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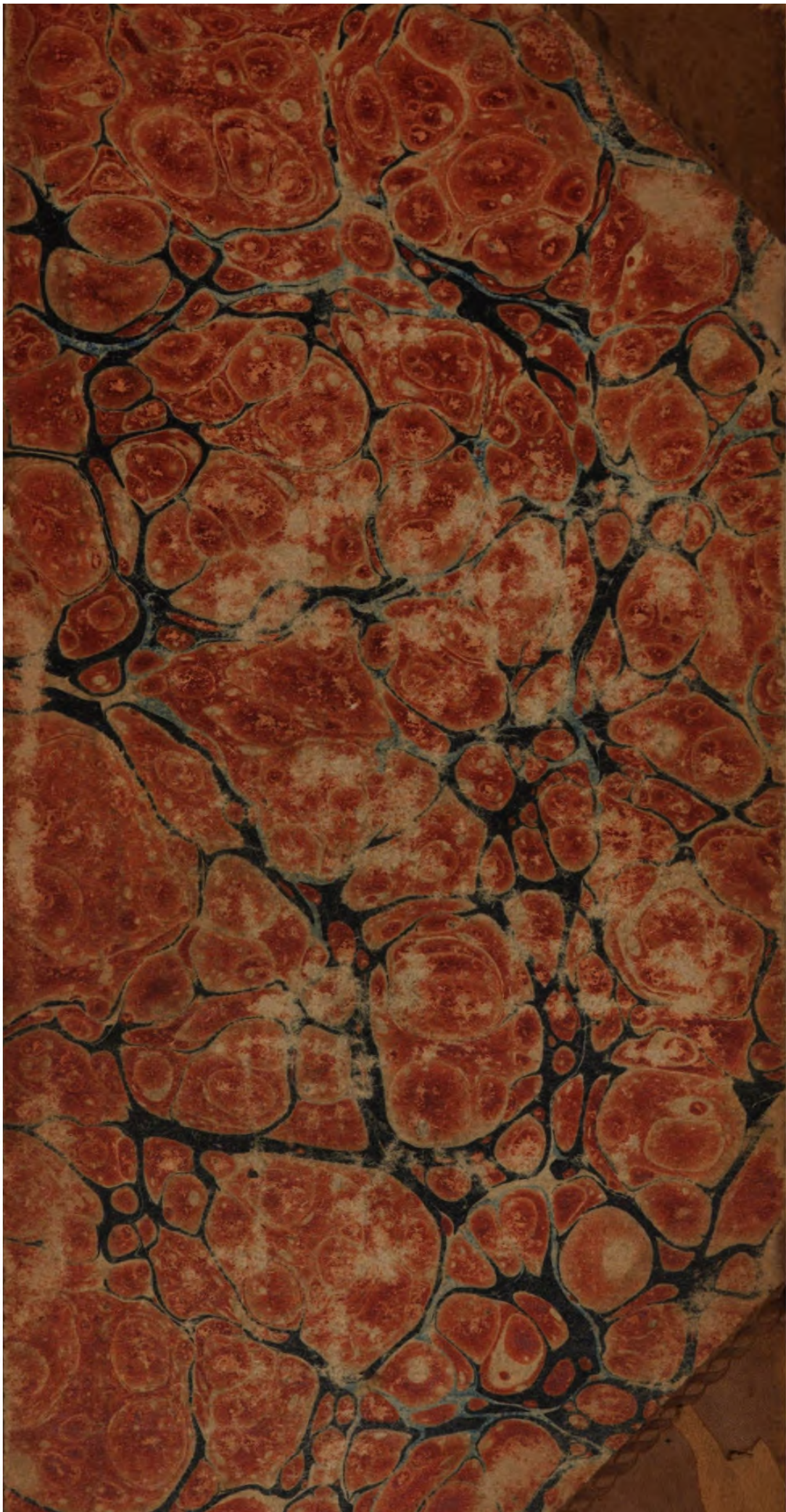
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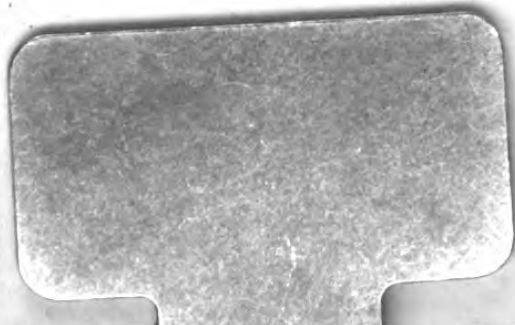
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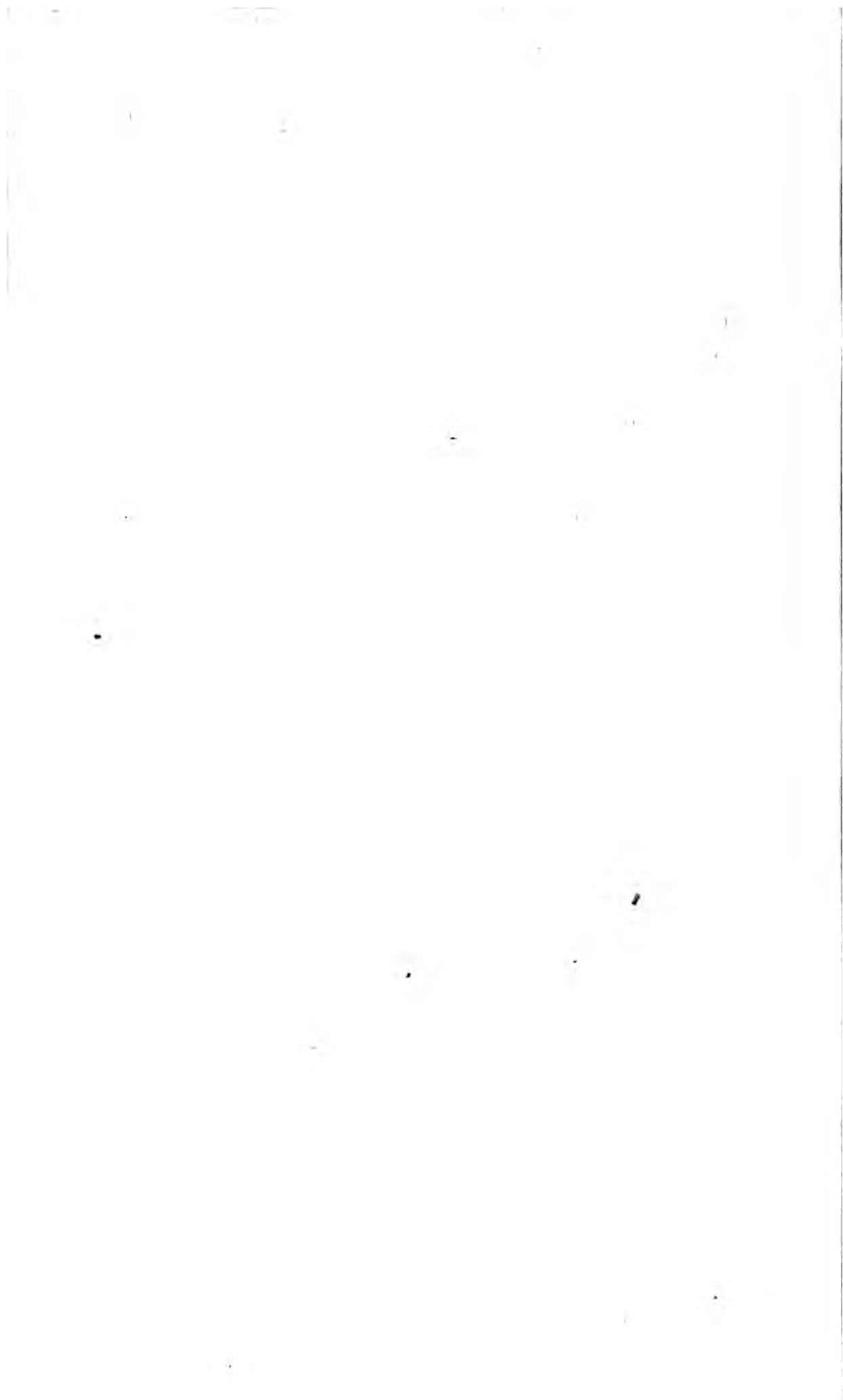


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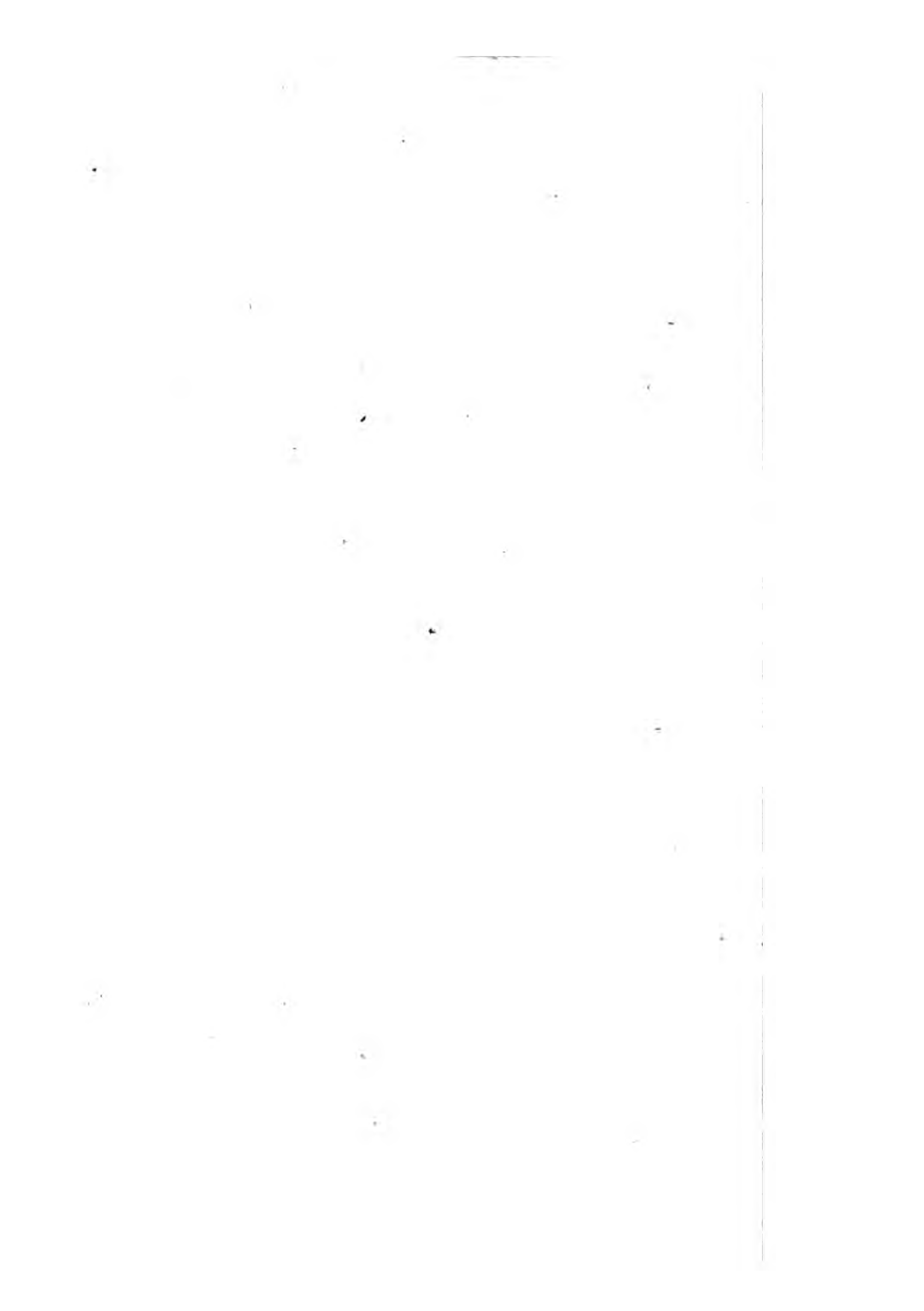
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**TALES**

**OF**

**ALL NATIONS.**





*v.S.H. 1827.*

**TALES**

OF

**ALL NATIONS.**



**LONDON:**

**PRINTED FOR THOMAS HURST AND CO.**

**65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.**

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1827.

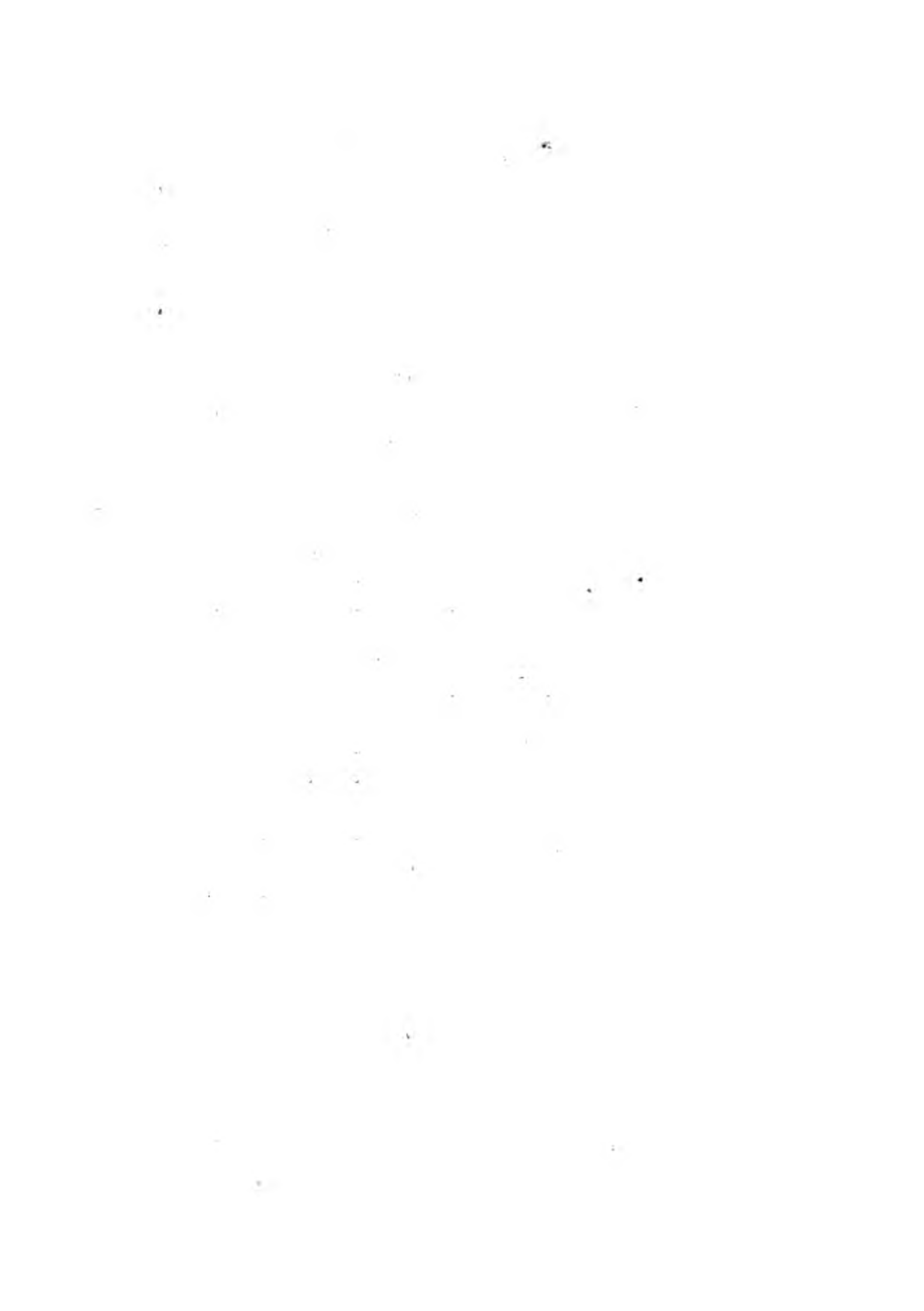
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**LONDON :**  
**Printed by Bradbury and Co.,**  
**Bolt Court, Fleet St.**

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## PREFACE.

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THE Tales of which the following sheets are composed, are, with one exception, original, and have been handed to the Editor by various well known writers, several of whom have not scrupled to allow their names to be attached to their respective productions. Some objections have been offered to the

class of works to which the present volume may be said to belong, on the score of the difficulty of obtaining a series of papers from different pens of equal merit and interest; but until the incorrectness of the well known proverb, that "two heads are better than one" shall be satisfactorily demonstrated, we shall take leave to question the fallibility of criticism having no more reasonable foundation. If it be contended, that a book which is the work of many hands, must, of necessity, be less valuable than one that is the production of a single individual, what will remain to be said for the most popular literature of the day, circulated through

the medium of the periodical press. Surely, that too, ought all to be ineligible upon the same principle. Equality of merit cannot, of course, be looked for in a miscellaneous collection, whatever rank the authors may enjoy, deservedly, in the republic of letters. Degrees of merit must of necessity belong to the various contributions of which it is formed ; but those with whom equality is so paramount a virtue, should remember, that there may be such a thing as an equality of dullness, and that any irregularity calculated to destroy an uniformity arising from such a cause, can hardly fail of proving a desideratum.



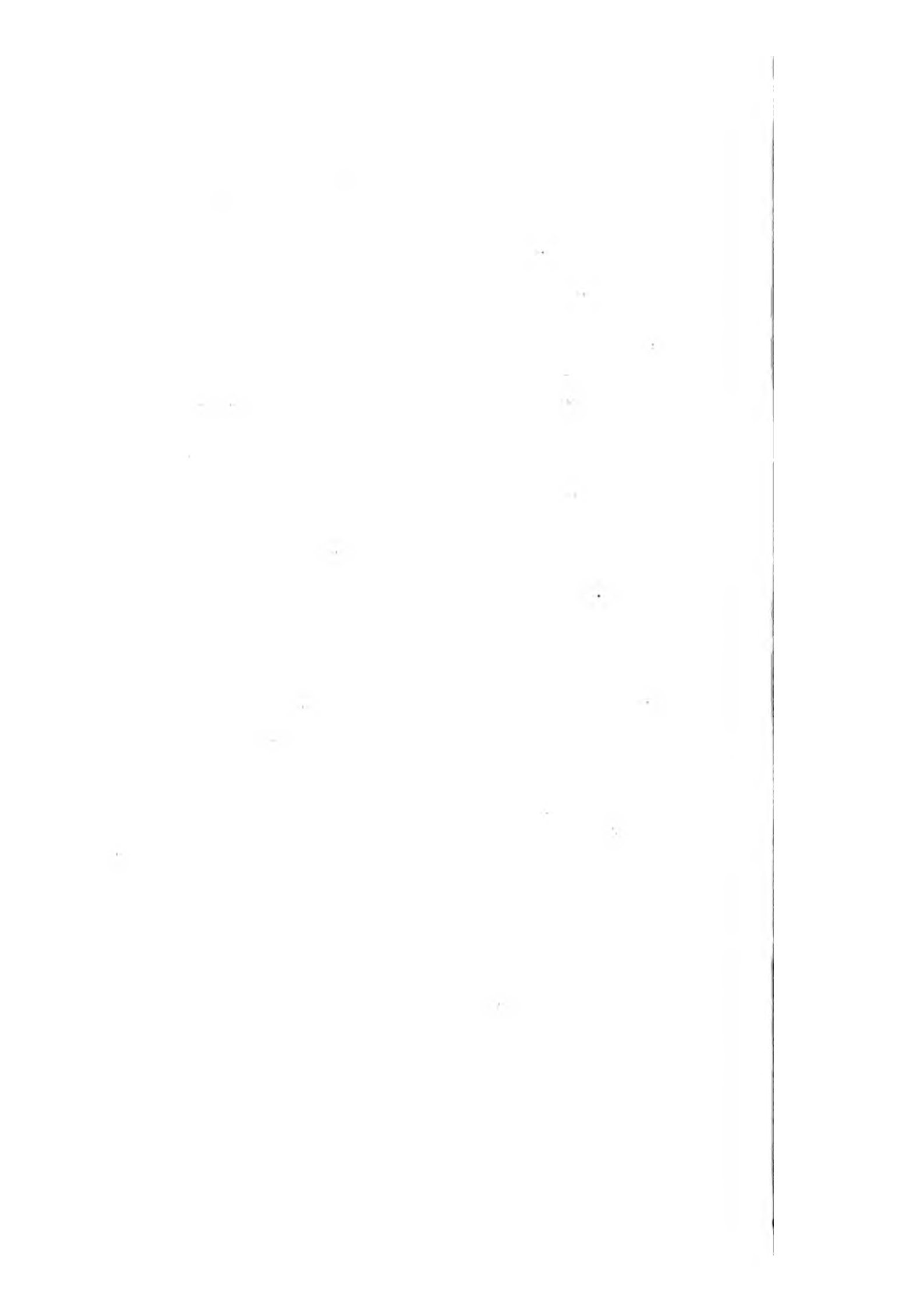
It only remains to be observed, that the Spanish story, entitled *The Ring*, has been translated, or rather altered, from an old French Collection of 'Tales, published in 1700\*. That the joke played off upon Partridge the almanack maker, in the *Tatler*, and the ludicrous consequences of Swift's prediction of his death, as detailed by the Rev. Dr. Yalden † (Mr. Partridge's near neighbour), had their origin in this very singular production will not, we suppose, be doubted. The French Story has, however, the advantage of the version re-

\* *L'Elite des Contes* du Sieur D'Ouville.

† Vide Dr. Drake's admirable *Essays on the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian*.—vol. 1, p. 64.

ferred to in every respect; it is indeed sufficiently replete with drollery to offer materials for a very laughable farce; a hint which we throw out for the consideration of certain modern playwrights, whose powers are limited to resuscitation and exaggeration.

H. A. S.



**QUEEN ELIZABETH AT  
THEOBALD'S.**

**BY THE AUTHOR OF "LONDON IN THE  
OLDEN TIME."**

Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heav'n!  
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate  
Of men and empires, 'tis to be forgiv'n  
If in our aspirations to be great  
Our destinies o'erlook their mortal state,  
And claim a kindred with ye;---for ye are  
A beauty and a mystery.

*Childe Harold.*

## QUEEN ELIZABETH AT THEOBALD'S.

○ GLORIOUS days of the maiden queen ! when pageants and progresses, masques and revels, feast-makings, love-making, and verse-making, occupied every holiday ;—when, to welcome the “ divine Parthenia,” Olympus sent forth his deities, and heaven her saints, and earth her heroes, clothed in all the majesty of three-piled velvet, gold tissue, and marvellous point device ;—when the eight Beàtitudes in paduasoy danced to solemn music ; and Faith, Hope, and Charity, in ruffled and farthingaled beauty, if uninfluential themselves, promoted at least the exercise of their sister grace Patience, by the long harangues they inflicted on the much-enduring company.

Theobald's, with its fountain court, dial court, and buttery court ; its “ large and faire turret, in fashion like a lantern, wherein hangeth twelve bells for chiming ;” its lofty halls and long galleries, graced with “ fleur de luces, stags' heades, and paintings of divers cities rarely set forthe ;” its wilderness, park, and formal gardens, have all passed away as a dream. The spot where Burghley so often welcomed his royal mistress,—where

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her ambitious nobles so often played their desperate game for power, masquing beneath a smiling brow designs of the deepest treachery,—now affords no memorial of its by-gone splendour, save two large cedars, planted, as tradition delights to record, by the hand of “divine Parthenia” herself; and some remains of a lawn of more than velvet softness, fit carpet for the delicate feet of her attendant damsels.

It was on no scene of decay and desolation that the bright setting sun glanced on that clear autumn evening, when, surrounded by her ladies, and followed by her principal courtiers, the wise and politic, but vain and capricious, Elizabeth, rode beneath the grand gateway of princely Theobald's, prepared to greet, with warm and unfeigned smiles, the only courtier who sincerely regarded her—her trusty and well-beloved Burghley.

O for the pen of Mr. Secretary Pepys! that celebrator of slashed doublets, and eulogizer of point lace, to do justice to each gorgeous “satin kirtle, fringed and guarded with gold lace,”—each velvet doublet, “of the bravest cut and fashion,”—each starched and plaited ruff, albeit “the divell's owne invention,” as Master Phillip Stubbs hath recorded,—and each miracle of “Italian cut work,” and “open purl edge work,” that beautified the collars and tippets of the noble company, who, amid the ringing of bells, the deafening clamour of cornets and kettle-drums, and the shouts of the wondering multitude, now mingled in gay confusion before the

grand entrance ; while wood-nymphs in green mantles, water-nymphs in watchet coloured kirtles, “ a salvage man with a club,” and “ a blackamoor on a lynx’s back,” made way for feathered Mercury, who, resplendent in blue satin and silver, advanced, with reverend steps, to welcome, in quaint poetry and antithetical and alliterative prose, “ the queen whose whole story of virtue is written in the language of beauty”—“ the phoenix-passing, all-on-earth-excelling Elizabeth.”

“ But wherefore, my pretty mistress Dora, are ye so downcast ?” said a young man whose pinked doublet, rich collar, and laced pantofles, betokened him a courtier, and whose laughing eye and saucy countenance proved him also a successful one, addressing one of the maids of honour with the air of a person conferring a mighty favour—“ What would you, pretty one ? a song to your eyebrow, or a sonnet to your shoe-tie, or a fair speech from my Lord Southampton, or a fair jewel from my Lord Essex ?” The lady changed colour, and turned away. “ Nay, pretty mistress Dora, what have I said,” continued he, “ and wherefore that gloom ? nay, wherefore now look you upward ? What ! scanning the stars for your destiny ?

“ Wherefore scan the gem-decked sky,  
 Fairest, with that anxious sigh ?  
 Though the golden orbs are gleaming  
 Soft and bright, and full is streaming  
 Each mysterious influence,  
 That’s so strangely darted thence,



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Heed it not ; full well I know  
Stars more fatal shine below.  
---Look not upward, fairest one ;  
All the stars that ever shone  
Cannot match in radiancey  
Those thou fixest on the sky.  
Look not up ! O rather look  
Downward in the limpid brook,  
Narcissus-like, thou then migh'st guess  
Thine all-surpassing loveliness ;  
And thou might'st sigh, to think how we  
Must suffer from thy cruelty."

" Bravely, John Harrington !" cried a lady who, seated on her richly caparisoned palfry, and followed by several serving men in splendid liveries, was waiting near. " Bravely, my young poet ! hast aught more ?"

The young rhymers glanced a half abashed look at the lady. " Nought that can please Astrophel's fairest Parthenope, the inspirer of the ever-blooming Arcadia."

" A truce with your compliments," returned the lady, in whom the reader has undoubtedly recognised

" Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother."

" Beware of him, mistress Dora ; other poets have thought one muse and one mistress (for the time at least) enow ; but this boldest one courts all the nine muses at once, and seeks to break the hearts of the whole bevy of maids of honour : heed him not, Dora Markham."

" Nay, cruel countess," returned the young man ; " doth not the matin bee range the garden, singing his sweet hymn of praise to the beauty of each several

flower; and are not we poets as privileged? Fair ladies, all ye who now hear me, bear witness as I profess myself knight-errant and laureat to the whole of ye, always excepting my high duty to the peerless all-on-earth-transcending Parthenia."

"O thou wily one," said Lady Pembroke, shaking her jewelled feather fan at the courtier poet; "I'll warrant me thou hast some marvellous sonnet, or some most sweet copy of verses, for her highness. Well, go onward, strong in the power of sweet numbers, though Castaly floweth not like Pactolus, over sands of gold."

"And yet a gem may sometimes be picked up on its borders," replied he, "as Rayleigh found when her highness graced him with a fair brooch, for what methought was but a scurvy sonnet."

"But my Lord Essex hath been more highly graced," said Lady Pembroke. "Ay, ye must all get orange tawny cloaks, and orange tawny feathers, and all follow in the train of the favourite; for when her highness last night pulled off that ruby table ring, and put it on Essex's finger, methought it was like a betrothment, only one ring was given instead of two exchanged."

"A ruby table ring!" exclaimed the hitherto silent Dora, turning an anxious look on the countess.

"Yes; but had ye seen my Lord Essex receive it, ye had thought it had been but a rush one."

"O! would divine Parthenia but grace me so highly as to bestow a loop from her mantle, a button from her

## 8 QUEEN ELIZABETH AT THEOBALD'S.

stomacher, or a rose from her shoe, it should be worn in the front of my best velvet cap, and hymned both morning and evening," cried Harrington.

"Well, try your fortune," said Lady Pembroke, laughing at the politic enthusiasm of the courtier. "Her highness said but yesterday, 'Jack, my saucy godson, groweth lazy; we hear nought from him now.'"

"She shall hear from me ere long," cried he; "for if fair looks and soft speeches can gain a ring from the queen's own finger for Essex, I see not why verses may not gain a brooch or a hatband for her highness's saucy godson."

"My fair sir," said a serving man, bowing low and bare-headed, "the queen's highness hath ever been wont to receive the petitions of her unworthy subjects, and my learned master had one to present, but by reason of the great press at the park gate he could not get near: he commendeth himself to ye, and prayeth your good offices."

"Ay, so do ye all," returned Harrington, laughing, "little wotting that we courtiers ourselves oftimes stand in as great need of good offices as ye. What is it? a petition against a monopoly, or for a monopoly—for a company to find the golden city, or for a company to make gold at home—a project to find out hidden treasures—or a project to find out seminary priests?"

"Nought of that kind," said the serving man, reverently bowing; "but my learned master having tra-

velled through divers countries for the increase of science, hath returned, and prayeth to be admitted to her highness's presence."

"I will present the petition when time serveth," replied Harrington, hastily glancing his eye over it; "and truly, my pretty mistress Dora, if ye wish to know aught that the stars portend, I commend ye to this learned physician; ay, while the court stayeth here he will have no lack of custom, from the satin robed dame who hath lost her necklace, to the scarlet boddiced country wench who hath lost her sweetheart;—from the simpering courtier anxious to know who will be the favourite, to the gaping clown eager to hear who will win the prize at the wrestling match."

"Many thanks, my good lord treasurer, for all your services," said Elizabeth, as with gracious smiles she seated herself beneath the splendid canopy in the great hall of Theobald's, and received from her kneeling host the gold cup of cordial drink, while his lady, holding a richly chased salver of comfit cake, knelt reverently by his side. "Many thanks," continued she; "god Mercury yonder detained us so long with his sugared speeches, that I am fain to solace myself with somewhat more substantial than 'winged words,' as the old blind Grecian saith; not that I am deaf to the sweet harp of Apollo, though methinks it hath sounded more rarely of late."

"That best loved son of the muses, Rayleigh, having

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left us," interposed Robert Cecil, "who else can sing the charms of incomparable Gloriana?"

"Beshrew thine heart for that saying; ye may well try your hand at fair speeches, for fair face have ye none, and fair chance have ye nought, as Essex will soon show ye. I'll e'en forward and say my verses," cried John Harrington.

"Nay," replied Lady Pembroke, "let well alone, and be not like Robin Goodfellow, always in mischief; but 'tis in vain—he's gone."

"Whence came you, saucy Jack?" was the salutation of her highness as the young poet threw himself on his knees before her.

"From the banks of Helicon, where I have gathered a few wild flowers—pale indeed, and drooping, but which ask only one sunny smile to revive them," said the wily courtier.

"Let us have them straight, ere their beauty be decayed," said the queen, laughing.

Emboldened by this mark of favour, young Harrington, with a gay smile, commenced the following verses:

"Wherefore hast thou lost thy bloom,  
Velvet rose? and thy perfume,  
Little modest violet,  
Half unseen in the garden set,  
Wherefore hath *that* fled away?  
Then, joyfully, the rose did say,  
If my lost bloom ye would seek,  
See it on Parthenia's cheek.

And the violet answer made,  
 My perfume to her breath hath strayed.  
 Lily! on thy graceful stem,  
 Lifting thy pearly diadem,  
 Decked with gold and gemmed with dew,  
 Loveliest in thy snowy hue,  
 Wherefore dost thou hang thy head?  
 Whither is thy whiteness fled?  
 It hath gone, thus answered she,  
 To that breast of ivory,  
 And that forehead fair and even  
 To divine Parthenia given.  
 And, O thou golden sun, said I,  
 Looking to the clear blue sky,  
 If the roses lose their bloom,  
 And the violets their perfume,  
 And the lilies all their whiteness,  
 Wherefore shall we need *thy* brightness?  
 Ah! said Phœbus, sadly sighing,  
 Soon my empire must be flying;  
 Little need is there for me  
 If Parthenia's eyes you see."

Nothing abashed at the outrageous compliments bestowed on a withered beauty of fifty-six, the queen smiled as her saucy godson concluded. "Well, young servant of the muses, what shall your guerdon be?"

"Nought but one of those sunny smiles that waken all things to joy and gladness," returned the young courtier, gracefully bowing.

"Nay, Elizabeth payeth not in such unsubstantial coinage," replied she, taking a pearl brooch from her stomacher and giving it to him.

"O, said I not truly divine Parthenia's smiles were as

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the morning, when each drop orient pearl on their worshippers?" was the answer of the courtier poet, as, again bowing, he placed the royal gift in his cap, and cast a look of exulting defiance around him.

While gaiety and pleasure seemed thus to preside at Theobald's, in the upper room of a mean house by the road-side sat an old man, in the dress of a physician, while two females, the stateliness of whose bearing indicated their high rank, stood timidly before him, closely wrapped in their mufflers. Although the furniture betokened the deep poverty of its owner, yet the divining staff placed beside him, the brazen astrolabe that stood on the table, the iron-clasped volumes of Ptolemy and Haly, and the smooth mirror of what seemed to be black marble, each inspired his visitants with feelings of profounder awe than the rod of empire, or the imperial purple could have excited.

The port of the old man was lofty, and even commanding; and when he spake there was a decision in his tone that compelled a quick and direct reply. Nor was his haughty bearing mere assumption; his voice had been listened to when the counsels of profoundest statesmen had passed unheeded; his presence had been courted by nobles, and even by monarchs; and the haughty Leicester, the profound Walsingham, and the cautious Burghley, had stood as humble disciples before Doctor Dee, awaiting his decisions to guide them through the deepest intricacies of state policy.

“Ye came from Theobald's; what would ye?” was his first question.

“We pray your counsel, most learned sir, inasmuch as we have sore dread of witchcraft,” replied the elder unknown, in whom the astrologer recognized the Lady Sands, one of the most credulous of a credulous age; “for,” continued she, casting a fearful glance around her as she spoke, “this young damsel hath of late been pining, for which there is no cause, saving that there hath been some evil-disposed person, in a sad-coloured cloak, whose face cannot be seen, that lurketh about, and that I fear hath bewitched her. Moreover, she hath had a fair ring sent her, and I doubt it may be a charmed one.”

“You know not, then, who sent it,” inquired he.

“No, truly, most learned sir,” said the old lady; “I have not even seen it; only knowing witchcraft to be so rife, I counselled her not to wear it until she had learned advice.”

The astrologer waved his hand, and opened one of the huge volumes, while Lady Sands instinctively drew back; but when he commenced his formula of invocation to the spirits, and pronounced such awfully unintelligible gibberish as Vaichean, Espharos, Cryon, Tetragrammaton, the terrified lady bolted fairly out of the room. “Let her go,” continued he, “and do you, Dora Markham, attend my words.” What these oracular words were, or what was the lady's reply, our history saith not, for



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Doctor Dee, like his less celebrated brethren, always bound over his dupes to profound secrecy.

“ He is a wondrous man,” said Lady Sands, as her young companion joined her: “ he hath nought to do with the kingdom of darkness, but converseth with the angels Raphael and Gabriel: be sure and mind all he says.”

“ Ay, truly, will I,” returned the lady; “ and I will pray the queen forthwith to return to the country, for the court liketh not me.”

“ O, Lady Sands, and you mistress Dora, whence came ye?” cried one of the ladies in waiting, with the utmost dismay imprinted on her countenance. “ Here hath been sore work: my Lord Essex disgraced,—master Robert Cecil fit to go wild for joy of it,—my lord Burghley half frightened at her highness's anger—and truly ye know it may well frighten any one—and young Harrington, who caused it all, looking as blank as though he had met a ghost in a church-yard, which, in good sooth, I would he had.”

“ There is witchcraft in all this,” cried Lady Sands; “ and truly I feared some ill fortune to my Lord Essex. Did ye not see how his horse stumbled as he entered the court-yard? and something like a black dog, methought, followed him.”

“ Nay,” said the former speaker, “ we need not witchcraft to account for it; that mischievous Jack Harrington must needs challenge my Lord Essex to put her high-

ness's ring in the front of his cap, as he had done with the brooch; when behold the ring was gone. Her highness will not believe it to be lost, but saith he hath given it away, though to give *that* ring of all others would go near to prove him indeed bewitched."

"Ay, truly doth it," said Lady Sands, with a most oracular shake of the head; "and ye will, ere long, find there is more in all this than ye think for. Might not one of those detestable slaves of the devil whisk it off his finger, and he know nought about it? Alack, poor gentleman! and now will he lose her highness's favour, or become on a sudden grievously ill, or perchance even pine to death."

"Ay, and all through you," said the other lady, as the luckless young poet approached with a most rueful physiognomy. "What fiend put it into your crack-brained scull to cause all this mischief?"

"It was the fiend truly," said Harrington. "Ay, farewell all hopes of favour. I'll e'en sell my acres, and go eastward ho! for her highness will hate me because of Essex, and Essex will hate me because of her highness."

"I would counsel ye rather, young man," interposed Lady Sands, "to go to Doctor Dee, and get him to cast a figure; we short-sighted mortals are sure to be wrong, but the stars are never mistaken."

"Ye give good advice," returned he. "Well, I'll e'en to this cunning astrologer. Ah, mistress Dora, I

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but little thought, when I bade you go to him, I should soon need a cast of his office myself. Well, if he get me but out of this coil, whether by fiend or angel, planet or mirror, or, what is more likely than all, by cunning management, I shall be ever in duty bound to him."

At the earliest dawn, ere one inhabitant of Theobald's had awakened from slumber, an old man bent his way toward the outer gate, where several servants, whose orange-tawny coats and feathers designated them attendants on the now disgraced Essex, were standing with saddle horses. Ere long, with a heavy step and melancholy look, the but yesterday envied favourite came forth. "My Lord Essex, one word with you," said the old man.

"Be brief then," answered he, impatiently casting his eyes on the reddening east; "be brief. I would not depart amid the smiling lamentations of the court ladies, and the most loving farewells of Robert Cecil."

"Depart not," said the old man, authoritatively.

"Who are you?" cried Essex, turning round, half awed by the lofty manner of the stranger.

"The best friend of your step-father, and one who comes to offer Essex the services he gave to Leicester. Depart not, I say."

"Her highness hath commanded," returned Essex; "nay, but for the kind offices of my Lord Burghley (whether truly meant or not Heaven knows) I had set forth last night."

“Sickness disobeys monarchs,” was the ready answer.”

“What mean ye? What would you I should do?” cried Essex, looking anxiously in the old man’s face.

“Return, keep your chamber, and leave the rest to me; *I* have the ring.”

“O give it me,” cried Essex, instant joy lighting up his fine features. “How are we favourites surrounded by enemies, ay, even in our household. I never meant to send *that* ring.”

“Ye might not,” returned the old man; “but he who thinks to climb the summit of the mountain must not stay to pluck flowers at its foot. Dora Markham heeds ye not—nay more, she loves another: give her up, and see the glorious prospect that opens before you.”

“Alas, I see nought but clouds and darkness,” rejoined Essex, turning quickly away.

“Robert Devereux,” said the old man, holding the brodered cloak of the disappointed favourite with no gentle grasp, “what shall the traveller, surrounded by clouds and darkness—what shall the mariner, tossed on the billows and seeing no land—what shall *they* do?—Let the one trust to a guide, and the other to a pilot, so shall they be safe.”

“What shall I do? In my horoscope you promised favour, and honour, and glory,” cried Essex.

“And I promised not vainly,” returned the old man.

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“ Follow my directions ; keep your chamber. Ere noon Burghley and Hatton, ay, half the court, will have visited my poor dwelling. They shall all work our purpose, even while they think but of advancing their own. Keep but your own counsel and all shall be well.”

“ And this is the doom of a favourite,” said Essex, as he re-entered the apartments appropriated to his use, and stretched himself on the tapestried day couch ; “ duped by one,—ruled by another,—hated by many,—loved by none—who would envy my lot ? Well, the stars rule all, and we, though unconsciously, fulfil but our destiny.”

It was in vain that hunting, banqueting, dancing, and a hundred “ dainty devices,” to soothe the irritated spirits and calm the angry brow of the offended queen, followed in quick succession. None dared to utter the name of the banished favourite ; and the queen, sitting in gloomy silence beneath the royal canopy, listlessly attended to a gorgeous masque that danced to solemn music before her ; but not the laboured eulogies of each grotesquely-habited character—not the sweetmeats manufactured by Lady Burghley herself, and presented in an agate dish by no less a personage than the goddess Diana—not even the “ faire harte of gold set about with rubies, and a table diamond hanging therefrom,” the gift of the aspiring Robert Cecil, were effectual to chase away the clouds, and bring again the sweet and all-reviving sunshine of that heavenly face, as the courtiers in their exaggerated phraseology expressed it. “ And where is

Doctor Masters?" said the queen, after a pause, looking around."

"He hath been sent for to my lord," said one of the ladies in waiting, hesitatingly.

"To what lord?" demanded Elizabeth, fiercely.

"My Lord Essex," timidly returned the lady.

"What! hath not that malapert earl departed as we commanded? or doth he wait to be taken to the Tower at our own cost and charges?" said the irritated queen.

"Truly, my most sweet mistress," interposed Burghley, "my Lord Essex had ere this departed, but he is so sorely ill it is feared he is bewitched."

"Bewitched?" returned the queen, scornfully; ay, truly, by his ill condition and caprices."

"No, your highness," continued Burghley; "he lieth on the great settle, with his face to the hangings; and though the doctors have given him bezoar and theriake to keep up his spirits, and even unicorn's horn, yet 'tis all as nought. Now I mind in 1577, when your highness suffered grievously from the toothache (though Doctor Masters said it was nought but a cold rheum caught by being late out on the Thames in an easterly wind), a jesuit's house was soon after searched at Islington, and therein were found waxen images in the likeness of your highness, and some of your poor but honest counsellors; showing doubtless that the pain in your highness's teeth was caused by the devilish practices of jesuits and seminary priests; moreover, I myself suffered grievously

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from the gout, and though I took bone of a stag's heart pounded small, yet"—

"Yet, if ye followed such fools' remedies, and such idle fancies, ye got no better ye mean," answered Elizabeth, who was remarkably free from the superstitions of the age.

"But truly, your highness," timidly interposed Lady Sands, "it is the loss of that ring that hath made my Lord Essex so ill; for it is well known, that if a witch (and heaven knows there are enow about) can but get aught belonging to you, she will have power to make you grievously ill, ay, though she be far distant."

"Such things have been," resumed Burghley; "and I mind it is in the minutes of council, that, before my Lord Leicester died, one Smith, a wizard in London, flirted with his thumbs and said, 'Now is the bear bound to the stake,' and soon after behold his lordship died."

The queen turned angrily to Burghley. "Truly, my lord treasurer, we hold it but scant kindness for you thus to remind us of the worthy servants we have lost." A sigh, probably as much for Essex as to the memory of Leicester, escaped as she continued. "And yet, when I think of the young court gallants ruffling about with their deep ruffs and long rapiers, heeding nought but dressing, quarrelling, and setting themselves up above their fellows, I may well lament the counsellors I have lost."

"My most sweet mistress," cried Burghley, his eyes

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filling with tears, "forget not your living servants in your sorrow for the dead ; those who, if they could not amble at court, jingle together profitless rhymes, nor ruffle in plush and gold lace, could yet unravel plots and conspiracies, detect jesuits and traitors, and hold at bay cunning France, crafty Spain, and meddling Rome, and force the Grand Turk and the Muscovite to do homage."

A glow of patriot pride flushed the countenance of Elizabeth, as her faithful servant enumerated the unmatched glories of her reign. "We did you injustice, my good Burghley," said the queen, holding out her jewelled hand, which the old man enthusiastically kissed. "For trustworthiness and long-tried affection commend me indeed to my aged counsellors."

"O my fairest, sweetest, all-surpassing mistress," cried the unlucky Harrington, endeavouring to assume his usual saucy air, and throwing himself on his knees before her, "break not the hearts of your youthful servants by these too cruel sayings. Bear with us—we may in time show as solemn a face as my lord keeper, and as heavy a step as my lord treasurer ; but, since Parthenia liketh the aged, even as silver-browed Dian loveth ancient night, suffer me to bring before ye one who ere while basked in the sunny beams of that radiant countenance, and who longeth again to behold it, even as the savages, of whom Forbisher hath told us, long for the gladsome sunshine after their half year of night."



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“ Who is he, thou most extravagant madcap?” said the queen, assuming a frown, but at the same time holding out her hand.

“ The learned Doctor Dee, brightest goddess! O! but to hear him talk of those golden days when his humble dwelling at Mortlake was gilded with the beams of majesty, and the queen of all hearts shamed not to take lessons from him—those sunny days, as he saith.”

“ O, your highness, let him see my lord Essex,” cried Lady Sands; “ I doubt if aught but the stars can do him good. I went to him again but this morning about mistress Dora Markham, who I am sure hath been bewitched.”

“ Bewitched!” returned the queen, sarcastically. “ Truly there must be somewhat in the very air of Theobald's; it seemeth me as though the whole court were bewitched.”

“ My sweet mistress,” interposed Burghley, with anxious solemnity, nothing doubting the possibility of the case, “ I have caused strict search to be made for full five miles round my poor residence, but no more than three suspected witches were found, and of them two, on being swam, sank, and the other, a convicted papist, died even as they were bringing her; but I will again cause strict and diligent search to be made.”

“ Ay, truly, ye need,” cried Lady Sands, “ for that man, whoever he be (for ye cannot see his face), that

playeth hide and seek in a sad-coloured cloak, and startled Dora Markham so much last evening, methinks is some wizard or conjurer."

"I will cause strict search forthwith," replied Burghley. "Truly that young damsel looketh both sick and woebegone."

"There must be magic then, truly," said the queen, with a bitter smile. "First, that malapert Essex falleth ill (as ye say), then Dora Markham. My Lady Sands, ye seem, for a good Christian lady, marvellously well versed in witchcraft; pray, doth it cause persons to fall ill through sympathy?"

"Heaven grant ye, my lady, a good stock of discretion to answer this question," whispered Harrington aside, "or we shall be all undone."

"Alack! your highness," cried Lady Sands, half frightened to be called on for an opinion on this fearful subject, "I know nought, save that a learned man saith the devil hath many ways of working, as, first, by making invisible things visible, which methinks may be the case of that man in the sad-coloured cloak, who may be a spirit after all; secondly, by causing pinings and diseases; thirdly, by"—

"A truce with your first, second, and third," interrupted the queen; "our good lord of Canterbury, and Dr. Nowell, give us enow of that in their sermons. So the girl's ill ye say, and, loving marvels, ye must needs have witchcraft to account for it, when it is more likely

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she's nought but in love. Let her take to her broidery frame, keep up her Latin, and practise her lute—Minerva setteth Venus at defiance."

"But, indeed, your highness," cried the pertinacious Lady Sands, "I mind a worthy gentleman who suddenly saw in his chamber the apparition of a man, and as it crossed him he felt as though struck with an ague, and never recovered."

"But may I not bring Doctor Dee to this sunny presence?" cried Harrington. "We shall have work enow for him: he may, perchance, also cast out this evil spirit that walks in a sad-coloured cloak; let me fetch him."

"Let him be brought before your highness, if it please ye," resumed Burghley, "for truly hath he great and solid knowledge, save in that affair of the philosopher's stone, wherein I adventured two hundred pounds, and my lord of Leicester and Sir Thomas Smith the same, though it all came to nought; but in casting figures, determining nativities, and in questions of the aspect of the planets, I hold him truly great."

Encouraged by the silence of the queen, the young poet joyfully quitted the presence, and almost immediately returned with the wily astrologer, who, erect and stately as a monarch amid his subjects, passed on, with a grave but haughty air, through the crowd of fairest ladies and proudest nobles of the English court, and knelt at the footstool of the queen.

"My lord treasurer! my lord keeper! look, I pray



ye!" cried Elizabeth, with the utmost astonishment marked on her countenance. "Here is the very ring I gave to Essex! whence came it?" continued she, bending on him that steady and piercing glance which had ere while palsied the arm of the assassin. "Speak, without hindrance and without concealment."

Unmoved and unawed, the old man withdrew not his eyes. "Why should he who can read the ample book of the heavens use concealment? and why should he who knows what shall be fear to speak it? Three days since I saw evil portents in my magical mirror; it needs not to say how I fasted, and invoked, and summoned the intelligence; suffice it, that I at length discovered a ring of great value had been lost. I proceeded hither with my divining rod and spell for obtaining hid treasures, taught me by the brethren of the Rosy Cross, and on the borders of the lake beheld this ring."

Elizabeth looked incredulous. "Doctor Dee, we have long respected your science, and done homage even ourselves to your great learning; wherefore then should ye follow the knavery of conjurers, the vanity of figure-casters, and the folly of diviners?"

"Confound not the heavenly art of reading the stars, the deep and sublime mysteries of the charmed mirror, its attendant spirits and presiding intelligence, with the beggarly practices of conjurers," replied the astrologer, the dupe as much as the deceiver in this most fascinating

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of all the "phantoms of science."—"What! shall the moon raise the tides, the sun ripen the gold in the mine, and blaze in the gem, though hidden in darkness? shall man control his fellows, and shall not the mighty planetary monarchs shed baleful or gentle influences as they wheel in their measureless circles?"

The queen looked at the ring soiled and dimmed: it was just possible that Essex might have lost it unwittingly and unwillingly; but then his confusion when asked for it, and then the illness of the pretty maid of honour, caused most probably by sorrow for Essex's disgrace, rose in turn to her mind; then, again, the ring was of priceless value, and who would, except for some fancied magical purpose, bury so valuable a jewel in the ground? All her ordinary acuteness failed her; here was an intricacy she could not unravel—a mystery she could not fathom. The penetrating eye of the astrologer marked her fluctuating feelings. "If this ring hath been taken away from my Lord Essex by magic," said he, "which I am inclined to believe, seeing that it was carefully buried, and moreover a hair curiously coiled around it, if he be ever so grievously ill he will recover from the time the ring was restored to your highness."

"My most sweet mistress," cried Burghley, "here is witchcraft without doubt; the lost ring—the stranger my Lady Sands telleth of—my Lord Essex's sudden illness—all prove it. Send, I pray you, to him; I will meanwhile cause strict search to be made, for heaven forbid

that witch, conjurer, or jesuit, should harbour within fifty miles of my dear and sovereign lady."

"Well then," said Elizabeth, probably in this instance not altogether displeas'd at the credulity of her trusty Burghley, "go, master Robert Cecil, and we pray ye bring us strict word how Essex now is; and you, my saucy godson, though ye have been wondrous quiet for the space of full ten minutes, do ye go also—we may well spare your company."

With very different feelings did the two courtiers depart on their important mission. Harrington, joyfully anticipating the complete restoration of his patron to favour, bounded along as though he had never known fear; while with a heavy step and sullen brow Robert Cecil followed, with feelings only to be equalled by those of the irritated Satrap, when commanded to lead through the city "the man whom the king delighted to honour."

Ere long Burghley re-entered, and with as much haste as the dignity of his office (or perhaps the gout) would permit made his way to the queen. "My most sweet mistress, I have caused strict and diligent search to be made after that unknown person, whom I doubt not is some seminary priest, and we have just seized him close under mistress Dora Markham's window, which is the second on the north side of the inner court, looking toward"——

"We will leave time and place, my lord," interrupted

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the queen; "only do you strictly inquire whence he cometh, and what is his purpose."

"That will I, my most dear sovereign," returned Burghley, "for what he was doing under Dora Markham's window I cannot make out; a worthy, discreet young damsel is she, far removed from the errors of blind papistry and all its lying inventions. I will closely examine him forthwith; and truly, every jesuit that hath been under my examination hath had a taste of his own boasted inquisition; for having nought of poetry in my head, I sift every thing to the bottom. There is nothing like a love of good straight-forward prose for a statesman; measured lines only fill up more paper; measured language only taketh up more time, beside obscuring the sense; and therefore say I to all young men, stick to plain prose, for poetry is nought but a bushel of chaff with two or three grains of wheat at the bottom. He shall be brought in, and your highness shall see how I will deal with him."

The suspicious unknown was soon conducted to the presence, guarded as though he had been a second Sampson, or a demon, who, on regaining his liberty, might probably carry off with him a corner at least of princely Theobald's. The cloak was, not without fear and hesitation, removed from his face, when a loud scream burst from Lady Sands. "O! thou young scapegrace! that a son of mine should be playing fools'

tricks in disguises like a conjurer or jesuit, as your worthy and noble godfather saith! Ay, playing barley break in that sad-coloured cloak, when we thought ye were safe at Cambridge, studying some useful learning, and all the while ye were here, making even your own mother think ye an evil spirit."

"This is passing strange," said Burghley, mortified at losing so fair an opportunity of exhibiting his transcendent talents for cross-examining jesuits. "Ay, passing strange: you, of all others—you, of whom I was wont to say, look at Egerton Sands,—so sober—so discreet—so well nurtured—so given to all learning: I trust, when my godson shall come to years of discretion (said I) he will be a faithful and pains-taking servant of the queen's majesty, and now"—

The young man held down his head; but a lurking smile that played round his mouth showed him not altogether so terrified at his situation.

"I have seen this youth before," said Elizabeth, smiling. "Young man, met we not in the park this morning, when, as an archer, ye presented me with a gilt arrow, and made a most choice Latin speech?"

A graceful bow was the only reply.

"Truly, my lady Sands," continued the queen, "ye must forgive him, for if he hath played truant, he hath given sufficient proof, that while at college he passed not his time in idleness. It is long since we had leisure to slake our thirst at these glorious fountains of classic lore,



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but we never can forget their sweetness ; and this youth, when he addressed me in the noble Roman tongue, called up to my mind thoughts of those long vanished days, when with my dear brother Edward, and after, in my captivity in the Tower and at Hatfield, I read and studied those matchless ancients, who teach courage, and constancy, and endurance ; giving lessons of profoundest wisdom, clothed in language of surpassing beauty. But what moved ye, young man, to come in disguise here ? Was some fair court lady the spell that brought ye ?”

“ Your highness,” interposed Lady Pembroke, “ concealment is now vain. This young man is secretly engaged to Dora Markham, and hearing how greatly her beauty was celebrated at court, he determined to come here in disguise, to see if she yet kept her faith.”

“ Alas !” cried Lady Sands, more bewildered than ever, “ Dora and Egerton were playfellows from childhood ; but who should have thought of this ? I always marvelled why she cared so little about our gay court gallants ; and even when they sent her verses fairly written out in Italian hand, with flourishes, it was all as ye had sent her a penny ballad ; and here was she pining to go back, and frightened out of her senses, as well she might, with ye going about like a conjurer, rather than a substantial and worthy knight’s eldest son.”

“ Bid Dora Markham come hither,” said Elizabeth, the cloud completely vanishing from her brow. “ My

Lady Sands, ye shall depart to-morrow, and get your house in readiness for us, for when we leave our hospitable Burghley we will come to ye, and witness the marriage of our pretty maid of honour and your son. There is no witchcraft here, my worthy Burghley; perchance there may be as little about Essex; and do ye mind and pay over to young Sands, when he shall come of age, five hundred pounds, unclipt monies, as our part of Dora Markham's marriage portion. But what is this confusion? that madcap, my saucy godson, doubtless: they say 'ill news flieth apace;' but he, though hurried enow, it seemeth me, bringeth good."

"There are more marvels than I, an unbeliever, could have credited, my sweet mistress," cried Harrington, rushing in. "My Lord Essex's illness departed just as the great turret clock chimed the three quarters."

"Was that not the very moment, my lord, when ye took the hair off the ring?" said the astrologer.

"It was. I see through it all," cried Burghley. "There hath been witchcraft *here*, without doubt."

"Never was cure so immediate," continued Harrington. "He will be here even now."

"We rejoice in your recovery, Essex," said the queen delightedly, as with his hair most becomingly disordered, and his loose robe of sables gracefully wrapped around him, the handsome favourite knelt at her footstool. "We know not whether magic or mischance were the cause;

but, however, to ensure your recovery, we again restore ye our ring."

Essex, self-willed and reckless as he undoubtedly was, was touched with this unexpected kindness, and when he seized her extended hand, and pressed it to his lips, it was not with the calculating feelings of a mere courtier, but with the homage of a grateful and attached dependant.

"What say ye to Robin Goodfellow and his pranks now?" cried the overjoyed Harrington to Lady Pembroke. "You have gained the *day* truly," replied she; "but the *honour* ye must share with Egerton Sands, for had it not been for his neat speech, and more especially his love for Dora Markham, I doubt if her highness had been so soon appeased."

"Well, cruel countess, though ye allow me but scant credit," said Harrington, "yet ye shall say that for a *poet* I showed wondrous good management; even my lord treasurer would allow that."

"Ye have shown management," replied Lady Pembroke, seriously; "but remember, the deceiver may be deceived, and what is gained by fraud may be lost by falsehood."

"My lord, I heartily wish you joy," cried Burghley, grasping the favourite's hand, and forgetting for a moment, in his dread of witchcraft and delight at the good fortune of his godson, the bitter rivalry between Essex

and his son Robert. "Yes, I heartily wish ye joy, my lord. This evening, though short, hath been an eventful one; it seemeth me like the last scene of a play: here hath been anger and reconcilment, mistakes and discoveries, giving in marriage and restoring to favour. My poor head, though clear enow at the council board, is half bewildered with it. Ye have had a marvellous escape; and now I pray you be careful how ye receive letters or open petitions, and more especially take heed that none but a sober and discreet person be suffered to poll your hair: but you are faint, my lord; take a turn in the great garden; Dr. Dee shall attend you, and he will tell ye all about your late bewitchment."

With a graceful obeisance the favourite quitted the hall, while the crafty astrologer followed. The night was cloudless, and Essex looked up to the countless orbs as they floated in the transparent depths of a clear autumn sky, with a feeling of mysterious awe.

"Onward, Essex, and fear not!" cried the old man, eagerly watching his brightening countenance. "The stars in their courses fight for ye; and the star of your high destiny shines in quenchless and unapproached brightness—no mist to overshadow, no cloud to dim it!"

Essex turned his eyes as the old man pointed upward, and beheld one glorious planet glowing in distant and lordly pre-eminence.

"Such shall thy course be!" cried the old man,

watching the kindling eye of his awed but willing disciple. "Yes, high above thy fellows, yet shedding soft influence and genial radiancy—mark ye not, even as I speak, how it glows with intenser light?"

Was it imagination alone? Essex, with his eye still anxiously fixed on that brightest of all the orbs that were weaving their mystic dance, thought it seemed indeed to dilate and brighten into surpassing glory. "Bright and beautiful star!" exclaimed he, "if thou dost indeed shadow forth my destiny, say, shall my course be bright to the end?"

"Seek not too far, my son," said the old man, solemnly. "Leave the rest to heaven."

"My Lord Essex," said one of the gentlemen ushers, approaching with the profoundest respect, "the queen's highness hath called three several times for ye; she prepareth to go to the banquetting room, and saith, none but you, my lord, shall lead her thither."

"Spake not yon star truly?" cried the old man, as Essex prepared to return.

"It did—it did! yet one more look at the star of my destiny," replied the joyful favourite.

"Seek not too far," was again the solemn answer of the old man.

Again Essex raised his eyes, but that bright star was quenched, and a heavy thunder cloud was spreading over the skies. "Such shall my fate be!" cried the shudder-

ing favourite, averting his eyes. " Yes, such is my lot ! a meteor flash,—a wintry sunbeam,—a star blazing gloriously a moment, then sinking for ever !"

Essex returned to the hall ; courted by the noblest and fairest,—bowed to even by his proudest rivals,—smiled on with the utmost favour by the queen, the baleful omen and its fatal augury vanished wholly from his mind. Who knows not the sequel ? Who has not followed the splendid career of the gallant, generous, but precipitate Essex ? And who has not mourned over that cruel fate that doomed him to perish so timelessly ?



**THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.**





## THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

OF all the miseries of human life, and God knows they are manifold enough, there are few more utterly heart-sickening and overwhelming than those endured by the unlucky Heir Presumptive ; when, after having submitted to the whims and caprices of some rich relation, and endured a state of worse than Egyptian bondage, for a long series of years, he finds himself cut off with a shilling, or a mourning ring ; and the El Dorado of his tedious term of probation and expectancy devoted to the endowment of methodist chapels and Sunday schools ; or bequeathed to some six months' friend (usually a female housekeeper, or spiritual adviser) who, entering the vineyard at the eleventh hour, (the precise moment at which his patience and humility become exhausted), carries off the golden prize, and adds another melancholy confirmation, to those already upon record, of the fallacy of all human anticipations. It matters little what may have been the motives of his conduct ; whether duty, affection,

or that more powerful incentive self-interest; how long or how devotedly he may have humoured the foibles or eccentricities of his relative; or what sacrifices he may have made to enable him to comply with his unreasonable caprices: the result is almost invariably the same. The last year of the Heir Presumptive's purgatory, nay, perhaps even the last month, or the last week, is often the drop to the full cup of his endurance. His patience, however it may have been propped by self interest, or feelings of a more refined description, usually breaks down before the allotted term has expired; and the whole fabric it has cost him such infinite labour to erect, falls to the ground along with it. It is well if his personal exertions, and the annoyances to which he has subjected himself during the best period of his existence, form the whole of his sacrifices. But, alas! it too often happens that, encouraged by the probability of succeeding in a few years to an independent property, and ambitious, moreover, of making such an appearance in society as will afford the old gentleman or lady no excuse for being ashamed of their connexion with him, he launches into expenses he would never otherwise have dreamed of incurring, and contracts debts without regard to his positive means of liquidating them, on the strength of a contingency which, if he could but be taught to believe it, is of all earthly anticipations the most remote and uncertain. A passion for unnecessary expense is, under different circumstances, frequently repressed by an inability to procure credit; but

it is the curse and bane of Mr. Omnium's nephew, and Miss Saveall's niece, that so far from any obstacle being opposed to their prodigality, almost unlimited indulgence is offered, nay, actually pressed upon them, by the tradespeople of their wealthy relations ; who take especial care that their charges shall be of a nature to repay them for any complaisance or long suffering, as it regards the term of credit, they may be called upon to display. But independently of the additional expense into which the Heir Presumptive is often seduced by the operation of these temptations, and his anxiety to live in a style in some degree accordant with his expectations, what is he not called upon to endure from the caprices, old-fashioned notions, eccentricities, avarice, and obstinacy, of the old tyrant to whom he thus consents to sell himself, and it may be his family, body and soul, for an indefinite number of years. To attempt to detail a hundredth part of the miseries of an Heir Presumptive would be to occupy a volume ; but the enumeration of a few of those to which I have myself been a martyr, may possibly not prove wholly uninteresting or uninteresting to such of my readers as may be addicted to the venial but unfortunate propensity of building *Chateaux en Espagne*.

I had just completed my seventeenth year, when my father, a physician in considerable practice in the metropolis, died somewhat suddenly, leaving my mother and myself, their only offspring, in that state of comparative destitution in which professional men too frequently leave

their families, for want of those precautions which are almost invariably adopted (singular as the anomaly may appear) by persons professing fewer pretensions to refinement of feeling.

I had been little more than a year at Cambridge when the overwhelming intelligence of my revered parent's death reached me. But as my poor mother had no means of maintaining me there until I should complete my terms, I was, of course, immediately removed ; and taught to waive altogether the ambitious aspirations in which my college successes had led me to indulge ; and to accommodate my feelings to a different sphere of life from that which had seemed especially marked out for me in the outset of my career. Affection for my surviving parent, and the painful sympathy her destitute situation excited in my breast, rendered this task comparatively easy. I soon became indifferent as to the nature of my future employments, provided I might thereby release her from the burthen of contributing to my support out of the paltry pittance which remained to her from the wreck of her husband's little property. All I besought of her was, that she would point out how this object might be attained. An opportunity very soon occurred, and I was not slow to avail myself of it. It was suggested to my mother, by one of the few friends who still clung to us in our adversity, that her brother-in-law, a man of influence and opulence, could not refuse to exert himself in my behalf, if a becoming appeal were made to him ; although

his want of cordiality to my father during his life-time, his notorious avarice, and the habitual coarseness, I might almost add brutality, of his disposition, were not calculated to encourage very sanguine hopes of success. His brother's elder by nearly twenty years, the lucrative business to which he had been brought up (for the counting-house was the arena which he had the wisdom to choose for the exercise of his capabilities), had reverted to him, without incumbrance, on the death of my grandfather. For several years afterwards his industry in acquiring wealth was only equalled by the frugality with which he husbanded it, until, at the period in question, he had amassed a very considerable fortune; was moreover an East India director, and member of several public boards. My father's aversion to business, and his brother's contempt for those elegant tastes and refined feelings which bring no grist to the mill, had occasioned a coldness between them for many years, which the success of the one, and the limited and sometimes straightened income of the other, did not by any means conduce to diminish. My father was wont to declare that he would rather implore the assistance of the most ordinary acquaintance, than entreat the slightest favour of a relative on whom he possessed so much more legitimate a claim. Actuated by this feeling, he not only never applied to him on any occasion, however pressing the emergency, but did all he could to prevent him from supposing that he stood in the smallest need of his aid.

Such was the position of affairs between them at the period of his decease. However, my mother embraced with gratitude the suggestion of her friend, and indited such a letter to my uncle as seemed best calculated to awaken in him just so much of sympathy as to induce him to exert his influence in my behalf. To have made any attack upon his pocket would, she well knew, have been fruitless, for there he had ever been invulnerable.

The important letter, "big with my fate," was at length sealed and delivered into my hands, with the most minute instructions as to the manner in which I should present it; and an implicit injunction to behave with becoming humility on the occasion. I accordingly repaired to No. —, Russell-square, repeating to myself the directions I had received, on my way thither, in order that no part of them, however insignificant, might escape my recollection. Having arrived at the door of the large red brick, East-India director-like looking house, I gave a tremulous tap,

Betwixt a single and a double rap.

It was opened by a supercilious lacquey, who, after having allowed me to cool my heels for upwards of half an hour in the hall, ushered me into the presence-chamber. On my entrance I was greeted by the vacant and contumelious stare of the old gentleman, whose rubicund cheeks, empurpled nose, flannel-swathed legs, and large, high-backed, amply-cushioned chair, satisfied me at a glance,

that however parsimonious he might be as it regarded the comforts of other people, he was liberal even to prodigality, in administering to his own. There was scarcely an article of furniture in the room that did not tend to confirm me in this impression ; and I was the more astonished at the luxurious splendour of his establishment, as I had been taught to consider him a perfect ascetic in all that concerned his own personal convenience. Having surveyed me for some time with no very cordial signs of recognition, tearing, meanwhile, my letter of introduction into innumerable shreds, he told me that my father had been much to blame for his extravagance ; and assured me that if I trod in his steps, I need not expect any portion of his property, which, he thanked his God, was considerable, and had been honestly amassed ; but that if I would be a good lad, there was no reason why I should not hold up my head with the best of them. Hereupon I began to recover my self-possession, and made my acknowledgements in a very modest speech, which I wound up with a peroration expressive of my confidence that I should not be found undeserving of his favour. His first query was pointed at my choice of a profession. I explained to him the cause of my leaving Cambridge, and could not suppress the avowal of my regret that I should be prevented from returning, as I had no doubt I might, if it were possible for me to remain there another term, be enabled to take honours with considerable *eclat*. In reply to this delicate hint, he pro-



tested, that if *his* influence was to have any weight with me, I must not think of returning to college; which he pronounced the hot-bed of profligacy and extravagance. He advised my apprenticeship to some lucrative handicraft, offering, if I approved of the idea, to supply the needful for the occasion; but seeing my jaw fall most portentously at the bare mention of a trade, he proposed to me the alternative of making me either an apothecary or an attorney—not a barrister, for a barrister's life was, he contended, one continued round of dissipation and idleness; as essentially vagabond as that of an actor or a recruiting serjeant. He, however, recommended me to choose the law, because, having spent a fortune in litigation, a large portion of which of course had been absorbed by his "man of business," he fancied he should be able to induce him to receive me into his office without any, or at least with a very trifling, premium. It was in vain that I respectfully hinted my dislike to the profession of the law, and my deficiency in the very peculiar kind of *tact* requisite in a successful attorney. I was compelled to submit to his dictum; and my mother, so far from sympathising with me in my disappointment as to the result of my interview with my uncle, confessed her agreeable surprise that it had proved so auspicious; adding her confident belief, that if I humoured the old man's eccentricities, and submitted without murmuring to his dispensations, I should one day or other become the possessor of his wealth, and thus establish not only my own

fortunes, but those of my family. My wavering determination was quite fixed by these encouraging anticipations, and I made up my mind to be as pliant as a reed in acceding to all that Nunky should desire of me, however opposed his wishes might be to my own personal inclinations.

Mr. Findaflaw, the wily limb of the law to whom he referred, dared not appear ungrateful to such a customer ; so, wisely making a virtue of necessity, he agreed, with much apparent willingness, to receive me under his roof, provided, as he observed, he might be allowed to make me *generally* useful ; which meant, provided I would submit to perform all kinds of servile and disagreeable duties, and consent in fact to be the errand boy of the family. Matters having been adjusted without so much as a reference to the person mainly interested in the arrangement, I prepared for my purgatory with becoming fortitude ; and another week beheld me the denizen of a dismal closet, five feet by nine, in the chambers of Ferdinand Findaflaw, Esq., of Gray's Inn. The galling annoyances to which I was exposed in my new capacity, speedily put to flight all the excellent rules I laid down for my future conduct. A scanty allowance of food, one of the most insignificant of my miseries, I might probably have endured without complaining ; but I could not bear that my father's son should be degraded into the menial servant of my plebeian employer, for such I could clearly perceive it was his intention to make me. I

accordingly resolved, *coute qui coute*, to avail myself of an early opportunity of taking French leave of my persecutor ; and to throw myself upon my uncle's mercy for forgiveness. Such an opportunity was very soon afforded me, and I took especial care to profit by it, to the utter consternation of my poor mother, who appeared to consider that by this imprudent step I had sacrificed the whole of my brilliant prospects of future aggrandisement and independence. My clandestine departure from Mr. Findaflaw's roof was a consummation for which he, on his part, had most devoutly prayed ; as independently of my intractability, he had been offered a liberal premium with a young sprig of fashion for precisely those advantages which he was compelled to appear to bestow upon me gratuitously ; an offer of which he found it impossible to avail himself until he had contrived to get rid of me. My desertion from my post was the very catastrophe to the production of which all his energies had been directed. The task that remained to be performed was easy. He informed my uncle how paternal had been his attentions to me, and how incorrigibly worthless I had proved. Indeed, so powerful was the effect produced upon the old gentleman's irritable feelings by Mr. Findaflaw's representations, that he protested he would cut me off with a shilling.

At this juncture a lawyer of a very different character from Findaflaw, and a personal friend of my late father, volunteered to receive me under his roof

without any premium at all, and I had every reason to congratulate myself on the change ; for here my situation was as comfortable as it could be consistently with the tyrannical restraints imposed upon me by my uncle. I shall pass over the bitter annoyances to which he subjected me, until he conceived he had inflicted upon me the full measure of punishment my delinquency had appeared to call for. Suffice it to remark, that many and many a time was I tempted to sacrifice all my splendid expectations for the poor gratification of being enabled to curse him to his face for a provoking old tyrant ; but the peroration of all his preachments, and aggravating attempts to humble and mortify my pride, " nevertheless, if you will but mind your Ps and Qs, I shall not fail to remember you in my will," coupled with the dependent situation of my surviving parent, uniformly smothered those feelings of resentment to which, under other circumstances, I must inevitably have given birth.

At the expiration of my articles, I determined on becoming a candidate for forensic honours, and, after two years of laborious study, succeeded in being called to the bar. To mollify my uncle's anger for thus preferring my own judgment in the choice of a profession to his, was my next task ; and through the intercession of a friend, backed by my own promise to support myself by my pen until my practice at the bar should afford me a livelihood, I effected my object without any extraordinary difficulty.

With the income arising from a little chamber practice,

and a connection with one or two leading periodicals of the day, aided by habits of more than ordinary frugality, I was enabled to keep the wolf from the door. The deuce a farthing was to be had from Nunks. But he promised me a fair share of the good things of this world on his demise. This consolatory pledge supported me marvellously under my privations ; and in default of more substantial food, I dined, as I had often dined before, upon anticipations.

Matters were in this train, when I encountered, and, as a matter of course, fell in love with a young lady of great merit, beauty, and accomplishments, whose situation was very nearly similar to my own. All and more than all the petty persecutions which I was undergoing from my uncle Marion Sydenham, was enduring from a compound of "envy, hatred, and uncharitableness," in the person of a maiden aunt. The situation of the humble companion of a rich old lady, irksome as it generally is, was heavenly when compared with that of the fair Marion ; for whilst the old hag, her tormentor, did not scruple to treat her in many respects as a menial, she took advantage of their relationship to usurp over her an authority to which no menial would have submitted. The gentle girl, whose mother had died in giving her birth, and whose father, an officer in the — regiment of Fusileers, had fallen, covered with wounds and glory, at the battle of Vimiera, was doubly an orphan ; indeed, with the exception of a sister of her deceased mother, who was living upon a

small income at Tours, there was not a soul beside on the wide earth towards whom she felt she was entitled to look for kindness and protection. Wholly unacquainted with the world, and conscious of the dangers and perplexities to which a young and unprotected female must of necessity be exposed, she saw no alternative but that of submitting, with as much fortitude as she could command, to the caprices, ill-temper, and tyrannical spirit of Miss Sourkrout, who would sometimes end her peevish complaints with—"Well, God knows I cannot expect to survive my poor brother many years, for although in the prime of life, I have endured an age of anxiety and grief; but whilst I *am* here, I will have my wishes attended to, or I will know the reason why. Beside, I have taken care that your provision shall be ample at my death, and I have, therefore, *some* claim, independently of the ties of relationship, to your persevering and affectionate attentions." Marion would cheerfully have made any sacrifice it was in her power to make for the comfort of her aunt, could any effort, of which she was capable, have satisfied her. But, alas! this was altogether impossible. Sometimes the old woman would lie whole nights together, making the most piteous noises, in order to persuade Marion that she was grievously indisposed; but no sooner was the warm tea, with a spoonful of cogniac in it, poured out, than she would discover that water gruel, was the *only* specific calculated to allay the commotion in her stomach. Tea, she would

remark, was poison to her, as her niece must know, and increased rather than mitigated the nervous irritation of her bowels. She would then, acted upon no doubt by the quantity of strong liquors she had taken, grow maudlin, and bursting into a flood of tears, protest that she was a poor unhappy woman, for whom nobody cared a pin; that she knew she was *in the way*, but that she should not trouble her friends long; invariably concluding her paroxysm of indignation with the noble apostrophe to ingratitude of our immortal Shakspeare. At other times she would desire her niece to read her to sleep, taking care to awake with a loud howl of deftly counterfeited pain, at the very moment that Marion was in the quiet enjoyment of the most interesting chapter of the book, in order to inveigh against trumpery novels, and the present mode of educating females, which she protested wrought the ruin of thousands. It was in vain she was reminded that the work had been taken up at her own express request, and for her own especial amusement. She would deny the fact, because "her uniform aversion to that particular branch of literature rendered it impossible that she *could* have desired any such thing!" Was it a poem, she insisted that, with the exception of her favourites, Young and Thomson, poets were a vagabond race, whose whole aim and object appeared to be to unsettle the minds of young women, and set them hankering after the fellows.

Nor were these the only expedients to which she resorted

to mortify the unhappy Marion. Did her neighbours pay her the compliment of a visit, she would put on a coloured gown to receive them in ; taking care that her whole dress should correspond, in the hope of mortifying her niece by the meanness of her appearance. One morning when I called, at the instance of my worthy employer, to consult with her respecting the renewal of certain leases of houses belonging to her which were then about to expire, she created numerous opportunities of mortifying her niece before me ; desiring her to perform several menial offices, for the purpose, as I conceived, of inspiring me with the belief that she was merely an upper servant in her establishment. I had often thought of the beautiful Marion, and commiserated her unhappy situation ; but it was not until about the period here alluded to, that our opportunities of intercourse had become sufficiently frequent or prolonged, to admit of our knowing enough of each other for our acquaintance to ripen into love. She was then in the first bloom of womanhood, and the approbation of my mother (to whom, however, I had represented her as possessing a moderate competency and liberal expectations), added to the increasing irksomeness of her situation, led us to curtail the usual period of courtship some months, and trust to Providence for the rest. In little more than half a year from the time of my declaring myself to my beloved, I married her from my mother's roof, where she had obtained her aunt's permission to pass a couple of days, in order that she might recruit her health and spirits



sufficiently to be enabled to bear a fresh series of persecutions.

The old lady had not the most remote suspicion of what was going forward, until made acquainted with the fact the next morning, by as dutiful and penitential an epistle as the case would admit of. Nothing could exceed her rage at the intelligence. Her feelings were far from being dissimilar to those of a cruel and crafty young urchin, from whose clutches some devoted cockchafer has contrived to make its escape, before it has undergone its full measure of torture—before he has given it its final spin. “Insolent baggage! ungrateful hussey!” vociferated the old fury, “but she shall rue it. Beckey, (addressing herself to one of her servants), go and tell Mr. Mortgage I request he will do me the favour to call upon me at his earliest convenience as I wish to consult him on a matter of pressing importance.” Our good friend was not long in answering the summons; but it was in vain that he attempted to convince Miss Sourkrout of the hardship, the positive cruelty, of excluding her niece’s name entirely from her will, for the very venial offence of marrying a young gentleman to whose worth he could himself bear ample testimony, and whose means and expectations were very far from being contemptible. She was, however, inexorable; and he was directed to prepare the draft of a new will, devising all her property, landed and personal, to the Foreign Missionary Association. Mortgage was in no haste to complete his

instructions. On the contrary, he exhibited such extraordinary dilatoriness in the matter, that Miss Sourkrout was compelled to threaten him with putting her affairs into less scrupulous hands, if he did not immediately attend to her wishes : her menace had the desired effect ; the new draft was prepared, signed, sealed, and delivered. But the old woman's revenge was not thus easily to be satiated. She sent the next day a most canting and dolorous verbal message to the bride, entreating to see her, if only for ten minutes, as she felt satisfied she had only a few hours to live ; an intimation the truth of which was in some degree confirmed by the elliptical visage of the messenger. Marion stepped into the carriage which had been sent for her conveyance, with something like a hope that matters were not altogether as remediless as she had made up her mind to expect. As for her aunt's illness, the old woman had cried the wolf so frequently, that she might well be excused for not feeling any very acute apprehensions on the occasion. Before, however, she had time to indulge in many reflections of any kind, the carriage drew up at her aunt's door in Hill-street. She hastened up stairs, anticipating no very gratifying reception, but still with feelings in some degree nerved to encounter the worst. No sooner did she enter the room where Miss Sourkrout had for the last few hours, been ringing changes alternately on the spasms and rheumatism, than almost choked with the suppression of her gall for so long a period, she flew at her

niece like a tiger ; accused her of the blackest ingratitude for leaving her on her death-bed ; protested her belief that her object was to have killed her ; but added, that her lands should become quicksands, and her houses rot to their foundations, ere *she* should possess a rood or a brick of them. She always thought her a forward hussey, ready to fall into any fellow's arms that were open to receive her ; and she perceived that her surmises of her character had not been entirely without foundation. Argument or recrimination would have answered but little purpose, and Marion was the last person in the world to desire to indulge in a vindictive feeling ; she therefore contented herself with reminding her aunt that she visited her on her own express invitation, in the hope that her presence might have soothed instead of increased the irritation of her mind ; but that as the sight of her appeared rather to produce the reverse of what she most earnestly wished it to produce, she would bid her farewell. As to the disposition of her aunt's property at her death, it was a subject on which she had never permitted herself to reflect for one moment. She hoped she might yet live many years to enjoy it, and then leave it to whomsoever she conceived possessed the best title to inherit it. Having said this, Marion bade her farewell, leaving the volley of invective, which was then collecting for her edification, to expend itself upon the walls of the chamber, or at least upon persons better able to bear the brunt of it than herself. Having hastened down stairs, she fled

to her natural protector, and shedding a torrent of tears upon my bosom, recapitulated the particulars of the interview, and promised never again to subject herself to the repetition of the annoyance.

The task of appeasing my uncle was far less difficult than I had at first imagined. I did not consult him in the first instance, because I made sure that he would never give his consent to my marriage ; and if I had asked his opinion, and then acted in diametrical opposition to it, my case would have been desperate indeed. As it was, he bore the blow with comparative calmness ; and when I assured him that my wife had a tolerably good fortune, and very considerable expectations, he became inwardly reconciled to what he was nevertheless pleased to entitle my rash decision ; calculating, no doubt, that if I spoke the truth his future assistance could be dispensed with ; but still affecting a considerable outward show of disapprobation, in order that he might thus stand excused from making us any present towards housekeeping.

Thus, then, was I fairly afloat on the wide waters of the world, with an amiable partner in life, whose few hundred pounds of fortune barely sufficed to pay my debts and enable us to start fair ; and having contrived to furnish, and that somewhat scantily, a small house in one of the second-rate streets of the metropolis, I resolved to trust to chance and splendid expectations for the means of continuing in it.

Scarcely had we had time to recover from the pertur-

bation into which we had been thrown by my wife's visit to Miss Sourkrout, when I was suddenly summoned to the sick bed of my uncle. I hastened to the large brick house (dreaming of East India bonds, canal and tram-road shares, and the four per cents., by the way), and having gained Nunks's bed-chamber, inquired most affectionately after his health. Whether or not he perceived, or fancied he perceived, something like insincerity in the tone in which this inquiry was preferred, I am quite unable to decide; but he answered with unusual gruffness—"Not dead yet, though I dare say you hoped to find me so. Not dead yet; and hark ye, I may live to make such alterations in my will as will render it a matter of very little importance to *you* what becomes of old Squaretoes!"

I attempted to explain, but he would not listen to a word I had to say; and after several ineffectual attempts to make myself heard, I retired from his presence in disgust, resolving rather to beg my bread from door to door than continue to subject myself any longer to the tyranny of so provoking and capricious an old despot. Finding, however, from the report of my friend John, Nunky's confidential servant, that his master had not only made no alteration in his will, but had not so much as directed a fresh draught of it to be drawn out, I was struck with the force of the Christian precept—forget and forgive; and on visiting him the next morning was not displeased to find him in a somewhat better humour. The powerful

antidotes administered to him for his disorder had made him nervous, hypochondriacal, and even maudlin. He asked after my wife with some appearance of interest; and when I left him soon afterwards, for the purpose of procuring some refreshment, I was so entirely satisfied that the large brick house would one day or other come into my possession, that I began to calculate the cost of modernizing its internal decorations. In the course of the night the gout shifted from Nunky's feet to his stomach. It was in vain that I attempted to argue with my conscience on the atrocity of wishing a respectable old gentleman (an uncle to boot) dead. I could not for the life of me suppress the buoyancy and elation of my feelings. I arose in the morning a person of considerably more importance, in my own estimation, than I had been for some years past; and hearing that my uncle's upholsterer had a splendid suite of drawing-room furniture to dispose of, at a moderate rate, I ordered it to be sent home; seeing no reason why my house should not be as handsomely furnished as other people's. It was true that some of my new purchases bore considerable resemblance to the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture, inasmuch as they were too large to find an entrance into the rooms for which I had intended them; but what of that? They would be more likely to suit the great brick house I had made up my mind at no very distant period to inhabit. Nunky's indisposition increased, and I went on castle-building to my heart's content. About this time I

received a considerable sum of money from my bookseller, for work "done and performed;" but instead of applying it to the liquidation of my debts, which, although no great things, exceeded materially my means of discharging them, I presented my spouse with a gold watch, chain, and seals, made several important additions to my library, and put a livery on the little ragamuffin I had hired to supply the place of a more expensive servant. In short, I began to helieve myself a person of consideration; and although I had never a smaller certain income nor larger obligations to provide for, contrived to keep my spirits and my heart as light as the glittering bubbles I was so childishly occupied in blowing for my amusement. My happiness, however, if the lightest moment in the life of an Heir Presumptive can be called happy, was fated to be but of short duration. My uncle's health, avarice, and ill-temper returned simultaneously. Early one morning we received, to our great surprise, an intimation that he would p̄ay us a visit at our domicile in the course of the day, for the purpose, as he declared, of being introduced to my wife, but, as I was well satisfied, of scrutinizing our affairs, manner of living, &c. This message occasioned us no inconsiderable perturbation. Away we went to work to cram into closets and hiding-places all those expensive and apparently superfluous additions to our furniture which we conceived most likely to attract his inquisitive observation. We found it nevertheless morally impossible to

carry the deception as far as we could have wished ; and above all things to veil from his prying curiosity our recent additions to our drawing-room. After discussing and rejecting numerous expedients for concealing our finery, we determined to adopt that of shutting up the apartment ; declaring we did so out of regard for Nunky's lungs, on which we professed to apprehend that the effluvia arising from the newly-painted walls would have a most injurious effect. Our man-servant we caused to retrace his years to boyhood, with even more alacrity than he had previously arrived at the age of adolescence. Our second maid-servant was allowed a furlough to see her friends ; and Marion and I sat down doggedly to work, to invent excuses for the possession of such superfluities, or rather comforts, in our little ménage as old Squaretoes would be most likely to place to the score of shameless and unprincipled extravagance. We had but just had time to arrange the plan of our campaign, when he drove up to the door. Without waiting for it to be opened, he stepped with unusual briskness out of his carriage, and began to reconnoitre the premises with as much earnestness as if he had visited us for the express purpose of assessing our window-rate. I hastened to the hall to welcome his arrival, taking care to express my delight at seeing him so much earlier than I had been led to expect. A smile, which waned almost to a sneer, seemed to play for a moment around his withered lip, betokening a little (just the least



in the world) doubt of the sincerity of my greeting. He entered the house, graciously leaning upon my arm, without uttering a syllable. Marion payed her dutiful respects to him in the passage, and he complimented her in her turn upon her handsome face ; adding, that he never gave me credit for one half the taste I had manifested in the article of female beauty, although "handsome is that handsome does," was a maxim worth attending to in the choice of a wife. The awful, freezing half hour which preceded the announcement of dinner having been occupied in the interchange of small talk and civil faces, the ice of ceremony was pretty well broken ere we sat down to table.

Of course I produced no wine, well aware that my wealthy kinsman was a perfect Mussulman as it regarded the juice of the grape, and that he considered those who indulged in such superfluities as guilty of very unwarrantable extravagance. The following verbatim report (to employ a newspaper phrase) of the conversation which took place after the removal of the cloth, will show to what wretched subterfuges heirs presumptive are sometimes compelled to resort, in order to excuse their conduct to inquisitors who have really no title whatever to scrutinize their affairs.

"This is an unnecessarily large house, Tom, for two persons," observed Nunks, breaking in upon a pause of some duration.

"Do you think so, sir ? It is extremely cheap."

“ What’s the rent ?”

“ Only fifty guineas per annum, sir,” (twenty less than we really paid).

“ Only fifty guineas do you say? Zounds! I think it a great deal more than it is worth.”

“ We could meet with nothing at a more moderate rate near the Inns of Court,” rejoined I, looking somewhat disconcerted.

“ Umph! Have you had a prize in the lottery ?”

“ A prize in the lottery? Certainly not, sir. Why do you ask ?”

“ Because if you have not I wonder where the devil you got the money to buy all these gew-gaws.”

“ My wife’s little property, sir, has ——”

“ O yes, (superciliously) your lady’s fortune, I had almost forgotten that !”

Marion here gave me a very significant pinch

“ An opportunity occurred of purchasing our furniture at a sale, sir, at an extremely low rate.”

“ Then you may rely upon its being rubbish—complete rubbish. Never knew any thing good purchased at a sale. But why the deuce did you not buy all your chairs alike, if you must fool your money away at sales ?”

“ The two chairs to which you allude, sir, are part of —— are —— belong to a friend who is travelling on the continent, and has left them in our care.”

“ You ought to charge him warehouse-room. It is shameful to turn a friend’s house into a broker’s shop ;

but do the bookcases in yon recesses belong also to your friend ; or have you been complaisant enough to match his rosewood chairs, for the purpose of keeping them in countenance ?”

“ The shelves in question formed originally one bookcase ; but as they were presented to me by my friend previous to his departure from England, I had them fitted up as you now see, for the purpose of occupying those vacant niches.”

“ Is your lodger at home ?”

“ Lodger, sir ! You surely could not desire us to subject ourselves to the extreme unpleasantness of letting our apartments ?”

“ And why not, Tom ? I let my house when I was your age, and the money I have contrived to amass by similar acts of prudence, or as you may call them of parsimony, will not, I suppose, be any the worse for it, eh ? But, highty tighty,” continued Nunks, opening the doors of one of the bookcases, and fumbling the books about “ where, in the name of common sense, did you pick up this lumber (reading) ‘ De Lolme on the Constitution ?’ Ay, that’s a sensible book, no doubt, and might be useful to a man tortured as I am with the gout. But what have we here, ‘ Epistles, by T. Moore !’ O yes, a worthy old gentlewoman, who is the author of a great number of very edifying little pieces. What ! poetry ? Pshaw ! our modern poets are all fools. I hate poetry. My barber is a poet ; and a scoundrel who was hanged

the other day at the Old Bailey was a poet. Why do you cumber your shelves with such trash as this, instead of buying books that might be of some use to you in your profession, if you must buy books? Well, as you have no lodgers to disturb, you will perhaps not object to my seeing your up-stair rooms, which seem to be very airy and spacious bedchambers?"

At this dreadful request my wife and I gazed on each other with countenances of blank consternation. The story of the newly-painted walls would no longer answer our purpose; but our cruise of lies was not yet entirely exhausted. I expressed my willingness to comply with his wishes, and reluctantly led the way, observing, as we ascended the stairs, that the furniture in our drawing-room was for the most part the property of the friend I had already mentioned.

"O yes, no doubt," rejoined Nunks, as we entered; "and the Brussels carpet seems to fit your floor to a nicety; this was, of course, a coincidence. Whew! Why here is a room fit for a nabob! And the exquisitely grained panels of those doors are of course kept in charge for your travelling friend? Why, Tom, lies apart, you must have turned up the purse of the lucky dog I remember reading about when I was a lad. But give me a cup of tea, for it's my bedtime, and since we are here we may as well take it in this room."

My heart rose almost to my throat, and I lounged to tell the aggravating old tyrant my mind; but a

look of entreaty from my wife, who had just joined us, and the prospect of the advent into the world of a little stranger, for whose dear sake I would willingly have endured almost any degree of contumely and reproach, however galling, kept me silent. As ill luck would have it, Flippertigibbet brought up the silver teapot and its appendages, which my wife had won at a raffle at Brighton, instead of the queen's metal service, which he had been particularly instructed to have in readiness. Old Squaretoes lifted up his eyes and hands with a pious ejaculation of horror. People who have once been detected in falsehood are not afterwards believed, even when they speak the truth. I could no more have persuaded my uncle that the silver teapot and its appliances were won at a raffle, than that it was presented to us by the Great Mogul himself. He gulped down his tea in silence, and almost immediately afterwards bad us good night, declaring, in an under growl, as he descended the stairs, that the earnings of his industry should never go to support such profligate extravagance. As he turned from the door he could not for the life of him help prying down our area, where (as fate would have it) he discovered a bottle-rack, on which Flippertigibbet was hanging the dozen of claret bottles which had been emptied at my dinner-party of the day preceding. This was a complete clencher; and he drove off, breathing curses and damnation in his transit. The next morning he sent for Findaflaw, acquainted him with the confirmation he

had witnessed of the wary lawyer's opinion of me some years before, quoted the old saying, "Just as the twig is bent the tree inclines," and concluded by informing him that he should require him to prepare a new will for him, cutting his graceless nephew off with a shilling.

Time waned, and in a few months more Marion presented me with a son, whose appearance occasioned me more real delight than the possession of my uncle's property, however splendid, could possibly have afforded me; yet although my resources were upon the increase, and might, but for the cursed expectations which were forever leading me astray, have enabled me to vegetate, without getting much into debt, the heir presumptive to from forty to fifty thousand pounds, was not content to live as the briefless barrister and hack author might have been contented to live, had he never been cursed with these golden anticipations of future fortune. But it would be endless to attempt to detail one half my miseries.

Each succeeding year involved me deeper and deeper in debt. My family increased, and so did my hopes of being able to make a handsome provision for them some day or other; but hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and after spending the better half of my existence in fruitless hankerings after independence, I began to tire of the game, and to fret and chafe beneath the bonds I had so long imposed upon myself. Nunks, too, on his part, considered himself neglected, precisely at that period of his existence at which he stood most in need of

attention ; and having taken an opportunity of picking a quarrel with me (which in the exhausted state of my patience was no very difficult task), we parted from each other with the most vehement expressions of long-cherished aversion and dislike. The next morning he sent an advertisement to the newspapers for a housekeeper ; and no sooner was it printed than one side of Russell-square was positively lined with candidates for his very "eligible situation." After passing each member of the corps in review before him, he fixed upon a smooth-tongued, shabby-genteel sort of person, of what she called the middle age ; and in a few days afterwards invested her with the full powers, perquisites, and prerogatives of an old bachelor's housekeeper. She soon saw how the land lay ; and, possessing no inconsiderable shrewdness, played her cards to such advantage that she obtained the complete sway of her master's establishment before she had been in his house a month. She grew of course deeply attached to him ; rubbed his gouty foot with indefatigable tenderness ; and sympathized with him even to tears in his painful sense of the ingratitude of the world, and of his near relations in particular. He, in his turn, became fully alive to her merits, so that every thing was speedily adjusted to her entire satisfaction. She had, as shabby-genteel housekeepers usually have, a male relation, who was a pettifogging attorney ; and who, of course, was in the habit of "dropping in" occasionally to take a cup of tea with her. During one

of these visits he contrived to scrape acquaintance with my uncle, and as a mark of his gratitude for his patronage of his cousin, Mrs. Paramount, kindly offered to be his resident man of business, and undertake for him all those little offices which I had been accustomed to perform for so long a series of years gratuitously. The old gentleman, then verging fast towards superannuation, accepted his new friend's offer with many and most grateful acknowledgments; and being convinced that his nephew was born to be a beggar, and that millions would not save him from this unhappy destiny, wisely determined that his substance, at least, should not be sacrificed in the attempt. The plot now began to thicken; Mrs. Paramount completely ruled the roast; and if my rosy-cheeked little boy was sent with his sister (as my wife sometimes contrived he should be) with a message to my uncle, she uniformly managed to keep them out of her master's sight, in order that their beauty and artlessness might produce no compunctuous visitings in their favour.

One balmy summer evening, as I sat musing in my study over the instability of all human hopes, a letter, sealed with black wax, was presented to me from worthy Mrs. Paramount, informing me of my uncle's sudden demise, and requesting that I would repair to his house as soon as convenient, for the purpose of seeing all the drawers, strong boxes, and property, taken care of, as well as of giving such directions respecting the disposal of the



old gentleman's remains as I might deem most expedient. In conclusion, she begged that the agitation of her spirits, which had been occasioned by the unexpected removal of her beloved benefactor to "another and a better world," might be received as an apology for the illegibility of her writing. This missive occasioned me, I confess, more astonishment than grief; for Mrs. Paramount, although apparently so remarkably scrupulous, and so keenly alive to etiquette and propriety of behaviour, had not condescended to inform me of my uncle's illness. For her remissness in this particular instance she had, as I afterwards discovered, some very cogent and satisfactory reasons.

This unlooked-for news caused my fainting hopes in a great measure to revive. I set out immediately for the large brick house in Russell-square, and after thanking Madam Paramount for her attention to her master, secured the old gentleman's will (with the hiding-place of which I was well acquainted), and found, to my infinite delight, that it was completely in my favour, and unmarred even by a codicil. An early day was fixed for the reading, to which I looked forward with feelings of strong exultation. In the mean time I desired all my tradespeople to send in their accounts; secure in the knowledge of the purport of my uncle's will, I well knew I could obtain any sum of money I might stand in need of for my present purposes.

The eventful day at length arrived. The friends of

the deceased were in attendance ; but how shall I depict my consternation,—my petrifying feelings of horror,—when I found that there existed another testamentary document, of a date posterior to that of the parchment I held in my hand, bequeathing the whole of the old gentleman's property, personalities included (leaving only a few trifling legacies, including five guineas to my wife and self for mourning rings), to his tried and faithful friend Mrs. Martha Paramount ; who, with her rascally accomplice, sat looking as demure and self-satisfied as if they conceived they had really earned the benefaction. Whether this will was a forgery or not it was next to impossible to ascertain ; and if it was I had no means of disproving its validity.

I returned home to the bosom of my affectionate and elated family in a state of mind little short of frenzy. In vain did I attempt to revenge myself on the memory of my heartless relative, by the wildest and most bitter imprecations. My dreadful situation stared me in the face, and filled me at once with horror and remorse. I had been for nearly twenty years the slave, the martyr, to the petty persecuting tyrannical spirit of a selfish old driveller. I had suffered myself to be mortified, thwarted, nay, even bullied by him, for the sake of those dear ones whom he had at length consigned to a state of the most awful destitution. I had neglected those pursuits in life which might long ago have rendered me independent of the world, for the purpose of being ever on the *qui vive*

to minister to his innumerable whims and caprices. I had been seduced, as it were, into expenses I should never have incurred, but for the anticipations he encouraged me to entertain of future independence; and I now found myself deserted, after long years of the most galling and heart-sickening servitude; and that wealth to which I looked for a competency for the beloved partner in my odious toils, and her beautiful and smiling children, was at length lavished upon a menial *intriguante* and her swindling accomplice. I had spent the prime of my life in hunting after a shadow; and was now almost without a pursuit, broken in spirit, embittered in disposition, and overwhelmed with debts, which I expected must of necessity consign me to a jail. The paroxysm of my feelings, now that the bubble had burst, and I was awakened to the horrors of our situation, was violent beyond all power of expression.

My poor Marion either was, or appeared to be, much less affected at the painfulness of our situation than myself. She had ever expected the issue I found it so difficult to reconcile to my feelings, and she was therefore in some measure prepared for the disappointment. Whilst we sat hand in hand exclaiming against the peculiar hardship of our lot, a servant in a purple livery turned up with orange, arrived at our door with a note addressed to Mrs. Maria Hopeful. The young man said he came from Mrs. Captain Gilliflower, and having broken the seal to ascertain to what we were indebted for the honour of her correspondence, we read as follows.

“DEAR NIECE,—The manner in which you left me eleven years ago, upon a sick-bed, from which, for aught you knew to the contrary, I might never again have arisen, is, notwithstanding the lapse of time, by no means obliterated from my remembrance. To forgive is a duty we owe to God for his merciful indulgence to us ; but not to forget is a duty we owe to ourselves. Your headstrong conduct in clandestinely marrying a person of so inferior a rank in society to yourself, and your extreme folly in sacrificing to your romantic ideas of affection for him the best, and, although *I* say it who should not say it, the most disinterested of your friends, has exonerated me from the fulfilment of any intentions I may have expressed during your residence under my protection ; and your total neglect of me ever since, has by no means convinced me that I am wrong. Misplaced affections, when removed entirely from one object, are apt to settle on another. For many years after your cruel desertion of me, I made no transfer of my affections ; but I feel that I was formed for the gentler sympathies of domestic life, and having experienced the most devoted and respectful attention from Captain Gyges Gilliflower, of that truly select regiment the East Sussex Militia, I have acceded to his earnest wishes that I should become his wife ; and I accordingly write to you to prevent you from indulging in any fallacious expectations of inheriting my little property at my decease. As I am in the prime of life (she was sixty-three), and the captain a few years younger than myself

(he was twenty-five), there is every prospect of my becoming a mother of a family ; in which case I shall of course have it in my power to do but little for my more distant relatives. I cannot conclude this letter without endeavouring to impress upon your mind the instability of all human anticipations, and the necessity of directing your attention, more exclusively than you have hitherto done, to the welfare of your immortal soul, for, as my excellent friend, the Rev. Mr. Snuffle, justly remarks, what are the frivolous concerns of this mortal life when compared with those which have reference to the life to come. Wishing you all possible happiness, temporal as well as eternal, I remain,

My dear niece,

Your affectionate aunt,

TABITHA GILLIFLOWER.

As may readily be conceived, [this affectionate epistle contributed but little to alleviate our distress. It contained excellent advice to be sure, and an outpouring and manifestation of Christian charity truly edifying. The only prospect to which we could look forward, such was the infuriated disappointment of our merciless creditors, was a jail ; where the fallacy of our earthly hopes would, in all probability, be impressed upon our minds in characters not likely to be easily effaced. We were advised to leave all our temporal concerns to take care of themselves ; to scorn the vulgar cravings of hunger and of

thirst, in order that we might direct our exclusive attention to our spiritual welfare. To bestow spiritual instruction upon a person without administering to those pressing temporal wants which must of necessity occupy his mind and energies to the prejudice of every other feeling, is indeed giving him ruffles when wanting a shirt. Precisely of this character was aunt Gilliflower's advice to us. We had four rosy cherubs depending upon us for their daily sustenance ; but we were to disregard their wants, in order that we might devote our undivided attention to more spiritual concerns. Such is often the doctrine of persons who are as prodigal of their advice as they are parsimonious in affording more substantial assistance.

It would answer but little purpose to harrow up the feelings of the sympathising reader by a detail of the miseries we endured for the first two months after my uncle's demise ; or the expedients to which I was compelled to resort to avert the doom which impended over us. At the expiration of that period my energies were totally exhausted by the perplexities of my situation. The reaction of the feelings of nervous irritation of which I had been the victim, had left me as powerless and incapable of either mental or bodily exertion, as the shipwrecked sailor when dashed, for the third time, upon the beach ; his strength scarcely sufficing him to crawl from the reach of the wave, that must otherwise inevitably entomb him.

I was sitting one morning in my little study, my whole

faculties absorbed by that lethargy which Lord Byron has misnamed the "calmness of despair," when I heard a knock at the street door, that, from its loudness, and the enfeebled state of my nerves, seemed to thrill to my very marrow ; and in a minute afterwards, I distinguished the voice of our excellent friend, Mortgage, requesting to know if I was at home, as he had business of particular importance to transact with me. No sooner were we closeted together, than I discovered, by his look and manner (before he had given utterance to a syllable), that he had something agreeable, if not important, to communicate. After a cordial salutation, the following colloquy ensued between us.

"Are you aware, my dear sir, that Mrs. Hopeful's aunt, Miss Tabitha Sourkrout, died yesterday."

"Mrs. Captain *Gilliflower* I suppose you mean, Mr. Mortgage? No, indeed, I was unacquainted with the circumstance ; nor is it an event calculated to make a very deep impression upon me."

"Then you are equally ignorant that the said Captain *Gilliflower* was no other than an Irish adventurer, who, having contrived to wheedle the old lady out of some hundred pounds which she happened to have by her in her strong box, has just taken his departure for the continent, leaving no less than two surviving wives to deplore at once his infidelity and the opportunity of which they have thus been deprived of prosecuting him for bigamy."

"But *cui bono*, my worthy friend ? To what does all this tend ?"

“To simply this. That your wife’s aunt, Miss Tabitha Sourkrout, *alias* Gilliflower, died yesterday about this hour, leaving behind her a will, in which the whole of her property, personal and otherwise (amounting to upwards of thirty thousand pounds sterling), is bequeathed to her niece, Miss Marion Sydenham, now Mrs Hopeful; and, moreover, that I am constituted whole and sole executor of this her *last* will and testament. Have I at length made myself intelligible?”

I instinctly pinched my own arm to satisfy myself that I was not labouring under the influence of a dream, when suddenly recollecting myself, I exclaimed,—

“How can it be the *last*, when you know that you yourself were employed to make a fresh will, the reverse in purport of that to which you have just referred.”

“It is true that, influenced by her threat of employing some less scrupulous member of the profession in the affair, I did, after repeated delays, at length direct my clerk to prepare a fresh draft, which, by a very fortunate misunderstanding on the part of the person employed on the occasion, was little more than a transcript of the first; the name of Sydenham having been simply altered to that of Hopeful. I had not time to glance, however hastily, over the document, when Miss Sourkrout, in one of her tantrums, sent a message to me, expressing the greatest anxiety to have it executed immediately. I obeyed her orders, and after having answered her several queries respecting the proposed omissions and introduc-



tions, to the best of my knowledge and belief, witnesses were summoned, and she put her signature to the parchment (her whole frame trembling with rage); and having, for its more complete preservation, sealed it in two several envelopes, I saw it deposited in a secure place, and then quitted the house. If still in existence, it will but confirm the intentions of the document I now hold in my hand; and if one should prove *non est inventus*, it will only remain for us to produce the other."

The cup had already been too near my lip for me not to be apprehensive that even this last exhilarating hope would end as all my previous anticipations had hitherto terminated in blank and utter disappointment. But no; every thing turned out exactly as our friend Mortgage had represented it; and two months more saw us (no thanks to the intentions of the testatrix) elevated from a state of the most abject misery, to one of real happiness and comparatively splendid independence. Let not the heirs presumptive among my readers, however, trust to so very improbable a contingency; but be warned by the difficulties with which I have had to contend, NEVER TO INCUR DEBTS INCOMPATIBLE WITH THEIR MEANS, NOR NEGLECT THE PURSUITS THEY MAY HAVE FOLLOWED IN THE VIGOROUS SEASON OF YOUTH, ON THE STRENGTH OF EXPECTATIONS WHICH ARE OF ALL HUMAN HOPES THE MOST FUGITIVE AND UNSTABLE.

**THE NUMIDIANS.**

Yes! let me like the Ocean-Patriarch roam,  
Or only know on earth the Tartar's home ;  
My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,  
Are more than cities or Serais to me ;---  
Bound where thou wilt, my barb---or glide, my prow,  
But be the star which guides the wanderer---Thou !  
*Byron.*

## THE NUMIDIANS :

AN EPISODE OF THE WARS OF GRANADA.

THE extinction of the power of the Moors in Spain was materially hastened by two circumstances—the union of their Christian enemies, and dissensions among themselves. At the time they were scarcely able to cope with either of the chief Spanish monarchies single handed, the two most powerful of them became conjoined by the marriage of Ferdinand of Arragon and Isabella of Castile—an union which laid the foundation of that vast power which so rapidly became subject to the crown of Spain. The first step towards this alliance was the destruction of the Moorish kingdom of Granada—the sole remaining fragment of the caliphate of the west.

The Moors would, in all probability, have been unable, for any length of time, to have resisted the forces which Ferdinand and Isabella brought against them : but intestine divisions of a very peculiar nature, accelerated, and made certain their downfall. I allude to the dethronement of Muley Hassan ; the accession of his son Boabdil,

and more particularly—(for these events have in them nothing *peculiar* in a Mussulman dynasty)—the massacre of the flower of the Abencerrages, and the secession of the rest. Boabdil, it would seem, was both in treachery and ferocity a true generic specimen of an Eastern despot. Of the two great rival clans\* of his country, the Abencerrages and the Zegrís, the device and motto of the former were, a lion led by a virgin, with the words *Mild and Terrible*; of the latter, a scymitar, dropping blood, with the words *This is my Law*. These last were the allies of Boabdil—the former were his victims: there could scarcely be a truer emblem of his government. Thirty-six of the Abencerrages were massacred, one by one, on the same spot, on the same day. The remainder of the clan, becoming acquainted with the treachery which had been practised towards their brethren, and was awaiting themselves, after a desperate conflict to avenge them, were driven out of the city, and shaking the dust from their feet, vowed never to re-enter it, while Boabdil breathed its air.

Granada was thus deprived of a large portion of its most eminent warriors. The Abencerrages never would return. When the danger thickened around their country, they took possession of Carthame, a strong and important

\* The word *clan* appears to be the word most applicable to the Moorish tribes. All their members bore the same name, being sprung from the same progenitor. Polygamy tended greatly to increase their numbers.

outpost—which they undertook to defend to the last. “ Tyrants,” they said, “ tyrants pass away, but country still remains. While Boabdil lives, we will never re-enter Granada ; but we will fight for it here.”

To repair this loss, Boabdil sent into Africa for aid in the common cause of Islamism, against the followers of the cross. A large body of Numidians answered the call. These men claim direct descent from Ishmael, and follow the wandering life foretold for his seed for ever. They now formed a principal and most formidable part of the Moorish force.

Ferdinand and Isabella had at this juncture laid siege to Granada ; and Gonzalvo of Cordova had already begun those deeds of arms which won him, among his countrymen, the title of *the Great Captain*—afterwards confirmed to him, by the voice of Europe, in the wars of Naples. Next to him in fame, and strongly united to him in friendship, was Lara. He seconded him when with the army, and supplied his place when absent.

It is not our purpose to enter more minutely into the history of this period : it is sufficiently well known. But we have thought it right to give some general indication of the time, and the circumstances, in which the events of the following story took place.

During the progress of the building of Santa Fé\*,

\* The fortified town built by Isabella during the siege of Granada, to command the passes towards Andalusia, and to overawe the Moors when conquered.

Lara had the chief command of the troops employed to protect the works. In this service he was indefatigable. Not content with continually watching for, and providing against any sortie of the Moors during the day, he was in the habit of making extensive excursions by night, to prevent surprise.

On one of these occasions, being accompanied by an hundred horse, he had wandered somewhat farther than usual. The night was fine and clear—and, the moon of that delicious climate being at the full, it is scarcely an hyperbole to say that it was as light as day. To this extreme brightness, the deep stillness and silence of the hour formed a remarkable contrast. He was beyond the sound of the call of the centinels, posted near the rising walls;—all was bright and still. Of a sudden, the sound of a horse's feet, passing along at speed, broke the one; and, immediately afterwards, the horse itself, and his rider, were betrayed by the other. The horse was milk white—his long mane floated upon the night-wind, which was roused, almost created, by the velocity of his motion;—his make, though somewhat slight, was muscular, as well as beautiful—unchecked by curb, unfettered by harness or by housing, he bounded forward with the freedom of the desert, but without its wildness—for his master's voice was at once bit, and spur, and bridle-rein—it urged him to speed, it checked him short in a moment. Of the first of these the Spanish commander had proof almost at the moment he met his eye

—of the second he was convinced very soon afterwards, for upon ordering twelve of his men forward to take the rider prisoner—extending, at the same time, the rest of his troop into a circle to surround him—the stranger with one word stopped his horse, and calmly awaited the approach of his assailants.

Lara had already recognized him as one of the famous Numidians who had come from the deserts of Africa to the aid of Boabdil. On his head he wore a black turban—on his body a short white tunic, crossed by a shining chain of silver, which bore his large and massive scymetar. His legs and arms were completely naked, with the exception of the golden bracelets with which they were adorned. In his left hand he held his buckler—in his right three javelins.

He stopped short, as we have said, and firmly awaited the attack of the twelve men who were detached against him. As they drew within reach, he threw his three darts. Each unseated a horseman, and rolled him in the dust. One word to his horse, and he was off with the speed of light—while the remaining nine troopers followed dispersedly. The Numidian, however, found his progress barred: for Lara had already drawn the circle round him. He wheeled his gallant courser—avoided his pursuers—returned at full speed to the spot of the conflict—stooped without checking that speed, as he passed one of his victims—drew the javelin from his



breast—and with it overthrew another of his pursuers, who now had again approached him.

Meanwhile, Lara had beheld the conduct of the Numidian with extreme admiration. His bravery, his extreme skill in the management both of his weapons and his horse, had been displayed before one equally capable of estimating the excellence of all warlike exercises, and candid and generous in acknowledging it, although in the person of an enemy. Lara advanced towards the stranger; and, ordering his men to keep their ranks,—who, stung with the loss of their comrades, were on the point of charging;—he thus addressed him:

“ Brave African, it is enough. Do not prolong a fruitless resistance. Yield your arms to me. I can scarce restrain my soldiers—leave me the gratification of preserving so brave a life.”

“ Life,” answered the Numidian, “ life is a boon only to the happy—to the wretched it is a burthen. Rather than become a captive, I will lose it by thy hand !”

So saying, he drew his scymetar, and urged his horse upon the Spaniard. Lara threw down his lance, drew his sword, and met him midway. In courage and in skill it would be difficult to find two men more nearly matched; but the Castilian was sheathed in steel, while the Numidian had no defensive arms, except a light buckler, which he wore upon his left arm. His javelins, in the use of which he had shown such fatal

skill—and which, at ordinary times, served as a counterbalance to the long lances and coats of mail of the Christians—his javelins had all been cast. Had they been sent from the quiver of Azraël, the aim could not have been surer or more deadly. Each had borne death upon its wing; and one might boast of a double victim. But now the African had only his scymetar and shield; his bare arms and legs—his light tunic—his linen turban—would seem to be unequally matched against the casque, and corslet, and gauntlets, and cuisses of the steel-clad Spaniard. But in activity, both of horse and rider, the Numidian and his barb had vastly the advantage. There seemed, too, an unanimity, a community almost, of spirit between them, which was equally surprising and extraordinary. The horse seconded his master in every manœuvre both of attack and defence. He leaped into the air to give his descending blow more force—he sprang on one side to avoid that of his antagonist. The fable of the Centaur might almost be said to have been realized in them. Nor was the skill of the African inferior to the intelligence and activity of his gallant steed. His long scymetar swept through the air with a force, and descended in quick repeated blows with a weight which rendered the armour of the Spaniard the safe-guard of his life. In defence, too, he was equally adroit. His solitary buckler was always under Lara's blow, wherever it might fall. It served at once for helmet and cuirass—for gauntlet and for greave; but its

strength was unequal to its master's skill. The mighty stroke of the redoubted Lara, delivered with his whole strength, at last cut into two the buckler which received its force ; clove the shoulder of the Numidian, and threw him to the earth. His gallant horse, on seeing his master fall, uttered that piercing cry which, from its rare occurrence, as well as its thrilling and unearthly tone, is perhaps the most appalling of all the sounds with which nature has gifted the animal creation. But this noble beast, not contented with thus lamenting his master, strove still to defend him. He covered his fallen body—and, standing upon his hind feet, reared into the air, and opposed, with his fore, the approach of Lara. As he turned, so did the horse : his threatening feet formed a rampart over his rider's body. At length, seeing the whole Castillian troop draw in, the horse (which almost seemed to share his master's hatred of captivity) fled with the speed of the wind across the plain, and disappeared in the distance.

Lara, in the meantime, approached his prisoner ; raised him from the earth—examined his wound, which he found had only penetrated the flesh,—and used towards him all those courtesies and amenities which were so familiar and so becoming to a brave and accomplished knight like this celebrated Spaniard. He mounted his prisoner on one of the horses of his troop, and set forward towards the entrenchments.

The Numidian was plunged in grief. His captor,

indeed, perceived the large tear drops fill, and fall from his eyes, as he hung his head in despondency upon his breast. Lara endeavoured to cheer him. "Do not," he said, "do not, brave Numidian, thus lament a mischance of war, to which all warriors are subject. The darkness, and fortune favoured me; or that which is now your fate might have been mine. But I misdoubt me, it is not alone the chance of war that causes you this grief: separation from some friend, some mistress, aggravates the evil of captivity. Speak:—If it be so, you may regain your freedom. It never was my wish or usage thus to abuse the successes of my sword. If it be thus, Lara will himself entreat your release of Ferdinand!"

As the Spaniard thus announced a name so celebrated—a name revered among the Moors as a brave and noble enemy always is revered among gallant men,—the Numidian raised his eyes to his face, and exclaimed:

"Lara!—am I indeed Lara's prisoner? To be conquered by him is no shame—to have contended with him is an honour! I see fame has not done thee more than justice. In valour and in generosity fame declared thee to be pre-eminent—I find her voice has spoken truly! Sir, your belief is just; circumstances do, indeed, increase the bitterness of my captivity. I would not abuse a generosity so noble and so rare—Judge, sir, for yourself."

The two chiefs advanced to some little distance from the

troop, and the African addressed Lara in the following terms :

“ I am, as you have discovered from my dress and arms, a Numidian. I am one of those pastoral people who build no houses and abhor to dwell in towns ;—tents are our abodes, herds and horses our possessions—the boundless desert is our country and our home. From the foot of Atlas to the borders of Egypt we wander at will. We are of the sons of Ishmael, the children of Hagar : our forefathers came from Yemen the Happy\* ; and gave to their sons the vast Numidian plains for their inheritance. The Moors of Spain have a fruitful country and rich—gorgeous palaces, and shady groves, and gushing fountains. The Christians of Castile are skilled in arts—they make unto themselves coats of steel, and weapons of fire ; but happiness dwells not with the turbulent Moor or the crafty Christian ; it has chosen its abode in the tent of the Arab, in the palm-tree’s shade, by the cool well’s brink. Like the gazelle of our plains, it shrinks from the tumults and the haunts of men, and seeks a lone and lovely resting-place. It dwells with us. We seek no change ; we live the life which our fathers lived. Each tribe is the world to itself, and in itself.—The circle of its tents is as the girdle of the globe. Those we love—parents, brethren, the objects of a fiercer passion—all are within that limit. We are free. Our government is that which nature formed—that of age

\* Arabia Felix.

and experience. Our elders consult together—a sheik is at their head—and deals to us the justice of our simple code. Simple, in truth, it is, and brief.—Its whole spirit is included in these words:—*Be happy, that is wisdom ; cause happiness, that is virtue.*

“ Our possessions consist of camels, of whose hair we spin our tents—by whose swiftness we transport those tents and all their loved inmates to a distance, at our will ;—in horses fleet as the bird of the air,—brave as the lion of the desert, docile, intelligent, faithful, and fond—as though they were endowed with human sense and more than human truth and constancy. Our flocks yield us fine wool for clothing, sweet milk for food. Green pastures,—quickly springing rice,—waving corn,—these are the gifts of nature to her sons ;—and we scorn those stones of the earth—those metals—which you Europeans seek with such insatiate ardour, and which we could dig from our mountains, did we not prefer to live on the surface of the earth rather than burrow in its entrails. Such are the gifts which nature has bestowed on us externally ; but more precious still are the peace, the faith, the friendship, which reign within these happy dwellings. Faithful to the religion our fathers have handed down to us, we believe that *there is no God but God, and that Mahomet is his prophet.* But, above all, we are faithful to what may be almost called a second creed—which existed among us before the sacred truths were inscribed in the divine Koran—which has existed among our tribes

for forty ages—the duty of hospitality. It costs us, indeed, but little to fulfil *this* duty. It is the first feeling of every Arab's heart—it is the habit at once, and the pleasure, of every Arab's life. If a stranger crosses the threshold of our tent, even though he be our deadliest enemy, from that moment he is saved. His life, his goods, his repose, seem to be entrusted to us by the Almighty—we must render a just account of our stewardship. It is an honour which Allah confers upon the worthy. The heads of our families always have their table spread before the door of their tent—and before they or theirs break bread, the father calls out with a loud voice three times—“*In the name of Allah and of his prophet, if there be among our tents a stranger, a wayfarer, or a poor man, let him come and share my bread; let him come and tell to me his trouble.*”

“Such is the life of our nation. In such peaceful and happy habits did my days lapse away before the wars of Granada. Ah! why did they ever come to mar our repose? It was among these men, whose manners have ever been the same since the Angel of the Lord saved the son of Hagar—it was in the midst of the desert of Zab that I was born—that I was born to love Zora!—Oh, brave Spaniard, if avarice and ambition are unknown to our hearts, love fills all their place, and reigns in them with fourfold violence. But my love was a happy love. It overflowed my heart like the fertilizing inundation of the Nile—not like the devastating irruption of a torrent. Its warmth was like the warmth of the ripening sun—not



of the fierce and death-dealing Simoom. Its force was a force of good—it had no strength towards evil.

“Zora had been bred with me from infancy. Her parents had scarcely survived her birth ; and, in dying, had left her to the care of mine. We grew together,—and our hearts and our love grew with us. We were never asunder. Rather than endure even a temporary separation from me, she learned and shared in the manly exercises which my advancing years rendered it necessary I should be taught. She learned to ride and to guide the fleetest and wildest horses : she could throw the jerreed with exact aim, and with a strength proportionate rather to her habits of exertion than to the appearance of her lovely and feminine frame. Whether I hunted the antelope and the deer, or the panther of the woods and the lion of the desert, she still would be with me—sharing my exercises, and, as far as I would permit her, my dangers. She loved me, and, for my sake, almost fancied she loved the pursuits I followed.

“At length the companion of my childhood and my youth was to be rendered irrevocably the companion of my whole life : she was to be united to me by those bands which death alone can break. Ah ! how vividly present to me is every circumstance of that day !—how fondly do I love to dwell on the recollections of that time ! The beautiful bride, the lovely Zora, seated upon a camel, decked with golden armlets, and bracelets, and beads, and covered with a flowing veil of spotless white,



was, according to the custom of our nation, conducted round the whole camp, till she arrived at the door of my father's tent. Excellent old man! I see thee now as thou calledst upon Allah to bless thy children together—as thou placedst the blushing, trembling bride in the arms, upon the bosom, of her husband! Ah! never has that bosom felt one throb foreign from the object which those arms then strained upon it!

“ My marriage was celebrated with songs, and music, and feasting. Joy reigned in every heart—and happiness in ours. But the sounds of war were speedily to succeed to those of rejoicing! The trumpet and the cymbal drowned with their clangor the breathings of the nuptial flute. My marriage was scarcely completed when ambassadors arrived from King Boabdil, exhorting all true believers to take up arms in the cause of heaven, for the glory of the Prophet. ‘ Sons of Hagar,’ they said, ‘ children of Ishmaël, Granada, the last, the fairest trophy of your triumph over the Christians, Granada totters! Think not, either, that this concerns alone the dwellers beyond the sea! If that bulwark of the faithful fall, soon will the ravaging sword and fiery torch of the Spaniard reach even to your quiet tents. Your goods will be plundered—your persons enslaved—your wives and daughters carried away captives! Sons of the desert, mount to defend your homes and hearths! Mussulmen, arm to defend the true faith! Arabs, hasten to aid the sons of Ishmaël!’

“ The effect of these exhortations upon a brave and fiery tribe of youths, eager for distinction, and burning to gain glory, may readily be supposed to have been extreme. The exclamations of the ambassadors were reechoed—‘ To horse! Sons of the desert!—True believers, to arms!—To arms, children of Hagar!’ The elders yielded to this ebullition of their sons, and, at their desire, my father singled out six thousand horsemen from the flower of all our tribe to go to the wars of Granada. You may conceive, how my various feelings must have struggled for mastery in my heart. All the soft ties of domestic affection, and recently crowned love, bound me to home. The thirst of glory—the duty of a warrior—the faith of a Mussulman—urged me forth. Zora contrived to unite the indulgence of both desires—the performance of both duties. The command of the force had been conferred upon me; it was impossible I could remain with honour; and in loving me, Zora loved my honour as my best gift; nay, as my very self—for without it I should have been myself no longer. Zora threw herself at my father’s feet. Equal in warlike exercises to any in the tribe, she declared herself worthy to follow us to the field—she might have said to lead us! The acquirements which had prevented our separation in youth, now enabled us to remain united in maturity. My father, moved by her grief, by mine, by the entreaties of my sisters, of my brothers, of the whole army, yielded at length, and gave his permission that Zora should go with me to Spain.

“ As the troops defiled from our camp, and marched before my father’s tent, as the chief, a raven, bird of ill omen, lighted on a neighbouring tree, and joined his harsh and gloomy note to the benedictions which my father breathed upon Zora and myself ; my father noticed it, and desired to postpone the march ; but we wished not to taste twice of the bitterness of parting—we followed the troops.

“ We arrived safely at Granada, and were received by Boabdil with all the honours and courtesies which such prompt and extensive aid demanded. There were festivals, and public games, and tiltings, in honour of our arrival, which seemed to me more fitting for a luxurious city of peace, than the last beleaguered strong hold of the Faithful. But I quickly found that Boabdil’s court was one of license and luxury, filled with corrupt and corrupting pleasures, and, above all, in which sights and scenes unfitted for the modest eyes of a woman of honour to look upon, were frequent and public. The brave Almanzor, eminent in himself, and more eminent in contrast with his weak brother\*, led us frequently forth to fight with the Christians ; and his conduct and courage often gave to us the advantage. This was what I had looked for when I came to Spain. But the debauched court, the profligate city, to which we returned, I had *not* expected. Our simple habits, and purity of life, had left me ignorant that such things existed, and I began to repent

\* Almanzor was half-brother to Boabdil.

me bitterly that I had suffered Zora to accompany our host.—It was painful to her as to me.

“ At last an opportunity offered for her to quit this court, and yet not to place distance and the sea between us. An accession of force was deemed requisite for the garrison of Carthame. The Abencerrages, who had undertaken its defence, would receive no Granadians within its walls; it was necessary, therefore, to send foreign troops. Almanzor, to whom I had confided the troubles which agitated me—Almanzor, the virtuous excellent Almanzor, proposed to me to despatch a thousand of my Numidians on the service of which I have spoken, and to send Zora with them to Carthame, where he would, he said, ensure her a safe and honourable asylum. It was painful to me to part thus from my bride; but I could not quit the main body of my troops—I could not bear that her chaste eyes should continue to be violated by the scenes daily acted in the tyrant’s profligate court;—Almanzor, too, praised to the skies the virtues of the Abencerrages: at last, I consented she should go. Besides, she would be guarded by a thousand of my men; the meanest of them, the proudest of them, would alike glory to die in defence of Zora. I myself conducted them and her to Carthame. Osman, the governor of the place, received us with every mark of honour, paid the most respectful and delicate deference to Zora, and urged me to come frequently from Granada to visit my bride. This I did not fail to do. Almost every night, mounted on my gallant courser, I reached

I was in doubt if I could with  
stand the weight of your  
... of your own  
... happiness. The  
... perhaps increase.  
...  
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... vengeance in my  
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...—Lara,  
... is furious.  
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... your soldiers surrounded me. Perhaps I might  
... avoided them, but from you, sir, there was no escap



Carthame in sufficient time to pass an hour or two with Zora, and to return to Granada by break of day.

“ Thus time sped on, not in the peacefulness of our own tents, it is true ; but still with sufficient happiness. The salt of uncertainty and danger gave perhaps increased savour to our meetings.

“ But this day I became acquainted with that which was sufficient at once to shed rage and vengeance in my heart. Osman, the chief of the Abencerrages, of that tribe which Almanzor had described to me as heroes—Osman had dared to take advantage of the trust of hospitality to offend the ear of Zora with vows of love !—Lara, if the love of an African is fierce, his jealousy is furious. In his bosom it is the concentration of every passion—it sweeps away every thing before the violence of its course. The whirlwind of his desert is not more utterly devastating. Every thing is easy to us under its sway—every thing is permitted. We are open, we are hospitable to friends and to strangers ; we are fond and faithful to our wives. But if the glance of an eye, the expression of a smile, appear to us to be directed towards them—blood, blood only, can wash the offence away. And blood should have washed away the offence of this insolent Moor : blood should have atoned for his having thus forgotten all that was due to the defenders of his country—to the guest beneath his roof. I was on my way to Carthame when your soldiers surrounded me. Perhaps I might have avoided them ; but from you, sir, there was no escaping.

The success of your arms has more than deprived me of life—it has deprived me of my best hope. Zora is in Osman's power, and I am the Spaniard's captive. Do you then wonder that I grieve?"——

"Cease to grieve, brave African," Lara answered.—  
"Cease to grieve—day has broken—our camp is at hand—I will go straightway to the king, and urge your release. To your captor he will not deny it. Meanwhile, rest and refresh yourself; in a few hours you will be able to proceed!"

As he spoke thus, they arrived at the Spanish camp; and, after a short time, Lara proceeded to the quarters of Ferdinand, to give the report of his nocturnal adventure. He found, however, the king just seated in his council, on affairs of great weight and moment. Lara, therefore, took his place and awaited till opportunity served to introduce his more immediate business.

But the capture of the Numidian chief was, in the meanwhile, productive of other consequences. Zora had been anxiously awaiting the approach of Ishmaël; and, from the causes with which the reader is acquainted, had awaited it in vain. Hour after hour, she thought every sound must be his footstep, till, as day dawned upon her, hope had almost sickened into despair. She imaged to herself every misadventure which might have happened to him on his way from Granada; and, at last, with that impatience of inactivity which suspense always brings with it, she determined to go forth to seek him; she hoped



to meet him on his way. She procured the war-dress of an Abencerrage; and, active and courageous, as her husband had represented her to be, she mounted on a courser, and, affecting to be charged with a commission from the governor, she passed out from the city without suspicion. She took the road towards Granada, and had not advanced far before she met an object which seemed to verify all her worst forebodings. It was the well known horse of her husband; which, with his mane blood-bedabbled, and his air wild and terror-stricken, was rapidly approaching those towers to which his master had so often guided him. Zora recognized him at once; her heart sank within her at the sight; but she determined to know the extent of her misfortune. Placing herself, therefore, immediately across the path of the horse, as he drew near to her, she called to him by his name, in the tone in which she had so often caressed him. In despite of her dress, the faithful animal recognized her voice at once. He stopped short; and approaching her, rubbed his head gently against her knees. She patted his neck, and called upon the name of her husband aloud—"Ishmaël!—Ishmaël!"—The horse seemed to understand her meaning—for he neighed and tossed his head into the air, as though in grief and lamentation. Zora took her resolution in an instant. She leaped upon his back, and throwing the rein loose upon his neck, the unwearied animal struck, at a rapid pace, into the direction from whence he had come.

A moderate time brought her to the spot where the fight

had taken place the night before, and where her husband had sunk under the blows of Lara. The bodies of the four Spaniards whom Ishmaël had overthrown lay upon the ground. Zora perceived by the javelins that the blows had been dealt by him. But not far from them, she recognized his buckler, cloven in two, and, as well as the sand on which it lay, stained with his blood. She flung herself upon the ground, impregnated with that blood, and gave vent to the most passionate grief. Suddenly a groan struck upon her ear; and, turning around, she perceived that it proceeded from one of the Spaniards, in whom some life was still left. She ran towards him; raised him; assisted him; questioned him. The wounded soldier, grateful for her care, collected the few Arabic words of which he was master, to inform her that it was a single Numidian, who, attacked upon his road, had pierced him and his companions, but that Lara had avenged them. The buckler was cloven, the blood was shed, by the hand of Lara.

Zora gathered from this, that Ishmaël had been slain by the Spanish leader. She asked from the wounded soldier the direction of the camp: he pointed it out, and she set off at speed to reach it, promising to send the wounded man his comrades' help. Even in her own distress, woman observes and remembers the distress of others; even, when as in this case, she dares face the dangers of war, she does all that in her lies to mitigate its horrors.

Having reached the Spanish outposts, she desired to speak to the officer of the guard. He appeared :—“ Tell your commander,” she exclaimed—“ tell Lara, that the governor of Carthame awaits him here, with his sword in his hand—that he will fight with him, hand to hand, within his own lines. If he is not the most dastardly of men, he will not shrink from my challenge.”

The officer was struck with extreme surprise ; but such was the respect of the Castellians for all who claimed the rights of the lists, that he complied with the stranger’s request, and sent one of his men to Lara’s quarters with the message. Meanwhile, the supposed Governor of Carthame refused even to dismount. She remained motionless, awaiting Lara’s coming.

After some delay, during which she fulfilled her promise to the wounded man, she saw her antagonist approach. He was seated upon a noble horse, clad in casque and coat of mail, and was armed only with a sword. The day had now considerably advanced : it was twilight when the warriors met. They seemed animated by mutual enmity ; without uttering one word they urged their coursers on each other, and struck a desperate blow, respectively, as they crossed. Both were wounded.—On the return of their charge, the same thing again occurred ; both struck, both were wounded. But such dilatory conflict seemed unfitted to their impatience. They sprang from their horses, and attacked each other hand to hand. The struggle was fierce and desperate. The inferior strength

of Zora was compensated for by the loss of blood of her opponent, who would seem to have suffered more severely in the wounds which had been interchanged on horseback. He seemed to grow weaker and weaker, till at last she observed an opening in the fastenings of his armour, near the left shoulder, and hitting the spot with perfect accuracy of aim, her sword pierced him to the hilt. She drew it forth instantly, and again perforated him, as he fell. "Die, wretch," she exclaimed; "die barbarian—and know that thou fall by a woman's hand! It is Zora, the wife of Ishmaël, who thus avenges Ishmaël's death!"

As she spoke these words, the dying man, in a voice which thrilled to the very marrow in her bones, exclaimed—"Zora!—and it is by your hand I die!—and it is against your life that my blows have been aimed!"

She shuddered at the sound, threw herself upon him, freed him from his casque, and the last light of the evening fell upon the face of Ishmaël, already clammy with the dews of death!

Yes, it was her Ishmaël whom she had slain; it was that husband whose death she came to avenge—whose death she had inflicted with her own hand! The soldier who had gone in from the outpost to Lara's tent had found he was still at the council. In awaiting his return, he conversed with the Numidian chief, and mentioned the purport of his errand. The name of the governor of Carthame struck like a trumpet-sound upon the ear of Ishmaël. "Great Allah, I thank thee! thou

hast delivered him into my hands!" he exclaimed. He entreated—he implored the soldier to let him go in Lara's place. He promised to answer for every thing to him; he loaded the man with his golden ornaments; the soldier yielded to the united influence of his entreaties and gifts. Ishmaël clothed himself in Lara's arms. They were new to him. He was stiff and weak from his former wound, which the corslet also galled. But he heeded nothing save to be revenged on Osman. The result we know.

Zora was stupified at this sight.—“Alas!” said her husband, “this is a sad farewell for thee and me, Zora!—but rather would I die thus by thy hand, with the knowledge of thy all-sacrificing love, than live sultan of the whole world without thee?—Live, Zora, live.—You would have died for my sake; live for it.—Comfort for my father—no one can, like you.—Bless you, Zora!”—His voice had been growing fainter and fainter; it ceased; he was no more!

As he ceased speaking, Zora bent herself upon him—she strained him to her heart in a close embrace—she pressed her lips to his in a long-drawn kiss—her last breath was drawn with it!

**THE ABBEY OF LAACH.**

**BY MRS. C. GORE.**

For from the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
To him who did but yesterday suspire,  
There was not such a gracious creature born.

*King John.*

## THE ABBEY OF LAACH.

It was in the summer of the year 179-, that the peaceful district extending from the frontier of France to the eastern bank of the Rhine became the scene of those earliest successes of the Republican army, which were but the precursors of victories destined to excite the surprise and admiration of Europe. The French troops were already rapidly advancing upon the Rhine ; and the traces of their victorious footsteps, although probably bearing no deadlier marks of license and devastation than usually deform the march of a conquering army, were fraught with terror to the peasants, and still more so to the proprietors, over whose possessions their route was appointed. Cottages, burned in the wanton intoxication of success,—vineyards laid waste in the brutal sport of temporary power,—plantations, which had been destined to cast their shadow over the children's children of their actual owners, torn up, or trampled,—the labours of the husbandman,—the hardly earned fruits of the aged farmer,—all were equally set at nought, and disregarded. The still recent atrocities of the French Révolution had afforded a school fatal to the interests of humanity.



Of the women of those devoted villages, of the outrages which destined their homes to desolation and bereavement, I will say nothing. There are some calamities from the contemplation of which the human mind turns with a sickening horror, that cannot betray itself in words. But those who witnessed the speechless consternation of these wretched victims, on the first sound of martial music, which announced the approach of the army, might read, in the mingled tears and embraces of mothers and daughters, that the licentiousness of the republican troops was worthy the direction under which they flourished. The villagers had mostly joined the standard of defence; and with a strange impolicy, the sick and the infirm, the stripling and the veteran, were alone left for the immediate guardianship of the numerous hamlets scattered among the hills bordering the Rhine; while the more efficient troops had hitherto proved incapable of defending the strong posts, which might have formed the universal protection.

It was on a sultry evening of that disastrous summer, that a woman and a boy were seen hastily pursuing their way along the steep paths of Rheintr; who, by their frequent pauses, their agitated and earnest survey of the surrounding country, were evidently fugitives seeking refuge from the dispersed bands of General Lefevre's brigade, which at this juncture infested the solitary farm houses on their route. The woman appeared of no higher class than that of the hewers of wood and drawers of

water. It might be, however, that she had divested herself of the ornaments allotted to the housedames of the wealthier farmers,—the golden, dagger-shaped bodkin, which unites the embroidered velvet coif, peculiar to the women of the district, with their profuse braids of glossy hair; and the rich ear-rings, which complete their picturesque attire; it might be, that she had laid aside all the costly adornments of her station, which could afford temptation to the rapacious stragglers who might cross her path. But the traveller possessed other, and equally perilous attractions, which it had not been in her power to abandon. Those locks, though bound up only with a silken band, were luxurious, and black as the raven's plumage; the contour of her head, though unadorned, was graceful as that of the sculptor's ideal goddess; and the whole turn of her figure was elegant in the extreme. Of her age, her person and countenance afforded contradictory evidence. Her firm and elastic step, her round fair arm, were those of extreme youth; but her pensive brow, and sunken large grey eye, exhibited the gravity of maturer years. These might as well have received their tinge from sorrow as from time; and still beauty was there, though past the rich luxuriance of its dawn. The age of the boy, if he were indeed her own, might accuse her of having numbered thirty years.

With a tremulous step, and almost dragging her little companion along, she reached a ravine, which some winter torrent had shaped as its course down the hill-

side ; and seating herself and her boy on the short green herbage under the concealment of its steep banks, she hastily drew from the scrip at her back a portion of barley bread, and invited the child to refresh himself without delay. She pressed him to her side—she drew back the clustering curls from his fair and open forehead, she undid the latches of his shoes, and chafed his slender and weary ancles with her soft hands. Yes, she was certainly his mother. The boy fed ravenously, and for a time appeared unconscious of her caresses ; but when she threw herself at length on the earth, concealing her face against the thymy banks, and sobbing aloud in convulsive agony, he laid aside his scanty meal, and taking her motionless hand, he kissed it silently, and holding it patiently in his own, discovered that the task of soothing affliction had become familiar to him, even at his early age. The sorrows of the wanderer had indeed a deeper source than the passing dangers of the moment.

Twelve years before, and Gretchen had been the beauty and pride of the village of Ronsdorf, of which her father, as bailiff to the Prince of N——, formed the principal inhabitant. She was an only child—a rustic heiress—and the extensive vineyards of her father, as well as her own playful coquetry and dawning loveliness, procured her the most distinguished selection of partners at the annual vintage feast, and the most ample offering of bouquets at the *Birnkrantmarkt*, the September pear fair of the neighbouring town of Andernach. Did she desire

to cross the river, twenty boats were unmoored for her service. Was she anxious to perform her devotions at some distant chapel, as many young villagers were seized with an epidemic fit of piety, and offered to guide her mule through the rough paths of the neighbouring hills. But all this was soon to end. Gretchen's heart became weary of the varying and fickle delights of universal homage. It had made an early, yet not an indiscreet selection among her adorers ; and even her father was contented that the darling of his age should be affianced to the son of his old neighbour and friend, the miller Geiler.

Wilhelm was frank, joyous, and inconsiderate, it is true, but he was also enterprising and intelligent ; and the gossips of the village agreed, that if Gretchen's sage example and tender affection should assure her a due influence in the *menage*, they would become a happy and prosperous couple. It was settled between the parents, however, that a year should elapse before the celebration of their marriage ; for till the expiration of that period Wilhelm Geiler was engaged as head workman in the quarries of Bell, of which his father was partly proprietor, and which would hereafter furnish an ample revenue to the young couple. The distance of these quarries from Ronsdorf restricted the visits of the lover to Sundays and occasional fête days ; and even then the weather, and a thousand casualties, rendered their meetings uncertain ; but the constancy of young Geiler, the increasing reserve

and gravity of the timid Gretchen, mutually re-assured them. And when Wilhelm, at day dawn on the summer Sundays, bounded over her garden hedge, and exhibited the withered nosegay which had been her pledge of the preceding week, whispering, "Only six more months, Gretchen—only six, and then together for the rest of our days," she was satisfied, not only of his fidelity, but of her own perfect happiness.

This self-security was not of long duration. At this crisis an evil chance led to the sale of the chief farm of the village of Ronsdorf, and brought a stranger as its new inhabitant. He was young, rich, and handsome; and, as if instigated by perversity, he disregarded the tender encouragement of all the beauties of the neighbourhood to fix his affections upon the lovely *fiancée* of Wilhelm Geiler.

Many ascribed this selection to a malicious desire of thwarting the successful lover; others attributed the sudden ardour of his passion for Gretchen to "*les beaux yeux de sa cafatte*." But even her disappointed rivals of the greensward united to exonerate her from any willing share in his attachment; and to re-assure the anxiety of Wilhelm against all suspicions of treachery on her side. Alas! it was not on *hers* that any such was meditated; but she was too inexperienced—too unguarded—to much, in short, of a woman, not to become a ready dupe to the crafty manœuvres of her new lover.

He began by slightly exciting her jealousy of the absent

Geiler; he ended by bringing forward what she credulously believed to be assured proofs of the infidelity of her future husband. At his next visit, she remonstrated with him in no measured terms; she even ventured to threaten; and at length returned to him, with indignation, all the little gifts of his affection; and Wilhelm left Ronsdorf, swearing never to return. " 'Tis an old tale, and often told;" and even in the highest walks of life I fear many an union might be traced to the same feelings of wounded pride, of jealous pique, which, within a month from his departure, urged the marriage of Gretchen with his rival.

While the marriage-garland was yet fresh upon her brow, Wilhelm, recalled by the report of her unexpected inconstancy, returned to Ronsdorf. Yet even before his arrival—even on the very steps of the altar—a deep repentance had chilled the heart of his bride. " I do not love him—I cannot love him," murmured she, with wild insanity, as she shrunk from her artful bridegroom. " Wilhelm—earliest and best beloved—my mistaken and resentful pride hath achieved that which will break both our hearts." But the fatal vow was already pronounced, and she was left to the vengeance of that husband, to whom she had almost unconsciously avowed her aversion. She had another trial to undergo—to meet the furious glance, to listen to the reiterated imprecations of her outraged lover. " Live," he exclaimed as she left the

church, whose sacred ordinance she had profaned ; “ live, woman, to curse, like me, the hour, the land of your birth—like me, to see your best affections blighted, your hopes withered. Live, to see all that you love trampled in the dust—then, then—curse God, and die !”

She heard no more—she heard not his sacriligious vow to forsake his kindred—to renounce his native village—ay, even his native country—and this time it was no peevish lover’s oath. It was the solemn utterance of despair, and remained unbroken. He left Ronsdorf, and was seen there no more.

Must I describe the sufferings—the mental agony—the patient endurance of the unhappy Gretchen ? The hourly trials of submission to a tyrannical and irritated master—of self-reproach—of self-humiliation ! If she wandered from that most desolate of earthly dwellings,—the abode of beings joined in wedlock, but disunited in every feeling of the heart,—she failed not to cross the path of the deserted Geiler, whose childless old age was tottering un-solaced to his grave. If she strove to busy herself with domestic occupations, she met with angry rebukes ; or worse, with the taunts of a bitter irony in the face of her own household.

Time passed on—and a son was born to the sufferer. She held in her arms a child, of whose father, she thought with dread, if not with abhorrence. But the newly-awakened feeling of maternal tenderness prompted her to

make a feeble attempt to subdue such sentiments; and leading her

“To fancy merit where she saw it not,”

induced her to fix her revilings exclusively on herself, and to school her heart to the duty, if not to the fondness, of a wife. But the repulsive and cruel scorn with which her cheerful efforts were received withered the flowers as they sprung. She turned, therefore, and not in vain for future consolation to the infant who smiled on her knee, and the God from whose bounty that precious gift was vouchsafed.

The boy grew—grew in loveliness and intelligence; and it is not in the power of words to speak the affection which bound together the mother and the child. To his father, on the contrary, he appeared at times an object of aversion. “Cunning in his cruelty,” he had named him Wilhelm, anticipating the hourly torture which the repetition of that name would inflict upon his wife; but it became a far deeper torment to himself. Under other circumstances, Valentine might have become a domestic man, happy as a father and as a husband; but the secret consciousness of his own treachery, and of the misery which he had wantonly inflicted, irritated him to increasing moroseness, and at length to the most unbridled brutality. Hard words, yea, even hard blows, became the evidence of his malice against his forbearing wife—his beautiful child; and in the midst of plenty, loaded with even the luxuries of her station, the heart-worn Gretchen



envied the swarthy partner of the ragged labourer who caressed his children at her gate.

There is nothing which ripens a young heart into so painful a maturity as the continual contemplation of affliction; and it was the silent wretchedness of his mother, as well as her ceaseless and solicitous care, which refined the intellect and demeanour of the little Wilhelm, and allured him from companionship with those of his own age, to become the consolation of her solitude. If a neighbour wished to reward his childish services, it was always with flowers or fruit for his mother; and when the women of the village saw Gretchen led by her boy along the river side on her lonely evening walk, they no longer uttered "God help thee!" as she passed; they felt that, verily, her patience had its reward.

Of Geiler in the mean time, no tidings had reached Ronsdorf. He came to be counted as among the dead; his father had wept his old age into the grave, and the next of kin only waited the expiration of the period decreed by law to appropriate his inheritance. The mill stood still; and the silence of its wheels, as well as the murmurs of the peasants by whom its services were required, became a fresh reproach to the innocent cause of its idleness.

Ten years had passed away since the birth of Wilhelm, when the breaking out of the French Revolution, which, like a mighty convulsion of nature, shed its influence over remote countries where its causes were unknown, brought

danger and dismay even into this obscure district. It is not here that I would enter into the motives of union which leagued the legitimate powers of Europe against the new and self-instituted government of France; it is enough to say, that the troops of the republic, under the command of the celebrated Hoche, were now advancing rapidly upon the Rhine.

In the earliest commencement of the emigration which peopled the environs of Coblentz with the elements of the royalist army, Valentine had enrolled himself in one of the local companies raised for temporary defence. Weary of his home, and unconnected with it save by the vulgar ties of interest, he appeared to rejoice in having obtained a ready vent for his ferocity—an object on which to wreak the venom which festered in his heart. According to a celebrated definition he was eminently qualified for a good patriot, for he was a good *hater*; and he failed not to acquire such credit in his new appointment as raised him to rapid distinction.

Gretchen attempted in vain to subdue the feelings of self-gratulation with which she saw him depart for the army. She prayed hourly and sincerely for his preservation; but she sighed with a deep sensation of release from terror and grief, when she saw her little son sport, for the first time, amid his native fields, without the dread of wanton chastisement. An unexpected trial awaited her. Some days after the departure of her husband, a young peasant who had accompanied him and who was reported

to have fallen into the hands of the enemy, suddenly returned to Ronsdorf. He had a wonderful tale to relate. He had been condemned to death as a spy by Lefèvre, and rescued by the earnest interposition of a French officer of distinction, whose interest in his fate arose from the circumstance of their having been schoolmates in the same village. Need I say that this was Wilhelm Geiler.

On his abrupt departure from Ronsdorf, he had crossed the frontier, and entered into the service of France, where his naturally strong abilities, his distinguished personal address, and the firm coolness of a despairing heart, had enabled him to profit by the disturbed position of society, and to rise rapidly to the rank of colonel, as well as to a high reputation and powerful influence among the officers of the Republican army. The report of these marvellous facts failed not to reach the solitary farm of Gretchen, and it would be difficult to determine whether her sorrow were deeper on hearing that she had armed a hero against her country, or in anticipating the probability of his approach. She resolved *herself* to question the rescued fugitive, and her forebodings were justified.

Yes, the regiment commanded by Colonel Geiler was appointed to lead the left wing of the army towards Weisse Thurm, where the passage of the Rhine was to be attempted, and their route would necessarily bring them through the valley of Ronsdorf. She longed to ask further—to know whether she had been enquired for by the Renegade. The peasant, anticipating her feelings,

added, "The French Colonel questioned me if you were yet alive ; he asked if you were *happy*."

"And you told him?" replied Gretchen, attempting a melancholy smile.

"I told him,—pardon me,—that your cheeks were paler than when you used to wander together through the hazel copses ; but that we of the village thought you wept more that the savageness of your husband should fall upon your boy, than for your own trouble."

"And Geiler answered?"

"He did not answer—he only smiled scornfully."

Here then was food for bitter reflection, for dreadful surmises! He whom she had wept, had prayed for as among the dead—he whose forgiveness she had invoked as a disembodied spirit, was about to appear to her in the flesh, and to dispense his angry vengeance upon her and hers. She could not flatter herself that she was forgotten, and worse—she knew, she felt, that in despite of prayer and penitence, in despite of time—of duty—of all that could be urged, she felt that she loved him still. But she had no time to lose in communing with her own mind. She checked the thousand bitter feelings that rose in her heart, she strained her boy to her bosom ; then girding on her shoes to her feet, and taking him by the hand, she went her way from Ronsdorf. There was but one refuge to which she could look with any confidence. The brother of her father, her only surviving kinsman, was a professed brother of the Abbey of Laach ; and she

feared not but that his interest would secure her a temporary asylum in that holy community; which, such was still the trust in local sanctity, she doubted not would be held sacred even by an invading enemy. Had she further questioned the villager from whom her information was derived, this belief would have been shaken; for she might have learned that Valentine himself, and the troops under his command, were marching, on the earnest application of the brotherhood, to the defence of their rich possessions, among which the plate of the sanctuary, and a gallery of splendid paintings, were alone sufficient to invite the rapacity of the spoiler.

Gretchen and her boy had now more than half achieved their desperate enterprise; but they had yet two leagues of country to traverse, and these were infested by military stragglers. They were also now oppressed by fatigue; and it was the sense of these dangers, and a sudden and painful presentiment, which prompted that effusion of grief to which I have already alluded. It did not, however, endure so long as my recital; the sense of immediate danger roused the unhappy mother. A sound of merriment reached the spot where she was lying; and Wilhelm, cautiously surveying the country over the edge of the ravine, announced that a company of three or four soldiers, wearing the French uniform, were ascending the opposite side of the hill, and that in less than a quarter of an hour they might reach the spot on which she reposed. Gretchen looked around for succour, to the

earth—to heaven itself—and but one expedient occurred to her.

“Cover me with these brambles,” whispered she to her boy, as she tore up large armsful that were matted along the bottom of the channel, the blood streaming from her lacerated arms; “cover me closely, Wilhelm, and lay yourself at length above me as if asleep. But stay,” continued she, “preparing to coil herself under her thorny cover, and taking out a knife from her bosom, she cut off one of the long braids of her hair; she placed it in his vest, and whispered, “If I should fall into the hands of these ruffians, I should not long thereafter cumber the earth; but let me hope to prove the only sacrifice. You, child of my love, when you see me fall, provoke not the miscreants by vain upbraidings; but demand of them to conduct you as prisoner to Colonel Geiler,—it is a name which they fear and reverence,—and when you are brought before him, give him that braid, and tell him it is wet with Gretchen’s life-blood, who from the grave implores him to protect her child.” One long, long kiss sealed the mother’s blessing, and a moment afterwards she was concealed under the tangled bushes; and Wilhelm with his little body lay resting above her, when the foremost of the soldiers, in attempting to leap from one bank to the other, scrambled into the ravine, a few feet from her hiding-place. The child, affecting to be roused by the noise, lifted his head, then turned to sleep again. A second now appeared, shouting to the rest of the party

in the tone and manner of a huntsman inciting his dogs, to enter a *taillis*.

“*Hourra, à moi théan.*”

The others instantly clambered to his side; “*Mais quel gibier trouves-tu là bas, mon brave?*” inquired one, jestingly.

“A sleeping boy—a sorry prize!” retorted the first. “Rise,” continued he, touching Wilhelm rudely with his foot.

“*Je ne le puis;*” replied the boy in imperfect French, but unhesitatingly. “*La faim et les fatigues m’ épuisent les forces; passez votre chemin, camarades, et laissez moi reposer.*”

“*Camarades!* forsooth!” said the soldier; “truly this unlicked cub of a Flemish bear is the first who hath saluted me with the polite accents of ‘*la nation*’ since I crossed the frontier. And what dost thou here, imp?”

Gretchen trembled for the reply. The strict habits of veracity in which she had educated her child, and his own frank and honourable temper, might prove fatal to her safety.

“I go,” replied Wilhelm, calmly, “on an urgent errand to an officer of your army.”

“His name?”

“Colonel Geiler.”

The soldiers exchanged significant looks. “And what seek you from him? what are your claims?”

The boy paused a moment. “I go to him in the name

of my lost mother," said he, at length, the tears rising in his eyes as he spoke; "she hath bequeathed me to his care."

"Thou hadst better follow us, my gallant lad; Geiler will give thee hard fare, and few holidays. He will make a good soldier of thee 'tis true; but his discipline will be something of the sharpest for a dainty homebred youngling."

"Ay, ay," muttered another, "bring the urchin with us, he will make a prime dog of the scent for our forage."

"Hush thy marauding jargon, and hear his reply."

"I cannot be of your company, gentlemen, in good sooth," said the undaunted boy, "even if my mother's command weighed not upon me. I cannot proceed without some hours of repose. See," he continued, exhibiting his cut and bleeding feet, "see what a burthen I should be to you, disabled as I am."

"He saith truly," exclaimed one of the party. "Come, let us leave him to snore away the afternoon, and proceed to yonder farm. The smoke rises invitingly over the arbeal trees, and proclaims a goodly mess of pottage within. Ay, and perhaps a flash of *asmannshausen* to recruit us for the evening."

"Well thought of, Jacquot," said the others; let us onwards;" and pelting the inwardly exulting child with the fragments of his meal, they climbed over the fosse, and were soon at the foot of the hill, as the chorus of



their song, becoming fainter and fainter in the distance, proclaimed to the trembling Gretchen. As soon as all danger was decidedly past, the agitated boy became overwhelmed by the violence of the emotion he had hitherto controuled, and he could only falter out, in reply to the fervent embraces of Gretchen, "My mother,—my dear—dear mother!"

They now resumed their march; and for one league they contrived to overcome their fatigue by mutual congratulations on their escape. But when they reached the summit of the Veitsberg, and beheld the Abbey and Lake of Laach lying far away at their feet, the boy grew faint, and declared himself incapable of stirring another step.

It was evening, and the calm blue lake gleaming beyond the avenue of poplars, reflected on its bosom the majestic abbey\* with its six towers, retiring among the stately woods, yet thrown out in strong relief by their dark shadows. There stood the sacred edifice in the purity of its dazzling whiteness,—lonely—lovely—apparently beyond the reach of the clamours of the world, and worshipping the God of nature in the beauty of holiness. Gretchen stretched forth her hands towards the pile, as if for succour; she seemed to imagine that the power of Him who is mighty to save had descended upon his ministers. At this moment she fancied she

\* The ruins of the Abbey of Laach are now the property of a lady, celebrated on the Continent for her elegant writings.

discovered banners waving on a distant hill, and ignorant of the bearing of the country, and of the respective positions of the contending armies, she knew not whether the post were held by friend or foe, or whether the scarcely discernible troops were advancing or retreating ; but she felt a double necessity for exertion, and lifting her fainting boy upon her shoulders, she hurried on, trembling beneath the load, till obliged to pause for breath. Again she proceeded, till the rested child was enabled to crawl by her side for a quarter of a league. But he was soon again overcome, and she bore him once more at her back, till they reached the border of the lake.

“ We are saved ! we are saved ! ” said Gretchen, falling on her knees, and carrying to her parched lips a mouthful of its welcome waters.

The bell of the Abbey was tolling for vespers when she rung at the massive gateway. After eyeing her vigilantly through the grating, the aged porter, to whom she had become familiar in occasional visits of confession to her uncle, half opened the wicket, and kindly inquired her business.

“ What wouldst thou, Gretchen, traversing the country at this dangerous season ? ”

“ I seek for rest,—for shelter for myself and my child, ” she replied faintly.

“ Holy mother of Heaven ! ” exclaimed the porter ; “ knowst thou not that our order forbids the domiciliation

of females? that no woman must enter our abbey further than the chapel?"

"I know nothing," said Gretchen, despondingly, "but that we are perishing for lack of rest and food. Look," continued she, throwing back the hair which her recent exertions had brought like a floating veil over her face, and displaying her fair countenance and arms defaced, and bleeding from the wounds of the thorns.

The porter on this appeal entered the inner court, and soon re-appeared, conducting her venerable uncle, Father Peter, to whom she attempted to renew her supplication; but even while his hand was extended in a blessing over her head, she rolled senselessly at his feet.

Many, many hours she passed in a state of insensibility. She was spared the discussions which arose as to the possibility of her admission;—she was spared the painful knowledge that Valentine and his troops were hourly and anxiously expected by the holy brotherhood; and when she awoke she found herself lying on a mattress by the side of the high altar of the church of Laach. It was the vigil of the Feast of the Assumption; and notwithstanding the anxious uncertainty that oppressed the brethren, the church was splendidly lighted up, and filled with fumes of the incense for the celebration of the midnight mass. Wilhelm was kneeling by her side; and as she woke to consciousness, the slow and measured volume of harmony which rolled along the aisles, and lost

itself in the arched roof, for a moment persuaded her that she had passed the weary boundary of mortality. Gretchen! thou hast a trial of deeper suffering to undergo ere the reality of heaven shall open upon thee!

While she was yet imperfectly recovered, a strange confusion—the sound of many voices—interrupted by one of stern command, arose at the principal entrance of the church. She crept from her mattress, and leaning against the marble railing of the altar, she looked intently towards the portal. “Fear nothing,” proclaimed the voice in pure German; “fear nothing, holy father. I war not with the aged and infirm, nor with the ministers of the gospel of Christ. It is the expectation of other and more formidable opponents that has led us hither to-night. Either my information has failed me, or a detachment of the allied army will be here before daylight; therefore, seeing that our entry and investment of the abbey is fully effected before their arrival, it were well to place yourselves in security, while we prepare for our defence. Gentlemen and fellow-soldiers,” continued the officer, turning to the troops, who now filled the church in every direction, “remember that, as the representatives of the French nation, you respect the safety of these aged and helpless fellow-christians. Recollect,” he continued, repressing by the severity of his tone the scornful murmurs that rose around him, “that our conquest is yet unassured; and that pillage and rapine are unworthy obstacles to our perfect success. But how is this?” he

added, advancing rapidly up the aisle; "women and children among the holy brotherhood?"

The light from the illuminated altar fell upon his brilliant and decorated uniform, as he stood gracefully leaning on his sword. Gretchen shrieked aloud, and hid her face, for she knew in him the lost—the beloved of her heart.

"Gretchen—unhappy girl," said he, in an altered voice, "what seekest thou here?"

She answered by exclaiming aloud, but almost unconsciously, "Did I leave my peaceful home to avoid him, but to meet him here, and thus?"

Geiler contemplated her pale and disfigured countenance in mournful silence, and at length faltered out, as if in reply to his own observations, "I had heard of this, but I dreamed not of so total a wreck! And this is thy child, Gretchen," he continued, in a low tone, laying his hand tenderly on the head of Wilhelm; "he is like thee, too—like thee, Gretchen, such as thou wert of old."

The little Wilhelm, whose ear had caught some distant sound, and whose eye had been for some time steadfastly fixed on the windows of the church, now started from the pressure of Colonel Geiler's hand, shouting with enthusiasm, "*On vient—on vient—à bas les ennemis de la patrie!*"

His announcement was not premature. The troops of the confederation, unwilling to attack the detachment

under Geiler's command with the disadvantage of inferior numbers and far inferior appointments, in an open plain, had remained under the screen of the neighbouring woods since the evening ; and, assisted by their local knowledge, being mostly peasants of the country, they had watched the entrance and lodgment of his men, to pour upon them from their ambuscade. The foremost to lead them on was Valentine, and his amazement on beholding from the window, displayed by the brilliant light within, his enemy rescued from death, glorying in recent victory, and in communion with the wife and child whom he had believed to be tranquilly sleeping at Ronsdorf, irritated him to madness.

He was the first to force the entry—to rush along the aisle ; and levelling his pistol at the head of Geiler, he fired ? The aim of hatred and fury is seldom correctly taken ; and the bullet would have lodged in the body of his wife, had not her boy, foreseeing her danger, thrown his arms around her neck, and received the charge in his heart. They fell together—the *mêlée* became general—the church was filled with the smoke of a hundred discharges of musketry—the opponents fought hand to hand, and Valentine was among the early slain. After a desperate carnage, the French remained masters of their post, and drove the remnant of the assailants into the lake, or into the refuge of the adjoining woods.

On the following morning the bodies of the slain received such hasty burial as the time would permit. Two

only were distinguished by the rites of sepulture in the blackened and defaced church of Laach—a woman and a child. They were found side by side, his little hand entangled in her hair; and the faces of both were stamped on and mutilated by the soldiers, who had trod and re-trod over their bodies in the fight, without having been able to separate the embrace in which they died.

I have stood in that desolate church, and marked the place of their interment; and of all the outrages recorded by the bare walls and ruinous arcades of that stately abbey, the grave of Gretchen is to me the most affecting.

**THE**  
**LAST HEIR OF GLENKERRIN.**

**BY JAMES EMERSON, ESQ.**





## THE LAST HEIR OF GLENKERRIN.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

IN one of the most sequestered retreats of a narrow valley, at the foot of a chain of irregular hills which stretch along the southern shore of the bay of Carrickfergus, the traveller may still trace the few scattered ruins of what was formerly the residence of the earls of Glenkerrin. They are situated at the base of one of the steepest acclivities, and are discernible at a considerable distance, from the scattered lines of lofty elms with which the grounds had been formerly covered, but whose number has long been reduced by the innovations of the plough, and their uniformity broken by time or the caprice of after proprietors. In the midst of this retired spot, and surrounded by a grove of these gloomy survivors of decay, stand the remains of the castle. From the extent of the grassy mound formed by the debris of its ruin, it would seem to have once been of considerable extent; but a few ivied walls, and stone-faced buttresses and windows, are all that now remain.

It is impossible to wander over these hoary ruins without feelings of the most melancholy interest ; and whilst seated on this fallen monument of faded grandeur, whilst the eye wanders through vistas of its lofty elms, or falls upon its grass-grown walls, embosomed in their shade, the stillness of the spot, the waving of the stately branches, and the murmur of the river which glides through the valley, all conspire to fill the mind with impressions deep and overpowering.

With the peasantry of the neighbouring district its shades have long been a subject of fear and veneration : their solitude, their silence, and their distance from the populous portion of the valley, have rendered them the site of many a freezing tale ; and the noise occasioned by the casual fall of some decayed portion of the building, or the scream of the sea-birds which sometimes frequent its precincts, have conspired to give an origin or a confirmation to their tales. But there are circumstances connected with the traditionary history of the house, which form a domestic story much more horrible than the distorted fictions of the superstitious peasantry. The family of Glenkerrin was originally of English extraction, but had been settled in Ireland since the reign of Henry VII., when their connexion with the devastating civil wars of that period had forced them to fly from their native soil. During the almost ceaseless turmoils of the following reigns their names are frequently mentioned ; and during the wars in Ireland, in the reign of Elizabeth,

they were active coadjutors of the crown, an hereditary adherence to which, under Charles I., had terminated in the forfeiture of their estates by the Commonwealth, in which, however, they were reinstated at the Restoration. From thence till the period of my tale, with which their career terminates, we scarcely find them noticed ; till about the year 1670 the family became extinct, and the estates, after a long series of litigation and decay, were broken up and disposed of by the crown.

Owing to the extravagance of the family during the reigns prior to the accession of James II., the estates descended much impaired to Percy Fitzaylmer, the father of the last earl of Glenkerrin ; and that circumstance, as well as a natural inclination for the profession of arms, induced him to embrace a military life. He attached himself early to the fortunes of the Prince of Orange ; and it was only after the termination of the civil war in Ireland that he abandoned the army, and retired to settle for life at the seat of his ancestors. Fiery and impatient of control by nature, habit had given a sternness and obstinacy to his character which served to render still more unamiable a temper already chafed by its own fires, and warped by early disappointments. He had married young ; and from an union which added nothing to his faded fortunes, had only gained an heir to his attenuated income. His marriage had been one rather of passion than of prudence ; for unfortunately his lady possessed no one re-

quisite suitable to the impetuous disposition of the earl. Mild, artless, and gentle, her sweetness was but ill calculated to meet the stormy passions of her lord ; and on his part, he seemed, from the day of their union, to live but in gloom and self-reproaches, till, after a few years of weary endurance, Lady Glenkerrin died of a broken heart, leaving an only son, who was shortly after committed to the care of his maternal relatives, as the disturbed state of the neighbouring kingdom required the earl's presence in England. In the bosom of retirement, surrounded by kindness and affection, the youth of the heir of Glenkerrin was spent in amusement rather than in action ; and imbibing from those by whom he was surrounded the bias of his character, he seemed to present a total counterpart to the boisterous tempers and gloomy habits of his father. The family of his mother were, in point of respectability, though not perhaps of antiquity, equal to his own. Motives of interest had induced them to sanction the union of their daughter with the earl ; but sad experience almost immediately taught them to regret their acquiescence. Forbidding and unsociable, he had never attempted to conciliate their affection ; and coldness, bordering on insult or neglect, was their only substitute for anticipated kindness and urbanity ; so that, in fact, from the hour of his union, intimacy seemed to decline rather than to advance ; and a fear of his displeasure, or uneasiness of his presence, soon usurped the place of

mutual confidence and alternate intercourse. His harsh treatment of his wife, however, was no secret to her family ; whilst his protracted unkindness, and its fatal termination, seemed to place a final bar to any renewal of confidence between them. His child, however, shared no portion of his father's odium ; and being entrusted to their care at so helpless a period, and under such agonizing circumstances, seemed to possess a double claim on their kindness. His childhood, therefore, was watched over with parental fondness, and his education was deficient in no point becoming his birth and prospects. As he grew to manhood his disposition seemed tinged with all the sweetness of his mother ; and his manner, kind and affable, displayed all the frankness and unsuspecting gaiety of youth. But his character was not formed by circumstances alone ; the blood of his father still flowed in his veins ; and though habitually mild and equable, there were moments in which the fire of his ancestors would rise above his usual gentleness ; whilst a steady decision, and a manly firmness, told that, though the softness of his mother might be conspicuous in his character, some subdued feelings of his father's sternness still remained to strengthen and invigorate it. His boyhood was marked by no unusual occurrence ; his early years were spent in almost total retirement ; and he seemed to find his only enjoyment in the bosom of his family, or in the keen pursuit of manly sports among the neighbouring mountains. Under such circumstances, possessed by nature of a quick and sen-

sitive heart, the tale of his deceased mother's wrongs fresh in his memory, surrounded by those whom habit and experience had taught to fear rather than to respect his father, himself almost a stranger to his only parent, and unconsciously imbibing towards him the prejudices of those by whom his education had been tended, it is not surprising that his feelings were those of regret, when, on the termination of William's successful campaign in Ireland, he learned that his father was about to retire to his native valley, and that in future his son was to be the companion of his solitude. An instinctive dread of his father, a sorrow at thus abandoning the asylum of his youth, and the idea of being obliged to remodel his habits to suit the taste and temper of one for whom he had learned to feel less than indifference, formed altogether no pleasing prospect: but there was another and a dearer feeling which rendered such a separation an object of deeper regret; this was a long-cherished attachment for the daughter of his maternal uncle. Educated together from childhood, a similarity of tastes and pursuits had produced an interchange of affection; and an unrivalled sweetness of disposition, and a delicate and interesting style of beauty, as his cousin grew to womanhood, had strengthened in his heart the early impressions of youth, till at the age of nineteen, when his father's determination gave so sudden a change to his prospects, he found himself the slave of a passion which, cherished through childhood, he now looked forward to as the source of happiness

through life. Of this connexion his father was of course totally ignorant, and the gloom and despondency which marked his son's conduct on their first arrival at Glenkerrin were readily attributed to the regret natural to a sudden removal from the society to which he had been so long accustomed. Time, however, made no improvement in his habitual melancholy, which, in addition to the solitude of his situation, was unceasingly excited by the dread that his father should arrive at the knowledge of an attachment which he was well aware he would oppose. Their intercourse was marked by petulance on the one side, and something bordering on aversion on the other. As to the earl, his time was chiefly spent in the seclusion of his own apartments, or in solitary rambles through his deserted demesne; and if upon such occasions his son's society was requested, their silence was never interrupted save by an occasional remark from the earl, to which the reply was brief and acquiescent. There was no mutual confidence, no paternal kindness, and no social intercourse between them. Henry, too, seemed unwilling to break in upon his father's habits of reserve and seclusion, and his own solitary walks were chosen where he would be least likely to intrude upon his father's privacy. His life was solitude, and his only companions his thoughts; for his visits to his mother's family had of late seemed displeasing to the earl. A few years rolled on in this monotonous course, their sameness unbroken by any incident save an occasional visit to the metropolis or England.



Henry's passion for his cousin still remained unabated, nor had any change taken place in her feelings; but affairs quickly approached to a crisis.

The heir of Glenkerrin was in his twenty-third year when his father arrived from one of his annual visits to England. On the evening of the day subsequent to his return his son was summoned to attend him in his own apartment, and in the course of the interview he informed him of the object of his wishes. He had now completed a negotiation for his son's marriage with the daughter of an English nobleman, an alliance by which the estates as well as the interest of his family would be materially advanced. His arrangements admitted of no delay, and he expected in a few weeks to return, in order to present his son to his intended bride. This intelligence fell like a thunderbolt on the heart of Henry. He was aware of the imprudence of his continuing to cherish an attachment which his parent must condemn; but he had still lived in unreflecting hope, nor ever dreamed of such precipitancy on the part of his father. His reply was hurried and impassioned. He implored to be released from such an engagement: he urged his aversion to any matrimonial alliance; and when his father, with his wonted unbending sternness, urged his parental authority, he in vain entreated for even a month's delay. Unpractised in deceit, or in the art of concealing his motives, his impetuosity soon betrayed to Lord Glenkerrin that a prior attachment was the obstacle to his wishes; but though his son's confusion

served to confirm his suspicions, he found it impossible to draw from him the secret of his heart. The earl's was not a bosom to be bent by supplication. A few other interviews succeeded, in which he continued to manifest the same unbending determination, which his son's tears and entreaties were alike unable to alter. The appointed time of their departure was fast approaching, and Henry, urged on by despair, was not slow in adopting his own resolution. He communicated to his cousin his determination never to accede to his father's views; and urged her, as the only choice left them between happiness and misery, to submit to an immediate marriage. It was with difficulty that he prevailed, her natural timidity shrinking from a step so fraught with difficulties and hazard, and demanding so much firmness and resolution; but passion at length prevailed over every scruple, and it was arranged that on the evening previous to the earl's departure for England they should elope from Glenkerrin.

The period to which my tale now refers was towards the winter of 1665. The yellow leaves of the lofty elms were quivering to the ground; and the songs of the thrush and the linnet, among their branches, were exchanged for the melancholy howl of the winds as they swept through their long and cheerless avenues. The solitary ceremonial of dinner had been concluded at the castle; and, after an hour's silence over the once festal board, Henry and his father separated, the latter retired to his own apartments, and his son to effect the completion of a project, on the

success of which his future happiness so entirely depended. It was in a secluded spot, on the verge of the demesne, still pointed out by the peasantry, and close by the avenue which led to the public road, that about nine o'clock, amidst the pitchy darkness of a November night, an equipage stood in waiting under the shelter of the spreading branches: the air was piercingly cold; and, as the chill blast of evening swept keenly through the trees, the benumbed animals which were harnessed to the carriage seemed to lean towards each other for mutual warmth, whilst the domestic who attended them pressed his arms closer on his breast, and as he stamped impatiently on the earth murmured at the delay of his young lord. Not a star was visible; the air seemed thick with darkness, and a few heavy drops, which fell upon the withering leaves, seemed to foretell the approach of a wintry midnight. The carriage had now been in attendance nearly an hour, and the rain was beginning to descend impetuously, when two figures emerged from the gloom, and approached the spot; a female closely enveloped in a travelling habit, leaned sobbing and agitated on the arm of Henry. He hurried her onwards towards the door: her foot was already on the step, when two figures starting from behind the adjoining trees arrested their attention. The night was so intensely dark, that although close beside him, Henry was some seconds before he discovered the figure of his father; and his fair companion was totally ignorant of their approach, till with a

scream she recognized, in the tone with which he exclaimed, "Hold!" the determined voice of Lord Glenkerrin. She immediately clung to her lover for support, and whilst in terror she hid her face in his bosom, his father imperiously demanded an explanation of the scene before him. A few words were sufficient to disclose all; denial was vain; and concealment impossible; Henry at once declared his object and intentions. Rage for the first time overcame the usual haughty bearing of the earl; and on his son's boldly asserting his determination never to proceed with the marriage proposed by his father, he seemed to lose all command of his impetuous temper. His eye glanced fury on him, and in the bitterness of his soul he cursed him as the groveling offspring of a base-born mother. But a moment was sufficient to restore his wonted mien; and in his usual tone he ordered the trembling girl to ascend the carriage. Convulsed with agony, she clung closer to her lover, till, after a moment's delay, the earl turned and in a voice of thunder called on his domestics to tear her from him, and place her in the vehicle. The person who had accompanied him advanced as he directed; but the scene now became too horrible for description. The terrified girl still clung frantically to her lover; the ruffian advanced to fulfil the orders of his tyrant; a struggle ensued; he had nearly succeeded, when a desperate thrust of his poniard had, as Henry imagined, levelled the miscreant with the dust, till in the gurgling sob and dying exclama-

tion of the wretch at his feet, he found he was *the murderer of his father.*

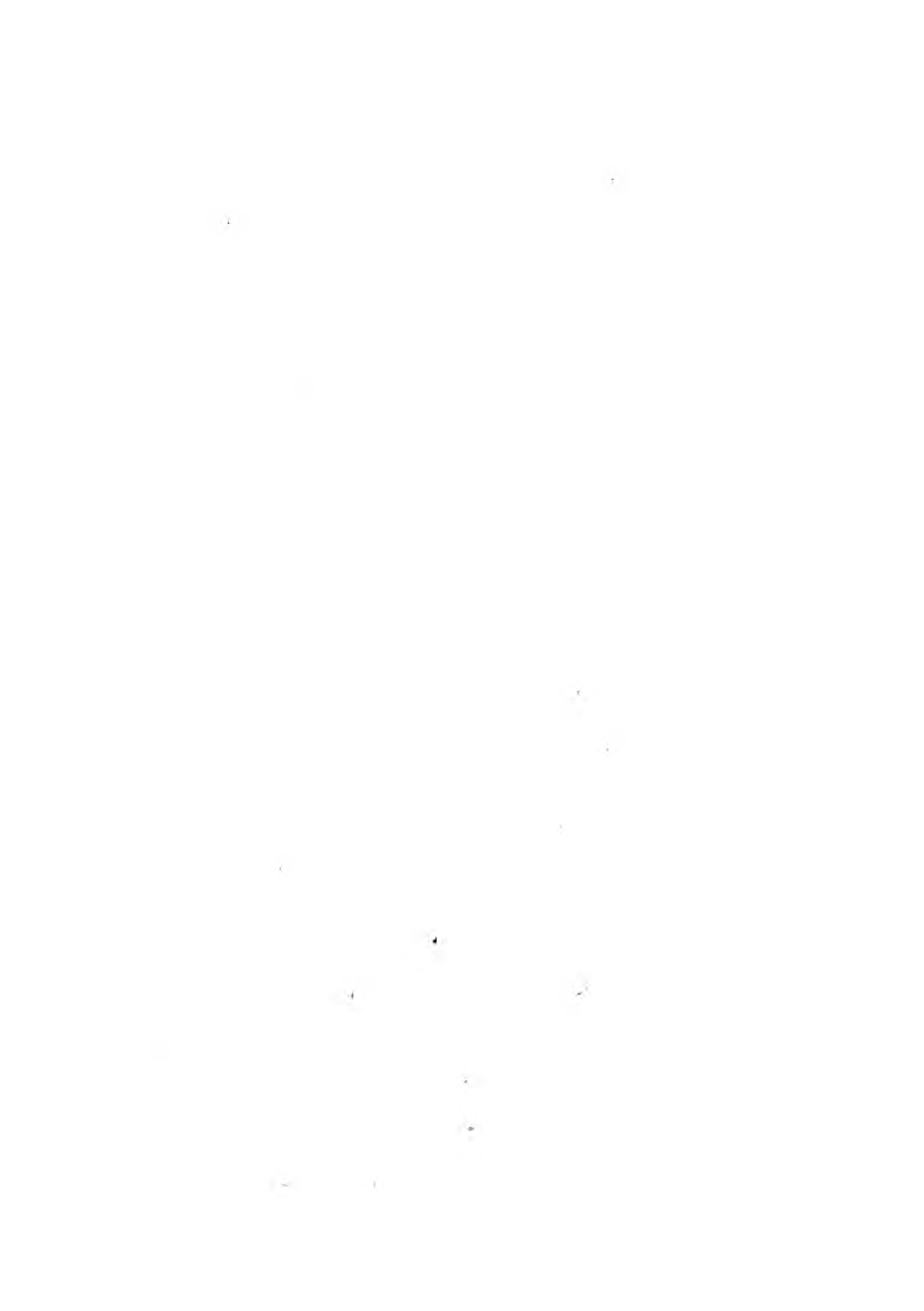
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The obsequies of the deceased earl were performed with the utmost privacy, and his remains were interred in the abbey of Grey Friars on the shores of Loch Cuan. The circle of his acquaintance in his own vicinity had never been extensive; slight investigation was ever made of the circumstances of his death; and his son entered upon the title and estates of his ancestors. But the cup of his bitterness was not yet full; for ever haunted by the idea of his crime, the blood of a parent still reeking before his eyes, his bosom knew no solace, and his soul no rest. By day his thoughts were on the past, and by night his dreams were of the last situation in which he had seen his father—his murdered frame convulsed with agony, and his hoary locks besmeared with gore. Time brought him no relief; and at length he fled for succour to the last hope that was left to him. He renewed his suit with his cousin, but misery again awaited him; she firmly and resolutely refused to unite her fate with his; she could never enjoy as a bride, the happiness which had been purchased by blood; nor could she look without horror even on an involuntary parricide. But her trials were not of long duration; a few months saw her numbered with the clods of the valley.

Without hope, without solace, and without society, the last heir of Glenkerrin found himself now, in the flower of youth, the victim of misery. For some time he lingered

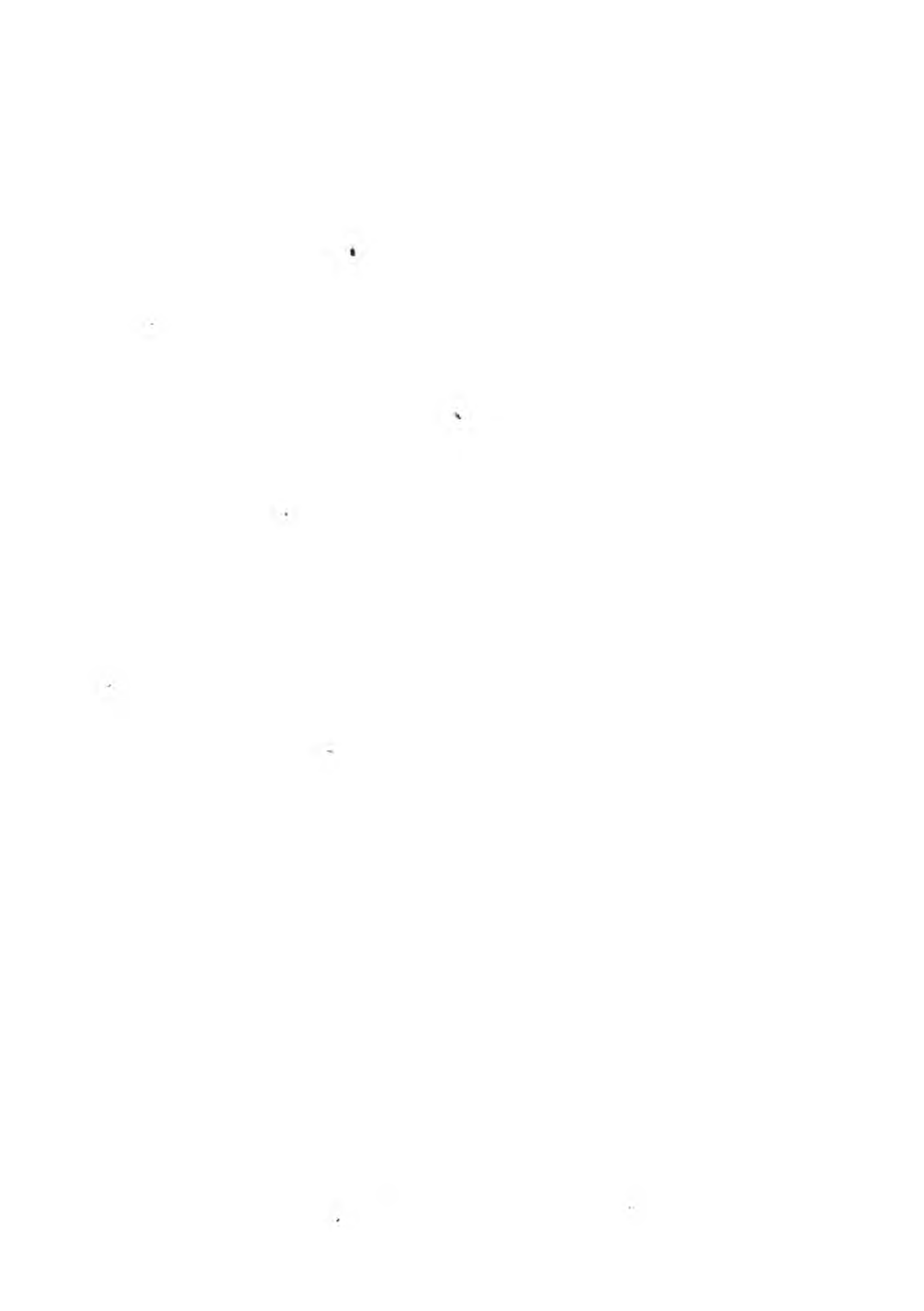
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amid the haunts of his boyhood; but as every object that there met his eye but tended to remind him of the horrors of his situation, he did not remain long in the neighbourhood of Glenkerrin. What eventually became of him has never been correctly ascertained.



**THE BRIDE OF GLENMOY.**





## THE BRIDE OF GLENMOY.

I will be master of what is mine own :  
She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,  
My household stuff, my field, my barn,  
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing.

*Katharine and Petruchio.*

THESE were also the sentiments of our Highland Petruchio, the stern and imperious Macdowall of Dunolich, who tyrannised unrelentingly over his unhappy wife ; and yet the only crime with which he could charge her, was that of giving him a daughter instead of a son. This was a piece of injustice which he never pardoned ; nor did he ever forgive the gentle Beatrice for not being of the nobler sex. Convinced that the prized name of Macdowall would, at least in his branch, be extinct, he resolved that it should merge only in one of equal antiquity—and his wishes appeared likely to be gratified ; for the gay and gallant Lewis Gordon had won the heart of Beatrice Macdowall. Dunolich held

the theory of affection, attachment, &c., in utter contempt, and though his daughter had hated Lewis Gordon as much as she loved him, he would have insisted on the marriage ; but he gave every encouragement to an attachment which would save him the torment of sighs and tears, and the trouble of silencing opposition by promulgating his irreversible decree.

The deep and still waters of an extensive loch divided the domain of Dunolich from that of Sir Norman Gordon, whose ancient castle stood, in stern grandeur, on the verge of the bold cliff. The eldest son of Sir Norman, the father of Lewis, died in defence of his country ; the second perished in the loch, where his light pinnace was wrecked, in one of those sudden squalls which rush so frequently from the Highland hills. Each left a son. Lewis, the heir of the family estate and honours was scarcely ever allowed to be a moment out of the sight of Sir Norman ; whilst Malcolm, who was Lewis's senior by five years, was carried to England by his mother, a native of that country ; and after her death, succeeded in her right to an English baronetcy, adding her name, Vaus, to his own.

Sir Norman had at various times expressed a wish to see Sir Malcolm, but his request had never been complied with ; first, he was at Eton—then his studies at the University must not be interrupted—and, lastly, he could no longer delay making the tour of the Continent, where we may suppose he found morals and manners congenial

to his own, as he remained abroad six years. Only by report, therefore, was he known to his northern relations, and that was not favourable to him. Nothing flagrantly vicious had appeared in his conduct; but there were vague rumours and suspicions afloat, sufficient to create a very considerable prejudice against him.

His friends, however, were soon enabled to form their own opinion of his merits; for, at the period when my story opens, and while the attachment of Beatrice and Lewis was every hour gaining strength, Sir Malcolm Gordon Vaus suddenly appeared among them.

The Highlands of Scotland have long been celebrated for hospitality; and certainly on this occasion there was no lack of that virtue. There, all are neighbours who live within twenty or thirty miles of each other; of course, Glenmoy Castle was speedily filled with guests, who ostensibly came to congratulate Sir Norman on the arrival of his grandson; but whether or not curiosity to see the stranger had any share in all this shew of kindness, we shall not stop to inquire. It appeared, however, that this influx of visitors was by no means agreeable to Sir Malcolm, who shunned them all, as much, or perhaps rather more than was consistent with the laws of *bienseance*. This was soon observed by the guests. Their Highland pride was touched—and they dropped off, one by one, till at length only Sir Norman, Sir Malcolm, and Lewis remained in the now gloomy and deserted castle.

“How like you our new-found cousin, fair Beatrice?” said Lewis, as one lovely day they stood together, watching the sea-fowl skimming the surface of the loch.

“Like him!” replied Beatrice; “think you that any one can like that dark, moody man?”

“I hope *you* will always find it impossible, dear Beatrice,” said Lewis, pressing her hand.

“You offend me, Lewis. Can you, for a moment, believe me capable of breaking the faith I have plighted to you?”

“Do not chide me: true love is ever apprehensive. Ah! do not even look on him.”

“I love not to look on him—I would rather look on a snake crossing my path than contemplate his hateful smile.”

“He smiles on you, then?—if I thought that he dared but to lift his eyes——”

A slight rustling among the trees interrupted his speech. They turned hastily round—and the eager eyes of Lewis encountered the fixed gaze of Sir Malcolm, who advancing, said,

“Pardon me that I have accidentally overheard some conversation in which my name was mentioned. Is it possible that the heir of these wide domains, the high-minded, chivalrous Lewis Gordon, can dread the interference of his poor cousin? What can I offer, that you should fear me?”

“Sir,” replied Lewis, while he measured his rival with a fiery eye, “I fear you *not!*”

“Sir Malcolm smiled.

“This is as it should be. It would indeed be the height of folly to suppose that a poor stranger such as I am, could supplant you in any way. How absurd!” and Sir Malcolm laughed scornfully.

“It is, as you say, absurd,” replied Lewis, sternly; “and I injured both you and myself by the supposition, which could I for a moment believe——”

Lewis paused.

“Your blood is easily stirred, young Sir,” replied Sir Malcolm; “but, if you have any doubts of my honour, I appeal to the lady herself.”

“And I,” said Beatrice, “reply, that Sir Malcolm Gordon never dared to breathe a wish that I should break my plighted faith. Let me then have the pleasure of seeing you reconciled.”

“I beg you will forgive my warmth,” said Lewis, offering his hand.

“Be assured,” replied Sir Malcolm, “that this conversation has not, in the smallest degree, altered my sentiments towards you.” He then wrung Lewis’s hand, and plunging into an adjacent wood, was soon lost to their view.

It did not long escape remark, that Sir Malcolm seldom left the side of Sir Norman, whose temper and disposition he seemed unceasingly to study; and as it

could not be supposed that the society of the old chieftain could possess any very powerful attraction for a man of the world, the friends of Lewis were by no means easy on finding that Sir Malcolm seemed determined to atone for former neglect, by establishing himself permanently at the castle.

“Why do you look so sad, dear Lewis?” asked Beatrice, some weeks after the above occurrence, as they met one day at their favourite spot on the bank of the loch.

“How can I be otherwise, dearest Beatrice, when about to leave you?”

“Leave me!—how?—why?”

“Sir Norman insists that I shall immediately visit his estate of Ballinsby. I confess I am not at all disposed to undertake this very long journey at present; for, independently of my reluctance to leave you, I think a great change has taken place in the appearance of Sir Norman. He has suddenly become feeble and weak; and I fear that should he be taken ill in my absence, he may not be properly attended.”

“Surely, then, you ought not to go.”

“I have already urged him, by every argument I could think of, to permit me to delay the proposed journey; but I found him unusually irritable—and when I spoke of my anxiety regarding his health, he looked very strangely at me, and muttered something about young heirs watching every breath drawn by those who stood

between them and their honours ; and when I persisted, he became furious, warned me against assuming too soon the airs of a master, and charged me instantly to obey his commands."

Beatrice looked distressed.

" I fear you must go—and yet it is very unfortunate. Can you not get him to consent to delay this journey for a few weeks, when my father will be returned—you know he went south some time since."

" I am sorry to say," replied Lewis, " that my influence over him is too much diminished to hope that he will be induced to alter his determination—indeed, from the heat he manifested on the subject, I do not think it prudent to resume it. I must, therefore, leave you, but I trust my exile may not be long."

Engrossed by such discourse, our lovers wandered on, unconscious of their path, when Beatrice started, on finding herself in a deep and gloomy valley, where the yew and sombre fir imparted a chilling and melancholy aspect to a scene, which one might have believed till now untrodden by the foot of man, had not the remains of a wretched hovel attested that here some miserable victim of poverty had found a shelter, or a grave.

" Why did you bring me here ?" exclaimed Beatrice, pressing Lewis's arm.

" What alarms you, my love ?"

" Do you not know, that is the dwelling of Elspeth. You cannot conceive the pain that the sight of her



wretchedness gives me, perhaps you are not aware that she and her family were born on our estate. They, however, gave some offence to my father, who ordered them to remove. At this time their only daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, was lying dangerously ill of a violent fever, and they prayed to be allowed to remain till she recovered, which was refused; surely some cruel person had urged my father to this harshness. In the midst of a severe storm of snow, these poor people were torn from their dwelling, and forced to take shelter in that hovel, where, in a few days, the daughter died. Grieved for their situation, I went privately to visit them; but my proffered succour was rejected, and the most appalling imprecations and reproaches pursued me as I hurried from the dreadful scene. Since then, I have never revisited this spot."

"She is not always in such savage moods," replied Lewis, "I met her once near her hovel, where I had been drawn in pursuit of game, and gained her heart by listening patiently to her sad story, and lamenting her gentle Mary, who I had often seen in my rambles. It is said that she sees into futurity; come, let us inquire if our loves are to be prosperous."

"No, no, no! let us leave this gloomy place."

Beatrice turned, but across her path lay a figure, enveloped in a tattered plaid, which, extending two long shrivelled arms, threw them suddenly around Beatrice, who, shrieking wildly, struggled to extricate herself.

“ As firmly as I hold you, shrieked the beldame, so shall misery grasp you with his iron hands : as you now shriek and struggle in my embrace, so shall your cries arise to heaven for release from torture. Daughter of a cursed race ! bitter shall be your cup.”

“ Wretched woman,” cried Lewis, endeavouring to release Beatrice, “ how dare you impiously curse the innocent ?”

But she still held Beatrice, who, throwing her arms round Lewis’s neck, called wildly for help ; but the hoarse cry of the raven alone answered her.

“ Shall not the child suffer for the crimes of the parent ? Daughter of a doomed race ! unlink your fate from that of the Gordon ; your path leads to despair and death ; drag him not with thee.”

“ Away ! vile beldame, I defy and despise your threats, none but Beatrice Macdowall shall be lady of Glenmoy.”

“ Beatrice Macdowall will be lady of Glenmoy Castle, but when she enters it as a bride, think you that Lewis Gordon will be there ?”—and she laughed wildly.

Overcome by terror, Beatrice fainted ; and Lewis, rendered desperate by the sight, with a violent effort, succeeded in disengaging her from the revengeful woman, then raising her in his arms, he bore her quickly from the place, nor paused till he reached the banks of a little stream, where, laying her down on the turf, he bathed her pale face with the cool waters of the brook.

A considerable time elapsed before Beatrice was

sufficiently recovered to proceed, and slowly did they pursue their way, as if to delay the painful separation : but it came at last ; and after many tender farewells, the youthful lovers parted.

A fortnight wore heavily away, and Beatrice heard nothing of what was passing in Glenmoy Castle, when one evening as she sauntered along the edge of the loch, she observed a small boat put off from the opposite shore. One person alone was in it, who seemed anxious to avoid observation from the castle, as he guided the skiff close to the brink of the loch, and under the projecting cliffs, until, turning a point of land, he suddenly shot across, and springing from the boat, advanced hastily to Beatrice, who was about to take to flight, when she recognised Ronald, the foster-brother of Lewis. Alarming was the intelligence he communicated, of the dangerous illness of Sir Norman, and his suspicions that some foul play was going on, as Sir Malcolm did all in his power to conceal the circumstance, and had suppressed several letters, written by Sir Norman to Lewis ; and that he, Ronald, had often heard the old man raving about ingratitude, and blaming Lewis for not attending his summons. He, therefore, had stolen across to advise her to write, without delay, to Lewis, and inform him of the necessity of returning instantly to the castle.

As soon as Ronald communicated this intelligence, he stepped into his boat and rowed softly across, while

Beatrice, full of apprehension, returned home and communicated directly to Lewis the information she had received.

A week passed away, and Beatrice heard nothing more of the state of Sir Norman, nor had she received any reply to her letter to Lewis; when one evening as she sat watching at her window, she saw a horseman approaching. Quickly recognising Lewis, she hurried out to meet him, exclaiming:—

“Dearest Lewis, how fatigued you look, I fear you have travelled too rapidly.”

“Then you are to blame,” replied he, “for I was tempted to leave the road to Glenmoy and come on here; but if some of your people will row me across, I shall not have lost much time.”

“Come in for a moment and see my mother, she has been quite miserable about you since Sir Malcolm came down. She sometimes sits and gazes on me till she is blinded by tears, as if she saw some calamity impending over me—I never knew her so depressed. Here is Lewis,” continued she, on entering, “come to put all your gloomy fancies to flight.”

“What do you fear, dearest mother,” said Lewis, “you surely cannot think that I have any serious cause to dread the influence of Sir Malcolm?”

“Heaven only knows what you have to fear,” replied Mrs. Macdowall, “but linger not here, my dear son, I will try to hope that I am needlessly alarmed. Farewell.”

Beatrice accompanied Lewis to the loch, where they found the boat in readiness, and the latter was just preparing to step in, when he was startled by Beatrice exclaiming, "Oh, Lewis, there is the Hatchment!"

Lewis looked up; it was so, indeed. He exchanged a hurried farewell with Beatrice, and urging the boatmen to use their utmost efforts, he was soon landed on the opposite bank.

Sir Malcolm welcomed Lewis with friendly warmth, lamented that he had not received any of the letters which had been dispatched to apprise him of the illness of Sir Norman, and expressed his deep regret, that he had not arrived in time to close the old man's eyes, which, with other duties, had devolved on himself; but to Sir Lewis he now resigned the task of making the necessary arrangements, and after all these speeches were duly made and replied to, Sir Malcolm retired to his apartment.

Although there was nothing noble or amiable in the character of Sir Norman, Lewis could not reflect that he was never to see him more without experiencing a feeling of pain and regret, and as he recalled every little trait of kindness and affection, his regret deepened into sorrow. The incessant demands, however, which were made on his time and attention, left him little leisure for the indulgence of serious thoughts, till the day arrived on which Sir Norman Gordon was laid in the tomb of his fathers. But what a change did a few short hours make in the

fortunes of Lewis. As he followed the body to the grave, many hearts envied him his splendid lot, as inheritor of the extensive domain of the Gordons ; but a will was now read, constituting Sir Malcolm the sole heir of Sir Norman, and Lewis as an outcast left the castle of his ancestors ! He hurried to Beatrice, and there he found consolation. Her attachment was independent of all external circumstances, and she sought to raise Lewis from his despondency, by every expression of the fondest love. But Mrs. Macdowall knew too well the temper of her husband, not to feel assured that they would be doomed to part—and her fears were but too prophetic. Dunolich returned, and was instantly informed by Lewis of the extraordinary will of Sir Norman. He would not credit it, assured Lewis it must be a forgery, desired him not to despond, and without further delay, set out for Glenmoy Castle. We may more easily imagine than describe the agony our lovers endured during a conference which lasted many hours, for it was not till twilight was approaching, that Dunolich reached his home.

The harsh and stern expression of his countenance chilled the hopes which, almost unconsciously to herself, Beatrice had cherished ; but the first sentence of her father almost annihilated her, for she found that the will by which her lover was disinherited, was no forgery ; all, therefore, that remained to him was an empty title, and a small hunting seat, of which Sir Norman could

not deprive him ; to complete her unhappiness, she, too, was required to renounce him.

On common occasions, Beatrice was the gentlest of human beings ; but the cruelty and harshness of her father roused an energy which, till now, she was unconscious of possessing. Finding tears, entreaties, and remonstrances alike unavailing, she firmly declared her determination not to desert in adversity, him to whom she had solemnly plighted her faith ; while Lewis, stunned by these shocks, listened in silent consternation. The increasing violence of Dunolich roused him from this state of stupor, but in vain did he join in the entreaties of Beatrice, Dunolich was immovable ; and in an agony of despair, Lewis rushed from the house.

In a state bordering on distraction, he reached the edge of the loch, where he found moored, and gently reposing in the still waters, the little skiff in which, in the days of his happiness, he had so often sat with his beloved Beatrice. Forgetting that the castle now owned another master, he mechanically entered the boat, and pushing off from the bank, dashed across the loch, and landing on the opposite side, plunged into the woods of Glenmoy. Here also, brought, perhaps, to receive the punishment of his crimes, came Sir Malcolm.

Lewis started on perceiving him, laid his hand on his dirk, then as if by a sudden effort mastering his just indignation, he drove it back into the sheath, and ejaculating, " he is of my blood !" turned hastily

away; when the voice of Sir Malcolm reached him, saying, in scornful mockery,

“What can Sir Lewis Gordon dread from a poor stranger?—you fear me not?”

“Malcolm!” replied Lewis; “goad me not too far.”

“Poor wretch! why should I? Your castle and domain are already mine; I want nothing but your bride to complete my happiness, and for that too I shall not have long to wait.”

This was too much; Lewis rushed upon him. Sir Malcolm was also armed, and a desperate struggle ensued. Each felt that his life-blood alone would satisfy his adversary. The struggle was short, but decisive; and Sir Malcolm fell, grievously wounded. Consternation and remorse seized on Lewis as he looked on his cousin extended at his feet, on whom the blood dropped slowly from the dirk which Lewis still grasped firmly in his hand. The sounds of the conflict had reached the domestics of the castle, who now were seen with lighted torches hurrying through the wood. Restored to recollection by their approach, Lewis threw down the bloody dirk and fled.

Fortunately he was met by Ronald, who persuaded him to take shelter in his cottage, and endeavoured, by his rude, but honest sympathy to soothe his mind. But Lewis was not to be consoled. Now that the heat of passion had subsided, he dared not wish his rival's death, which, as there were no witnesses to the duel,



it would leave for ever a blot on his name ; yet one part of his threat was fulfilled, and, if he lived he might accomplish the other also. But his best comforter was the faithful Beatrice, who, informed by Ronald of all that had passed, hastened by day-break to the retreat of Lewis. Never till now did Beatrice taste of real misery ; it was her sad task to urge Lewis to leave his country, and she implored him to fly with the earnestness of one whose life hung upon the issue. She felt certain that Sir Malcolm had wilfully provoked Lewis to attack him, hoping to turn this to his destruction, and trusting to his superior strength to vanquish his rival. Whether, however, he lived or died, the lovers would be equally unhappy : if he lived, he by possessing the estate placed a bar to their union ; if he died, as Lewis must then succeed, it might be believed that a love of wealth alone had prompted him to take the life of his cousin, and under this stigma Beatrice knew he could not exist. Dreading the vengeance of Sir Malcolm, Beatrice endeavoured to persuade Lewis to go abroad ; but long did she entreat in vain, till at length she voluntarily took a solemn oath, never whilst Lewis lived to be the wife of Sir Malcolm. Consoled by this promise, he became more calm, and could now attend to the suggestion of Beatrice, who strongly urged him to go to India, where one of his relations held a high military situation. To this arrangement he at length consented, and Lewis Gor-

don and Beatrice Macdowall bade each other a long farewell !

For many weeks Sir Malcolm hovered between life and death, but at last his convalescence was announced, and one part of the misery of Beatrice was removed ; but her sorrowful tranquillity was quickly disturbed, for as soon as the recovery of Sir Malcolm was completed, her father issued his commands that she should receive him as her lover. But Dunolich found her immoveably determined to keep inviolable her faith with Lewis. Reproaches, threats, severity, were tried, but in vain. In the present state of her mind, even Sir Malcolm dared not approach her ; and finding that he was universally regarded with detestation and contempt, and shunned by all his neighbours, he resolved to give their passions time to cool, and in the hope of meeting a better reception on his next visit to Glenmoy, he set off for London as soon as his strength was sufficiently restored to enable him to bear the journey.

Through the medium of the faithful Ronald, Beatrice received many letters from Lewis, but the last which informed her that he was on the eve of sailing, seemed utterly to extinguish all life and spirit. From that day she drooped and pined, and although she endeavoured to resume her usual occupations, all was unavailing to detach her thoughts from him who was now lost to her. When she attempted to read, the book fell unheeded

from her hand ; when she tried to beguile her heavy thoughts with music, the tones of the instrument grated harshly on her ear, for Lewis was not there to listen to her song ; she then abandoned these pursuits, which without him were uninteresting and tasteless, and wandered day after day on the banks of the loch, or lingered in those woods in which their vows had so often been exchanged. Sir Malcolm having abandoned his suit, Dunolich ceased to persecute his daughter, whose days now flowed on in sad tranquillity. When the first keen pangs of grief were abated, her better feelings revived ; and she resolved to seek in the fulfilment of her duties, that happiness which was denied her from a dearer source. Gradually a gentle calm stole over her mind, and after the lapse of a few months something of her former cheerfulness lighted up her expressive features. But this was of short duration ; six months after the departure of Lewis, a homeward-bound vessel brought intelligence that the ship in which Lewis sailed had foundered in a storm, and that every soul had perished. Although Dunolich used every precaution to break this catastrophe to his daughter, the effect was overwhelming. Lewis was dead ; her entreaties had forced him from his country ; her prayers and tears had led him to meet a fate so dreadful. The wildest grief seized on her mind, she passed her days in tears, and in the deepest hours of the night, when slumber stole over her, she would suddenly cry out for help for Lewis, who was

sinking in the waves. A violent illness was the consequence of the shock, and for a considerable time it remained doubtful if she would survive this utter demolition of all her hopes of happiness. But Beatrice lived, the lenient hand of time blunted the keenness of her anguish, and a pensive resignation gradually succeeded to the agonies of grief. When she heard of the death of her lover, she believed that fate had done its worst; but when, after a considerable interval, Sir Malcolm returned to Glenmoy Castle, and renewed his suit, she found she was doomed to further suffering. In vain, however, Sir Malcolm sought her love, he was repulsed with contempt and scorn; in vain did her imperious father command her to receive his addresses—to threats and entreaties she was equally immoveable; she replied not to his reproaches, and bore in uncomplaining silence his harsh invectives and wounding reproofs. There was but one mode left by which Dunolich could work on the mind of his daughter, and this was through her affection for her mother. There he knew she was vulnerable; he desisted therefore from persecuting Beatrice, and turned the torrent of his wrath on his wife: accusing her of supporting his daughter in her opposition to his will; of cherishing an unjust prejudice against Sir Malcolm, which she had imparted to Beatrice, who he was convinced would yield that obedience he had a right to demand, where she not induced by her persuasions to rebel against his parental

authority. In this manner, day after day, and week after week, did this domestic tyrant lacerate the feelings of his wife, and add to the misery of his daughter, whom he was bent on seeing the Lady of Glenmoy, and provided this object could be attained, he cared not though her happiness were the costly sacrifice.

No extremity of suffering which affected Beatrice alone could have induced her to listen to Sir Malcolm ; but on finding that the health of her mother was rapidly sinking under the cruelty of the implacable Dunolich, she, after a severe mental conflict, resolved to devote herself to secure the peace of her beloved parent : but her mother was too generous to accept the sacrifice.

“ Beatrice,” said she, in answer to her announcement of her intention ; “ think not of it. Link not your fate with that bad man, I feel that I shall not long be with you ; nay, weep not my daughter ; ah, rejoice rather that my weary pilgrimage will soon be finished ; your happiness is now my only care. Give not, I charge you, your faith to one you cannot love ; take not on you the duties of a wife without a wife’s affection ; affection did I say—does not that colourless cheek tell of the loathing with which you contemplate this unhallowed marriage ; does not the quivering of those pale lips speak too truly your aversion ? no, Beatrice—give not our beloved Lewis a successor so unworthy !”

Wholly overcome by this tender mention of her lover, Beatrice hastily left the apartment, and burying her-

self in the gloomy forest, gave there free vent to her anguish.

The representations of her mother had, for a moment, shaken her resolution ; but on returning to the house she witnessed a scene which determined her to buy her peace at any price. On entering Mrs. Macdowall's apartment, she found Dunolich in a tempest of passion, pacing the room with hurried steps, and pausing from time to time before his wife, to load her with reproach and invective. Grieved that Beatrice should be present at such a scene, Mrs. Macdowall motioned her to retire, but she only drew nearer her mother, and taking her emaciated hand bathed it with bitter tears. The meek and silent resignation of his wife, seemed only to add fresh fuel to Dunolich's wrath. He rushed towards her, and raised his hands, as if about to call down curses on her ; she faintly shrieked, and fell back insensible on the couch. Beatrice caught his arm.

“ Father, on one condition I will marry Sir Malcolm.”

“ Name it.”

“ That you allow my mother to reside with me ; do you consent ?”

“ I do ! but beware how you trifle with me ; are you resolved to fulfil this promise ?”

“ I am ; only let not my mother know till all is over. I will meet Sir Malcolm at the altar !”

“ Be it so. I go to inform him that a week hence he will receive your vows.”

“It is done,” cried Beatrice, wringing her hands : “it is done—forgive me, Lewis ! ah, can I forgive myself ?”

Fortunately for Beatrice she had no leisure to indulge her grief. The unmanly cruelty of Dunolich sunk deep in the mind of his wife, and occasioned a serious indisposition ; and, it was not till after the lapse of several days that the cares of Beatrice were rewarded by the convalescence of her unfortunate mother.

The dreaded hour at last arrived which was to give her to Sir Malcolm, and Beatrice, in a state of stupor, stood for the last time by the couch of her mother.

“You look pale, my love ;” said Mrs. Macdowall.

“Indeed !”

“Yes, very pale.—I fear you have done too much.”

“No, no, no ! do not say so, I implore you.”

“You breathe with difficulty ;—does anything distress you, Beatrice ?”

“Only an oppression here,” laying her hand on her heart.

“Poor child !—I pray to heaven that the wounds of your heart may be healed.—Your father is less harsh, perhaps he relents, take comfort—we may yet enjoy many tranquil days.—Good night, my kind nurse, my best support—good night, dear Beatrice.”

In another hour Beatrice was a wife, and her husband's lips touched a cheek cold and pale as alabaster. In silent abstraction she accompanied Sir Malcolm to the edge of the loch, and unresistingly allowed herself

to be placed in the boat, which quickly shot across to the opposite bank. A cold shudder shook the frame of Beatrice as Sir Malcolm assisted her to land ; she drew her mantle closer round her, and proceeded in total silence, seeing—hearing nothing, until she found herself in the midst of the assembled clan, in the hall of the castle, which blazed with a thousand torches.

Exultingly, Sir Malcolm drew aside the veil which shaded the pale face of his bride, and at the same moment the hall resounded with the cry of “ Health to the Lady of Glenmoy ! ” It was now only that the recollection of Beatrice was awakened ; she was a bride, but not to him whose manly tenderness had gained her youthful heart ; no, she was the wife of one her whole soul loathed and abhorred. Her feelings thus wound up to agony, she shuddered as Sir Malcolm took her hand, tore herself suddenly from him, and exclaiming, “ Oh, Lewis, Lewis ! ” fell insensible to the ground.

The generous self-devotion of Beatrice was of no avail. As soon as her fate was sealed, the vindictive Dunolich hastened to pierce the heart of his wife with the intelligence ; but her grief at this event was deepened when she found that the report of the death of Lewis was contrived between her husband and Sir Malcolm, the falsity of which her retired and solitary life prevented her from detecting. Mrs. Macdowall sunk under the blow, and a week after the ill-starred nuptials of Beatrice, her tender mother breathed her last. This



event gave little concern to Dunolich ; nor did it in the least damp his exultation at the success of his ambitious schemes, that the life of his wife and the happiness of his only child had been the sacrifice : but his joy was suddenly checked, on finding that Sir Malcolm positively refused to fulfil the agreement which had been entered into respecting the disposal of the splendid inheritance of which he could not deprive his daughter. From the hurried nature of the marriage, there was not time to give a legal form to the arrangement; and taking advantage of this, Sir Malcolm scornfully rejected Dunolich's proposal, that his second son should bear the name and arms, and inherit the property of Macdowall. Touched to the quick, unused to opposition, Dunolich gave free vent to his passion, and assailed Sir Malcolm with the bitterest reproaches, who answered invective with invective, till the quarrel rose so high, that Sir Malcolm imperiously commanded Dunolich to leave him and never again to dare to enter his castle walls. At this insult, Dunolich became livid with passion, and laid his hand on his dirk.

Beatrice threw herself between them—" He is my husband !"

" He is so, for your curse and mine"—and, casting on Sir Malcolm a look of mingled fury and hate, he strode out of the castle and down the steep towards the loch, but just before he reached the boat, he staggered and fell. The boatmen hastened to his assistance, placed

him in the skiff and began to ply their oars, but long before they reached the opposite bank, they raised the coronach for the dead, and amidst its melancholy wail the last of the Macdowalls was borne a lifeless corpse into the proud mansion of his ancestors.

A year after the marriage of Beatrice, we find her weeping with soft tears the death of her infant daughter ; alone, uncheered, unsupported in her painful task, she had watched by the couch of her babe, and witnessed its dying struggles. Sir Malcolm had never loved Beatrice, ambition and revenge alone had prompted him to seek her hand ; this obtained, he allowed her to pass her days in almost total seclusion, while he lavished all his cares on the beautiful daughter of one of his dependants. But in the midst of their guilty career, and about a week after the death of his child, this object of his criminal passion was torn from him by death ; and in his frenzied idolatry, he dared to place her remains beside those of his innocent child, in the ancient mausoleum of his fathers ; and the funeral was conducted with as much pomp and splendour as if she possessed the hereditary right to be interred in this proud sepulchre. The clansmen were ordered to attend, and they obeyed ; but grief and rage were in their hearts, and with stern looks they grasped their dirks, as a few brief sentences were passed through the long line of followers, while curses, “ not loud but deep,” pursued the author of this outrage.

It was on the evening of this eventful day, that

Beatrice (happily ignorant of this new insult to her feelings), first summoned courage to visit the grave of her child. Having procured the key of the mausoleum, she, wishing to be unobserved, left the castle by a private gate, and set out alone on her melancholy pilgrimage. Avoiding the beaten road, she wound her way along the face of the cliff, on the highest point of which stood this ancient sepulchre, crowning the ascent and frowning on the deep and sullen lake behind. The path which Beatrice pursued, was not without danger, for it was cut close to the edge of the precipice, and in many places was narrowed by the fall of part of the earth, but the moon shone placidly, though at intervals obscured by the heavy clouds driven wildly on by the rising breeze, which, descending from the hills behind in sudden gusts, waved fitfully the mournful yew and cypress. Slowly and sadly Beatrice pursued her way, and had nearly reached her destination, when she was startled by a glare of light streaming across her path—alarmed, she looked around, and beheld a scene which filled her with amazement. From every part of the wild hills around came clansmen, each carrying a burning brand which threw a lurid light upon their path. They trod the mountain's side in perfect silence, until they arrived close to the mausoleum, here they exchanged some hoarse whispers, the purport of which Beatrice could not hear, and while a portion of the men held the torches the others rushed on and endeavoured to force the massive gate of the sepulchre.

“ Barbarians,” cried Beatrice, bursting from her concealment, “ will you disturb the ashes of my child ?”

“ Beatrice !” exclaimed a well-known voice.

“ Heavenly powers !—what do I hear?—that voice—”

“ Beatrice, loved Beatrice ! look not thus wildly on me.”

“ This is as it should be—yes, the hour, the place, all is befitting ;” then sinking on her knees, “ shade of my murdered Lewis, reproach me not.”

“ Adored Beatrice, my only love, let me press you once more to this faithful breast before we part for ever,” and raising her up he pressed her beating heart to his. They were recalled to what was passing around them by the continued efforts of the clansmen to break into the sepulchre.

“ Oh, Lewis, they go to profane the grave of my child, release me !” but Lewis still held her in his arms while he explained to her their object. She wished to entreat them to desist, but Lewis told her that even her commands would not deter them from revenging the insult which been offered her. A few broken sentences sufficed to shew that Beatrice had been deceived by a false account of his death, and in deepest sorrow Lewis bent over the poor victim of treachery, while he related to her that on receiving an unexpected accession of fortune he lost not a day in returning to his native land to offer it to his beloved Beatrice.

They were interrupted here by the crashing sound

of the falling gates, which were levelled with the earth. Shouting wildly and brandishing their torches, the clansmen rushed into the sepulchre, and for a few moments all was still.—But then came the tread of many feet, and the infuriated clan rushed passed the lovers, dragging after them the remains of her who had estranged their chief from his wife and child. They hurried onward with reckless speed, reached the edge of the cliff, and in another moment the waters of the lake gave back a sullen sound. Instantly the torches were extinguished and the multitude disappeared, and nothing was heard but the melancholy whoop of the startled owl. But the silence of the night was quickly broken, and with renewed terror Beatrice listened to a horse's tread thundering up the narrow path which led to where the lovers stood.

“ We are lost !” she exclaimed, as an opening in the wood gave Sir Malcolm to her view, who was hurrying towards the mausoleum with frantic haste ; but when within a few paces of Lewis and Beatrice, his headlong speed was arrested by a woman who threw herself frantically before him, and seizing the reins of his steed, cried out, “ Wretch that thou art, surely an evil spirit brings thee here to meet thy fate—dastard ! you quail before me—yes, you dare not meet the eye of a bereaved mother.”

“ Revile me not !—all human means were used to save her, and is it not an ample reparation, even to

you, that I have laid her in the sepulchre of the Gordons."

"The sepulchre of the Gordons!—she lies in a grave that will endure when the place of your fathers will be no longer known on earth.—She lies in a grave which does not give up its dead like the tomb of the Gordons.—My child, the pride of my eyes, rests at the bottom of the sullen loch, the prey of the loathsome worm."

"I see it," exclaimed Sir Malcolm, "I see it all—these lights—yes, 'tis as I feared—avaunt! bar not my passage," and he struck his spurs deep into his horse's side—the noble animal bounded forward, but reared on finding an object in his path.—"Back, on your peril," exclaimed Sir Malcolm, in wild wrath.

"You dare not harm the mother of her you have murdered;—rein in your steed, for by Him who sees and hears us, you shall never depart hence till you bear with you the weight of my deadliest curse:" and the woman threw herself on her knees before him.

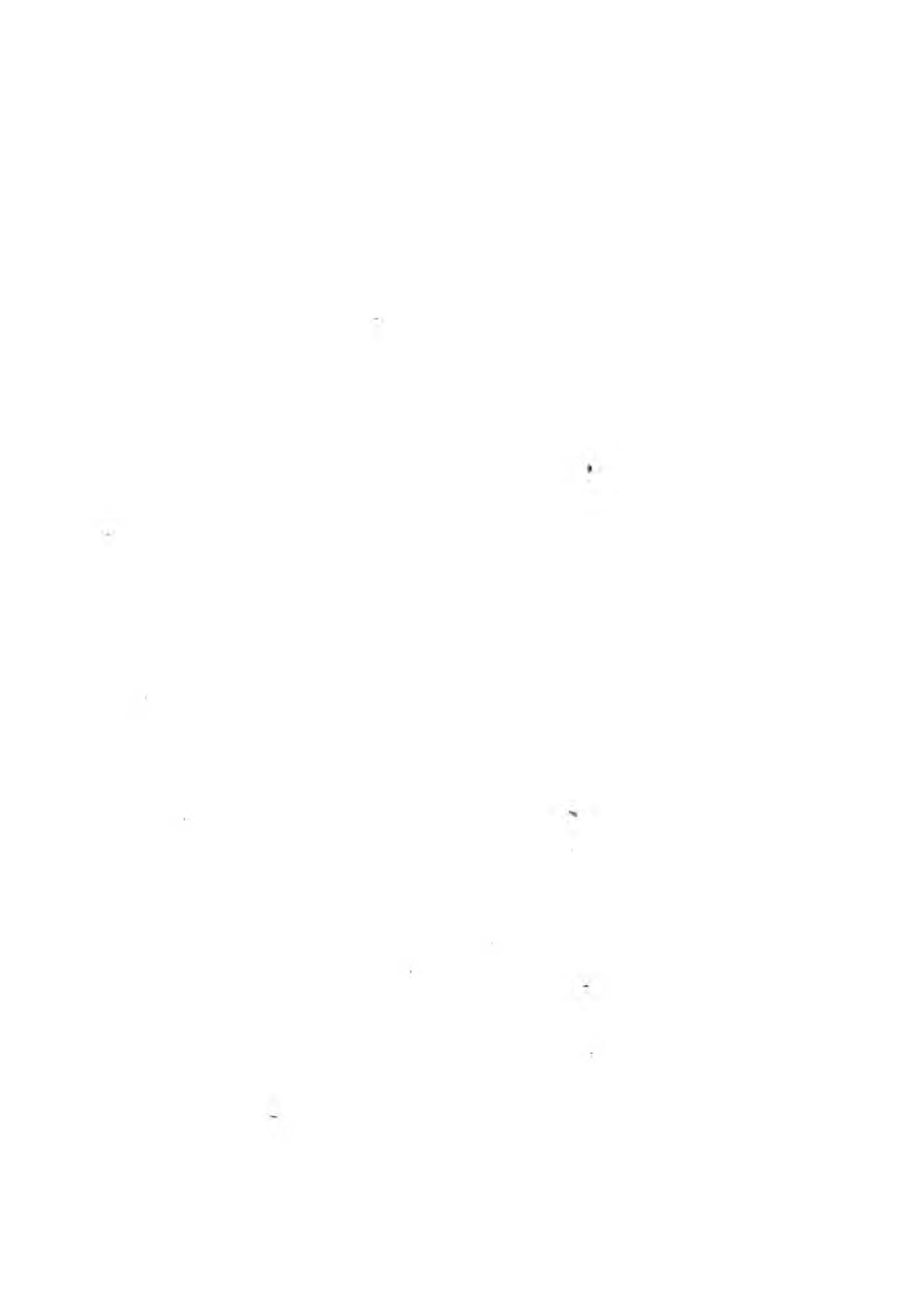
"Then your blood be on your own head—on Raymond, on—." She raised her hands to heaven—startled at the action the steed recoiled, and his foot touched the edge of the cliff, a loosened stone gave way, and horse and rider were precipitated into the lake beneath. The noble animal, with starting eye-balls and distended nostrils, rose once to the surface, but his master was never seen again!

After a lapse of many months, Beatrice was again a bride. Lewis Gordon, restored to his possessions, claimed her hand. Those only who have truly loved, will be able to imagine with what different feelings she now listened to the loud cry of "Health to the Lady of Glenmoy!"

# THE RING.

A SPANISH TALE.





## THE RING.

### A SPANISH STORY.

We will consent to act any villany that may not sully  
the chariness of our honesty.

*Shakspeare.*

THERE are four grand festivals annually observed at Madrid, beside that of St. Anne, the patron saint of the city. The first is St. Blas, which falls on the third of February, the eve of Candlemas-day. The second is St. Iagoel Verde (or, St. James the Green), which is celebrated on the first of May. To these succeeds the eve of St. Juan, commonly called Sotillo, from a little wood of that name at a short distance from the city, in which the populace amuse themselves during the early part of the day with dancing and various athletic games. The fourth is dedicated to Nuestra Senora de los Angelos (our Lady of the Angels), upon which day the inhabitants of Madrid resort in great numbers to a small chapel erected upon the spot where St. Isidor was born, about a mile from

the town, across the great bridge of Mançan̄ares. Next to the eve of St. John, there is no holiday celebrated with so much pomp and rejoicing as that of St. Blas, whose church is situated on a plain to the north of Madrid, almost under the walls of the monastery of St. Jerome, and close to the renowned and miraculous shrine of Nuestra Senora de Atocha.

It is customary for the ladies of Madrid to repair to this promenade on the third of February, although the winter is then often in the height of its severity, for the purpose of hailing the return of the sun, as he retraces his progress to the northern tropic; and this practice is described in Spanish by the phrase 'Tomar El Sol,' taking the sun; a mode of expression more appropriate than it may appear to such as are not aware that the sun is almost as powerful in those latitudes upon the third of February, as it is in England during the finest day in May. From this rendezvous there are few persons in Madrid who care to absent themselves.

In the beginning of the reign of Philip the third, there resided in Madrid three married ladies, as much distinguished for their beauty and accomplishments, as for their virtue and undeviating propriety of conduct. We shall endeavour to introduce them to the particular acquaintance of our readers. Francesca was the wife of the steward of a Grandee; and although her husband was perfectly independent of his office, there were so many profitable perquisites attached to it, that he was

as unwilling to resign his pleasurable and profitable pursuit, as any truant school-boy could be to take his leave of an orchard before he had plundered it of more than one-half of its produce. Night and day would he most gladly have passed in his employer's palace; indeed he breakfasted and dined there regularly; and only returned home like the industrious bee, when he found himself cumbered with his earnings, and reminded by their weight of the necessity of depositing them in his hive or strong box. Fasts and holidays, which other men devoted to prayer and recreation, were consumed by Anselmo in the examination of accounts, and the recovery of old debts; or in ransacking musty deeds and dilapidated parchments. In short, Donna Francesca, enjoyed as little of her consort's society, as if he had been gathered to his ancestors, and only permitted, to revisit the world after dark.

The second of our distinguished heroines, Senora Clara, was wedded to one Senor Fabricio, whom the people of Madrid were charitable enough {to call an artist, in much} the same spirit of courtesy that an apothecary, in the possession of a dozen gallipots and 'a beggarly account of empty boxes,' is sometimes entitled a doctor. Our painter had been engaged for more than a month in decorating (that is to say, daubing) the high altar of the monastery of St. Pedro, and for what he wanted in skill, he certainly made amends to the good Friars who employed him, by diligence; so that Donna

Clara saw as little of her painter as Francesca did of the indefatigable steward. It may, however, be proper to mention in this place, that the situations of the two ladies, as it respected the relative loss they sustained by the absence of their husbands, were by no means similar; inasmuch as the painter was unquestionably one of the most drunken and debauched vagabonds in the whole city of Madrid, and took an especial care to spend all that he gained during the week in dissolute carousals on Sundays and holidays. On this account, therefore, his unfortunate wife was more to be pitied than Francesca. But the sufferings of neither of these ladies bore any comparison with those of Donna Marina. She surpassed them both in personal charms, but was shackled to a very gouty, jealous, and exceedingly peevish old gentleman of sixty-two; who having the whole of his time upon his hands, contrived to occupy the greater part of it in tormenting his help-mate. This ill assorted couple lived upon the rent of two houses in the neighbourhood, which were let out in lodgings; and this income, with a trifling addition, furnished by the needle of Marina (who excelled in embroidering the robes of the grandees), supplied them with a very comfortable maintenance.

A friendly intimacy had subsisted between our heroines from their earliest years; and it so happened that their husbands were also upon amicable terms with each other. Francesca and Clara frequently exchanged visits,

but the unfortunate Marina was seldom allowed to associate with her friends, unless her husband accompanied her; and as his presence was never much coveted she had few opportunities of mixing in society. The gentlemen, to be sure, met sometimes at the theatre, the tennis-court, or when they were disposed to indulge in the game of arguella (a game somewhat resembling English bowls), which was at that time extremely fashionable in Spain. On such occasions, as the wives did not, of course, accompany them, they had opportunities of intercourse; and at such times Marina was accustomed to complain to her companions with much bitterness, of the persecution she endured from her husband's ridiculous jealousy, which rendered him almost suspicious of the lace upon her cap because it touched her face, and of the wind that blew across the street in which a man was walking. Her two neighbours commiserated her unhappy fate, (without being able to afford her any consolation), and in the true spirit of friendship referred her to time and patience for relief.

At one of these meetings their husbands happening to drop in, they all agreed to pass the evening in harmony together; and before they separated, it was settled that they should make an excursion on the Thursday of the ensuing week (the feast of St. Blas), to the meadows near St. Jerome's monastery, and there spend the day in merrymaking. The king having signified his intention of repairing in procession to Nuestra Senora de Atocha, it

was naturally expected that there would be a great crowd to witness the cavalcade; and it was therefore agreed, that they should accompany the royal suite, and then take a pic-nic dinner in the fields. It was not however without much and earnest entreaty, that Sen-nor Agraz, the husband of Marina, could be prevailed on to allow his wife to be of the party; and he probably only at length consented, because, as he was inclined to go himself, he was unwilling to trust her to her own discretion at home.

The gala-day arrived, and after dinner the three ladies busied themselves in discussing the splendour of the dresses of the king's suite, whilst their husbands were amusing themselves with their favourite game of arguella in a neighbouring garden, when Marina chanced to observe something shining very bright in a pool of water at no great distance from the place where they were sitting. "What can that be," cried she, "that sparkles there so brilliantly? I declare it quite dazzles me to look at it.

"Why," rejoined the steward's wife, "I should not be surprised if it were a diamond, for you know the ladies of the court are always walking here; I dare say it is some jewel that one of them has dropped."

During this colloquy, the painter's wife, who considered very properly that this was a case in which one pair of hands is worth a dozen tongues, rushed from her seat in considerable haste, and having secured the prize,

returned to her companions with a diamond ring of great value and beauty. A sharp contest immediately arose as to the comparative right of each of the party to the possession of the jewel. Marina claimed it, as her property by virtue of original discovery ; Francesca was no less positive in asserting her title to its possession, on the ground of her having been the first who had been impressed with a conviction of its nature and value ; whilst Clara, in addition to the merit of having soiled the fingers of her glove in redeeming it from the puddle, seemed to consider with the well-known maxim that possession was nine points of the law ; and supported in her determination by this very forcible argument, refused to give up the prize which fortune had thus thrown in her way. Their controversy at length grew so violent, that it would certainly have attracted the notice of their husbands, if the painter's wife, who, as the depository of the ring, was by far the most temperate of the trio, had not interfered.

“ Ladies,” said she, “ the matter can be adjusted no other way than by selling the diamond, and dividing the proceeds of its sale amongst us ; and this had better be effected without the knowledge of our husbands, who, if they are aware of our good fortune, will put in their claims to a pretty large share of the money. Now, the next question is, in whose custody shall the ring remain until an opportunity presents itself of disposing of it to advantage ; and if you will give me leave, I will tell you



how this part of the business may be managed. I see the Count de Crapesa, our neighbour, walking with some other gentlemen in yonder enclosure. We all know him to be a man of the strictest honour; and if you are agreeable, we will relate to him the circumstances of the case, and appoint him the umpire of our dispute."

"With all my heart," said Marina; "but how shall I contrive to explain to him the situation in which I stand, at so short a distance from my husband, who can hear every thing that is said within a mile of him, if the conversation be one to which I am a party."

Whilst the three ladies were engaged in discussing this knotty point, a cry arose among the by-standers of "the king!" "the king!" and it was immediately announced that his Majesty and his suite were then approaching the gate of Alcala, on their return from the shrine of our Lady of Atocha. Partaking of the general eagerness to meet the procession, the three husbands were among the first to join the crowd. This favourable opportunity enabled their ladies to refer their dispute to Count de Crapesa, in whose hands the ring was deposited, with a request that he would award it to her who appeared to him to have the best claim to it. Count de Crapesa, who was a wag, and comprehended the state of the case in a moment, replied very gravely:—

"I doubt, fair ladies, I should have a most difficult

task to perform, were I to attempt to discriminate between three persons of such surpassing merit; for were you all at my disposal, I protest, upon my honour, I should not know which of you to choose. However, if you still wish to make me the arbitrator, and promise really to abide by my decision, I have a plan to propose, of which I earnestly hope you will approve. It is, that she who within a month of the present time shall contrive to play her husband the best managed and most ingenious trick, consistently of course with that honour and propriety of conduct which has hitherto distinguished you, shall receive not only the ring, but also a hundred pistoles, with which I will increase the premium from my own purse."

Each of our heroines was so confident of her own ingenuity, that no sort of objection was offered to this arrangement; and accordingly the Count took his leave and put the diamond into his pocket. He had not quitted them many minutes when their husbands approached them, and as it was now growing late, the whole party returned to the city, where the desire of conquest, and the anxiety to secure the splendid prize in the custody of the Count de Crapesa, exciting the fertile invention of Senora Francesca, she planned the following singular imposture, the operation of which subjected her husband to no trifling portion of annoyance and alarm.

At no great distance from the residence of the steward

Anselmo, lived an astrologer, who enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most accurate calculators of a nativity in Madrid. Before Francesca's marriage this great personage, had it was reported, been among the number of her admirers; but since her union with Anselmo she had given him no opportunity of addressing her. In the present emergency, however, she contrived to renew her acquaintance with him, and finally to secure his co-operation and support in the trick she was about to put upon her unsuspecting husband. The learned cabalist, who would have undertaken to raise Beelzebub for Senora Francesca had she desired it, readily assured her that all his professional skill should be at her service.

"Well, then," said she, "the affair in which I stand in need of your assistance is a mere carnival joke. I only want you to persuade Senor Fabricio that you have discovered, by the appearance of his natal star, that he will infallibly depart this life in twenty-four hours."

"Say no more, Madam," replied the astrologer, "make yourself perfectly easy, and rest assured that Senor Anselmo shall be as dead as a herring in his own opinion before sun rise to-morrow."

He then bade her farewell without making any further inquiries as to her intentions. Her next step was to call upon Senor Agraz, whom she found abundantly willing to favour her designs.

The evening was far advanced, when the steward,

returning from his master's palace to supper, encountered the astrologer, who had been for some time on the look out for him.

"Why, Anselmo," said the man of horoscopes, "what, in the name of heaven, is the matter with you that you look so pale to-night. Are you ill, man?"

"Ill!" replied Anselmo, "certainly not; I never was better in my life. I am somewhat fatigued to be sure, for I have been hard at work all the afternoon counting twenty thousand pistoles' worth of silver, but I am well—quite well, I assure you."

"It may be so," ejaculated the astrologer, "but you have a mighty cadaverous countenance for a man in good health notwithstanding. Allow me to feel your pulse."

Anselmo complied with his request; and after counting its movements for some time, with a rueful and portentous aspect, and then sighing deeply, his tormentor continued—

"Had my long and earnest devotion to the divine study of astrology proved of no other service than that of enabling me to warn you of your present danger, I should think my time and trouble well bestowed. This is one of those occasions on which the counsel and sympathy of a sincere friend are positively invaluable. Do not suffer yourself to be needlessly alarmed, my worthy neighbour, but go home, and settle your affairs with all possible expedition; for die you must, and that

too before another day shall have dawned on the city of Madrid. Be composed, my excellent friend, and employ the few remaining hours of your existence in balancing accounts with your conscience."

The poor steward, considerably alarmed, although somewhat incredulous, forced a faint smile, as he replied :

" I am infinitely obliged to you for your prophecy, but if it be not better founded than your meteorological calculations, I am likely to live a good many years yet ; for I can swear upon the crucifix that your almanack never foretels a fine day on which (without due precaution) one is not sure of getting wet to the skin."

" Out upon thee for an unbelieving Jew," cried the teller of the stars, " you may grin if you please, I have performed my duty ; and if his Satanic Majesty should surprise you before you have adjusted your roguish accounts, do not forget to remember that I warned you of his visit."

Having thus spoken, the astrologer wished Anselmo a good evening, and turned upon his heel.

The steward stood stock still for some moments in a paralysis of astonishment ; and having first diligently ascertained the exact rate of his pulse, and discovered that it was beating with the most perfect regularity, he began to stretch all his limbs one by one, and finally to feel the whole surface of his body. From the successful result of these experiments he drew the very natural conclusion, that where there was no pain there could be

no disease; and somewhat reassured by his distrust of the astrologer's prophetic powers, he walked home in tolerable spirits, and desired his wife to hasten supper.

No sooner, however, did the viands smoke upon the board, than the steward's appetite deserted him altogether, and after a long fit of abstraction, he expressed a wish to go to bed. Whilst he was unrobing himself, he sighed piteously every now and then, and to the pressing inquiries of his wife as to the cause of his dejection, he replied that he had had an altercation with his employer which weighed in some degree upon his mind. Francesca pretended to console him, and the steward at length got into bed, but with very little inclination to sleep. He passed a miserable night, to the great entertainment of his wife; and rising soon after day-light feverish and unrested, hastened to his counting-house, not a little delighted at the failure of his friend's predictions. On his return home towards evening, he met the vicar of his parish, with a friar, and two or three laymen, all of whom had been engaged by the painter in the conspiracy.

"What a melancholy circumstance is the sudden demise of poor Anselmo," remarked the vicar.

"Aye," replied the friar, "only think of his having died without the benefit of the last consolatory duties of our order, unabsolved, and unforgiven, like a dog as he was. What a dreadful shock it must have been to his

unfortunate wife, to find him stark and cold by her side when she awoke in the morning."

"The worst of the business," observed one of the lay brothers, "is, that he was duly warned of his danger by a learned astrologer, whose friendly auguries he was so obstinate as to disbelieve and despise; and he has now furnished an impressive example, which ought to operate upon all incredulous people, and teach them to avoid his miserable end; that of having departed this life like a brute, without having either confessed his sins, or endowed the most holy order of St. Iago with his ill-gotten wealth."

"Yes, yes," ejaculated a third, "he has left a rich widow, who, if report be not a liar, would have no great wealth to boast of, if every man had his own. *Voto a dios*, he was a consummate rogue; but come along, for it is too cold to loiter here gossiping about a rascally usurer, whose soul is doubtless at this moment undergoing a summary purification in Purgatory."

Anselmo's first impulse was to stop these worthies, and inquire of them whether any person of his name had recently given up the ghost; but before his resolution was formed they were out of sight, and the bewildered steward sat down on the steps of an inn in a paroxysm of shame, fear, and indignation. Having recovered from his reverie, he was about to proceed upon his way, when who should come down the steps upon which he had been sitting, but the astrologer and the

painter, who began the following conversation, without appearing to take the least notice of him.

“Such,” said the philomath, with a loud voice, and significant gesture, “be the fate of all contemners of the divine science of astrology. He would not credit my assurance, that he must die before day-break. I should like to know what he thinks of my warning now.”

“Very true, indeed,” rejoined the painter, “and I trust his sins are forgiven him ; for though I had a great esteem for him, I believe him to have been one of the most accomplished villains that ever existed. I always expected that his hot suppers and his debaucheries would send him to his long account some day or other in an apoplectic fit. He was of a full habit of body, poor devil ; a thumping head and a short neck, in all respects a likely subject for a sudden death.”

This was too much for the endurance of our sceptical major-domo. With his blood boiling in every vein, he burst at once upon their colloquy, exclaiming with the voice of a stentor—

“What is the meaning of all this, gentlemen ? What right have you, I should be glad to learn, to preach your funeral orations over a man who is just as much an inhabitant of this world as you are ? I would have you to know, senors, that I am alive, in a state of perfect convalescence, and likely to live many years to confound your scandalous fabrications.”



His auditors did not await the peroration of his address. No sooner did they catch the sound of his voice than away they ran, crossing themselves in transitu, and manifesting at the same time the utmost consternation and horror.

“Mercy upon us!” cried the painter, “Anselmo’s ghost cannot rest for his ill-gotten pelf. *Avaunt!* unhappy spectre,” resumed he, “follow us not, but speak, and say what it is that troubles thee.”

With this adjuration they both disappeared; and the steward, ready to faint with alarm, had great difficulty in making his way to his own house, in the neighbourhood of which he encountered Senor Agraz, who, to speak the truth, had been in attendance there nearly an hour. The Senor, who had his part of the tragi-comedy by rote, no sooner caught sight of Anselmo than he staggered backward as if he had been shot.

“Blessed Spirits of Purgatory!” cried he, “is this some dreadful illusion, or do I indeed behold the shade of my ill-starred friend?”

“It is Anselmo himself, my dear Agraz,” said the perplexed and trembling steward, “and no ghost, the saints be praised! What ails you? why do you cross yourself with such an extravagant shew of devotion?”

Having said this, he seized Agraz by the cloak to prevent his escape, after the fashion of his other tormentors; but the old man, dropping on his knees, began in

great haste to untie the string which fastened it to his doublet, roaring aloud—

“Avaunt, evil spirit! Away, thou devourer of souls! I owe Anselmo nothing but thirty maravedis, that he won of me at arguella. If that is what you want, take my cloak and sell it, if you think proper. I disclaim all connection with a ghost who is shabby enough to come all the way from the other world to frighten his friend for so paltry a sum.”

He then jumped up, and ran off with extraordinary agility, leaving Anselmo as mad as any man has a right to be on a public highway.

“Why,” apostrophised he to himself, “of what earthly use can it be to dispute the matter any longer; I am dead enough, there can be no doubt. Perhaps I am allowed to return to this world for a given time in order to dispose of my property and settle my affairs. Heaven bless me! how is it that I know so little of the other world, and that I have not yet seen the devil. Again, how happens it that I have got my every-day apparel on as usual. This is a matter in which there can be no deception, for I know the musty smell of my poor old doublet too well to be mistaken in it. It is very odd too that I cannot remember any thing of the pangs of death. Perhaps I died suddenly; I think I remember to have heard it said that I did. Or is it after all merely some trick of this carnival season; and now I recollect, I seem to frighten nobody but my own

acquaintance. But no ! that will not do, for how should any one else be aware of my decease."

The last of these corollanes brought him to his own threshold. Finding the door shut, he knocked loudly, when his servant-maid, who was at least as cunning an impostor as her mistress, after a decent delay, inquired in a doleful tone of voice who was there.

"Open the door," vociferated our peregrinating corpse, "open the door."

"Who is it?" rejoined the maid, "that knocks at the gate of widowhood and mourning!"

"Open the door, you jade," bellowed Anselmo, "I am your master. Open the door, for it rains, and I am wet to the skin."

"Oh ! would that it were indeed my poor master," replied the girl; "but, alas ! he is deep enough underground, poor man; and I am afraid it goes but hardly with stewards in the other world."

She had scarcely time to finish this insinuation against her master's honesty, before his foot was applied to the door with such mortal force and dexterity, that the lock flew off into the passage, and it opened to its full width. The maid ran away, screaming with all the strength of lungs of which she was mistress, and out of the parlour stalked Francesca in deep mourning, feigning the greatest alarm at the disturbance. No sooner had she perceived her husband, than with a loud shriek, and an exclamation of "Heavens ! what do I

see!" she fell to all appearance insensible on the floor. The steward's doubts were now at an end, and he was most effectually convinced that he was dead. Delighted, however, with the demonstration of affection afforded him by his wife, he raised her from the ground with the utmost tenderness, and put her very carefully to bed, whilst the servant-maid ran up to her garret to laugh at her leisure. Anselmo, who had not yet weaned himself from his earthly cravings, began at length to be disturbed with certain terrestrial longings for his supper; accordingly he ransacked the pantry for provisions, and finding a loin of veal, and a bottle of wine, so far forgot his spectral character, as to make a very hearty meal. Having ascertained that his powers of digestion were in no respect deteriorated by his decease, and that a glass of good wine continued to prove as grateful as ever to his palate, he made use of his time to such excellent advantage, that before two hours had elapsed, no animated mass of mortality, however propitious the circumstances in which it might be placed, could be more consummately drunk. He began to undress himself as well as he could; and after a good deal of serpentine from one end of the room to the other, he finally made shift to stagger into bed, where he lay snoring like twenty thousand hogs, until late in the ensuing day, dreaming of payments, purgatory, and the devil and all his imps!

In the meantime, his wife's friends called to inquire the progress of her affairs, when they learned from the

servant-maid how shamefully her master had degraded his ghostly character by his sensuality. The next day Francesca, satisfied that there was no chance of her husband waking in a hurry, got up and dressed herself in her accustomed attire, and then proceeded to remove every vestige of mourning from the chamber. Having done this, she repaired to his bedside, and tweaking him heartily by the nose, contrived with much difficulty to awaken him.

“Do you ever mean to rise again?” said she, “or is your last night’s draught still in your brain? Get up, for shame, you are surely not going to sleep here all day like a sot.”

With this she pulled him half out of bed, and he now began, for the first time, to notice with infinite astonishment his wife’s metamorphosis, and the calmness and self-possession of her manner.

“Why, what the deuce, Francesca,” cried he, “are you dead too, my dear? Are we man and wife still? Of what disorder did you die? But it is of no use asking you that question, for I swear (that is, if one may swear after death without offence), that I neither remember when, where, or how I died. What brought our bed and this old cupboard to heaven? I suppose that when a man dies without making his will, his baggage is sent after him to the other world.”

“Upon my word,” rejoined Francesca, “you are keeping carnival with a witness to it. What nonsense is

this you are raving about? Get up this moment, for your master, the grandee, has already sent two messengers after you."

"Pray, my dear," returned the steward, "am I not dead, and was I not buried yesterday?"

"Buried!" said his wife, "I know of nothing that has been buried, save the wine that you interred in your capacious stomach last night."

"Very true, my love, I have a distinct recollection of what became of the wine; but I tell you I heard the vicar say that he had just performed the funeral service over my remains. I suppose you will not pretend to deny that you fainted away when you met me in the hall;—that you were in mourning; the maid in tears, and the house shut up. You cannot deny that, I imagine, nor attempt to contradict me against the evidence of my own senses."

"I have evidence enough that you are drunk," retorted Donna Francesca; "and to make short work of a long story, will you be pleased to go forthwith to your master, Don Alphonso, for I can assure you, he is extremely angry with you for your delay."

"Alas, my dear," returned the steward, "I am afraid my soul is in a very pitiable condition, if I am in that part of the next world appropriated to the accommodation of grandees and stewards."

"Have done with this nonsense," cried Donna Francesca. "Do not drive me mad with your absurdities, but get up and attend to your business."

“ I protest, my dear love,” continued Anselmo, “ that I have now been dead more than four-and-twenty hours, and I must have been buried nearly half that time, though I cannot pretend that I recollect much about it. However, ask our neighbour, the astrologer—ask the maid—ask old Agraz—ask our friend the painter—and if their evidence will not convince you—just try the effect of your own apparition upon them, for you are as dead as I am, if you could but be persuaded of it.”

“ What folly is all this,” said Francesca. “ Do recollect yourself, you simpleton. Did we not sup together, and sleep together as usual, last night ? What maggots have you got into your head about deaths and funerals ? Casilda (said she to the maid), go to our neighbour, the astrologer, and beg him to favour your master with a visit, at his earliest convenience, for strong drink and bad company have absolutely disordered his intellects.”

Anselmo was now thoroughly puzzled to know whether he was yet in the flesh or not, but after mature deliberation he made up his mind that he was only permitted to return to this world for the purpose of winding up his affairs, and making his will. Whilst he was discussing with himself the propriety of this conclusion, the two principal actors in this ridiculous farce came into the room, and began to insist on his being at Madrid, and in his own house ; nay, the astrologer went so far as to hint that if the police should chance to hear of his behaviour, he would certainly be sent to some

asylum for lunatics. This insinuation had its proper effect upon the steward, who replied in an angry tone of voice :—

“ If I am not dead, as you think fit to assert, what necessity was there for your crossing yourself and running away in such a fright, when you met me last evening ?”

“ I meet you last night ?” rejoined the conjuror. “ Why, my good fellow, I have been locked up in my study the whole of the last week, endeavouring to discover a thief who has stolen a diamond from a lady of quality.”

“ And as for me,” said the painter, “ there is not a monk in the monastery of St. Jerome who cannot testify that I have remained there day and night for the last fortnight, and I only came out to call upon you at your instigation.”

“ Then I really seem to be going on from bad to worse,” replied the steward, who began to be apprehensive that his senses were really deserting him. “ Now, my worthy man of stars and almanacks, do answer me, did you not remark the ashy paleness of my countenance the night before last, and inform me, that you knew by my looks I should die before sun-rise ?”

“ I !” emphatically rejoined the philomath, “ I have not seen you this week, and I do not care to have these liberties taken with my name and character. Father not your ridiculous dreams upon me, sir.”



“ I have it, I have it,” exclaimed the steward ; “ it was a dream, sure enough. Hurrah ! I must protest though, I was a little frightened ! A dream ; yes, yes, it was but a dream, after all. By St. Jerome, if I find that I am really alive, you shall all have a capital dinner on Shrove-Tuesday.”

“ Now you talk like a man of sense,” continued his tormentors, “ and if you will get up and dress yourself, we will take a walk, and the fresh air will soon relieve you from the effects of the wine you have swallowed.”

Our incredulous major-domo did as he was desired ; and encountering, in the course of his walk, the vicar and his associates, they feigned of course such extreme astonishment at his assertions, that he began to be firmly convinced, that he had been labouring under the delusion of a drunken dream. He kept his promise of the dinner very cheerfully, and then went into the country for a fortnight, to escape the raillery of his friends and acquaintance. When he returned, he informed his wife, to her great satisfaction, that he was determined to resign his agency, the toil of which was too burthensome and oppressive ; and that in future he meant to live like a gentleman, upon his own property. The successful result of her plot, induced Francesca to consider the diamond ring as already hers ; but when we have recounted the exploits of her rivals, our readers will be better able to judge how far she was correct in her estimate of her own ingenuity.

No sooner did Senora Clara, the wife of the painter, become acquainted with the success of her friend's stratagem, than she, too, began to make preparations for the execution of her own scheme, nothing doubting but that, if it worked well, she should bear away the prize from both her competitors. The first step she took in furtherance of her plans, was to cause a false door to be made to the entrance of her house, upon such a principle, that it could be substituted for the original one at a very short notice. The new door having been brought home at night, with great secrecy, duly furnished with the necessary appendages of locks, bolts, and hinges, was carefully stowed away in a cellar until it should be wanted. She next communicated to her brother the nature of the trick she meditated, and having obtained, not only his entire approval, but also his consent to cooperate with her, she secreted him, with two or three of his companions, in the garret. About two hours after she had matured her plans, Fabricio, for such was the painter's name, returned home for the evening, leaving his apprentices at the monastery to grind colours for the ensuing day, in order to save time; for he had stipulated that his painting should be exhibited in a finished state on Easter-day, which was now very near at hand. Clara received him with unusual kindness, and after supper they retired to rest, in order that the painter might be able to rise and repair to his work in good time the next morning. They slept soundly until just as the

clock was striking the midnight hour, when Clara began to scream with extreme violence, and declare that she was positively dying.

“ My dear Fabricio,” said she, “ get up this instant, if you love me, and fetch my confessor, for my last hour is at hand.”

Her husband, scarcely half awake, begged to know what was the matter ; but all the answer he could extract from her, was a renewal of her entreaties that he would procure for her a confessor, and the most solemn asseverations that she was at the point of death. Her cries soon brought her niece, who lived with her in the capacity of a servant, to her bedside. This young damsel, having chafed her mistress’s stomach with hot towels without effect, mullied as much wine, with cinnamon and other spices, as would have cured all the cholics in Madrid for an entire twelvemonth. It was, however, no part of Senora Clara’s intention to be cured too hastily, and she, accordingly, continued to scream and rave to so outrageous a degree, that Fabricio was at length reluctantly compelled to get out of bed. As he attributed his wife’s illness to her having eaten salad for supper, for he knew that vinegar was but too apt to disagree with her, he began, instead of sympathising with her in her sufferings, to rate her soundly for her imprudence. To his appeal, Senora Clara replied, in a very weak tone of voice :—

“ Alas ! my dear, it is of no use to reproach me now

for what cannot be helped. Instead of wasting your time in idle complaints, employ it in summoning my confessor, for I assure you I have only a few moments longer to live. Go first, however, to my nurse, Juana, for, as she is well acquainted with my constitution, she is the most likely to be of service to me in my present distressing emergency."

"My dear love," rejoined the painter, "your nurse has lately removed from her lodging in this neighbourhood, and is gone to live at the other end of Madrid, in the Fuencarnal, which is, at least, as you well know, two good hours' walk from this. You must be aware, also, that the weather is just now very cold, and if the gutters and waterspouts do not strangely belie the night, it is raining as if heaven and earth would come together."

He was proceeding to give several other reasons why he did not consider it expedient to set out on the expedition upon which he was ordered, when his consort cut him short by complaining bitterly of his brutal insensibility.

"I know what you want, you vile assassin," continued she, "you want to be the death of your unfortunate wife, in order that you may take up with another. Get into bed again at your peril; for if I die, I will swear, with my latest breath, that you have mixed poison with my salad."

"My dear wife," said the painter, "I would have you

remember that the cholic is no excuse whatever for calumny ; and if you drive me to extremities, it will be strange if I do not contrive to transfer your pains from your stomach to your shoulders."

" You strike my aunt ! You had better not, sir," cried the maid. " Just touch a hair of her head, and I will scratch twice five runnels in your face with my nails, which, St. Ursula be praised, have not been pared for these six weeks."

This interruption did but add fuel to the wrath of the painter, and he was exploring the corners of the room for a stick wherewith to chastise the girl's impertinence, when his wife renewed her outcries in the most clamorous manner, screaming and calling upon Juana and her confessor, and protesting that she was expiring from the effects of poison, administered to her by her husband ! The poor painter began at length to be seriously apprehensive of the consequences to himself, if his wife should die with so extraordinary a declaration in her mouth ; and therefore, having appeased her by alternate entreaties and caresses, took a lantern, and wrapping himself carefully in his cloak, sallied out into the street, in a shower of rain which penetrated to his skin before he had proceeded a hundred yards. All that he knew of his errand was, that Juana now resided in the Fuencarnal ; but, in a heavy shower of rain, an hour after midnight, it was not likely that he would meet with many people to direct him to the residence of a

poor old woman, of whom he could give no better account, than that she lived at the bottom of a street, at least a mile in length. Whilst he was cursing the day on which he became a husband, and disturbing the whole neighbourhood with his inquiries, his afflicted partner was on her part scarcely less active. No sooner was the painter fairly out of the house, than she called down her brother and his friends from the garret, and in a few minutes the old door disappeared from its station, and a new one, differently constructed, was fixed upon its hinges. Over the gateway they then proceeded to hang the bush, the usual appendage of a Spanish house of entertainment, with a large sign-board appended thereto, upon which was painted a dolphin, with the following motto underneath it:—"The Dolphin Inn; good entertainment for man and mule." Clara next sent for a party of her friends of both sexes, according to appointment, and having partaken of an excellent supper, the violins and guitars struck up a brisk air, and they began to dance with infinite spirit and hilarity.

In the meantime, the painter had travelled up the whole length of the Fuencarnal, without having been able to obtain any information as to the object of his search, and had just reached the corner of the street in which he lived, knee-deep in mud and water, and with his patience completely exhausted, when, looking towards his own house, the noise of the revelry within

burst upon his astonished ear. He was fully aware that the sounds proceeded from his own dwelling, but so unaccountable did the circumstance appear to him, that he began half to doubt the evidence of his senses, and held up his lantern in order that he might reconnoitre the premises at his leisure. His astonishment may be better conceived than expressed, when the light revealed to him the bush and the dolphin, swinging to and fro over the door. He stood for some minutes like one entranced. He next began to scrutinize the appearance of all the other houses in the neighbourhood, but found that they had undergone no alteration. He then re-perused, syllable by syllable, the name of the street, which was carved in large capitals, against the corner house. Every thing was in its proper place, and even his own abode did not seem to have diverged either to the right or left a single inch ; but then, there was the sign of a dolphin over the door ! He pinched and slapped himself with considerable violence, to convince himself that he was awake, and having satisfied himself on this head, began to suspect that drunkenness had something to do with what he considered the disorganization of his optics. Recollecting, however, that he had not touched a beaker of wine for some days, he came to the conclusion, that his intellects were not impaired by intoxication, and that the strange alterations before him had been the work of some demon of witchcraft. Anxious to penetrate the mystery as far as was possible, he employed

the knocker of the door with so much diligence, that the heads of half the people in the neighbourhood were immediately popped out of the windows in their night-caps, for the purpose of inquiring the cause of so unprecedented a tumult. Although drenched to the skin by the torrents that poured down upon him from the eaves and spouts, the painter was determined to persevere, taking care to increase each time the force of his application to the knocker, so that the music grew louder and louder. At length a man (to all appearance the ostler of the inn), thrust a shock head out of an upper window, exclaiming :—

“ There is no room here, my friend, march about your business, and make a little less disturbance, or by St. Jerome, I will furnish you with something for your night-cap that will not increase the comforts of your situation.”

“ I want no room but my own,” rejoined Fabricio, “ and I should be very glad to know by what right you refuse me entrance into my own house, and be hanged to you.”

The ostler was, however, inexorable, and having damned our hero for a drunkard or a madman, hastily closed the window, whilst the dancing and music within appeared to recommence with redoubled energy. The painter devoted himself in turn to every saint in the calendar, imploring assistance in his present extraordinary dilemma; but they were all equally deaf to his



entreaties. The rain still continued to descend in torrents, the east wind was cutting him in two, and the candle of his lantern was expiring in its socket, when, totally out of all patience, he once more renewed his application to the knocker with more energy and determination than ever.

“ Boy,” exclaimed a hoarse voice in the passage, “ fetch me a cudgel, and I will let fall some pretty considerable thwacks upon that tiresome rascal’s shoulders.”

Thereupon, the door opened, and a servant, armed with a formidable bludgeon, rushed into the street.

“ Confound you !” said he to the painter, “ for a fool, will you not take an answer. Have you not been repeatedly informed that the house is full, and that there is no room for you ?”

The painter persisted that it was his own house, and had descended from father to son for upwards of a century.

“ Did not,” pursued he, “ my ancestor, Jerome Fabricio build it ? And was it not left to me by my poor father, Nicholas, of blessed memory, at his decease ?”

“ What trash is this about Jerome, and Nicholas, and Fabricio ?” said the man.

“ Why, I repeat,” rejoined the painter, “ that they were my ancestors. I am an artist, well known and respected in Madrid, and my wife’s name is Clara. I

trust you have not metamorphosed her into a bar-maid with your abominable sorceries."

"Come, come," rejoined the fellow, "every body knows that this is the Dolphin Tavern; and though I say it, there is not a more comfortable inn throughout Madrid. I have lived here with our good landlord, Pedro Mondragon and his wife Catilina, man and boy, for these last sixteen years, and I think it is high time I should know to whom the house belongs. Were it not that I entertain some compassion for the miserable condition to which your drunkenness has reduced you, I would soon thrash the wine out of your doublet for you, and teach you how to knock people up in the dead of the night, and pretend to mistake their domiciles for your own."

The ostler then shut the door in the painter's face, who, seeing no prospect of further parley, once more set out, in the dark, upon his travels, and stumbling and plunging at every step among the deep cavities of one of the worst paved towns in Europe, directed his course to the house of his excellent friend Senor Agraz. It was three o'clock in the morning ere he arrived at the old gentleman's residence. After he had plied the knocker with his wonted assiduity and energy, Senor Agraz threw up his window, and having ascertained that the applicant for admission was no other than his friend the painter, hastened down stairs to admit him, conceiving, as it was natural he should, that some ap-

palling calamity must have befallen him ; but when an explanation had taken place, he could only attribute the absurd rhodomontade of Fabricio to the too potent fumes of the good wine of Yepres, or St. Martin, to the use of both of which he was notoriously addicted. He accordingly assisted him to take off his wet clothes, and then put him into a comfortable bed.

Fabricio had no sooner quitted the Calle de Lavapies than his wife, with the aid of her friends, set herself industriously to work to restore the house to its former appearance ; and having taken down the sign, replaced the street-door, and dismissed the guests, retired to rest, her fingers aching with clattering the castanets, her feet wearied with dancing, and her sides sore with the laughter in which she had indulged.

At an early hour in the morning, the painter returned home, accompanied by Senor Agraz, whom he had at length half persuaded of the truth of his tale, and who was extremely curious to satisfy himself of its authenticity. However, when they found every thing in its usual situation, and no signs whatever of the metamorphoses which had been described by Fabricio, he began to revile him as an incorrigible drunkard ; whilst the astounded painter, on his part, wished that he might be burned for a Jew and a heretic, if some accursed wizard had not contrived the illusion for the express purpose of driving him out of his senses. They knocked, and the door was immediately opened by the niece, half dressed, and in her night cap.

“ Upon my word, uncle,” said she, as soon as she beheld the painter, “ this is very pretty behaviour. Here have you left your wife in excruciating pain ever since midnight, and you now come home at ten o’clock in the morning, as cool and unconcerned as if nothing at all had been the matter.”

“ Bridget, my dear,” answered the painter, “ if you only knew what I have suffered since I went out in search of Juana and my wife’s confessor, you would, I am sure, pity me from the bottom of your heart. We must quit this house forthwith, for it is undoubtedly the resort of fiends and magicians.”

“ A pretty fellow you are for a messenger,” vociferated his wife, who now joined the party, *en chemise*, with a stuff peticoat wrapped around her shoulders; “ how comes it that you are so dry withal, and what company have you been keeping the livelong night? Do not expect that your friend’s intercession will avail you. I tell you once for all, that I am determined to apply for a divorce. I have had quite enough of husbands for the present; and as I have no inclination to have my salad seasoned with arsenic again, I shall certainly apply to our neighbour Perez, to draw out a deed of separation.”

“ Be quiet, Clara,” exclaimed old Agraz, “ Fabricio is entirely guiltless of any offence; but some infernal wizard seems to have enchanted you—certainly not with each other—or you would not amuse your friends with these perpetual broils.”

“My dear,” interrupted the unlucky painter, “be pleased to listen to the narrative of what I have undergone, before you proceed to complain in such uncivil language.”

He then entered into a succinct account of his adventures, the relation of which appeared only to exasperate his wife’s passion. “And pray, good Mr. Fabricio, what must you take us for, that you should expect us to digest so palpable and monstrous a falsehood as this? Balls, violins, and suppers here, indeed! The only music I know of was my groans; and as for supper, mine was made upon a morsel of toasted rhubarb root, and a tea-spoonful of hartshorn! It was fortunate that it cured me; for if I had had to depend for relief upon your kindness and attention, you hard-hearted wretch, I should undoubtedly have been in my grave before this.”

“My love,” replied the painter, “let me entreat you not to torment me by day as well as night. I swear, by St. Jerome, that I have not spoken a word more or less than the plain truth. This house has become a resort for the devil and all his imps, and from it I will go as soon as possible. If I sleep in the street, I shall at least avoid the unpleasantness of having Satan for a fellow-lodger.”

“Why,” uncle, said Bridget, “I have suffered a martyrdom from the persecution of the hobgoblins that haunt my chamber, and I am black and blue with the pinches and thumps I have received from them.”

“ Why did you not tell me so before ?” said her aunt, in a pretended fright. “ Because I thought you would insist that it was fancy,” rejoined Bridget ; “ and beside, I was afraid of injuring the character of the house.”

“ Well, well,” said Senor Agraz, “ let us say no more about it. Clara is well, Fabricio is safe, and we will have the house exorcised, the devils all driven out, and the ghosts laid ; meantime let us all pass a merry Easter together !”

The painter’s wife seemed willing enough to be appeased, but could not help availing herself of the opportunity to read her husband a severe lecture on his debauchery ; insisting that his continual absence from home had encouraged the devil to take possession of his house, and to play those pranks from which he had suffered such severe annoyance. Fabricio promised amendment with so great a show of penitence, and evinced himself in fact so entirely the dupe of her credulity, that Clara doubted the possibility of being surpassed in the trick she had played him by her rivals, and made herself secure, in anticipation, of the rich guerdon which was to become the prize of the conqueror.

The unfortunate lady upon whom the gouty and jealous Senor Agraz had been inflicted as a husband, was by no means discouraged by the successful enterprize of her competitors, and stimulated as much by the desire of reforming her spouse’s conduct towards her, as by the

prospect of gaining the ring and purse, she took the field with a light and courageous heart. Fortunately for the success of her plot, her brother, a monk of the order of Francesco de Asis, had just arrived in Madrid. He had just been appointed prior of the convent of the capuchins in that city, a circumstance of which Senor Agraz was completely ignorant. His wife had for some time past complained to her brother in her letters, of the misery she endured from the capricious temper, and unreasonable jealousy of her husband. Indeed she had gone so far as to acquaint the good capuchin with her intention to sue for a divorce from her persecutor, unless his behaviour underwent a very material alteration for the better. The worthy prior had written frequent letters to Agraz, to expostulate with him on his conduct, but finding that his interference was of no avail, and only exasperated the already furious and ungovernable temper of the old man, he was obliged to recommend his sister to appeal to the laws, if she could discover no other mode of bringing her capricious husband to his senses.

One morning, when Senor Agraz was attending mass in a neighbouring church, Marina sent for her brother, the prior, and having detailed, with a flood of tears, the misery to which she was subjected, by the ill treatment of her husband, she assured him, that if she could prevail upon him to assist her, she thought she had found out an expedient that might, perhaps, effect a change in her tyrant's conduct. It was not without considerable

difficulty that our excellent capuchin could be persuaded to yield to his sister's solicitations; but, at length, that irresistible argument, a woman's tears prevailing, he was induced to promise his aid and concurrence. Although unwilling to lend himself to the promotion of a deception, he considered, in all probability, that on this occasion, the means were in some degree sanctified by the end. The particulars of this stratagem we shall detail forthwith.

On his return to his convent, the prior assembled a chapter of the holy brethren, and submitted the affair to their censure, when it was unanimously agreed, that, in so charitable a work as the reformation of a bad husband, any means were justifiable that were likely to conduce to a consummation so "devoutly to be wished." Fortified by this resolution of the learned brotherhood, the prior ventured to send his sister, by one of the convent servants, a packet of a certain powder, the effect of which was to plunge the person to whom it might be given into a profound and death-like sleep, which would endure for six or eight hours. Marina received the anodyne with much satisfaction: and having infused the drug into a goblet of wine which she had placed before her husband at supper, had the satisfaction of seeing him drain it at a single draught. Before the supper things were removed, Senor Agraz fell from his chair, to all appearance so completely dead, that if Marina and her maid had not been prepared for the effect of the potion,



they would have considered the services of an undertaker indispensable. Having undressed him, they put him carefully to bed, and in about half an hour afterwards the prior arrived in a coach, accompanied by a monk and two lay brothers. The party repaired at once to the bed-chamber in which Agraz lay entranced, and the superior ordered one of the lay-brethren, who was provided with a pair of scissors and a razor for the purpose, to commence operations, to cut off the beard of the sleeper, and to equip him in the monastic tonsure. Not a moment was lost by the obedient shaver, in executing the prior's commands; and although neither warm water nor soap were wasted in the operation, Senor Agraz came from under his hands as thoroughly and effectually shaven as any capuchin in Christendom. He was then arrayed in the cowl and frock of the order of St. Francis, a metamorphosis which, had he been conscious of his situation, he would rather have turned Turk than have submitted to; and his monastic costume having been completed, the lay-brethren seized him neck and heels, and deposited him in the straw at the bottom of the carriage. As soon as they arrived at the convent, they conveyed him to one of the penitential cells; and having undressed him, stretched him upon a wooden couch, and placing his religious habiliments upon a stool beside the bed, left him until the powder should have finished its operation. Its effect had already lasted two hours, and our unconscious novice had passed another

two hours in his lethargy, when shortly after midnight, the bells began (as is customary in all monasteries), to ring for the matin service; and as soon as they had ceased, one of the friars went the round of all the cells with his matracca, to awaken those who were yet sleeping. The matracca is a kind of wooden mallet, hollowed out at each of its four sides, and studded with iron nails, the sound of which as it strikes upon the doors of the cells, is not a little appalling to those who hear it for the first time in their lives. This instrument is in general use throughout all the convents in Spain. No sooner did the sound of the matracca salute the ears of poor father Agraz, than he started up in an agony of surprise, crying out, "Mercy upon us, Marina, what in the name of all the saints is the matter? Is the house falling?" And then having stretched out his hands in search of his wife in vain, a suspicion flashed across his brain, that she had deserted him. "Where art thou, wicked and treacherous woman? Out of my bed at night, and in darkness; but I will have ample revenge, Inez, bring me my clothes, and a sword, and I will wash out this stain upon my honour in thy perfidious mistress's blood.

Having thus spoken, he began to seek for his clothes, in lieu of which he encountered the capuchin's habit, which lay by his bed-side. This overwhelmed him for some moments with astonishment, for he could distinguish by the coarseness of the cloth, that the garment

was certainly not one which he had been accustomed to wear; and he now remarked, that the bed on which he was reclining, was equally novel to him. By groping along the walls, he ascertained too that he was in a strange room, and having found the door closed, he was attempting to force it open, when he threw down a scull placed upon a shelf immediately over it, which struck him on the head, with a hollow sound, in its descent. The door opened into the dormitory of the convent, illuminated by a lamp suspended from the ceiling by an iron chain; and his surprise was considerably augmented when he discovered a multitude of doors, like that of the cell from which he had just emerged, placed at regular distances all around this apparently enchanted hall. He returned into his den and brought out his clothes, which he was astonished to find, were neither more nor less than the complete equipment of a cordelier. "Mercy on me," cried Agraz, "what may this mean? Did I not drop asleep after supper in my own house? and if so, how does it happen that I am here, and that I find the habiliments of a monk beside my bed instead of my own? Surely my wife has not mewed me up in a mad house, for this place looks mightily like one. Is it possible that my jealousy has driven me mad, and that I have now recovered my senses for the first time? It is by no means impossible; for the last thing I can recollect is, that I was sitting at supper with my wife. Zounds! it must be even so; for I have often heard, that

the first operation performed upon the patient in houses of this description is that of relieving him of his beard, and my chin is as smooth as my hand: nor is this all, for I find they have not left me a hair on the top of my head."

There was only one thing wanting to confirm his opinion, and that was the strait waiscoat; but here Senor Agraz was completely at fault, for he held in his hand the frock of a capuchin, and this he knew was not often destined to cover any deficiency of brains. Meanwhile he was pursuing his meditations in his shirt, without being in the least sensible of the cold, when a lay-brother, whose province it was to attend upon the monks with a candle came into his cell.

"Why, Father Ambrose," said the illuminatus, "do you not intend to be present at matins this morning, that you have neither dressed yourself, nor performed your ablutions?"

Senor Agraz, who had by this time exhausted his small stock of patience, retorted sharply,

"What Father Ambrose are you prating about my good friend? What have I to do with your matin vespers? If you are one of the residents in this asylum for lunatics, you are, I suppose, incapable of carrying a message, or I should be glad if you would desire the doctor to wait upon me instantly, for I feel that I am suddenly restored to a complete state of convalescence."

"You are in a strange humour this morning, Father

Ambrose," retorted the friar, "but you had better dress yourself with all convenient expedition, unless you desire to catch your death of cold. Be so good also as to bear in mind that matins have already begun, and that the prior is by no means a person who will suffer jokes to be put upon him with impunity."

With these words the lay-brother retired, leaving Senor Agraz in a state of alarm which may be more readily conceived than described.

"What," cried he, in a paroxysm of rage, "I, Father Ambrose! I, a monk! I, go to matins! I, who either am, or ought to be, in bed with my wife! I wish I knew how to awaken myself; for whether I am mad or dreaming, I am entirely at a loss to comprehend."

He stood still for some time in a profound reverie, screened from the piercing blasts that swept through his cell by the rug of the bed, for he abhorred the thought of the frock and cowl, when the door opened a second time, and another monk entered.

"Brother Ambrose," said he, "the church vicar has sent to know why you do not come to matins. They are almost over; and do you not remember it is your turn to lead the choir this week?"

"Then may all the saints in the calendar be my help," said the new friar, "for I plainly perceive that I must be Father Ambrose whether I will or not. Whether you are a monk or a madman, I know not;

but I am pretty clearly convinced that this is a mad-house. At all events, do me the favour to solve me one question. Who has taken away my wife, my house, my clothes, my hair, and my beard? What rascally magician is it who has driven me to a state bordering on desperation?"

"This is very pretty behaviour, Father Ambrose, and a most respectful and decorous reply for me to carry to the vicar," said the monk. "You seem to have made good use of your time in the refectory last night; for St. Francis pardon me, but I think you are drunk still. Come, dress yourself at once, and if you are really so tipsey, I must even help you."

Having thus said, the friar drew the frock over the shoulders of his convert; but when he attempted to get on the cowl, which was rather a tight fit, Senor Agraz took it into his head that his attendant wanted to strangle him, and knocking him down, with a stentorian curse upon all fiends and sorcerers, straightway took to his heels, and ran along the dormitory like a hunted stag. The prior and the other monks of the convent, who witnessed this scene from one of the galleries, were in great danger of dispelling the force of the illusion by their laughter; but they restrained their risibility as well as they could, and came forward in procession with the lighted tapers which they had been using at the choir.

"What does all this riotous conduct mean, Father

Ambrose?" asked the prior, with a stern aspect and a voice of thunder. "How dare you disgrace our holy order by lifting your hand against a minister of God. Is it not enough that you have neglected your matins on a high festival, but that you must also commit sacrilege, and incur excommunication. Humble yourself in penitence this moment, and we will try the effect of a little wholesome discipline, and cure, if it be possible, this extraordinary levity."

"Humble myself!" said the convert, "why should I humble myself, and who are you I should be glad to know? Avaunt! fiends and sorcerers as you are; avoid the place, for I make the sign of the cross against you, and you have no power over a Christian man."

This apostrophe would, in all probability, have lasted longer, if Senor Agraz had not been collared by two stout monks at the command of the superior.

"This monk is a lunatic," said the prior, "but chastisement will restore him to his senses; and his exhortation was followed by a dozen sound lashes, well bestowed upon the shoulders of the recusant, by the vigorous arm of a robust capuchin. The novice roared and intreated for mercy from his persecutors.

"What have I done to deserve this cruel usage?" cried he. "It is surely no crime to be jealous of one's wife, since I am confident I have never given any one cause to be jealous of me. If you are a monk, I have never injured or defrauded the church, and I am willing

to submit to any penance in reason and moderation ; or, if you are devils, as I rather suspect to be the case, I know no right that you can have to flog my back in this scandalous manner."

"What!" retorted the prior, "are you mad still. We shall see who will be fatigued first, if that be the case."

"I am heartily tired, I assure you, most reverend father," interrupted the penitent. "Have pity on me, I humbly beseech you."

"Will you behave properly, then?" demanded the prior, "and repent."

"I do repent with my whole soul," rejoined Agraz, "but of what I am to repent, I really know not!"

"A very pretty sort of contrition," replied the superior, "but I will see what I can do with this rebellious sinner."

The prior accompanied this remark with such a rapid and well applied shower of thwacks with his staff, that the newly adopted friar lost no time in prostrating himself at the feet of his chastiser.

"Have but a little mercy upon my shoulders, reverend father," exclaimed he, "and I will most readily confess myself to be the vilest man and most unworthy sinner upon the face of the globe ; and as to my future behaviour, I assure you, I will conduct myself unexceptionably if you will consent to leave me what little skin remains upon my back."



“Do you know that you are a monk,” interrogated the prior, “and that in a man of your character a venial offence is more unpardonable than a deadly sin in a layman.”

“Yes, certainly, I acknowledge that I am a monk,” answered Agraz.

“And pray what order do you belong to?” asked the prior.

“Any that you please, reverend sir,” replied Agraz, “I shall not object to avow myself the Grand Turk, if your reverence should insist upon it.”

“Then you will hereafter be humble, obedient, and diligent in your duties, Father Ambrose, I suppose.”

“I will be Father Ambrose, or any one else, you may choose to call me, holy father,” returned the sufferer.

“Then kiss the feet of that venerable friar,” said the superior, “and return your acknowledgments to the brotherhood for their charitable discipline.”

“I will kiss any thing you wish,” replied Agraz, “and I am infinitely obliged to you for past favours.”

This profound humility was too much for the friars, who began to whisper and laugh among themselves; but the superior reproved them with an austere frown;—

“Do you laugh, brethren, at the folly of your companion? Weep, rather, that a monk, who has maintained an unblemished character in this monastery for more than fifteen years, should so disgracefully have forgotten himself and his duty.”

“Fifteen years!” said Agraz to himself; “well, this beats all the enchantments of Merlin, or the Fairy Morgana, hollow: for if I have ever been a monk at all, I neither know how, when, or where, I became so!”

“Follow us to the choir,” continued the prior.

Father Ambrose obeyed; and, as he knew nearly as much of psalmody as Arabic, he led the chorus in so novel a style, that the superior, to avoid a scene of utter confusion, was obliged to feign that he thought our musician's blunders were committed in a spirit of disrespect for his hearers, and therefore directed him to be imprisoned in his cell for the space of eight days, during which time he was to be kept upon bread and water diet, and beaten twice every day on the soles of his feet, in order to awaken in him a lively sense of the enormity of his offences. This penance having been performed, he was ordered by the prior to accompany one of the monks on a begging expedition for the monastery, a custom followed by most of the monasteries of Madrid every Saturday. Senor Agraz, who had grown wonderfully docile all at once, having been equipped with a wallet, set forward on his round without offering the slightest objection to his tormentor's command, and was purposely conducted by his companion to the very street in which he had lived for so many years. Having recognised his own house looking just as it did, when

he last departed from it, he muttered to himself, " Good gracious ! and am I not the husband of Marina ? It is impossible to doubt the fact, yet how the devil could I come by this shaven crown and monk's attire ? Ah ! there is my dear wife," continued he, and, giving his companion the slip, he rushed into the house, where, meeting his spouse in the hall, he fell upon her neck, whining out—

" My dear Marina, heaven has, no doubt, inflicted on me the sufferings I have lately undergone, as a judgment for my unkind and peevish conduct to you. I have been made a monk against my will, without knowing why or wherefore. However, my worthy brethren may in future find some one else to collect alms for them, for now that I am safely housed, they shall not unkennel me quite as easily as they may think they will."

" What barefaced effrontery is this ?" screamed out the Senora Marina. " Help ! my friends, for the love of heaven, and the Virgin Mary ! this brutal monk is about to offer rudeness to me !"

On hearing these words, delivered in a tone of great vehemence, the friar, whom Agraz had left outside the door, ran into the house, followed by several of the neighbours, who quite unable to recognise their friend in the extraordinary disguise in which he presented himself to their observation, turned him neck and heels into the street. They would have proceeded to still further

extremities had not his companion interfered, and assured them that he was a poor lunatic, belonging to the monastery of St. Francesco de Asis, who fancied himself married, and every woman he saw to be his wife. He was accordingly allowed once more to take charge of his captive, who on their return to the monastery, received another severe castigation for his obstreporousness, and was again placed upon a bread and water regimen for several weeks, indeed, until his hair and beard had begun to assume their original appearance. A few days after the complete restoration of these appendages, he was 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy' in his cell, when, suddenly, the following uttered in a plaintive and melancholious voice, broke upon his ear :

"Agraz, your wife, Marina, whom you are for ever wearying with your idle and absurd suspicions, is entirely innocent of any of the myriad offences you have laid to her charge. The discipline you have lately undergone, has been a chastisement inflicted upon you by heaven, for your ridiculous jealousy. Let it serve as a warning to you in future, and if you should be permitted to return to your home, have a care how you treat your already much injured consort, lest you provoke a far severer punishment than has hitherto been inflicted upon you."

This appeal had the desired effect upon the delinquent, for joining the palms of his hands, and falling straightway on his knees with all the devotion

imaginable, he thus apostrophised his invisible monitor :—

“ Blessed oracle, be thou of heaven or earth, assist me to escape from this infernal den, and I will not only promise any and every thing you may require, but will positively turn over an entirely new leaf as it regards my wife, and never in future indulge in the slightest complaint without good and sufficient cause, which, the Virgin be praised,” he added, somewhat under his breath, “ she will not be long in giving me.”

Just at this moment one of the holy brotherhood entered with a repast, infinitely more palatable than any thing he had tasted since his long probation ; and having supplied him, as he pretended, under the rose, with a bottle of excellent wine, in which he had the precaution to infuse a pretty strong opiate, left him to discuss his supper at leisure. The dose of course took effect. Indeed, not having tasted for so many weeks any more potent beverage than water, the wine would have produced the desired results without the addition of any more powerful sedative. Having fallen into a profound sleep, his hair and beard, which were now completely renewed, were assimilated as nearly as possible to their original form, and his monkish attire having been removed, he was despatched, under the care of one of the holy fathers to his own house, and instantly put to bed, his secular habiliments having been carefully deposited on a chair beside him, he slept soundly until

very late the next morning. On awaking, he was greatly astonished to find himself provided with accommodations so immeasurably superior to those to which he had been accustomed for so many weeks ; but his surprise was proportionably increased, when, on stretching out his hands, he discovered that his long-lost wife was quietly sleeping beside him. He was at first apprehensive that it was some evil spirit, who had assumed the form of his better half, for the purpose of tempting him to the commission of crime, and he began to repeat his orisons with great earnestness and volubility. Marina, who feigned sleep, pretended to have been awakened by the noise of his paternoster.

“ What, in the name of heaven, do you want,” ejaculated she ; “ am I for ever to be the victim of your violence and peevishness ?”

“ Who art thou, who askest the question ? rejoined Agraz, trembling as he spoke,

“ Who am I ; why, who should I be, you superannuated old fool, but your loving wife, and obedient slave, Marina ?”

“ How came you to gain access to this convent ?” pursued he ; “ should the superior be made acquainted with your visit, you will inevitably be excommunicated, thrust without the pale of the catholic church : and as for me, I shall be bastinadoed until I have not a square inch of unmutilated skin upon my devoted carcase.”

“ Of what convent, and what superior, are you raving, you old blockhead ?”

“ How,” said Agraz, rubbing his eyes, “ have I not been a monk these last fifteen years ?”

“ I know not of what your are talking,” said Marina ; “ but if you are really awake, which would appear doubtful, and have no inclination to dine and sup at the same time, you had better get up immediately.”

Overwhelmed by the confusion of images and recollections that presented themselves to his imagination, the Senor would have disbelieved the evidence of his eyes and ears, if in passing his hand over his chin he had not encountered a beard as thick and as bushy as any one would desire to possess, save a rabbi of the first order. Having groped his way out of bed, and opened the window-shutter, he discovered that he was once again in his own room, and that every vestige of his late pursuits had vanished from his view. The clothes by his bed-side were those in which he had always been accustomed to array himself whilst engaged in secular pursuits : and looking in the glass, he was still further bewildered to find that the religious character of his face had vanished altogether. He began to cross himself in a perfect agony of gratitude and devotion, believing that what he had witnessed was in effect the fulfilment of the mysterious promise which had been made to him by some unseen visitant in his cell. In answer to the

inquiries of his wife, he related to her all he fancied had befallen him with the most rigid gravity of countenance, concluding that the whole must have been a dream, designed to admonish him to behave with more kindness and confidence than he had ever before been accustomed to behave to his wife. She of course was glad to encourage this illusion, and promised to say nine masses to the holy Virgin, should it please God to turn her spouse from the error of his ways, and teach him a little of that subservience to the wishes of his lady, which is, for the most part, the characteristic of Spanish husbands. Satisfied that the case was as he had supposed it to be, he begged her a thousand pardons for his former ill-treatment, and vowed that in future he would condemn her for no fault of which he did not witness the commission. In some sort, as an earnest of the liberality of his intentions, he gave her permission to go out when and to whatever place she pleased, promising to pester her no more as to how she had employed each moment of her absence.

The first use Marina made of this *carte-blanche* was to set out in search of her two friends, whom she found extremely anxious to have her pretensions examined with all due expedition. Having explained the circumstance that had delayed the attainment of her views so many weeks, the whole trio repaired together to the residence of the Count de Crapesa, and having related to him the several expedients, by means of which they



had completely cured their husbands of the vices of avarice, drunkenness, and jealousy, he addressed them in these words:—

“ Fair ladies, the diamond you found on the day of the Feast of St. Blas, and which has been the means of stimulating you to such extraordinary exertions of your ingenuity, was lost by me a few minutes before it fell into your hands. It is worth two hundred pistoles, and I believe I promised to increase the premium one hundred more. Now, as the task of attempting to distinguish between three ladies of so much ingenuity and wit is difficult, if not impossible; to say nothing of the invidiousness of comparisons where all are excellent, I beg you will divide the contents of this purse amongst you, and believe me when I affirm, that I never in my life before parted with my money with such perfect satisfaction. Having united in returning their thanks to the Count de Crapesa, the Merry Wives of Madrid repaired to their several homes, resolving to lay aside the God-send they had received for their own especial use and advantage whenever they might wish for any thing which their husbands refused to purchase for them. Nor was the possession of a pecuniary gratuity their only reward. The steward having acquired an independence sufficient to enable him to set business at defiance, withdrew himself from his master’s employ, and purchased an elegant little country villa; the painter was led to abjure debauchery and drunken compa-

nions altogether ; and old Senor Agraz was so entirely cured of jealousy and pigheadedness, that he allowed his lady to follow the bent of her own inclinations as to whom she visited, and discontinued the curtain lectures he had been in the habit of previously inflicting upon her. Thus the three ladies proved that they knew how to profit by the injunction conveyed in the well known proverb, " Be merry and wise !"



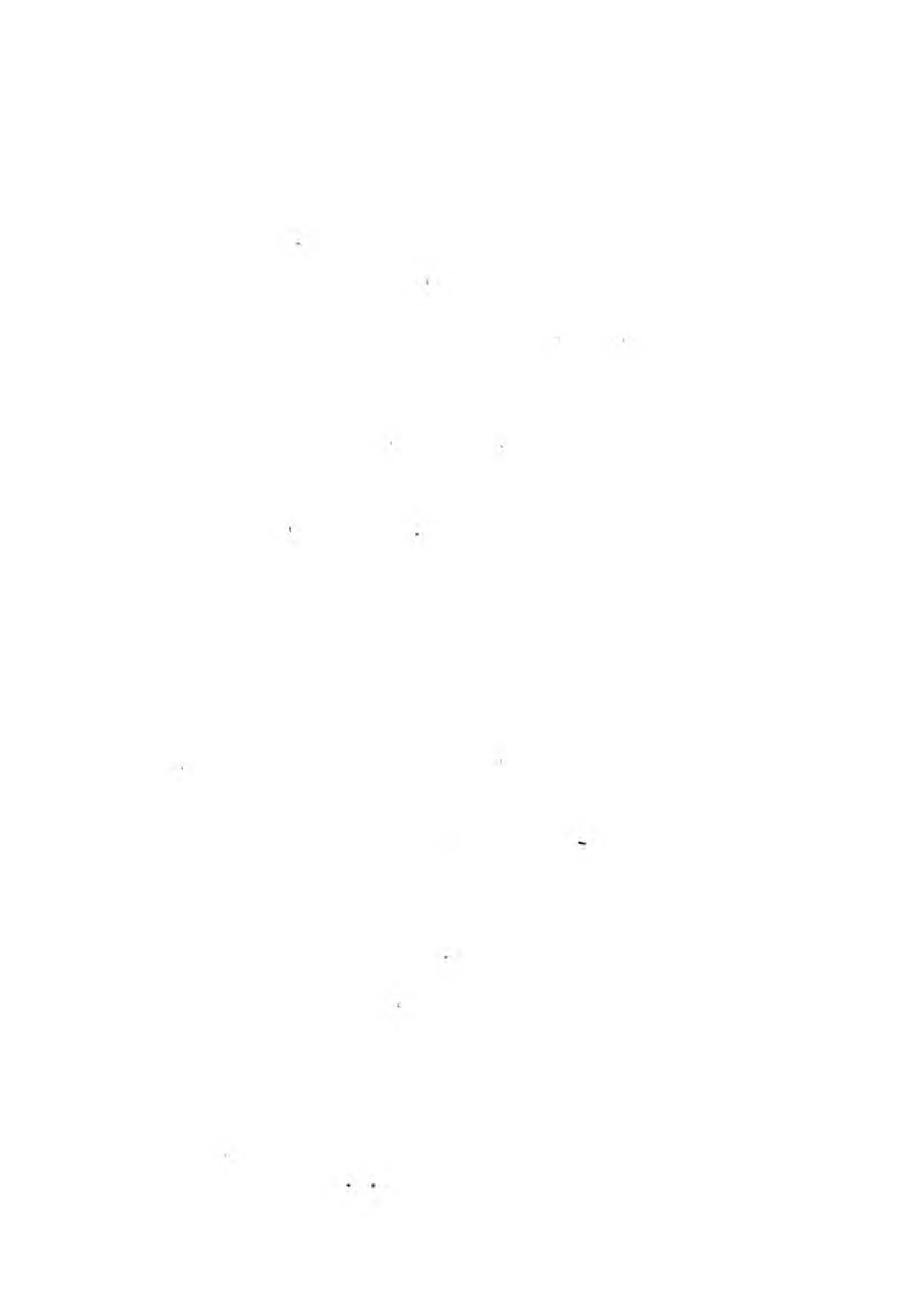
**THE**  
**BRIDAL OF WINTOUN TOWER.**



## THE BRIDAL OF WINTOUN-TOWER.

WE were up among the hills, and it was a glorious, glowing day, in the luxuriant month of August. My two companions insisted that our excursion should be an angling one ; and, in deference to their tastes—being out-voted—here were we, a busy trio, with panniered backs, well-tackled beavers, and rods in hand, by a fine little trouting stream.

Angling may be a very delightful amusement to those who admire it, but tastes happily differ ; and although I have reaped considerable gratification from the accounts given of the sport from the days of Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton down to those of William Wordsworth and John Wilson, yet I cannot, even in complaisance, confess that I was ever much attracted by the reality ; or that the waiting a couple of hours for a nibble, or



## THE BRIDAL OF WINTOUN-TOWER.

We were up among the hills, and it was a glorious glowing day, in the luxuriant woods of August. My two companions insisted that our excursion should be an angling one; and, in deference to their wishes—being well-tackled beavers, and not a land, or a sea, or a trout stream.

Angling may be a very delightful amusement to those who admire it, but takes up a great deal of time, and have reaped considerable satisfaction from the sport given of the sport. I have seen a great deal of it, and Charles Cotton, and John Wilson, and I have seen a great deal of it, and confess that I was not very successful in my angling, or that the weather was not very favorable.

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revelling in the luxury of damp feet, ever conveyed to me any fore-taste of the joys of Paradise.

However, we must not always pretend to live only for ourselves, and as I had the satisfaction of observing, that my two excellent friends were amused, I was in some degree reconciled to my fate. One was considerably farther up, and the other considerably lower down the stream, and both were to fish nearly to the spot where I then found myself. Though scarcely noon, I was already literally sick of the amusement; so, laying down my not over-cumbrous basket and rod on the green sward, I determined on having a glorious loll beside them, under some tall, spreading, bright, and broad-leaved chesnuts. I was in the act of throwing myself on the ground, when I suddenly discovered that my basket had almost broken the shins of an old man, who, with his chin leant upon his staff, was enjoying from his turf seat, to which one of the tree-stems formed a back, the beauty of the calm scene, and the glory of the genial sunshine.

“ ‘Hollo, friend,’ he cried, ‘have a care; I shouldna’ likit to hae gotten that drive:—but I ken, to be sure, that ye didna see me.’

“ Having apologised for my unintentional error, the old carle in a free and easy way began by remarking on the fineness of the weather for the approaching harvest, and then went through the various etceteras of quotidian chance-talk.

“ ‘ So I see ye have been fishing,’ he said, ‘ have ye no been coming great speed, that ye’re tired o’t already, or have ye lost yere hyucks, or is yere bait done, or are there nae fish in the water the day ? I am sure only yesterday I saw twa writer chaps frae Edinburgh, hawling them out as fast as look at ye.”

“ Oh,” replied I, opening up my wicker lid, “ you see I have got half-a-dozen, or eight, but they are not very large.”

“ Troth no,” said he, giving a kind of knowing smirk as he looked in ; “ But, howsomever, better sma’ fish as nane. They’l make a gay good fry, these same.—So yere tired o’t ?”

“ Indeed I am.”

“ Ou, I fancy,” he said, that ye mawna be very gude at it, may be. Sour grapes, ye ken. It’s unco weil to despise what we canna win at ; but its a halesome amusement. Ance on a day, I was as brisk on’t as the rest, but what will ye say there ? Its past my time now, and I am as stiff as an auld horse.”

There was something like a slight tremor in the old man’s voice when he said this, but vivacity and good humour were the elements of his natural temperament ; so it was only a cloud of the moment.

“ You’ll be about seventy, I dare say ?” giving a glance at the patriarchial old fellow, from beneath whose broad blue bonnet, his silver locks floated down over his shoulders, yet whose sharp, glancing eye, and still mus-

cular limb, seemed to dispute inch by inch the nevertheless irresistible tyranny of oppressing time.

“ Seventy and seven till’t ;” he answered, “ and I have seen some little service in my day, besides. He that was at the heights of Abraham wi’ Wolfe, has a right to say that, I fancy, without meaning to be owre proud o’ himsell. But hame is aye hamely, so I am just come ye see, in my bit pension, to lay my frail auld banes beside my forbears, in Borthwick kirk-yard owre by yonder.”

“ Borthwick, Borthwick,” said I, as the memory of the once powerful family and their castle, in which Mary had resided for pleasure, and in which she had been sheltered during danger, came over my mind ; “ Borthwick—are we near the castle ?”

The old man rose from his seat ; and, stepping a pace forward, lifted his staff, and pointed to the east, where I discovered it on an eminence ; its majestic head still peering over the dark, surrounding trees.

“ That’s Borthwick,” he said, “ and that’s Soutrahill—and that’s Cousland—and that’s Oxenford—and that’s Pentland—and that’s Pentland—and yon’s Cranston—and yon’s the way to Peebles.”

“ You seem to know all the country hereabouts, friend. But is Borthwick still worth seeing. I believe a good part of it is still entire ?”

“ As to the wa’s like,” he added. “ But, of course, as to the gudes, gear, and plenishing, all is as bare as the

loof o' my hand. Howsomever, its keepit in great order, under lock and key—which lies owre by yonder in the Manse, and weel worth a veesit ony day in the year. Mony and mony a grand auld story have I heard about Borthwick castle, when I was a laddie at the schule. Much fighting and feasting has it seen in its day, aiblins them baith on the same afternoon, mair than ance—though now it is clean gien up to the dows to big their nests in, and for the howlet to whoo in through night ; and for the black jackdaws to cackle and crawl about."

"Here is an old fellow to my mind," thought I, "and, if I cannot manufacture an article out of him, then assuredly I am ignorant of the process of extracting one. So, producing my flask, and a biscuit or two, I invited him to a sip of mountain-dew, to which I said I hoped he had no objection."

"No a grain," he answered, "no a grain. It warms ane's heart after a walk. Then here's to your health, sir, and muckle luck to your sports."

"Well," said I, "speaking of Borthwick, I fancy you have been often in the castle?"

"Through the castle," answered he, "as often as there are teeth in my head, and ten times oftener, for I blief I have only three now ; and heard a' the auld tales and stories connected in't, for mony and mony a generation. Johnny Waflower, the auld gardener that's lang syne in the mools, was the boy for the stories. But I mind some twa or three o' them mysell yet."

“Do ye?” asked I. “Are any of them worth hearing?”

“Ou, that’s just as folk are inclined; but they’re gay curious for a’ that. As neither o’ the twa o’ us are oure thrang the now, I’ll tell ye a wheen o’ them. Weel, first and foremost, there’s “Auld Lord John, and the Mosstrooper;” there’s “The Three Knights o’ Liddesdale;” and there’s “Baron Archibald and the Corbie Brau;” and there’s “The Leddy and her Twa Daughters;” whilk af them would ye like—or aiblins, since ye seem an antiquarian, ye wad be for the hail o’ them, gin time allowed, gif ye’re an admirer of nature.”

“Oh, any of them you choose, my kind friend. But what concerning ‘The Lady and her Two Daughters?’”

“There it is now—I could hae sworn’t till’t. That’s right; the women folk for ever: sauf us! they aye carry the day. The old barons get leave to lie and rot in their lead coffins, down in the damp, darksome vaults; and feint a ane of their ears would ring wi ony o’ them hearing a body saying ony thing gude, bad, or indifferent concerning them; but, whenever a ledy comes athort us, then we are a’ aff on the scent like pointers after partridges. Yet it’s but right; the fair sex are weil wordy of a young man’s gallantry, and an ould man’s chronicling.”

After the veteran had prosed somewhat garrulously concerning this ever-pleasing subject of conversation, I

got him to begin in sober earnest his narrative, which it will give me pleasure to find create that same agreeable interest in the reader, which it really afforded the hearer. To give the better chance of which, I adopt the old's man's quaint, and somewhat expressive phraseology.

“ The leddy Jemina Borthwick, ye see, was a proud woman, and thinking her bairns would be contaminated wi' coming within sight o' common folk, never let them stir a fit out into the open air, except within her ain garden's wa's, attended by some aue or ither o' her bower maidens.

“ My lord was, at this time, away at the wars ; at what place I couldna' just take upon me to say, but likely either oure at France, or on the borders, harrying the cattle parks of Northumberland. Howsomever, it fell out, that ae day, the orchard yett being left open by some mistake, Lillian, the younger o' the twa daughters, ran thereout in her playfulness, while Margery the elder was busying the nurse, by letting her see some flower pots or ither. She had muckle better hae been looking about her ; for, when she raise up, and missed the wee thing, and began to cry, nae answer was gien ; and her searching was to nae purpose.

“ So she was lost ? ” said I.

“ Bide a wee. For fear of her scolds, the auld leddy being a terrible tartar when vexed or angered, the puir nurse was frightened out of her senses to make ony com-

plaint, or say what had happened, till some hours had passed away; so, at lang and last, Margery ran to her mother, telling her that Lillian was nae where to be found. Then siccan a business there was! The auld leddy first bade them ring a' the bells; then scour a' the country; then fell into hysterics, and had a power of feathers burned at her nose; syne screamed, syne giggled, and, ifaith, seemed quite gien gite. But to cut a long story short, the bells might as well have been tongue-tied, the horses in their stables, and the men in the hall, for, at night, when the scourers cam home, they brought nae tidings of the lost bairn.

“It was a sair calamity, na doubt:—but, whether we will or not, time passes on, and after years had worn on, all hope of little Lillian’s recovery was given up; it being concluded, that she had either wandered into the woods, where she had perished for cauld and hunger, or been drowned in the water, in trying to get her way back to the castle of Borthwick. The true story, however, had another version, which was the following:—

“At that time, the kingdom of Scotland, like other parts of the civileezed world, was greatly overrun wi’ the wandering Egyptians that gaed about like travelling merchants in the tinkler line, makers o’ horn spoons, dealers in broad cloths, and sae on. So, ye observe, it happened at this very time, that a party of these thieves were encamped in the barony, sending their emissaries:

to the right and the left to dispose of their guidis, and pick up plunder:

“Aweel, one o’ them was sitting on a stane nae far frae the castle, at the time little Lillian, who was only three years auld ran toddling out in her glee, wrapt up in a scarlet mantle, lined with satin and furs in the inside, and plastered wi’ gold on the outside as thick as it could stick. The mantle was a thing, brought by masters of vessels from the East, and called by the heathen Turk a Baudekine. The gypsey had na seen siccan a prize for mony a lang day; and it set her teeth all a watering; so she raise up, and looking aboot to see that nae one was in the way, whippit up the bit creature in her arms, and off like wildfire.

“She had na run far into the woods, when she tried to loose off the mantle, but na—it was fastened in several places, with golden clasps, and wadna come. Little wo’d ha’e prevented the wretch from killing o’t, to make her prize mair secure; but though they were creatures that held at nought the laws of this world, and the fears of the next, she had eneuch of nature in her heart when she looked at the bright flaxen hair, and the glancing blue een of the innocent, to stay her hand from any rash act: sa she up wi’t intil her arms again, pursuing her way amang the bye-paths of the hills.

“She was now far away on the road to Coldinghame, and was baith worn out and weary; when as she got near a small village, she heard the trampling of horses’



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feet behind her, and fearing she was pursued by the warders, whae wad hae snappit off her head on the instant like a sylve, she laid the bit creature down below a blueberry bush on the road-side, and scoured off amang the thick fir-trees.

“ The party that cam up, however, were nane of my Lord Borthwick’s folk ava, but the Lady Abbess of Coldingham, attended by some twa or three brothers of the convent, who seeing the bonny bairn rolled in the scarlet mantle lying on the grass below the bush, kenned at ance that it must either have been stown or lost ; so they lifted it up, and taking it on wi them, carried it to the convent.

“ The Leddy Abbess, either never made inquiry regarding the business, or never heard whom the bairn belonged to ; but, as the story goes, it grew up like a sweet flower in a shady spot, to be a beautiful creature, stealing away the hearts of all that looked on her. At the time she was fifteen, a young knight, Sir David Seaton of Wintoun tower, arrived on some matter of business, and chanced to see the fair foundling, along with the Abbess in the guest hall. He was so smitten with her charms, that rest by day or night could he find none, until he had contrived, either by his ain art, or the bribery of others, to gain opportunities of acquainting Lillian with the depth of his affection, and getting her, whose heart else had not passed unscathed, to pledge an oath of fidelity in return.

“ It seems, he was a strapping, handsome, young cavalier, as ever fought behind a buckler ; but how was he to gain the consent of his noble relatives to a match with one, who had nothing but dark blue eyes and sunny hair to recommend her ; and could na count ancestry back the length o’ her ain father. It was a sad business ; but when the heart goes foremost, there is little on this side of time that wunna be found capable o’ being overcome. It was even sae in this affair ; and how did he compass it, ask ye ? Easily that.—In those days, folk did na stand on ceremony, so he ran away wi’ her, without asking leave of the Leddy Abbess, his ain relations, or ony body else ; and carried her off to ane o’ his places of strength, where she was to remain till he got every thing prepared for their nuptials.

“ At this very nick of time, however, it fell out that the Baron of Borthwick returned from the field ; and stopping for a night on his homeward journey to Borthwick Castle, reminded—as indeed, I should say, informed,—the knight of a paction which had been entered into between himself and Sir David’s deceased father, regarding the union of their children ; if the one should happen to have a son, and the other a daughter.

“ Between us I maun say, that it was a rather an unfair thing for any father or mother to make any bargains of the kind, as if the human heart was a thing that

could either be bought or sold, or as if their bairns were to be exactly in the same way of thinking as themsells. Sir David Seaton was not a little struck with this treaty, concerning which he had never till this blessed moment heard a single word ; but, having always paid the most implicit regard to the commands of a father whom he loved in life, and whose memory in death he revered, his heart was like to break, and he didna ken what to do. At last he determined, so strong was the force of his filial piety, though put in competition with the feelings nearest and dearest to his soul, to lay the whole business before Lillian herself, and to abide by whatever she said, or considered his honour as a true knight bound him to do. The creature had a noble heart, and the blood of a hundred barons boiled up in it, and overflowed in her generous sacrifice. She told him at once to break from her, and follow the command of his deceased parent. "If ye be not true to him," said she, "ye never can be true to me. Do as his will, and heaven points out to you ; I will go back to our nunnery, and spend my life in prayers that both may be happy and prosperous."

"It was an awfu' struggle in Sir David's breast, between love and duty—but what could he do ? He allowed at length, after much contention, the solicitations of Lillian to overcome him, and though he said that he could never in this world be a happy man, he consented to fulfil his father's paction, in

marrying a woman he had scarcely ever seen, leaving one whom he loved as his life, and who loved him more than her own, to pine away her blooming years in a heartless nunnery.

“So to the country Sir David was obliged to go ; and after having paid due court to auld leddy Borthwick’s oldest daughter, Margery, all marriage matters were sune made up, and the bridal day appointed. Could we credit those who relate to us what they heard from their forbears, siccan a day for parade and display of finery was never seen in this country side for mony and mony a year ; even in those days when lord and lady wore mair gold plaistered on their cloaks and doublets, on the frippery of their bit pages, and the housings o’ their horse-gear, than would have keepit half a dozen families in braid claith and butcher’s meat for half a century. But, at lang and last, taking the road down by towards Ormiston, the laird of which they met with his household squires on horseback, the hail covey of them landed safe at the yetts of Wintoun Tower. The Abbot of Seaton, that was to have celebrated the rite, howsomever, by some chance or ither, didna arrive till after gloaming ; so not to lose precious time, as an immense company of lords and leddies were assembled, they all sat down to the marriage feast, in the first and foremost place ; cutting and carving at the garnished boar’s head, venison haunches, wild fowl, and other rare meats ; and drinking their malvoisie, sherries,

and other rich wines, out of silver quaighs, as if they had been spring water, and no brought at a ransom, frae beyon't seas ; it began to wear to the darkening. At this time, auld leddy Borthwick, and a wheen o' the gentles that were with her, took a step out from the feast hall into the bridal bed-chamber, to see that every thing was in a state of befitting magnificence.

“ Gude kens a' that is reported of the brows of that chamber. The wall hangings came from Arras in French Flanders ; the silk curtains from Persia ; the fine linen bed furniture from Holland ; and the carpets from the country of the Turk heathens ; so all the bower-maidens lined the passages as they passed along, fully aware that her leddyship and the rest would be unce weil pleased wi' their tasteful handywork. They were all dressed in virgin white from tap to tae, except ane, that stood far abeigh, wi' a blue silk hood almost hiding her face. Nor were they disappointed in her leddyship's praise ; for the place, it seems, was quite a wonder for its rare and rich beauty, and fit to have lodged ony queen in Christendom.

“ But sauf us a ! it seemed that something unce had happened, for the leddy gied a scream that made the walls ring, as she pulled aside the blue silk curtains ; and she sure collected a' the lave of the grand party round her, sinking down on the big feather stuffed easy-chair, as if she had been seized with some sudden qualm.

“‘ What is the matter, my leddy—what is the matter?’ screamed out half a dozen of them at once as they crowded, like a swarm of bees about their queen.

“ She wasna able to speak, it seems, so, wi’ your leave, I’ll speak for her in the meantime, and tell ye what was the matter.

“ When Lillian, in her sequestered dwelling-place, for she had not yet thought of returning to her nun’s cell, heard of the day fixed for the marriage of her still but too dear lover, she thought there could be little harm of her breaking loose from her solitude for a day ; and, ere she returned to a life for which she could now have no relish, be at least a spectator of the bliss it was not her happier lot to share. Being acquainted with one of the maidens of the tower, to whom she had done many charitable and benevolent offices, she arrived early on the morning of the bridal day, and took a humble part in the preparations making for the grand ceremony. When the last finishing had been given to the gorgeous apartment, Lillian lingered behind the rest ; and hastily spreading over the satin coverlid the crimson mantle, gemmed with its precious stars of gold, which had been carried with her into the convent when she was rescued from the clutches of the Egyptian woman, she turned the key in the lock, and hurried away after the others.

“ What her object was in doing this freakish act is not so very plain. Some suppose it was to make what was very fine still finer ; some that it was a love-gift to the

bride; while others, who I dare say have the right clue to her motives, imagine that she had laid it down to attract the notice of Sir David, and extort from him a last sigh for one who had so generously sacrificed her peace of mind, to contribute to his happiness.

“It was this mantle which attracted the notice of auld Leddy Borthwick,—and weil it might, for it was a gift sent to her by Queen Margaret on the birth of her daughter, the equal to which was not to be seen on a summer’s day, within the range of the three Lothians.

“How came this mantle here?’ at length she cried, ‘Gold, gold will I give to them, who can tell me any thing regarding this mantle.’

“‘With it went away my dear, little daughter, and now it hath appeared, as it were by miracle, and on such an occasion as this is! Where is she? where is she?’

“Lillian had always known that her history was wrapt in darkness; and she now felt that the moment had arrived when that riddle was likely to be solved.

“Diffidence for a moment overcame, and kept her dumb; but the exigence of the occasion called her to herself, and ‘It was I,’ said she, modestly coming forward from among the crowd of maidens, as she parted aside the veil, behind which her head and shoulders were shrouded. ‘It was I——.’

“‘And who are you?’ asked the ledly, rising anxiously from the chair, as Lillian came forward, and

gazing stedfastly on her face, 'It must—it must be she—how old are you? The same bright linty hair, the same bright blue eyes, the straight nose, and the little mouth of the family of Borthwick. How old are you, child?'

“ ‘My lady,’ replied Lillian, ‘I am, it is supposed, about seventeen; for when I was taken a foundling into the convent, it was thought I could not be above four, at most.’

“ ‘Only three, the same, the same’—and rushing forward the old leddy yielding to the impulse of kind nature, threw her stately reserve to the winds, and fell upon the neck of the beautiful foundling—her own long-lost daughter.

“ The news spread like wildfire through the castle, that in one of the bower-maidens, Leddy Borthwick had discovered a child, long thought for ever gone. The rush to the chamber was general; chairs being upset, and wine-cups overthrown in the hurry. Nor among the last was Sir David Seaton, the gloom of whose countenance had been a melancholy contrast to the merriment of a bridal day, and himself the bridegroom.

“ ‘Where is she—where is my discovered sister?’ cried he, as he rushed forward amid the group. Lillian almost shrunk into the earth with feelings of fear, mingled with delight and pleasant agitation; but, as Sir David stepped forward to embrace her, she turned half round her swan-like neck, and holding out her timid



hands, a if to keep him aloof, lifted upon him her blue eyes, and gave him such a look—

“ He stood like a statue. His brain wheeled round— was he awake, thought he, or in a dream? And all things seemed suddenly to be mantled in perplexity.

“ At length, heaving a sigh from the bottom of his breast, he said, leaning his brow on his hand, ‘ Ah! Lillian, Lillian, hath it come to this! I am unworthy of thy regard. Let me alone—I shall for ever live single, or wed none but thee! I have dishonoured myself! Bid saddle my horses; I shall leave this land for ever! Lillian for thy sake, I swear—’

“ ‘ Swear not at all, sir knight,’ cried Sir Ralph de Murray. Not so fast. not so fast, my good landlord. Ill is the wind that blows nobody good; and, would men only not endeavour to thwart its purposes, heaven orders every thing for the best. Now, let all be cleared. My lords and ladies all, let us return to the banquetting-room.’

“ When all the company were ranged around, Sir Ralph de Murray continued his address: he told them that, in his opinion, it was scarcely giving nature fair play, in parents disposing of their children’s hands, as if it was as easy to give the heart along with them, as a marriage dowry; but,’ added he, ‘ luckily we have it in our power, in this instance, to rectify such an unfortunate mistake.’

“ When I sued, my Lady Borthwick for the hand of

your daughter, and gained her consent, your answer informed me, that had not this obstacle stood in the way of our alliance, nothing else could have possibly retarded it. That obstacle is now removed. My fair cousin has come forward to-day, decked out as a bride.'

" 'Some part of the gloom that oppressed my spirits,' said Sir David Seaton, interrupting him, 'arose from the knowledge of my being about to deprive you of a lady whose heart you had won, and whose hand you deserve. Allow me, Sir Knight,' he added, leading him forward to Margery, whose flushing cheek and kindling eye shewed that she was in no ways dissatisfied with the change, 'to resign my rights, and bring you once more together. My Lord and Lady Borthwick will not say me nay?'

" 'By our Lady of Loretto,' quo Lord Borthwick, 'this is, indeed, killing two birds with one stone. Whether will you, holy Father, have a single or a double fee?'

" 'This looks so like a special interposition of Providence,' answered the Abbot of Seaton, 'that I venture to promise Heaven's blessings on such a double union.'

" 'Thanks, holy Father,' said Sir David, 'for your kind goodwill. But, my Lady Borthwick, I doubt not you will reckon me cruel. You have but this very evening found a lost child, and I would even on the instant deprive you of her. What says my own Lillian?'

" 'Lillian said nothing; but her silence told every thing that was necessary.'

“ At the bidding of the Abbot, the company adjourned to the little chapel of the castle, which had, through the evening been lighted up for the marriage ceremony—but, before the altar, stood a double pair; Sir Ralph de Murray taking the hand of the seemingly well-enough contented bride, while Sir David led forward the long unknown, but now acknowledged Lillian.

“ ‘ With that scarlet mantle!’ cried Leddy Borthwick; ‘ long, long ago I lost a daughter—’

“ ‘ And by that scarlet mantle,’ echoed Sir David, ‘ I have this very evening won a bride. Let the mantle be laid by as a precious relic.’

“ Now, Sir, the rest I leave to your fancy,’ said the old man, concluding his little tale, in the telling of which, as the reader may observe, he gradually passed from his natural Scotch dialect to the more refined language of England; “ ye may fill up the time of the bridal ongoings as ye like. But, howsomever that was the grand scarlet Baudekine of Borthwick castle.”

“ Well, friend, with many thanks to you for your narrative, it has done its duty—since, besides its other benefits, it has furnished me with a tale. There is an old French thing, called ‘ Lay le Fraine,’ which you may have heard recounted on your travels. It comprises also, if I mistake not, the story of a very similar mantle, and a very similar foundling.”

“ French! sauf us a’! what think ye should I ken about the Mounseers, man, mair than having ran at them wi’ fixed bayonets on the heights of Abraham, on

the great day? Na, na; the French may have what stories they like; but, as they used to come about these here pairts, hunder and hunder years ago, it's no unlikely that they may have stoun it away wi' them, and dished it up, like their fricaseed paddocks, in their ain way. Nevertheless, let us alane, we are as weil up to trap as they are, ony day in the year. I have a power mair tales, gif ye hae ony notion of sic like, or hae ony mair time to spare.—But see, yonder come your fishing friends."

At this instant, the pannier-laden brotherhood were seen slowly toiling up the bank; and in a few minutes were by our side "under the greenwood tree." Having invited, as in duty bound, our old chronicler to remain and partake of the anglers' cheer, in less than five minutes we had from our several stores spread "a table in the wilderness,"—if a verdant carpet studded with daisies, kingcups, and harebells, a canopy whereon linnets were singing, and a glorious stretch of cultivated scenery, intersected by streams, and terminated by woodlands, and blue picturesque hills, could deserve that secluded, Arabesque appellation. "Our sayings and doings" there, however interesting as they no doubt were to ourselves, have nothing to connect them with the old man's legend, the theme of our present discourse; so we leave the circumstances of our *fête champêtre* an unpublished leaf in the great volume of our "pleasures of memory."



**LORD**

**EUSTACE D'AMBRETICOURT.**



# LORD EUSTACE D'AMBRETICOURT.

## CHAPTER I.

**"The course of true love never did run smooth."**

IN Eustace d'Ambreticourt, the reader of old Johanne Froissart's glowing Chronicles will recognise the name of that brave knight of Hainault, who so freely received, and so hospitably entertained the queen of England and her son, Edward Prince of Wales, at a time "when exiled from home," not a peer or baron in the wide realm of France would have dared to throw open his castle gates to receive them; since the gold of Hugh Spencer had proved sufficiently powerful with King Charles, to cause him to forget the ties of blood, and to banish from his court and kingdom, the sister whom honour and brotherly love should have taught him to protect. Sir Eustace had a lance ever ready at his monarch's call, and as cheerfully answered the summons to battle as the cartel for a joust. In truth it would



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have been no easy task to have found a soldier who excelled him in any of those noble and exalted qualities which contributed to the formation of a chivalrous hero, in an age when courtesy and valour went hand in hand, and helmeted warriors and plumed knights, basked in the sunshine of romantic love !

At this very time indeed, d'Ambreticourt was the favoured lover of the Marquis of Julier's daughter, and was her publicly acknowledged champion in tilt and tourney ; for he was never known to lack either valour or courtesy, if by a display of either he might testify love for his mistress, or convince his antagonist at the point of the lance, that she was fairest among the maidens of the land. On her part, the Lady Isabel was fully sensible of the honour done her in having so famed and puissant a chevalier, ever ready to assert or to defend her cause in the presence of princes, who might else have never heard of her name, or have worshipped in thought at the shrine of her beauty. Frequently therefore did she send some memorial of her affection to the lord Eustace, who, as may be supposed, rejoiced exceedingly to find his suit so prosperous. The fiery courser which bore him to the combat, with all its gay cloths and caparisons, was a present from his mistress. The gentler hackney which he rode in his more peaceful journeyings from court to court, or from city to city, was a mark of her lady favour ; and his banner of ermines which was rarely unfurled, save for conquest, was wholly embroidered by her own

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fair hands. What wonder then that he should feel so ardent a devotion for his "fayre ladye," or become so renowned for his gallant enterprises in battle-field and tournament, seeing that

Love raised his noble thoughts to brave achievements ?

So effectually did the knight of Hainault maintain the peerlessness of his mistress's charms, that there was scarce a court in Christendom which had not rung with the praises of the lady Isabel of Juliers. But alas ! this very circumstance tended to rouse a curiosity which ere long proved fatal to the hopes and aspirations of him by whom it had been excited. The fame of her beauty soon reached the ears of John Plantagenet, earl of Kent, who upon beholding the maiden, became no less enamoured of her than was Sir Eustace, and being by far the more potent and wealthy lord of the two, and moreover of the blood royal of England, he found but little difficulty in obtaining from her sire, his consent to their nuptials. The Marquis had indeed just entered into league and treaty with our Edward the third, and hence for political motives, was desirous that his daughter should become the bride of one who was so near in blood to the king, as was the earl of Kent. Preliminary matters were therefore speedily arranged, and, notwithstanding the lady Isabel's pleading, the sanctity of the vows she had made to the lord Eustace, she was compelled to bestow her hand upon one who had never broken lance in her name.

and of whom she knew nothing, save that he was of kin to princes. The fiat of her father was however omnipotent, and the countess of Kent forthwith took her departure for England, accompanied only by the Earl himself, and her good father confessor, John of Ireland, whose presence, seeing that she was going among strangers, she had craved as an especial favour.

The lord of Ambreticourt was at the court of the Black Prince, when tidings reached him of the marriage of his lady-love with the Earl of Kent. He was enraged—as what knight would not have been? at the apparent treachery and fickleness of his mistress, and swore by all the saints above! never more to name the name of Isabel 'till the lions of Aquitaine had bowed to the lilies of France! But in his cooler moments the spells of early love would oft resume their wonted influence, and lead him to regret the oath which he had too hastily sworn; by the consequences of which he had however now no other alternative than to abide. The resolution of Sir Eustace was soon noised abroad, and became a theme of conversation with the preux chevaliers of every court in Christendom.

Not long after his return to England the Earl of Kent was taken ill, and in a short time died. Upon the death of her lord, Isabel of Juliers found the vain title of countess a painful incumbrance, serving only to recal to her mind a connexion from which she had derived no heartfelt pleasure, and for which, though she had been

compelled to form in obedience to a sire's decree, she ceased not to reproach herself. The recollection of the gallant and adventurous deeds which the Knight of Ambreticourt had achieved for her sake alone, for ever upbraided her with the vows which she had broken, till wearied of her own unpleasant reflections, she fled from the pomp and martial display of King Edward's court, and retired to the monastery of Waverly !

This asylum was chosen by her in preference to any other, in consequence of its holy abbot having been her spiritual guide in happier days. Her influence too, it was, that had obtained for him the honourable post which he now occupied. She felt confident therefore that *he*, at least, would give her such kind and honest counsel as her situation seemed to require, and in return for past favours, aid her in whatever she might deem it advisable to undertake with regard to the future ; for in truth the Lady of Juliers, though she hid herself in a cloister, had no intention to turn nun.

She had not enrolled herself among the inmates of the monastery of Waverly, when the truce expired, which, since the surrender of Calais 1347, had kept the martialists of France and England in a state of inglorious idlesse ; and they of the latter kingdom especially, were glad enough of the opportunity again afforded them of exhibiting to the world their dauntless courage. At King Edward's summons, therefore,

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every knight in the realm shook the dust from the banner, and wiped away the rust from his brand. The forester was transformed to an archer good ; and the shepherd of the mountain and the herdsman of the valley exchanged the crook for the spear, and the goad for the battle-axe, when the bugle blast of their leader and lord, called liegeman and vassal to the war-gathering. Even the quiet of the cloister was disturbed by the martial clangour, and many a monk armed with his rosary and his crucifix followed in the train of Belona's sons, in order that he might be at hand to afford, when necessary, life's last consolation to the fallen in fight !

Owing to the correspondence which these children of the holy church maintained with their brethren at home, it not unfrequently happened that the tenants of the retired and solitary abbey were in possession of all the warlike news of the times even before it had reached the ears of royalty, and few events transpired in the invading army abroad without their being known to them immediately. 'Tis true, a mass for the soul's repose of some brave lord,—a bloodless skirmish between the rival chivalry of France and England,—or a midnight foray achieved by the companions of either host,—were equally matters of detail with the capture of a city, or the consequences of a fair drawn battle.

By means of the communications passing from the errant to the stationary monks of Waverly, the Lady

Isabel often heard of her late champion's noble enterprises; for there was not a chevalier in the hosts of England who had obtained more renown in the expeditions against Languedoc and Toulouse, than did Sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt. But with the tidings of his fame nothing reached her that could give her the least ground for supposing she was not quite forgotten. However hardy, or however romantic the feats achieved by the knight might chance to be, it was never recorded of them, as it had been of his former deeds, that they had been undertaken and accomplished purely for the love he bore the Marquis of Julier's daughter.

Nurtured as the Lady Isabel had been in the halls and bowers of her father's court, and accustomed from childhood to its gay scenes and captivating pleasures, it is not much to be wondered that she should soon grow weary of a monastic life, and sigh for those early delights which love had continued to hallow. She determined, therefore, to bid adieu to her solitary retreat, and to seek again that home which she had been compelled by pride and policy to quit. She pondered well the matter in her mind, and came to the resolution of taking the court of the Black Prince in her way thither, hoping by this means, to behold the gallant knight with whose name rumour had for so long a period been accustomed to couple her own: for sooth to say, she was unwilling to believe herself entirely forgotten by the Eustace, though "the Lady of Juliers" had ceased to

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be the talisman of the tournament, or the spirit-stirring shout of the battle-field. Her intention was made known to the holy Abbot John of Ireland, whose counsel and advice she solicited not in vain ; but the good father endeavoured by such eloquence as he was master of, to dissuade his royal mistress from the undertaking, and pointed out the perils and dangers of her journeying without a suitable escort of defence, through kingdoms and principalities at war with each other. His objections were, however, all overruled, and accordingly failed of their intention. Seeing, therefore, that he laboured in vain in attempting to divert her from the resolution she had formed, and that come what would she was fully determined to essay the adventure, he proffered himself to bear her company until she should have gained her journey's end. His offer was readily and cheerfully accepted ; and the same evening the Abbot of Waverly and his fair charge, who disguised herself in the habit of a Cistercian friar, took their departure from the monastery, and directed their course towards the sea-port of Hastings.

Between this place and the opposite coast of Normandy, vessels of merchandise and war were perpetually passing to and fro, and our pilgrims therefore soon found a conveyance across the strait. The dress which they wore saved them from all insult or danger while they journeyed in the territories of the King of England, so that they were enabled for a time to proceed on

their way towards Aquitaine without let or molestation. But they were soon obliged to alter their route, for on advancing farther into the country, they learnt that Prince Edward with the whole chivalry of his own court and duchy, as well as those of Normandy, Anjou, and Guienne, with his allies of Hainault and the neighbouring states, had gone forth upon a warlike expedition, with banners flying in the wind, and trumpets ceaselessly sounding to the outset. Companies of Brabanters too and other mercenary troops,—horsemen, spearmen, and cross-bows, were traversing the whole line of border territory; and while to-day some lord in the service of the prince planted the lions of Aquitaine upon the towns and castles of King John, mayhap on the morrow the lilies of France made ruinous reprisals upon the lands and possessions of the Norman invader.

Following the track of the English hosts, our Cistercian monks arrived late one evening at a small village which they found all in tumult and confusion: for the inhabitants having received intelligence of the approach of a body of French companions, were busied in concealing their valuables, and in escaping to some better fortified or less exposed retreat; while the more aged or more superstitious were fain to content themselves with such protection as the walls of a chapel could afford.

“Dear lady,” said the Abbot of Waverly; “we must not tarry here, for believe me these compa-



nions would little heed the sanctity of our garb, or pay respect to our holy order; and if it so chanced we were taken prisoners of them, the labour and travail we have hitherto undergone would be paid in rude and uncourteous treatment, which for your sake and the noble marquis your sire's, I would not should befall us."

"Thanks, holy father, for your care," replied Isabel, "but whither shall we flee, seeing the night hath already overtaken us? 'Twere best, methinks, we sought the chapel, for surely they will respect the rights of the sanctuary."

"Alas, lady," added John of Ireland, "the companions glory in the sacrilege! Yet can I see no other hope. And it may so chance, that should the worst come to pass, we may fall into the hands of some courteous chavalier. Ave Maria! and have us in thy keeping!"

At these words, the reverend abbot crossed himself; and his disguised mistress, breathing a silent "Amen" to his prayer, followed his example. The flickering lights of distant torches guided them to the pathway which conducted to the proposed asylum. Thitherward, therefore, they directed their course, overtaking, at every step, some of the terrified inhabitants of the village, who being mostly infirm and feeble, advanced but slowly, maugre their apprehensions!

"Oh that the Lord Eustace knew our danger!"

whispered the trembling countess. "But, alas! I had forgotten he hath sworn never more to name the name of Isabel, till the lions of Aquitaine have bowed to the lilies of France. Oh cruel, cruel oath!"

The Cisterian garbs in which they were clad, insured our pilgrims respect and reverence from the helpless fugitives who, like themselves, were seeking the shelter of a consecrated roof; and they found but little difficulty in making their way to its most holy place. Ascending the steps of the altar, the Abbot of Waverly, and his fair companion, knelt down to implore the protection of heaven from the impending danger. Scarcely, however, had the first *ave* been repeated, when a loud shout broke upon the ears of the defenceless multitude which thronged each aisle and avenue. The trumpet brayed its paralyzing charge!—The clatter of the war-steed's iron-heeled hoofs, sounded fearfully along the deserted streets! and the shouting of the horsemen, and the clangour of their arms, mingled with the yells of the wounded and the groans of the fallen, echoed dreadfully dissonant in the stillness of night! The din increased—It drew nearer and nearer; and at the self-same moment, the lurid reflections which gleamed through the fretted windows, informed those within that the village was in flames? Breathless with fear, they clung closer and closer to each other, cowering like sparrows at the approach of the hawk, and momentarily expecting to fall beneath the murderous battle-axe of the foe!

Anon, the door was forced; but instead of its being followed by the tumultuous rush of an armed banditti, the Lord Radul of Coucy, with some score or so of the companions in his train, advanced into the chapel, but seeing there no enemy worthy his lance, he summoned them all to yield themselves prisoners, a summons with which, as may be supposed, they very readily complied. The companions were desired to select such prisoners as they pleased, and to let the rest depart.

“As to yonder monks,” said the knight, pointing his weapon towards John of Ireland and the Lady Isabel, “we take them to ourself—for, by St. Dennis I fear me we shall stand much in need of their prayers to save our souls from purgatory when this uncourteous warfare hath been brought to a close!”

Several others of the mercenary band having by this time entered the sanctuary, the work of pillage was deliberately commenced—every thing of value was deemed fair plunder, and not even the ornaments of the walls escaped. Few of the prisoners were thought worth the trouble of capture, as being apparently very poor, nothing was to be expected for their ransom, and the majority of them were, therefore, permitted to return to the smoking ruins of their former homes. But it fortune not so to the Abbot of Waverly and his pilgrim of love. Having been chosen by De Coucy's lord, as his share of the spoil, they were rudely hurried away from their late asylum; and the companions having sa-

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tified themselves with the havoc they had wrought, mustered anew their scattered bands, and by midnight were on their way back towards the French territory, bearing along with them whatever booty they had been able to collect, and the few prisoners which the hope of ransom had prompted them to make.

## CHAPTER II.

“ Fortune, thou wayward jade, why trifle thus  
With thine own favourites ?”

*Anon.*

THE Prince of Wales, after a most determined assault, succeeded in reducing Remourantin ; which done, he continued his retreat towards Normany, wasting and destroying in his march, the fertile provinces of Anjou and Tourraine. Having achieved many splendid feats of arms, his object was now to effect a junction between his own army and that under the command of the Earl of Derby. For it had been bruited abroad, that King John had at length been roused into something like soldierly activity, and was posting with the flower of the French chivalry, and an army sixty thousand strong, to intercept the retreat of his foe, and compel him to give battle under circumstances apparently highly disadvantageous to England, since her forces scarcely amounted to one eighth that number. The Frenchman, fearful that his anticipated prize should escape, had dispatched companies of horse and foot in every direction, for the purpose of retarding the retreat. Meanwhile he called around his banner his friends and

allies, resolved, if possible, to place the chance of victory beyond a doubt.

Supposing his antagonist to be a-head of him, for he had received no correct intelligence of where he lay—King John, on Thursday, the 18th of September, 1356, advanced his main body upon Poitiers, while the Earls of Soigny and Craon—the Lords Raoul de Coucy and Louis of Coucibras, with their own companions, were commanded to tarry at Chavigny, and bring up his rear on the following Saturday. Prince Edward lodged on the Friday night at a short distance from Chavigny, where he was informed by his scouts of the movement of his adversary's squadrons. He weighed the important tidings in his mind, and determined upon attacking the forces of the gallant peers when they should next morning take their departure for the appointed rendezvous. Having resolved upon this enterprise, the Lord of Ambreticourt was selected to carry it into execution, and, as companion, had assigned to him the Lord John of Guystel, a hero whose invincible prowess was a proverb in the host, and from whom great things were ever expected, as far at least as regarded displays of courage and soldierly daring ; but Sir Eustace was the better knight—the more skilful leader—and, withal, had hitherto been equally fortunate.

Long ere the light of morning broke, the two knights were busily employed in choosing from among the companions those in whose fidelity and hardiness they could

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most confide ; these consisted of sixty tried spearmen, with half that number of the best cross-bows that ever let fly a shaft for the honour of England. In order to inspire our adventurers with meet courage, Edward confided to the care of Eustace the banner of his own Duchy of Aquitaine, and charged him, as he valued the favour and protection of his liege prince, to let it suffer no disgrace while in his keeping ; of this, indeed, there was not much fear, seeing that the valiant Ambreticourt had never failed in achieving any worthy adventure to which he stood pledged.

On the Saturday, as day dawned, the Earl of Soigny led the rear-guard of the French host across the Creuse; and was advancing in good order by the wood-side towards Poitiers, when his foremost divisions suddenly fell back, and not without sufficient cause, for they found themselves assailed by flight of arrows so dexterously aimed, that each proved fatal. The glitter of lances, too, broke from the green-wood coverts, and the battle-cry of England, alarmed her unsuspecting foes !

“ St. George for the lions of Aquitaine ! ” shouted the dauntless Hainaulters, and rushed to the onset reckless of danger, and scorning to think on the numbers of their adversaries. The Frenchmen, however, soon recovered from their panic, and made a gallant stand. Their leaders hurried to the front ; and, supported by the stoutest of their men-at-arms, dealt their death-strokes fearfully among the hardy followers of Sir Eustace

d'Ambreticourt and the Lord John of Guystel, both of whom were fain in their turn to give ground. The bearer of the prince's standard was slain by the battle-axe of Sir Louis of Coucibras, and the royal trophy became the spoil of a German Knight. In vain did our hero dash forward to its rescue; the unmerciful superiority of France obliged him to retreat, and his enemies eagerly pursued him even to the English outposts. But here the tide of battle turned again, and they met a stout resistance to any farther advance; the half-vanquished warriors returned to the charge, and with the aid and assistance of their friends, succeeded in capturing the Lords of Joigny, Bruce, and Chavigny, who were delivered over to the safe custody of the constable, while the Knight of Hainault hastened to the pavilion of the prince.

“Soho, my lord! why this uncourteous entry? and whence this noise and uproar in our host?”

“My liege, we have, alas, been overborne by numbers, and forced to seek protection in retreat!”

“And the lions of Aquitaine?” sternly demanded the prince, ever anxious for the safety of his banner.

“Have bowed to the lilies of France!” replied the Lord Eustace.

“How, sir knight! the lions of Aquitaine bowed to the lilies of France? And it be so, thy life shall pay the forfeit! What! the proud banner of our duchy trampled in the mire by those who have so often fled



before it! To its rescue instantly, for by St. George we cannot brook the insult!"

"Sir prince," rejoined the Lord of Ambreticourt, in a haughty and imperious tone, "valour may not always control the chances of war, else the lions of Aquitaine had not now bowed to the lilies of France, nor the brave knights of France to the lion of Aquitaine."

The cheering hurras of those without disturbed this uncourteous colloquy, and anon, the Earl of Joigny, the Viscount de Bruce, and the Lords of Chavigny and Coucy were ushered bare-headed into the royal presence, and rendered themselves upon the spot, true prisoners, rescue or no rescue.

"Welcome, noble chevaliers!" quoth Edward. "And be assured, that whilst ye tarry in our company, you shall have goodly cheer, nor have cause to murmur at your entertainment. We would fain release you from your vows of service even at once; but seeing we are like ere long to meet the hosts of France in desperate mood, it behoveth us to hold ye prisoners till the fray is o'er; which done, ye shall be held to fair and liberal ransom."—Then turning to the Lord of Ambreticourt, he added—"Sir knight, you have done well in capturing such gallant foes; yet is this feat poor recompense for the disgrace we have this day sustained in the loss of our blessed banner. But hence, my lord, we may not loiter now in idle parlance—our host must on!"

With these words, the prince quitted his tent, fol-

lowed by the leaders of his army. Sir Eustace, too, returned to his post of duty, at the head of the soldiers of Hainault, though with a mind fiercely agitated by feelings to which he had hitherto been an entire stranger. He was ready to confess he had been guilty of no common offence against the strict laws of knighthood, in losing the standard of his liege lord; but then, the circumstances attending that loss, and his subsequent soldierly conduct, he thought should have exonerated him from all serious blame.

The marshals of England now commanded the army to advance on its way, taking every precaution to prevent a surprise, for they had learnt the strength and disposition of the enemy from the prisoners just made. Towards nightfall they arrived within a short distance of Poitiers, and pitched their tents in a well fenced situation among hedges and vineyards. Here they lodged, well watched and warded by sentries and picquets, and fully expecting they should have to give battle on the morrow; but the morrow was occupied with the vain negotiations of the Cardinal of Perigord, which though they failed of their pacific purposes were the means of affording time for our English knights to entrench and fortify themselves in their new position. For the prince had determined to engage his antagonist on the following morning, notwithstanding the great disparity between the numbers of their respective forces.

Scarce had the hour of midnight passed, and while

yet darkness covered the face of the earth, the English host began to be in motion,

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“ and from the tents,  
The armourers accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up  
Gave dreadful note of preparation.”

And by the time that day had fully dawned, the whole army was ranged in battle array, upon Maupertuis fields, prepared at a moment's notice to commence the onset. But the heralds had given strict charge that no man should advance before the marshal's banner under pain of being accounted a traitor to the king, for his warlike son had so commanded it.

When the sun was fairly up, the hosts of France drew forth into the field, extending their lines to a fearful distance beyond those of their lion-hearted adversaries. The main division under the command of the Duke of Orleans took its stand in the centre ; and the forest of gay plumes and pennons which danced in the morning breeze, and the glitter of twice ten thousand lances bore ample testimony to the nobility and puissance of those heroes of whom it was constituted. Anon, the trumpets sounded—the fair lilies of Charlemagne were displayed, and the cry of “ Mountjoy St. Dennis ! ” was simultaneously raised in the three grand divisions of the host.

“ Ah ! ” exclaimed the Lord of Ambreticourt, who

was posted with his company of Hainaulters right opposite the standard of King John ; lo ! yonder the the lions of Aquitaine ! and—foul disgrace ! reversed to the lilies of France ! and by the Saints of Heaven ! the red roses of Coucibras\*. To the rescue ! knights, to the rescue ! Isabel for the lions of Aquitaine !

Heedless of the marshal's orders, Sir Eustace couched his lance, plunged his golden spurs into the flanks of his fiery steed, and dashed impetuously towards the Frenchmen's lines, followed only by some half a score or so of the most fearless and most faithful of his own band, who catching up the battle-cry of their leader, astonished either host with the long-forgotten name of " Isabel !"

The bold German knight Sir Louis de Coucibras, like a good soldier came forth from the ranks to meet his coming foe. They encountered, and that so violently, that both at once fell to the earth. Ambreticourt's lord, however, quickly recovered his feet, and was advancing upon his antagonist, who had been sorely wounded in the shoulder, when five German chevaliers with their men at arms set upon him together and bore him to the earth again ; whereupon he was fain to yield himself prisoner, and was instantly hurried to the rear.

When, from the front of his army, Prince Edward saw the issue of the encounter, and that it had termi-

\* The Lord Louis of Coucibras, bore on a shield argent five roses gules.—*Froissart*.

nated so ominously for the honour of England, he was wild with rage, and swore by St. Edward's crown that the lord of Ambreticourt should die the death of a traitor, for having dared to disobey the marshal's orders. But the shrill clarions of France sounding for the charge, obliged him to think of other matters, and to prepare for the coming fray. The royal standard of the English king moved onward, and thereupon every baron bold and gallant knight advanced his pennon, and led on his spearmen and cross-bows to the fight.

“Mount joy St. Dennis!” shouted the army of France. “St. George for Guienne!” replied the warriors of England, and the vaulted welkin rung with the mingled battle-cries of either host. “Tis needless to dwell upon the achievements of Poitiers, for to what reader of truth or of fiction are they not already known? Moreover, our business at present concerns only one of its heroes, and that one alas the most unfortunate! for Sir Eustace having, as we have related above, been captured by some German chevaliers, had been bound to the car of the Earl of Nassau, the hurry of approaching events not allowing of their swearing him true prisoner.

In the heat of the conflict, the captive knight was discovered by a band of his own soldiers, who led on by Prince Edward, had just succeeded in routing the divisions of the earls of Saltzberg and Nassau, and had fought their way even to the tents and pavilions of those

noble lords. He was forthwith remounted; and displaying the three red humets of Ambreticourt, the hardy Hainaulters raised their battle-shout, anew, and followed again, well pleased, their valiant captain, as he rushed fearless and desperate upon the mailed squadrons of the foe. And ere the fight was o'er, many wondrous deeds did Sir Eustace and his company achieve, and many rich and noble prisoners were captured by them. But they sought in vain for the lost standard of the Prince. The lions of Aquitaine, and the lilies of France had alike disappeared from the field.

Evening came on, and ere long

Night closed around the conqueror's way.

and shrouded the vanquished from the pursuit of the victors; when the brave knight of Hainault and his companions returned to their lodgings, exhausted with the mighty labours of the day, and more anxious for rest, than troubled with cares for the unborn events of the morrow!

Early on the Tuesday morning, the victorious Edward summoned a council of his nobles together, to consider what was best to be done with the many royal and illustrious prisoners made in and after the battle of the preceding day.

“My liege Prince,”—quoth the Earl of Salisbury, “saving the conqueror's rights, my counsel is, we put them anon to fair ransom, seeing the cost and expense of their maintenance will prove sore grievance to many

poor but gallant knights in our host. The brave lord of Ambreticourt too, as I am told, hath already taken ransom for some of *his* prisoners, and some he hath permitted to depart upon their sworn parole."

"How Sir Earl!" exclaimed the Prince, starting up in his seat, and frowning sternly upon the Montague, "The lord of Ambreticourt, saidst thou? Marry! what further outrage will this knight attempt? 'Twas but on Saturday, as ye well know brave lords, this same Sir Eustace basely lost the banner of our duchy, which hath not yet been recovered: and yester-morn, despite our positive commands, broke through the ranks and led the battle on ingloriously. Yet not content with this, he now presumes to set his prisoners free, in bold defiance of our prior claims. Thus thrice insulted, we can brook no more, and by St. Edward's crown! we *will* not! Let this proud lord be summoned hither, for he hath proved a traitor to his king!"

These were grave and important charges, and the council forgetting for the time all other matters, proceeded at once to their consideration. Meanwhile messengers were dispatched to summon Sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt into the royal presence. He obeyed with all alacrity, but his speed equalled not that of his judges, who by the time he had arrived before them, had pronounced him guilty of treason, and sentenced him to be deprived of his knighthood! and then left to the mercy of the Prince! When he had listened to this

unexpected decree, he demanded of his accusers the combat *à l'outrance*, and flung down his gauntlet in a rage; but no one dared to accept the cartel of a false knight.

“Eustace d'Ambreticourt,” said Edward, “thy glove falls impotent, for we forbid any chevalier's accepting the gage of one who hath brought dishonour on his noble order, by deserting the banner of his liege lord.” Then, with a smile of bitter irony, he added, “If for the sake of thy lady-love, thou didst bear thyself so cravenly, thy purpose hath been well achieved, and thou mayest now again name the name of ‘Isabel of Juliers,’ since the lions of Aquitaine have bowed to the lilies of France. ! Heralds, proclaim aloud Lord Eustace's sentence !”

Obedient to the command, the heralds hied them forth, and published in every quarter of the field, that “Sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt would forthwith be publicly deprived of the honours of knighthood, he having proved a false and unfaithful chevalier.”

Such a declaration failed not to collect together all the bannerets and bachelors of the English host, and they hurried towards the lodgings of their Prince, with no ordinary feelings of wonder and curiosity, to witness the unusual ceremony of a knight's degradation. Thither too the idlers of either army thronged; and our hero was brought forth, to suffer, as the punishment of his misfor-



tunes, a disgrace rarely incurred, save by positive and deliberate treason.

Accompanied by the lords Warwick, Suffolk, and Salisbury, with the other potent nobles of his counsel, Edward advanced from the royal pavilion, and took his station upon a rudely constructed platform, in front of which the offending knight, armed cap à pie, stood silently but sternly awaiting the decree of his enraged prince, and as yet ignorant of the consequences which that decree might involve. On his right hand was the appointed king-at-arms, who, at a signal given, blew the shrill trumpet, and with the attendant heralds advanced to despoil him of his defensive armour, and publicly to denounce him as a false and recreant knight. The officer had already seized the helmet of our hero, when a voice was heard to exclaim,

“ Hold thy rash hand, Sir King !” and immediately the abbot of Waverly and his pilgrim companion presented themselves before the dais of the Black Prince.

“ Pardon, my liege !” said John of Ireland : “ and yet recall the uncourteous decree which hath gone forth against the noble Lord of Ambreticourt ; for we will pledge the credit of our order that a braver or more loyal knight than Sir Eustace never couched lance in tournament or battle-field !”

“ Grammercy, holy father !” replied the Prince ; “ but methinks thou speakest of what thou knowest

but little, seeing that this Sir Eustace hath proved himself a traitor, for he did cravenly desert and lose our blessed banner; and having thereby brought foul disgrace upon the escutcheon of our knighthood, 'tis meet he suffer the punishment of his treason. We cannot grant his pardon,—so I pray thee hence, lest thou provoke our wrath, and we be led to offend against the saints of Heaven; for, an' we mistake not, thou shouldest belong to the holy brotherhood of the great St. Robert\*.”

“ Judge not too hastily, my liege,” rejoined John of Ireland; “ for we have yet a boon to claim. Speak, holy brother.”

The friar-like Isabel came forward at the abbot's bidding, and tremblingly obeyed.

“ If the loss of thy banner, Sir Prince, be the only cause of the Lord Eustace's disgrace; should not its recovery restore him again to thy royal favour? Lo, here then are the lions of Aquitaine!” and therewith she drew from beneath her robe the emblazoned trophy, and displayed it anew to the astonished gaze of all present. The loud shouts of princes, nobles, knights, and squires, burst forth at once, to hail the re-appearance of their favourite standard. The Lord Eustace d'Ambreticourt, overjoyed at the sight, sprang forward, and was

\* The Monastery of Waverly was dedicated to St. Robert.—*See Dugdale's Monasticon.*

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about to embrace his deliverer, when he discovered beneath the cowl of a Cistercian monk the features of his long-lost lady love !

“ Ah !” said he, starting back, surprised ; “ Isabel of Juliers !”

“ Even so,” added John of Ireland, “ and her father confessor, who, had it been necessary, would have absolved the Lord Eustace from his hasty vows ; but since the chances of war have saved him that trouble, and the lions of Aquitaine have in very deed bowed to the lilies of France, it now but remaineth, Sir Knight, that thou receive again thy lady love, and that we pray our true liege the forgiveness and oblivion of all that hath past, seeing that, despite the misfortunes of one of his noblest chevaliers, the banner of Aquitaine, though lost for a time, waves once more victorious !”

Following the example of the Abbot of Waverly, Sir Eustace and his cowed mistress, knelt before Prince Edward, who, overcome by this unexpected appeal, waved his warder in token of silence.

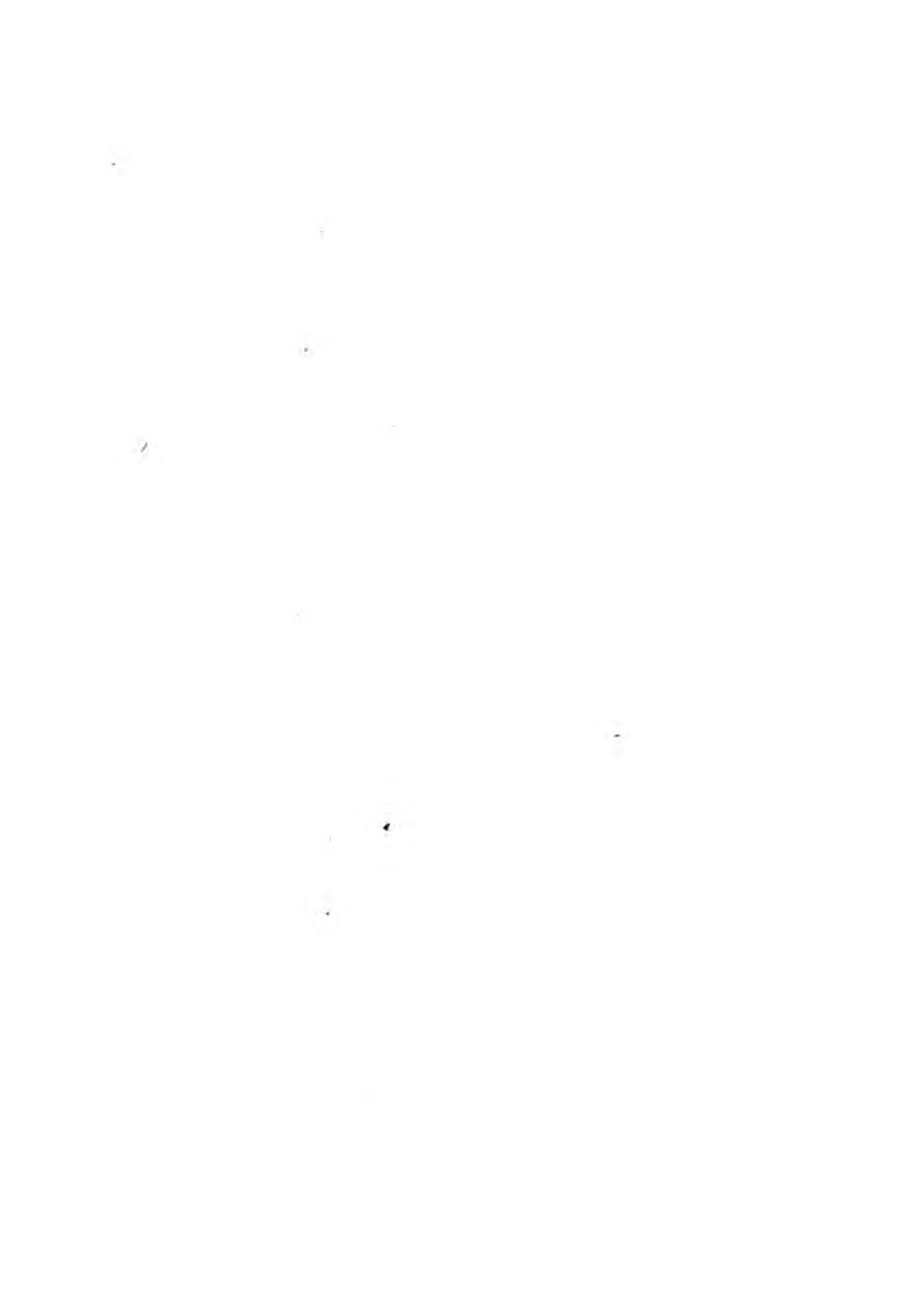
“ Heaven forefend,” said he, “ that when beauty and valour and devotion unite to crave a boon, we should harden our hearts and say ‘ nay.’—Rise, therefore, Sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt : and our fair cousin of Kent, we cannot wish thee braver lord than him whom thou hast this day rescued from dishonour : and, holy Abbot, be it thine to finish what thou hast so well begun ; for, sooth to say, we have not time for marriage ceremonies,

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a nation's weal depends upon us now, and claims our every care!"

Amid the vociferous applause of martial thousands the suppliants rose, and our noble knight of Hainault conducted the lady of his early love to his own pavilion, where, ere many more hours had fled, the good John of Ireland had the heartfelt pleasure of obeying the commands of his prince, by making the Lady Isabel of Juliers the bride of Lord Eustace d'Ambreticourt!

H. D.



**ROSALIE BERTON.**



## ROSALIE BERTON.

WHILE passing some time in the south of France, I spent a few days at S——, a town on the banks of the Loire, situated in that province, which, from its fertility and beauty, is usually designated the garden of France.

S——, I had been informed, was a place famed alike for its vineyards and its pretty girls, a coincidence certainly natural, since it fairly may be supposed, that the sun which ripens the richest fruit in nature, should alike mature its sweetest flowers, and perfect the beauties and the charms of that sex, which is literally “like the fair flower in its lustre.” As the friend, by whom I was accompanied, was well known in the place, we were soon introduced to a circle of respectable families; and among others, to that of Berton, consisting of the father, mother and daughter.

Rosalie Berton was the *belle* of S——, or to borrow the far prettier French phrase, she was “*la perle de ville.*” And a sweet and lovely girl she was, as ever



the eye of affection hailed with delight. Her charms had something of a peculiar style and character; for, with the bright black eyes, and fine dark hair of the south, were united the fair complexion and delicately tinted cheek of a northern beauty. Her face was of a somewhat more pensive turn than usual, and her meek, mild features, and soft dark eyes, bore traces of tender feeling and of gentle thought; while so expressive was her countenance, that it responded, at will, to her feelings, and the eye and the cheek which were one moment impressed with melancholy, beamed forth the next with all the warmth of intelligence, affection, or delight. Her accomplishments were really of a superior kind: she walked with more than the usual elegance of her countrywomen, and danced with equal animation and grace. But her most attractive charm consisted in her voice, which, though not particularly powerful, had a sweetness and a melody which were perfectly delightful; so that never methinks have I heard a softer strain, than when that fair girl was wont to sing to her guitar the simple ballads and sweet romances of her native land. And her musical talents were enhanced by her gentle, complying disposition, and by the readiness with which she obeyed every call on her exertions. From her music-master, who was a native of Italy, she also learnt Italian, which she spoke with more fluency and correctness than is usual among the French; she drew, moreover, with considerable taste. So affectionate and

so amiable was she, that she deserved all the encomiums of her friends and even their hyperbolical compliments were scarcely extravagant when applied to her. She was literally "*douce comme un ange, jolie comme les amours*;" and, as the *ne plus ultra* of merit in France, she was "*tout a fait gentille*." She possessed also, considerable dramatic skill and tact, and would, I think, have proved a delightful acquisition to the stage, from the skill she displayed in those little playful scenes, with which the French delight to embellish life.

We were favoured with a specimen of her talents in this way, on the evening of our arrival. It was the fête day of madame, the mother of Louise, and we were invited to be present. After some time passed in taking refreshments, varied by dancing, conversation, &c., the little ceremony of the evening commenced; the door opened, and a small but gay procession entered the room. It consisted of several young persons, all friends of the family, headed by Louise, who was charmingly dressed, and looked altogether most lovely. She bore her guitar across her bosom, and the instrument was encircled with a wreath of flowers. Each individual carried some little offering, such as bottles of wine and liqueurs, conserves and sweetmeats, flowers and fruit, &c. &c.; and these were placed on the table, the whole group forming a circle round Rosalie, who advanced to her mother, and sang to the guitar the well-known verses consecrated to such occasions.

Madame c'est aujourd'hui votre fête,  
C'est aussi celle de nos cœurs ;  
A vous chanter chacun s'apprete !  
Et veut vous couronner de fleurs !

The lovely girl then loosed the garland from her lyre, placed it with light hand on the brow of her mother, and sank in a graceful bending attitude to receive her parent's blessing. She was instantly raised, fondly embraced by both her admiring parents, and with a repetition of the song, the whole party left the room. The scene is long past, but I have often recalled it since ; and in many an hour of fancy and of thought, have again beheld that fair girl kneeling to her mother, again beheld her clasped to that mother's heart. Nor was the above the only instance of her skill, every day presented some fresh instance of her feeling and of taste.

A *plaisanterie*, which proved very successful, was arranged as follows. We were sitting one evening up stairs, when we were attracted by the performance of three musicians, who were singing in the *cour*. The party consisted of two young men, and a female, who wore a veil ; they accompanied their songs by playing on the guitar ; their performance was evidently of a superior character : the music and the words were Italian, and the voice of the female performer was eminently sweet and touching. After listening some time with great delight,

" Go," said I to one of the party, " find Rosalie,

and tell her to come and listen to a better singer than herself, who will give her a *leçon de chant*."

This was said in the hearing of the foreign songstress, for whom it was intended as a compliment, while, at the same time, some silver was thrown upon the ground. But what was our surprise, when the lovely girl threw aside her veil, exclaiming—

"He ! bien messieurs et dames ! sous ne connaissez donc plus votre pauvre Rosalie !"

Such was one of many pleasantries by which we were diverted and amused. Idle fancies these indeed, and such as sterner judgments may deem trifling or absurd, yet not uninteresting, since many of them evidently afford vestiges of classic times and manners, transmitted through the course of ages ; nor unuseful, since they tend to smooth and adorn the rugged way of life, and to strew its flinty path with flowers.

With the charms and accomplishments which I have described, and the sketch can convey but a faint idea of those which she actually possessed, it cannot be supposed that Rosalie was destitute of admirers. She had, indeed, had several, but their suits were all unsuccessful. She had been addressed in turn by the *medecin* of the place—by the son of the President of the Tribunal du Commerce—and by a nephew to a Monsieur de V——, the seigneur who resided at a neighbouring château. But they were all, more or less, improper characters : the *medecin* was a gamester ; the president's son a drunkard,

a character utterly despised in these parts; while the nephew to the seigneur, was actually a *mauvais sujet*! What the French precisely understand by a *mauvais sujet*, I never could exactly make out; for, when impelled by curiosity to inquire, my queries were always met by such a volley of vituperation, as left one altogether in the dark with regard to the real nature of the charge. On the whole, I presume, we are to consider a *mauvais sujet* as a culprit, compared with whose transgressions, the several enormities of gaming, drinking, and the like, sink into mere peccadilloes.

The parents of Rosalie (the parents settle all these matters in France), on learning the character of their intended sons-in-law, dismissed them one after the other; and Rosalie acquiesced in their determination with a readiness and a decision, which did equal honour to her affection and her judgment.

So interesting a girl, however, was not likely to remain long without a suitable admirer, and she speedily had another *affaire du cœur*. A young and handsome *militaire*, a sous-lieutenant in the royal guard, aspired to gain her hand, and to replace the vacancy in her affections.

Henri Vaucouleurs was a fine, tall, dark, martial-looking young man (the French make fine looking soldiers), and, with his luxuriant mustachios and the eager glance of his keen black eye, seemed the very *beau idéal* of a modern hero. Born at Mezieres, in the

department of the Ardennes, he was cradled in the very lap of war, and was yet a mere boy ; when, in the summer of 1813, he joined the corps called the *garde d'honneur*. He made the campaign of Germany, and was present in the battles of Leipzig and of Hanau, in the last of which he received a ball in the right arm. He shortly, however, resumed his post with the army assembled for the defence of France, and at the battle of Laon received a severe *coup de sabre* on his forehead, the scar of which added much to the martial aspect of his countenance. At the peace he joined the royal guard, in which corps he still continued. He was really a very estimable and engaging young man ; and possessed more candour, intelligence, and good sense, than I think I ever witnessed in a military man among the French. His account of his campaigns was exceedingly modest, unaffected, and intelligent, and his whole conversation and manner were of a superior character. I remember, he spoke with great forbearance of the three principal nations among the allies, the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians ; but inveighed, bitterly, against several of the auxiliaries, who, he said, having received only benefits of the French Emperor, embraced the first opportunity offered by a reverse of fortune, to desert and betray him. Of Napoleon, he spoke with enthusiasm as a soldier ; but with detestation, as an intoxicated and deluded tyrant, a rash and desperate gamester, who sent forth his attached and devoted soldiers, to be devoured by

the destroying elements, without provision, or scarcely a thought for their natural and indispensable wants.

Such were the character and pretensions of him who was destined to gain the affections of Rosalie. At first, he seemed to have but little chance of success. Old people commonly entertain a prejudice against the character and profession of military men, and are seldom ambitious of such an alliance for a daughter. The parents of Rosalie were prepossessed against Henri on account of his calling; and, though Rosalie herself early entertained an interest in his favour, yet she was too good and too *sage* to cherish in herself, or to encourage in her lover, an attachment which her parents might disapprove. Henri was, however, admitted as a visitor at the house, and by degrees his amiable manners and correct deportment won, first on the old lady, and then on the father, till their scruples vanished, and, indeed, they wondered they could ever have entertained any against so estimable a young man and an officer. He was thus speedily received as the lover of Rosalie, and about the time of my visit was installed in all the privileges of a *bon ami*. He was equally accomplished with herself: spoke German fluently, Italian passably well, and was an excellent performer on the flute and the guitar; so that he was a fit companion for his charming intended, and was able to assist in those refined and elegant recreations, in which she also excelled.

Things were in this state when I visited S——, and the union of Henri and Rosalie, though not positively fixed, was regarded as an event by no means distant. Every one was interested for the young and handsome couple, and wished for their espousal. Rosalie's friends longed for the day when she was to wed the young and handsome Henri ; and Henri's comrades were perpetually urging him to cement his union with the lovely Rosalie.

We left the place with every kind wish for the young and betrothed pair. I have not since revisited S——, but by letters from my friend, I have been informed, that this commencement of their loves had a sad and melancholy sequel.

After our departure, it seems, the lovers continued equally attached ; arrangements were making for their union, and it was intended that Henri should leave the army previous to their marriage. But just at this juncture, and as he was about to leave his corps, rumours of war were circulated, the enterprise against Spain was projected, and the Royal Guard was one of the first corps ordered in service. Henri, with the natural enthusiasm of a soldier, felt all his former ardour revive ; and longed to mingle in the ranks of glory, ere he left them for ever. He, doubtless, felt severely the separation from Rosalie ; yet his feelings were described to me as being of joyous character, and as if evincing



that he felt happy that the opportunity of joining his brethren in arms, and of signalizing himself perhaps for the last time, had presented itself, previous to his marriage and his quitting the service.

The enterprise against Spain, he considered as the French army commonly did, to be a mere excursion of pleasure, which, while it led them into a country which many of them had never visited before, would also afford them the occasion of gathering laurels which might serve to redeem somewhat of their lost glory. He therefore looked forward to the expedition, on the whole, with feelings of ardour and delight, and even longed for its approach. Not so Rosalie! She looked on war and bloodshed with the natural apprehensions of her sex; and saw in the projected expedition, and its prospects of glory, only danger and death to her lover! Her spirits received a severe shock when the intelligence was first communicated—she gradually lost her cheerfulness and spirits; the song, the dance, had no longer charm or interest for her, and she could only contemplate the approaching separation with sorrow and dismay!

Henri perceived her depression, and endeavoured to combat and remove her fears by arguments fond, but unavailing. It was only, he would urge, a jaunt of pleasure; it would admit his speedy return, when he would come to lay his services at her feet, and claim the

hand which was already promised to his hopes ; and surely, then, Rosalie could not regret his obeying the call of duty and of honour ; or like her lover the worse, when crowned with victory in the cause of his country. To these and similar assurances, Rosalie could only reply with the mute eloquence of tears ; and nothing could divest her of the apprehension with which she ever regarded an enterprise which she seemed to consider from the first as fatal.

The time however drew on, the dreaded period arrived, the Royal Guard left its quarters, and departed from S——. Henri took a fond and passionate adieu of his betrothed ; and Rosalie, having summoned all her fortitude to her aid, went through the parting scene with more firmness than could have been expected from her, though her feelings, afterwards, were described as of the most agonizing kind.

Such is the difference between the ardent feelings of man, and the tender and gentle sympathies of woman, that while his sorrow is alleviated by a thousand mitigating circumstances of ardour and excitement, which relieve his attention, and soothe, though they do not annihilate his grief ; she can only brood over her feelings, and suffer in silence and in sorrow. Henri marched out with his regiment in all the vigour of manhood, and with all the “pomp, pride, and circumstance of war,” while Rosalie could only retire to her chamber and weep.

Time passed on : letters were received from Henri, which spoke in ardent terms of his journey, and of the new and singular scenes unfolded to his view. He adverted also to his return, mentioned the war as a mere pastime, and as an agreeable jaunt, the termination of which he only desired, because it would once more restore him to his Rosalie. It was remarked, however, that she never recovered her cheerfulness : to all her lover's assurances she could only reply with expressions of distrust, and with feelings of sorrow ; and when she wrote, it was to express her fears of the campaign, and her wish that it were over, and that they were again united in safety.

And constantly did the good and pious girl offer up her prayers for her lover, as she repaired to the church of the Holy Virgin at S——, to perform her daily devotions.

The season advanced : the French marched through Spain, and reached Cadiz. At this last hope of the Constitutionalists, a strong resistance was expected, and Henri had written from Seville, that his next letter would announce the termination of the campaign. Alas ! he never wrote again ! Time flew on ; the journals announced the fall of the Trocadero ; the surrender of Cadiz, and the restoration of Ferdinand ; yet there came no news from Henri ! Then did the gentle girl sink into all the despondency of disappointment ; and as day after day passed and brought no tidings of her lover, her

beauty and her health suffered alike, she languished and pined till she scarce retained the semblance of her former self.

At last came a letter; it was from Spain, but it was written in a stranger's hand, and its sable appendages bespoke the fatal nature of its contents. It was from a brother officer of Henri' stating that his regiment had been foremost in the attack, and that the Trocadero, the last resource of the Constitutionalists, had been carried with the loss of but few killed; but alas! among that few, was Henri! He was shot through the body while leading his men to the assault. He fell instantly dead, and the writer expressed his desire that the sad intelligence should be conveyed as gently as possible to Rosalie.

Unhappily, by one of those chances which often occur, as if to aggravate misfortune, it was Rosalie who received the fatal letter from the postman's hands! She tore it open; read its dreadful contents; and with a wild and frenzied shriek, fell senseless to the ground! She was borne to her bed, where every care and attention was bestowed; but her illness rapidly assumed a threatening and a dangerous character. A fever seized her frame; she became at once delirious; nor did reason again resume her throne; and it was not till after months of suffering and of agony, that she recovered, if that could be called recovery, which gave back a deformed and hapless lunatic, bereft of intellect and of beauty, in

place of the once gay and fascinating Rosalie. The dread aberration of intellect was attributed by her medical attendants to the fatal and sudden shock which she had sustained, and to its effect on a mind weakened by previous anxiety and sorrow ; while they feared her malady was of a nature, which admitted no hope of the return of reason.

Her mind, it was stated, remained an entire blank. Imbecile, vacant, drivelling—she appeared almost unconscious of former existence ; and of those subjects which formerly engrossed her attention, and excited her feelings, there were scarcely any on which she now evinced any emotion. Even the name of her lover was almost powerless on her soul, and if repeated in her hearing, seemed scarcely to call forth her notice.

One only gift remained, in all its native pathos, tenderness and beauty—her voice, so sweet before her illness, seemed, amid the wreck of youth, and joy and love, and all that was charming and endeared, to have only become sweeter still ! She was incapable or unwilling to learn any new airs, but she would occasionally recollect snatches of former songs or duets, which she and Henri had sung together, and she would pour the simple melodies in strains of more than mortal sweetness !

This, alas ! was the only relic of former talent or taste that she retained ; in all other respects, her mind and body, instead of evincing symptoms of recovery,

seemed to sink in utter hopelessness and despair; and an early tomb seems to be the best and kindest boon which heaven, in its mercy, can bestow, on the once fair and fascinating Rosalie !

G. F. R.

THE END.

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