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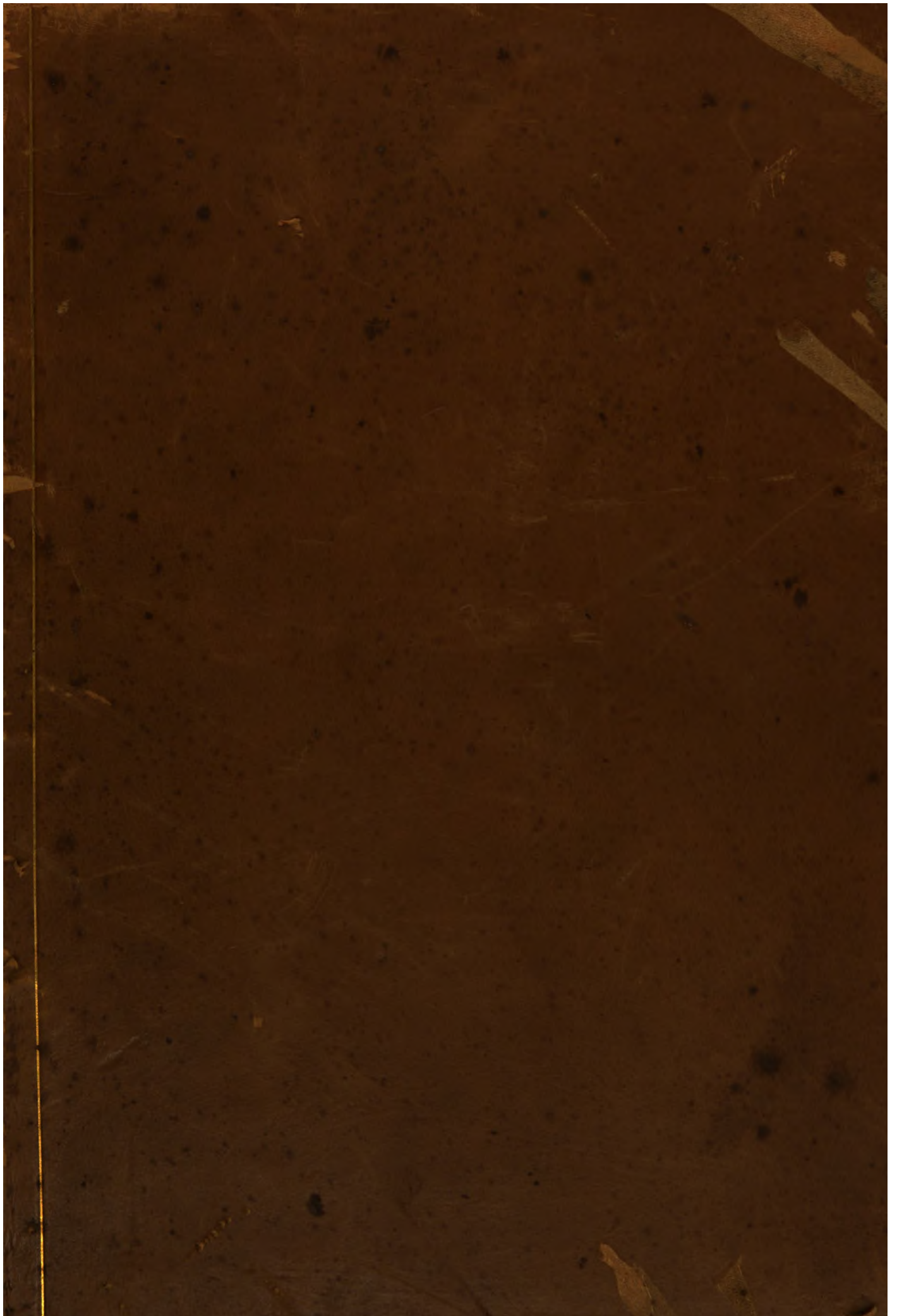
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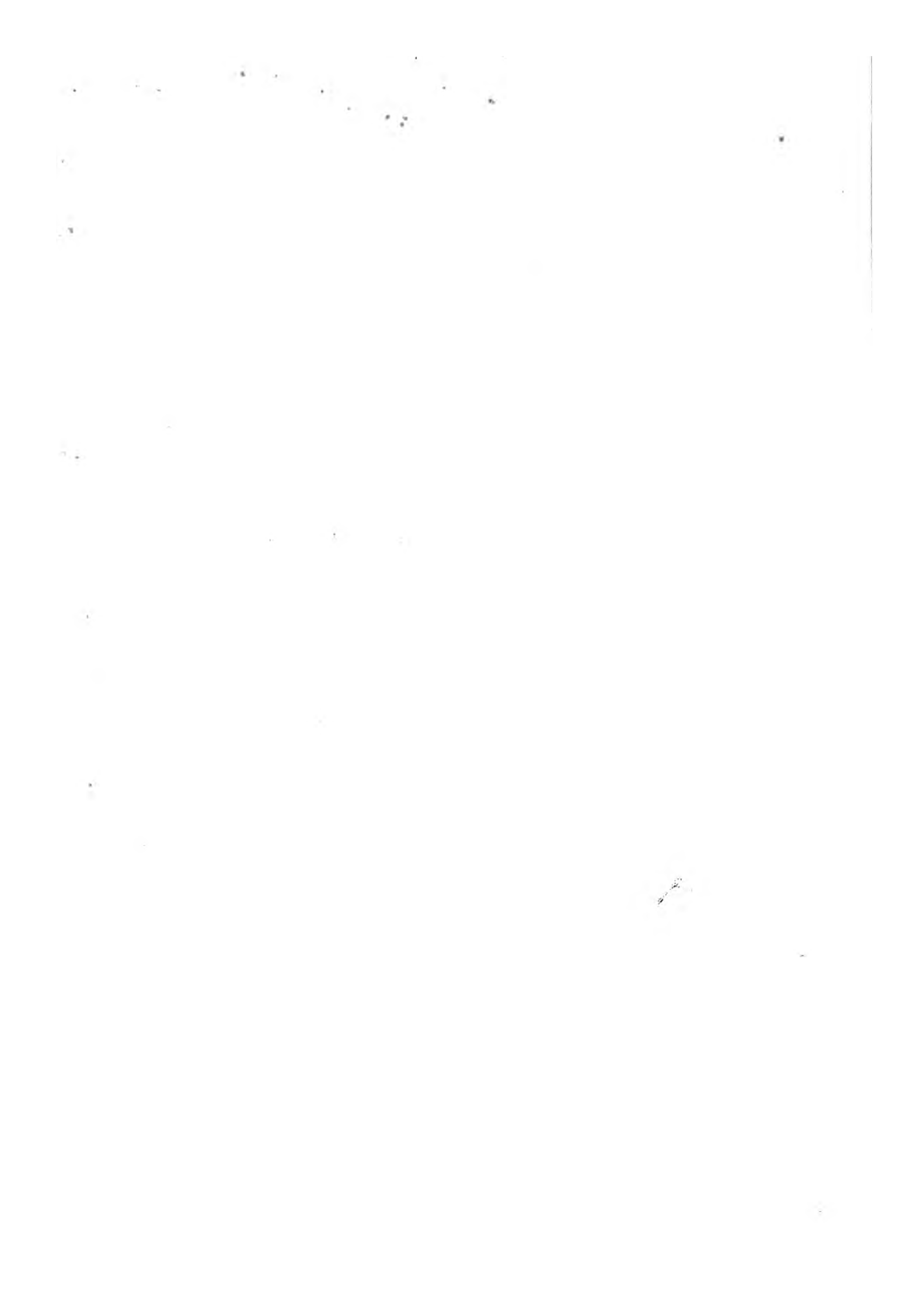


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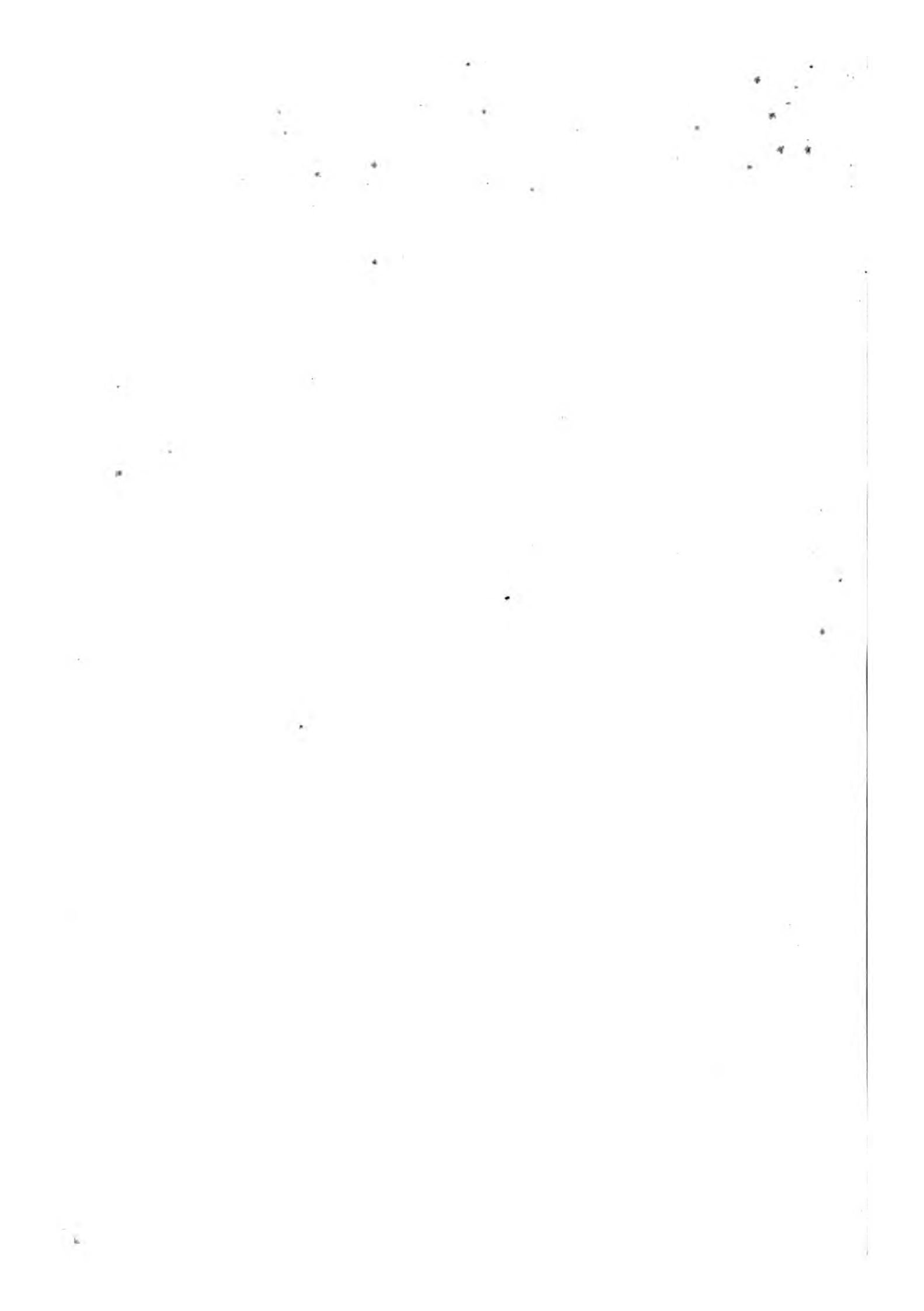
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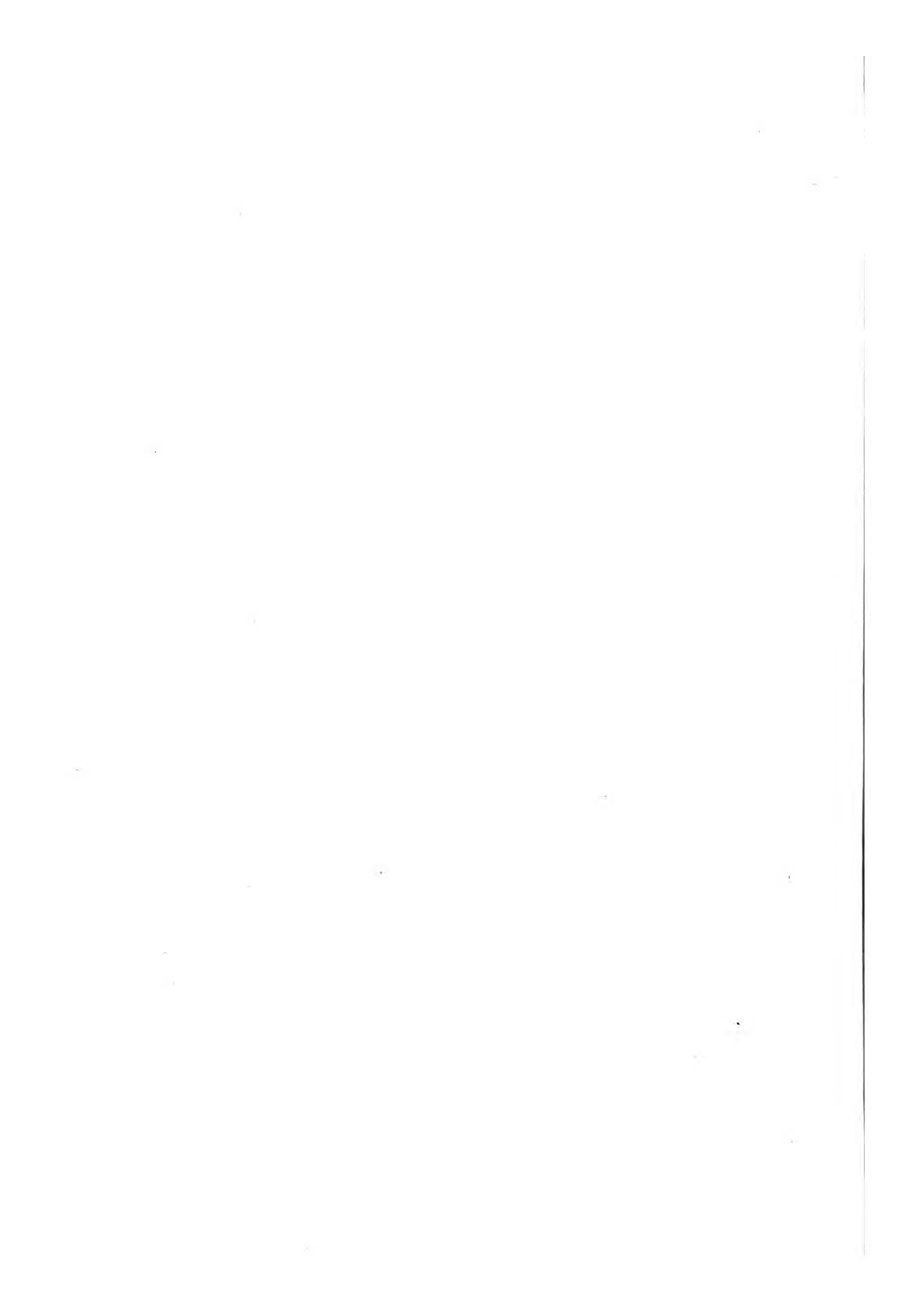






THE WAVERLEY GALLERY.





THE  
WAVERLEY GALLERY

OF THE

*Principal Female Characters*

IN

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S ROMANCES.



FROM ORIGINAL PAINTINGS BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

ENGRAVED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE

OF

CHARLES HEATH.

LONDON:  
TILT AND BOGUE, FLEET STREET.

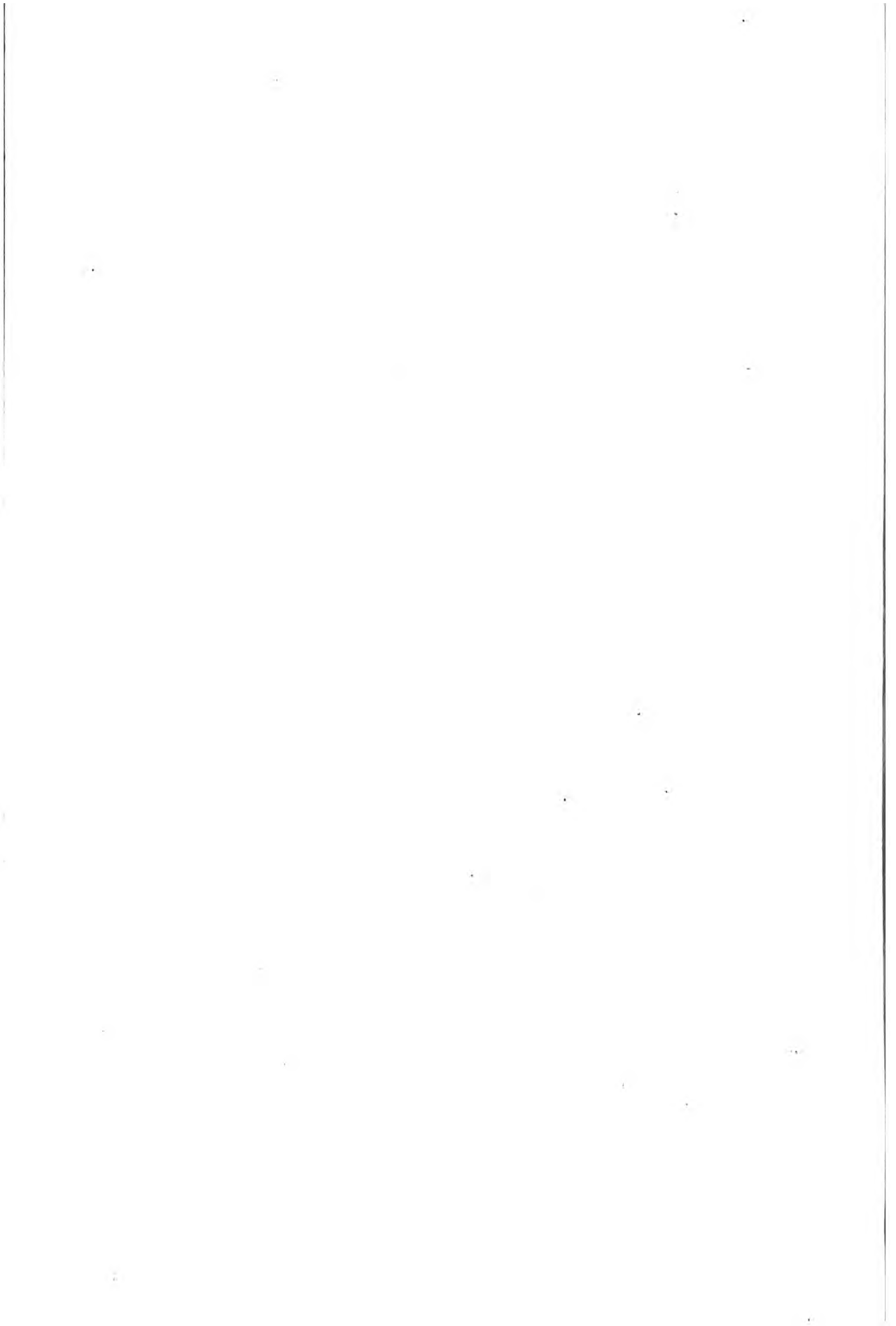
MDCCCXLI.



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## A D D R E S S.

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To the creations of Scott's genius, the remarks of the lamented L. E. L. in regard to the *locale* of his writings, may with still greater truth be applied. "How much poetical feeling, how much enthusiasm," she asks in a paper which she sent home from the fatal shores of Sierra Leone, "has the perusal of some favourite work excited in the minds of those about to visit the scenes depicted!—how much the actual enjoyment heightened by the various remembrances called up!—what a store of pleasant reminiscences carried home to the fireside; and what a new pleasure to open some page of glowing description now familiar to the eye as well as to the fancy! It is impossible for even the most common-place mind not to gain something of the refined and the ideal in such a process." This is still more emphatically true of the *Characters* of Scott, and especially of his *Female Characters*. Who can rise from the contemplation of the ill-fated and romantic Flora MacIvor, without imbibing a portion of her high-souled enthusiasm, of her ardent devotion to what she deemed the cause of right? Or whose heart does not bleed for the cruel wrongs of the gentle Lucy Ashton, or the humbler trials of the homely yet heroic Jeannie Deans? And how much more intensely are our sympathies excited when we are as it were introduced to the parties, when the abstractions which have floated dimly and indistinctly before the mind's eye are, by the painter's art, rendered palpable to the bodily organ!

The WAVERLEY GALLERY will not, it is hoped, be without its influence in exciting such poetical and enthusiastic feelings, and in recalling to the minds of the admirers of Scott a store of the most pleasing reminiscences.









J.R. Hobart

T. Hollis

*Elizabeth*

WAVERLEY GALLERY

B. P. 1. 1

Printed by Charles E. Fleet Street

## FLORA MAC-IVOR.

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WHEN Waverley reached Miss Mac-Ivor's present place of abode he was instantly admitted. In a large and gloomy tapestried apartment, Flora was seated by a latticed window, sewing what seemed to be a garment of white flannel. Her fine complexion was totally gone; her person considerably emaciated; and her face and hands as white as the purest statuary marble, forming a strong contrast with her sable dress and jet-black hair. Yet, amid these marks of distress, there was nothing negligent or ill-arranged about her dress; even her hair, though totally without ornament, was disposed with her usual attention to neatness. The first words she uttered were, "Have you seen him?"

"Alas, no," answered Waverley, "I have been refused admittance."

\* \* \* \* \*

Flora had soon ceased to listen to Edward, and was again intent upon her needle-work.

"Do you remember," she said, looking up with a ghastly smile, "you once found me making Fergus's bride-favour, and now I am sewing his bridal-garment. Our friends here," said she, with suppressed emotion, "are to give hallowed earth in their chapel to the bloody relics of the last Vich Ian Vohr. But they will not all rest together; no—his head! I shall not have the last miserable satisfaction of kissing the cold lips of my dear, dear Fergus!"

The unfortunate Flora here, after one or two hysterical sobs, fainted in her chair.

WAVERLEY.

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W. Dringman.

J. Cook.

*Miss Fanny Anderson.*

WATERLEY GALLERY

WATERLEY

Engraved by James Tut. Fleet Street January 1841

## MISS BRADWARDINE.



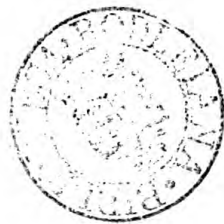
MISS BRADWARDINE was but seventeen. She was indeed a very pretty girl of the Scotch cast of beauty, that is, with a profusion of hair of paley gold, and a skin like the snow of her mountains in whiteness. Yet she had not a pallid or pensive cast of countenance; her features, as well as her temper, had a lively expression; her complexion, though not florid, was so pure as to seem transparent, and the slightest cause sent her whole blood at once to her face and neck. Her form, though under the common size, was remarkably elegant, and her motions light, easy, and unembarrassed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Bradwardine, such as we have described her, with all the simplicity and curiosity of a recluse, attached herself to the opportunities of increasing her store of literature which Edward's visit afforded her. He sent for some of his books from his quarters, and they opened to her sources of delight of which she had hitherto had no idea. The best English poets, of every description, and other works on belles lettres, made a part of this precious cargo. Her music, even her flowers were neglected, and Saunders not only mourned over, but began to mutiny against the labour, for which he now scarce received thanks. These new pleasures became gradually enhanced by sharing them with one of a kindred taste.

W A V E R L E Y .









*J. Hayter*

*H. Austin*

*Waverley*

WAVERLEY GALLERY

COPY M INNEB IN 1

*Published by Charles Tuttle Fleet Street March 1 1841*

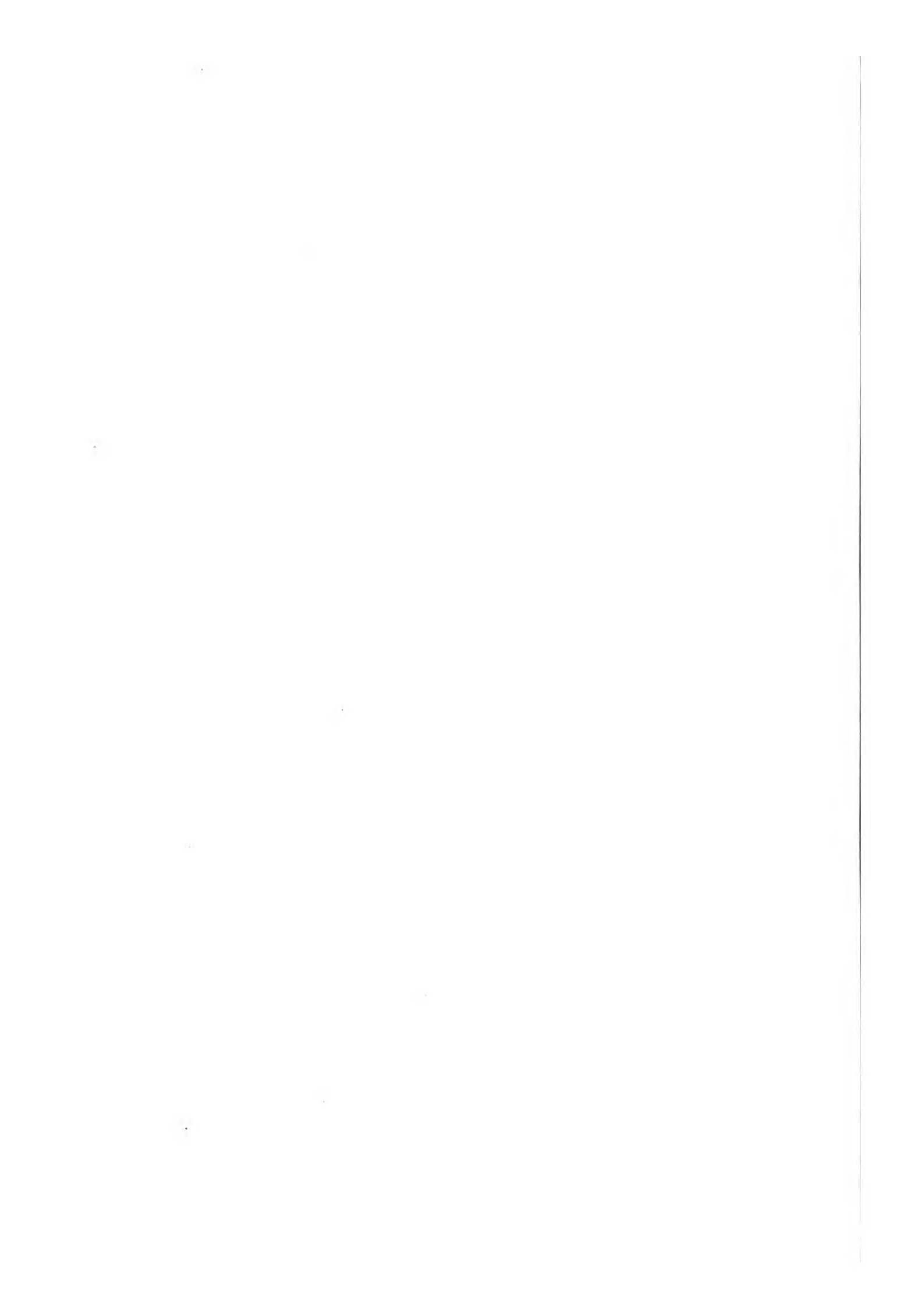
## JULIA MANNERING.

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AT length the trampling of horses, and the sound of wheels, were heard. The servants, who had already arrived, drew up in the hall to receive their master and mistress, with an importance and *empressement*, which, to Lucy, who had never been accustomed to great society, or witnessed what is called the manners of the great, had something alarming. Mac Morlan went to the door to receive the master and mistress of the family, and in a few moments they were in the drawing-room.

Mannering, who had travelled as usual on horseback, entered with his daughter hanging upon his arm. She was of the middle size, or rather less, but formed with much elegance; piercing dark eyes, and jet black hair of great length, corresponded with the vivacity and intelligence of features, in which were blended a little haughtiness, and a little bashfulness, a great deal of shrewdness, and some power of humorous sarcasm. "I shall not like her," was the result of Lucy Bertram's first glance; "and yet I rather think I shall," was the thought excited by the second.

GUY MANNERING.







J. K. Herbert.

J. Pinstone.

WALKER & HILLS

15, FINE STREET

Engraved by Charles Tilt, 15, FINE STREET

## MISS WARDOUR.

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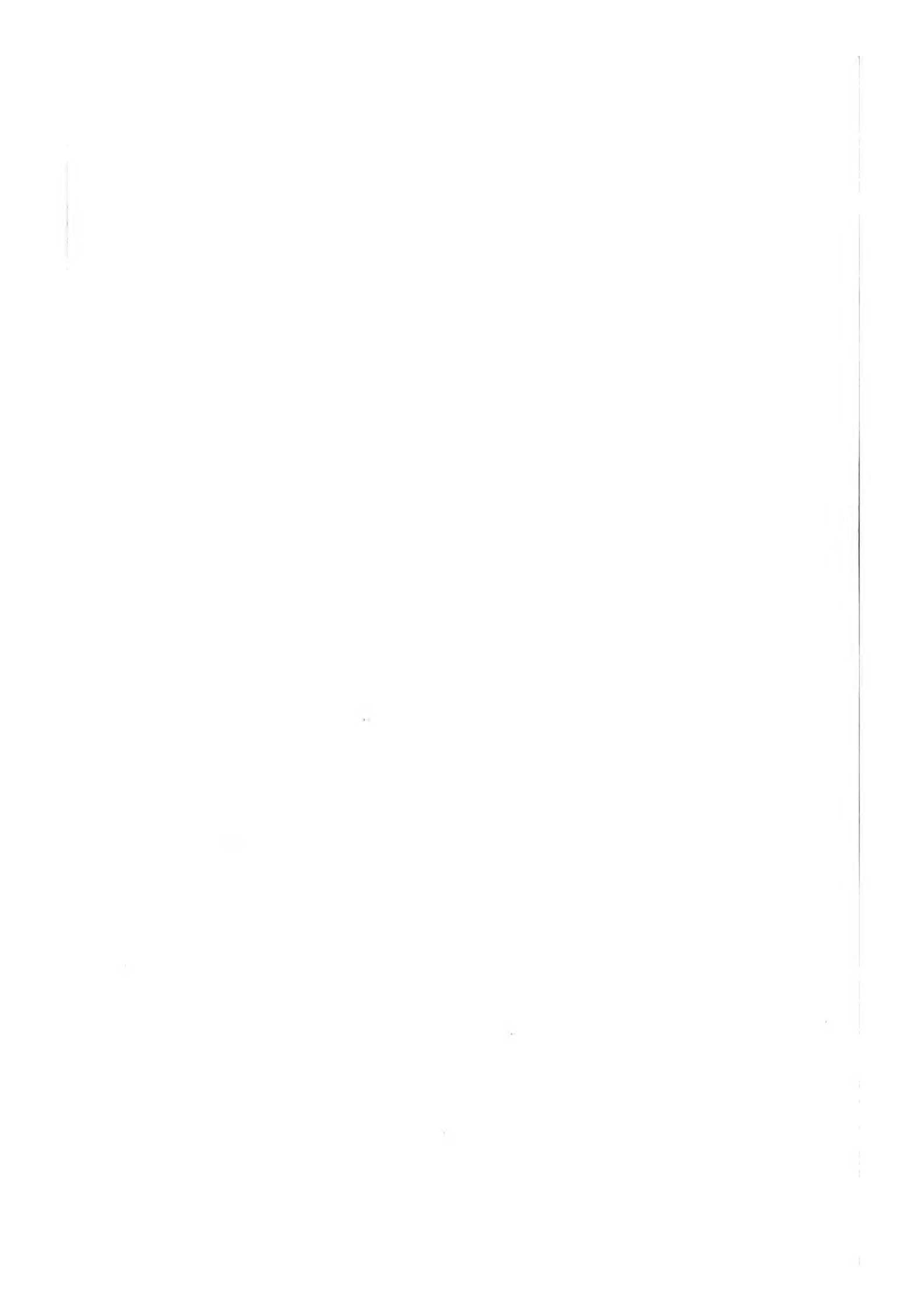
THE fishers had brought with them the mast of a boat, and as half of the country-fellows about had now appeared, either out of zeal or curiosity, it was soon sunk in the ground, and sufficiently secured. A yard across the upright mast, and a rope stretched along it, and reeved through a block at the end, formed an extempore crane, which afforded the means of lowering an arm-chair, well secured and fastened, down to the ledge on which the sufferers had roosted. Their joy at hearing the preparations going on for their deliverance was considerably qualified when they beheld the precarious vehicle, by means of which they were to be conveyed to upper air. It swung about a yard free of the spot which they occupied, obeying each impulse of the tempest, the empty air all around it, and depending upon the security of a rope, which, in the increasing darkness, had dwindled to an almost imperceptible thread.

With the sedulous attention of a parent to a child, Lovel bound Miss Wardour with his handkerchief, neckcloth, and the mendicant's leathern belt, to the back and arms of the chair, ascertaining accurately the security of each knot, while Ochiltree kept Sir Arthur quiet.

\* \* \* \* \*

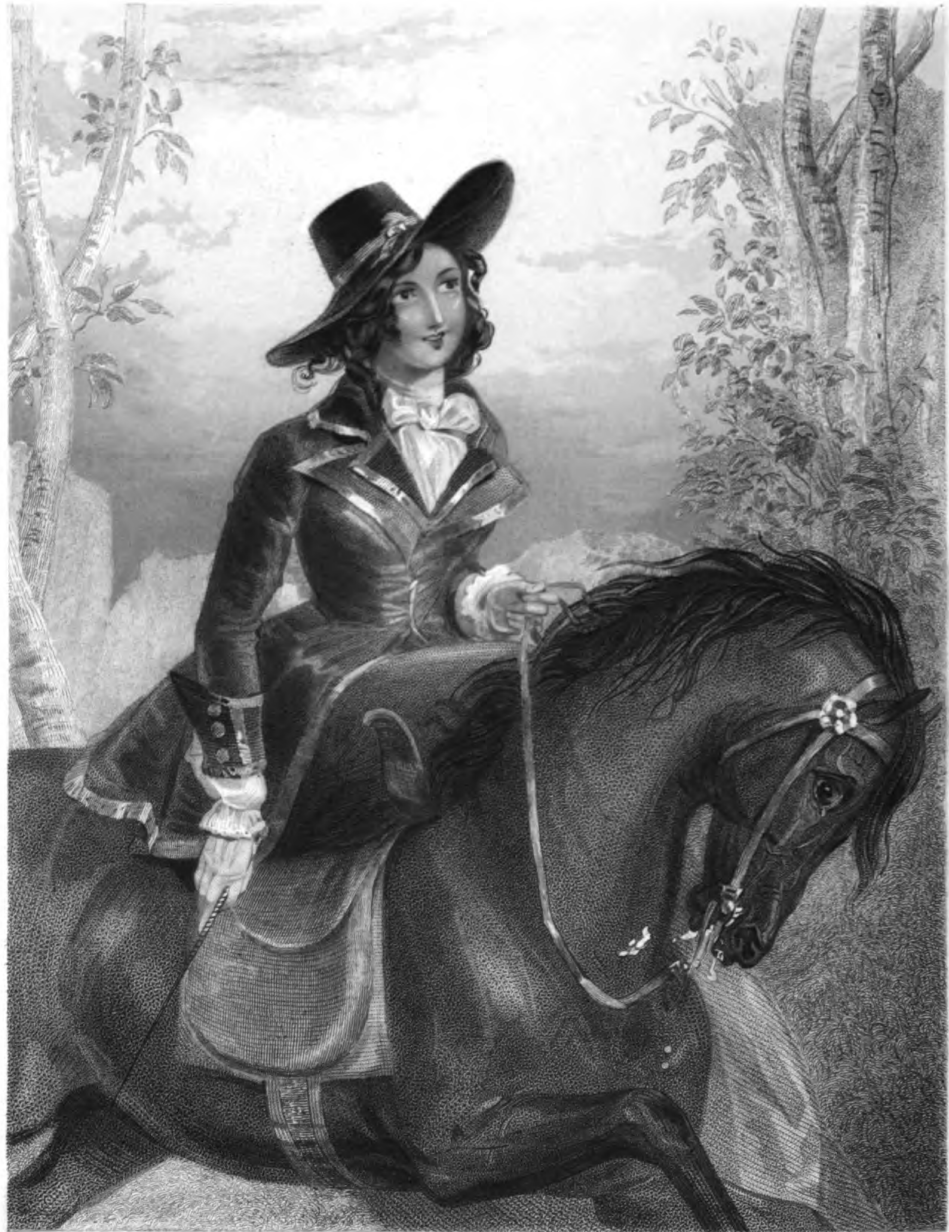
"Farewell, my father," murmured Isabella, "farewell, my—my friends!" And shutting her eyes, as Edie's experience recommended, she gave the signal to Lovel, and he to those who were above. She rose, while the chair in which she sat was kept steady by the line which Lovel managed beneath. With a beating heart he watched the flutter of her white dress, until the vehicle was on a level with the brink of the precipice.

THE ANTIQUARY.









*K. Meadows.*

*G. Stodart.*

*Rob Roy*

WARRLEY GALLERY,

ROB ROY.

*Published by Charles Tilt Fleet Street.*

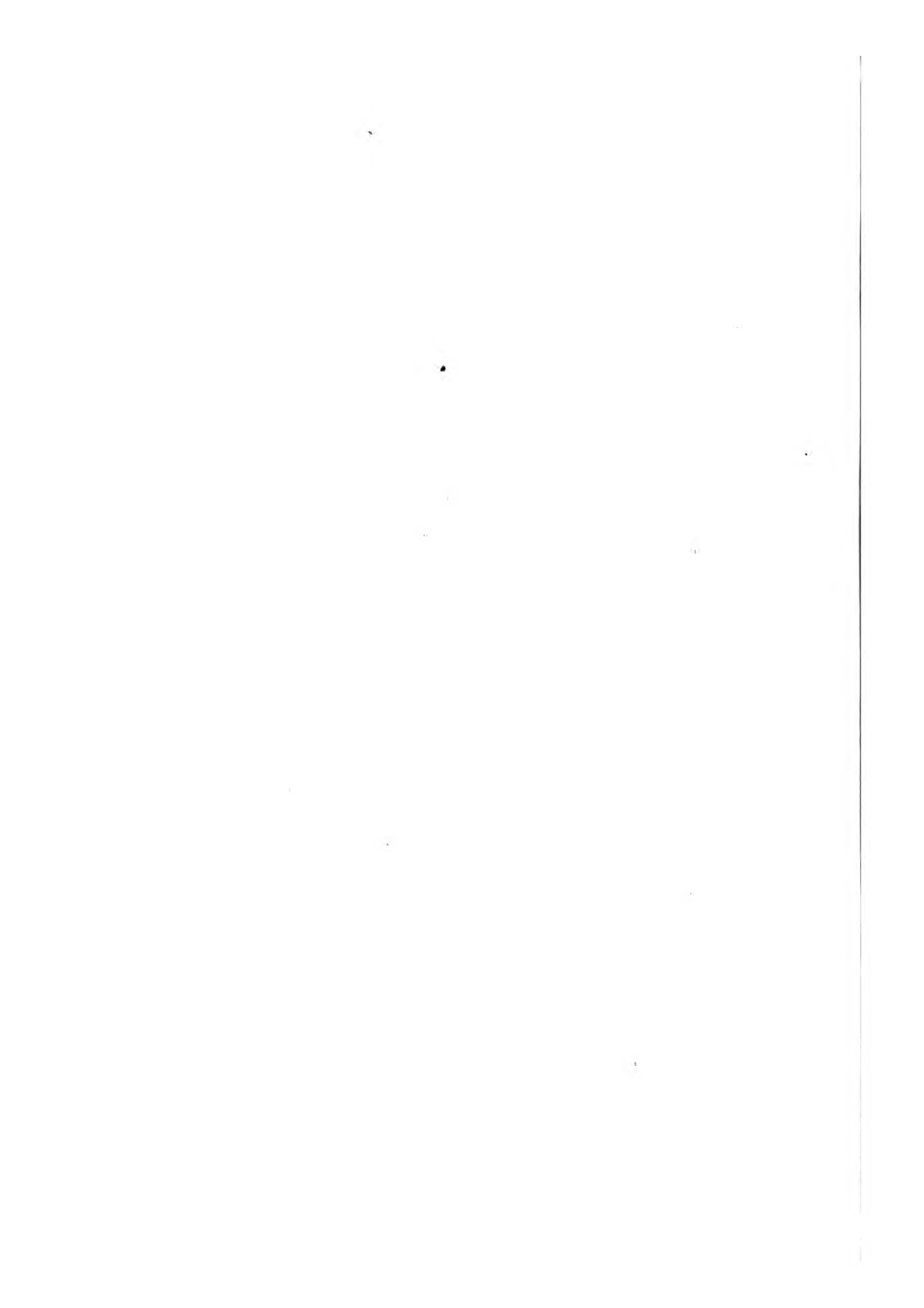
## DIANA VERNON.

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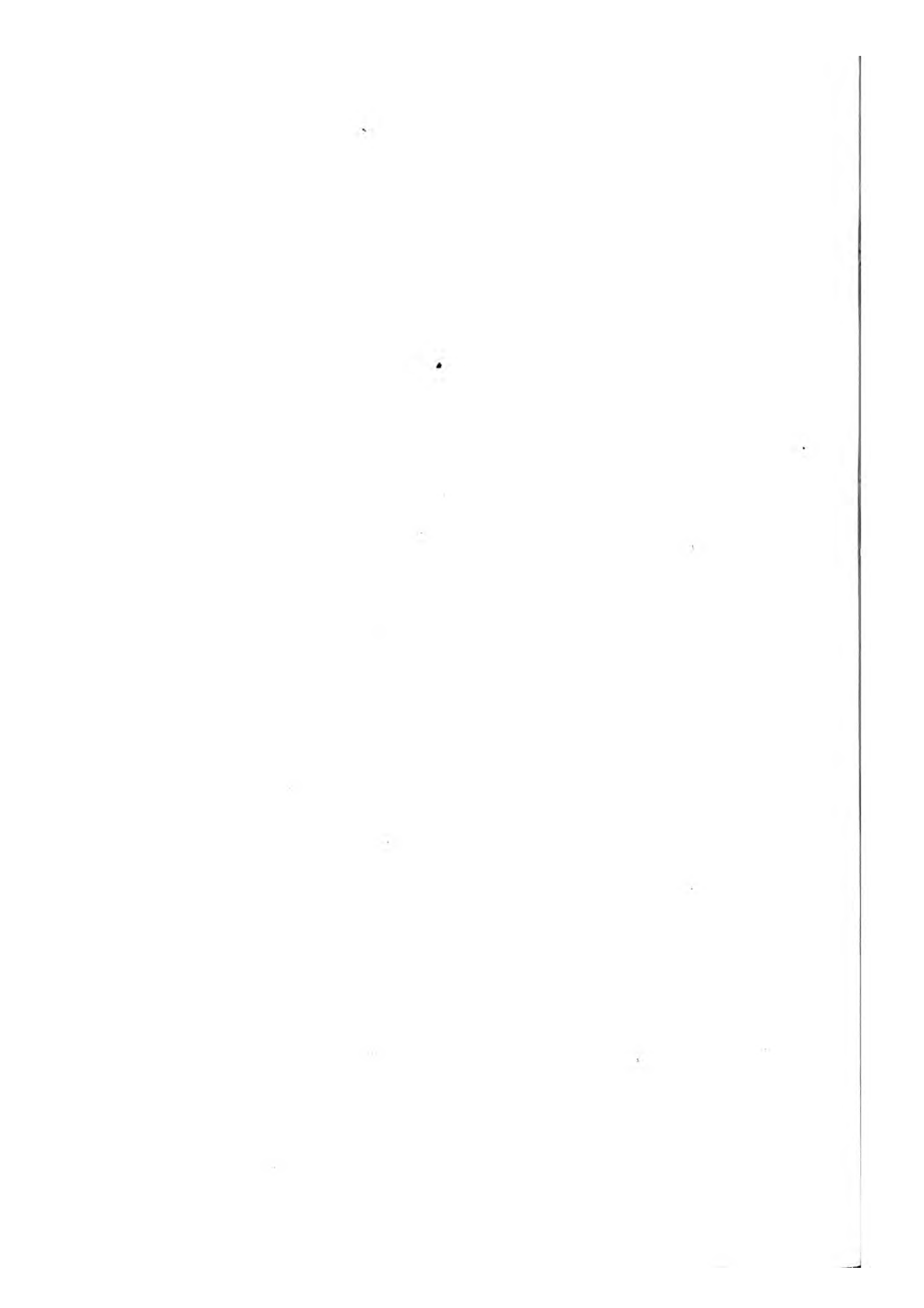
A VISION that passed me interrupted these reflections.

It was a young lady, the loveliness of whose very striking features was enhanced by the animation of the chase and the glow of the exercise, mounted on a beautiful horse, jet-black, unless where he was flecked by spots of the snow-white foam which embossed his bridle. She wore, what was then somewhat unusual, a coat, vest, and hat, which fashion has since called a riding-habit. The mode had been introduced while I was in France, and was perfectly new to me. Her long black hair streamed on the breeze, having in the hurry of the chase escaped from the ribbon which bound it. Some very broken ground, through which she guided her horse with the most admirable address and presence of mind, retarded her course, and brought her closer to me than any of the other riders that passed. I had, therefore, a full view of her uncommonly fine face and person, to which an inexpressible charm was added by the wild gaiety of the scene, and the romance of her singular dress and unexpected appearance. As she passed me, her horse made, in his impetuosity, an irregular movement, just while, coming once more upon open ground, she was again putting him to his speed. It served as an apology for me to ride close up to her, as if to her assistance. There was, however, no cause for alarm; it was not a stumble, nor a false step; and if it had, the fair Amazon had too much self-possession to have been deranged by it. She thanked my good intentions, however, by a smile, and I felt encouraged to put my horse to the same pace, and to keep in her immediate neighbourhood. The clamour of "Whoop! dead, dead!" and the corresponding flourish of the French horn, soon announced to us that there was no more occasion for haste, since the chase was at a close.

ROB ROY.











W. Drummond.

H. Austin.

THE END OF THE WORLD

1871

THE END OF THE WORLD  
1871

## HELEN MACGREGOR.

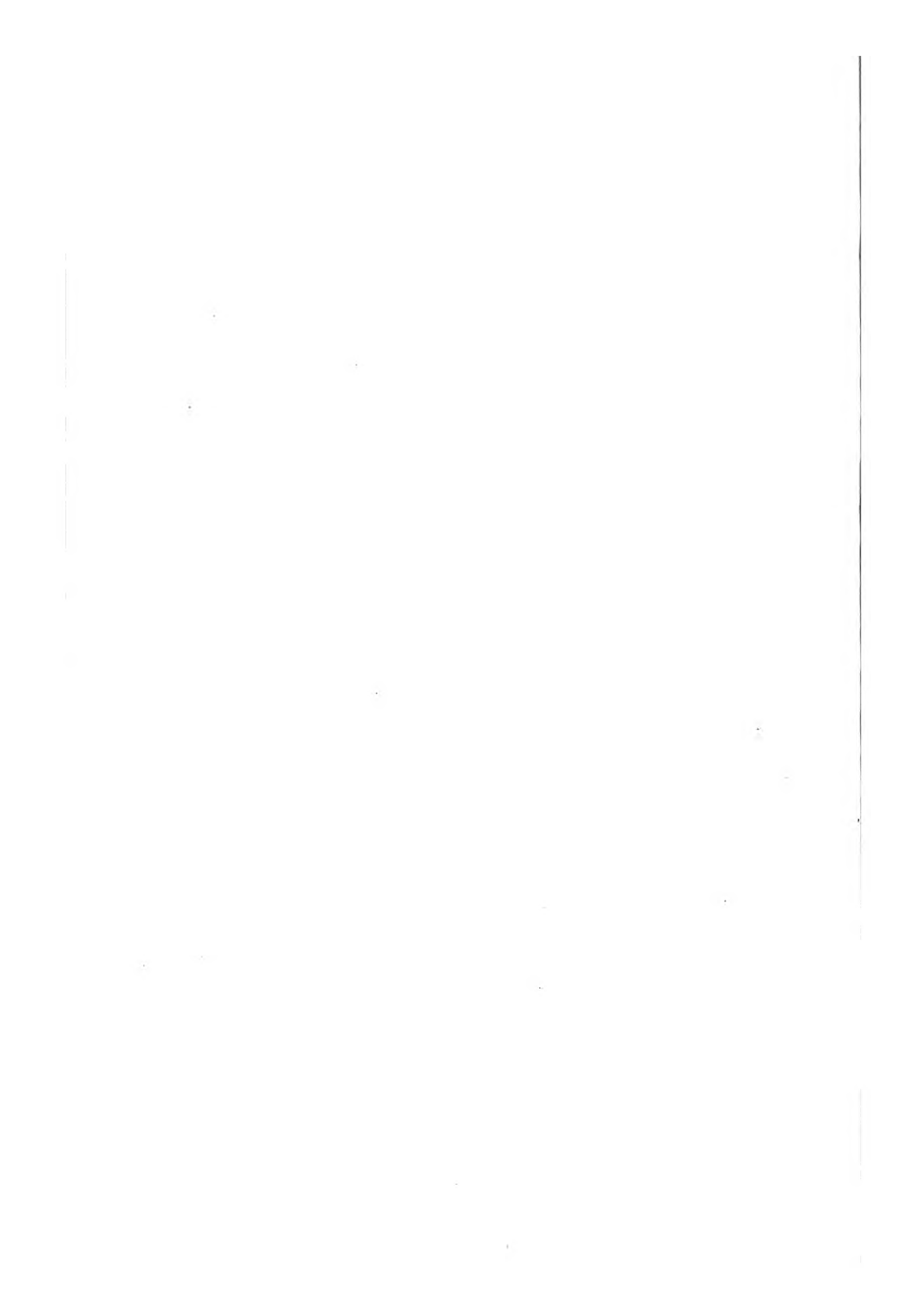
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THE attack which Captain Thornton meditated was prevented by the unexpected apparition of a female upon the summit of the rock. "Stand!" she said, with a commanding tone, "and tell me what ye seek in MacGregor's country?"

I have seldom seen a finer or more commanding form than this woman. She might be between the term of forty and fifty years, and had a countenance which must once have been of a masculine cast of beauty; though now, imprinted with deep lines by exposure to rough weather, and perhaps by the wasting influence of grief and passion, its features were only strong, harsh, and expressive. She wore her plaid not drawn around her head and shoulders, as is the fashion of the women of Scotland, but disposed around her body as the Highland soldiers wear theirs. She had a man's bonnet, with a feather in it, an unsheathed sword in her hand, and a pair of pistols at her girdle.

ROB ROY.









E. E. Stepanoff

G. Steuart

*Melissa Vorne*

WAUFREY GALLERY

BLACK DWARF

Published by Charles Tilt, 2, Ave. St. Martin, Dec. 11, 1840

## MISS VERE.

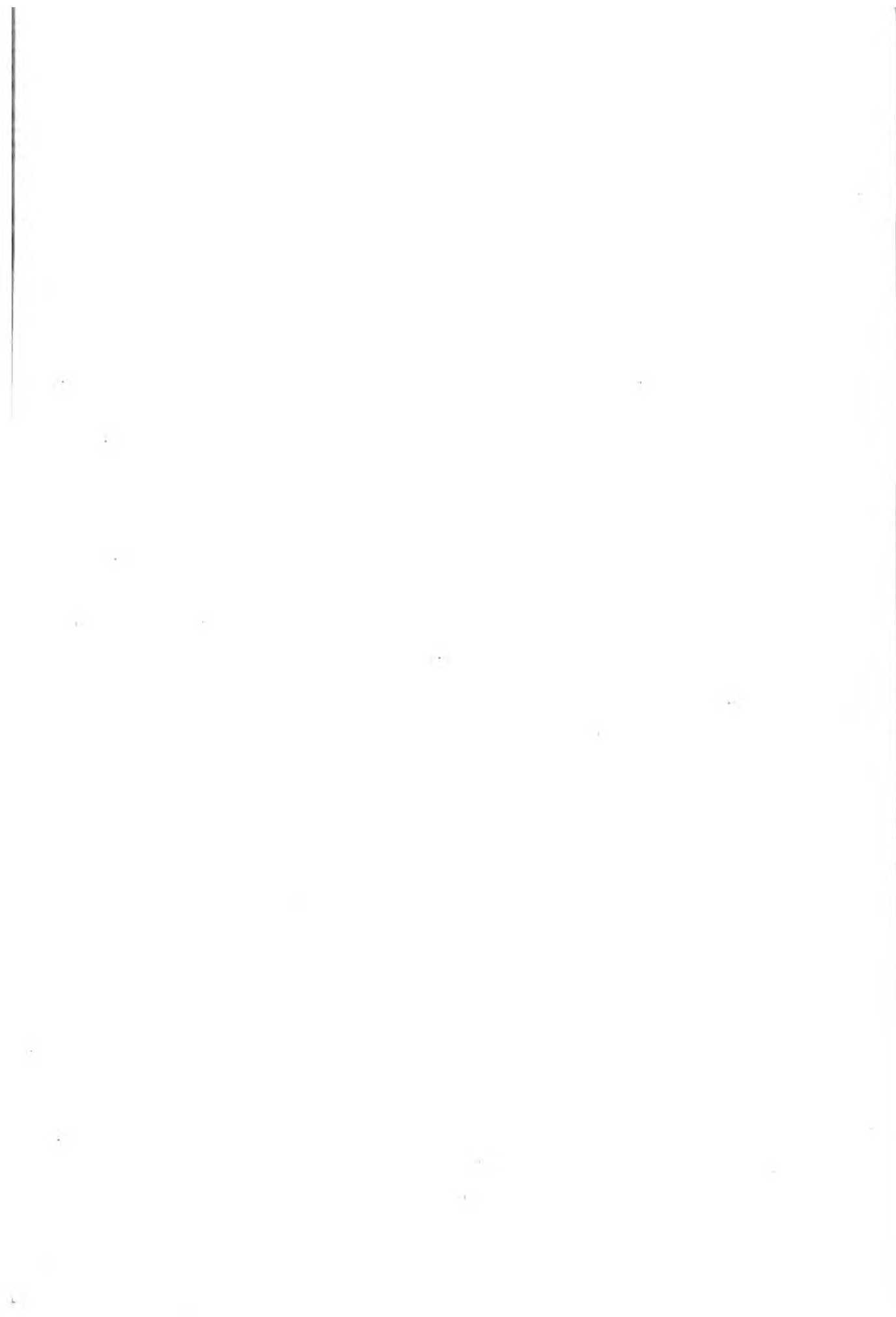
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HE found Miss Vere seated by the window of her dressing-room, her head reclining on her hand, and either sunk in slumber, or so deeply engaged in meditation, that she did not hear the noise he made at his entrance. He approached with his features composed to a deep expression of sorrow and sympathy ; and sitting down beside her, solicited her attention by quietly taking her hand, a motion which he did not fail to accompany with a deep sigh.

“ My father ! ” said Isabella, with a sort of start, which expressed at least as much fear as joy or affection.

“ Yes, Isabella, ” said Vere ; “ your unhappy father, who comes now as a penitent to crave forgiveness of his daughter for an injury done to her in the excess of his affection, and then to take leave of her for ever. ”

BLACK DWARF.







W. P. Woodman

T. Knight

*Old Mortality*

W. P. WOODMAN

OLD MORTALITY

Published by W. P. Woodman, 10, South Street, N.Y.

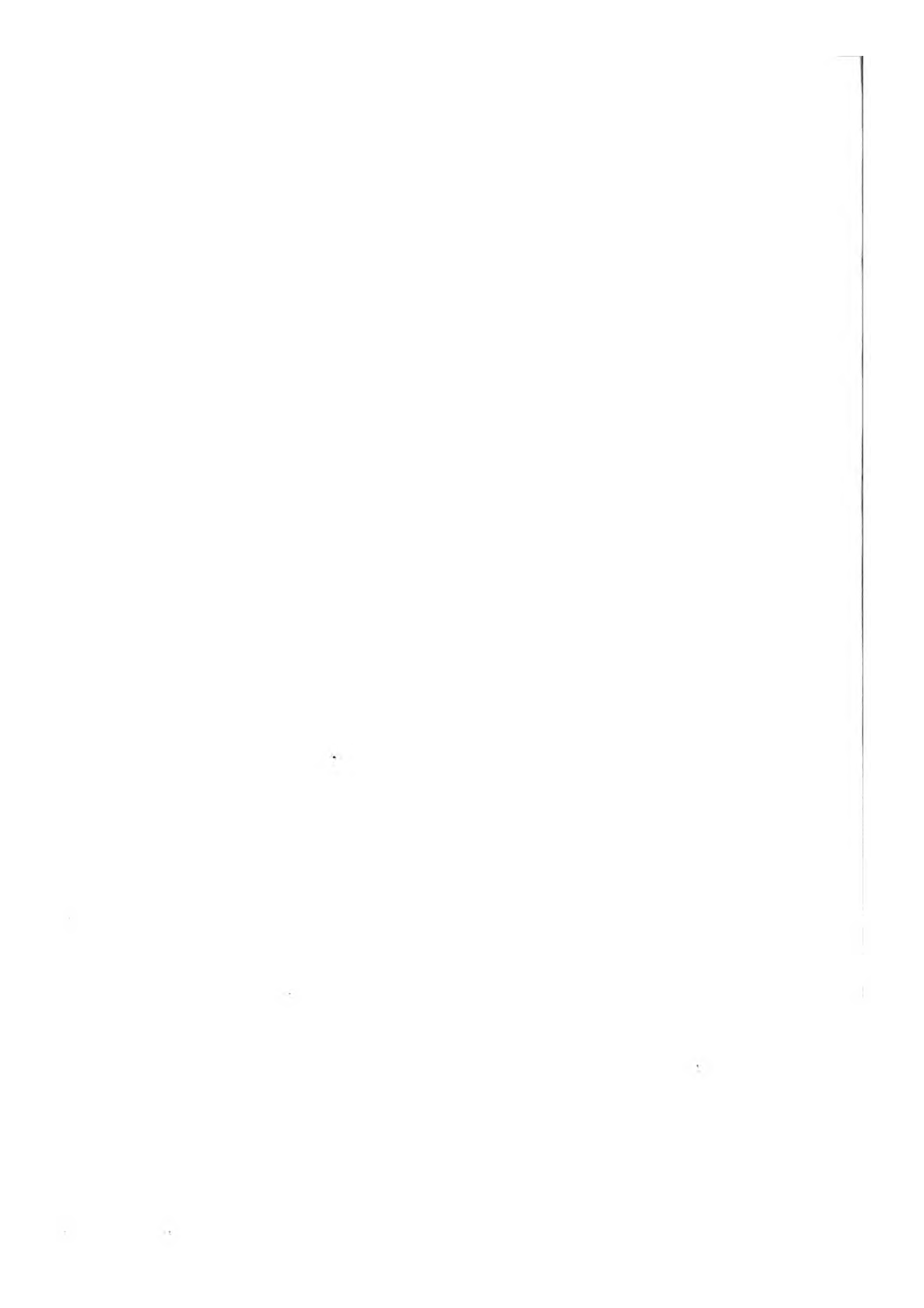
## EDITH BELLENDEN.

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THE door, which slowly opened, discovered Morton with both arms reclined upon a table, and his head resting upon them in a posture of deep dejection. He raised his face as the door opened, and, perceiving the female figures which it admitted, started up in great surprise. Edith, as if modesty had quelled the courage which despair had bestowed, stood about a yard from the door without having either the power to speak or to advance. All the plans of aid, relief, or comfort, which she had proposed to lay before her lover, seemed at once to have vanished from her recollection, and left only a painful chaos of ideas, with which was mingled a fear that she had degraded herself in the eyes of her lover by a step which might appear precipitate and unfeminine. She hung motionless and almost powerless upon the arm of her attendant, who in vain endeavoured to reassure and inspire her with courage, by whispering, "We are in now, madam, and we maun make the best o' our time ; for, doubtless, the corporal or the serjeant will gang the rounds, and it wad be a pity to hae the poor lad Halliday punished for his civility."

OLD MORTALITY.









W. J. Knicker

W. F. Hill

W. J. Knicker

W. F. Hill

London: Printed by W. J. Knicker, at the Theatre Royal, Pall Mall.

## JENNY DENNISON.

---

“So ye’re no thinking to let us in, Mr. Halliday? Weel, weel, gude e’en t’ye—ye hae seen the last o’ me, and o’ this bonny die too,” said Jenny, holding between her finger and thumb a silver dollar.

“Give him gold, give him gold,” whispered the agitated young lady.

“Silver’s e’en owre gude for the like o’ him, that disna care for the blink o’ a bonny lassie’s ee—and what’s waur, he wad think there was something mair in’t than a kinswoman o’ mine. My sarty! siller’s no sae plenty wi’ us, let alane gowd.” Having addressed this advice aside to her mistress, she raised her voice and said, “My cousin winna stay ony longer, Mr. Halliday; sae if ye please gude e’en t’ye.”

“Halt a bit, halt a bit,” said the trooper, “rein up and parley, Jenny. If I let your kinswoman in to speak to my prisoner, you must stay here and keep me company till she come out again, and then we’ll all be well pleased you know.”

“The fiend be in my feet then!” said Jenny; “d’ye think my kinswoman and me are gaun to lose our gude name wi’ cracking clavers wi’ the like o’ you or your prisoner either, without somebody bye to see fair play? Hegh, hegh, sirs, to see sic a difference between folks’ promises and performances! Ye were aye willing to slight puir Cuddie; but an I had asked him to oblige me in a thing, though it had been to cost his hanging, he wadna ha’ stude twice about it.”

OLD MORTALITY.







W. Drummond.

W. H. Egleton.

*Journal of a*

WINDERMERE GALLERY

HEART OF MID LOTHIAN

Published by Charles Pitt Rivers Street April 1 1841

## JEANIE DEANS.

---

“YE see, and ye ken, ye maun just let me depart,” said Jeanie, after a pause ; and then taking Butler’s extended hand, and gazing kindly in his face, she added, “ It’s e’en a grief the mair to me to see you in this way. But ye maun keep up your heart for Jeanie’s sake ; for if she isna your wife, she will never be the wife of living man. And now gie me the paper for MacCallummore, and bid God speed me on my way.”

There was something of romance in Jeanie’s venturous resolution ; yet, on consideration, as it seemed impossible to alter it by persuasion, or to give her assistance but by advice, Butler, after some farther debate, put into her hands the paper she desired, which, with the muster-roll in which it was folded up, were the sole memorials of the stout and enthusiastic Bible Butler, his grandfather. While Butler sought this document, Jeanie had time to take up his pocket bible. “ I have marked a scripture,” she said, as she again laid it down, “ with your kylevine pen, that will be useful to us baith. And ye maun tak the trouble, Reuben, to write a’ this to my father, for, God help me ! I have neither head nor hand for lang letters at any time, forbye now ; and I trust him entirely to you, and I trust you will soon be permitted to see him. And Reuben, when ye do win to the speech o’ him, mind a’ the auld man’s bits o’ ways, for Jeanie’s sake ; and dinna speak o’ Latin or English terms to him, for he’s o’ the auld warld, and downa bide to be fashed wi’ them, though I dare say he may be wrang. And dinna ye say muckle to him, but set him on speaking himsell, for he’ll bring himsell mair comfort that way. And oh, Reuben, the poor lassie in yon dungeon—but I needna bid your kind heart.—Gie her what comfort ye can as soon as they will let ye see her—tell her—but I maunna speak mair about her, for I maunna tak leave o’ ye with the tear in my ee, for that wadna be canny.—God bless ye, Reuben ! ”

HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.









W. Drummond.

W. Hopwood.

*The Star.*

WAVERLEY GALLERY

HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

Published by Charles Bell, Fleet Street.

## EFFIE DEANS.

---

EFFIE DEANS, under the tender and affectionate care of her sister, had now shot up into a beautiful and blooming girl. Her Grecian-shaped head was profusely rich in waving ringlets of brown hair, which, confined by a blue snood of silk, and shading a laughing Hebe countenance, seemed the picture of health, pleasure, and contentment. Her brown russet short-gown set off a shape which time perhaps might be expected to render too robust, but which in her present early age was slender and taper, with that graceful and easy sweep of outline which at once indicates health and beautiful proportion of parts.

These growing charms in all their juvenile profusion had no power to shake the steadfast mind, or divert the fixed gaze, of the constant Laird of Dumbiedikes. But there was scarce another eye that could behold this living picture of health and beauty without pausing on it with pleasure. The traveller stopped his weary horse to gaze on the sylph-like form that tripped by him with her milk-pail poised on her head, bearing herself so erect, and stepping so light and free under her burthen, that it seemed rather an ornament than an encumbrance. \* \* \* \* \*

She was currently entitled the Lily of St. Leonard's, a name which she deserved as much by her guileless purity of thought, speech, and action, as by her uncommon loveliness of face and person.

HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.







W. Dransfield.

H. Austin.

*Mary Waverley*

WAVERLEY GALLERY

HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN

Published by Charles Holt, Essex Street, December 1, 1841

## MADGE WILDFIRE.

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ACROSS the man's cap or riding-hat which she wore, Madge placed a broken and soiled white feather, intersected with one which had been shed from the train of a peacock. To her dress, which was a kind of riding-habit, she stitched, pinned, and otherwise secured, a large furbelow of artificial flowers, all crushed, wrinkled, and dirty, which had first bedecked a lady of quality, then descended to her Abigail, and then dazzled the inmates of the servants' hall. A tawdry scarf of yellow silk, trimmed with tinsel and spangles, which had seen as hard service, and boasted as honourable a transmission, was next flung over one shoulder, and fell across her person in the manner of a shoulder-belt or baldric. Madge then stripped off the coarse ordinary shoes which she wore, and replaced them by a pair of dirty satin ones, spangled and embroidered to match the scarf, and furnished with very high heels. She had cut a willow switch in her morning's walk, almost as long as a boy's fishing-rod. This she set herself seriously to peel, and when it was transformed into such a wand as the Treasurer or High Steward bears on public occasions, she told Jeanie that she thought they now looked decent, as young women should do upon the Sunday morning, and that as the bells had done ringing, she was willing to conduct her to the Interpreter's house.

HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.









*F. L. Parriss*

*W. H. Motte.*

*Lammermoor*

WAVERLEY GALLERY

BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR

*Published by Charles Tilt Fleet Street April 1. 1841*

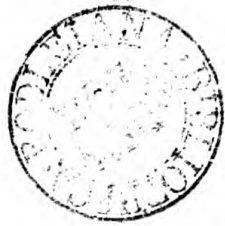
## LUCY ASHTON.

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SHE sate upon one of the disjointed stones of the ancient fountain, and seemed to watch the progress of its current as it bubbled forth to daylight, in gay and sparkling profusion, from under the shadow of the ribbed and darksome vault with which veneration, or perhaps remorse, had canopied its source. To a superstitious eye, Lucy Ashton, folded in her plaided mantle, with her long hair escaping partly from the snood and falling upon her silver neck, might have suggested the idea of the murdered Nymph of the Fountain. But Ravenswood only saw a female exquisitely beautiful, and rendered yet more so in his eyes—how could it be otherwise?—by the consciousness that she had placed her affections on him. As he gazed on her, he felt his fixed resolution melting like wax in the sun, and hastened, therefore, from his concealment in the neighbouring thicket. She saluted him, but did not rise from the stone on which she was seated.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.







*J. R. Herbert*

*W. Hopwood*

*Lady Penelope*

WAVERLEY GALLERY

IVANHOE

## LADY ROWENA.

---

As soon as Prince John observed that the destined Queen of the day had arrived upon the field, assuming that air of courtesy which sat well upon him when he was so pleased, he rode forward to meet her, doffed his bonnet, and, dismounting from his horse, assisted the Lady Rowena from her saddle, while his followers uncovered at the same time, and one of the most distinguished dismounted to hold her palfrey.

“It is thus,” said Prince John, “that we set the dutiful example of loyalty to the Queen of Love and Beauty, and are ourselves her guide to the throne which she must this day occupy. Ladies,” he said, “attend your Queen, as you wish to be distinguished by like honours.”

So saying, the Prince marshalled Rowena to the seat of honour opposite his own, while the fairest and most distinguished ladies present crowded after her to obtain places as near as possible to their temporary sovereign.

No sooner was Rowena seated, than a burst of music, half-drowned by the shouts of the multitude, greeted her new dignity.

IVANHOE.









W. Drummond

J. Brown

*1840*

WAVRELEY GALLERY

IVANHOE

Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, November 1 1840.

## REBECCA.

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THE figure of Rebecca might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England, even though it had been judged by as shrewd a connoisseur as Prince John. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a simarre of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colours embossed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible—all these constituted a combination of loveliness which yielded not to the loveliest of the maidens who surrounded her. It is true that of the golden and pearl-studded clasps which closed her vest from the throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect to which we allude. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, were by this means also made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich, fastened in her turban by an agraffe set with brilliants, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess; scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who affected to deride them.

IVANHOE.







J. Penstone

J. Penstone

*Waverley Gallery*

WAVERLEY GALLERY

MONASTERY

Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

## THE WHITE LADY.

---

HALBERT GLENDINNING cast the leathern brogue or buskin from his right foot, planted himself in a firm posture, unsheathed his sword, and first looking around to collect his resolution, he bowed three times deliberately towards the holly-tree, and as often to the little fountain, repeating at the same time, with a determined voice, the following rhyme :—

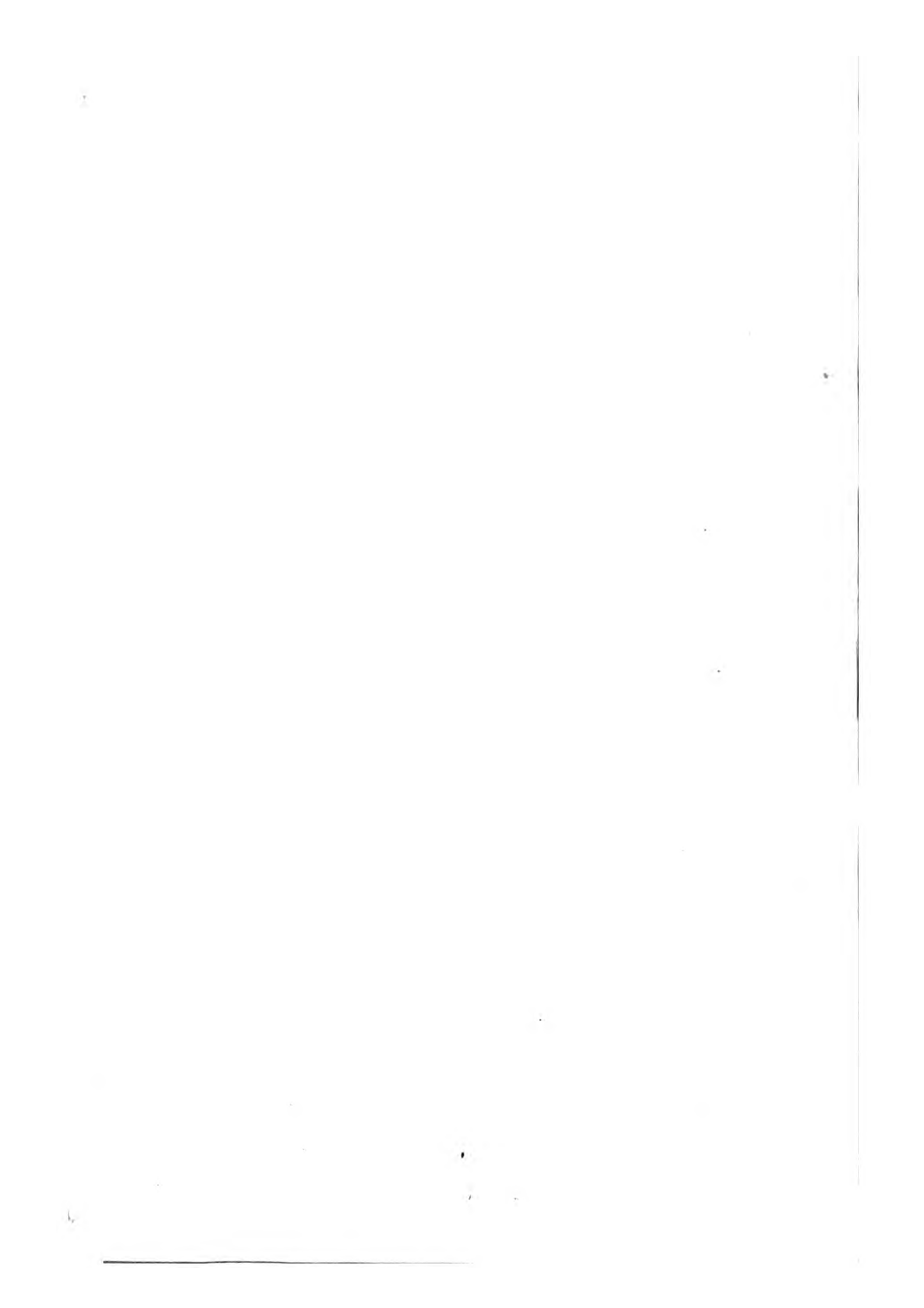
“ Thrice to the holly brake,  
Thrice to the well :  
I bid thee awake,  
White Maid of Avenel !

“ Noon gleams on the lake,  
Noon glows on the fell :  
Wake thee, O wake,  
White Maid of Avenel.”

He had scarcely pronounced the mystical rhymes, than an appearance as of a beautiful female, dressed in white, stood within two yards of him. His terror for the moment overcame his natural courage, as well as the strong resolution which he had formed, that the figure, which he had now twice seen, should not a third time daunt him.

THE MONASTERY.









W. Fisher

H. Robinson

*Patience Scrove*

WARRICKLEY GALLERY

THE ABACT

Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, January 1 1841.

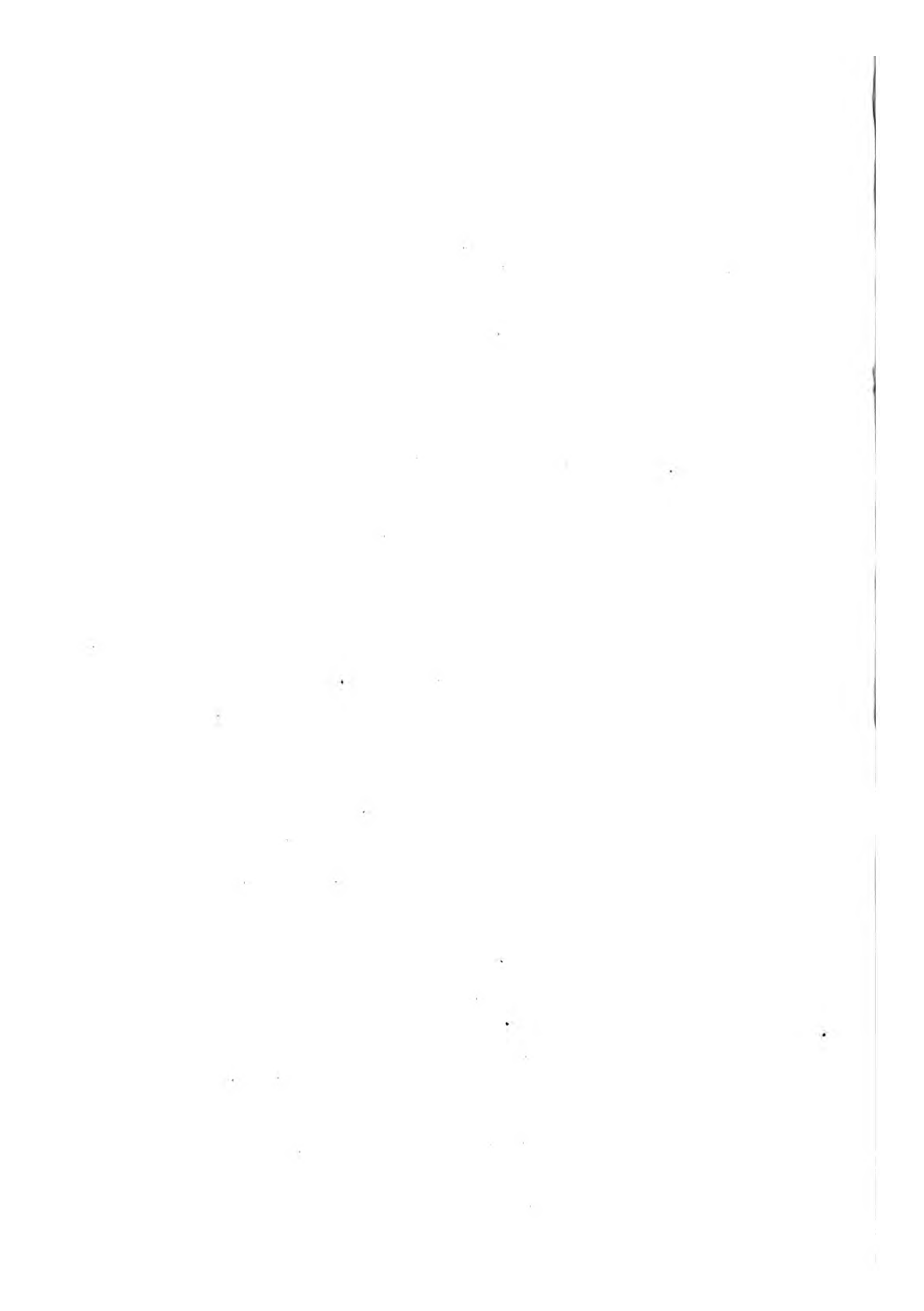
## CATHERINE SEYTON.

---

ROLAND'S eyes found better employment than to make observations on the accommodations of the chamber ; for this second female inhabitant of the mansion seemed something very different from anything he had yet seen there. At his first entry, she had greeted with a silent and low obeisance the two aged matrons, then glancing her eyes towards Roland, she adjusted a veil which hung back over her shoulders, so as to bring it over her face ; an operation which she performed with much modesty, but without either affected haste or embarrassed timidity.

During this manœuvre Roland had time to observe, that the face was that of a girl not much past sixteen apparently, and that the eyes were at once soft and brilliant. To these very favourable observations was added the certainty, that the fair object to whom they referred possessed an excellent shape, bordering, perhaps, on *embonpoint*, and therefore rather that of a Hebe than of a sylph, but beautifully formed, and shown to great advantage by the close jacket and petticoat, which she wore after a foreign fashion, the last not quite long enough absolutely to conceal a very pretty foot, which rested on the bar of the table at which she sate ; her round arms and taper fingers very busily employed in repairing the piece of tapestry which was spread on it, which exhibited several deplorable fissures, enough to demand the utmost skill of the most expert seamstress.

THE ABBOT.







J.W. Wright.

G. Stodart.

*For Sale*

W. T. FINEY GALLERY

ABINGDON, VA.

Published by Charles W. Fleet Street.

## JANET FOSTER.

---

“OH, Janet!” the countess exclaimed repeatedly to the daughter of Anthony Foster, her close attendant, who, with equal curiosity, but somewhat less ecstatic joy, followed on her mistress’s footsteps, “Oh, Janet! how much more delightful to think that all these fair things have been assembled by his love, for the love of me! and that this evening—this very evening, which wears darker and darker every instant, I shall thank him more for the love which has created such an unimaginable paradise, than for all the wonders it contains.”

“The Lord is to be thanked first,” said the pretty puritan, “who gave thee, lady, the kind and courteous husband, whose love has done so much for thee. I, too, have done my poor share. But if you thus run wildly from room to room, the toil of my crisping and my curling pins will vanish like the frost-work on the window when the sun is high.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Be merry, Janet—the night wears on and my lord must soon arrive—call thy father hither, and call Varney also—I cherish resentment against neither, and though I may have some room to complain of both, it shall be their own fault if ever a complaint against them reaches the Earl through my means—call them hither, Janet.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Foster made his clumsy reverence and departed, with an aspect that seemed to grudge the profuse expense which had been wasted upon changing his house from a bare and ruinous grange to an Asiatic palace. When he was gone, his daughter took her embroidery frame, and went to establish herself at the bottom of the apartment.

KENILWORTH.









*J. Hawter.*

*W. H. Mote.*

*W. H. Mote.*

*W. H. Mote.*

*W. H. Mote.*

## AMY ROBSART.

---

THE Earl had re-entered the bedchamber, bent on taking a hasty farewell of the Countess, and scarce daring to trust himself in private with her, to hear requests again urged which he found it difficult to parry, yet which his recent conversation with his master of horse had determined him not to grant.

He found her in a white cymar of silk lined with furs, her little feet unstockinged and hastily thrust into slippers; her unbraided hair escaping from under her midnight coif, with little array but her own loveliness, rather augmented than diminished by the grief which she felt at the approaching moment of separation.

“Now, God be with thee, my dearest and loveliest!” said the Earl, scarce tearing himself from her embrace, yet again returning to fold her again and again in his arms; and again bidding farewell, and again returning to kiss and bid adieu once more. “The sun is on the verge of the blue horizon—I dare not stay.—Ere this I should have been ten miles from hence.”

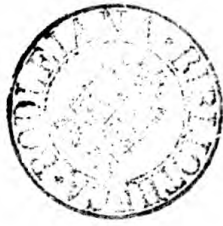
Such were the words with which at length he strove to cut short their parting interview.

“You will not grant my request then,” said the Countess. “Ah, false knight! did ever lady, with bare foot in slipper, seek boon of a brave knight, yet return with denial!”

“Anything Amy, anything thou canst ask I will grant,” answered the Earl—“always excepting,” he said, “that which might ruin us both.”

KENILWORTH.







*J. Hayter.*

*W. H. Mote.*

*Anna's*

WATERLOO GALLERY

THE PIRATE

*Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, April 1. 1841*

## MINNA TROIL.

---

FROM her mother, Minna inherited the stately form and dark eyes, the raven locks and finely-pencilled brows, which showed she was, on one side at least, a stranger to the blood of Thule. Her cheek,

O call it fair, not pale !

was so slightly and delicately tinged with the rose, that many thought the lily had an undue proportion in her complexion. But in that predominance of the paler flower, there was nothing sickly or languid ; it was the true natural colour of health, and corresponded in a peculiar degree with features which seemed calculated to express a contemplative and high-minded character. When Minna Troil heard a tale of woe or of injustice, it was then her blood rushed to her cheeks, and showed plainly how warm it beat, notwithstanding the generally serious, composed, and retiring disposition which her countenance and demeanour seemed to exhibit. If strangers sometimes conceived that these fine features were clouded by melancholy, for which her age and situation could scarce have given occasion, they were soon satisfied, upon further acquaintance, that the placid, mild quietude of her disposition, and the mental energy of a character which was but little interested in ordinary and trivial occurrences, was the real cause of her gravity ; and most men, when they knew that her melancholy had no ground in real sorrow, and was only the aspiration of a soul bent on more important objects than those by which she was surrounded, might have wished her whatever could add to her happiness, but could scarce have desired that, graceful as she was in her natural and unaffected seriousness, she should change that deportment for one more gay.

\* \* \* \* \*

Minna moved with slow and tremulous step toward the rude seat, which was composed of stone, formed into the shape of a chair by the rough and unskilful hand of some ancient Gothic artist.

\* \* \* \* \*

Brenda gazed at Minna, who sat in that rude chair of dark stone, her finely-formed shape and limbs making the strongest contrast with its ponderous and irregular angles, her cheek and lips as pale as clay, and her eyes turned upward, and lighted with the mixture of resignation and excited enthusiasm which belonged to her disease and character.

THE PIRATE.









*Drummond.*

*W.H. Egleton.*

*Margaret Murray*

WAVERLEY GALLERY

FORTUNES OF NIGEL

*Published by Charles Dill, Fleet Street.*

## MARGARET RAMSAY.

THE boy was clad in a grey suit of the finest cloth, laid down with silver lace, with a buff-coloured cloak of the same pattern. His cap, which was a Montero of black velvet, was pulled over his brows, and, with the profusion of his long ringlets, almost concealed his face.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Ay, ay, young man,” said Heriot, shaking his head, “ make me believe that if you can. To sum the matter up,” he said, rising from his seat, and walking towards that occupied by the disguised female, “ you shall as soon make me believe that this masquerading mummer, on whom I now lay the hand of paternal authority, is a French page who understands no English.”

So saying, he took hold of the supposed page's cloak, and, not without some gentle degree of violence, led into the middle of the apartment the disguised fair one, who in vain attempted to cover her face, first with her mantle, and afterwards with her hands; both which impediments Master Heriot removed somewhat unceremoniously, and gave to view the detected daughter of the old chronologist, his own fair god-daughter, Margaret Ramsay.

FORTUNES OF NIGEL.







J. W. Wright

W. H. Holt

*For the purpose of*

WAVERLEY GALLERY

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK

Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, December 11, 1840.

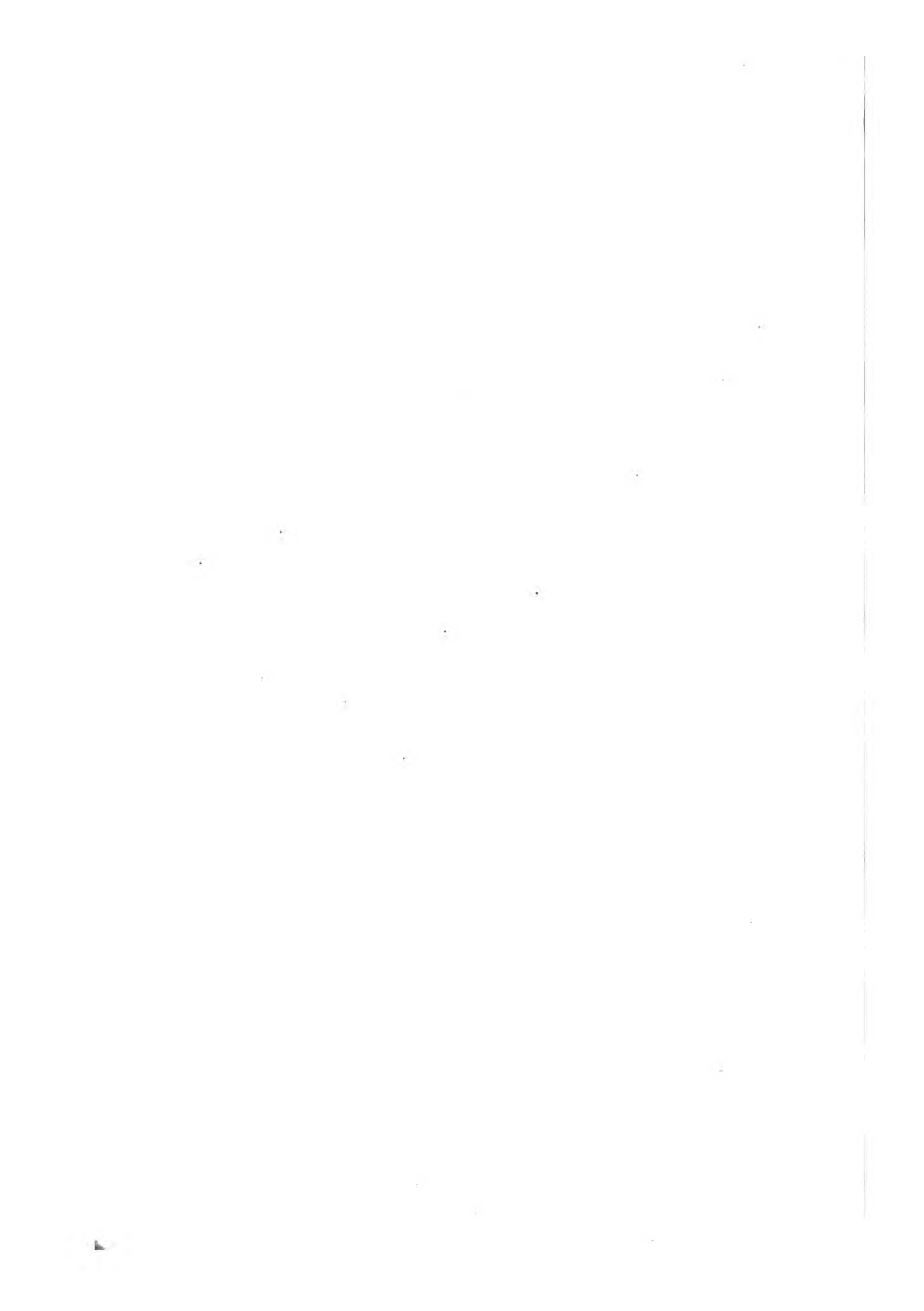
## ALICE BRIDGENORTH.

---

As he approached the monument of Goddard Crovan, Julian cast many an anxious glance to see whether any object visible beside the huge grey stone should apprise him whether he was anticipated, at the appointed place of rendezvous, by her who had named it. Nor was it long before the flutter of a mantle, which the breeze slightly waved, and the motion necessary to replace it upon the wearer's shoulders, made him aware that Alice had already reached their place of meeting. One instant set the palfrey at liberty, with slackened girth and loosened reins, to pick its own way through the dell at will; another placed Julian Peveril by the side of Alice Bridgenorth.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.









W. Drummond.

F. Holl.

*Jeune femme*

WATKINS GALLERY

QUENTIN L'EWALD.

Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

## JACQUELINE.

---

As he spoke the door opened, and a girl, rather above than under fifteen years old, entered with a platter, covered with damask, on which was placed a small saucer of the dried plums which have always added to the reputation of Tours, and a cup of the curiously-chased plate which the goldsmiths of that city were anciently famous for executing, with a delicacy of workmanship that distinguished them from the other cities of France, and even excelled the skill of the metropolis. But the sight of the young person by whom this service was executed, attracted Durward's attention far more than the petty particulars of the duty which she performed.

He speedily made the discovery, that a quantity of long black tresses, which in the maiden fashion of his own country were unadorned by any ornament, excepting a single chaplet lightly woven out of ivy-leaves, formed a veil round a countenance, which, in its regular features, dark eyes, and pensive expression, resembled that of Melpomene, though there was a faint glow on the cheek, and an intelligence on the lips and eyes, which made it seem that gaiety was not foreign to a countenance so expressive, although it might not be its most habitual expression. Quentin even thought he could discern, that depressing circumstances were the cause why a countenance so young and so lovely was graver than belongs to early beauty ; and as the romantic imagination of youth is rapid in drawing conclusions from slight premises, he was pleased to infer, from what follows, that the fate of this beautiful vision was wrapped in silence and mystery.

QUENTIN DURWARD.







*F.P. Stephanoff*

*J. Hindemaur*

*Clara Morley*

WAVERLEY GALLERY

ST. RONANS WELL

*Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, March 1. 1841.*

## CLARA MOWBRAY.

---

A WOMAN must be borne down indeed by pain and suffering, when she totally loses all respect for her external appearance. The mad-woman in Bedlam wears her garland of straw, with a certain air of pretension; and we have seen a widow whom we knew to be most sincerely affected by a recent deprivation, whose weeds, nevertheless, were arranged with a dolorous degree of grace, which amounted almost to coquetry. Clara Mowbray had also, negligent as she seemed to be of appearances, her own art of the toilet, although of the most rapid and most simple character. She took off her little riding-hat, and, unbinding a lace of Indian gold which retained her locks, shook them in dark and glossy profusion over her very handsome form, which they overshadowed down to her slender waist; and while her brother stood looking on her with a mixture of pride, affection, and compassion, she arranged them with a large comb, and, without the assistance of any *femme d'atours*, wove them, in the course of a few minutes, into such a natural head-dress as we see on the statues of the Grecian nymphs.

ST. RONAN'S WELL.









*W. Drummond.*

*J. Brown.*

*Portrait of a Lady*

*W. KYLE GALLERY*

*RED GALLERY*

*Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.*

## THE UNKNOWN.

---

A SMALL side door, covered with tapestry, was opened; the hangings were drawn aside, and a lady, as if by sudden apparition, glided into the apartment. It was neither of the Miss Arthurets, but a woman in the prime of life, and full-blown expansion of female beauty, tall, fair, and commanding in her aspect. Her locks of paly gold were taught to fall over a brow, which, with the stately glance of the large, open, blue eyes, might have become Juno herself; her neck and bosom were admirably formed, and of a dazzling whiteness. She was rather inclined to *embonpoint*, but not more than became her age, of apparently thirty years. Her step was that of a queen, but it was of Queen Vashti, not Queen Esther—the bold and commanding, not the retiring beauty.

REDGAUNTLET.







*E.P. Stephanoff.*

*J. Penstone.*

*Waverley*

WAVERLEY GILKRY

REPRINT

Published by James M. Fleet Street.  
1840

## GREENMANTLE.

---

ALAN FAIRFORD was in the act of speaking to the masked lady (for Miss Redgauntlet had retained her riding vizard), endeavouring to assure her, as he perceived her anxiety, of such protection as he could afford, when his own name, pronounced in a loud tone, attracted his attention. He looked round, and seeing Peter Peebles, as hastily turned to avoid his notice; in which he succeeded, so earnest was Peter upon his colloquy with one of the most respectable auditors whose attention he had ever been able to engage. And by this little motion, momentary as it was, Alan gained an unexpected advantage; for while he looked round, Miss Lilies, I could never ascertain why, took the moment to adjust her mask, and did it so awkwardly, that when her companion again turned her head, he recognised as much of her features as authorised him to address her as his fair client, and to press his offers of protection and assistance with the boldness of former acquaintance.

Lilies Redgauntlet withdrew the mask from her crimsoned cheek. "Mr. Fairford," she said, in a voice almost inaudible, "you have the character of a young gentleman of sense and generosity; but we have already met in one situation which you must think singular; and I must be exposed to misconstruction at least, for my forwardness, were it not in a cause in which my dearest affections were concerned."

REDGAUNTLET.









W. Drummond.

T. Hollis

*Richard's Golden*

WAVERLEY GALLERY

RED GAUNTLET

Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street

## RACHEL GEDDES.

---

IN a few minutes after Mr. Geddes had concluded the account of himself and his family, his sister Rachel, the only surviving member of it, entered the room. Her appearance is remarkably pleasing; and although her age is certainly thirty at least, she still retains the shape and motion of an earlier period. The absence of everything like fashion or ornament was, as usual, atoned for by the most perfect neatness and cleanliness of her dress; and her simple close cap was particularly suited to eyes which had the softness and simplicity of the dove's. Her features were also extremely agreeable, but had suffered a little through the ravages of that professed enemy to beauty, the small-pox; a disadvantage which was in part counterbalanced by a well-formed mouth, teeth like pearls, and a pleasing sobriety of smile, that seemed to wish good here and hereafter to every one she spoke to.

\* \* \* \* \*

With these words, Mr. Joshua Geddes retired. Some ladies we have known would have felt, or at least affected, reserve or embarrassment, at being left to do the honours of the grounds to (it will be out, Alan)—a smart young fellow—an entire stranger. She went out for a few minutes, and returned in her plain cloak and bonnet, with her beaver gloves, prepared to act as my guide, with as much simplicity as if she had been to wait upon thy father. So forth I sallied with my fair Quaker.

REDGAUNTLET.







W. Drummond.

J. Cook.

*W. Drummond.*

W. F. FOLEY GALLERY

L. 511. 1961

*Published by Charles E. Foy at No. 114 N. 4th St.*

## ROSE FLAMMOCK.

---

SHE went to the window of the little apartment in order to satisfy herself of the vigilance of the sentinels, and to ascertain the exact situation of the corps-de-garde. The moon was at the full, and enabled her to see with accuracy the nature of the ground without. \* \* The moonbeams slumbered on the close and beautiful turf, mixed with long shadows of the towers and trees. Beyond lay the forest ground, with a few gigantic oaks scattered individually along the skirt of its dark and ample domain, like champions who take their ground of defiance in front of a line of arrayed battle.

The calm beauty and repose of a scene so lovely, the stillness of all around, and the more matured reflections which the whole suggested, quieted in some measure the apprehensions which the events of the evening had inspired.

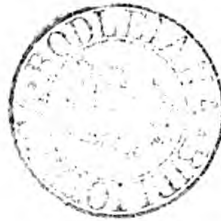
\* \* \* \* \*

Thus seated, her eye on the pale planet which sailed in full glory through the blue sky of midnight, she proposed to herself that sleep should not visit her eyelids till the dawn of morning should assure her of Eveline's safety.

THE BETROTHED.









*W. Crummond.*

*W. H. Egleston.*

W. WELLEY GALLERY

THE S. J. P. CHFD

Printed by Charles L. Fleet Street January 11/61

## EVELINE BERENGER.

---

EVELINE entered leaning on Rose's arm. She had laid aside mourning since the ceremony of the *fiançailles*, and was dressed in a kirtle of white, with an upper robe of pale-blue. Her head was covered with a veil of white gauze, so thin, as to float about her like the misty cloud usually painted around the countenance of a seraph. But the face of Eveline, though in beauty not unworthy one of this angelic order, was at present far from resembling that of a seraph in tranquillity of expression. Her limbs trembled, her cheeks were pale, the tinge of red around the eyelids expressed recent tears; yet amidst these natural signs of distress and uncertainty, there was an air of profound resignation—a resolution to discharge her duty in every emergence, reigning in the solemn expression of her eye and eyebrow, and showing her prepared to govern the agitation which she could not entirely subdue. And so well were these opposing qualities of timidity and resolution mingled on her cheek, that Eveline, in the utmost pride of her beauty, never looked more fascinating than at that instant; and Hugo de Lacy, hitherto rather an unimpassioned lover, stood in her presence with feelings as if all the exaggerations of romance were realised, and his mistress were a being of a higher sphere, from whose doom he was to receive happiness or misery, life or death.

THE BETROTHED.







*J. R. Herbert.*

*H. Austin.*

*The Talisman.*

*WORLDY GALLERY.*

*TALISMAN.*

*Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.*

## QUEEN BERENGARIA.

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BERENGARIA knew well—what woman knows not?—her own road to victory. She rushed at once to the side of Richard's couch, dropped on her knees, flung her mantle from her shoulders, showing, as they hung down at full length, her beautiful golden tresses, and while her countenance seemed like a sun bursting through a cloud, yet bearing on its pallid front traces that its splendours have been obscured, she seized upon the right hand of the king, which, as he assumed his wonted posture, had been employed in dragging the covering of his couch, and gradually pulling it towards her with a force which was resisted, though but faintly, she possessed herself of that arm, the prop of Christendom, and the dread of Heathenesse, and imprisoning its strength in both her little fairy hands, she bent upon it her brow, and united to it her lips.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was not in nature for any one, far less an admirer of beauty like Richard, to whom it stood only in the second rank to glory, to look without emotion on the countenance and the tremor of a creature so beautiful as Berengaria, or to feel, without sympathy, that her lips, her brow, were on his hand, and that it was wetted by her tears. By degrees, he turned on her his manly countenance, with the softest expression of which his large blue eye, which so often gleamed with insufferable light, was capable. Caressing her fair head, and mingling his large fingers in her beautiful and dishevelled locks, he raised and tenderly kissed the cherub countenance, which seemed desirous to hide itself in his hand. The robust form, the broad, noble brow, and majestic looks, the naked arm and shoulder, the lion's skins among which he lay, and the fair, fragile, feminine creature that kneeled by his side, might have served for a model of Hercules reconciling himself, after a quarrel, to his wife Dejanira.

THE TALISMAN.









J. W. Wright.

H. Robinson.

*W. W. Woodstock*

W. W. WOODSTOCK GALLERY.

WOODSTOCK.

Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

## ALICE LEE.

---

ALICE LEE kneeled at the feet of her father, and made the responses with a voice that might have suited the choir of angels, and a modest and serious devotion which suited the melody of her tone.

Deep as was the habitual veneration with which he heard the impressive service of the church, Everard's eyes could not help straying towards Alice, and his thoughts wandering to the purpose of his presence there. She seemed to have recognised him at once ; for there was a deeper glow than usual upon her cheek, her fingers trembled as they turned the leaves of her prayer-book, and her voice, lately as firm as it was melodious, faltered when she repeated the responses. It appeared to Everard, as far as he could collect by the stolen glances which he directed towards her, that the character of her beauty, as well as of her outward appearance, had changed with her fortunes.

The beautiful and high-born young lady had now approached as nearly as possible to the brown stuff dress of an ordinary village maiden ; but what she had lost in gaiety of appearance, she had gained, as it seemed, in dignity. Her beautiful light brown tresses, now folded around her head, and only curled where nature had so arranged them, gave her an air of simplicity which did not exist when her head-dress showed the skill of a curious tire-woman. A light joyous air, with something of a humorous expression, which seemed to be looking for amusement, had vanished before the touch of affliction, and a calm melancholy supplied its place, which seemed on the watch to administer comfort to others. \* \* \*

WOODSTOCK.







*E.M. ian*

*J. Penstone*

*The Fair Maid of Perth*

*NAVEL GALLERY.*

*FAIR MAID OF PERTH.*

*Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.*

## THE GLEE-MAIDEN.

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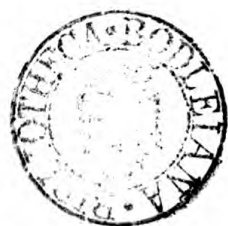
THE Glee-Maiden had planted herself where a rise of two large broad steps, giving access to the gateway of the royal apartments, gained her an advantage of a foot and a half in height over those in the court, of whom she hoped to form an audience. She wore the dress of her calling, which was more gaudy than rich, and showed the person more than did the garb of other females. She had laid aside an upper mantle, and a small basket which contained her slender stock of necessaries, and a little French spaniel dog sat beside them as their protector. An azure-blue jacket, embroidered with silver, and sitting close to the person, was open in front, and showed several waistcoats of different-coloured silks, calculated to set off the symmetry of the shoulders and bosom, and remaining open at the throat. A small silver chain, worn around her neck, involved itself amongst these brilliant-coloured waistcoats, and was again produced from them to display a medal of the same metal, which intimated, in the name of some court or guild of minstrels, the degree she had taken in the gay or joyous science. A small scrip, suspended over her shoulders by a blue silk riband, hung on her left side.

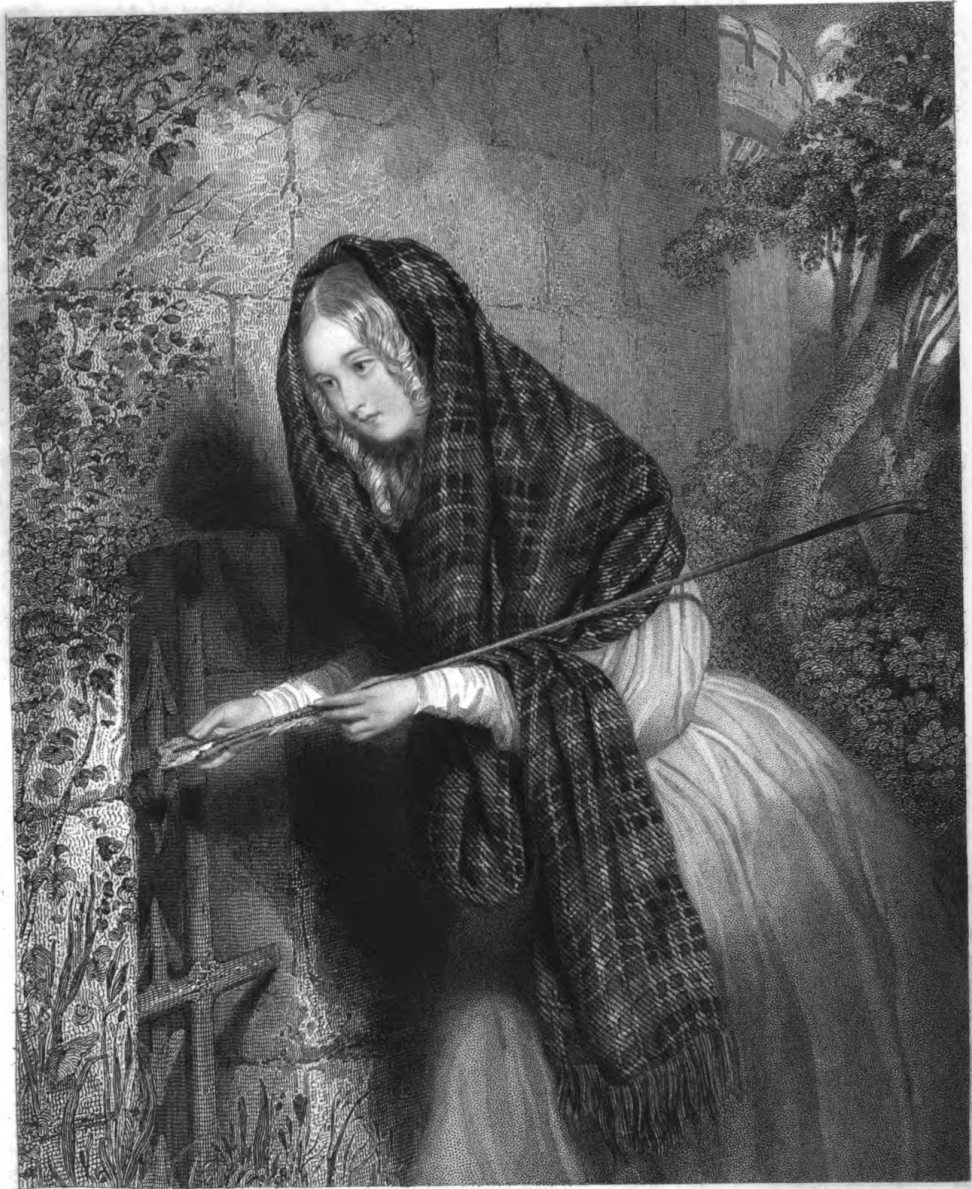
Her sunny complexion, snow-white teeth, brilliant black eyes, and raven locks, marked her country lying far in the south of France, and the arch smile and dimpled chin bore the same character. Her luxuriant raven locks, twisted round a small gold bodkin, were kept in their position by a net of silk and gold. Short petticoats, deep-laced with silver, to correspond with the jacket, red stockings, which were visible so high as near the calf of the leg, and buskins of Spanish leather, completed her adjustment, which, though far from new, had been saved as an untarnished holiday suit, which much care had kept in good order. She seemed about twenty-five years old; but perhaps fatigue and wandering had anticipated the touch of time, in obliterating the freshness of early youth.

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.









*W. Drummond.*

*W.H. Egleton.*

*The Fair Maid of Perth.*

WAVERLEY GALLERY.

FAIR MAID OF PERTH

*Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.*

## CATHARINE.

---

“HERE is dead silence,” said Catharine, after she had listened attentively for a moment, “Heaven and earth, he is gone!”

“We must risk something,” said her companion; and ran her fingers over the strings of her guitar. A sigh was the only answer from the depth of the dungeon. Catharine then ventured to speak—“I am here, my lord—I am here with food and drink.”

“Ha! Ramorny? The jest comes too late—I am dying,” was the answer.

“His brain is turned, and no wonder,” thought Catharine, “but whilst there is life there may be hope.”

“It is I, my lord, Catharine Glover. I have food if I could pass it safely to you.”

“Heaven bless thee, maiden! I thought the pain was over, but it glows again within me at the name of food.”

“The food is here; but how, oh how can I pass it to you? the chink is so narrow—the wall is so thick! Yet there is a remedy—I have it—quick, Louise; cut me a willow-bough, the tallest you can find.” The glee-maiden obeyed; and by means of a cleft on the top of the wand, Catharine transmitted several morsels of the soft cakes soaked in broth, which served at once for food and for drink.

The unfortunate young man ate little, and with difficulty, but prayed for a thousand blessings on the head of his comforter. “I had destined thee to be the slave of my vices,” he said, “and yet thou triest to become the preserver of my life!”

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.







W. Drummond.

W. Edwards

*The Girl of Gierstein*

WAVRELEY GALLERY

LINE OF GIERSTEIN

Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street

## ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.

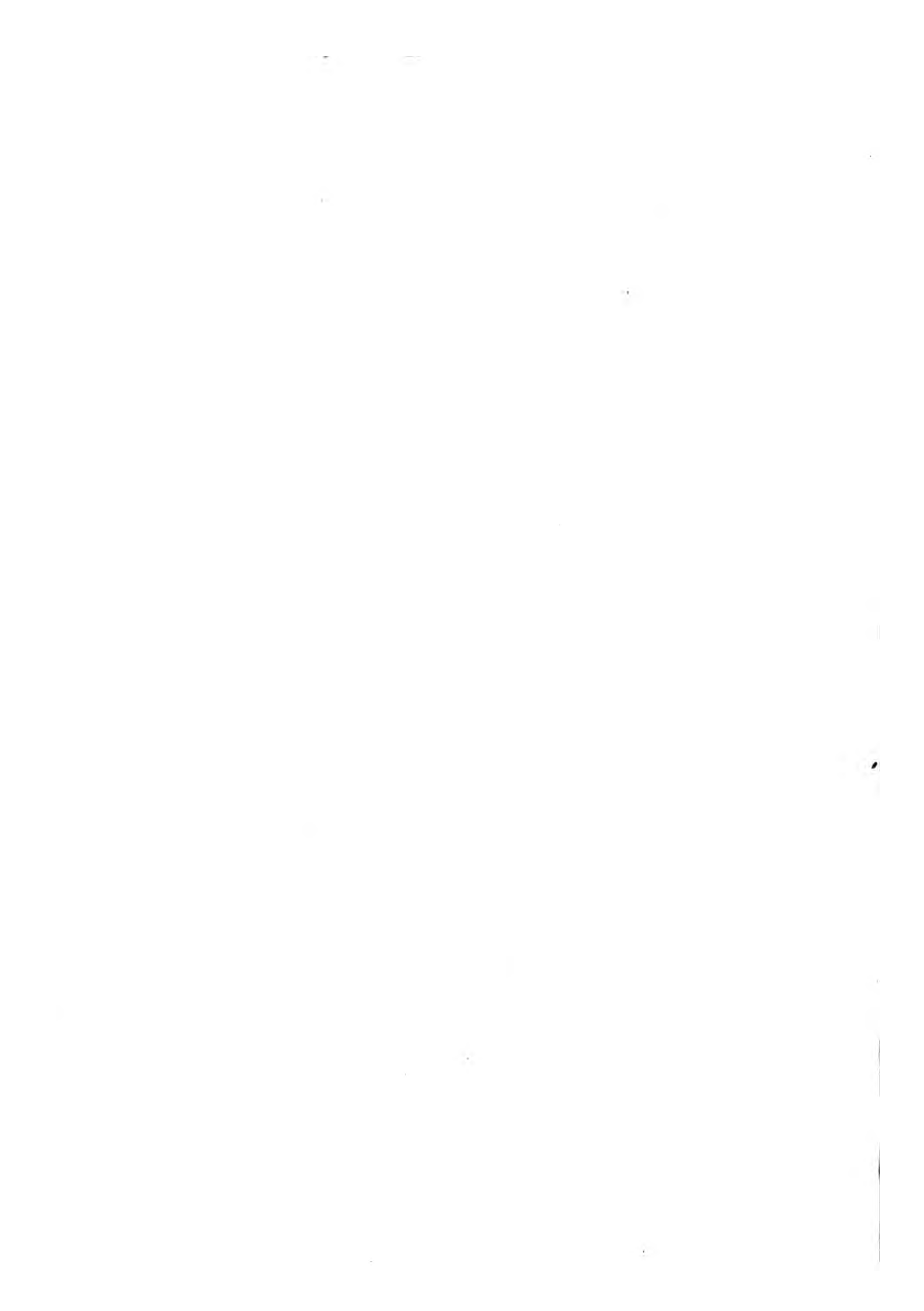
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UPON the very summit of a pyramidal rock that rose out of the depth of the valley was seen a female figure, so obscured by mist that only the outline could be traced. The form reflected against the sky appeared rather the undefined lineaments of a spirit than those of a mortal maiden; for her person seemed as light and scarcely more opaque than the thin cloud that surrounded her pedestal. Arthur's first belief was that the Virgin had heard his vows, and had descended in person to his rescue; and he was about to recite his Ave Maria when the voice again called to him with the singular shrill modulation of the mountain haloo, by which the natives of the Alps can hold conference with each other from one mountain ridge to another, across ravines of great depth and width.

While he debated how to address this unexpected apparition, it disappeared from the point which it first occupied, and presently after became again visible, perched on the cliff out of which projected the tree in which Arthur had taken refuge. Her personal appearance, as well as her dress, made it then apparent that she was a maiden of those mountains familiar with their dangerous paths. He saw that a beautiful young woman stood before him, who regarded him with a mixture of pity and wonder.

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.









*W. Drummond.*

*W. F. Hill.*

*Waverley Gallery*

WATERLEY GALLERY

CASTLE DANGEROUS

*Published by Thomas Pitt, Fleet Street March 1 1841.*

## LADY AUGUSTA BERKELY.

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HE placed her as he said these words upon the soft turf, and, to her infinite refreshment, made her sensible that she was once more in the open air, and free from the smothering atmosphere which had before oppressed her like that of a charnel-house. At the same time she breathed in a whisper an anxious wish that she might be permitted to disencumber herself from the folds of the mantle which excluded almost the power of breathing, though intended only to prevent her seeing by what road she travelled. She immediately found it unfolded, agreeably to her request, and hastened with uncovered eyes to take note of the scene around her.

It was overshadowed by thick oak-trees, among which stood some remnants of buildings, or what might have seemed such, being perhaps the same in which she had lately been wandering. A clear fountain of living water bubbled forth from under the twisted roots of one of those trees, and offered the lady the opportunity of a draught of the pure element, and in which she also bathed her face, which had received more than one scratch in the course of her journey, in spite of the care, and almost the tenderness, with which she had latterly been borne along. The cool water speedily stopt the bleeding of those trifling injuries, and the application served at the same time to recall the scattered senses of the damsel herself. Her first idea was, whether an attempt to escape, if such should appear possible, was not advisable. A moment's reflection, however, satisfied her that such a scheme was not to be thought of; and such second thoughts were confirmed by the approach of the gigantic form of the huntsman Turnbull, the rough tones of whose voice were heard before his figure was obvious to her eye.

CASTLE DANGEROUS.







W. Drummond.

W. H. Egleton.

*Surgeons' Laughter*

## ZILIA DE MONÇADA.

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WHILE Lawford drew up a proper minute, Mr. Gray attempted to restore to the lady the balance of the considerable sum of money which Tresham (if such were his real name) had formally deposited with him. With every species of gesture, by which hands, eyes, and even feet, could express rejection, as well as in her own broken French, she repelled the proposal of reimbursement, while she entreated that Gray would consider the money as his own property ; and at the same time forced upon him a ring set with brilliants, which seemed of considerable value. The father then spoke to her a few stern words, which she heard with a mingled air of agony and submission.

“ I have given her a few minutes to see and weep over the miserable being which has been the seal of her dishonour,” said the stern father. “ Let us retire and leave her alone.—You,” to the messenger, “ watch the door of the room on the outside.”

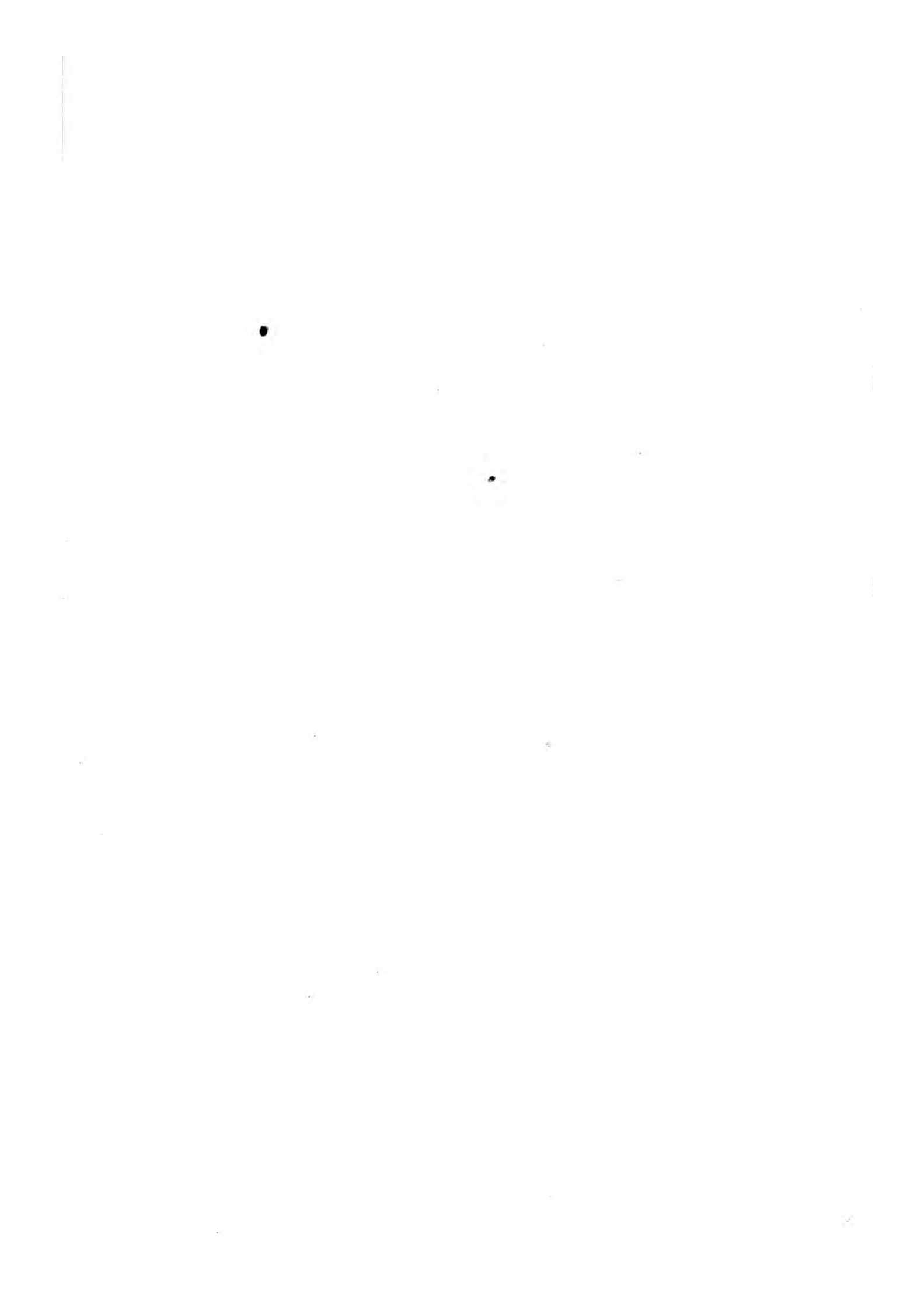
SURGEON'S DAUGHTER.

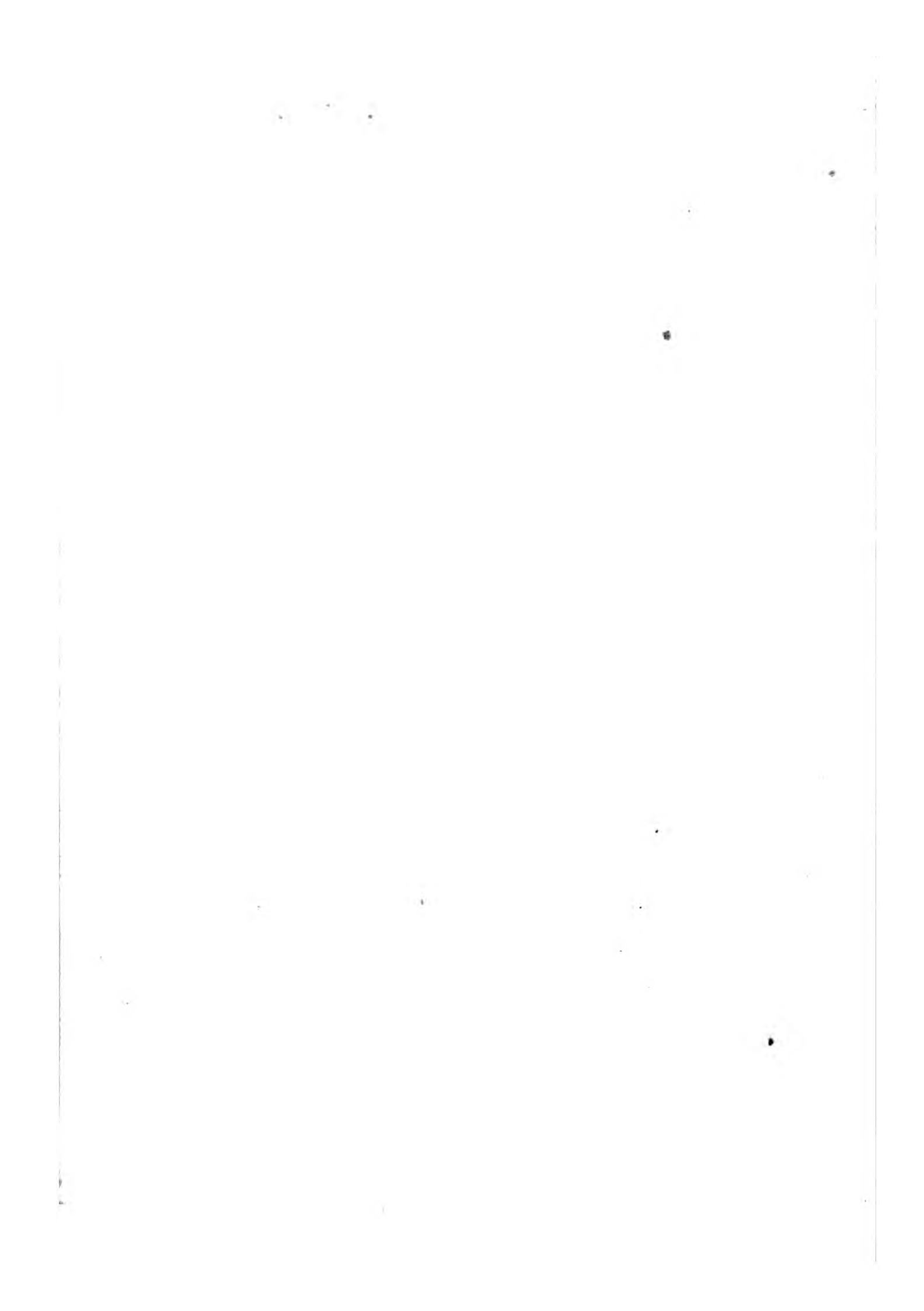












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