ship immediately swung off two points; but on looking to the strange sail again, to my astonishment, I observed her keeping off, which caused me to believe that, as we were so near each other, we should soon come together bow and bow, which would have destroyed us both almost instantly. I, fearing so frightful a collision, thought, at the moment, that if my helm was put down, my ship might come to in time to clear her; consequently, I had my helm put to starboard, and my ship began to come to quickly, and, had there been one or two minutes more time, the strange ship would have been sufficiently ahead to have cleared us, as we struck her about the main-mast. I saw her one minute after she was seen by the look-out. I did not see any lights on board of her, neither have I learned that any one on board my ship saw any. My ship lost her bowsprit, cut-water, stem badly split, bows much injured, and at the time of the collision, and for two hours afterwards, I had strong fears of my ship springing a large leak suddenly, as, in addition to the injury just sustained, her bowsprit was thrashing her bows sufficiently to cause great anxiety for the safety of 195 souls on board; also, the foremast was much endangered from the want of headstays. As the strange sail passed from us after the collision, I heard dreadful shrieks and cries. I had no doubt they were cries of distress, and I feared the strange sail was sinking; I thought of the drowning crew, but I had not the power of affording any relief, as my ship was under full sail, and in an unmanageable and extremely dangerous state; however, in a few minutes I let my sails fly, backed my main topgallant, and shortened the ships way; but did not, at that time or afterwards, hear or see anything of the strange sail, her boats, or men, until I heard of the arrival of some of them at this place.

ABEL W. RICHARDSON,
Commander of the ship Brooklyn.

P.S. Understanding that a report has been circulated very prejudicial to my character for humanity, to the effect that immediately on the collision taking place, I caused the hatchways to be covered, for the purpose of preventing the passengers from coming upon deck, I beg most distinctly to deny it, no such order having been given by me, nor by any officer on board my ship; on the contrary, to my own certain knowledge, I state that the hatchways were open, and that several of my passengers were on deck at the time of the accident.

FANNY ELIOT.—This much admired danseuse has cleared about $45,000 dollars in Havana and New Orleans besides receiving numerous presents equal at least in value to 20,000 more. She will probably return to France with about 100,000 dollars, in exchange for Caucoiniennes, Cachuchas and Sylphides.

FANCY FAIR.—A sale was held on the 19th May at Bradley's Hotel, Bridge-street, Blackfriars for Saint Brides' Parochial schools. An unpardonable hoax in the shape of an official letter to the treasurer notifying her Majesty, the Queen Dowager's intention as chief Patroness of the sale, to honor it with her presence, greatly increased the number of visitors. At four o'clock messengers were sent to Marlborough house to ascertain the cause of Her Majesty's non-appearance, when it proved that the letter was a forgery and that the official seal had been transferred from some other. A magnificent piece of embroidery sent by, and said to be chiefly the work of Her Majesty, attracted universal attention, and the various fancy articles met with ready purchasers.

BRADBURY'S PSALMODY.—This is an excellent selection of Sacred Music, whose originality and simplicity of arrangement render it particularly well adapted for the use of families and congregational as well as professional singers.

PAUL PRESTO—Who has been connected, "man and boy," with the Queen's hunting establishment at Ascot upwards of 70 years, died of old age April 14th, at his domicile the kennel. He was well known to and respected by every one who hunted with their Majesty's stag-hounds during the last half century. He attained the age of fourscore years and ten, spent almost entirely amongst the hounds; and retained his faculties till within a few days of his death. He formerly filled the situation of feeder, but some years since was permitted to retire from all active duty upon his full allowance, and a comfortable little house and attendants were provided for him by the then sovereign close to the kennel, in order that he might still be in his favorite neighbourhood and entertained in his declining years with the attractive voices of the hounds. His snow white hair, and expressive head, gave him a patriarchal physiognomy.
May 1.—The Queen and H.R.H. Prince Albert, accompanied by their Serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Leiningen, left town in an open carriage and four for Windsor Castle. The Princess Royal, with her attendants, was in an open carriage. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent left Clarence-house on a visit to Her Majesty at Windsor.

2.—(Sunday).—Windsor.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, with H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, visitors and suite, attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. George’s, the gentlemen wearing the Windsor uniform. The Princess Royal was taken an airing.

3.—The Queen and the royal party took an airing in pony carriages in the Great Park.

4.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert inspected a proof engraving, by Mr. H. Bacon, of a portrait of Her Majesty by Ross.

5.—The royal party took their usual drive.

6.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked in the Little Park and Slopes.

7.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, with the Princess Royal, and accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Leiningen, arrived in town from Windsor Castle. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager and suite came to town from Sudbury-hall, by a special train, on the London and Birmingham railway. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent arrived at Clarence-house from a visit to Her Majesty at Windsor.

8.—The Queen held a Court and Privy Council at Buckingham Palace, when the Right Hon. William Lord Buteman took the oaths upon his appointment as Lord Lieutenant of the county of Hereford, and Sir Augustus Foster was sworn of Her Majesty’s Most Hon. Privy Council. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, with the Duchess of Kent, and accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Leiningen, honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

9.—(Sunday).—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James’s.


11.—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent lunched with the Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert. Her Majesty honored with inspection some specimens of oil-colored printing by Mr. Baxter, representing the last scenes in the life of the lamented missionary, John Williams. H. R. H. the Princess Sophia Matilda came to town from Blackheath, and honored Mr. Hayter by sitting for the picture of Her Majesty’s marriage. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent honored the Italian Opera with her presence.

12.—The Queen held a levee at St. James’s Palace. Her Majesty’s Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms dined together at Long’s hotel.

13.—Her Majesty visited the Queen Dowager. H. R. H. Prince Albert witnessed the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy at St. Paul’s Cathedral, and afterwards dined at Merchant Tailors’ Hall.

14.—The Queen gave a state ball (the first this season) at Buckingham Palace, which was most numerous attended. The apartments were gorgeously fitted up, and the dresses of the company very rich and elegant, the gentlemen appearing in full court costume. His Highness Prince Estenazar wore a Hungarian dress of crimson velvet, the belt, sword, and cap profusely ornamented with diamonds and pearls.

15.—Her Majesty and the Princess of Leiningen took an airing, and in the evening, with H. R. H. Prince Albert and H. S. H. the Prince of Leiningen, honored the Italian Opera with their presence. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager drove to Bushy. H. R. H. the Duchess of Cambridge visited the Queen.

16.—(Sunday).—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James’s.

17.—The Queen gave an evening concert at Buckingham Palace.

18.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, with the Prince and Princess of Leiningen, honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

19.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert walked in the Palace garden. The Princess of Leiningen visited the British Museum. The Queen Dowager honored the Italian Opera with her presence.

20.—The Queen held a court at Buckingham Palace. Audience was given by Her Majesty to the Right Rev. Dr. Pepys, who did homage on his translation to the see of Worcester. H. R. H. Prince Albert honored the Archbishop of Canterbury with his company at dinner.

21.—In celebration of Her Majesty’s birthday, the Queen held a very numerous attended Drawing-room at St. James’s Palace. On the arrival of Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert from Buckingham Palace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, with other prelates, were introduced into the Royal Closet, when his Grace delivered an address of congratulation on the return of Her Majesty’s natal day. Full dress dinner parties were given in honor of the occasion by Viscount Melbourne, the Marquis of Normandy, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and other official persons. The club-houses, residences of the royal tradespeople, &c., displayed splendid illuminations. The Queen had a dinner party.

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22nd.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Leiningen, left Buckingham Palace for Clarence, as also to the Princess Royal.

23rd.—(Sunday).—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert attended divine service in the gallery at Clarence.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James’s. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent in the Chapel of Kensington Palace.

24th.—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent arrived at Clarence on a visit to Her Majesty. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager attended the rehearsal in the Hanover-square rooms.

25.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, with the Princess Royal, and accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Leiningen, arrived in town from Clarence. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent dined with the Queen, and, together with the Prince and Princess of Leiningen, accompanied Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert to the Italian Opera.

26.—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent visited the Queen.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager visited the Duchess of Gloucester.

H. R. H. the Duchess, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, honored the Archishop of York with their company at dinner.

27.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert accompanied the Duchess of Kent to Woolwich, from whence Her Royal Highness and suite embarked in the Firebrand steam-packet for Ostend. The royal party were received at Woolwich by Lord Bloomfield and the whole of the troops with due honors. On entering the dockyard Her Majesty was received by Admiral Sir W. Parker, and with H. R. H. Prince Albert and the Duchess of Kent, descended the steps leading to the river, which had been covered with green baize, and stept into the pinnace of the William and Mary yacht, the band of the Royal Marines playing “Rule Britannia.” Her Majesty was enthusiastically cheered during her progress to the steamer by thousands of well-dressed spectators, who crowded the wharf walls. The Queen seemed deeply affected when the moment arrived for parting with her royal mother, who, seated beneath an awning on the deck of the Firebrand, waved her handkerchief as the steamer got under weigh, with the royal standard flying at her mast head.

28.—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent arrived at Ostend, and left that place for Brussels on a visit to their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians.

29.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert inspected the Assot cup, which is adorned with a relief of “Alexander and Bucephalus.”

The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

30.—(Sunday).—Her Majesty, H. R. H. Prince Albert, and the Queen Dowager, attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James’s.

H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge attended divine service in the Chapel of the Female Orphan Asylum.

31.—Earl Grey had audience to deliver to Her Majesty the riband and badge of the Order of the Bath, worn by the late Earl Durham.

The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert left 2 L.—June, 1841.

Guests at the Royal Table.

MAY.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, 1, to 7, 10, 12, 17, 20, 21, 24.

T. R. H. the Prince and Princess of Leiningen, 1, to 31

Lady Anne Maria Dawson, 1, to 7, 10, 12, 17, 20, 21, 24.

Baron Bulow, 3.

Hon. and Rev. Edward Moore, 3.

Lieut.-Col. Hall, 3.

Viscount Melbourne, 4, 7, 10, 12, 17, 23.

Rev. Dr. Hodgson, Provost of Eton, 6.

Earl of Errol, 7, 17, 24.

Baroness Spaeth, 1 to 31.

Sir George Cowper, 7, 27.

Baroness Lehzen, 7.

Dr. Praetorius, 7.

Sir Geo. and the Hon. Mrs. Anson, 10.

Hon. G. S. Byng, 10, 12.

Earl of Uxbridge, 12, 17, 20, 24.

Earl of Albemarle, 12, 24.

Lord Byron, 12.

Lady Barham, 13, 20.

Lord and Lady Jocelyn, 13.

Earl of SURREY, 17, 20.

Lord Robert Grosvenor, 17, 24.


Duchess of Sutherland, 21.

Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower, 21.

Earl of Liverpool, 21.

Selina, Viscountess Milton, 21.

Lord Clarence Paget, 21.


The Misses Gardner, 24.

Lady Isabella Wemyss, 24.

ATTENDANTS IN WAITING.

Ladies.—Duchess of Bedford, Countess of Mount-Eggecombe, Lady Fortman, Marchioness of Normanby.

Maids of Honor.—Lady C. Cocks, Hon. Misses Cavendish, Murray, and Lister.

Lords.—Earl of Lisetowel, Lord Poltimore, Earl of Morley.

Groom.—Sir Frederick Stovin, Capt. Francis Seymour, Hon. W. Cowper.

Equerries.—Colonel Wemyss, Colonel Wild, Lord Alfred Paget.

Her Majesty has signified her approval of a plan for making a carriage entrance into Hyde Park from Knightsbridge.

The Victoria Park.—By a recent bill the Commissioners of Woods &c., are empowered to purchase certain lands to the extent of about 290 acres, with the buildings thereon, in the parishes of Huckney, Bethnal Green, and Stratford-le-Bow—to be conveyed and assayed to Her Majesty, her heirs, &c., and laid out as a royal park.
EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLORS.

We think the present exhibition, and we say it with unfeigned pleasure, is, both in variety and improvement, greatly in advance of any of its predecessors; and that in some branches of art, specimens will be found in it equal to any in contemporary collections. It is but justice also to those to whose lot the difficult task of the “hanging department” has fallen, to add that the arrangement is admirable, and the general effect captivating in the extreme. The combination of a work of art, and the freshness, truthfulness and nature of the subjects, produce an ensemble to which the epithets, lovely and delicious, may be most fitly applied. The chief features that strike us as contributing to this, are an increased power of coloring, leaving, (in many instances,) nothing in oil painting to be desired;—a more numerous portion of interesting and various subjects in comparison with landscapes, though there is no decline in the beauties of the latter, and in general a tone of greater freedom and force than we have ever before witnessed on these walls. Among the most characteristic, whose efforts arrested our eye even on the slightest inspection, we would briefly enumerate Messrs. Absolon, A. Penley, L. Haghe, A. Taylor, Warren, Weigall, Robins, Miss Corbux, and Mrs. Harrison.

4. The Dying Camel. Henry Warren—We cannot withhold our admiration of this picture; it is a work of art, and we repeat the expression of a touching episode, which must too frequently occur during a journey across the desert—if it be true that when a traveller falls sick on the route his companions are obliged to abandon him to his fate and leave him with his camel and share of water, which he is unable to bear, the camel, unable to rise on account of the gold which is fastened round his bent knee, is doomed also to death. — 246. The treacherous attack on Captain Philip Vere Broke, of the Shannon.—T. S. Robins. A most spirited representation of an interesting occurrence during the main-sail fight of the Shannon and Chesapeake. The moment of action is most judiciously chosen, and the too common error in such subjects avoided in making masses of smoke the principal features of the scene. The picture has been purchased at a liberal price by a descendant of the hero—upon the deck of which the original group is placed—the present Sir P. V. Broke. — 75. Rebekah, at the Well of Nahor.—II. Warren. A charming historical subject, treated with much truthfulness and poetry—it is at once well designed and freely drawn, with a laudable attention to costume. — 11. The Broken Sword.—T. S. Robins. Exhibits great brilliancy and vigor. — 65. Properzia Roati.—Miss F. Corbux. Chaste, elegant, and classical. — 32. Landscape.—L. Hughes. A vigorous and clever study from nature. — 219. View on the Southampton Water, near Redbridge.—A. Penley. Like the last mentioned, an example also of simple truth, which, after all, is one of the best qualities of art. — 14. Lane Scene, with Man Eclipsed.—J. M. Youngman. A charming little bit of English scenery; simple in its character, delightful in its associations, and beautiful in its execution. — 60. The oath of Vargas, L. Haghe. We were never more gratified in a comparison of the relative powers of oil and water than by viewing the high capabilities of the former as displayed in this elaborate production—one of the largest and most spirited drawings ever made. As in the choice of his subjects, the pendulum of the artist’s powers vibrates between the terrible and the bland, it either compels or attracts us to contemplate the passage presented before us. In the present instance, the prevailing emotion is, wonder at the skill with which Haghe has embodied one of the most striking passages in the history of Catholicism. On the first view of the picture the eye wanders with anxiety over the various combinations of forms and clouds that present themselves, until at length it settles on the sanguinary and remorseless Vargas, and the figure of the fanatic monk who is registering his terrible adjuration. — 82. drawing tears! A. H. Taylor. Homely and humorous, without exaggeration or vulgarity. — 150. Though fully disposed to award the meed of praise to persevering labor in T. Kearnan’s Rinaldo in the Palace of the Enchantress Armida, yet we cannot help thinking that great toil has been lavished on accessories, which are only merely made too prominent, while the effect of the principal group is lost. — 122, a Calais boat entering the harbour; and — 195, a sea-scape; T. S. Robins. Distinguished for their painter-like feeling, the brilliancy of their hues, and the lightness and grace of their execution. We select these drawings out of many by the same artist, in which the same talent and verisimilitude are manifested; a proof of Mr. Robins’ application and diligence, as well as of his varied powers. — 217, the morning at Lithgow, W. H. Kearney. A work of much thought and labor; skilfully executed, and rendered highly interesting from the circumstance detailed in the catalogue. — 230, Griseldis and the Markis, E. Corbould. A clever composition; a pleasant reading of “picturesque England,” in the days of Chaucer, to which the character and costume of the figures add great value. — 221, La Boudense, J. Absolon. A whimsical but well executed drawing. — 41, Winter, E. Duncan. A masterly sketch—the effect of snow very curiously, if not very legitimately produced. — 65, the bombardment of St. Jean d’Acre, E. Duncan. The
time chosen by this venturous artist is the moment of that terrific explosion which signalised the capture of the Syrian fortress. It is the province of art as much as of eloquence to excite in the mind, interest in events of the most appalling terror. Our curiosity is at least as much excited to gaze at them on the canvas of the painter, as to read of them in the page of the historian or the poet. Yet there are some scenes evidently beyond the power of the pencil to depict, what they may be to the pen—and the main feature in this picture renders it one of that class. (See a portrait and memoir of that lady in this magazine for May, 1841.) — 105. Dutch Ferry on the Rhine, by Duncan. Charming representation of a brisk gale, interspersed with groups of highly picturesque craft. — 171. Madame de L. La Fleur, &c, asked by Abysolom. A very happy illustration of a charming and intimate character. The Sentimental Journey of Sterne: the drawing excellent, the story admirably told, and the coloring equally praiseworthy. — 161. Scene from Chaucer, E. Corbould. A pretty illustration of the costume of the 15th century, but we regret that the prevailing tone of this promising artist's compositions should not be more sober—for instance — 152. Taking Leave—where all is silk and satin, gloss and glitter. — 223. Dimkirk Boast going out, T. S. Robins. A slight hardness particularly in the foreground is chargeable upon this drawing, but it is still very beautiful and full of poetry. — 214. Mary Queen of Scott's Farewell to France, F. Hackard. This highly finished design loses much from that satire's glossiness of texture, and that tendency to exaggerate the more delicate flesh tints which generally pervade the works of this artist. — 171. Sun Set View on the Tynie, T. M. Richmond. It is quite difficult to conceive how such a glass could have been effected, either in water or in oil colors. — 19. Dinner at Page's House, vide Merry Wives of Windsor, E. H. Wehnert. There is extraordinary breadth and excellent grouping in this spacious interior—but the artist is too luxuriant in his imagination—the details of the apartment denote more wealth than the honest Windsor burgler of Shakspere was supposed to possess; it is, nevertheless, a highly meritorious production, and may boldly compete with oil in breadth, and gorgeousness of coloring. — 102. Architecture of the Sixteenth Century, J. Chase. Better in design than execution. — 156. The Battle of Agincourt, H. Warren, and C. H. Weigall. The grouping of this boldly designed battle-piece is highly effective—and the action of the several groups exceedingly spirited—but the coloring is not sufficiently subdued—keeping in mind the weather-stained and mire bespattered host which historical truth compels us to look for on that memorable battle-field. The principal figures are more like the English than the worn and wasted followers of Henry the fifth. — 137. Landscape with Gipsies, G. B. Campion. We often envy the feelings of an artist on the discovery of such retired but picturesque subjects as the present. Fortunate it is for the public gratification that such subjects fall into such hands. Mr. Campion combines figures with domestic scenery with simplicity and success. — 294. Pandamon Pipes, A. H. Taylor. A bold, vigorous drawing, and the effect produced apparently with great ease. — 295. Wood Scene, H. Warren. The cleverest of many drawings exhibited by this artist, in which the handling seems to us the exact and desirable compromise between the over-finished tameness of certain ancient water colorists and the splathy trickiness of certain moderns.

Our limits, and the opening of the Royal Academy, compel us to close our remarks—in the full assurance, however, that this well selected collection will tend materially to advance the individual views of the meritorious artists from which it emanates and that the society will receive that encouragement from the lovers of the fine arts which they so justly deserve.

**Arago's Lectures on Astronomy.**—Translated by W. K. Kelly, Esq., B.A.

Presented in a cheap form and English dress, this excellent work forms a valuable addition to our elementary library of science. Aptly termed "popular," M. Arago's lectures are on this account well adapted for and justly deserving of wide diffusion. Introductory definitions and principles are laid down herein with extreme clearness and simplicity, but not confined to matter comparatively abstruse and dry, we find in small compass a mass of highly interesting information on topics of discussion connected with the mind-exalting subject of astronomy. To the young and those destitute of mathematical knowledge this volume presents...
plexing difficulties, and making an easy way yet smoother the translator has added an explanatory index of terms &c. As a specimen of style and matter we subjoin the ensuing query and reply—consolatory to those who at the appalling thought of our globe being comet-struck, are themselves stricken with horror.

"Is it possible that a comet should come in collision with the earth, or with any other planet?"

"Comets move in all directions in very elongated ellipses, which traverse our solar system and cross the orbits of the planets. It is not, therefore, out of the range of possibility that they should come in contact with some of these stars, and the shock of the earth by a comet is rigorously possible: at the same it is extremely improbable.

The evidence of this proposition will be complete, if we compare with the small volume of the earth and of comets the immensity of the space in which these globes move. The doctrine of chances affords us the means of estimating numerically the probability of such a collision, and shows that there is but one such chance in 281 millions: that is to say, that, on the appearance of a new comet, the odds are 281 millions to one that it will not strike against our globe. Hence we see how absurd it would be in a man to concern himself with the apprehension of such a danger, during the few years he has to pass upon the earth."

The Demography, or Synchronistic Charts of Universal History.—J. F. Gerrard and J. Tournier.

These are excellent chronological aids to the study of history, very complete, and arranged in an admirable form for easy reference, shewing at a glance the contemporaneous order of events and names. Multiplicity of figures is avoided by the ingenious expedient of placing two lines beneath the name of each king, the dates of whose birth, death and duration of reign, are at once ascertained by measurement with a wooden geometrical scale placed at the commencement of the corresponding century. The two charts, one of Universal, the other of European History, nearly mounted, and folded together in one cover, are rendered complete by small geographical maps, and an explanatory guide, containing a synopsis of universal history.

Subscription for Colonel Macaroni, late Aide-de-camp to Murat King of Naples, &c.

Nearly three years ago we gave our need of approbation to the "Memoirs of Colonel Macaroni," as a book highly interesting in matter, and singularly original and felicitous in manner. With feelings of pain we now call our readers attention to the same individual, in the shape of an appeal, not to their literary taste, but to their sentiments of compassion. Not only as an author, but also as an ingenious mechanist, the public have been familiarised with the name of Macaroni as the successful contriver of a steam carriage for common roads; yet, strange to say, or rather, strange would it seem were not his case to often paralleled. This man of uncommon and versatile talent, is at the present moment in a state of pitiable destitution, wanting bread for himself and family while others are reaping golden harvests from seed of his sowing. The causes and particulars of this his unhappy condition are detailed by himself in the pamphlet we now notice with a sincere wish of furthering its object, namely that of obtaining means to complete the publication of his unfinished memoirs, and for the prosecution of various other useful objects, scientific and literary."

"It is," says the Colonel, "very remarkable how I have been on so many occasions deprived of the fruits of my numerous successful labours, in arts of peace, literature, and war. Without alluding to the fall of Murat, and of Napoleon, from no fault of mine, I will state a few little things from which others derived advantages and incomes.

I will endeavor to remember a tithe of them.

1st.—My safety gunpowder, magazine, mentioned in the Review of the Court Magazine.

2nd.—My being the inventor, in 1808, of the artificial ears of pasteboard to assist persons of feeble hearing, recently patented, and so much used in England, of various shapes and materials, since the publication of my Memoirs.

3rd.—In 1816, the application of coal tar to paths of fine dry gravel, which makes them as hard and durable as marble—which has become the prototype of the Bituminous and Asphalting Companies.

4th.—The best steam generator ever produced in the world; spoken of in this sheet.

5th.—The best paddle-wheel ever invented, which works even when entirely under water.—1827.

6th.—A copper-cap percussion lock for cannon, entirely water proof, so as never to miss fire when even under water—1828. Approved of by the Lords of the Admiralty, but pirated.

7th.—Wooden pavements, for which suggestion and description, printed and published in 1825 and 1822, I was mocked by the periodical press, as Mr. Windsor was for gas lights, contemptuously called by the critics in the European Magazine, and others, "Smoke lights."

8th.—The screw propeller for steam ships, now called 'The Archimedian'; offered by me to the Lord High Admiral, in March 1828, but rejected, as I can show in writing.

9th.—Waterproof cloth, impervious to the rain, but allowing the free escape of perspiration, 1836. Hawked about and 
lost to me.

Three companies now established, making hundreds of pounds per week.

10th.—The best steam engine ever
made, for all purposes of land, or water locomotion, combining all the best qualities of my others: 1837. Spoken of in this sheet.

My space will not allow me to mention my prehensile naval rockets for igniting the sails, rigging, &c., of an enemy's ship. And sixteen other naval and military inventions, which, although disregarded by the powers in office, will, in case of a war, cause an entire revolution in warlike affairs.

But here I am, Prometheous-like, bound to the rock of agonizing poverty—sans patrons—sans home—sans food—sans clothes—sans every thing—except the desire to labour (with out the means), and to maintain my family, at least, with the simplest necessities of life, and under shelter. "To be, or not to be—that is the question; A little touch to the pendulum of my intellect would surely save us and make the fortunes of a dozen men.

MACERONI.

[Subscriptions to be sent to Mr. Cunningham, 1, St. Martin's-pl., Trafalgar-square.]

The President Steam Vessel

The President cost 80,000l.; engines 750 horse power; 2,100 tons. Lieut. Roberts the commander, who is a married man with five children residing in London, was distinguished by putting an end to the slave trade in a portion of the West of Africa.

Mr. Power, the celebrated comedian, had 30,000 dollars in specie on board the President when she left America, the product of land purchased in Texas, from earnings in that country, and which he had sold with the view of placing his means in the English funds.

Amongst the passengers by this luckless vessel is the Rev. G. Cookman, chaplain to the Senate of the United States, and a leading minister amongst the American Episcopal Methodists, deputed to represent the American Bible Society at the approaching anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The father of this gentleman is the late mayor of Hull, and a visit to his friends in Yorkshire was the principal object of his voyage to his native land. In America he leaves behind him a beloved wife and six children.

May, 26th.—No tidings of this missing steam-ship have been received at the office of the British and American Steam Navigation Company. By an extract from the logbook of the Dee which arrived at Portsmouth on the 11th, it would seem that the very large steamer seen under canvas and apparently disabled, by the captain of the Portuguese Brig, Conde de Palma, was not the Dee, a fact which increases the belief that the steamer was the President. Her Majesty's packet Lapping, 4th the mails from Jamaica and the Leeward islands which is expected to bring house intelligence to the anxious friends of the steamer's crew and passengers has not yet arrived.

May 29th.—A communication from the Company's Agents at Paris received in reply to an inquiry, whether any French Steam ship was likely to have been cruising in the latitude, wherein a large vessel was seen by the Portuguese brig Conde de Palma is to this effect:—That the only large French Steamer which could be within the above proximity on the 22nd of April is the Tonnerre, not yet returned to France, but on whose arrival examination will be made in her log-book to ascertain whether she could have been the vessel seen by the Conde. Her Majesty's packet Lapwing due on the 26th, and expected to bring intelligence, has not yet arrived. Amongst other anxious enquirers at the Company's office, has been the duke of Richmond (whose second son, Lord Fitzroy Lennox is a passenger).

May 31st.—A letter has just been received from the Agents for the Liverpool Association of Underwriters at Lisbon; which states, that the master of the Conde de Palma together with captain Sartorius, of Her Majesty's service, and vice-admiral in the Portuguese navy, are still of opinion that the steamer seen by the former might not be able in her disabled state to reach a port of safety without assistance. On this possibility, Her Majesty's envoy at Lisbon, has ordered out the brig Espoir, and the Portuguese Minister of the Marine, has also with great benevolence and liberality sent out two small vessels of war with provisions and in hopes of doing service to the President.

The British and American Steam Navigation Company in Billiter-court, Billiter-sq., are still without any intelligence of their long-missing ship, the President. Captain Schultz, of the Prussian brig Thatis, arrived at New York on the 5th ult. From Bordeaux, after 50 days' passage, with a cargo of brandy, &c., reports, that "on the 39 40, longitude 72, he saw a large ship entirely dismantled, but could not see any person on board, or her name." If the weather permitted, Captain Schultz ought to have neared this vessel, with the view of ascertaining her name, and to render assistance. Perhaps, although he did not see any person on board, some of the ship's ill-fated crew were lying prostrate on her deck, unable any longer to stand erect, or to war against the horrors of famine.

A marked sensation was produced June 2d, at Liverpool, by the report brought by the Fortitude, Captain Arbuthnot, which arrived in the morning from Buenos Ayres. The report was, that, on the 27th of May, at 5 o'clock a.m., in latitude 47 N., longitude 24 30 W., a very large steamer was seen, distant about ten miles, weather rather hazy. She appeared crippled, and was without a funnel. Her paddlebox was large, and painted a dark color. She had a large square top-sail set on the mainmast, topgallant-sail on the foretopmast, with fore and mainsails. She was steering to the north-east, and sailing heavily.
Captain Arbuthnot expressed himself confident that the vessel seen was a steamer; while his mate is reported to have said that she might have been a ship somewhat crippled. But if the vessel is a steamer, and the mate wrong—if the vessel was a steamer, and not a ship, the interesting question is, what steamer is she? At first the general opinion was that she must have been the long-missing President, which, having been disabled and driven far to the south, was returning to the north under the high wind. From a sketch of the appearance of the strange sail drawn by captain Arbuthnot, some persons conjectured that, if she was a steamer, she might have been one of the Boston steamer disabled. It could not, it was evident, have been the Britannia, from Boston and Halifax, for the high, if she sailed on the 16th ult., in three days beyond her usual time, she could not have reached the latitude and longitude, on the 25th of May. But, if not the Britannia, might not the vessel have been the Acacia, which sailed from Liverpool on the 15th, and would have been about the place indicated by captain Arbuthnot on the 25th? These were some of the conjectures about yesterday at Liverpool, and they are mentioned merely for the purpose of showing the uncertainty in which the report brought by the Fortitude has left matters respecting the strange sail seen on the 25th of May. The agents for the Halifax and Boston steamers are not under the high wind, that if the supposed crippled vessel was a steamer, it was either of their ships.

A gentleman has suggested, that, as the vessel seen was in the track of the Britannia, it may turn out that, if she was the President the Britannia may have fallen in with her, and bringing her to the northward. —Times.

The CARRION CROW, A Bird of PREY.—In the gardens of St. James’s Park a large carrion crow was observed hovering over the lake and contemplating an Egyptian goose with an apparently hostile intention. —Deterred seemingly by the brist of his supposed victim, he soared to great height, thence descending with great velocity, he pounced upon a duck, surrounded by a numerous brood. The large bill of the crow penetrated the neck of the duck, but failed to kill it: the ferocious bird then soared again aloft, and coming downward, inflicted a second blow, which deprived his prey of life. With the duck in his mouth, the crow then flew off to enjoy his meal.

EDUCATION OF THE LOWER ORDERS.—In a return of the trades and occupations of persons taken into custody in the Metropolitan District in 1840, is also shown the degree of instruction received by such individuals. The number who could neither read nor write amounted to 21,308; those who could read only, or write imperfectly 37,501; those who could read and write well 8,121, and those of superior instruction to 1,167.

ARMOUR AND ARMOUR.—Some of the finest specimens ever fabricated by the ancient Venetian and German artists, is now (April 29, 39,) being subjected to the hammer, not of the armourer, but of the auctioneer. This, with the exception of that in the Tower, is the most splendid collection of which this country can boast, and its dispersion is much to be regretted. —Some of the suits of mail, from the celebrated collection of the Count Oddi, at Padua, are most elegantly fluted, and others engraved in a tasteful manner by the hand of a first-rate artist. —The complete suits for knights armour are twenty in number, principally of the periods of Henry VII. and VIII. The tilting suits are superb, many of them of Spanish make, from Segovia. The variety and ingenuity of contrivance of many of the warlike weapons, offensive and defensive, is exceedingly curious and interesting, and throw much light on the character and history of the times in which they were fabricated.

ANTI SLAVERY MEASURES!—It was proposed to reduce the duty on foreign sugars, chiefly Brazilian and Spanish, consequently, slave grown, from 63 to 36 shillings per quintal. The Query, was the bestowal of a bounty on slave cultivated produce, a likely means to promote general emancipation? or conducive to the advantage of those whose private interests have been sacrificed for the attainment of that most laudable object! We should think not—and, as earnest abolitionists, rejoice in the defeat of such an intention!—Siebury.

One of the severest blows yet inflicted on the Spanish slave trade, has been the recent destruction, by the Hon. Capt. Denham, commander of her Majesty’s cruising squadron at Sierra Leone, of several large slave factories on the river Gallinas, near that place. So flourished, is the infamous Traffic, that its annual exportations amount to not less than 15,000 slaves. From April to Nov. 1810, Capt. Denham’s ship the Wanderer, captured six vessels equipped on an average for 360 slaves each, prevented the exportation of three cargoes of 600 people each, and reduced the traffic to great distress by intercepting their supplies.

SLAVE VESSELS.—The total number of slave vessels captured under the late treaty with Spain, appears to have been 79 from 1837 to 1840, inclusive.

REMARKABLE MONUMENT IN WESTFALL.—On the spot where the Roman Legions, commanded by Varus, were overthrown by Arminius, a colossal statue of the German hero is about to be erected similar to the many images still seen in various parts of Germany, and which, known under the name of Ermin Statuen, were idolatrously worshipped in the early periods of Christianity. The statue is to be of copper, 32 feet high, and to the point of the uplifted sword 75 feet; it will be placed in a circular temple 99 feet in height, on the top of the hill Teut, in the Teutoburger forest.
HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—A melodrama called Fausta, the music by Donizetti, the poetry by Bidera, and both equally destitute of originality or merit, was produced here for the first time on the 29th. The deficiencies of poet and composer were however amply stored for by the merits of several of the performers. Giorgi especially, who is the "empress" of the piece commanded rapturous applause. The material for the subject of Fausta is drawn from "the ancient and authentic writer" mentioned by Gibbon "who ascribes the misfortunes of Crispus to the acts of his stepmother Fausta, whose implacable hatred, or whose disloyal treatment, drove Constantine the ancient tragedy of Hippolytus and Phaedra. The representation was honored by the presence of her Majesty.

DUBLIN LANE.—The German opera supported by the performances of Heinefetter, Scheted, and Sindgi, furnishes excellent treats to all lovers of fine music, and Mr. Bun's benefit, May 31st, offers the additional attraction of Grisi, Persiani, Dorus, Gras, Romer and Hawes.

Haymarket.—A successful piece was brought out here on the 29th, named Marie Ducange. The heroine (Mademoiselle Cell) is the daughter of a shipwrecked mariner, and adopted by a major Audley, a resident in Jersey. She is betrothed to young gentleman, Dupore, (J. Webster) whose affairs being embarassed is compelled to absent himself, thus giving an opportunity for his faithless fair, to bestow her affections on a fortunate rival, at least a man of fortune, called Lascelles, who sometimes visits the Island. On Dupore's return he reproaches Marie for her cold and altered manner, and on a subsequent duel with his rival receives his death wound from the latter's ball. Lascelles obliged to escape, slips, and persuades Marie Ducange to accompany him—leaving her with an angry heart, and a reproachful feeling, her adoptive father, who has become blind.

After their marriage the couple are represented as living gaily and happily at an English watering place, where Marie is moreover expecting the arrival of her Major. An interruption to their bliss now starts up in the shape of a tiresome old uncle of Lascelles, (Bulkeley, Mr. Strickland,) who having set his heart on a marriage between his daughter and nephew, is outrageous at the defeat of his intentions. He readily catches at the hint of a friend to the effect that Lascelles' marriage with Marie is null and void from having been celebrated only by a French priest. Acting on this suggestion, the uncle tells his nephew that unless he instantly abandons Marie and accompanies him to town he may starve. Lascelles after a distracting struggle is overcome by the thoughts of beggary, and resolves to do his wife, hoping however to make some subsequent arrangement with his hard hearted relative.

On this evening of his departure Marie is expecting her adoptive father, and finds it not in her power to discover the loss other husband, when the blind Major arrives. His death shortly ensues and is followed by Marie's madness. Her husband, meantime, gets off from this engagement with his cousin, and is recommended to his uncle, but only returns to find his wife a madman—unconscious of his presence, and solely occupied by the one dreadful idea of his desertion. It is suggested, that if the occurrences of that fatal evening were enacted again in the same place, only followed up by her husband's return, it may restore her to reason.—the experiment proves successful and ends the drama. M. Cellotte was particularly admirable in the mad scenes. Phelps supported his well in Lascelles, all the other parts were excellently sustained, and the piece was given out for repetition.

POST OFFICE RETURNS.—The net revenue of the first year of penny postage is above 33 per cent profit on its gross revenue. The number of letters posted in the United Kingdom averages 750 per minute, assuming that the post offices are open 12 hours each day. The thunderstorm which visited the Metropolis on the 27th and extended from Surrey, into Gloucestershire, was particularly heavy in the neighbourhood of Windsor, where the hail stones, of enormous size, fell with a violence seldom seen in England, shattering windows and absolutely destroying the green-houses of numerous wealthy residents. The lightning which was most awfully vivid, is described as not having proceeded from any one point in the heavens, but as appearing the appearance of an entire sheet of flame, while the thunder kept up a continuous roar. At the station of the Great Western Railway, the amount of damage done to sky-lights, &c, is estimated at £2000.

The Elston Montem of this year is to be usually splendid—the dresses magnificent. The queen and prince Albert, with other members of the royal family will honor the ceremony with their presence, and the calculated profits of the "captain" in presents and collection of "silk" are not less than £1000.

The British Museum.—By the recent opening of the rooms and galleries on the northern side of this edifice, room is afforded for the advantageous arrangement of the zoological collection of quadrumanous animals, which from want of space have been hitherto in a state of great confusion.

TEACHING THE BLIND TO READ.—A new method of instructing the blind, invented by Mr. Freer, is by embossing from stereotype metallic plates in which the words are not only represented in the simple forms of the short hand alphabet, but also according to their actual pronunciation. The art of reading is acquired by the elementary sounds in a very short space of time, and of these per-
formed subsequently as rapidly as by light. The New Testament, the Psalms, and the Book of Genesis have been embossed.

ROSSINI.—The munificent sum of 60,000£ is said to have been just given by this celebrated composer, to his native town (Bologna), for the purpose of founding a charitable institution for aged and infirm musicians; also for establishing a public and gratuitous school for singing, to be directed by himself.

FOREIGN RAILROADS.—By the opening of great part of the railroad between Berlin and Paris, those two cities may be traversed in 12 hours. Letters from Alexandria, of date May 7, state the plague in that city, as varying from 10 to 20 cases per day, and from 5 to 15 deaths and that it was spreading to the Europeans; 174 having been attacked in April, and carried to the hospital; 220 others had died before medical assistance could be rendered.

 MADAME RACHEL.—The New French Tragedian.—This highly gifted actress, whose recent first appearance at her Majesty's Theatre produced an extraordinary sensation is about twenty years of age. She was born in humble circumstances, of Israelitish parentage. When scarcely fourteen years of age, she attended a school of declamation at Paris, kept by Saint Aulairs, an actor of the Theatre Français, and even then displayed an intelligence, energy, and knowledge of scenic effect such as to give promise of a brilliant career. In 1837, she appeared at the Gisance, in a light piece, called La Vendeenne, but her exertions were unnoticed, and she relapsed into obscurity. Her spirit did not, however, sink under this disappointment; and she persevered only with redoubled ardor in her favorite pursuit—tragedy. When diligently studying the chefs d'oeuvre of Corneille and Racine in silent hopes of better success, she had the good fortune to attract the attention of a distinguished actor of the Theatre Français, who together with encouragement and advice, gave her assistance to procure an engagement on the same boards. On that classic stage she made her début in June, 1838, as Camille, in Corneille's Horace, when the Parisians almost immediately proclaimed her a tragedian of the first order, a judgment since fully confirmed.

RELIQUIS OF PRIMEVAL CREATION.—The task of a Mammoth has been recently brought to light in the formation of a sewer at Cambridge. It was found at 10 to 11 feet from the surface, in sand and gravel. The extreme length of the tooth is 6 feet 7 inches, and the largest circumference 21 to 22 inches. Near the same spot were discovered a rib and some vertebral bones, no doubt belonging to the same animal; and (the most extraordinary relic of all) with the teeth perfect, deposited in diluvial detritus. The museum of the University will be enriched by these curious remains.

REGULUS.—A Tragedy. By J. Jones, Esq. In consideration of the depressing discouragements under which they labor, no class of writers has greater claims upon critical indulgence than the revivers of the legitimate drama, whose efforts to stem the opposing torrent of melodramatic taste are worthy of all praise. The noble character of the self-devoted Regulus is one well adapted to the stage, whereon we hope our author will be permitted to strive for mastery, without, however, venturing to predict the certainty of his success. Two cities may be traversed in 12 hours. Letters from Alexandria, of date May 7, state the plague in that city, as varying from 10 to 20 cases per day, and from 5 to 15 deaths and that it was spreading to the Europeans; 174 having been attacked in April, and carried to the hospital; 220 others had died before medical assistance could be rendered.

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Reg. The step is taken, and the dread resolve accepted, and irrevocably seal'd! When Curtius leap'd the gulf, he clos'd his eyes In glory, and at once—my trial asks Endurance of the body, and the mind; Disseverance from home, as soon as reach'd; New exile from my country, as hail'd. Poor Marcia is much worn; but how unchecked, in all the freshness of ne'er-fading truth, The fountains of her pure affections flow'd; I mark'd one beauteous token of her love, So simple, and so very, very fond, She wore her wedding robes! Oh! words are vain To paint the deep emotion that kind thought Swell'd in my heart, to leave me scarce, a man. What is her anguish now? I fear the blow, Despite the greatness of her soul, will add A martyr to our cause. [pause] My gentle girl and noble-hearted boy! My arms have not enfolded—never shall. But it is best; it spares the whole a strife, Might break our hearts, tho' Roman, and no shame! Shades of my fathers! and ye mighty spirits! Who keep Rome's name majestic, and her seats Stupendous and undying, hear your son! Fill me with recollections of great deeds, Till, thro' such aspirations as ye fand Exalting and expanding all my soul, I can meet sorrow's verging on despair, And face them to their face, and, still, subdued. Nor is it hard to root the very hope to stem To love and to be lov'd, to pine for home; And then return, but, only to renew The agony to part, alas, for aye!
General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

No. 11, Carey-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Office for the Printed Alphabetical Registration of Marriages, Births and Deaths after a plan proposed some years back to Government, and, by petition, to both houses of Parliament by the founder of the Harrow Road Cemetery and the new system of Exurban Burial in England—part of which plan, viz., that a certificate should accompany each corpse that a double entry might be made, namely, in the Parish where a death takes place as well as at the place of interment, printed anno 1834, will be found embodied in the instructions of the Registrar General of Births, Marriages and Deaths, printed somewhere about the year 1837—12 years afterwards! The public as well as the private advantages of this mode of Registration over every other system, if not at once self-apparent, is strikingly displayed in the name of —— —— —— in a recent number. — His residence was in Kent, he died in Sussex, and he is buried in Middlesex: a few years hence how laborious might be the search, notwithstanding the present admirable register, to find out, and how great the expense to discover the simple fact where he was interred. So also with persons marrying when from home.

So valuable, indeed, do we consider this plan, that we doubt not ere long few persons concerned will be inconsiderate enough not to register with this establishment. So also as respects Births—how often is the house, in which born, altogether unknown—the place even forgotten—when such a record as this registration affords might be of infinite value; and there are, indeed, very few Life assurance establishments which would not at once receive this proof presumptive of the day of birth as proof positive of an individual's age.

BIRTHS.

Baker, the lady of Sir George ——, bart., of a son, at Home, April 17th.
Beacher, lady of Samuel ——, Esq., of a son; 83, Cadogan-place, May 7th.
Brewer, lady of J. H. ——, Esq., of the Middle Temple, and of Charlotte-street, Bedford-sq., of a son; at Melchet-park, Salisbury, May 7th.
Chatterton, Mrs. J. Balair, of a son; Manchester-street, Manchester-square, May 15th.
Edmonstone, lady of a daughter; Cumberland-terrace, Regent's-park, May 13th.
Gardiner, lady of Henry ——, Esq., late of the Madras Civil service, of a dau., Marlborough buildings, Bath, April 30th.
Goldie, lady of Barr W. ——, Esq., Bengal Engineers, of a son; Beaumont-street, Portland-place, May 8th.
Hall, Mrs. Alexander ——, of a son; May 9th, Portland-place.
Harcome, lady of W. B. ——, Esq., of a son and heir; St. Leonard's Hill, May 15th.
Lady the Hon. Mrs. Henrietta Spencer, of a son; Upper Seymour-street, May 11th.
Master, lady of T. W. ——, Esq., M. P., for Cirencester, of a son and heir; Welbeck-st., May 15th.
Methuen, lady of Thomas ——, Esq., of a son; Hobart-place, Eaton-square, May 16th.
Ortley, lady of the Rev. ——, Lawrence, of a dau.; Acton, Suffolk, May 2d.
Sartorous, the lady of Admiral, Viscount D'Piedade, of a son; at her Quinta de St. Thiage, Cintra, Portugal, May 4th.

Steel, lady of Major J. ——, of the Bengal Army, of a dau., Norwood, May 10th.
Tisdall, lady of John ——, Esq., High Sheriff of the county of Meath, of a son; Charlesfort, May 2d.
Tollemache, lady of J. ——, Esq., of a son, still born, Triston-lodge, Cheshire, May 11th.
Trotter, the Hon. Mrs., of a daughter, Connaught-place, May 4th.
Unwin, lady of William ——, Esq., of a dau., Putney-heath, May 22d.
Watson, lady of Barnard, I. ——, Esq., of a dau.; Gordon-square, May 21st.

MARRIAGES.

Ashby, Agnes Eliza, only dau. of W. A. ——, Esq., of Queenby-hall, Leicestershire, to William Patchin, Esq., of Barkby-hall, in the same county, Hungerston, May 1st.
Bacon, Henrietta Mary, eld. child, of the late Charles ——, Esq., of her Majesty's Board of Works, to Rutherford Alcock, Esq., of Bolton street; St. Margaret's, Westminster, May 17th.
Barker, Jane Maria, d. of John ——, Esq., of Cadogan-place, to Thomas A. Boswell, Esq., of Crawley-Grange, Bucks; Trinity church, Chelsea, May 20th.
Baron, Anna, dau. of Edward ——, Esq., of Northiam, Sussex, to Frances John Field, Esq., of Chester-place, Regent's Park, April 29th.

Bellingham, Jane, youngest dau. of the late Major Henry ——, to William Bellingham, Esq., of the Cliffs, county Dublin; Newton, Hants, May 4th.

Black, Elizabeth Anne, dau. of the Rev. Wm. ——, to the Rev. Gerald Carew, M. A., youngest son of George ——, Esq., of Crowcombe Court, Somersetshire; Walcot church, Bath, April 26th.

Blackmore, Mary Eleanor, 2d dau. of the late Thos. ——, Esq., of the Lodge, Evesham, to George Jackson, Esq., of Bushy-heath; Evesham church, Worcestershire, May 13th.

Brickwell, Eleanor, dau. of Charles, Esq., of Ockthorpe Lodge, near Northamptonshire, to Benjamin W. Alpin, esq., of Banbury; at Middleton, Cheney, May 8th.

Brown, Mary Ann, dau. of Edward ——, Esq., of Oldham, to John Lees, Esq., of Clarksfield, near Oldham; Ann Arbor, May 2nd, May 5th.

Brydge, Martha Mary, only child of the late John ——, Esq., of Leicester, to the Rev. George Thackeray, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Rector of Kemingham, Oxfordshire; Brightton, May 19th.

Butcher, Anna Maria, eldest dau. of Robert ——, Esq., of Upland-grove, Bungay, Suffolk, to Robert Saunders, Esq., of Clapham Common, St. John's Bungay, May 18th.


Chariton, Harriet Elizabeth, eld. dau. of the Rev. William ——, M. A., to Thomas Devas, Esq., 2d son of W. ——, Esq., of Herne-hill, Surrey; St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square, May 18th.


Christopher, Selina Maria, daughter of George ——, Esq., of Chiswick, to Captain W. B. Thompson, of the 67th Native Infantry; Ker-noul; Feb. 18th.

Cookburn, Jessie, youngest dau. of Colonel ——, of the Royal Artillery, to William F. Beadon, Esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law; Chariton, May 6th.

Cookson, Ellen, 2d dau of John ——, Esq., of Whitley, to Ralph Henry Yes, Esq., second son of Sir Walter ——, Bart., of Pyland-hall, Somersetshire; Chester-le-street, April 29th.

Douglas, the Lady Harriet, dau. of the late and niece of the present Marquis of Queensberry, to the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Duncombe; St. George's, Hanover-square, May 15th.

Gardner, Laura Emma, youngest dau. of the late Charles ——, Esq., of Coombe-lodge, Oxfordshire, to William B. Call, Esq., only son of Sir William ——, Bart., of Whitefordhouse, Cornwall; at the British Embassy, Naples, April 14th.


Haffenden, Angelina, 3d dau. of the late James ——, Esq., of Langford-hall, Notts, and of Tenterden, Kent, to the Rev. Alleyn, 3d son of Sir Henry Fitz Herbert, Bart., of Tisington-hall, Derbyshire, and West Farleigh, Kent; Langford church, May 5th.

Hanrott, Mary Halton, 2d dau. of Philip Augustus ——, Esq., of Fulham, to Charles Cory, Esq., of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, St. Mary's, North End, Fulham; May 20th.

Haynes, Louisa Catherine, dau. of George ——, Esq., of the Hampstead-road, to John Field, Esq., of Upper Gower-street; St. Pancras Church, May 8th.

Hibbetson, Harriet Grace, eldest dau. of Robert ——, Esq., of East-court, Gloucestershire, to Edward Ormerod, Esq., of Portland-place, Manchester; Charlton King's, May 4th.

Hodgson, Anna Maria, eld. dau. of the late Major ——, 7th Hussars, to Mayow W. Adams, Esq., 3d son of William ——, Esq., of Bowdon, Devonshire, and Sydenham, Kent; Lakenham, Norfolk, May 18th.

Hope, Rebekah, eld. dau. of the late Samuel ——, Esq., of Liverpool, and grand dau. of Thos. Bateman, Esq., of Middleton-hall, near Bawtry, to Samuel Morley, Esq., of Hackney; Matlock, Bath, May 19th.

House, Frances Amelia, dau. of the late John ——, Esq., of Edgbaston, Warwickshire, to Edward W. Crofton, Esq., Royal Artillery; Uxbridge, May 12th.

Hulbert, Elizabeth Mary, dau. of Henry ——, Esq., of Eaton-square and Breinhill, Wilts, to George J. Williamson, Esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, and of Hollywell, Flintshire, Saint George's, Hanover-square, April 30th.

Jackson, Sarah, 3d dau. of the late Joseph ——, Esq., to Owen Lewis, Esq., of Clapham-rise; Clapham, May 20th.


Kingsford, Georgiana Mary, only dau. of the late Samuel ——, Esq., of Spencer Lodge, Battersea, to George Leake, Esq., formerly of Muckley-square, London; at Perth, Western Australia, October 7th.

Leslie, the Lady Catherine, to Captain Parker, 66th Regiment; Mambhead, Devon, April 29th.


Lyceatt, Catherine, 2d dau. of the late William ——, Esq., formerly of Weston-hall, Staffordshire, to Herbert Titlley, Esq., of Cookend, Salep, Kennington Church, March 6th.

Murray, Isabella, only child of the late Major-General ——, to John Minet Fector, Esq,
M.P., for Maidstone; at River, near Dover, May 15th.

Oddis, Isabella, 4th dau. of Henry Hoyle ——, Esq., of Portland-place and of Colney-house, Herts.; to George T. Gream, Esq., of Hertford-street, Mayfair; All Soul’s Church, May 6th.

Oldham, Eliza, only dau. of the late John ——, Esq., of Bristol, to John Ellis, of Newry, County Aranagh; by special licence, in the Church of Barlborough; May 6th.

Pain, Matilda dau. of the Rev. Richard ——, to Augustus Turner, Esq., Bengal Army; May 11th.

Pardoe, Eliza, youngest dau. of the late Robt. ——, Esq., of Park-house, Bewdley, to George Gibson, Esq., only son of G. J. ——, Esq., of Sandgate Lodge, Sussex; Cheltenham, April 29th.

Iaven, Mary Ann, eld. dau. of H. B., Esq., to the Rev. Charles Grenfell Nicholay; Trinity Church, Sloane-street, May 22d.

Reid, Lucy, eldest dau. of Thomas ——, Esq., of Hampstead, to William Sharpe, Esq., of Woolnor-square; Hampstead, May 10th.

Rucker, Ellen, 2d dau. of the late Henry J. ——, Esq., of Clapham common, to Thomas J. Crafer, Esq.; St. Matthew’s, Brixton, May 4th.

Shirley, Selina, eld. dau. of Evelyn ——, Esq., of Lower Eaton, Warwickshire, to Sir Wm. Heathcote, of Hersley, in the county of Gloucestershire, May 18th.

Silvers, Sarah, 4th dau. of Joseph ——, Esq., of Moor-lane house, Staffordshire, to Arthur Hall, Esq., of Dudley; Wardsley-church, King’s Winford, May 1st.

Smith, Henrietta, only surviving dau. of Lieut.-Col. Henry Browne ——, of the 5th regiment of Madras Light Cavalry, to John Walpole, Esq., 4th son of the late Thomas ——, Esq., and Lady Margaret ——, St. Bride’s, Jersey, May 17th.

Smith, Mary Worley, only dau. of the late John S ——, Esq., of Northampton, to the Rev. G. V. Reade, M. A., Curate, of Tinglewick; Buckingham, May 7th.

Spence, Harriet, youngest dau. of Captain ——, R. N., of Devonshire-street, Portland-place, to Henry Lyster, Esq. of Twickenham; St. George’s, Hanover-square, May 7th.

Sprakeling, Emma, only child of the late ‘V. ——, Esq., of Charlton, Dover, to the Rev. Edward Penny, M. A., Rector of St. Andrew’s, Canterbury; St. George’s, Hanover-square, May 15th.

Taylor, Catherine, youngest dau. of Captain ——, late of her Majesty’s Royal Horse Guards to Charles F. Watts, Esq., of Thanes Ditton; Wingfield church, May 20th.

Thompson, Caroline Dorothea, youngest dau. of the late Richard ——, Esq., of Kennington, to Monsieur Jacques Hipolite Bourdeau, of Chateauauroux; Trinity Church, Mary-le-bone, May 18th.

Thomas, Arabella, 2d dau. of the Rev. William ——, of Drakes-place, near Wellington, Somerset, to George G. Hardingham, Esq.; St. John’s Church, Cheltenham, May 18th.

Townsend, Elizabeth, only surviving dau. of the late John ——, Esq. of Farnham, Surrey, to John Wardroper, Esq., of Epson, Surrey; St. Martin’s in the Field’s, May 6th.

Tutton, Amelia, eld. dau. of the late Henry ——, Esq., to the Rev. Israel M. Soule, of Saint John’s-bill; St. Mary’s, Battersea, May 6th.

Upton, Eliza, eld. dau. of the late Edmund ——, Esq., of Guildford, to Frederick R. Smith, Esq., of London-wall; St. George’s Hanover-square, May 4th.


Walters, Mary Ann, 2d dau. of D. ——, Esq. of Colney-house, Finchley-common, to H. James Newman, son of T. C. ——, Esq., of Fallow-Lodge; Finchley Chapel, May 13th.

Warner, Mary Letitia, 2d. dau. of Simeon ——, Esq., of Blackheath, to Arthur Augustus, Rasch, Esq., of the same place; Lewisham, Kent, May 18th.

Ward, Margaret, 4th dau. of the late Rev. Wm. ——, M. A., of Dias, Norfolk, to Thomas J. Knight, Esq., Barrister-at-Law; Weston-super-Mer, Somersetshire, May 4th.

Whitmore, Mary Anne, only dau. of the late Richard ——, Esq., to John B. Williams, Esq., of Clan Hafren, Montgomeryshire; St. Martin’s, Birmingham, May 7th.

Wilcox, Ellen, eldest dau. of the late Esq., Isaac ——, of Grovehurst, Kent, to W. Thornton West Esq., of Clapham, New-park; All Soul’s, Langham-place, May 20th.

Worrell, Rebecca Constantia Elizabeth, eld. dau. of A. H. ——, Esq., of London, to Samuel Brewis, Esq., of Manchester; Trinity church, Mary-le-bone, May 5th.

DEATHS.


Ariuhatto, Margaret Sarah, youngest dau. of the late Rev. Alexander ——, Lord Bishop of Killaloe; Cheltenham, May 6th.

Astell, Sarah, wife of William ——, Esq.; at Everton-house, May 16th.

Barberic, Captain Courtland Skinner, in the 37th year of his age, of small-pox; Brook-street, St. James’s, May 4th.

Beaumont, Thomas Barber, Esq.; at his residence in Regent-street, May 16th.

Booth, Lieutenant-Col., K. H., of her Majesty’s 43rd Infantry; at Northampton, May 26th.

Bouchette, Joseph, Esq., her Majesty’s Surveyor-General of Canada. and Colonel of Militia; Montreal, April 8th.

Bowdoin, Nina, eld. dau. of James Temple ——, Esq., and niece of the late Sir Granville Temple, Bart., of acute fever, at Naples, April 28th.

Bowen, William C. Montague, Lieut. 24th Regiment, N. I., Bombay, March 3d.

Bowerbank, Judith Ann, wife of the Rev. T. F. ——, at the Vicarage, Chiswick, May 2d.

Bridger, Lieut.-Col., late of the 12th Lancers, Lansdown Cottage, near Brighton, May 17th.

Cambridge, the Venerable Archdeacon, Pre-
bendary of Ely, in the 86th year of his age; Twickenham: Meadows, May 1st.

Catholic, George Greville, aged nine years, only son of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Geo. —, and Lady Georgiana, now in Canada; at the Rectory, Weldon, Northamptonshire, May 12th.

Chalmers, James, Esq., aged 70, nephew of the late George —, Esq. F.R.S. and S.A. author, of Caledonia, &c.; James-street, Buckingham-gate, April 29th.

Cossidine, Capt. William, of the 89th Regiment, Brigade Major of the Northern District; Tarporley, May 16th.

Creed, Lieutenant Richard, of the Bombay Artillery, son of R. —, Esq., of Walthamstow, at the assault of Kujjuck, in Upper Sind, East Indies, Feb. 20th.

Cuningham, the Hon. Erina Annabella, wife of Robert —, Esq., of Mount Kennedy, County Wicklow, daughter to the late and sister to the present Viscount Glentworth, and granddaughter to the Earl of Limerick; Ryde, Isle of Wight, April 29th.

Curzon, the Hon. Caro,ine, eldest dau. of the 1st and sister of the late Lord Scarsdale; in the 85th year of her age; May 17th.


Dyer, Henry Moreton, Esq., in the 69th year of his age, at his residence, Devonshire-place-house, May 15th.

Earle, Percival-James, 3d son of Henry —, Esq., late of George-street, Hanover-square; May 1st.

Edmonstone, Neil Benjamin, Esq., member of the Court of Directors, of the East India Company’s Service, Portland-place; May 4th.

Goodall, Edward, Esq., late banker, at Coventry, Stoke; near that city, May 8th.

Goldfinch, John William —, Esq., eldest son of the late Major —, of Chewton Priory, Somersetshire, Highgate, May 8th.

Gold, the Rev. George, of Fleet-house, Dorsetshire, April 29th.

Halkett, Robert Blair, Esq., third son of the late Colonel of Lahill and Dumbarnie, county Fife, N.B.; Singapore, Bengal, Feb. 25th.

Hall, Frederick, R. —, youngest son of Captain Basil —, R.N.; Portsmouth, May 22nd.

Hope, James, Esq., M. D., of Lower Seymour-street; Clare-house, Hampstead, May 14th.

Hulton, Eleanor Eustatia, 3d dau. of Lieut.-Col. —, Preston, Esq., Lancashire, May 9th.

Lawford, Joseph, Esq., son-in-law of the late Sir Thomas Wiseman, Bart., of Northfleet, Kent; Manor-terrace, Clapham, May 9th.

Le Noir, Elizabeth Ann, wife of the Chevalier Jean Baptist —, dau. of the poet Christopher Smart, and sister of the late Mrs. Cowslade; she was well-known in the higher-walks of female literature; at Reading, May 6th.

Mervila, Reginald, Esq., of the magistrates office, in the Court of Chancery, at his father’s house, Woburn-place; May 1st.

Merriman, Thomas, Esq., of Marlborough, at the house of Dr. —, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, May 15th.

Miller, Thomas, Esq., nearly 50 years resident agent for victualling the Royal Navy at Plymouth; Portland-square, Plymouth, May 3d.

Molyneux, the Hon. Edward Richard, Lieut. Colonel of the 89th Rifles; Arlington-street, May 23d.

Place, Mary widow, of the late Lionel, Esq., of Weddington Castle, Warwickshire, and Norton house, Somersetshire; April 29th.

Pocock, George, Esq.; Cumberland-terrace, Regent’s-park, May 24th.

Rosher, Sarah, the wife of Jeremiah —, Esq., of Creto-hall, Northfleet, Kent, in her 72d year, May 21st.

Sugden, William, youngest son of the Right Hon. Sir William —, aged 15, Bath, May 2d.

Tyler, Isabella, 2d dau. of the late Hon. Alexander Fraser —, Lord Woodhouselee; Devonshire-place, May 5th.

Tupper, Thomas, Esq., late her Britannic Majesty’s Consul at Rag, May 11th.

Weekes, Thomas Pym, M. D., late member of the Medical Board, at Bombay; on his return from India to this country, at Malta, March 21st.

SIR FREDERICK JOHNSTONE.—On the evening of May 7th, this lamented baronet met his death in a most sudden and melancholy manner, being killed by a fall from his horse when returning from Talford to his seat Westerhill. He had been only recently married, and was making arrangements for the erection of a new mansion-house on his estates in Scotland, where he was deservedly popular.

[The Index, Title-page, and Directions to Binder, will be given in our next Number.]
ISABEL OF BAVARIA.

By M. ALEX. Dumas.

(Concluded from page 110.)

[This long and interesting Chronicle, which connects itself with so many of our Memoirs and beautiful Portraits, will be found, successively, as follows:—In the half yearly volume ending December, 1840, pages 19, 105, 267, 489, 510: in the present volume, pages 86 to 110.]

CHAP. XXVII.

THE FALL OF ROUEN.

Meanwhile, the French ambassadors arrived at Pont-de-l’arche, the king of England having on his side, appointed the earl of Warwick, the archbishop of Canterbury and other notable members of the privy council, his representatives. From the first opening of the negotiations, however, it was self-evident to the French envoys, that Henry’s object was solely to gain time, and, in fact, he was then carrying on a secret correspondence with Guy-le-Boutilier, commandant of the suburbs of Rouen, so that he could at any time possess himself without difficulty of the city. In the first instance, long discussions were created whether the negotiations should be drawn up in French or in English—a mere warfare of words, intended only to cover deeper designs, which being duly perceived by the French ambassadors, they terminated the idle parley by yielding up the point. No sooner, however, had this difficulty been overcome, than there arose another; letters were received from England setting forth that Charles had suffered a relapse, and was thereby rendered incompetent to confirm any treaty; that the dauphin, his son, not being king, could not, unauthorised, act legally as his representative, and that it was not competent for the duke of Burgundy to decide upon the affairs of France, as involving an unjust interference with the hereditary rights of the dauphin; that the king of England, elated with ambitious hopes, regarded every treaty for a portion only of France, as highly disadvantageous to his interests, while the present rupture between the dauphin and the duke of Burgundy, afforded him a fair opportunity of conquering the whole kingdom.

When the cardinal des Ursins who had been sent by pope Martin V. to endeavour to establish the peace of Christendom, and who in discharge of his pontifical and conciliatory mission had followed the ambassadors to Pont-de-l’arche, heard of these difficulties, he repaired to Rouen himself to remonstrate strongly with the king of England in person. Henry received the Pontiff’s envoy with every mark of respect demanded from his mission, but at once evinced his determination to put him to silence. —“Tis God’s own blessed inspiration,” said he briskly to the cardinal, “which has called me to this kingdom, in order to punish its guilty people and govern them as a true monarch; for, at this moment,” he continued, “every reason seems to combine why this kingdom should be transferred from one rule to another. In short, it is the will of God which so ordains it, and I shall take possession of France, deriving my right from His authority.”

Hereupon the cardinal made allusion to an alliance with the royal house of France, and presented Henry with the portrait of madame Catherine, the king’s daughter, then only sixteen years of age, and reputed to be one of the most beautiful damsels, of that period. The king of England took the portrait, looked at it for a long time with tokens of excessive admiration, and promised to give the cardinal an answer on the morrow; the next day he kept his word.

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Henry accepted the proposed alliance, but required, as Madame Catherine's dowry, a hundred thousand golden crowns, the duchy of Normandy, a part of which he had already conquered, the duchy of Aquitaine, the earldom of Ponthieu, and many other domains; all to be held without oath of vassalage, and free altogether from the jurisdiction of the king of France.

The cardinal and ambassadors despairing of obtaining better terms, hastened to convey these propositions to the king, queen, and duke of Burgundy: but the conditions were such as they could not accept, and were, accordingly, refused; whereupon the duke with his army advanced direct upon Beauvais.

Upon the breaking off of these negotiations, without the slightest prospect of a peace with the enemy, or probable succour from their friends, without further urging, the dauntless defenders of the city of Rouen resolved forthwith to proceed to Beauvais to crave military aid.

With this view, ten thousand well armed men assembled themselves under the command of Alain Blanchard, a man of great personal courage, more favorably disposed to the lower order of citizens than to the burgesses, on which account, since the commencement of the siege he had been selected by the former as their captain. Each soldier had provided himself with two days' provisions, and, at nightfall, the troop was ready to carry the proposed enterprise into effect.

It had been at first resolved that the whole body should issue forth by the principal gate of the castle; but Alain Blanchard deemed it expedient to alter this arrangement, thinking it better to make a simultaneous attack on both of the enemy's flanks. Accordingly, he himself, at the head of two thousand men, departed secretly by a gate nigh the former entrance, intending to commence the attack with this body, in which manoeuvre he was to be supported by the remaining eight thousand men, who were at the same hour to issue forth through the castle-gate so as ultimately to combine their operations.

At the hour appointed, Alain Blanchard and his two thousand brave comrades left the town, silently advancing through the gloom of night, until disturbed by the first challenge from the enemy's sentinel: no longer able to conceal their movements, they now rushed with the utmost vigor across that quarter of the encampment occupied by the king of England. At the first onset they committed dreadful havoc amongst Henry's unarmed troops, the greater number of whom were sleeping; soon, however, the alarm spread throughout the camp; trumpets sounded, and knights and men-at-arms hastened to the king's tent. They found him already half armed, and so urgent to bear them company, that he would not delay even to put on his helmet, the better to be recognised by his troops, who might have believed him to have been killed, and been, on that account, panic-stricken; he, further, ordered lighted torches to be carried on either side his horse that both friends and foes might see his countenance. Those who had rallied around their king, whose numbers were continually augmenting, now speedily discovered with how small a number of the enemy they had to contend; and from being the party assaulted they quickly turned assailants, and spreading themselves in the form of a half circle rushed upon the little troop, attacking its flanks with their powerful wings. Alain Blanchard and his men defended themselves like lions, utterly unable to account for the unsupported state to which their friends seemed to have abandoned them; when, suddenly, loud cries were heard in the direction of the castle entrance; the now elated French, thereupon, took new courage, believing those sounds to intimate approaching succour, instead of which they were but signals of distress.

Guy, the traitor, being unable to forewarn the English king of Alain's project, endeavored at least to prevent its execution; and with this intent caused the main props of the bridge to be sawn three parts through, and the supporting chains to be also filled. Scarce two hundred men passed over in safety, ere, from the weight of the cavalry and artillery which followed, the bridge broke down beneath them, and men, horses and artillery were hurled promiscuously into the fosse; then it was that Blanchard and his troop heard the cry just mentioned, which arose from the shrieks of terror and despair uttered by those who were thus cast head-long, mingled with the cries of those who beheld them falling.

The two hundred men who had, as stated, gained the opposite side of the fosse,
being thus prevented from re-entering the city, hastened to the aid of their comrades, and the English believing that the whole garrison was issuing forth, opened a ready way before them. Alain Blanchard now learnt how he had been betrayed, but perceiving, also, at a glance, the path for escape afforded him by the mistake of the English, he sounded an immediate retreat, which, from this timely succour of the two hundred men, was effected in good order—the party fighting its way back to the gate whence it had sallied forth. Alain's friends, whom the fall of the bridge had imprisoned within the city, now hastened to the ramparts and protected his retreat by assaulting the enemy with a shower of stones and arrows. At length, the drawbridge was lowered, the gate opened, and the little army re-entered the city with a loss of five hundred men. The intrepid Alain Blanchard being closely followed by the English feared they might enter simultaneously with himself, and commanded the drawbridge to be raised even whilst he was on the opposite side of the fosse.

This abortive attempt on the part of the defenders of Rouen served only to aggravate their sufferings, and although the duke of Burgundy had, indeed, arrived at Beauvais with a powerful force, he lent them no succour; thus circumstanced, they sent four new deputies with a letter couched in these terms:

"To you, our father the king, and to you most noble duke of Burgundy, the loyal citizens of Rouen have already several times declared the distresses and privations under which they labour in defence of your good city, which state of suffering you have made no effort to remedy according to your declared promise; wherefore, for this the last time, the unhappy besieged have sent us as their representatives to declare in their name, that if speedy succour be not afforded them, they will become subjects of the English king, and, in such case, thenceforward, their faith, allegiance, loyalty, obedience and homage, will utterly cease."

The duke of Burgundy answered them, that the king had not at his command a sufficiently powerful force to compel the English to raise the siege of their city, but that with God's pleasure they should have speedy succour. Thereupon, the envoys required a period to be fixed for sending this promised aid, and the duke pledged his word that they should receive it before the fourth day after Christmas. The deputies, after encountering a thousand dangers, conveyed this answer, of little comfort to their unhappy city, hotly pressed by the English, abandoned by the duke, forgotten by the king, who had again at that time relapsed into a state of insanity.

The fourth day after Christmas at length arrived; yet without any tokens of succour appearing before the walls of Rouen. Two private gentlemen, Messire Jacques de Harcourt and the Sire de Moreuil, thereupon resolved to do that which John the Fearless, dared not, or would not even attempt. At the head of two thousand chosen men, they essayed to surprise the English camp; but great as was their courage their force was too feeble for the enterprise: they were routed by the lord de Cornouailles; the sire de Moreuil and the bastard de Croy were taken prisoners; and Jacques de Harcourt himself owed his safety to the fleetness of his horse which leapt with him over a ditch ten feet wide.

The besieged now clearly perceived that their fate was sealed, and so truly deplorable, indeed, had been the condition to which they were reduced, that even the enemy compassionated them; and to render honor to the birth day of the Saviour, the king of England had sent some provisions for the unhappy wretches who were dying of hunger in the ditches around the city.

Thus abandoned by their sovereign, deprived of reason, and by the perfidious duke of Burgundy, the unfortunate besieged resolved to negotiate for themselves. They had, indeed, bethought them first of the dauphin; but the young prince was engaged in a serious war in Maine: he had hcre to repel the English, there resist the Burgundian faction.

A herald was, accordingly, sent by the besieged, demanding a safe conduct to the presence of the English king; the request was granted. Two hours afterwards six representatives, viz., two ecclesiastics, two knights and two burgesses, bare headed, and clad in black—fitting garb of suppliants—traversed the English camp, march-
ing slowly towards Henry's tent. The king received them, seated on his throne and surrounded by all his nobility, armed. After suffering them for a brief while to stand before him, that their minds might be duly impressed that their fate was wholly in his hands, he made sign to them to speak:—"Sire," began one of them, with a firm voice, "little is the glory that you would reap, and little the courage you would display, in famishing a poor, simple, and innocent people. Would it not far more redound to your honor, to allow free passage to the wretches now perishing between our own walls and your entrenchments, so that they might elsewhere obtain the means of subsistence; then, by vigorously assaulting the city take it by storm! Such deeds would be esteemed more glorious in the sight of men; and by showing mercy towards these unhappy people you would ensure the favor of God." The king listened patiently at the commencement of this harangue, whilst caressing the head of a favorite dog which lay at his feet; but the movement of his hand was speedily arrested in marked surprise, when, instead of the expected voice of supplication, he heard only reproofs. A dark frown contracted his brow—a bitter smile curled his lip; then, looking for a moment at the audacious deputies, as though he would have afforded them time to retract their words, yet finding them still silent, he replied in accents of mingled surprise and sarcasm:—"The godless of war," said he, "has at her command three associates—the sword, fire and famine. It was optional for me to have employed them all, or one only of the three. I have enlisted the mildest of the sister scourges to punish your city and bring it back to reason. In my mind a general is not the less honorable whichever of these agents he chooses to use, provided he be successful, and it is for him to determine which means is the most advantageous for the accomplishment of his purpose.

"As for the miserable wretches who are dying in the ditches, the fault is yours, who, putting their lives in my power, drove them from out your walls. Whatever succour these unfortunates have received, they owe it to my charity and not to your sense of mercy, and since you make such audacious demands, I see clearly that your necessities are not so urgent as you would have me believe; I will, therefore, leave them to your keeping, that they may consume some portion of your provisions; but, touching the assault, I shall undertake it when and in such manner as I think proper; and, assuredly, it is my province to consider such matters, and not yours to tender me advice."

"But, sire," resumed the deputies, "supposing we should be charged by our fellow-citizens to surrender the city, what conditions would be accorded us?"

A smile of triumph passed over the royal countenance.

"My conditions," replied the English monarch, "would be those usually granted to a conquered city, whose defenders are taken with arms in their hands—both men and city to be dealt with at discretion."

"Then, sire," responded the legates with an air of deepest resignation, "may Heaven, in thy stead, have mercy on us; for men and women, old men and children, all, even to the last of us, would perish rather than surrender on such conditions."

Then taking leave of King Henry with respectful obeisance, they carried his answer to the inhabitants of the city, who had been awaiting their return in the utmost agony of impatience

With one voice this noble population declared that they would live and die fighting, rather than consent to unconditional submission to the English. It was consequently agreed, that on the morrow-night they should knock down a portion of the wall, set fire to the city, place in the midst of them their wives and children, and, sword in hand, cut their way through the whole of the English army, going whither God might please direct them.

By means of Guy-le-Boutillier, the king was, on the same evening, advised of this heroic resolution. Desirous of possessing the city itself, and not its ashes, Henry thereupon sent a herald to the besieged, with the following conditions, which were read in the public square:—Firstly, The burgesses and inhabitants of Rouen are required to pay the sum of three hundred and fifty-five thousand golden crowns of French coinage. This article was accepted. Secondly, That three men, namely, messire Robert de Linet, vicar-general of the archbishop of Rouen; Jean Jourdan,
commander of the artillery; and Alain Blanchard, captain of the commonalty, should be unconditionally delivered up to him.

A cry of indignant refusal burst from every lip; but Alain Blanchard, Jean Jourdain and Robert de Linet stepped out from the ranks:—"This," they nobly exclaimed, "is our affair, not yours. We will surrender ourselves to the king of England, let none, therefore, interfere; permit us, then, to pass on unimpeded."

The people, accordingly, opened a way before them, and the three martyrs proceeded towards the English camp.

Thirdly, That all the citizens, without distinction and unreservedly, should swear to maintain towards Henry and his successors, all faith, loyalty, obedience, and allegiance, the king engaging, on his side, to defend them against all violence and aggression, and to preserve their privileges, rights and liberties, as in the reign of king Louis. As for those who, in order to escape such condition, might choose to quit the city, they were to be only permitted to leave it with the clothes on their backs, the remainder of their property being confiscated for the king’s benefit. The troops were to repair whither the conqueror might please to send them, performing the imposed journey on foot, with staff in hand, like pilgrims or mendicants. Cruel as was this last condition, they were, nevertheless, constrained to accept it.

No sooner was this treaty sworn to, than Henry permitted the famishing besieged to repair to his camp for food; and so great was the abundance of provisions with which it was stored, that the flesh of an entire sheep was sold for only six sous—parisis.

The events above detailed took place on the 16th day of January, 1419.*

On the evening of the 18th of January, the day previous to that fixed on by the king of England for his entry into the surrendered city, the duke of Brittany, ignorant of its submission, arrived in Henry’s camp, to propose, in conjunction with the duke of Burgundy, an interview for the purpose of negotiating terms for raising the siege.

King Henry, suffering the duke to remain in ignorance of the real state of affairs, merely replied, that he would return him an answer on the morrow, and, meanwhile, treated his princely guest during the whole evening with the most courteous hospitality.

On the following day, January 19, at eight o’clock in the morning, the king entered the duke of Burgundy’s tent, and proposed a walk on the mount Sainte-Catherine, which commanded a complete view of the city of Rouen, a page, meanwhile, holding at the door two beautiful horses, one for the king, the other for the duke. The latter willingly agreed to the proposed excursion, hoping that during his tête-à-tête with Henry a favorable moment might be afforded him for obtaining his consent to the hearing which he had come to solicit.

The king conducted his guest to the western side of mount Sainte-Catherine. The whole city was, at first, enshrouded in a thick fog arising from the Seine; but the first rays of the sun, together with a northern wind blowing briskly at intervals, soon detached large flakes from the misty veil; and when, like a retreating tide, it had been wholly swept away, the eye was enabled to embrace the whole of the magnificent panorama in the distance, from that spot which, owing to some military traces of a Roman station, still obtains the name of Caesar’s camp.

The eyes of the duke of Brittany wandered with admiration and delight over the varied details of this extensive scenery. On the right, a chain of vine-clad hills, besprinkled with villages, bounded the view; in front, the river Seine, by its windings, and doublings during its course through the valley, appeared like an immense piece of expanded waving silken stuff; then, widening as it receded in the distance, the imagination pictured it uniting itself with the ocean at the point where it was lost to view in the broad horizon; on the left, spread like a carpet, lay the rich and extensive plains of Normandy, stretching into the sea like a peninsula, where, with eyes for ever fixed on England, stands Cherbourg, the watchful sentinel of France. But when he had gazed in almost every direction, and his joyful eyes at length fixed themselves upon the centre of the picture, then it was that the duke’s attention became arrested by a spectacle equally strange and unexpected.

* 1419, new style—1418, old style—according to which the year only began on the 26th April.
Prostrate at his feet lay the conquered and defeated city: no standard floated on its walls; every gate was open; and the disarmed garrison were seen awaiting in the streets to do the bidding of their haughty victor. The English troops, on the contrary, were all under arms; pennons displayed, horses prancing, trumpets sounding—an iron belt compressing the unhappy city, even through its own girdle of walls. The truth was quickly surmised by the duke of Brittany: his humble head fell heavily upon his wounded bosom, for a part of the disgrace which had fallen upon France attached itself to him, also, as second vassal of the kingdom, and the second jewel in her crown.

Appearing totally unobservant of the emotions which tortured the duke's breast, Henry called to an esquire, and giving him some orders in a low tone of voice, the latter departed at full gallop.

In a quarter of an hour afterwards, the duke of Brittany beheld the garrison commence its march, bare-headed, bare-footed, with staff in hand, according to the terms of surrender. It issued forth by the bridge gate, and was conducted along the banks of the Seine as far as Saint-Georges' bridge, where commissioners awaited them by the king of England's orders; these men, examining each knight and man-at-arms, took away his money and jewels, giving him in exchange two sous parisis. Some were even stripped of their martin-furred and gold embroidered robes, and compelled to clothe themselves in habiliments of coarse cloth and sorry velvet; whereupon, their comrades in the rear, beholding the harsh treatment experienced by those who had preceded them, cast their jewels, purses and the costly embroidery of their clothes into the Seine rather than that their enemies should possess any of their valuables.

When the whole garrison had gained the opposite side of Saint-Georges' bridge, turning towards the duke of Brittany:—"My lord duke," said the king with a smile, "will it please you now to enter my city of Rouen? You will be received with hearty welcome."

"Sire," replied the duke of Brittany, "I return you thanks, but you must excuse my making part of your suite—True it is that you are a conqueror; but I am not yet vanquished."

With these words, he dismounted from the horse which had been lent him by Henry, and, spite of the latter's entreaties that he would retain it as a gift, declared that he would on that spot await his attendants, and that no earthly consideration should induce him to set foot in a city which no longer appertained to the king of France.

"Tis a pity," returned Henry, piqued at the duke's firmness, "truly 'tis a pity, for to-morrow you might have been present at a fine spectacle:—the heads of the three clowns who caused the city to hold out will fall from their lifeless trunks in the grand square."

So saying, he galloped off, without even taking leave of the duke whom he left alone awaiting the arrival of his escort. From his commanding position, he watched the king's course towards the city, a page following him, who, in lieu of a standard, bore a fox tail at his lance's point. Advancing to meet him there appeared the clergy, clad in their sacerdotal habits and carrying various relics. Chanting as they pursued their way, they conducted the conqueror to the grand cathedral church of Notre Dame, where, kneeling before the high altar, Henry offered up thanks-givings for his victory, thus taking possession of the city of Rouen, seized 215 years before, by Philip Augustus, grandfather of Saint-Louis, from John-sans-terre, (Lackland), when, on occasion of his nephew Arthur's death, the possessions of the English monarch were sequestered.

The duke of Brittany having been, meanwhile, rejoined by his suite, mounted his horse, threw a last glance over the humiliated city, heaved a deep sigh as he contemplated the dark future of unhappy France, and galloped off, without venturing a second gaze.

On the morrow, in accordance with the king of England's stern decree, Alain Blanchard lost his head in the public square of Rouen. Robert de Linet and Jean Jourdain purchased their lives.

Guy, the traitor, received the appointment of lieutenant under the duke of Gloucester, who assumed the government of the subdued city. This prince took an oath of fidelity to Henry, who, two months subsequently, presented him, as a free gift, (in recompense for his services) with the castle and estates of the widow of messire
La Roche-Cuyon, killed at the battle of Azincourt. As regarded the English monarch, this severe act was, indeed, but one of justice, for this noble and beautiful young woman had refused to take the oath of allegiance towards king Henry. She had two children, the eldest but seven years of age; she possessed a princely château with a fortune which a duchess might have envied; she lived on her estates in the midst of her vassals, encompassed with sovereign luxuries; yet she abandoned all, castle, lands and vassals; took with her her lovely children, one in either hand, and, clad in a simple linen robe, begged bread along the highways for herself and her little ones; and this, rather than become the wife of Guy-le-Boutillier and thereby deliver herself up to the ancient and mortal enemies of France.

If we have been considered diffuse in relating the particulars of this remarkable siege of Rouen, we confess that we have largely spoken, since the taking of that city was a fatal event which gave birth to a speedy and terrible echo throughout the kingdom. Reckoning from that day, England may be said to have actually placed both feet on the territory of France, possessing as she did the two extremes of the kingdom, Guyenne by fealty and homage—Normandy by right of conquest. The armies of the enemy had only indeed to march towards each other, unite in the centre of France, and pierce her as a sword would transfix the heart.

The disgrace attending the loss of Rouen rested on the duke of Burgundy, who beheld the fall of this capital city, without stretching forth, as he might, a saving, or, at least a helping hand. His friends knew not by what name to designate this strange inertness; his enemies called his conduct, treason.

The partisans of the dauphin were now furnished with new weapons against the duke; for if he had not traitorously delivered her up, he had at least permitted Rouen to be taken, so that the English could almost uninteruptedly enter Paris: so great and so universal were, indeed, the feelings of terror throughout Normandy, that twenty-seven of her cities opened their gates upon hearing of the fall of their capital.

On beholding these events, and finding that the enemy was within thirty leagues of Paris, the parliament, university and burgesses sent an embassy to duke John, imploring him to return with the king, queen, and all his forces to defend the capital of the kingdom. The duke’s sole reply, was the sending to them, Philippe, count de Saint-Pol, a youth of fifteen years of age, with the title of king’s lieutenant, and invested with the charge of conducting the war in Normandy, the Ile-of-France, Picardy, the bailiwicks of Senlis, Meaux, Melun and Chartres. When they saw the child sent to defend them, the Parisians thought themselves, and with good reason, abandoned, like their brethren of Rouen; so that no less in the capital, than amongst the proscribed of Rouen, there arose loud murmurs impugning the honor of the duke of Burgundy.

CHAP. XXVIII.

THE TREATY OF TROYES.

One fine morning in the beginning of May, in the following year (1420), an elegant barge, with prow fashioned in the form of a swan’s neck, poop shaded by a fleur-de-lis tent, surmounted with a flag bearing the arms of France, and impelled by ten rowers, aided by a little sail, was seen gently gliding, like an aquatic bird, over the surface of the river Oise. The curtains of this tent were open to the south, that the morning rays of an early May-day sun, together with the first balmy breath of the genial and refreshing atmosphere of early spring might refresh the inmates, who were on every other side completely sheltered by this ornamental canopy. Beneath the tent were two women seated, or, rather, reclining, upon a rich carpet of blue velvet embroidered with gold, which was supported by cushions of similar fabric, whilst a third was standing respectfully behind them.

It would, indeed, have been difficult to have found throughout the French dominions, three women worthy to dispute the palm of loveliness with the individuals here fortuitously brought together, who, all, equally beautiful, displayed, each, charms of perfectly distinct and varied character.
The eldest of the lovely trio is already known to our readers by previous description, as well as by her portrait; but at that moment her pale and haughty countenance was tinged with a fictitious glow, borrowed from the crimson tent behind which the sun chanced to be shining, the coloring lending to her physiognomy an unusual expression—this personage was Isabel of Bavaria.

The girl sat on her knees, her tiny hands clasped in one of her parent's, whose black jetty hair, escaping from a golden circlet, hung in clustering curls, which were begemmed with pearls; from whose eyes, softly fringed as those of Italia's daughters, gleamed forth half smiling glances, so sweetly playfull as well nigh to seem at variance with their deep dark hue—this was the youthful Catherine—the white gentle dove, about to be sent forth from the ark to plant the olive branch of peace between two jarring nations.

The third, who stood behind these two, was Mademoiselle de Thian, dame de Gic; who, with fair and blooming head, half resting on her uncovered shoulder, slight figure, apparently too fragile to sustain her against the gentlest breeze, lips and feet of infantile proportions, form aerial, aspect angelic, completed the beautiful group.

Standing opposite to her whom we have last described, leaning against the mast, one hand resting on the hilt of his sword, the other holding a cap of velvet, mantled—"a man is contemplating this living picture of Albani; this was Duke John of Burgundy.

The sire de Gic had been desirous of remaining at Pontoise. To him had been entrusted the care of the king's person; and, although Charles was convalescent, yet was he far from capable of taking part in the conferences about to be shortly holden. In every other respect no change had taken place in the relative positions of the duke, the sire de Gic, and his wife, since the scene we endeavored accurately to depict in a former chapter. The two lovers, with eyes fixed upon each other, silent, and wrapt in one all-engrossing single thought—that of their mutual passion—were still no less unconscious that they had been watched than discovered, on that night when the sire de Gic disappeared in the depths of the forest of Beaumont, carried by his faithful Ralf in the track of his mysterious companion.

The barge, as she floated down the river, had nearly reached the spot where her passengers were to disembark, and there might be already perceived, in the little plain situate between the city of Melun and the river Oise, a number of tents, some surmounted with a pennon bearing the arms of France, others with a standard displaying those of England. These tents had been pitched opposite each other, at about a hundred paces distance, so as to resemble two camps. In the centre of the intervening space an open pavilion had been erected, with two opposite doors facing an enclosure, which was shut in by solid gates, fenced around with stakes and deep ditches. This enclosure completely bounded the camp above described; each of its barriers were, moreover, guarded by a thousand men, the one body composed of the troops of France and Burgundy, the other English.

At ten o'clock in the morning the gates of the enclosure were simultaneously opened at either extremity: clarions sounded, and while from the French side those personages advanced whom we have already seen on board the barge, king Henry V. of England, accompanied by his brothers, the dukes of Glocester and Clarence came from the other to meet them.

In this manner the two royal parties progressed towards the centre pavilion—on the duke of Burgundy's right was the queen, on his left madame Catherine; king Henry was supported by his two brothers, the earl of Warwick following at a few paces distance behind them.

On arriving beneath the pavilion, where the proposed interview was to take place, the king respectfully saluted madame Isabel, kissing her on both cheeks, as well also as the princess Catherine. As for the duke of Burgundy he slightly bent his knee. Taking him by the hand Henry raised him up, and these two powerful princes and valiant knights brought face to face, silently regarded each other for some moments with the curiosity natural to men who had so often longed for an encounter in a field of battle. Each well knew how to appreciate the strength and power of the hand he
grasped; for one had merited the name of _sans-peur_ or "Fearless," while the other had won the epithet of "Conqueror."

The king soon, however, devoted himself entirely to the princess Catherine, whose prepossessing countenance had at first excited his admiration when the cardinal des Ursins presented him with her portrait, before the walls of Rouen. He accordingly led her, together with the queen and duke, to the seats prepared for their reception, he himself taking a place opposite to them, and motioning the earl of Warwick to come forward and serve as his interpreter. The latter, advancing, prostrated one knee to the earth.

"Madame the queen," said he, in the French language, "you have been desirous of an interview with our gracious sovereign, king Henry, to negotiate a peace between the two kingdoms, of which my lord the king is equally desirous as yourself. The king has, therefore, hastened to be present at such meeting. Behold! you are now in each other's presence, having, even as God, the fate of nations in your grasp. Speak, madame, the queen! Speak, monsieur, the duke! and may God graciously put into your royal and sovereign mouths words of divine conciliation."

At a signal from the queen, the duke of Burgundy arose, and in his turn commenced speaking: "We have received," said he, "the king's demands, consisting of three several clauses, viz.—the execution of the treaty of Brittany, the relinquishment of Normandy, and absolute sovereignty over all the territory ceded under that treaty. Behold the answers to these conditions resolved upon by the council of France."

The earl of Warwick hereupon took the parchment, which the duke presented for his perusal.

King Henry next demanded a day for the examination of this important document and appending thereto such observations as occurred to him; then he rose, and offering his hand to the queen and the princess Catherine, recondemned them to their tent with every mark of respect and courteous tenderness, sufficiently betokening the deep impression produced on his mind by the fair daughter of the kings of France.

Another conference took place on the morrow, which was not graced by the presence of madame Catherine.

The king of England showing evident signs of discontent, returned back to the duke of Burgundy the parchment he received on the preceding day, and in a brief space of time the interview terminated coldly.

King Henry had added, with his own hand, beneath each requisition of the council such exorbitant conditions, that neither the queen nor the duke dared take upon them the responsibility of acceptance.†

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• The treaty of Brittany was that whereby king John was restored to liberty.

† The following are the replies of the council, and the king of England's marginal additions:

Art. 1st. The king of England shall renounce his claim to the crown of France.

_The king consents if this clause be added:_ except with regard to such territory as shall be ceded by the treaty.

2nd. He shall renounce claim to Touraine, Anjou, Maine, and the sovereignty of Brittany.

_This article does not please the king._

3rd. He shall swear that neither he, himself, nor any of his successors will at any time receive, or, under any pretense consent to the transfer of the crown of France from any person who may have, or lay pretended claim thereto.

_The king is content, provided that the opposite party will swear the same thing with regard to the territories and possessions of England._

4th. He shall cause these, his renunciations, promises and engagements, to be registered, in such fitting form as to the king of France and his council may seem meet.

_This article pleaseth not the king._

5th. Instead of Ponthieu and Montereul, the king of France shall be permitted to give some equivalent in some other and such part of his kingdom as he may judge most expedient.

_This article pleaseth not the king._

6th. There being in Normandy divers fortresses still uncaptured by the king of England, but which, however, would belong to him of right, he shall, for the quiet closing of these, relinquish all his other conquests in whatever part of the kingdom they may be: each individual shall be permitted to return to the enjoyment of his property, wheresoever situate; that an alliance moreover be contracted between the two kings.

_The king approves, provided that the Scotch and rebels be not comprized in this negotiation._

7th. The king of England shall restore the 600,000 crowns given to king Richard as the dowry of Madame Isabelle, and pay 400,000 crowns for the jewels of that princess, which are retained in England.

_The king will fulfill this article by remitting the remainder of king John's ransum, but cannot at the same time help remarking, that Madame Isabel's Jewels are not worth one quarter of the sum demanded for them._
They, therefore, dispatched them to Pontoise, that they might be submitted to the king, at the same time urging upon his acceptance, a peace, at whatever price obtained; being, as they declared, the only means of saving the monarchy.

The king of France was, at this time, in one of those seasons of returning reason, which might be compared to the first rays of morning light, when the day, struggling with the yet waning night, displays the outline of each object only in a vague and fanciful form. Nought save the highest mountain summits are enlightened by the sun’s rays, while the plain is enwrept in gloom. Thus, in the bewildered head of the unhappy king, primitive thoughts, thoughts of general instinct and self-preservation, were the first to attract the rays of light shed over his mind by returning reason, leaving in darkness all ideas of uncertain interest and abstract policy. These moments of transition, consequent upon each grand physical crisis, were always accompanied by a weakness of mind, and an entire abandonment of the will, which caused the infirm monarch to acquiesce in every demand, however opposite to his personal interest or that of the kingdom. It was, however, in those hours of convalescence that he most sensibly felt the need of sentiments of endearment and repose, whose continuance could alone restore to his frame, worn and harassed as it was by intestine and foreign wars, those hours of tranquillity which were so greatly needed in his state of premature old age. Doubtless, had he been but a simple burges residing within his own good city; if different circumstances had brought him into his present afflicted state, the affectionate care of an attached and beloved family would have procured for him that calm of mind and bodily repose, which might for many years have prolonged his fragile existence; but fate had, unhappily, made him a king!

Factions roared even at the foot of his throne, like the lions around Daniel. Of his three eldest sons, the kingdom’s triple hope, two had been cut off in early youth, and he had never dared examine into the causes of their death; one alone was left him, a fair-haired youth, whose image would often in fancy visit him during his attacks of delirium, mingling, like an angel of love and consolation, with the demons of his disordered imaginings. And now, alas! even he, the last child of his bosom, the last shoot from the royal and ancient stock; even he, who, when his father was abandoned by his attendants, forgotten by the queen, and despised by his powerful vassals, would sometimes, in the hour of night, glide into his gloomy and deserted chamber, consoling him with words of endearment, warming his hands by his breath, smoothing his ruffled brow with his kisses; even him, also, had the arm of civil war cruelly seized and thrust far away from his presence; and, ever since this separation, whenever there arose a struggle between mind and matter, reason and madness, and the former had gained the mastery, every circumstance conspired to abbreviate those lucid intervals during which the king was wont to re-assume the supreme power from out of the hands of those who were so fatally abusing it; while, on the contrary, no sooner did madness, like a half-vanquished enemy, resume her ascendancy, than she found faithful auxiliaries in the queen, the duke, nobles and servitors, all, in short, who were glad to reign in the king’s stead, when the king himself could no longer govern.

Charles felt at once the extent of these evils, and his incapability to apply a remedy. He beheld his kingdom torn by three contending factions, which needed but a strong hand to bring them into subjection; never, he knew, was the kingly authority more requisite, whilst he, a poor madman, bowed down by years of suffering, could scarce be regarded as even a shadow of royalty; in short, like a man suddenly overtaken by an earthquake, he heard the grand edifice of feudal monarchy wholly breaking up around him, and, sensible alike that he had neither strength to support the falling dome, nor power to flee from the threatening ruins, he bowed his hoary head, submissively awaiting the coming shock.

The appended conditions by the king of England, together with the duke of Burgundy’s message, had been sent to Charles; his attendants had all left his chamber, and as to his ancient courtiers they had long ceased to flutter about his court. He had perused the fatal parchment, compelling legitimacy to treat with conquest; he had raised the pen to affix his signature, when, in the very act of writing the seven letters of his name, he called to mind that each of these letters would cost him a pro-
inence: then, throwing away the pen with a cry of agony, he sunk his head between his hands, exclaiming, "My God, and Louis! have pity on me!"

Charles, for the space of an hour, had been wholly absorbed in a species of dolorous musing, endeavoring, from amidst a multitude of incoherent thoughts, to seize on that manifold volition, or determination of purpose, which his irritated brain had neither power to follow, nor arrest, and which, in continually escaping, served but to awaken a thousand new and totally unconnected thoughts. With a painful consciousness that in the midst of this chaos his remaining portion of reason was about to take its departure, he pressed his head between his hands, as though to prevent its flight; the ground seemed to revolve beneath him; a singing noise rang in his ears; flickering lights seemed to be passing before his closed eyes, till, at last, he felt infernal madness pouncing (and, as it were, in bodily shape) upon his bald head, gnawing his skull with fangs of fire.

At this critical moment his door (guarded by the sire de Giac) was opened softly; a youth glided in, moving lightly as a shadow; went and leant upon the back of the old man’s fauteuil, and having contemplated him for a moment with feelings of intermingled compassion and respect, bent down and uttered in his ear these two only words—"My father!"

Magical was the effect produced on him to whom those words were addressed: at the well-remembered sounds his hands separated, he raised his head, and, with body still inclining forward, lips breathlessly apart, eyes fixed, he dared scarcely turn round, so fearful was he of having fancied, rather than really heard, the halting words that met his ear.

"'Tis I, my father," again repeated that gentle voice; and the youth, coming round from behind the fauteuil, gently knelt down upon the cushion whereon the king’s feet were resting.

The latter looked at him for a moment with a haggard, doubting gaze; then uttering a cry, he threw his arms around the young man’s neck, and pressing his head to his bosom, kissed his fair hair with a fervor of affection nigh amounting to phrenzy. "Yes! yes!" exclaimed he, in a voice broken by sobs, "Yes, my son, my child, my Charles!" and the tears streamed copiously from his eyes; "Oh! my beloved child, ‘tis thou, then—thou! in thine old father’s arms!—is it—can it, indeed, be thou? Speak to me, speak to me once, again . . . always."

Then the king removed his hands from the youth’s head, and gazed with haggard look into his son’s eyes: the latter, speechless, because his voice was choked by tears, whilst, at the same time, he both smiled and wept, motioned with his head that his father had not deceived himself.

"And how hast thou come?" enquired the afflicted Charles; "By what road hast thou found thy way hither? what dangers for my sake hast thou run—and to see me yet again? Oh! blessings on thy head, my child, for thy dutiful heart; and may God, too, bless thee, even as doth thy father!" and the poor king again and again fervently kissed his son’s brow. "‘My father," said the dauphin, “we were at Meaux when we heard of the conferences about to be opened for negotiating a peace between France and England, and at the same time we also knew, that suffering from sickness you were wholly unable to be present at the interview."

“And how didst thou learn that?"

"By one of our friends, my father, devoted alike to your person and to me; through him, indeed, to whom is entrusted the nightly guard of yonder door;" and, as he spoke, he pointed to the door through which he had entered.

"By aid of the sire de Giac!" uttered the king, in a paroxysm of alarm. — The dauphin bent his head in the affirmative.

"But this man is in the duke’s interest," continued Charles, with increasing consternation; "this man, perchance, has brought thee hither, for the sake only of betraying thee!"

"Fear nothing, my father," returned the dauphin, "the sire de Giac is devoted to us."

The firm tone of conviction in which the dauphin spoke, in some measure reassured the king.
"And when thou hadst learnt I was alone .......?" resumed the care-worn monarch.

"Then I resolved to see thee again, my father; and Tanneguy, who had himself affairs of importance to transact with the sire de Giae, consented to accompany me; moreover, for better security, two other valiant knights joined themselves to our company."

"Tell me their names," earnestly entreated the king, "that I may lock them up in my heart's remembrance.

"The sire de Vignolles, called La Hire, and Pothon de Xaintrailles. This morning, at ten o'clock, we set out from Meaux, making a circuitous route for Paris, by way of Louvres, where we took fresh horses, and, by nightfall, arrived at the city gates, where Pothon and La Hire awaited us—the sire de Giae's letter served us as a passport of safety, and, without awakening any suspicion whom we might be, through the kindness of de Giae, by whom it has been opened, I have gained entrance at this door; and behold, my father! behold me at thy feet—in thy very arms!"

"Yes, yes," said the king, letting his hand fall heavily on the parchment which he was about to sign when interrupted by the dauphin, which document contained the onerous conditions of peace already mentioned—"yes, I behold thee, my child, coming to me and saying, as the guardian angel of my kingdom—'King, deliver not France into the hands of her enemy'—coming hither, as my son, and exclaiming:—'Father, preserve my heritage!' Oh, kings! . . . . . kings! they are far less free than the meanest of their subjects; they have to render account to their successors; nay, more, to France herself, of the patrimonies inherited by them from their ancestors. Alas! Alas! when, as full soon will happen, I shall find myself face to face with my royal father, Charles, the Wise, what a fatal account shall I not have to render him of the kingdom which I received at his hands—a kingdom rich, peaceful, and powerful, and which I shall be forced to leave thee, my son, impoverished, harassed, and torn piecemeal! Ah! thou hast come hither to say to me—'consent not to that fatal peace; 't is not so? thou hast come hither purposely for this.'"

"Truly, my father," this peace is alike disgraceful and ruinous," uttered the dauphin, who had just glanced over the parchment whereon the conditions were inscribed; "Yes," continued he, with extreme devotion, "sooner than sign any such treaty with the English, I, myself, and my friends, would fight inch by inch, until we shivered our sword-blades upon the helmets of the English—aye, even up to the very hilts, and we would fall to the last man on this our territory of France, rather than consent to deliver it over to our ancient enemy. . . . Yes, my father, this is, indeed, true."

Charles VI. took up the parchment with a trembling hand, looked at it for some time; then, by a spontaneous movement, tore it in twain.

At this satisfactory conclusion the dauphin fell devotedly upon his parent's neck.

"So be it," exclaimed the king; "and, since thus it is, let there be war; better far to lose a battle than to obtain a shameful peace."

"The God of battles, my father, will fight for us."

"But—if the duke should desert our standard, and pass over to the English!"

"I will hold conference with him," replied the dauphin.

"Why, my son, thou hast hitherto refused every interview."

"Now, I will ask one."

"And Tanneguy?"

"Will grant my wish, my father; may more, he will be the bearer of my request; and his influence will support my wishes; then will the duke and myself turn upon these accursed English, and drive them before us back to their vessels. We are blessed with noble warriors, loyal soldiers, and a righteous cause; more power, my lord and father, than the contest requires—and if God but graciously vouchsafe to bestow upon us a single ray of his favor, we shall yet be saved."

"May the Lord of Heaven hear thee!" responded Charles.—"At all events," he continued, taking up the torn parchment—"come what may, this is my answer to the king of England."

"Sire de Giae!" cried the dauphin, instantly, with a loud voice!

Raising the tapestry which hung suspended before the door, the sire de Giae entered.
"Here," said the dauphin—"behold the reply to king Henry’s propositions.—To-
morrow, you shall carry it to the duke of Burgundy, together with this letter, wherein
I ask him to grant me an interview for the purpose of parleying as true and loyal friends
concerning the affairs of this unhappy kingdom."

De Giac made obeisance, took both the letters, and quitted the apartment without
replying.

"And, my father," resumed the dauphin, approaching the king, "what is there
now to prevent you from shaking off the trammels of the queen and the duke? What
prevents you from accompanying us? Wheresoever you may be, there, will France,
be also. Consent,—with us you will meet, on the part of my friends, nought but
devotion and respect; from myself—all the love and dutiful attention of a son.—
Come, my father!—we are still possessed of good and well defended cities, Meaux,
Poitiers, Tours, Orleans; and rather shall their ramparts be battered to powder—
their garrisons slaughtered, and myself and friends fall, even to the last man, around
the entrance to your chamber, than ought of harm should overtake you."

The king looked at his son with tenderness.

"Yes, yes," he replied, "I know it, thou wouldst do all that thou hast promised
. . . . but it is impossible for me to accept your offer; go, my eagle, thy wing is
youthful, strong and swift, go—and leave within his nest the aged eagle, whose pini-
ons are broken and whose talons are blunted by years;—go, my child! and be satis-
fied that thy presence has at least afforded me one night of happiness; be content that
thy caresses have averted the madness that was hovering over my brain; go, my son!
and for the good that thou hast done me—may God bountifully reward thee."

Then the king arose, compelled from fear of a surprise to shorten those rare mo-
ments of happiness in his afflicted life which were created by the presence of the only
being who loved him. He conducted the dauphin to the door, clasped him, again,
to his heart; and the father and son, who were destined never again to meet, ex-
changed a last adieu, and last embrace.—Young Charles departed.

"Be satisfied," at the same moment, said de Giac, addressing Tanneguy: "I will
lead him under your axe, even as a bullock beneath the butcher’s club."

"Who?" asked the dauphin, suddenly appearing beside them.

"No one," my lord," coolly responded Tanneguy Duchâtel; "the sire de Giac was
only relating a circumstance which occurred many years ago,"—and, as he spoke,
Tanneguy and de Giac exchanged looks of mutual understanding.

De Giac conducted them past the city gates, and, in about ten minutes, they re-
joined Pothon and La Hire, who were awaiting them.

"Well!" said the latter, "the treaty?"

"Torn," replied Tanneguy.

"And the interview?" continued Pothon.

"Will take place here, shortly, God permitting; but for the present, my lords, I
believe our most important object is to press forwards; for, to-morrow, by day-break
we must be at Meaux, if we would avoid a skirmish with those accursed Burgun-
dians."

The little troop seemed convinced of the justice of this observation, and the four
horsemens set off as rapidly as their heavy battle-steeds could carry them.

On the morrow, the sire de Giac repaired to Melun, charged with his double mis-
sion to the duke of Burgundy, and entered the pavilion where that prince was hold-
ing conference with Henry of England and the earl of Warwick.

Duke John hastily broke the red silken thread fastening the letter which was pre-
vented by his favorite, and to which was appended the royal seal. Beneath the en-
velope he found the torn treaty, even as he had promised the dauphin:—the king
had sent only this answer.

"Our sire must needs be in one of his fits of delirium," said the duke, reddening
with anger; "for, God pardon him, he has torn that which he ought to have signed."

Henry looked steadfastly at the duke, who had formally pledged his word in the
king’s name.

"Our sovereign," returned de Giac, calmly, "has never been more sound either
in mind or body, than he is at this moment."
"Then, 'tis I, who am an idiot," exclaimed Henry, rising, "for having believed in the promises of one who had neither the power, nor, perhaps, the will to keep his pledge."

At these words, duke John sprang bounding from his seat, each muscle of his face quivering, his nostrils dilated with rage, his breath pouring out with a roar like the hard breathing of an infuriated lion,—yet was he silent for lack of finding a suitable reply.

"'Tis well, my cousin," continued Henry—intentionally bestowing on John of Burgundy the appellation given him by the king of France; "'tis well, since now I can freely tell you, that we shall take from your king, by force of arms, that which he refuses to yield, voluntarily — both our portion of this land of France, and our place in his royal family; yes — we will have his cities and his daughter, together with all else that we have demanded, and will, moreover, drive him from his kingdom — you, from your dukedom."

"Sire," replied, in the same tone, the duke of Burgundy, "you speak with easy confidence, and in accordance with your own desires; but before my lord the king is driven from his dominions, and I, from my duchy, you will find, we doubt not, something that may weary your patience, and, possibly, instead of that which you imagine, you may have enough to do to defend yourself in your own island home."

With these words duke John turned his back upon the king of England, and, together with de Giac, without awaiting his answer or deigning a salute, left the pavilion by the door which opened towards the tents of his followers.

"My lord," said de Giac, after having proceeded a few steps, "I have yet another message."

"Carry it to the devil, if 'tis like the first!" exclaimed the duke, "I, for my part, have had enough in one to suffice me for the day."

"My lord," continued de Giac, in the same tone, "'tis a letter from monseigneur the dauphin, who purposes an interview."

"Ah! that will repair all," cried the duke, turning quickly round; "and where is that letter?"

"Here, my lord—" The duke snatched it from his extended hands, and greedily devoured its contents.

"Let the tents be taken down, and the enclosures razed," exclaimed the duke to the surrounding servitors and pages, "and, from this evening, not one trace shall remain of this accursed interview; — and you, my lords," he continued, addressing the nobles, who on hearing his words had issued from their tents, "you my lords, to horse! unsheathe your swords, and now for a war of extermination — war even to death to all these hungry wolves who have crossed the sea to assail us, and to that son of an assassin whom they call their king!"

CHAP. XXIX.

RETRIBUTION—OR, THE DEATH OF DUKE JOHN OF BURGUNDY.

ABOUT seven o'clock on the morning of the 11th of July following (1420), two rather numerous bodies of men, one, Burgundians coming from Corbeil, the other, French advancing from Melun, were seen marching in opposite directions as if resolved upon giving each other battle. What served to throw yet further probability upon this supposition was the circumstance that every precaution usually taken on like occasions, had, on the present been strictly observed on either side: both men and horses were panoplied in full armour; each squires and page bore a lance, and at each knight’s saddle-bow was suspended, at hand’s reach, either a battle-axe or truncheon. — Arrived near the castle of Pouilly, on the borders of the marches du vert, the two hostile forces first came within view of each other, and thereupon made a simultaneous halt. Vaisors were lowered, squires presented their lances and the two armies simultaneously recommenced their march with the slowness of precaution and mistrust. Arrived within about two bow-shots of each other, they again halted: then, on either side, eleven knights
advanced from their ranks, with visors lowered, leaving behind them, motionless as a 
brazen wall, their respective troops; approaching within only twenty paces of each other, 
they again halted; then, one man belonging to each party, dismounting from his horse, 
threw the bridle over the arm of his nearest comrade, and advanced on foot, with 
measured steps, so that he traversed, equally with his opponent, one-half of the in-
tervening space, in the same portion of time as the person he was meeting. When 
within four paces of each other, these two knights raised the visors of their helmets, 
and in one was beheld the dauphin Charles, duke de Touraine, in the other, John, 
"the Fearless," duke of Burgundy.

No sooner did duke John perceive that he who thus advanced to meet him was, 
indeed, the son of his lord and sovereign, than he made several obeisances and pros-
strated one knee on the ground. The youthful Charles immediately took him by the 
hand, kissed him on both his cheeks, and attempted to raise him; but the duke refused; 
saying, "my lord I know well in what position it is my duty to address you."

At length, however, the dauphin compelled him to rise; "Fair cousin," said he, 
at the same time presenting a parchment signed with his name and sealed with his 
seal, "if in this treaty drawn up between us, there be any article which accords not with 
your liking, we are desirous that you should alter it, and henceforth we would wish 
and will, that which you also wish and will yourself."

"Tis I, my lord, who would rather conform to your commands," replied the duke, 
"for it belongs both to my duty and my will to obey you henceforth in everything you 
desire."

After having thus spoken, each of the princes extending his hand on the cross of his 
sword in lieu of the gospel or some holy relic, swore to maintain a lasting peace.

Hereupon, the respective troops instantly advanced to rejoin their leaders, raising 
joyful shouts of Noël, Noël, and heaping curses, by anticipation, on the head of him 
who should ever again take up arms in so fatal a quarrel.

The dauphin and the duke then exchanged swords and horses, in token of fraternity; 
and when the dauphin mounted, the duke held his stirrup, although the former in-
treated him not to do anything of the sort; after which, riding onwards for some time, 
side by side, they discoursed amicably together, while French and Burgundians, in-
termining, followed in their train. Then, after having embraced one another a second 
time, they separated, the dauphin to return to Melun—the duke of Burgundy to Cor-
beil—the Dauphinois and Burgundians each following their respective masters.

Two men lingered behind all the others.

"Tanneguy," said one of them in a hoarse voice, "I have fulfilled my promise; 
hast thou performed thine!"

"Was it possible, messire de Giae," replied Tanneguy, "covered with iron and at-
tended as he was?—But, make yourself easy, for ere the year come to a close, we 
shall have a better opportunity of playing a more successful game."

"May Satan grant it!" exclaimed Giae.

"May God pardon the intent!" cried Tanneguy—and each spurring his horse, 
turned round, one to rejoine the duke, the other the dauphin.

On the evening of the same day, a violent storm burst forth on the very spot where 
the late conference had taken place, and a tree on the causeway, that, indeed, beneath 
which peace had been sworn, was splintered by a thunderbolt: many persons looked 
upon this event as an evil presage, and some, even, openly expressed their belief that 
the reconciliation was likely to be no more lasting than it was sincere. A few days sub-
sequently, however, the dauphin and the duke each published letters in ratification of 
the treaty.

The news of this pacification was received with extreme joy by the Parisians who 
thought that either the duke or dauphin would immediately return to Paris for their 
defence, an expectation in which they were nevertheless deceived. The king and 
queen had quitted Pontoise, leaving in that city, whose contiguity to the English was 
incompatible with their safety, a numerous garrison headed by the sire de L'Isle Adam. 
They retired to Saint Denis where the duke joined them, and the Parisians, seeing no 
preparations for marches against the English, fell, again, into despondency. As for 
the duke, he once more abandoned himself to that unaccountable apathy, of which the
lives of some of the bravest and most active of mankind occasionally furnish similar examples, and which, inmost instances, has proved an augural sign that their supreme hour of destiny was near at hand.

Letter after letter was written him by the dauphin, entreating him to defend Paris, whilst he himself should make a diversion on the frontiers of Maine; the duke, on receiving these missives, issued some few orders; then, as if feeling himself incapable of maintaining the struggle in which he had for twelve years contended, he would throw himself like a tired child at the feet of his beautiful mistress, and, in one sort glance of her fascinating eye lose all remembrance of the stirring world. It is the characteristic of passionate love, to regard with utter disdain every object in life which stands not prominently connected with this engrossing sentiment; because whilst every other passion springs from the head, this alone has root from the heart. It was not long, however, ere the murmurs which peace had for a season lulled to rest, again broke forth; vague rumours of treason began also to be circulated, and a new incident which occurred at this juncture served to invest the report with additional grounds for credibility.

Henry of Lancaster was well aware of the disadvantages likely to accrue to himself from this alliance between the duke and the dauphin, and, therefore, resolved upon making himself master of Pontoise before his two enemies should have had time to combine their movements. With this view, three thousand men, conducted by Gaston, second son of Archambault, count de Foix, who was a naturalised Englishman, set out from Melun on the evening of the 31st of July, and arrived at dead of night before the walls of the city of Pontoise. Silently placing scaling ladders against the ramparts, at some distance from one of the gates, they mounted the wall in succession, to the number of three hundred without being perceived by the watch; those who had thus ascended, then proceeded, sword in hand, towards the gate, killed the sentinel who guarded it, and admitted their comrades who defiled through the streets, shouting “Saint-George,” and “the city is taken!”

L’Ile Adam heard these cries, and well he knew them, as those he himself had uttered: starting from his bed, he hastily threw on his clothes, and was, indeed, but half dressed when the English came with thundering blows at the door of his habitation. He had but time to seize his heavy battle-axe, extinguish the lamp which might have served to betray him, and jump out of a window which opened into a court, at the critical moment when the English forced open the street door.

Hastening to his stables, L’Ile Adam vaulted without saddle or bridle, on the first horse that came to hand; darted through the portal then crowded with English, who were ascending to the chambers, and passed through the midst of them at a moment when his appearance was little looked for: with one hand he held by his horse’s mane, with the other he wielded his deadly battle-axe.

One Englishman, endeavoring to arrest his progress, fell before him with his skull cloven, and but for holding his bleeding body extended at their feet, so instantaneous was the occurrence, that his comrades might have believed they had beheld some apparition.

L’Ile Adam then galloped towards the Paris gate; it was shut, and such was the prevailing confusion that the porter could not find the keys; there was then no alternative but to hew down the gate, and L’Ile Adam instantly commenced the work. In his rear the flying citizens (momentarily augmenting in number) choked up the narrow street, all depending as their last hope, on the promptitude with which L’Ile Adam’s incessantly falling and uplifted axe should open them an outlet for escape.

Cries of despair were soon heard proceeding from the other extremity of the same street; the fugitives themselves had exhibited to their enemies the way they had taken: the blows resounding on the gate reached the watchful ears of the elated English, and, in order to overtake L’Ile Adam, they charged upon the unarmed crowd, who had no means of resistance, save the presence of their inert, but deep and solid masses, a compact living rampart, rendered more difficult to break through, from the frantic terror of those by whom it was composed. Speedily, however, did the men-at-arms, by aid of their lances, pierce through the multitude, and entire ranks were likewise swept down by the cross bow-men, whose arrows, surrounding the person of L’Ile Adam [Court Magazine]
Adam, stuck quivering in the gate—shaking, and groaning, but still resisting. The shouts and cries came every instant nearer, and the knight for a moment believed that the obstinate wooden rampart would hold out longer than that of flesh; the English were already within three lances' lengths of the spot where he was occupied, when the gate at length gave way, affording egress to a head-long rush of persons, in advance of whom L'Ile Adam's terrified steed bore him onwards with the swiftness of lightning.

When the ill-news reached the duke of Burgundy, instead of at once assembling an army and marching against the English, he placed the king, queen, and madame Catherine in a coach, himself mounted on horseback, and with the lords of his household retired to Troyes, leaving the count de Saint-Pôl, lieutenant of Paris, L'Ile Adam, governor, and M. Eustache Delaistre, chancellor of the city.

Two hours after the departure of the duke of Burgundy, the fugitives (from Pontoise) began to arrive at Saint Denis—truly, a most pitiable spectacle was presented by these wounded, bleeding, half-naked and famishing wretches, worn out by a seven leagues' march, during which they had not dared to snatch even an instant's repose. Their recital of the atrocities committed by the English was every where swallowed with extremity of greediness, and listened to with the utmost consternation; groups collected in the streets around the fugitives, when suddenly, on a cry of ‘the English! the English!’ reaching their ears, they would instantly disperse, each entering his house, fastening his windows, barricading his doors, and praying to God for mercy!

The English, however, thought less of following up their victory than of reaping its early fruits. The court's recent abode at Pontoise had converted it into a luxurious city; and L'Ile Adam, with other nobles who had enriched themselves at the taking of Paris, having made this place a storehouse for their treasures, the English collected by pillage upwards of two millions.

News at the same time transpired of the taking of Château-Gaillard one of the strongest citadels of Normandy. Olivier de Mauny was its governor, and though his garrison consisted solely of twenty gentlemen, he held out no less than sixteen months, and was at length compelled to yield by an unusual and unforeseen occurrence; the ropes used for drawing water from the wells, wearing thin, broke, and after enduring seven days' thirst, they at last surrendered to the earls of Huntingdon and Kaimes, who commanded the besiegers.

The dauphin, who was at Bourges, collecting his army, was apprised at the same time with the honorable surrender of Château-Gaillard, and the sudden surprise of Pontoise—his informants taking care to represent that the latter city had been sold to the English, a report which possessed some appearance of foundation from the fact that the duke of Burgundy had entrusted its care to one of his most devoted adherents, and that this noble, although a man of acknowledged bravery, had permitted the town to be captured without having taken any ostensible measures for its defence. The duke’s enemies, who surrounded the dauphin, greedily seized on this opportunity for re-awakening in the prince’s mind those suspicions which they had been long making it their business to engender. These men, in lieu of a false and treacherous alliance, all urged him to a rupture of the recent treaty, and to substitute a frank and honorable war. Tanneguy, alone, notwithstanding his well-known hatred of the duke, implored the dauphin to propose a second interview before having recourse to any hostile demonstrations.

The resolution taken by the dauphin was one adopted to meet the views of both; he repaired forthwith to Montereau with a force of twenty thousand combatants, and thus prepared, was willing to treat, should the duke accept the proffered interview, or recommence hostilities in case of refusal. Tanneguy, who, to the great astonishment of all those acquainted with his resolute character, had always been friendly to conciliatory measures, was despatched to Troyes, where, as already stated, the duke then was, carrying with him letters signed by the dauphin fixing on Montereau as the place for holding another interview, and as there was no accommodation in the castle for Duchâtel and his suite, the sire de Giac hospitably entertained him.

The duke accepted the proposed interview, on condition, however, that the dauphin should repair to Troyes where the king and queen then were. Tanneguy then returned to Montereau.

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The dauphin and those about his person, interpreted the duke's reply into a declaration of war, and, accordingly, proposed an instant appeal to arms. Tanneguy, alone, indefatigably and obstinately bent on opposing every hostile measure, offered the dauphin to be the bearer of new propositions. Those who knew the deadly hatred rankling in Duchâtel's heart against duke John, were more than ever puzzled at his conciliatory measures, and firmly believing that, like many others, he, too, had been gained over to the opposite party, hesitated not imparting their suspicions to the dauphin, but the latter immediately reported them to Tanneguy—saying—"Thou would'st not betray me—would'st thou, my father?"

A letter, at length, arrived from the sire de Giac, who stated, that, solely owing to his persuasions, the duke was daily growing less averse to treat with the dauphin; which communication greatly astonished every body, Tanneguy excepted, who seemed to have expected a similar reply.

Hereupon, Duchâtel, in the dauphin's name, returned to Troyes, and proposed the bridge of Montereau to the duke, as he most convenient place for the contemplated meeting. He was fully authorised by him to engage for the relinquishment to the duke of the castle and right bank of the Seine, with liberty to the latter to put into the above fortress, and the houses built on the banks of the river, as strong a force as he might deem necessary for his security; the dauphin reserving for himself the city and left bank of the river; the tongue of land situate between the Yonne and the Seine, was to be left as neutral ground, belonging to neither party; and as, with the exception of an isolated mill on the banks of the Yonne, the peninsula was, at that period, densely inhabited, there was not the slightest danger of surprise in that quarter.

The duke accepted the above conditions, promising to set out for Bray-sur-Seine on the 9th of September—the proposed interview being fixed for the 10th—and the sire de Giac, who still possessed the duke's confidence, was selected by him to accompany Tanneguy Duchâtel, that every precaution might be adopted.

It were now well for our readers to throw a glance over the topographical position of the city of Montereau, that they may, as far as possible, render themselves spectators of a scene enacted on the bridge of that town, a site, to which, also, Napoleon, in the year 1814, attached a second historical recollection.

The town of Montereau is situate at about twenty leagues from Paris, at the confluence of the Yonne and Seine, and at the spot where the former river loses its name as it falls into the waters of the latter. If, on setting out from Paris, one should ascend, following the course of the river which passes through this city, on arriving at Montereau he will perceive, on his left, the lofty mountain of Survile, on which stands the castle, and, at its foot, a kind of faubourg, separated from the town by the passing stream, whose bank, on this side, was offered to the duke of Burgundy.

Directly facing, he will observe similar in shape to the most acute angle of the letter V, and nearly in the same position as the point of the Pont-Neuf at Paris, whereon the Templars were burnt, the tongue of land by which the duke must have arrived in coming from Bray-sur-Seine, a peninsular gradually enlarging between the river and stream which surround it, until, reaching that spot where the Seine spouts forth from its bed at Baigneux-les-Juifs, the Yonne takes its source not far distant from the site of the ancient Bibraictium, where, now, arises the town of Autun.

On the right he will behold the entire city gracefully reposing in the midst of her harvest fields and vineyards, which form a richly variegated carpet stretching far around, till lost to sight in the fertile plains of the Gâtinais.

The bridge, on which the interview was to take place, unites the faubourg with the city, crossing, first, the river, then the stream, and, at their point of junction, placing one of its massive feet on the top of the tongue of land already mentioned.

The spot appointed for the interview was on the right of the bridge, and above the river Yonne, where a sort of wooden building, with two doors opposite each other, closed on either side by a triple-barred barrier, had been erected: two other barriers had, also, been raised, one, at the extremity of the bridge, on the city side, the other, a little way on the road by which the duke was to approach. All these preparations were hastily completed during the day of the 9th of September.
Our human nature is, at once, so weak and so presumptuous, that whenever one of those grand events takes place, which convulses an empire, changes a dynasty, or overthrows a kingdom, we are apt to fancy that Heaven, interested in the workings of our puerile passions and the display of our paltry dissensions, will sometimes change the course of the stars, the order even of the seasons,* and send us certain tokens, by means of which, man, but for his own blindness, might be enabled to escape from impending ruin: perhaps, also, after the occurrence of great catastrophes, those who survive them, those who have witnessed their accomplishment, on recalling to memory various trifling circumstances by which these events have been preceded, are apt to discover, therein, a certain coincidence with the catastrophes in question, which nothing but such occurrence has enabled them to trace, and but for which the preceding circumstances would have been totally lost sight of in that multitude of trifling incidents, which, possessing separately no individual importance, form, when united, that mysterious combination, composing what we denominate ‘human life.’

However this may be, the following details are drawn from the records of men living at the period when these remarkable events took place, confirmed moreover by the written narratives of those who succeeded them:—

At one o’clock in the afternoon of the 10th of September, 1419, the duke took horse in the court of his temporary abode at Bray-sur-Seine—having, on his right hand, the sire de Giac, on his left, the seigneur de Noailles. His favorite dog had howled piteously during the whole night, and, on seeing his master ready to set forth, had rushed from out of the place to which he was chained, his eyes flashing fire, and the hair of his skin erect; at length, when the duke (having paid his last adieu to the dame de Giac, who, from a window watched the train departing) began to move onwards, the animal made so violent an effort that he broke his double iron chain; and, at the moment when the horse was on the point of stepping over the threshold of the gate, flew at his chest so savagely, and so cruelly bit it, that the steed, rearing, caused his rider to lose his stirrups: the impatient de Giac endeavored with his riding whip to drive the dog away, but the animal, altogether heedless of the lashes he received, again fastened on the throat of the duke’s horse; when, the latter believing him mad, threw at his head a small battle-axe, which had hung suspended from his saddle-bow. The dog howled, and rolled in dying agony on to the door-sill of the edifice as if still to prevent egress through the portal; the duke, with a regretful sigh, made his horse leap over the body of the faithful animal.

When the duke had proceeded about twenty paces, an aged Jew, who belonged to his household and pretended to magic art, appeared, suddenly, from behind a wall, arrested the duke’s horse by the bridle, and exclaimed—“My lord, in God’s name proceed no further!”

“What wouldst thou with me, Jew?” enquired the duke, stopping. “My lord,” returned the Jew, “I have passed the night consulting the stars, and astrology tells me, that if you go to Montecau you will never return;” and, whilst speaking, he held the duke’s horse’s bit to prevent his progress.

“What sayest thou to this, de Giac?” enquired the duke, turning towards his young favorite.

“I say,” replied the latter, his brow reddening with impatience, “I say that this Jew is a madman, who ought to be treated like your dog, unless, indeed, you desire that his foul contact with your person should subject you to an eight days’ penance.”

“Release me, Jew!” said the duke, musingly, at the same time gently motioning him to permit his progress.

“Back, Jew!” cried de Giac, violently thrusting his horse’s chest against the old man’s breast, and sending him ten paces backward—“Avaunt! Heardst thou not my lord duke command thee to release his horse’s bridle?”

The duke passed his hand over his brow as though to drive away some dark impending cloud, and, throwing a last glance on the Jew, as he lay stretched insensible by the highway side, proceeded on his road.

Three quarters of an hour, afterwards, the duke arrived at the castle of Montecau.

* On the 11th of September occurred so heavy a fall of snow, that the fields were covered to the depth of two or three inches, entirely destroying all the yet unhoused harvest.
Before dismounting, he ordered two hundred men-at-arms with a hundred archers to take up their quarters in the faubourg and invest the bridge-head: the command of this little troop was given to Jacques de la Lime, grand-master of the cross-bowmen.

At the same instant Tanneguy Duchâtel approached the duke, and apprized him that the dauphin had been awaiting him nearly an hour on the bridge. The duke replied that he was just about to repair thither, when, as he spoke, one of his servitors, in evident consternation, hastened up and whispered something in his ear. The duke turned anxiously towards Duchâtel.

"By God's holy Sabbath!" said he, "each seems, this day, in league to warn us of treason; Duchâtel, are you certain that our person runs not in danger; for it would be an evil deed herein to deceive us."

"Most redoubted seigneur," replied Tanneguy, "rather would I die accursed than commit treason towards you or any other; fear nothing, then, for my lord the dauphin intends no ill towards you."

"Well, then!" said the duke, "we will e'en proceed, putting our trust in God—here he raised his eyes towards Heaven—and, in you, also," he continued, fixing on Tanneguy one of those penetrating glances which belonged exclusively to himself—Duchâtel supported the look unfinishingly, without lowering his eyes.

Tanneguy then proceeded to present the duke with a parchment wherein the names of the ten persons who were to accompany the dauphin were inscribed in the following order:—the viscount de Narbonne, Pierre de Beauveau, Robert de Loire, Tanneguy Duchâtel, Barbazan, Guillaume le Bouteillier, Guy d'Avangour, Olivier Layet, Varennes and Frottier.

Tanneguy received the duke's list in exchange. Those on whom he had conferred the honor of following him were:—monseigneur Charles de Bourbon, the lord de Noailles, Jean de Fribourg, the lord de Saint-Georges, the lord de Montaigu, messire Antoine de Vergy, the lord d'Ancre, messire Guy de Pontarier, messire Charles de Lens and messire Pierre de Giac. Moreover, each of these individuals was to be accompanied by his secretary. Tanneguy went forwards bearing this scroll; behind him, the duke prepared to make the passage from the castle to the bridge; he was on foot and wore on his head a hood of black velvet, his only defensive armour consisting of a simple mail haubergeon, and his only offensive weapon a slender golden hilted sword* of rich workmanship.

On arriving at the head of the bridge, Jacques de la Lime informed him, that he had observed many armed men entering a house in the city adjoining the opposite extremity of the bridge, and that upon perceiving him, as he took up a position with his troop, those persons had hastily closed the windows.

"Go, de Giac, and see if this be true," said the duke, "I will await you here."

De Giac proceeded over the bridge, crossed the barriers, passed through the wooden erection and arrived at the house in question, the door of which he opened. Tanneguy was there, giving instructions to a troop of twenty soldiers who were completely armed.

"Well?" asked Tanneguy, perceiving him.

"Are you ready?" returned de Giac.

"Yes, let him now come."

De Giac, turning back, rejoined the duke.

"The grand master has been mistaken, my lord," said he, "there is no one in that house."

The duke advanced; having passed the first barrier, it was instantly closed behind him.—This circumstance re-awakened some suspicion in his mind, but perceiving Tanneguy and the sire de Beauveau advancing to meet him, he was determined not to draw back.

Then pronouncing his oath in a firm voice, he drew the attention of the sire de Beauveau to his slight coat of mail and slender sword; "You observe messire," said he, "how I have come equipped; but then," he continued, turning towards Duchâtel and striking him on the shoulder:—"You see in whom I trust."

* This sword is still shown at Montreave, where it hangs suspended in the church.
The young dauphin had already reached the wooden erection on the middle of the bridge: he was attired in a long robe of bright blue velvet trimmed with martin fur, and wore a hat in shape nearly resembling a modern hunting cap, the lower edge encircled by a small crown of golden fleurs-de-lis; the front and turnings were of similar fur to that which edged the robe.

Upon perceiving the prince, the duke of Burgundy's doubts instantly vanished; advancing straight towards him, the duke entered the tent, where his eye quickly discovered, that contrary to general custom, there was no barrier in the middle to separate the two parties; but he doubtless attributed the omission to forgetfulness and consequently passed it over without open comment.

When the ten accompanying nobles of his suite had, also, entered, the two barriers were closed.

The narrow tent scarcely afforded standing room for the four-and-twenty persons therein assembled, French and Burgundians being intermingled in the closest contact. The duke doffed his hood and bent his left knee to the ground before the dauphin.

"I am come, my lord," said he, "in accordance with your commands, although some persons have assured me, that you have demanded this interview solely for the purpose of heaping reproaches on my head, but feeling these censures in no wise merited, I would fain hope, my lord, that such is not the case."

The dauphin crossed his arms, neither offering to embrace nor raise the duke as at their first interview.

"You deceive yourself, my lord duke," said the young prince, in a tone of severity; "yes, we have, indeed, heavy reproaches to bring against you, for you have ill-performed the promise which you made us—you have permitted the seizure of my city of Pontoise, the key of Paris; and instead of throwing yourself into the capital, either to defend it, or die therein as a loyal subject in duty bound, you fled to Troyes."

"Fled, my lord!" re-echoed the duke, his whole frame quivering at this accusation.

"Yes, fled," repeated the dauphin, with great emphasis on the expression. "You have..." The duke arose, feeling, doubtless, in no wise desirous to hear more; and as, in the assumption of his humble posture, one of the chased ornaments of his sword—hilt had caught in the mail of his haubergeon, he endeavored to replace the weapon in its vertical position; the dauphin, perceiving his action, drew back a step, doubtful of the duke's intention in thus touching his sword.

"Ah! dost thou handle thy sword in the presence of thy master!" exclaimed Robert de Loire, throwing himself between the duke and dauphin. The duke attempted an explanation—Tanneguy Duchâtel stooped down, picked up a short axe which had been hidden behind the tapestry; then standing erect at his full height: "It is time," said he, raising his axe above the head of the devoted duke.

Duke John perceived the threatening blow, and would have parried it with his left hand, while carrying his right to the hilt of his sword; but he had not time to draw it: Tanneguy's axe fell, severing the duke's left hand, and, at the same blow it divided his face from the cheek bone down to the very chin.

Like a sturdy oak disdainful to fall, the duke remained for a moment in an upright position, when Robert de Loire plunged a poniard into his throat, leaving it quivering in the wound.

The duke uttered a cry, stretched forth his arms, and fell at de Giac's feet.

Loud was the clamour, and frightful the struggle which hereupon arose; for, in that confined tent, where two antagonists could scarcely have found room to engage in combat, twenty men were rushing furiously upon each other.

For a moment nought was distinguishable over the moving mass of heads, save uplifted hands, swords and axes—the French crying, "slay! slay! death to them! death!" while the Burgundians shouted, "treachery! treachery!—to the rescue!" Sparks flew from their clashing steel, blood issued from their ghastly wounds. The terrified dauphin was climbing over the barrier when the president Louvet, whom his cries had summoned to the spot, grasping him by the shoulders, dragged him away almost fainting into the town; the prince's blue velvet robe was completely saturated with the duke of Burgundy's blood, which had spouted forth over him.

Meanwhile, the sire de Montaigu, an adherent of the duke, had succeeded in scaling
the barrier, and was crying "To the rescue!" De Noailles was on the point of also clearing the inclosure, when Narbonne clave the back of his head, and falling outside the tent, almost instantaneously expired.

The seigneur de Sainte-Georges received a deep wound in the right side from the point of a battle-axe, and the seigneur d'Anere had his hand mutilated.

Within the tent, the strife and cries still continued unabated, and the combatants trampled over the dying duke whom none thought of succouring.

Hitherto, the dauphinois being better armed than their antagonists, had the advantage; but the shouts of the seigneur de Montaigu had summoned Antoine de Thoulongeon, Simon Otheliner, Sambutier and Jean d'Ermay, who hastened to the wooden fabric, and whilst three of them flung their swords to their friends within, the fourth commenced breaking down the barrier—the men who had been concealed within the house, now issued forth and hastened to the succour of their friends, the dauphinois. The Burgundians, finding all resistance useless fled through the broken barrier. The dauphinois pursued them, and only three persons were left within the bloody and deserted tent.

These were the duke of Burgundy lying extended in the agonies of death upon the ground, Pierre de Giac who, with folded arms coldly gazed on, and, lastly, Olivier Layet, who, compassionating the unhappy prince, had raised his haubergeon and was about to seize his sword and thereby terminate his sufferings. But de Giac would not have him yet freed from torture, since he appropriated every convulsion as a debt paid to himself; and perceiving Olivier's purpose, with a violent kick he sent his sword flying from his grasp. Olivier, looked up in astonishment—"Eh! Sang-Dieu!" said de Giac, with a malicious laugh, "prythee let the poor prince die quietly."

When the duke had at length heaved his last sigh, de Giac placed his hand upon his heart to assure himself that he was really dead; then, caring little for ought besides, he disappeared unnoticed.

The dauphinois, meanwhile, retraced their steps, after having pursued the Burgundians to the foot of the castle. They found the duke's body extended on the spot where they had left it, and, kneeling beside him in the pool of blood—the curate of Montcreau repeating prayers for the repose of the dead. The dauphin's followers would have seized the corpse and thrown it into the river, but the priest raising his crucifix over the duke, menaced with Heaven's indignation the first who should dare touch these poor remains from which the soul had been so violently expelled. Commerel, bastard of Tanneguy then detached from one foot of the corpse, a golden spur, swearing to wear it henceforward as an order of knighthood; and the dauphin's servants, following his example, tore off from his finger the numerous rings which covered his hands, as well as the magnificent golden chain which hung around his neck.

The priest remained in the tent till midnight; then, assisted by only two men, he bore the body to a mill adjacent to the bridge, placed it on a table, and continued to pray beside it till the morrow morning—at eight o'clock, the duke was interred in the church of Notre-Dame, before the altar of Saint-Denis: he was dressed in his doublet, and his riding boots; his cap was drawn over his face, and no religious ceremony was performed at his burial; twelve masses for the repose of his soul were, however, repeated during these three successive days, subsequent to his assassination.

Thus fell, by treachery, the powerful duke of Burgundy, surnamed the "Fearless."—Twelve years before, he had, with like treachery, and by blows of a similar kind to those which had, in turn, fallen on himself, assassinated his cousin the duke d'Orleans. He, too, commanded the left hand of his victim to be severed, and his own left hand had likewise fallen. His cousin's head had been split by an axe, and his own was laid open by a similar wound inflicted with similar weapons.—Persons of religious and credulous mind saw in this remarkable coincidence a direct fulfilment of those words of Christ:—"All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." Since the duke d'Orleans had fallen by this means, civil war, like a famished vulture, had been incessantly gnawing at the kingdom's heart. Duke John, himself, as if doomed to drag along with him the punishment of his homicide, had, never, since the perpetration of his great crime enjoyed one moment of repose; in point of renown he had suffered a thousand insults, his happiness had been blighted by a thousand storms, and he had been thus rendered distrustful, irresolute, and even fearful.
The axe of Tanneguy Duchâtel inflicted the first blow on the feudal edifice of the Capetian monarchy, and levelled with a mighty crash the strongest column of that powerful vassalage which supported its lofty roof: for an instant, the temple was heard to crack, and one might have supposed that it was about to fall, but there were yet other supporting pillars, the dukes of Brittany, the Counts d'Armagnac, the dukes of Lorraine and the kings of Anjou. The dauphin instead of a doubtful ally, such as the father had been, found in the son, an open enemy: the league between the count of Charolais and the English carried France to the edge of the precipice; but duke John's usurpation which involved the perpetual cession of Normandy and Guyenne to the English completed her destruction beyond a doubt.

As for Tanneguy Duchâtel, he was one of those few men of superior head and heart, of talent to plan and courage to execute, whom history has perpetuated in statues of bronze: his devotedness to the dynasty led him to become a murderer, and this, his virtue, was the root whence sprung his crime. He committed assassination for another's benefit, taking to himself the responsibility of the deed; this his act belonged to that class, excusable for the end in view, of which man cannot rightly judge, which God perhaps, alone, can duly appreciate. A simple knight, yet was it allotted that he should twice act upon, and wholly change the nearly accomplished destinies of the state: on the night when he bore away the dauphin from the hôtel Saint-Paul, he saved the monarchy; and on the day when he struck the duke of Burgundy at Montereau, he accomplished more—he preserved France herself.∗

CHAP. XXVII.

A HUSBAND'S VENGEANCE.

It has been already mentioned that the sire de Giac almost immediately quitted the bridge upon seeing the duke dead.

It was seven o'clock in the evening; the weather was lowering, the darkness was increasing; he unfastened his horse which he had left at the mill before spoken of, and, unaccompanied, took the road for Bray-Sur-Seine.

Notwithstanding the excessive cold which prevailed, spite too of the gloom which momentarily thickened more and more around him, horse and rider proceeded only at a walking pace. De Giac was absorbed in gloomy thoughts; the recent sprinkling of blood cooled not his brow; the duke's death had satisfied but one-half of his desires of vengeance, and the political drama wherein he had just played so active a part, although concluded for every one else, was to him fraught with a double catastrophe.

It was half-past eight before he reached Bray-Sur-Seine. Instead of passing through the village he took a circuitous route, fastened his horse without a garden wall, opened the gate, entered the house stealthily, and groped his way up a narrow winding staircase which led to the first floor. Upon reaching the last stair, a light glimmering through a half-opened door indicated his wife's chamber—reaching the threshold, he there beheld the beautiful Catherine seated alone, her elbow resting on a small carved table covered with fruits, her half emptied glass indicated that she had broken off from a slight repast, in order to indulge in one of those delightful reveries of a young and loving woman so grateful to the contemplation of its favored object, so bitter and harassing a spectacle, when furnishing presumptive evidence which cries aloud in the ear of jealousy:—"not for thee hath this repast been made, thou art not he on whom she is thinking."

De Giac could no longer endure this sight: so completely abstracted was his wife that he had already entered the chamber without her having heard him. With great violence he madly pushed to the door. Catherine screamed, and started instantly upon her feet, as though uplifted by some invisible hand grasping her hair. She recognized her husband.

∗ "Let us here, once for all," says M. Alex. Dumas, "observe, that in our summaries of reigns, epochs, or events, the opinions we express are purely personal, and not put forth with the remotest expectation of their becoming general, or from any hope of gaining proselytes."
"Ah 'tis thou!" said she, and, with immediate transition from the extreme of terror she gave an expression of joyous pleasure to her features.

De Giac looked with bitterness on that lovely creature so instantaneously alive to the softest impressions of the heart, and at this moment making her feelings so wholly subservient to the dictates of the understanding. He shook his head, and in silence seated himself near her; never had he at any time seen her look so beautiful.

She offered him her white and delicately moulded hand with fingers adorned with rings, her arms bare from the elbow being covered above it by large falling sleeves richly trimmed with fur and ruffles. De Giac took her extended hand, looked at it attentively, turned round the reversed signet in one of the rings—it was similar to that which produced the impression on the duke's letter—traced the device of a single star lost in a cloudy sky, and read the words engraved beneath it—La Même, murmured he; the device cannot be falsified.

Catherine, meanwhile, uneasy at her husband's scrutiny, strove anxiously to divert his attention. She passed her other hand over de Giac's brow; although pallid it was hot as fire.

"You are fatigued, my lord," said Catherine, "and require refreshment—would you that I summon an attendant?—This woman's repast," she continued, smiling, "is, in truth, somewhat too frugal for a hungry knight." Rising as she spoke, she grasped a small silver whistle for the purpose of calling one of her women, and was about carrying it to her lips when her husband arrested her hand.

"Thanks, madame, thanks," said de Giac, that which is here will fully suffice for my wants; give me only a glass."

Catherine went herself to supply what her husband wanted. During her absence, de Giac hastily drew from his bosom a small flask, and emptied the liquid into the half-filled glass which was upon the table; his wife returned without having observed what had happened in her absence.

"Here, my lord," said she, "pouring some wine into the fresh glass and presenting it to her husband—"here—drink to my health."

De Giac touched the glass with his lips, as though obeying her behest.

"Will you not continue your repast?" said he.

"I had already finished when you arrived," replied she.

De Giac knitted his brow and threw a glance on Catherine's glass—"At least, you will not, I hope, refuse," he continued, "to pledge me in my toast, as I have pledged you in your's"—and, as he spoke, he presented the poisoned glass to his wife.

"And what may this toast be, my lord?" enquired Catherine, taking the proffered goblet.

"To the duke of Burgundy!" replied de Giac. Catherine, not entertaining the slightest mistrust, bent her head, smilingly; carried the glass to her lips, and nearly quaffed it to the bottom; de Giac watched her movements with a fiendish expression of satisfaction,—no sooner had she finished, than he laughed aloud. This mysterious laughter caused Catherine to start and regard him with astonishment.

"Yes, yes," continued de Giac, as if replying to her mute interrogation of surprise; "yes—you have been so eager to obey me that you have not allowed me time to finish my toast."

"And what further?" asked Catherine, a vague sensation of fear now creeping over her; "was not the toast complete or did I not understand aught?—To the duke of Burgundy!" . . .

"Exactly madame; but I was about to add—'And that God might have more mercy on his soul, than men have had pity on his body.'"

"What say you?" exclaimed Catherine, suddenly turning pale, with eyes fixed and lips apart; "what say you?" again she asked with redoubled eagerness, while the glass escaping from her stiffening fingers, broke into a thousand pieces.

"I say," replied de Giac, "that duke John of Burgundy was assassinated, two hours since, on the bridge of Montceau."

Catherine uttered a loud scream, and, sinking down, fell into a chair which stood behind her.

"Oh! 'tis not true," exclaimed she, in accents of despair—"'tis not true."
"'Tis true," returned de Giac, coolly.
"Who has told it you?"
"I myself saw it."
"You?"
"I have seen him at my feet—hear you me, madam?—I have seen the duke writhing in agony, his blood flowing from five frightful wounds, dying without the presence of a priest or hope of salvation. — I have beheld the last sigh about to pass from his lips, and I have bent over him to feel his departing breath—"
"Oh! you then did not defend him! you did not intervene to arrest the fatal blow! you did not save . . . ."
"—Your lover—is't not Madam!" interrupted de Giac, in an appalling tone, whilst looking Catherine steadfastly in the face.

The latter screamed, and unable to endure her husband's searching glance hid her head between her hands.

"So you cannot guess anything?" continued de Giac, rising from his seat.—"Is this stupidity, or effrontery, madame?—You cannot then guess that the letter which you wrote, that letter which you sealed with the seal worn by you on your finger—there!"—(and he here snatched her hand away from her eyes) "that letter, in which you fixed for him an adulterous rendezvous, you cannot guess that it was I who received it; that night" (and as he spoke he looked at his right hand) "that night a night of fondest endearments for you—a night of hell for me,—that night I say, cost me my soul?—You cannot guess that when he entered Corbeil castle I had just previously passed the gates—that when entwined within each other's arms, you passed along that gloomy corridor, I was there gazing on you, present—nay—almost touching you?—Oh! oh! you cannot guess anything?—Must I then even recount everything that happened?" — Catherine, terrified, now fell upon her hands and knees—crying aloud: "pardon! pardon!"

"And tell me now" continued de Giac, folding his arms over his breast, and shaking his head, "you have concealed your shame, and I—my vengeance, tell me then which of the two is the most accomplished deceiver? Ah! that duke, that haughty, powerful, sovereign prince, named by the serfs of his vast domains, in three several languages duke of Burgundy, earl of Flanders and Artois, palatine of Malines and of Salms, from whom a word alone sufficed to assemble together an army of fifty thousand men within his six provinces, he flattered himself—this prince—this duke—this palatine, that he was strong enough, and mighty enough with impunity to disgrace me—Pierre de Giac, a simple knight! truly, has he—the fool! Well! I said never a word—not I; I summoned not my men-at-arms, my vassals—my squires and my pages;—no, I locked my vengeance in the deepest recesses of my own bosom and suffered my enemy to gnaw my vitals—then—when the fitting day arrived, I took him by the hand as though he were but a feeble child, led him to Tanneguy Duchâtel, and said, strike Tanneguy! . . . and now," . . . hereupon de Giac began to laugh convulsively, "and now, this man who held sway over provinces, equal in extent to one half the kingdom of France, this man is now stretched on a bed of intermingled blood and mire, and, perchance, may have less than six feet of ground wherein to repose during the countless ages of eternity."

Catherine had meanwhile prostrated herself at her husband's feet entreating pardon, and, rolling on the broken glass, lacerated her hands and knees.

"Well, madame, you hear," continued de Giac, "how, in spite of his power, spite of his mighty name, and spite of his men-at-arms, I have avenged myself upon him; now judge how easily I can take vengeance upon his accomplice, who is but a woman—helpless and alone, whose fragile form I could shiver with a breath, whom I could stifle within my grasp."

"Oh! what are you going to do?" cried Catherine.

De Giac took her arm—"Stand, madame," said he, as he fixed her firmly before him—"stand!"

Catherine cast her eyes over her dress, and perceived her white robe stained with blood; a dazzling mist came over her sight, her voice failed her, she stretched forth her arms and fainted.
De Giac raised her yielding form upon his shoulder, descended the staircase, crossed the garden, placed his burthen on the croup of Ralf, attached it with his scarf, and himself mounting, fastened Catherine securely to his own body with his sword belt.

In spite of his double load, no sooner was Ralf pricked by his master’s spur, than he set off at a gallop.

De Giac bent his course across the country; before him, stretching to the horizon, extended the vast plains of Champagne, and the snow then beginning to fall in large flakes, covered the fields with an immense sheet, giving them the wild and dreary aspect of the Siberian steppes. Not a single mountain intercepted the distant view; plains, interminable plains were alone visible; only at scattered intervals, a few white poplars were seen waving in the wind, like spectres in their winding sheets; no human sound invaded those desolate solitudes—Ralf, whose hoofs awoke no echo on the snowy carpet, redoubled the distance of his noiseless bounds; while his rider even restrained his breathings, as if, in the midst of this scene of frozen nature, all was compelled to imitate and assume the silent aspect of death!

After the lapse of a few minutes the flakes of snow falling on her face, together with the horse’s motion which shook her weak and delicate frame, and the piercing night cold, recalled Catherine to life. With returning consciousness she felt as though under the influence of one of those painful dreams, wherein we fancy ourselves borne through the air upon some winged dragon.

An acute suffering at her chest, a pain such as might be produced by a burning coal, speedily reminded her that what she suffered was nothing imaginary; the truth, the terrible, the blood-stained, inexorable truth rose up, menacingly, before her; all that had recently happened, flashed, upon her memory, her husband’s threats again rung upon her ear, and her present situation filled her with a trembling conviction, that he had already commenced their cruel execution.

Suddenly, a new thrill of pain, more burning, more sharp, more piercing than before, forced her to scream; gliding over that vast surface of snow, the sound died echoless away, and only caused the affrighted horse to push onwards with redoubled speed.

“Oh! my lord, I suffer terribly,” said Catherine.

De Giac answered not.

“Suffer me to dismount,” continued she, “and let me take a little snow—for my mouth is burning, my bosom is on fire.”

De Giac maintained the same persevering silence.

“Oh! I entreat you, in Heaven’s name—in mercy, pity’s sake—water!—oh! water! to cool these raging flames!”

Catherine writhed in agony within the leathern belt which bound her to the horseman’s waist. Vainly she strove to slide to the ground, but the scarf retained her; she resembled Leonora bound to her phantom bridegroom; de Giac was silent as the spectre Wilhelm, and Ralf flew onwards like Bürgers’s shadowy courser.

Catherine’s last earthly hope fled, she implored the mercy of Heaven.

“Have pity, oh! my God! have pity on me!” she exclaimed, “these dreadful tortures are too sure a sign of poison.”

At these words de Giac burst forth in convulsive laughter.—This unnatural infernal laugh had its echo—it was answered by another sharp burst of hellish mirth, dying away upon that funereal plain.—Ralf neighed, while his mane stood on end from terror.

Catherine now too clearly saw that her fate was sealed, her last hour come. She felt that nothing could retard it, and again called upon her God, though cries of anguish momentarily interrupted her supplications. • • • De Giac still kept silence.

ERE long, he heard Catherine’s voice weakening, he felt that form which he had so often covered with kisses, writhing in convulsive agony, so that he could number the mortal throes which shot quivering through her limbs bound to his own; then gradually was the voice itself drowned by a hoarse and continuous rattle, until, at length, the convulsions subsided into almost insensible quivering; one sigh escaped from out her lips, it was life’s last effort, the soul’s last parting grasp, and de Giac was bound to a stiffening corpse.

For three quarters of an hour he continued his course, uttering never a word, neither turning round, nor looking once behind him.
At length, de Giac found himself on the banks of the Seine, a little below the spot where the Aube, uniting with its waters, renders the stream rapid and deep: here he reined in his steed, unfastened the buckle of the sword-belt by which Catherine had been bound around him, and the body, now supported only by the scarf which slightly attached it to the saddle, fell doubled across the horse’s croup.

De Giac dismounted, and Ralph, foaming and reeking after his impetuous course, strove to plunge into the river, but his master held the bridle firmly with his left hand. Then grasping his poniard in the right, he pricked with its sharp and tapering point, the main artery on Ralph’s arching neck; the blood spirted forth copiously.

Rearing and uttering a plaintive neigh, the wounded animal quickly broke from his master’s hold and plunged into the river, bearing along with him Catherine’s lifeless body.

De Giac, standing on the shore, watched him struggling against the stream, which he would easily have forded but from the loss of blood which gradually weakened him. Arrived midway across the river, he swerved from his course, as impeded respiration deprived him of his powers: he then strove to return to the shore whence he had set out; his croup had already disappeared, and even Catherine’s white robe was scarcely discernible on the surface of the waters; soon the noble animal was seen turning round—as if carried into a deep vortex; with his fore legs he beat violently against the stream and sprinkled the waters all around: his neck now sank by degrees, the head itself next slowly disappearing; until a wave suddenly swept over it; again, however, it rose for an instant, sank a second time, and was followed by a few air-bubbles bursting on the surface of the water. This was all, and the troubled river almost immediately recovered its silent, tranquil state.

“Poor Ralph!” exclaimed the sire de Giac with a sigh.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CONCLUSION.

On the morrow of the duke of Burgundy’s death, the chevaliers de Jouvelle and de Montaigne with the men-at-arms whom he had on the preceding day stationed in the Castle of Montereau, surrendered that fortress to the dauphin, on condition that their lives should be spared, and their property secure; and the same day the dauphin held a grand council, during which letters were written to the cities of Paris, Châlons, Rheims and other places, explanatory of the part he had taken, that he might not be charged with having broken the sworn peace, or failing in his royal word. He then withdrew to Bourges, carrying his prisoners along with him, leaving messire Pierre de Guitry the captain of the city of Montereau.

When the recent event was known at Paris, it produced a deep and melancholy sensation. The young count de Saint-Pôl, the king’s lieutenant over that city, instantly convoked the chancellor of France, the provost of Paris, the merchant’s provost, all the councillors and officers of the king, and a host of nobles and burgesses, and as soon as they had assembled, formally announced to them the foul death of duke John of Burgundy, requiring them to swear on the Gospels and the holy relics to make no league with his murderers and the rebels, denounce and accuse at the bar of justice all who should show favor towards the dauphin’s partisans.

It was at Ghent that the news of the assassination at Montereau reached Philippe de Charolais, the duke of Burgundy’s sole male heir. In the profoundest grief he went immediately to throw himself into his wife’s arms—“Michelle, Michelle,” exclaimed he, “your brother the dauphin has caused my father to be assassinated!” The poor princess was sadly troubled at this intelligence, fearing lest this melancholy event might be a means of lessening her husband’s affection towards her.

When the count de Charolais’ grief was somewhat moderated, he solemnly assumed
the title of duke of Burgundy, held counsel with the good people of Ghent, Bruges and Ypres what measures were best to pursue, then took possession of the earldom of Flanders; thence proceeded to Malines where he held conference with the duke of Brabant—his cousin, John of Bavaria—his uncle, and the countess of Hénault—his aunt, all of whom were of opinion that he ought instantly to form an alliance with king Henry of England. The bishop of Arras, messire Athias de Brimeux, and messire Roland de Heckerker, were consequently despatched to Rouen, where they were most flattering received by the English monarch, who, in the alliance proffered by the new duke saw a means of renewing his love treaty with madame Catherine of France, of whose fascinating self he still retained a lively recollection, and, coupled with negotiations for marriage, he likewise felt that such coalition embraced advantages of the highest political importance. With these various views, Henry answered that in the shortest time possible he would send ambassadors to duke Philip, with a treaty for his acceptance. Forthwith, the king desired the articles to be drawn up; and, about Saint-Andrew's day, the bishop of Rochester, and the earls of Warwick and Kent repaired in the name of the king of England to the city of Arras, where the duke received them most magnificently.

The following are the proposed articles for the acceptance of which the duke of Burgundy was to use his utmost influence with king Charles and his council; and therein may be readily perceived how greatly the English monarch's pretensions had increased since through duke John's incredible apathy: the cities of Rouen and Poitou—two portals of Paris—had fallen into his hands; so that the royal enemy wore already, even at his girdle the keys of the capital.

"Article 1.—The king of England offers to espouse madame Catherine, without imposing any charges upon the kingdom.
2.—To allow King Charles the enjoyment of the crown, and the revenues of the kingdom, during his life.
3.—After the death of King Charles the crown to devolve on king Henry and his heirs for ever.
4.—On account of the king's malady, which prevents him from attending to the business of government, the king of England shall assume the title and authority of regent.
5.—The princes, nobles, commons and citizens shall swear allegiance to the king of England as regent, and engage to acknowledge him as sovereign at the death of king Charles."

Duke Philip engaged to obtain the king of France's acquiescence in this treaty, on condition that the king of England would, in turn, consent to observe the following articles:

"1.—That one of king Henry's brothers shall espouse one of the duke's sisters.
2.—The king and the duke shall love and aid each other as brothers.
3.—They shall unite in bringing to punishment as well the dauphin as duke John's other murderers.
4.—If the dauphin, or any other of the said murderers be taken prisoner, he shall not be ransomed without the duke's consent.
5.—The king of England shall assign to the duke and madame Michelle, his wife, estates of the rental of 20,000 livres, for which homage shall be paid him."

In this double treaty for disposing of France and plundering the king, only two considerations are omitted, which probably were regarded as useless or had been forgotten; viz., the king's consent, and the ratification of France herself.

N'importe—such were the conditions on which, under pretext of revenging duke John's death, France was sold by Philip duke of Burgundy to king Henry of England—the father betrayed, the son delivered her over into the hands of her enemy—and whilst royalty was accorded the king as a pension for life, the infirm sovereign remained at Troyes with madame Isabel, for whom he cherished an ardent love on each occasion of his restoration to reason, while his hatred returned with equal bitterness upon each attack of madness. The news of duke John's assassination, with the atrocious part which the dauphin's enemies therein accused that young prince of having taken, produced so violent an impression on the feeble monarch's mind, as to occasion his relapse into a state of perfect insanity; and although, indeed, from this time, up to that of his death he affixed his signature to many important edicts, and, amongst
others, to the treaty known under the name of the "Treaty of Troyes," yet it is notorious that he never recovered his reason, and that the responsibility of his acts, which were daily more and more prejudicial to the interests of France, ought to rest solely on the heads of duke Philip and queen Isabel; since, from that day forward, the life of king Charles VI. must cease to be regarded as a reign, and only looked upon as a state of perpetual suffering.

On the 21st March, 1420, the duke of Burgundy—welcomed by loud acclamations from citizens and people—entered the city of Troyes, and took before the king his oath of homage as his father's successor in the dukedom of Burgundy, the earldoms of Flanders, Artois and other seignories; but ere France should be yielded to England, the duke, doubtless in quality of prince of the lilies, was anxious to appropriate to himself a few splendid fragments of the dismembered kingdom. Lille, Douai and Orchies had been pledged to the House of Burgundy, and king Charles was made to renounce his right of redeeming them.

Madame Michelle's marriage portion had not yet been paid, and the duke her husband had consented to receive in lieu thereof the towns of Roye, Montdidier and Peronne—the impregnable Peronne—which, against every assault both of foreign and intestine war, had preserved her unvanquished name of "Pucelle," just as certain inaccessible Alpine mountains are called "Fierys."

Thus, English and Burgundians, the better to facilitate the spoliation of unhappy France, commenced by tearing off her protecting girdle of surrounding forts. The dauphin alone defended his country.

When duke Philip had made careful selection amongst all the towns in the kingdom, of such as best suited his convenience, and in so direct a line, that Montdidier, situate only five and twenty leagues from Paris, seemed like the point of a sword, whose hilt was represented by the town of Ghent, to penetrate into the heart of the kingdom; faithful, then, in his part of accomplice, he called to mind his promises made to king Henry, and, it must be confessed, scrupulously fulfilled them. The king readily consented to the marriage of his daughter Catherine with Henry of Lancaster, further ratifying the exclusion of his son and heir—the dauphin—and also annulling the wise provision made by his predecessors to cut off female succession, so that on the 13th April 1420, duke Philip was enabled to acquaint the king of England that every thing was settled, and Paris ready to receive him.

The king of England arrived accordingly on the 20th May following, accompanied by his two brothers, the dukes of Glocester and Clarence, escorted by the earls of Huntingdon, Warwick and Kent, and followed by sixteen hundred men-at-arms. The duke of Burgundy proceeded to meet and conduct him to the hôtel prepared for him in the city, as became a future vassal towards his intended sovereign. Instantly, on his arrival, Henry went to pay his respects to the queen and madame Catherine, whom he found more than ever bewitchingly beautiful so that he hardly knew perhaps whether he felt more eager to possess his affianced bride or the kingdom of France.

On the following day, the two kings signed the famous treaty of Troyes,—a treaty which was at once the disgrace and ruin of the kingdom; and, from that moment, all had seeming reason to believe that the guardian angel of the kingdom had re-winged his flight to heaven. The dauphin, alone, despairs not, for with his hand on the heart of France he numbered her pulsations and decided that she had yet strength to survive.

On the second of June was celebrated the marriage of Henry of England with Catherine of France, the second flower that had been gathered from the royal lily's stalk to adorn the crown of great Britain. Twice did a similar boon prove fatal to him who received it; twice did death visit an English monarch's bed shortly after an union with a daughter of France:—Richard survived his marriage only three years and Henry was fated to die at the end of but eighteen months.

Henceforward France had two regents, and two inheritors of her crown; the dauphin was master of the south; the king of England possessed the northern portion of her territory; thence followed that grand contest whose object was a kingdom.

The earliest appeal to arms was in favor of the English monarch; Sens surrendered after a few days' siege; Villeneuve-le-Roi was carried by assault, and Montre neau taken
by escalade: here some expiatory act was due from the duke of Burgundy against his father’s murderers, and on entering that town it was his first care to perform this service to the full. Some women pointed out John’s tomb; a pall was extended over the sepulchral stone; a taper lighted at each corner; all night long priests chanted the requiem for the dead; and, on the morrow morning, the grave stone was raised and the vault explored. The duke’s corpse was still clad in his four-point with helmet covering his head; his left hand was separate from his body, and his skull, cloven by Duchâtelet’s axe, from the wound which gained the English entrance into the kingdom of France, gaped hideously. The corpse after being put into a leaden coffin, (filled to the brim with salt,) was publicly exposed in a convent at Chartreux in Burgundy situate without the town of Dijon, and the body of the bastard of Croÿ, who was killed at the storming of the city, was interred in the grave whence the duke’s remains had been removed. These duties fulfilled, the Burgundians and English laid siege to Melun, but they there met with determined resistance. They found themselves opposed to the bravest French blood, under command of the sire de Barbasant, whose lieutenants were the seigneur de Priaux, messire Pierre de Bourbon, and an individual named Bourgeois, who performed prodigies of valor during the whole siege.

No sooner had they marked the bold character of its defenders and their preparation for defence, than the King of England and the duke retired from the city; the former, in company with his two brothers and the duke of Bavaria, to take up his quarters on the side of the Gaîtains; the latter, accompanied by the earl of Huntingdon and several other English commanders, who pitched their tents in the direction of la Brie, and the better to establish a communication between the two armies, they threw a bridge of boats across the Seine. Further to guard against surprise from the enemy whom they had lately besieged, both the duke of Burgundy and the king entrenched their quarters with deep ditches and stakes, leaving only certain entrances which were strongly barricaded; meanwhile, the king of France and the two queens quitted Troyes and held their court at Corbeil. In this way the siege was carried on during four months and a half, without any great advantage being reaped by the besiegers.

The duke of Burgundy, however, succeeded so far as to possess himself of a very strong bulwark erected by the besieged in face of their fosses, from the top of which their cannon and bombardments did much injury to the besiegers; the king of England then directed a mine to be excavated. The work had already advanced as far as the wall, when Juvenal des Ursins, son of the parliamentary advocate, thought he heard some subterranean sound; whereupon, summoning his sappers and miners, he ordered them to commence a counter-mine—he himself watching the operations with a few men-at-arms behind him, with a long axe in his hand, when the sire de Barbasant accidentally passing by, Juvenal reported his discovery, informing him at the same time that he purposed remaining there to fight within the mine; thereupon, Barbasant who loved him as his son, examining his long axe, shook his head, saying, “Ah brother thou know’st not yet what it is to fight within a mine! it needeth a baton somewhat shorter than that to contend hand to hand.” Then drawing his sword, he shortened the axe handle to a convenient length, and when he had done so, yet holding his naked sword, “Kneel down,” said he to Juvenal; the latter obeying, received the accolade from Barbasant, who continued, as he raised him—“Now do thy devoir as a good and loyal knight.”

Two hours’ labor brought the English and French miners within a distance of each other not exceeding the thickness of an ordinary wall; suddenly this interval was pierced through; the workmen on either side instantly withdrew, and the men-at-arms commenced a rude encounter in that dark and narrow passage, which was scarcely sufficient for four men to march abreast; then it was that Juvenal experienced the truth of what Barbasant had told him: his shortened axe performed wonders, the English were forced to flee, and the newly dubbed knight won his spurs.

An hour afterwards, the English returned in greater numbers, screening themselves behind a barrier which they had fixed across the centre of the mine, in order to bar passage to the dauphinois; in the midst of this labor, the city force received a reinforcement, and desperate lance thrusts were given and received throughout the whole night—a new and singular mode of warfare enabling the combatants to wound, nay,
even kill, but rendering it impossible to take prisoners on account of the barrier which divided the belligerents.

An English herald at arms preceded by a trumpeter, the next day presented himself before the city walls—bearing a defiance on the part of an English knight who wished to remain unknown: to any Dauphinois, being a knight of noble family, he offered a passage of arms on horseback, wherein each adversary should have license to break two lances; then, if neither was wounded, a combat on foot with axe or sword, the English knight having fixed upon the subterranean passage for the encounter, leaving the dauphinois who accepted his challenge the choice of time and manner.

When the herald had concluded this defiance, he proceeded to nail up his master’s glove upon the door of the nearest gate of the city as gage of battle and token of defiance. The seigneur de Barbasan who had hastened to the wall with a great multitude of people, then threw down his glove from the top of the rampart, in token that in his own person he accepted the unknown knight’s defiance, at the same time commanding a squire forthwith to take that which the herald had nailed to the gate.

Many persons expressed their opinion that it was not befitting the captain of a besieged town, thus to peril his life in a single encounter; but Barbasan, little heeding their remarks, prepared himself for the morrow’s combat.

During the night, laborers were employed in smoothing the subterranean passage, so that no projection might impede the horses’ swiftness: niches had also been hollowed out on either side the barriers, as posts of rest for the trumpeters, and torches were nailed to the walls to light the scene of conflict.

At eight o'clock on the morrow morning the adversaries presented themselves at the respective extremities of the passage, each being attended by a trumpeter. The English clarion sounded, the other answered; then, the four trumpets stationed near the barrier re-sounded in turn. Scarcely had the bray died beneath the arch than the two knights, lance in rest, plunged into the tunnel. Then each beheld the other approaching in the distance like a hellish phantom; but the heavy galloping of their war-steeds, caparisoned in armour like themselves proved, as trembling echoes arose within the vaulted passage, that neither men nor horses were mere shadows.

As the two combatants had been unable upon taking the requisite field, to calculate the exact distance between them; the sire de Barbasan, owing either to his horse’s greater fleetness, or that he had a shorter space to traverse, first reached the barrier. He quickly, however, perceived his disadvantageous position, inasmuch as it compelled him, whilst in a state of immobility, to receive his adversary’s stroke, augmented as it was by the full impetus of his charger’s gallop: the unknown knight now rushing down upon him with the impetuosity of lightning, Barbasan had only time sufficient to unhook his lance from its rest, support it against his shield, as though against an iron bulwark, and steady himself in his saddle and stirrups; by this manœuvre he turned the balance in his own favor, causing his adversary to receive, instead of giving the threatened shock. The stranger knight, unwarly threw himself direct against Barbasan’s lance which was shivered like a rod of glass, while his own weapon, when placed in rest, fell short of its aim, and, almost overthrown by the shock, the English champion’s head touched his horse’s croup, which, bending on its haunches, retreated three paces backwards; on rising, the stranger found his enemy’s iron lance-head planted in his breast, which having penetrated his cuirass, had been arrested only by a coat of mail which he fortunately wore underneath. As for Barbasan himself, he had, meantime, stood firm as a bronze statue on a marble pedestal.

The two knights, turning their horses’ heads, now regained their respective entrances to the subterranean passage. Barbasan took a new lance, and, a second time, the trumpets sounded. Those at the barriers answered it, and the two knights again plunged beneath the archway, followed, on this occasion, by a number of French and English, for this passage being the last, and to be continued, as already said, on foot, with battle-axes, spectators were permitted to penetrate within the tunnel.

The distances had been so well calculated in this new encounter, that the combatants met exactly midway in their course. The lance of the unknown knight had, this time, struck on the left side of Barbasan’s cuirass, and sliding off its polished surface, had raised, like a scale, the iron jointed shoulder piece, penetrating to the depth of an
inch within the shoulder itself. As for Barbasan's, it had been so rudely impelled against his adversary's shield as to break his horse's girth by the violence of the shock, which caused the knight, whose seat was too firmly maintained for him to be thrown out of the high saddle in which he was ensconced, to roll together with it ten paces at least beyond his horse, who, relieved of its rider's weight, stood motionless.

Barbasan had meantime dismounted, and the unknown knight instantly arose; both snatched a battle-axe from the hands of a squire, and the combat was commenced anew with redoubled fury, each, however, displaying in his mode of attack and defence, a degree of caution truly indicative of the high opinion he entertained of his adversary's prowess. Their heavy battle-axes, whirled in their powerful grasp with the rapidity of lightning—and falling on the opposing shields, struck forth myriads of sparks—and these men, by turns retreating and bending down, in order to obtain a freer swing, resembled woodmen at their occupation; each blow would have felled an oak, yet each combatant had sustained twenty such sturdy strokes, and still kept his ground.

Weary, at length, of this arduous struggle, Barbasan cast away his shield which had deprived him of the free use of his left arm, and rested his foot against a bar of the barrier; then wielding his axe with both hands, it whizzed like a sling, and passing aside his adversary's shield, lighted with a frightful crash on the unknown knight's helmet. By an instinctive mechanical movement, the latter had fortunately bent his head to the left; this action diverted the inclination of the blow, the edge of the axe gliding over the convex orb of the helmet, and coming in contact with the right-hand visor-clasp, snapped it in two like a piece of glass; confined, then, on one side, only, the visor opened, and Barbasan, stupefied with wonder, beheld in the stranger knight with whom he had been contending none other than Henry of Lancaster, king of England.

Barbasan hereupon respectfully retreated two paces, let fall his battle-axe, removed his helmet and confessed himself defeated.

King Henry appreciating all the courtesy of this avowal, took off his gauntlet and extended his hand to the old knight:—"Henceforward" said he, "we are brethren in arms; cease not to remember this, sire de Barbasan, in time of need—for myself, I shall not forget it."

Barbasan accepted this honorable fraternity, which, in the brief space of three months was the means of saving his life.

Both standing in great need of repose; the one returned to the camp, the other to town; but many of the remaining knights and squires, continued this singular joust, which lasted nearly eight days.

The besiegers still holding out, Henry, some few days after, caused the king of France and the two queens to repair to his camp; the latter, he lodged in a house purposely erected for them beyond the range of the cannon, in front of which he ordered a band of clarions and other instruments to assemble night and morning; never, indeed, had the king of England displayed so much state as before the walls of this besieged city.

King Charles' presence could not, however, induce the besieged to surrender; they only replied that if the king felt desirous of entering his good city, he must enter, alone; then he would be well received; but they would never willingly open their gates to the enemies of the kingdom.

During these discussions the whole of the duke of Burgundy's army mourned at the low state in which Henry suffered his father-in-law to be, and the slender provision made for his household. The possession of other fortresses and castles, such as the Bastille, the Louvre, the maison de n`este and the bois de Vincennes, ceded to the English, afforded Henry some consolation for this wearisome siege—his brother, the duke of Clarence, he sent to occupy the Bastile with the title of Governor of Paris.

The besieged had now, and for a long time had been in want of provisions, and from lack of food had fed upon horses, cats and dogs; they therefore addressed the dauphin, representing their great distress, imploring his assistance: most anxiously expecting his reply, they one morning beheld afar off a considerable force marching towards the city; believing it a reinforcement, they mounted the ramparts, and whilst all the bells in the town shook their steeples, in token of rejoicing, they began to cry out tauntingly to the besiegers, that they had better saddle their horses with all possible speed as they would soon be dislodged from their hostile position.

[COURT MAGAZINE]
It was, however, but a brief respite from their tortures: the approaching force was a troop of Burgundians, brought from Péronne by the seigneur de Luxembourg, captain of Picardy, to the assistance of the besiegers. The besieged now descended, crest-fallen from the ramparts and silenced their mocking bells; receiving on the morrow a letter from the dauphin, wherein he declared himself too weak to aid them, and, at the same time authorising them to treat for the best possible conditions, on the first summons made them by the king of England, they opened negociations; and the exhausted garrison surrendered themselves prisoners on the simple condition that their lives should be spared—from this favor, however, were excepted the murderers of the duke of Burgundy and those who being present at his assassination had not striven to prevent it, with the English and Scotch knights found within the city:—Messire Pierre de Bourbon, Arnault de Guilhem sire de Barbasan and six or seven hundred noble warriors were embraced within this clause, conducted to Paris, and imprisoned in the Louvre, Châlelet and Bastile.

On the morrow, two monks of Joy en Brie, and a knight named Bertrand de Chaumont, who at the battle of Azincourt, Frenchman as he was, had gone over to the English, and subsequently deserted from the English to the French, were decapitated in the public square of Melun; then, leaving in the city an English garrison, the kings Henry and Charles, with the duke of Burgundy set out for Paris, in which city they were to make a public entry.

The citizens awaited their arrival with impatience; preparations upon a scale of great magnificence had been prepared for them, and the whole line of houses on their route was hung with flags and scutcheons. The two kings, on horseback, led the way, the king of France being on the right; next followed the dukes of Clarence and Bedford, the English monarch’s brothers, and on the opposite side of the street to the left, rode the duke of Burgundy, clad wholly in black, and, in his train, the knights and squires of his household.

Arrived in the middle of the grande rue Saint-Antoine, they were met by all the clergy of Paris on foot, bearing holy relics for them to kiss. The king of France was the first to perform this devout ceremony, then, the king of England. The clergy chanting as they proceeded, conducted them to Notre-Dame, where, having offered up their prayers before the high altar they remounted, and each of the royal personages repaired to his respective dwelling, the king of France to the hôtel Saint-Pôl, the duke of Burgundy to his hôtel d’Artois, and the king of England to the Louvre. The two queens made their entry on the morrow.

Scarce was this new court established, than the duke of Burgundy bethought him of avenging his father’s death. For this purpose the king held a lit de justice in the lower hall of the hôtel Saint-Paul. The king of England occupied the same bench with the king of France, and near the two monarchs were master Jean Leclerc chancellor of France, Philippe de Morvilliers, first president of parliament and many other noble members of king Charles’ council. On the opposite side, and towards the middle of the hall, seated on another bench, were, the duke of Burgundy, accompanied by the dukes of Clarence and Bedford, and the bishops of Therouanne, Tournay, Beauvais and Amiens, messire Jean de Luxembourg, with many other knights and squires of his council. The proceedings were commenced by messire Nicholas Rolin, advocate for the duke of Burgundy and the duchess his mother, asking permission of the two kings to speak. Having obtained leave, he laid before them the particulars of duke John’s murder, and accused thereof the dauphin Charles, the viscount de Narbonne, the sire de Barbasan, Tanneguy Duchâtel, Guillaume, Boutilier, Jean Louvet, president of Provence, and messires Robert de Loire and Olivier Lovet, and concluded by demanding punishment on the guilty. He required that they should be placed in dung-carts and during three successive days led through all the squares and crossways of Paris, bare-headed, holding each a burning taper in his hand, and confessing aloud that they had maliciously, treacherously, dammably and from envy assassinated the duke of Burgundy; that they should be afterwards conducted to the place where the murder had been committed, namely to Montereau, and that they should there repeat the same expiatory words; that, as touching other matters, a church should be erected on the bridge at the very spot where the duke had breathed his last and twelve canons, six chaplains and six clerks appointed, whose sole duties
should be to pray for the soul of their victim. That, further, this church should be provided, at the expense of the culprits, with sacred ornaments, tables, chalices, books, communion clothes, in short, every requisite article; he also demanded from the funds of the condemned, an endowment, amounting to a rental of 200 livres (parisis) for the canons, 100 livres for the chaplains, and 50 for the clerks; that the occasion for which this church was built, should be inscribed in gravem letters beneath the portal, in order the more enduringly to perpetuate the recollection of this expiration, and that for similar purpose churches should be erected at Paris, Rome, Ghent, Dijon, Saint Jago de Compostella and Jerusalem, upon the very spot where our Lord had suffered death.

Pierre de Marigny, the king's advocate in parliament, supported this requisition, and was followed on the same side by master Jean l'Archer—doctor of theology—ominated by the rector of the University of Paris. After these propositions had been made, the Chancellor of France replied in the name of the king, who had listened with utter indifference to all this pleading, that, by the grace of God, and with the aid and counsel of his brother and son, Henry king of England, regent of France and heir of the crown, with a due sense of justice, the things demanded should take place in accordance with the requisition of duke Philip of Burgundy.

After this speech the lit de justice was broken up, and the two kings and the duke returned to their respective hôtels.

Thirteen years before, through the same halls, similar forms of accusation had reechoed, only on that occasion the duke of Burgundy was the assassin, and Valentine of Milan the accuser; she demanded justice, and justice was then promised her as it had just been to the duke, and, then, as now, the royal promise was scattered to the winds.

In virtue, however, of the king's letters, the parliament, the 3rd January, 1421, commenced proceedings against Charles of Valois, duke of Touraine, dauphin of France. He was summoned for three successive days, by sound of trumpet and on the marble table, and as he did not surrender himself to this appeal, he was banished the kingdom and declared to be for ever incapable of succeeding to any territory.

The dauphin learnt these proceedings at Bourges in Berry; he appealed against them at his sword's point, and swore that he would carry his appeal and defiance as well to Paris, as to England and Burgundy.

Notwithstanding the judgment against him, there existed no little sympathy for the young prince in the hearts of true Frenchmen; which was further diminished by his father's unhappy state of derangement: every one well knew it was far from the old king's heart to banish his beloved child, and all these acts, passed in a madman's name, appeared to many as altogether illegal. The pomp displayed at the Louvre by the king of England, contrasted with the mean retinue and wretched abode of the king of France, at the hôtel Saint-Paul, drew forth murmurs from every right feeling individual: to such a pitch, indeed, was this cruel neglect carried, that on Christmas-day 1420, whilst the two queens, duke Philip and the knights of France and Burgundy, were assembled in the splendidly illuminated saloons of the Louvre, paying court to the king of England, the king of France, in the damp and dreary halls of the hôtel Saint-Paul, was abandoned by all save only a few venerable servants and burgesses who guarded him with affectionate fidelity.

An unforeseen circumstance chanced at this time to infuse a degree of coldness into the intimate relations of king Henry and duke Philip. Amongst the prisoners taken at Melun, was, as already noticed, the sire de Barbasan; this knight was accused of having taken part in the assassination at Montreau, and, agreeably with the treaty made between the king and the duke, every favorer or accomplice in that bloody deed was to be delivered up to be dealt with at the duke of Burgundy's pleasure; already had the charge on which that knight was to be examined been drawn up by the duke's council at Dijon, when the prisoner invoked the fraternity of arms offered by the king of England at the termination of the combat in the mine at Melun:

Henry honorably maintained the obligation of his oath, declaring, that one who had touched his royal hand should never submit to a disgraceful sentence, even were his Holiness the pope himself to come in person to demand justice against him.

This refusal awakened in the duke of Burgundy's bosom feelings of hostility which
even the execution of this sentence upon the sire de Cossé, bastard of Tanneguy, and Jean Gault, who were quartered by the decree of a parliament, was insufficient to ally. The first of these personages had prided himself so greatly on the murder committed by his father, that he had a vest embroidered with the falcon-beaked axe with which duke John had been struck; wearing, also, suspended to a costly chain, the golden spur which he had himself torn from the duke's boot.

Towards the end of the month, the king of England and the duke of Burgundy separated; Henry to conduct madame Catherine to London for her coronation—Philip to make a progress through his good cities in many of which he had not been yet openly acknowledged.

This double absence was injurious alike to the duke's and king Henry's affairs—for the dauphinois, discouraged by the loss of Melun and Villeneuve-le-Roi, took new courage at seeing the departure of their two most powerful enemies, the one for London the other for Brussels. Re-entering the town they surprised the château de la Ferté, escaladed Saint-Riquier, and, finally, beat the English so roughly near Beauy, that the duke of Clarence the said king's brother, lord de Roos, marshal of England, the earl of Kynie, and the flower of English chivalry fell dead around him on the field of battle whilst the earls of Somerset Huntzdon and Dorset unconditionally surrendered themselves prisoners.

The body of the duke of Clarence did not, however, remain with his enemies; for an English knight placed it across his horse and defended it with so much courage and success that he was enabled to consign the royal deposit into the hands of the earl of Salisbury who sent the corpse to England, where it was interred.

On the other hand, the duke of Exeter, captain of Paris after the death of the duke of Clarence had speedily cooled the enthusiasm of the Parisians by his severe and haughty government. On a frivolous pretext he ordered the maréchal Villiers de L’Île-Adam to be arrested; and the people having attempted to rescue the prisoner from the hands of the archers who were conducting him to the Bastille, he commanded them to fire upon them; thus, he, an Englishman, a foreigner too and an enemy, dare do that which even the duke of Burgundy had never ventured to do.

Intelligence of the events above related reached king Henry in London, and duke Philip at Ghent. Both, thereupon, considered their presence at Paris indispensable; they, therefore, lost no time in repairing thither, although the king of England was indisposed, and the duke of Burgundy had yet to settle the disputes of his cousin duke John of Brabant with Jacqueline de Hénault his wife.

The two allies had, indeed, formed a correct estimate of their respective positions, for it was high time that each should arrive at his post; the dauphin was laying siege to Chartres—for the united armies of duke Philip and king Henry marched to its succour, and the dauphinois having too small a force to hazard a battle, raised the siege, and the dauphin himself retired to Tours. Instead of pursuing him, the duke of Burgundy proceeded to take the bridge of Saint-Remi-Sur-Somme, and lay siege to Saint-Riquier; but finding in his turn that his army was too weak, he only wasted a month before the walls of that place. He received intelligence in his camp that the sire de Harcourt, who had become a dauphinois, accompanied by Pothon de Xaintrailles was marching against him, hoping to take him by surprise as he had the garrison of Compiègne, Crespy in Valois and other towns, now obedient to the dauphin.

Thereupon, the duke set out secretly by night, crossed the Somme and marched to meet the dauphinois, with intent of accepting battle. On the 31st of August, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the two armies found themselves in sight of each other, and, halting at about three bowshots from each other, formed for battle. In this war between these brothers-in-law, this was the first battle of importance in which the young duke, not yet four and twenty years of age, took a conspicuous part. Before the battle commenced he sought the honor of knighthood; and receiving the accolade from the seigneur de Luxembourg, he, in turn, immediately dubbed the sires de Collard, de Communes, Jean de Roubex André de Villain and others. On the side of the dauphinois, the principal knights made on this occasion were the seigneurs de Gamache, Begnaut de Fontaine, Collinet de Villequier, the Marquis de Serre, and Jean Royau.

As soon as the first dispositions were made, the duke of Burgundy ordered Phi-
lippe de Sauvuse to take a standard with 201 men under the orders of messire de Saint-Jeber and the bastard de Roussy, and made a wide circuit across the country in order to fall upon the flanks of the dauphinois: as soon as the action should commence the duke commanded his captains to remain stationary, the better to cover this intended movement, and it was only when he beheld the whole line of dauphinois rushing upon him at full gallop, that he himself, cried "en avant! and, instantly, gave the example, by charging at the head of his army. The distance between the combatants vanished beneath the fleetness of their horses’ feet, and the two front lines encountered one another with a tremendous shock—coursers charging coursers—men fighting hand to hand—weapon clashing against weapon; many were laid prostrate, killed or cruelly wounded, and many having broken their lances, instantly substituted sword or battle-axe, and again commenced the close combat of hand to hand, body to body, with all its attendant characteristics—stratagems of tact, feats of valor, and giant struggles of strength.

Owing to a singular circumstance, victory seemed at first to incline itself on the side of the dauphinois. The standard of Burgundy had been thoughtlessly left in the hands of the bearer, who, unaccustomed to such encounters, fled at the first onset, and in his haste let fall the banner:—no longer perceiving the standard floating, many nobles believed that the duke had been taken prisoner, and the Flemish herald at arms went even so far as to cry out that he was dead; those, then, who had beheld the banner fall, and heard the herald’s words, immediately broke their ranks, so that nearly five hundred men, panic struck, abandoned the field of battle, where the duke with the rest of his army was performing prodigies of valor, resolved, in the presence of those who bore him company, to win his spurs and shew himself worthy of his father.

The dauphinois, perceiving this shameful flight, detached a body of nearly two hundred men, under the command of Jean Rollet and Pierron de Luppel in pursuit of their enemies, who, without once stopping, turning round, or attempting to defend themselves, performed a distance of six leagues intending to pass the Somme Paccquigny.

The two main bodies of each army had, meantime, stood their ground firmly, intermingled in deadly strife and performing extraordinary acts of bravery. The duke who was foremost in the attack, received two lance thrusts; one entered his war-saddle, passing through and through, bound as it was with steel; the other, piercing his shield, was so firmly fixed therein, that the duke, unable to get rid of the intruding weapon, was forced at last to cast away the buckler itself. A powerful dauphinois, at the same instant, seized him round the body, and strove to drag him from his seat. The duke, mounted on a vigorous war-horse, let his sword fall suspended at his wrist, threw in return his arm around his adversary’s neck, and, spurring his steed in both its flanks and dragging his enemy from his stirrups, as a whirwind uproots and levels a sturdy tree hurried onward to throw him into the midst of his followers, who, immediately, took him prisoner.

Two other men also performed wonders, on this occasion; these were, on the side of a Dauphinois, Pothen de Xaintrailles, who preluded the grand issue of the siege of Orleans; one side of the Burgundians, the newly dubbed knight, Jean de Villain of whose career, subsequently to this battle, history scarcely preserves a trace. A man of colossal stature, he was arrayed in thick Flemish armour and bestowed a powerful horse; his bridle thrown over his steed’s neck, and his lance speedily broken, he grasped his heavy battle-axe, and making his way through the ranks of the dauphinois, like a thrasher in a barn, overthrew in his progress both men and horses, knocking down all those whose armour was impenetrable; he fully, resembled, indeed, in greatness, some Homeric hero.

Xaintrailles, on his side, had forced a passage through the iron wall which closed behind him, though he was perfectly indifferent on that score, fiercely wielding his long broad sword which glittered in his powerful grasp like that of the destroying angel. John of Luxembourg seeing him thus penetrating the Burgundian ranks, had pushed forward his horse, hoping to arrest his progress; but with a back-handed stroke of his tremendous sword, the former cut through the visor of his helmet and laid open his face from the eyes downwards. The Burgundian captain fell like a statue thrown from off its pedestal, and a soldier named Le Moré, who
followed Xaintrailles had taken him prisoner, when the seigneur Viefville came to his assistance and endeavored to rescue him from the man who had him in charge. Hereupon Xaintrailles turned against the imprudent foe who sought to deprive him of his captive; and with the first stroke of his sword broke his right arm within his cuirass; the sire de la Viefville fell by the side of him whom he had hoped to save, and Le More who would have been embarrassed by the care of two prisoners, killed the latter by a dagger plunged beneath his gorget.

Perceiving the disorder into which Xaintrailles had thrown the foremost of the Burgundians, the chevalier Jean de Villain endeavored to approach him, but the great body into which he had plunged, re-closed behind him, and effaced the traces of his course, as a vessel's track is washed out by the foreruning wave: nevertheless, in wielding his tremendous weapon, he rose upon his stirrups, and thus over-topped by a head all those by whom he was surrounded. Xaintrailles perceived him nigh:—"A moi! Dauphinois!" "a moi!" exclaimed the chevalier de Villain striking every one near him with redoubled vigor; and, at each blow, levelling a man, his arm, whenever it failed to cleave like an axe, felled like a club. Xaintrailles urged on his horse to meet his challenger; but when he saw whole ranks falling before him, and beheld armour crushed, and helmets cloven beneath that mighty arm, then, he denied not, but, with the honest frankness of a truly brave man confessed, that, for a moment, his heart failed him.

He was reluctant to provoke certain death, and, at the same instant, Philip de Sausevuse, in effecting the concerted manœuvre, and advancing to attack the Dauphinois in flank, spurred forward to meet him. Philip saw him coming, placed his lance in rest, and, Xaintrailles being without other weapon than his sword, directed its iron head against the chest of his enemy's horse; the lance-point penetrated it's entire length, and the animal, mortally wounded, fell upon Xaintrailles, whose thigh, doubling under him, he surrendered himself prisoner, at the same time declaring his name.

This attack of the Burgundians was decisive. The Dauphinois believing that Xaintrailles had fallen never again to rise, turned their horses' bridles and took to flight, pursued nearly two leagues by the duke of Burgundy; so completely was he intermingled with the fugitives that he might readily have been taken for one himself, save for the sturdy blows he ever and anon inflicted on the fleeing foe. He was followed at only lance-length by the seigneurs de Longueval, and Guy d'Erly.

The Burgundians won the day; their loss was but thirty men, whereas: ey killed and wounded four or five hundred Dauphinois; many other noblemen were taken with Xaintrailles. This engagement was called the rencontre of Mons en Vimeu; because, spite of its important results it was not dignified as a battle, inasmuch as no royal banners had been displayed.

The king of England entered, meanwhile, by negotiation into the town of Dreux, and after having had all the war machines requisite for a siege manufactured at Lagny-Sur-Marne, proceeded with four and twenty thousand men to invest the town of Meaux. The bastard de Vaurus was captain of the garrison with a force of nearly a thousand men.

During this siege which lasted seven months, tidings were brought to Henry Vth, that his queen was delivered of a son, who eighteen months afterwards was proclaimed king of France under the title of Henry Vth.

Meaux offered a noble resistance. The bastard de Vaurus who had shot himself within the town, was a reckless man and a soldier of tried courage; failing to receive from the seigneur d'Olémost his promised succour, and, although conscious that the garrison could not successfully defend itself much longer, still he would not yield, but when the town was carried by assault, his men bravely fought from street to street, and from house to house—and, driven from one quarter of the city, they crossed the Marne and established themselves on the opposite bank; thither the king of England sharply pursued them, resolved to allow them neither truce nor repose until all were killed or taken; the streets were strewn with stumps of lances and fragments of armour.

Amongst the prisoners was the bastard de Vaurus who had so valiantly defended the town. Henry had him conducted to the foot of an elm, the site of many executions commanded by himself, which the peasantry called the elm of Vaurus. Ca
this spot, without trial, solely by the law of the strongest and his privilege as conqueror, he ordered him to be decapitated, and his body suspended under the arms; then, the standard having been driven into his throat, his head was stuck upon the spade point of his banner. Many even in the king’s own army murmured at such extreme severity, and considered such a punishment as unfit to be inflicted on so brave a knight.

About the same time, the seigneur de Luxembourg, who had been retaken by the Burundians in the rout of Mons en Vimeu possessed himself of the fortresses of Queesnoy and Hericourt: whereupon, the town of Crespy en Valois, and the castles of Pierrefond and Offemont also surrendered. Victory was thus declaring herself on all sides for king Henry, when sickness seized him at the castle of Vincennes. This disorder made rapid progress, and Henry himself was the first to consider it mortal. He, accordingly, called to his bed-side the duke of Bedford, his uncle, the earl of Warwick, and messire Louis de Robertser, and frankly told them that he well knew it was God’s will that he should quit this world, and thus concluded:—“Good brother John, I pray thee by the loyalty and love which thou bearest me, to be ever faithful to my Son Henry, thy nephew, and I entreat thee, never to sanction as long as thou livest, any treaty with our enemy, Charles of Valois, which shall call in question our free possession of Normandy. If my brother of Burgundy would take upon himself the regency of the kingdom, I counsel thee give it into his hands—if not—keep it thyself. And to thee, fair uncle,” added he, turning towards the duke of Exeter, who just then entered, “to thee I leave the sole government of the kingdom of England, knowing that thou understandest well how to govern. Happen what may, come not again into France, but be guardian to my son, and often visit him. And as for thee, fair cousin of Warwick, I would have thee for his guide and counsellor, remaining always by him, and instructing him in the profession of arms, for, in making choice of thee I feel that I cannot better provide for his tutelage: moreover, I earnestly entreat thee to avoid discussions with my brother-in-law of Burgundy; preserve him, likewise, in my name from my brother Humphrey, for, should it happen that any ill-will arise betwixt thee and him, the affairs of this kingdom, which are now in a prosperous condition, might be greatly prejudiced; finally, we command thee, in no case liberate from prison our fair cousin d’Orleans, the count d’En, the seigneur de Guichard, de Chisay, until my son shall have come of age; as for the other prisoners dispose of them as thou wilt.”

Each having promised to accomplish what was required of him, Henry desired to be left alone. No sooner had they obeyed than he desired his physicians to be sent for, and commanded them to tell him as nearly as possible what time he had to live. At first, they attempted to give him some hopes, saying that it was yet in the Almighty’s power to restore him to health; but the king smiling, sadly, conjured them not to conceal the truth, promising, whatever it might be, to support the decree as became a king and a warrior. The physicians, hereupon, retired into a corner of the apartment, and after having consulted together, one of them, kneeling beside the king’s bed, said to him:—“Sire, bethink thee of thy soul; for it seemeth to us, that, save by God’s special grace, it is not possible thou shouldst live more than two hours.”

Then Henry summoned his confessor and other ecclesiastics, desiring them to recite to him the seven penitential psalms: when they came to those words of the 20th verse (51st psalm) “ut adiunctus muri Hierusalem,” he interrupted them, saying, aloud, that but for the speedy death he expected, he had intended, after restoring peace to France to recover possession of the Holy Sepulchre, and that he would have so done, had it been God’s good pleasure to have prolonged his existence to the ordinary length: then he ordered the priests to proceed, but towards the end of the following verse he cried aloud from suffering. The holy offices were interrupted. The king heaved one feeble sigh, it was his last, August 31st, 1422.

On the morrow, the king’s entrails were interred in the church of the monastery of Saint-Maur, and his body, embalmed, placed in a leaden coffin. On the third day of September, the funeral procession set forth for Calais. The coffin was placed on a car drawn by four noble horses; upon it was placed a likeness in wax as large as life, the face upturned to Heaven; in his right he held a sceptre, and in the left, a golden orb; the coverlet of this funeral coach was of scarlet cloth embroidered in
gold. "On it's passage through each town, four men bore over the coffin at each corner of the car a rich silken dais, such as is usually carried over the body of Christ on the day of the Saint Sacrament. The convoy was followed by the princes of the king's family with the knights and gentlemen of his household; on the right and left of the car there marched a large body of ecclesiastics, who, whether the procession moved forwards, or halted, never ceased chanting the service for the dead, besides celebrating masses in the churches of all the towns through which the procession passed; and, moreover, forming as it were a girdle around the car, there were ten men clothed in white and bearing perpetually burning tapers of odoriferous wax.

At Rouen the cortége met madame Catherine who had returned to France to join her husband; ignorant of his death, she was grievously afflicted. Resolved not to quit the remains, she joined the convoy, which upon arriving at Calais, crossed over to Dover, reaching London on the night of Saint-Martin (d'hiver). Fifteen bishops wearing pontifical copes, many mitred abbots, numerous ecclesiastics, and a multitude of citizens awaited the king's corpse beyond the City gates. They instantly surrounded it singing the service for the dead, and passing over London-bridge and through Lombard-street, attended the mourning train to Saint Paul's Cathedral. The car was drawn by four magnificent black horses; the first bore a collar to which were suspended the arms of England; from the second hung the arms of France and England quartered as the king in life had worn them on his breast; the collar of the third supported the arms of France, only, and the fourth the arms of king Arthur the invincible; the latter escutcheon, bearing three golden crowns upon an azure field. The funeral service ended, the body was deposited in Westminster Abbey, near those of his predecessors, the kings of England. Thus disappeared from the face of the earth whereon he had acquired so much renown, Henry Vth. of England, surnamed the conqueror. He had penetrated further in the French dominions than any of his predecessors; he had taken Paris which none had ever yet subdued, and left to his heirs the title of king of France, a title they continued to preserve until Napoleon, four centuries later, erased with his sword's point the three fleurs-de-lis from the island escutcheon. He died on having attained one half the age ordinarily allotted to man. He was one of the most valiant and skilful warriors of his time, but too self-willed and inflexible of purpose.

Thus far has scarcely been paid to Henry's memory by the duke of Bedford when intelligence reached him that his presence was required at Paris in order to attend in a second royal funeral train: king Charles Vth. of France was, likewise, dead. On the 22nd day of October, 1422, the poor deranged monarch, Charles, expired: sad was his last hour and deserted, as had been his life, neither madame Isabel, the dauphin Charles, nor either of his five surviving children attending his dying bed. The duke de Berry was dead, the dukes d'Orléans, Bourbon and Brittany were prisoners; and the duke of Burgundy dared not receive the last sigh of him whose kingdom he had basely sold. — Friends there were none—civil war had either swept them away or retained them at the dauphin's court. Arrived at that last hour, when the spirit (like a lamp ere it expire) collects all its strength in order to escape from its mortal garb, the old king for a moment recovered reason, sight and speech: while the pallid hue of death overspread his brow, he raised himself upon his deserted couch, and looked anxiously around the desolate and gloomy chamber in search of one on whom to cast his last look, one who would have received his last adieu; but his dying gaze rested only on the coldly indifferent countenances of his chancellor and chamberlain, compelled by the duties of their offices near the king to become the courtiers of his death-bed; then, falling back with a heavy sigh, and restraining the utterance of those dying words which serve to assuage the soul's last agony, the unhappy monarch closed his eyes, for it was thus, in fancy, only, he could once more behold the blooming countenance of his youthful Charles, whose heart he knew had not once forsaken him, and gazed again upon the features of his loved Odette, that devoted creature whose sweet caresses, if not her love, had shed a ray of happiness upon his dark career. — Thus, God, suppling man's neglect, sent two ministering angels as it were to the bedside of the poor monarch whose soul they aided to take its flight, without utterance of blasphemous murmurings and despair.

The reign of Charles VI. — a reign unparallelled in the annals of France — a reign
of madness filling up the interval betwixt the appearance of two supernatural apparitions, the old man (or Druid) of the forest of Mans, and that of the young peasant-girl one of the most disastrous for the kingdom; yet this unhappy prince was one of the most lamented; the surname of Insensé given him by the great, was lost sight of in the appellation of Bien-Aimé, bestowed on him by the people.

On the morrow of his death, the pomp of royalty which had awhile abandoned the living man came to surround the lifeless body. The corpse placed in a leaden coffin was borne by knights and squires to the church of the hôtel saint-Paul where it lay open state until the arrival of the duke of Bedford.

During these twenty days' lying in state, masses were sung and celebrated in the chapel, as was customary during the king's life. The four mendicant orders of Paris came daily to perform the service, and all were allowed to enter freely and offer up their prayers around the body.

At length, on the 8th November, the duke of Bedford arrived—but in consequence of his protracted absence the parliament had already taken measures for the king's obsequies, viz.: the sale of the furniture of the hôtel Saint-Paul—so low were the royal coffers. On the 10th, the body was removed, and carried to the church of Notre-Dame: processesions from every church establishment, and deputies from the universities went to meet the corpse; prelates, in pontifical vestments took the right, doctors and rhetoricians, in their robes, the left.

Recipient on the coffin was an exact image of the king, wearing a golden crown, and holding in its hands, covered with white gloves and laden with rings set with precious stones, two shields, one of gold, the other of silver. This image was clothed in a robe of gold, with a scarlet ground, having a mantle of similar stuff richly furred with ermine; the stockings were black, and the shoes of azure velvet embroidered with golden fleurs de lis.

It was a moving spectacle to see this unhappy monarch—betrayed during life, abandoned after death; not a single prince of the lilies attending his obsequies, and the mourning train of France conducted by an Englishman—but so violently, for twelve successive years, had the blasts of civil discord and foreign war, been blowing on the devoted kingdom, that each leaf of the royal stalk had either been scattered by their fury.

After the duke of Bedford, walked the Chancellor of France, the master of requests, the lords of the treasury, the notaries, burgesses, and, lastly, the populace of Paris, in greater numbers than they had ever before been seen to follow a royal funeral.

The service ended, vergers proceeded to open the grating of the royal vault, and the coffin, preceded by torches, was lowered and placed near the tomb of Charles V and the good constable.—The patriarch of Constantinople taking a branch dipped it in holy water and pronounced the prayers for the dead: then the king's sergeants-at-arms broke their white wands, threw them into the tomb, reversed their batons, and the first shovel-full of earth resounded on the coffin, separating, at once, two dynasties and two reigns.

When the grave was filled with earth, the Berry king-at-arms stepped upon it, and cried in a loud voice, "May it please God to have mercy and pity on the soul of our most mighty and excellent prince, Charles, king of France, sixth of that name, our rightful lord and sovraign." Sobs burst forth from all around; then, the herald after a short pause, resumed:—"May God grant long life to Henry, by the grace of God, king of France and England, our Sovraign Lord."—No sooner were these words pronounced, than the sergeants-at-arms again turning their maces so as to bring the fleurs de lis uppermost, exclaimed twice "Vive le roi! Vive le roi!"—The crowd listened in silence, and not a voice repeated the sacrilegious cry! without one answering echo the words sank beneath the gloomy arches of the sepulchres of France's monarchs, startling even in their graves three several kingly races successively entombed within.

On the morrow, Henry VI. of England, aged eighteen months, was proclaimed king of France, under the regency of the duke of Bedford.

FINIS.
1er JUIN 1841.

Le Follet,
Courrier des salons.

JOURNAL DES MODES.

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* * *

Modes.

Nous sommes obligés, pour ce qui concerne les modes d'hommes, de vous renvoyer à notre bulletin du mois dernier, car il n'y a dans cette partie aucune modification importante à signaler. Rien de changé dans les formes ou dans les nuances, à l'habit de fantaisie ou à l'habit habillé; rien à la re-fingote dont les anglaises sont toujours très larges, et qui admet une ou deux rangées de boutons indistinctement. Quant aux étoffes pour pantalons, chaque jour en amène de nouvelles avec des dessins nouveaux; mais étoffes et dessins sont indescripibles. Nous pourrions en dire autant des gilets, pour lesquels la soie subit mille métamorphoses, et les cachemires d'été se diversifient à l'infini. Du reste, aussi loin que Blay Laffite, l'oracle de la spécialité, aura sanctionné quelque fantaisie nouvelle, rajeuni quelque forme, modifié quelques détails, nous aurons soin de vous tenir au courant.

Commencez par vous annoncer la réouverture d'un magasin qui, jusqu'à ce jour, a marché sous des au pices très favorables, et qui, pour mériter de plus en plus la faveur de la Mode, vient de s'agrandir d'une manière remarquable. Nous voulons parler du beau magasin de nouveautés de madame Leroy, où l'on trouve un assortiment très varié de bonnets, de chapeaux de paille, de ceintures, de châles, d'écharpes, de gants, de rubans et de tous les articles de bal. Nous avons remarqué de délicieuses écharpes en organzé bordées de trois rangs de bouillons, et de charmans petits fichus de dentelle re-

(TOME XX. 15 ANNÉE.)
naissance. La modicité des prix de madame Leroy est une des conditions de son succès.
Il ne faut pas que les nouveaux amis fassent oublier les anciens. Disons donc un mot de Constance, dont l’incroyable activité semble s’accroître chaque jour encore en même temps que la délicatesse de son goût et l’élégance de sa coupe. Citons, pour justifier nos éloges, ses redingotes en foulard ornées de passementeries et garnies de dentelles entremêlées de nœuds; ses robes en barège uni, jupe froncée, corsage plat, manches plates à boutons; ses robes en satin égyptien, corsage en pointe, manches courtes à côtes; celles en tulle filet, dont le corsage est si gracieusement arrondi vers la taille, manches plates avec agréments en passementerie; d’autres robes, de cette même étoffe, avaient pour ornement un ruban de satin passé dans des bouillons ou posé simplement à plat et étaient garnies de dentelle. Tout cela est fort gracieux.
Les biais s’échelonnent sur le devant et accompagnent fort bien les boutons en passementerie.
Les garnitures d’entre-deux et de broderies sont presque exigées pour les mouselines et les organdis. Les manches sont assez généralement plates et laissent le poignet dégagé.
La forme amazone, corsage légèrement entrouvert et fermé par des passementeries, est parfaitement goûtée. Nous avons vu quelques créations d’Augustine qui avaient un cachet d’élégance vraiment remarquable. Nous profitrons de cette occasion pour vous rappeler qu’Augustine est toujours sans rivale pour les spencers, et que c’est surtout à son gracieux talent qu’ils doivent la vogue qu’ils conservent encore.
Nous avons peu de chose à vous dire sur les chapeaux. Cependant nous appellerons votre attention sur quelques jolies capotes en point d’Angleterre, que nous avons admirées chez madame Dasse, sur les capotes en paille courue de madame Baudry, ornées de nœuds de ruban ombrié et complétées par une élégante voilette coquettement nouée sous le menton. N’oublions pas les capotes en pout de soie de madame Poillet, recouvertes de tulle dressus et dessous, un lilas bleu sur le côté avec une petite voilette étoilée, et surtout les ravissantes capotes en crépe avec guirlande de vérique que nous admirions, il y a quelques jours, chez Leclère, et que nous n’avons été nullement surpris de retrouver dimanche dernier aux fêtes de Chantilly.
Les ornements pour chapeaux on capotes sont très variés: guirlandes de roses, d’au-bépine, de lilas, de paquerettes, touffes d’avoine, de bruyère, plumes en grève, marabouts sablés d’or, etc., etc. Si vous voulez en savoir davantage, adressez-vous à Chagot, lui seul peut vous donner tous les renseignements désirables.
Nous vous recommandons toujours comme un objet de haut luxe et de haute distinction les mouchoirs de Chapron. De riches entre-deux de vaillenaises variés avec art, d’élégantes broderies, des chiffres, des couronnes, des armoiries, voilà ce qu’il offre à la haute fashion. Pour les fortunes ordinaires, Chapron a des richesses plus modestes, mais c’est toujours le même goût, toujours la même élégance.

Votre amie, HENRIETTE DE B...
LE FOLLET

Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Capote en crin de dentelles de Néciose, v. de Rivoli. 10th - Marabout de Chagot.

Robe en taffetas d'Italie, crin de Brandebourg et de brode de pays de Melina et Victoire.

LE FOLLET

Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Bonnets en tulle et en mousseline brodée, Canneaux en mousseline de l'Inde cimice de beutes.
Robe en mousseline de l'Inde brodée, Canneaux en tulle brodé. Robe de soie.

Ensemble de toilette de la Maison Follot, rue Richelieu, 95.

Surt Marianne. Voeux courtois de tous les Lords.
DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

No 923. Walking dresses.—Drawn capotte of white crêpe, ornamented with blonde et à bunch of marabouts consisting of seven feathers, placed in a drooping position low at the side. The bonnet, it will be perceived, sits very much off the face, but descends low at the sides, one being rounded, the other left pointed. The dress is of nankeen color pour de soie, the corsage à pointe, but rounded off (see plate) and plain with the exception of a few garters at the front of the shoulder, it has one seam down the centre of the front, the back where it fastens is tight, and it is sloped off at the bosom en cœur. The skirt is ornamented with two rows of very deep black lace, put on as flounces, but without the slightest fulness whatever. Black lace scarf lined with black Florence, and trimmed all round with black lace. Hair in one large ringlet at each side, the bosom of the dress trimmed with a very narrow lace, embroidered cuffs, white gloves, puce color brodequins.

2nd figure. Drawn capotte of mauve color pour de soie, shot with white, this bonnet is hardly transparent, the spaces between each drawing, being white lace, the front is also edged with the same, and a fall put on with fulness goes round the top of the crown. The bows of ribbon are placed very low at the left side. Dress of drab color taffetas d’Italie, Corsage three quarters high and quite tight, fastening at back. Sleeves plain and tight, but with only one seam. The front of the skirt of the dress is ornamented en tablier with falls of black lace put on. To the lower side of narrow bands of the material of the dress, edged all round with a satin liseré or piping, increasing gradually in length as they go down et fastened on to the dress with jet buttons. Our readers will comprehend our meaning better, by a simple glance at the plate than by the most elaborate description we could give of this trimming. The habit shirt, is of a new pattern called the col chevalière. The front of the shirt has a few gathers, and the collar, a half standing one, like that of a boy’s shirt, with the corners rounded, is embroidered, et trimmed with a very narrow Valenciennes which is continued down the front. It is fastened with three buttons or studs. Guipure cuffs, white kid gloves, cambric handkerchief, puce color half boots.

No 927. — Dinner dresses—Dress of India muslin, low corsage, sleeves full, but reaching only to the elbow, where they are confined with a band. The skirt has a deep hem at bottom, and is embroidered down each side of the front, giving to the dress something of the effect of an open robe. Canezou of India muslin, trimmed with a quilling of tulle and fastened down the front with buttons. Cap trimmed with rich lace, the borders interspersed with puffs of green ribbon, hair in bands, half long gloves of peau de Suède, fan.

2nd figure.—Low dress of straw color pour de soie, shot with white. Short sleeves finished by two puffings or sabots, lace canezou with deep falls over the shoulders. Cap trimmed with lace et a quantity of pink ribbon; hair in smooth bands, long black silk mittens en filet. Lace ruffles, black satin shoes.

BIOGRAPHIE
de
CHARLOTTE CORDAY.
AVEC PORTRAIT.

Marie-Anne Victoire Charlotte Corday, née
à Saint Saturnin, près de Sceaux en Normandie, en 1708, passa sa jeunesse à Cen, chez une parente qui prit soin de son éducation. Menant une vie très retirée, livrée presque entièrement à la lecture, elle avait puisé dans celle de l'histoire an jetée la âme des oppresseurs ; l'action vraie ou supposée de Mutius Secio a se sacrifiant pour venger Rome, lui fit surtout la plus grande impression. Elle résolut de donner à son pays le même exemple de dévoûlement en poignardant Marat, regardé comme le chef des monstres désignés sous l'horrible nom de bœufs de sang.

Un puissant motif vint encore l'enhardir dans son dessein. Des députés, dont elle estimait les talents et les opinions politiques, proscrits par Marat et la Convention, fugitifs dans le Calvados, y appelaient vaine ment au secours de la liberté les Français anéantis sous la terreur. Charlotte ne balance plus, et, pour les seconder, elle quitte Caen : arrivée à Paris le 12 juillet 1793, elle achète au Palais-Royal, un conteau à gagne, et se présente chez Marat où, malgré ses instances, elle ne peut être admise. Elle lui écrit alors qu'elle a des secrets importants à lui révéler, et le prie de lui accorder un moment d'entretien.

Vers les sept heures et demie du soir, Charlotte Corday vint chez Marat qui, entant sa voix, ordonna, quoiqu'il fût au bain, de la faire entrer.

Leur entretien eut d'abord pour objet les rassemblements du Calvados. Marat s'informait avec empressement des noms des députés, des administrateurs qui les excitaient, et les écrivait sur des tablettes sous la dictée de Charlotte. Il lui annonça que tous ceux qu'elle lui désignait étaient bientôt expirer leur rébellion sur l'échafaud. A ces mots, Charlotte tire a assiétot le couteau de son sein et le plonge dans le cœur du député, qui ne poussa que ce seul cri : A moi ! et expira à l'instant même.

Celui qui venait de l'immoler resta calme au milieu du tumulte des domestiques et des voisins. L'officier de police étant survenu et ayant dressé procès-verbal de l'événement, elle le signa, et fut enfermée dans les pri os de l'Abbaye. Conduite devant le tribunal révolutionnaire, elle y parut avec dignité ; ni la présence des juges, furieux d'avoir perdu leur ami, ni le frémissement d'un peuple féroce, rien ne parut troubler un seul instant sa tranquillité. Loin de défendre ses jours, elle parla de son action comme d'un devoir qu'elle avait rempli envers sa patrie.

« J'avais le droit de tuer Marat, dit-elle, puisque lui-même commandait le meurtre. L'opinion publique l'avait depuis longtemps condamné, et je n'ai fait qu'exécuter son jugement. »

Charlotte fut condamnée à mort. Après sa condamnation, elle dit à son défenseur :

« Vous m'avez défendue d'une manière aussi délicate que généreuse : c'était la seule qui pût me convenir. Je vous en remercie ; elle m'a fait concevoir pour vous une estime dont je veux vous donner la preuve. Ces messieurs viennent de m'apprendre que mes biens sont confisqués ; il me reste quelques petites dettes à acquitter dans ma prison, et c'est vous que je charge de ce devoir. »

Elle fut conduite à l'échafaud en souriant au peuple. Un témoin a écrit que « montée sur le théâtre de son supplice, son visage avait conservé toute la fraîcheur et le coloris d'une femme satisfaite. »

On raconte que dans la foule des spectateurs qui le regardaient à l'échafaud, un député de la ville de Mayence, nommé Adam Lux, pénétré d'admiration pour son courage, et voulant la suivre au tombeau, s'écria qu'elle était plus grande que Brutus ! Il l'écrivit au tribunal en demandant la mort, qui lui fut accordée.
UNE HISTOIRE VRAIE.

Marguerite continua ainsi :

- La maison où j'allais travailler était fréquentée par des jeunes gens riches et décevus que la maîtresse du lieu avait intérêt à ne pas éloigner. Ancien de ces messieurs, je dois vous l'avouer, n'avait frappé mon imagination ni séduit mon cœur. Cependant je ne tardai pas à sentir comme un vague mouvement d'inquiétude et de malaise. Je ne savais à quoi attribuer ce remuement insulite qui s'opérait dans tout mon être ; je tremblais sans motif, je rougisais à tout propos ; en vain j'essayais de me livrer tout entière au travail, l'aiguille tombait de mes doigts, et je me préNais à rêver des heures entières.

Un jour, j'avais vu entrer dans notre magasin un jeune homme aux manières timides, à la voix douce, au maintien poli et réservé. A peine eut-il passé quelques instants près de la maîtresse de la maison, qui le connaissait depuis longtemps, que je l'aimai, mais d'un amour immense, insensé, avant qu'il eût pensé peut-être à me regarder. La fatalité voulut qu'il m'aima de son côté, ou du moins qu'il me fit croire. Dès lors, je perdis toute es pèce de tranquillité ; la maison de mon père m'était devenue en horreur ; le travail même n'était plus une distraction à mes douleurs.

Au lieu de confier mes chagrins à ma mère, qui ne savait à quoi attribuer la tristesse qui m'accablait, j'eus l'affreux pensée d'ouvrir mon cœur à l'une des jeunes filles qui travaillaient à cet égard. Elle écouta ma confidence avec les dehors de l'amitié la plus sincère m'embrassa avec un attendrissement qui m'émut profondément. Bientôt nous fûmes liées de la manière la plus intime.

Eugénie, c'était le nom de celle que j'avais choisie pour amie, attirait sans cesse le feu qui me consumait ; sans cesse elle me parlait d'Édouard, me faisait remarquer ses qualités, me disait qu'il m'aimait, et que je devais m'abandonner à son amour. Je fus vaincue ; j'entendais ces prélices conseillers ; je permis à Édouard de me dire lui-même ce qu'Eugénie me répétait chaque jour. De ce moment je fus perdue. Édouard obtint bientôt tout ce qu'il désirait ; au bout de trois semaines je quittai la maison de mon père, emportée par la folie d'un amour qui m'a d'abord conduite au désespoir, et qui me a enfin réduite à l'état où vous me voyez.

Édouard m'avait choisi un appartement somptueux et m'environnait de toutes les distractions qui pouvaient me faire oublier ma faute et la douleur de mes parents. Son amour remplissait mon cœur et absorbait toutes mes pensées. Eugénie, qui avait été la cause sénelle de ma faute, venait sans cesse me visiter, et nous passions ensemble les heures consacrées autrefois au travail.

De son côté, Édouard me quittait à peine, et mes jours s'écoulaient ainsi dans l'oisiveté, au milieu d'une paix simulée qui fut bientôt détruite. En faisant d'Eugénie mon amie intime et la seule confidente de toutes mes peines, j'ignorais quelle était sa conduite privée et les relations qu'elle avait au dehors.

Je n'appris que trop tôt qu'Eugénie était une de ces femmes perdues qui, sous des dehors honnêtes, ont le talent de pénétrer partout et de s'établir des relations dont elles n'avaient pas toujours à rougir.

Un jour, ils m'avaient laissée seule. Je commençais à être fatiguée de cette vie paresseuse qui creuse l'âme et dessèche le cœur. Pour la première fois, je pensais à ma mère, désolée et malade sans doute. Une affreuse tristesse s'était emparée de moi. Tout à coup une voiture s'arrêta sous mes fenêtres, on sonna à ma porte : c'était de la part d'Eugénie qui me faisait instantanément prêter à descendre. Je descendis. Une femme élégamment vêtue me dit...
de monter dans la voiture: il s'agissait de rendre un service éminent à mon amie. J'obéis, poussée par je ne sais quelle fatalité. La voiture roula. Bientôt, nous fûmes arrivées. Je suivis machinalement l'inconnue; nous montâmes un escalier assez élégant, une porte s'entrouvrit sur moi. On me fit entrer dans une espèce de salon; la femme me quitta, en m'annonçant qu'elle allait bientôt revenir.

Je restai seule, commençant à m'inquiéter de mon imprudence. Au bout de quelques instants, la femme rentra; elle me dit:
—Avez-vous de l'argent?
—Que signifie cette question?
—Vous le saurez bientôt.

Quelques minutes après, deux agents de l'autorité entrèrent et me signifièrent de les suivre.
—Où voulez-vous m'emmener? m'écriai-je avec effroi.
—En prison, la belle, me dit l'officier de police.

Malgré mes cris, mes protestations, mes sanglots, on me jeta dans un fiacre; une heure après, les lourds grincements de la préfecture de police se refermaient derrière moi.

Est-il besoin de vous peindre ma terreur et mon désespoir, quand je fus enfermée dans cette prison, au milieu de femmes perdues et de voleuses? Je ne voyais rien, je ne comprenais rien. Ce ne fut qu'au bout d'un certain temps que je cherchai à me rendre compte de l'événement qui m'avait conduite là.

Bientôt je fus tirée de mes tristes réflexions par une ignoble scène dont j'étais la victime, et dont je ne fus délivrée que par la présence d'une de ces misérables créatures qui paraissait avoir quelque autorité sur les autres, et qui me prit sous sa protection.

—Voyez-vous, me dit-elle, ce sont vos vêtements qui vous ont valu cette scène; ici on n'est point accoutumé à voir d'élégantes toilettes. Voilà, ajoutez-t-elle, vous avez l'air bien triste et vous voilà tout abattue; racontez-moi ce qui vous est arrivé, caressez le cœur et ça aide à supporter les peines.

Aussitôt je lui appris ce qui s'était passé; je le fis sans honte, car je n'avais rien à me reprocher.

La femme pensa quelques instants et me dit:
—Oui, ça pourrait bien être ça; ça s'est déjà vu, oui, oui.
—Quoi? lui disais-je.
—Voici ce que c'est...

Et elle me fit un récit horrible des ordonnances de police qui régissent les maisons de prostitution et les infamies qui se commettent dans ces maisons, et dont bien certainement j'étais victime.

J'abrége, monsieur, tous les détails de ce que j'eus à souffrir pendant les heures de ma captivité. J'écrivis à Édouard. Il accourut; mais il lui fut impossible d'obtenir qu'on avançât l'instant de ma comparution devant le magistrat. Je lui avais défendu d'instruire ma famille: assez d'ignominie me couvrait déjà. Et puis comment oser paraitre devant mon père dans ce lieu d'infamie? J'aurais préféré ne jamais recouvrer ma liberté.

Enfin, je fus appelée. On me demanda mon nom, je ne répondis pas, mais on savait tout. Édouard, dans l'espérance de me faire sortir, avait tout révolté, et l'on m'annonça que mon père était instruit et qu'il allait venir.

—Grâce, monsieur! m'écriai je, grâce! qu'il ne me voie pas. Retenez-moi aussi longtemps que vous voudrez, toujours, mais que mon père ne me voie pas, qu'il ignore où je suis!

—Cela est impossible; nous n'avons pas le droit de vous retenir, mais il nous est prescrit de ne vous rendre à la liberté que sur les réclamations de vos parents. Quand ils seront venus, vous serez appelée; allez.

Je me retirai la mort dans le cœur et prête
à me tner : je n’eus pas ce courage. Deux heures après, on me fit venir ; mon père était là. Je n’eus pas la force de marcher, je ne voyais, je n’entendais rien. Arrivée dans la salle où j’étais attendue, j’aperçus à travers le voile de ma douleur et de ma honte comme l’image de mon père, mais en réalité ce n’était plus lui. Ma longue absence et ce dernier coup de foudre avaient tellement altéré ses traits, que moi, sa fille, je ne le reconnaissais plus.

— Est-ce bien là votre fille ? lui demanda-t-on.

— J’en avais une, monsieur, mais elle est morte ; celle-ci, je ne la connais pas, c’est la fille du vice et de la prostitution ; ce n’est pas la miene.

Le magistrat s’approcha de lui et lui parla bas ; puis, sur un signe, on me fit sortir ; je parcourus, sans les voir, de longs corridors, de vastes cours, puis on me dit : Vous êtes libre. Je me trouvai dans la rue. Édouard m’attendait. Il me fit monter en voiture. J’arrivai chez lui. Je ne sais ce qui se passa. Je fus malade pendant plusieurs jours. Quand je revins à la connaissance, je ne vis plus Édouard. On me remit une lettre de lui. Je l’ouvris sans émotion, car mon amour s’était éteint devant la malédiction de mon père. Il m’apprenait son départ en prétendant je ne sais plus quel motif. Il me laissait de l’argent et son adresse ; je lui renvoyai son argent et le remboursai intégralement de son départ ; puis je quittai l’appartement que j’avais occupé avec lui, et j’allai me réfugier dans une maison obscure et voisine de celle de mon père.

A partir de ce moment, je me trouvai toujours seule, abandonnée à moi-même, n’ayant d’autres ressources que le produit du travail de mes mains. De ma fenêtre j’apercevais la chambre de ma mère, et je cherchais à pénétrer du regard près d’elle, n’osant pas me montrer et me faire connaître. Que de fois pourtant j’eus la pensée d’aller me jeter à ses pieds, et de retrouver dans ses embrassements maternels la paix et le bonheur ! Oh ! j’en suis convaincue, elle m’aurait pardonnée, elle m’aurait serrée dans ses bras. Quelle mère a jamais maudit sa fille ! quelle mère n’a jamais pardonné ! Mais le souvenir de mon père m’empêchait de l’oser. Je le voyais toujours pâle, défaire, l’œil égaré, me criant : « Non, ce n’est pas ma fille, c’est l’enfant du vice. Je ne la connais pas. » Oh ! sans doute, il m’eut chassée ; ma présence peut-être l’aurait rendu plus malheureux encore. Je continuai donc à vivre ainsi délaisée et ne voyant personne.

Un jour je fus appelée devant le commissaire de police de notre quartier. La peur me saisit ; qu’était-il donc arrivé encore ? mon Dieu, pensai-je, ne m’ont-ils pas fait tout le mal possible ? Je m’y présentai tremblante.

— Êtes-vous bien Marguerite ?
— Oui, monsieur.
— Quels sont vos moyens d’existence ?
— Je travaille, et je gagne assez pour souffrir.

— Pouvez-vous aider vos parents ?
— Je ne vous comprends pas, monsieur ; autrefois j’étais chez mon père et je vivais avec mes parents. Depuis dix-huit mois je les ai quittés.

— C’est bien cela, reprit-il. Eh bien ! je vais vous dire ce qui s’est passé depuis le lendemain de votre suite. Votre père s’adressa à moi pour vous faire chercher. Je sus bientôt que vous viviez avec un nommé Édouard B... Quand votre père apprit votre conduite, il ne voulut plus vous recevoir. On vous laissa donc libre. Dès lors, il parut un grand dérangement dans son ménage : il dissipait son argent et le jetait à tort et à travers. Un jour on me rapporta un sac contenant plusieurs centaines de francs, qu’il avait laissé dans une voiture publique. Il ne voulut pas le repren-
A midi, je fus introduite. On me conduisit vers ma mère. Elle ne me reconnaît pas. J'eus beau me jeter à son cou, la couvrir de mes larmes, elle restait insensible et souriante. La source de ses pleurs était l'ariente. Tout était fini. Oh ! aors je souhaitais de perdre la raison, de devenir comme ma mère ; mais Dieu ne me fit pas même cette grâce. Quand l'heure de la quitter fut venue, et qu'elle vit qu'on allait me faire sortir, elle me dit : De l'argent et des gâteaux. Je lui donnai tout ce que je possédais. Elle prit l'argent, le jeta aux autres folles. Je lui fis remettre des gâteaux, elle les mangea avec une avidité et un plaisir surprenants. Je revins tous les jours et je lui apportai ces gâteaux qu'elle aimait tant. Cependant ma santé s'altérait de jour en jour ; je travaillais la nuit pour gagner quelque argent ; je mangeais à peine : ne devais-je pas tout sacrifier pour procurer à ma mère la seule chose qu'elle désirait. Un jour on me remit une lettre : cette lettre m'annonçait la mort de mon père, que je ne pus jamais obtenir de visiter, à cause du caractère de sa folie. Je remerciais Dieu d'avoir enfin mis un terme à ses maux.

Je continuai à travailler ; chaque jour je sentais que mes forces s'en allaient, mais l'idée d'apporter quelque soulagement à ma mère me donnait du courage ; je faisais tous les jours le chemin de la Salpêtrière. Au bout de quelques semaines, cela me devint impossible. Je vins demeurer p'tis près de l'hospice, mais lors l'ouvrière me manqua. Je vendis mes effets, je réduisais ma nourriture encore davantage ... mais ma mère avait toujours ses gâteaux.

Un jour, je me présentai à l'hospice, on me ferma la porte en me disant : Votre mère est morte.

Ici finit le récit du docteur.

(François mensuel.)
[The Lady's Magazine first appeared in the year 1756, and has been published monthly from that date. "The Museum," was joined to this Magazine in the year 1832, and "The Court Magazine, and Monthly Critic," and "The La Belle Assemblee," were incorporated with this the Lady's Magazine in January, 1838.]

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to

THE COURT, LADY'S MAGAZINE,

MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.

Improved Series, Enlarged, and Ancient Portrait Series,
Vol. XVIII., 1841; and, from the commencement,
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FOR THE HALF-YEAR ENDING JUNE, 1841.

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* [The Paris plates of Fashions, together with the French letter-press, to be bound separately at the end, or optionally in their respective localities by the Paris Monthly Fashion Letters.]

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LIST OF PORTRAIT EMBELLISHMENTS IN THE PRESENT HALF-YEARLY VOLUME.

The Empress Josephine, whole length portrait of, first wife of Napoleon Bonaparte, and daughter of M. de Tascher de la Pagerie, a West India planter. She was born at Martinique in 1763, and having left her native island to reside with an aunt in France, was married in her sixteenth year to the Viscount Beauharnais, one of the partisans, and, subsequently, a victim of the revolution. Released from prison by the fall of Robespierre, Madame de Beauharnais married in 1796, General Bonaparte, then about to set out for Italy, shared his power as first consul, his grandeur as emperor, aided him with her counsels, and was ever the object of his esteem and affection, even when induced by ambitious policy to resolve on the measure of her divorce in 1810. She afterwards took up her abode at Malmaison, where in the exercise of every amiable quality, she passed the latter years of her life, and died in 1814. Her two children by the Viscount Beauharnais were, the prince Eugene, and Hortense, married to Louis Bonaparte, king of Holland. To be transferred from Dec. 1840, ... and face p. 1.

Marguerite de Valois (whole length ancient portrait of), daughter of Odette de Champ Divers and Charles VI., legitimated by Charles VII., and married to John of Harpedane, lord of Belle-Ville and Poitou ... To face p. 85.

Elizabeth Wydeville (whole length ancient portrait of, from an illumination in the British Museum), queen-consort of Edward IV. of England, daughter of Sir Richard Wydeville and Jacquetta of Luxembourg, duchess dowager of Bedford. She was born about the year 1458, ... and, at an early age, received the appointment of maid of honor to queen Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. At the age of 16, she married Sir John Gray of Groby, a partisan of the house of Lancaster, in whose cause he fell at the second battle of St. Albans in 1461. As a petitioner for the restoration of her late husband's confiscated estates, the young widow's beauty excited the admiration of King Edward IV., who married her in 1464, a step by which that monarch incurred the implacable enmity of Warwick, the king-maker, and brought on himself and his country all the horrors of civil war. On the death of Edward in 1483, his two sons Edward V. and his young brother the duke of York having been murdered in the tower, by their uncle Richard III., their unhappy mother retired into the sanctuary at Westminster, with her daughters, the eldest of whom, Elizabeth, married the earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII. Stung by the neglect of the new king, both towards herself and daughter, Elizabeth was induced to encourage the imposture of Lambert Simnel, or at least was suspected of so doing. Her property was afterwards confiscated, and she herself imprisoned by Henry, in the Nunnery of Bermondsey, where she ended her days in 1488. To face p. 165.

Elizabeth of York, full length ancient portrait of, queen consort of Henry VII. of England, daughter of Edward IV., and Elizabeth Wydeville, born in 1468; this princess was early contracted in marriage to the dauphin Charles, son of Louis XI., whose evasion of the compact caused Edward to determine on a war with France; the preparations for Elizabeth's union, in 1486, with the earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., was the happy means of terminating the bloody contest of the roses. A few days after, having given birth to a daughter, she expired in 1502, at her apartments in the Tower, beloved and mourned by all classes of her subjects from whom she had obtained the deserved appellation of good queen Elizabeth.

Full length portrait of Madame de Lavalette in the dress in which she effected her husband's release from the Conciergerie. ... This lady, born in 1786, was daughter to the marquis de Beauharnais and niece, by marriage, to the empress Josephine. Her union in 1796 with M. de Lavalette, one of Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, was hastily brought about by the general himself—but that it proved one of sincere attachment was sufficiently attested by the most interesting event which marked the life of this heroic wife—that of her personal agency in effecting her husband's escape from prison. Her anxiety on that occasion, and the harsh treatment she experienced, were probable causes of a temporary derangement of mind, in which afflicting state she was found by M. de Lavalette on his return from exile. She, however, subsequently recovered her reason, and passed an after period of happiness in the companionship of her husband, whom contrary to the statement in various biographies she still survives, and is living in Paris. To face p. 329.

Isabella of Angouleme, for whom king John so unscrupulously broke the bonds of his first marriage, and endangered his crown by provoking the hatred and revenge of the betrothed, the count de la Marche, was the only daughter of Aimar, count of Angouleme, and accounted the most celebrated beauty of her time. By her marriage with John, in 1200, she became queen of England at the youthful age of fifteen, but being afterwards neglected by him, she is stated to have followed the example of her husband, but he avenged himself for his disgrace by hanging her gallants over her bed. This statement is, however, generally rejected as a fabrication. Letters, nevertheless, from king John in 1215, are still extant in the Tower of London, ordering Isabella under restraint, and which, though by no means confirmatory of her alleged infidelities, prove at least that from some cause unexplained, she had then lost the king's confidence. By one of these, Theodoric, a German favorite of John is thus commanded "to proceed without delay to Gloucester with the lady queen, and there keep her guarded in the chamber wherein our daughter Joan was nursed." This guardianship of Isabella, however, might have arisen from the unsettled state of the midland counties— the barons being at the time in arms for the recovery of their liberties, which were secured to them that
List of Embellishments.

year by Magna Charta. Previous to John's decease in the following year, she had become reconciled to her tyrant husband. After the coronation of her young son, Henry III., Isabella, finding herself held in little esteem by the English nation, ere her year of widowhood had expired, retired to her native city of Angoulême. Her old lover Hugh de Lusignan, count de la Marche, was then absent on a crusade which he undertook in 1216 against the infidels; but, on his return, their mutual presence having revived their former affection, Isabella, we are told, "took to her husband her former (betrothed) spouse without leave of her son, the king, or his council." It being accounted in those days a species of treason for a queen-dowager to re-marry, without license from the Crown, the Council of Regency withheld her dowry: it was, however, subsequently restored. King Henry III., having attempted the conquest of Poitou, at the instigation of his mother, Isabella was vigorously aided by her gallant father-in-law, the count de la Marche; but the battle of Taillebourg, in Angoumois, proved fatal to the cause of the English king, the queen-mother shortly afterwards saw herself dispossessed of all her territories, and became a suppliant for mercy to the king of France. Louis magnanimously forgave the queen, and permitted her to be recorded to her shame, that in 1244, the life of that monarch having been twice attempted, the assassins on their being convicted, confessed that they had been suborned by queen Isabella to poison her generous enemy. Count Hugh, the son of Isabella by her second marriage, offered to prove his mother's innocence by the solemn appeal of trial by battle. The earl of Poictiers, the accuser, after appointing a day and place for the combat, declined to meet Hugh in the lists, on the ground of his having been proved a traitor to king Louis—an infamy which rendered him unworthy of his sword. The tidings of this disgrace to herself and family having reached Isabella, "in the secret Chamber of Fontevraud," (in which royal abbey she had taken refuge), she never, again, quitted that apartment, but taking the veil, died of grief in the following year, 1246.

Isabella of Angoulême.—The authority for this authentic portrait, is the effigy of Isabella of Angoulême still preserved at Fontevraud in Normandy, our artist having given that noble monumental figure the attitude of life. Queen Isabella wears a loose flowing robe of purple silk, thickly sown with a small golden crescent-shaped ornament, bordered at the neck and wrists, with an elegant pattern, also in gold. The waist, at which there is no constriction in an attempt to render it taper, is simply girded by a richly ornamented waist-belt of crimson leather. This robe, or cowl, slightly opening at top, discovers a neckerchief or chemise of fine linen confined at the throat by a plain circular brooch of gold. Gracefully flung round her person is a long and ample mantle of yellow silk, studded with five-foils, and lined with dark-grey fur—a golden band securing this regal garment across the shoulders. On her head she wears the coverchief, and over it a low crown, of mural form, inlaid with rubies of large size; and the hair being almost entirely concealed by the veil, kerchief, orimple, gives altogether a conventional appearance to the costume. The first effigies in point of date, on which the eye of the artist can rest with complacency, are those at Fontevraud. Although in a foreign land, these four effigies of Plantagenet, Cœur-de-Lion, Elinor of Aquitaine, and Isabella, admirably serve to illustrate the progress of art at that period, since they were erected at English cost and under English superintendence. An exact date can be assigned to the statue of Isabella, from the testimony of Matthew Paris, who tells us it was executed in 1254: it is distinguished by much grace and elegance; and the drapery which is very full and light, is chiselled with great freedom and delicacy. During the devastation which followed the revolution in France, these interesting remains sustained much damage and mutilation. Mrs. C. Stothard tells us that when her late husband visited France during the summer of 1816, he went direct to Fontevraud, to ascertain if the effigies of our early kings who were buried there yet existed; subjects so interesting to English history were worthy of the enquiry. He found the abbey converted into a prison, and discovered in a cellar belonging to it, the effigies of Henry the second and his queen. Richard the first, and Isabella of Angoulême, John's queen. The chapel, where the figures were placed before the revolution, had been entirely destroyed, and these valuable effigies, then removed to the cellars, were subject to continual mutilation from the prisoners, who went twice in every day to draw water from a well. It appeared they had sustained some injury, as Mr. S. found several broken fragments scattered round. He made drawings of the figures; and upon his return to England represented to our government the propriety of securing such interesting memorials from further destruction. It was deemed advisable, if such a plan could be accomplished, to gain possession of them, that they might be placed with the rest of our royal effigies in Westminster Abbey. An application was accordingly made, which failed; but it had the good effect of drawing the attention of the French authorities towards those remains, and saving them from total destruction. "In a low vaulted chapel in a retired nook," says a more recent traveller (anno 1840) "I more than ever rejoiced that every vestige of the royal mausoleum had been collected by the hand of care, if not of taste, is now placed in security after centuries of desecration. In this low cell, which is lit by one small window filled with remnants of antique stained glass, probably picked up amongst the rubbish of the ruins, lie all that ages have left of the once magnificent tombs of the kings of England of the Argivene race. The arms of Isabel of Angoulême, impaled with those of king John, have been copied from an impalement represented on the cornice of queen Elizabeth's monument in Westminster Abbey; in Sanford's time, the same arms were perceptible on the monument of her son, William de Valence, earl of Pembroke, and on the tomb of this queen at Fontevraud."
THE FOLLOWING LIST EXHIBITS THE PORTRAITS (WITH MEMOIRS) AS PUBLISHED IN THE SEVERAL HALF-YEARLY VOLUMES, COMMENCING, RESPECTIVELY, JANUARY AND JULY, IN EACH YEAR: ALSO THE WHOLE OF THE EMBELLISHMENTS IN THE TEN YEARS' VOLUMES OF THIS PROPRIETORSHIP.

(To give greater facility in perfecting Sets, letters, pre-paid, specifying the numbers required, may be addressed, direct to the Publishers.

Paris Plates of Fashions, monthly.
1830.
The Last Look.
Portrait of Sir Thomas Lawrence.
Portrait of George IV.
Froissard and his Dog.
Portrait of Vittoria Colonna.
Bust of Sir Thomas Lawrence.
Proposed new Street facing Waterloo Bridge.
Portrait of Miss Panny Woodham.
View in Italy.
The Devil's Bridge.

1831.
General Cemetery, proposed entrance, by B. Ferry.
Portrait of Mrs. Coates, wife of Romeo Coates.
England's Pride (Her Majesty's Chesney Downe and.
Dying Artist.
View of Mount St. Gothard.
England's Glory (Portrait of His Majesty King William IV.)
Duchess of York, Q. of France.
View in Kensington Gardens.
Bereaved Mother—Montgomery.
Windsor Castle, Eaton College, and St. George's Chapel.
Agnes Sorel, June, 1831.
Mrs. Garrick.
Barnard Castle, Yorkshire.
The Museum, and New Bridge, Scarborough.
Lockley and Mary, 1832.
Lock Monond.
Old London Bridge, with the houses upon it.
Portrait of Margaret of Valois. 2
Cromwell, and his daughter begg ing the life of Charles I.
Plate of Coronation Regalia:—
Fig. 1, King Edward's Crown; 2, His first and principal Diadem, called St. Edward's Crown; 3, the Crown of State worn by the King on his return to Westminster Hall; 4, the Queen's Crown; 5, the Queen's Vehicular Crown, worn on her return to Westminster Hall; 6, the Queen's Circle; 7, the Orb; 8, the King's coronation Ring; 9, the coronation Ring; 10, St. Edward's staff; 11, the Queen's Ivory Rod; 12, the Queen's Sceptre; 13, the King's Sceptre with the Cross; 14, the King's sceptre with the Dove; 15, the Sword of Justice of the Temporal; 16, the Sword of Spiritual Justice; 17, Curtana, or the pointless Sword.

1832.
The Italian Boy.

1833.
The Queen of the French.
L'An et les Reliques, or the travelling Reliquary.
Our Lady's Chapel, Southwark.
Chapel of laying the first stone of a grand National Monument, at Paris.
L'Entrée dans l'Eglise.
Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau.
Maria Cinci, Grand Master of the Carbonari.
Fortune Telling.
Sir Walter Scott, Bart.
The Old Cross.

1834.
Duchess de Berri.
The Apartment and Chimney in which she was captured.
Charlotte, attendant of Isabeau.
Queen Isabeau of Bavaria.
Queen Marie d'Anjou.
Check Mate.
Cromwell and daughter before the
Portraits of Charles the First.
Queen Anne of Britain.
Queen Anna Boleyn.
Queen Claude.
Queen Eleanor of Austria.
Pauile the Beautiful.

1835.
Laura (whilst young).
La Camargo.
Laura (in full beauty).
Heloise.
Mary, Queen of Scots.
Queen Jane Seymour.
Comtesse de Chateaubriand.
Duchesse d'Estampes.
Queen Elizabeth of Spain.
Diane de Poitiers.
Queen Louise de Lorraine.
La Belle Ferroniere.

1836.
Queen Margaret de Valois.
Margueritte de France.
Marion de Lorraine.
Duchesse de la Valliere.
Duchesse de Longueville.
Madame de Montespan.
Duchesse de Fontanges.
Marquise de Maintenon.
Duchesse du Maine.
Duchesse de Bourgogne.
The Fair Gabrielle.

1837.
Queen Catherine de Medicis.
Queen Marie Antoinette.
Princess Plantagenet.
Margueritte de Lorraine.
Clara d'Hautefort.
Charlotte de Montmorenci.
Princesse de Condé.

1838.
Queen Elizabeth of England.
Michelle de Vitry.
Lady of Dau (des Ursins).
Marie de Hainault.
Ninon de l'Enclos.
Mary Tudor.
Jacqueline de la Grange.
Margueritte, Princess of Bourbon.
Countess Montfort.
Margueritte de Plancy.
Jeanne de Sancere.
Sophie Arnould.

1839.
Her Majesty Queen Anne.
Louise de Savoie.
Leonora Galligani.
King William the Third.
Queen Mary.
Costumes of Ancient British

1840.
Ditto Ditto.
Louise Adelaide, Princess of Orleans.
Isabella Stewart.
Louise de la Feuille.
Marshal Soult.
Dauphness of Auvergne.
Lady of Honour to ditto.

1839.
Euriste de Nevers.
Maria Leszczyńska.
Marie de Medicis.
Anne of Austria.
Isabella of Scotland.
Beautiful Court Blanchiessene.
Queen Henrietta Maria.
Henrietta Anne.
Queen Elizabeth of Bourbon.
Jeanne d'Albret.
Queen Philips.
Fair Maid of Kent.

1846.
Valentine of Milan.
Lady Jane Grey.
Empress Marie Thérèse.
Christina, Queen of Sweden.
Christina of Pisa.
Anna Maria Luisa d'Orleans.
Joan D'Arc, Maid of Orleans.
Queen of Charles V., of Spain.
Marquise of Pompadour.
Beatrices of Portugal.
Blanche of Castile.
Empress Josephine.

For the list, chronologically arranged, see pages 2 and 3 of this wrapper.

* All the numbers prior to the year 1838 arc 2d. ed. each, commencing June, July, August, and November 1838.