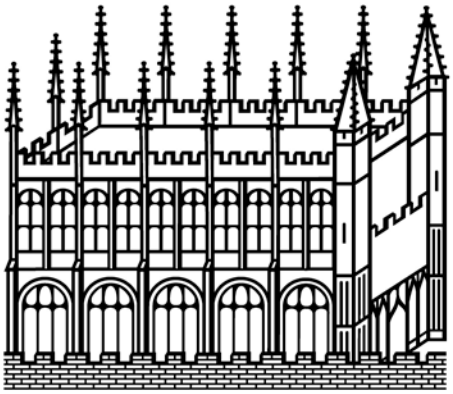
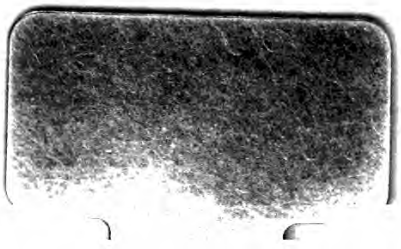


HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

PAUL DELAROCHE



HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

DELAROCHE.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

PAUL DELAROCHE.

TWELVE AUTOTYPES.

WITH A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE ARTIST,
AND HISTORICAL DESCRIPTIONS FROM HOLINSHED, CARLYLE,
FROUDE, MERLE D'AUBIGNE, AND OTHER WRITERS.

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, 54, FLEET STREET,
LONDON. MDCCCLXXIII.

The Illustrations in this volume are reproduced, by permission, from Engravings published by Messrs. GOUPIL & C^IE.

The passages from Mr. FROUDE'S *History of England*, and Mr. CARLYLE'S *French Revolution*, are inserted by kind permission of Messrs. LONGMAN & CO. and Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL.

CONTENTS.

PAUL DELAROCHE.

THE name of Delaroche* stands high on the list of modern French painters, and the place left vacant by his death remains still unfilled. He had the rare good fortune to win popularity at the very outset of his career, and never to lose it up to the last day of his life. In these days of shifting opinion a lot like this falls to few men. But Delaroche's success is not hard to account for. His art was of a kind easily intelligible, and his subjects usually of a popular and dramatic sort. It is, however, more important to observe that much of his success was due to his force of character. In proportion as he felt himself growing in public esteem, he laboured to deserve it, never relaxing in his rigid self-discipline, nor seeming to think that he had attained his end, and might rest in the position he had won. Critics may differ as to the degree of approbation to be given to his works, but his pure and upright character deserves nothing but admiration and respect.

Paul, or rather Hippolyte Delaroche, was born at Paris, July 17, 1797. The name of Paul was adopted by him as a kind of abbreviation of Hippolyte. His pictures of a date earlier than 1827 are sometimes signed with the initial of the latter name, and sometimes, "Delaroche Jeune." He came of a family which was, in a manner, connected with art, though none of its members had actually been painters. His father was a well-known connoisseur

* The substance of this brief memoir is taken from an Essay on the Life and Works of Delaroche, by Henri Delaborde.

in the earlier part of this century, and catalogues of various collections drawn up by him testify to his taste and technical knowledge. His maternal uncle, M. Joly, was keeper of the engravings at the Bibliothèque, as his father had been before him. Thus Delaroche's natural inclinations received the further impulse of example and tradition, and when M. Joly wished him to enter the department of which he had the direction, and other friends advised him to devote his energies to art-history and criticism, he boldly declared his intention of becoming himself a painter.

It is not true that Delaroche, as has sometimes been said, had to struggle with pecuniary difficulties at the outset of his career, for though the resources of his family were not large, they were at least sufficient to relieve him from the care of providing for the necessities of life. The chief obstacle in the way of his artistic career was of a different kind.

When young Delaroche had reached the proper age to begin his studies, his elder brother, possessed with the same ambition, was also hoping to win fame as an historical painter, and his father, not wishing to see too direct a rivalry between the brothers, decided that Paul should turn his attention to landscape painting. He studied, therefore, for some time, under the direction of M. Watelet, and took part in the competition for the Grand Prix of 1817. But when his elder brother soon after abandoned his intention of becoming an artist, Paul was left free to follow his own inclinations, and leaving M. Watelet, he studied for some time with a now forgotten painter, M. Desbordes, and finally spent four years in the *atelier* of Gros. His fellow-students were Charlet, Bonington, Roqueplan, Bellangé, Roger, and Eugène Lami—the latter being all his life his most intimate and privileged companion.

Delaroche made his first public appearance in a work which was scarcely worthy of his subsequent reputation. His *Jehosheba saving Joash* appeared in the Salon of 1822, when he was five-and-

twenty years of age. This picture, though not without merit, is in a forced and exaggerated style, and, at the same time, marked by a certain timidity of execution, the natural result, perhaps, of his early training in so different a branch of art.

In the school of Gros, Delaroche had imbibed something of the pompous manner which the master's example had made popular, and which is to true grandeur of style much what the colossal is to the classic in architecture. Imperfect as this first attempt was, it obtained some notice. There was cleverness about it and a certain freshness of style, especially if it is compared with two other pictures which he had painted only a short time before this, his first attempt on a large canvas. These pictures are preserved in the family, and any one who looks at them will comprehend the surprise felt by his fellow-students at the manifest advance shown in the *Jehosheba*.

This steady pressing on towards better things, was his chief and most honourable characteristic, for highly endowed as he certainly was, he was by no means one of those born artists to whom all knowledge seems to come like an instinct. Though he never blindly submitted to the popular taste, he did not hold himself entirely above it, and he needed time and patience to study the new methods of thought which were growing up, and which he was destined to influence very considerably. His tact and power of appreciation peculiarly fitted him for this task. But a long course of laborious study lay before him, and it was by slow degrees that he discovered the true direction of his talent, and formed his style.

While Delaroche was thus feeling his way, Delacroix, then a student some years younger than himself, sent his still famous picture of *Dante and Virgil* to this same Salon of 1822, and by this bold venture challenged at once the adherents of the old classic style, which had been introduced forty years before by

David. This picture, in the choice of its subject and the violence of its execution, announced nothing less than a revolution—the beginning of a new era of independence and adventure. Delacroix' audacity encouraged Delaroche in his own secret desires. Not that he had any intention of entering into rivalry with Delacroix, but he understood at once that it would not do to remain passive under the old yoke of classicism, and that the time was come for every one to assert his own independence, and to follow out the new ideal each in his own way.

These convictions were strengthened by the counsels of one of the most powerful of the innovators. Soon after the opening of the exhibition, Delaroche, after the fashion of young artists, was prowling about the room in which his picture was hung, trying to discover from the conversation of the visitors, whether it gained their approval or no. Two men near him were discussing the pictures with the air of competent judges. One of the two was Géricault, whose famous *Raft of the Medusa,* painted three years before, had gained him great popularity, and established him in the estimation of the young artists of the day, as a leader of the new school.

It is easy to imagine the feelings of Delaroche when his turn came to be judged, and his delight when he heard his work praised and spoken of with approbation. Though not venturing to betray himself at the time, the very next day he sought and obtained an introduction to the master who had unconsciously given him so much encouragement. Géricault, though his pictures are so full of wild energy, was himself gentle and courteous in manner, and seems to have taken a fancy to the young man, and to have treated him with much kindness. Far from seeking to enlist him as a partisan, he endeavoured only to assist him in his efforts after real freedom. It is certainly hard to believe that the ingenious invention, and correct taste of Delaroche, first began to have free play under the

influence of Géricault, or that the elegant but somewhat cold execution of such pictures as the *Joan of Arc in Prison*, and *St. Vincent de Paul*, could have been in any way due to the counsels of the fiery painter of the *Medusa*.

When these last named pictures appeared in the Salon of 1824, they were looked upon as a sort of compromise between the two opposing principles. In these two years the art revolution had progressed in a manner surprising to many who had underrated the force of the movement. Delacroix, Ary Scheffer, and Sigalon took the lead in it, and were well seconded by a crowd of lesser artists. Their merciless radicalism alarmed many who would have rejoiced at a measure of reform; and thus, as always happens in revolutions, there arose a third party, consisting of those who were more moderate than the leaders of the new school, and more liberal than those of the old. Delaroche was exactly the man to take the lead of this new party.

The success which his *Joan of Arc* and *St. Vincent de Paul* obtained, was thus rather owing to the favourable moment at which they appeared, than to their own merits, though the latter were considerable. Probably we should be less indulgent to such comparatively inaccurate works. Delaroche himself has since taught us how such subjects should be treated. They showed, however, a manifest advance on the part of the young painter—an advance which he soon followed up in the two charming pictures, *The death of President Duranti*, and *Flora Macdonald succouring the Young Pretender*. The *President Duranti* is quite free from the theatrical affectation and false dignity of manner which was the bane of most of the French painters towards the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, and which they carried into subjects from modern history quite as much as into those of antiquity. Their immutable rules of composition were brought to bear on such subjects as the *Death of*

Coligny and *Mathieu Molé at the Barricades,* quite as rigidly as if they had been scenes from Greek or Roman times. Thus, in the centre of the canvas the hero stands perfectly motionless in contrast with the turbulent violence of the surrounding groups; in the foreground appear a few half-naked athletes, variations, more or less happy, on the well-known types of ancient sculpture; and, finally, in the background, a forest of arms or pikes carefully arranged so as to break the horizontal lines of the picture. This was the programme which had been laid down half a century before, and which many painters were still following with faithful reverence when this picture of Delaroche's appeared, and went far to break down these academic conventions. The *Death of Duranti* not only stands apart from similar pictures of that time in its accuracy of detail and fidelity to nature, but it manifests also a striking advance in technical ability on the part of the painter. The colouring is sober, but not poor, and the details and accessories are executed with really admirable skill. The drawing is firm and easy, and the modelling, particularly of the head of Duranti, very fine. The excessive attention which Delaroche afterwards gave to the painting of accessories in the *Death of Elizabeth,* is not to be found here, and it is much to his credit that, though the *Elizabeth* was most warmly received in the Salon of 1827, he saw the danger he was running into, and hastened to correct the error. In his subsequent productions we never have to complain of this defect, and though he still devoted much attention to accuracy of detail, it no longer usurps the chief place to the loss of more important qualities.

By this time Delaroche had gained a considerable amount of fame, and great things were expected from him. His influence was spreading fast. The Revolution of 1830 had the effect of sweeping away the last remains of the old artistic doctrines, in the wake of the political institutions which it destroyed. It has been

said that Delaroche took an important part in the Revolution. One writer affirms that he fought at the barricades, but this story, like many others that have been told of him, has no sort of foundation. Other writers, again, with very different views, fancy they have discovered a deep political significance in the paintings which he produced about this time, such as the *Cromwell,* and the *Children of Edward IV.,* which they imagine to have been intended as a tribute to the memory of the vanquished, and a warning to the victors. But the truth is, that of these two pictures, one was given to the world some months before the Revolution, and the other was already sketched when it broke out. He had, of course, his own political opinions, but it is not true that these opinions influenced him as a painter. He had too high an ambition to make his art a vehicle for mere party feeling. His pictures of *Charles I., Jane Grey, Napoleon at Fontainebleau, Marie Antoinette, Strafford,* etc., show his sympathy with heroic sufferers of all nations, without distinction of political creed, and exhibit him rather in the light of a moralist or historian, than in that of an upholder of any party. His chief aim, in reality, was to represent, with the greatest historical exactness, the subject he had chosen, pointing its moral, no doubt, but without caring whether it fell in with the passions of the moment or not.

Such was the tendency of his art in these earlier years, and if his range had always remained thus limited, the artistic value of his work might never have been very great, notwithstanding his indisputable talent. It must be admitted that in attaching such extreme importance to historical accuracy, he was in danger of losing sight of the picturesque side of his subjects; and that the means by which he sought expression were in a sense literary rather than artistic. But it must be remembered also that the passion for realism which was so prominent a characteristic of Delaroche's earlier manner was but a natural reaction against the

conventionalism which had for so many years held the French School in bondage. Nor can it be said of him that to the end of his career he was always the clever historian rather than the poet. If at first he was contented with the truthful representation of palpable things, he was to rise by and by to the equally truthful representation of human passion and sentiment, and in his later pictures, such as the *Young Martyr* and the four scenes from the history of the Virgin, he is felt to have thrown, not merely his knowledge and skill, but his whole soul into the work. Perhaps the three best examples of his earlier manner are *Richelieu dragging Cinq-Mars and De Thou in the wake of his barge, The Death-bed of Mazarin,* and the *Death of the Duke of Guise.* The last is a remarkably good example of that dramatic style in which Delaroche excelled. The murdered Duke lies stretched on the floor, retaining even in death a certain dignity, and seeming still to menace his assassins and the king who has set them on. Opposed to this noble figure is that of the cowardly king himself, raising with trembling hand the drapery behind which he has concealed himself, not venturing to approach, but gazing at the pallid face of his victim as if seeking to be assured that all is really over. The mingled cruelty and cowardice expressed in the countenance and gesture of Henry III., his almost ridiculous terror, and the solicitude of the murderers to attract the king's approbation, each one for himself—all this, which may almost be called the comic aspect of the scene, is given with admirable spirit, while the ghastly incident itself is rendered with no less admirable force. There is a firmness and facility in the execution of the picture far in advance of anything that Delaroche had yet produced. There is harmony without feebleness, and precision without painful and excessive minuteness.

The *Flora Macdonald* is full of grace and refinement, but the *Richelieu* and the *Mazarin* leave somewhat to be desired in the general effect, which is too much broken up. Still they are charm-

ing works, though not to be compared to the *Duke of Guise* in vigour and force.

It is in the treatment of subjects of this class that Delaroche maintains his superiority. Ingres may take a theme from the antique and treat it with purer nobility of style—Delacroix may give us a subject from *Hamlet* full of passion and profoundest pathos —Decamps and Vernet may have a finer feeling for the picturesque; but no one of these eminent painters could have succeeded as Delaroche has done in a branch of art which lies midway between history and *genre*. Eclectic as his talent may appear, he has an originality of his own, and in certain qualities he is not surpassed even by the greatest of his contemporaries.

The influence which he exercised upon public taste was great. Such artists as Ingres and Delacroix never reached the people in the same way. The very nature of their genius precluded it. It is owing to Delaroche that modern French art has been made intelligible to the multitude. His works are a sort of mirror in which the new ideas and thoughts of his time are reflected, through the medium of the painter's mind; and some have said that if Delaroche had taken up literary pursuits, he would have distinguished himself no less. It is useless, however, to indulge in such speculations; the success he achieved sufficiently justifies his choice.

Delaroche was admitted a Member of the Institute in 1833. Towards the end of that year he was offered a commission to execute the decorations for the church of the Madeleine. It was a hazardous undertaking for a painter who had hitherto given little or no attention to religious art. He hesitated for some time, apparently not considering himself equal to the task. When at last he made up his mind to accept the commission, he at once set about preparing for it. He had not hitherto been much accustomed to study the works of the old masters; indeed, his acquaintance

with foreign art was confined to the specimens to be found in the gallery of the Louvre, and even there it was the works of the Flemish painters and the portraits of Holbein that interested him, rather than the masterpieces of the Italian school. He has not left behind him a single copy of any old master, nor even a single sketch. Such was his continual fear of losing his originality and becoming a mere copyist, that for a long time he considered it absolutely dangerous to go to Rome, though at one time he had an intention of visiting Genoa to study the Van Dycks there.

Once, indeed, he had been on the point of going to Florence and Rome, not, however, to study the works of the great painters, but the sculptures of Donatello and Michæl Angelo. It is a singular fact that he had received a commission to execute a piece of colossal sculpture. Like many other painters, Delaroche was accustomed, before beginning a picture, to make little models in wax, for the sake of effects of light, and the grouping of his composition. In general, this was only roughly done, but sometimes he became so interested in the work, and carried it to such a degree of finish, that he afterwards had casts taken from his models, and kept them for himself or for his friends. One example of this kind was the head of Charles I., which was modelled for the picture of *Cromwell*, and of which several copies were taken in bronze. There is also a plaster cast of the group of the *Children of Edward IV.* In 1830 Delaroche had intended to paint a picture of *St. George and the Dragon.* According to his custom he made careful models of the different parts of the composition, and little by little it grew under his hands till it might almost have passed for the work of a sculptor. M. Amédée de Pastoret, who had, at that time, considerable influence over the administration of the Fine Arts in France, saw this group in Delaroche's studio, and perceiving that it would make a fine piece of sculpture, wished it to be executed on a colossal scale, and cast in

bronze, to be placed in the Champs Elysées. It was this commission which caused Delaroche to decide upon visiting Italy. Much study was necessary before entering on such a work. He was on the point of starting when the Revolution of July put an end to the project, and two small casts in bronze are all that remain of the design.

Four years elapsed before Delaroche thought of travelling again, when a task of a different nature rendered it necessary. Having accepted the commission to decorate the church of the Madeleine, he determined to break through the rule he had so long observed, and to spend some considerable time in Italy before beginning the work.

It was not his intention to devote himself to the study of the great works of Raphael and Lionardo, but to go at once to the source and beginning of Italian art. He went to study technicalities of style, and not to borrow ideas from the great masters. In order to guard against this danger, before setting out he had arranged the general plan of his work, and had even made sketches of the various compositions; these designs, however, he intended to modify as he might think fit after his return from Italy.

The first step he took was to study, pencil in hand, the frescoes of the early Italian painters which adorn the churches of Florence and other Tuscan cities; then, accompanied by two friends, MM. Edouard Bertin and Odier, and one of his pupils, he retired into the quiet secluded convent of Camaldoli, situated high up among the Apennines. Here he worked hard at his sketches. Probably it was the first time that the quiet cells of the monks had served for an artist's studio.

It is vexatious to think that all this labour—all the time spent here among the mountains, and the year of earnest work afterwards at Rome—should have been without result, and that till the death of the painter, all his unfinished works of this time remained hidden and lost to the public.

The circumstances under which Delaroche abandoned the project to which he had devoted so much time and energy, are well known. He would not submit to a measure of the administration which would have withdrawn from him a part of the work of which he had agreed to perform the whole. He absolutely refused to consent to this partition, and at once returned the money which he had received for his preparatory studies. He would not allow the work which, though composed of many parts, ought to have been one in style, to be divided, and therefore, as he thought, spoiled. Some have accused him of vanity in these transactions. He must at least be admitted to have shown himself disinterested in the matter of the money. His recent marriage with Madlle. Louise Vernet had brought him new duties and responsibilities. He had at this time no fortune at all, and in thus refusing a well-earned remuneration, he seriously embarrassed himself for some time to come. His marriage was a most happy one, too soon broken by his wife's early death.

The journey to Italy, therefore, bore no immediate fruit. The two next pictures painted by Delaroche were *Charles I. insulted by Cromwell's Soldiers,* and *Strafford going to Execution;* and in these we could scarcely expect to find any traces of his recent studies. Such purely historical designs afforded no scope for the exercise of his newly-acquired powers; but a subject of a more ideal character was now to give him an opportunity of trying his strength. In 1837, he received the commission for the *Hemicycle* in the Palais des Beaux Arts. The success of this vast work—a sort of panoramic history of the fine arts—is well known, and it may be interesting to say something of the manner in which it was carried through to its brilliant termination.

The most remarkable feature of Delaroche's character was his artistic conscientiousness. His works might or might not satisfy competent critics, but no one could ever accuse him of negligence.

He was his own most severe critic, and every one of his pictures cost him infinite labour. Not that, like some of his contemporaries, he made a laborious invention supply the place of imagination; on the contrary, he had always a vivid conception of the scene he was intending to depict, and his first sketches are full of vigour, but a whole series of preparatory studies were necessary before he could satisfy himself with all the details of his picture. He would sometimes make twenty different studies for a single figure, then model it in wax, and then perhaps, when it had been at last transferred to the canvas, and worked out with every effect of colour, and light and shade, he would scrape it entirely out of the picture, and begin a fresh series of studies. He was by no means indifferent to advice. No one knew better than Delaroche how to profit by wise counsel, nor how to turn a deaf ear to senseless criticism. But even when adopting the suggestions of others it was only after patient reflection; everything that thus came to him from without had to pass through a process of assimilation in his own mind. It is worth while to dwell on these traits of his character at a time when too many artists are not ashamed to trade upon their reputation, and to make money by the flimsiest productions. So long as their pictures rise in price, such men concern themselves little with any other sort of progress. Delaroche was content to sell his works; he would never stoop to sell his name.

In undertaking such a work as the *Hemicycle*, he was little likely to relax in his laborious methods. A work of such vast size, so elevated in style, so simple in design, yet with such complexity of detail, could not but tax to the utmost the zeal and perseverance of the painter. The very nature of the subject involved a serious difficulty. How was it possible for him not to have before his mind *The School of Athens*, and the *Apotheosis of Homer*, and how difficult to avoid falling into a mere artificial imitation of styles essentially different from his own? Delaroche had the wisdom

to avoid this danger. He entered into no futile rivalry with Raphael or Ingres; he produced no conventional academic legend, no monotonous ranks of demigods; but, keeping to his own system of refined realism, he painted a series of groups of the great masters, each in his own character, and "in his habit as he lived." In other hands the subject might have been treated more ideally, but the design which Delaroche formed of combining historical truth with poetic feeling, could not have been better carried out by any other living painter.

It may be interesting briefly to explain the manner in which this vast mural picture, containing no less than seventy-five figures, was executed by the master and his pupils. Four of the students in his *atelier* were chosen to assist him, one of whom was Mr. Edward Armitage, now an Associate of the Royal Academy. Delaroche's cartoon being completed and placed in their hands, they began by outlining it in charcoal on a greatly enlarged scale upon the wall of the chamber. This occupied rather more than a month. Delaroche then made such corrections and alterations as he judged necessary; after which his pupils began the colouring from a carefully painted sketch. When the whole picture had thus been painted in, Delaroche joined them, and for a whole year they worked together. The four students thought themselves amply rewarded for their labour by the friendship and intimacy which they had thus established with a great artist; and Delaroche, on his part, felt that he owed them a debt of gratitude, which he took care to repay by kindness and friendly advice long after they had ceased to be students.*

The four years spent in the Palais des Beaux Arts enriched the painter with most valuable experience. He had now gained an European reputation, but he felt no inclination to repose on his

* From an article on E. Armitage, A.R.A., by J. Beavington Atkinson, in the *Portfolio*, April, 1870.

laurels. His most ardent desire was to employ his enlarged powers and ripened knowledge on some new undertaking of equal magnitude. He says:—"If it were permitted me to efface my work, and to begin it afresh, I would consent with all my heart to be shut up for another four years in this hall, which I leave to-day little enough elated at what I have done, but taught by experience, and at least prepared for better things. As my work stands, I trust it is presentable; but as I see it in imagination, with all the higher qualities which I now feel capable of giving it, I take it simply as an evidence of progress in sentiment and of increased means for the future."

It is a fact that even while giving the last touches, he seriously thought of making radical alterations in the whole work. An application was even made to the administration with this view, but it was refused, and he was forced to content himself with partial improvements and alterations.

In the year 1842, it was proposed that Delaroche should undertake the decoration of the great hall of the Palais de Justice. The project was not carried out, and he was left to employ his newly acquired knowledge and experience on works of smaller dimensions.

In 1843, he determined on paying another visit to Italy. Since his sojourn there, when preparing for the work in the Madeleine, he had once passed a few weeks in some of the cities where he had studied on his first visit. On that occasion, however, he had special objects in view, chiefly respecting some purely historical details, and his stay was a short one.

But now he went at once to Rome, and there spent a year—a year of hard work, fertile in result. The *Repose of the Holy Family*, the *Portrait of Gregory XVI.*, and several smaller pictures were the ostensible results of this year's labour, but it also materially helped to increase the experience he had gained in his

former visits, and, in fact, the greater part of the pictures he produced from this time till his death owe their origin to this visit. The *Hemicycle* was the last work of Delaroche ever given to the public during his life time. During the fifteen years which elapsed between the time of its completion and his death, he never sent any picture to the Salon, nor, like others who shun public exhibitions, did he ever hold private ones. Except his few personal friends, no one ever caught sight of his works except at rare intervals, and, so to speak, by stealth. This was not because he had any reason to dread publicity, as is proved by the fact that, since his death, his works of this period have acquired vast celebrity, and we may safely assert that his progress during these fifteen years was greater than during the twenty which had preceded them. The difference between his earlier works, and those which he was now producing, the *Infant Moses,* for example, is most striking. The greater facility of execution is manifest—even the colour is clear and limpid, and free from that heaviness which had been his besetting fault. The touching picture of the *Young Martyr* is another proof of this advance—a proof, too, that Delaroche, realist as he was, was none the less a poet. In this, and also in the *Girondins,* his last, and perhaps his greatest historical picture, he has introduced picturesque effects of light and shade, of which he had given no previous example.

Lastly, his power of treating religious subjects is shown in the series of pictures representing episodes of the Passion, profoundly pathetic works, perfectly original in design and choice of subject. If he had painted nothing but these four little pictures, *The Entombment, The Virgin and the Holy Women, The Return from Golgotha,* and *the Virgin contemplating the Crown of Thorns,* Delaroche would have deserved a high place among contemporary painters. Works like these can only come from the mind and hand of a master.

We may almost suppose that we see in these touching pictures something of the painter's own deeply tried mind. Since his death, attempts have been made to lift the veil which he kept spread over his inner life, and some have spoken with too little reserve of the deep grief which he carried in his heart, and, under pretext of paying respect to his religious belief, have striven to discover its secret springs. This is too sacred a subject for the indulgence of curiosity. If sorrow indeed was the means of convincing Delaroche, he had, at least, been well prepared for the change by the Christian example which he had had before him during the too short years of his happier life. He had long suffered from a disease which, towards the end of October, 1856, suddenly took an aggravated form, and he died on the 4th November. He had just finished the last picture of the series mentioned above—*The Virgin Contemplating the Crown of Thorns.* It was a fit ending to a life so full of high and noble thoughts.

Delaroche has been often blamed for the solitude in which he lived for some years before his death—completely isolated from all but a few intimate friends. But the works which he produced during this period, when freed from the excitement of rivalry, and even the emotion of success, may surely be his apology. He did issue from his retirement in 1848, when the Revolution appeared to threaten the downfall of all that was worthy in French art. He set himself vigorously to struggle against the flood of false theories, personal jealousies, and general confusion which seemed about to overwhelm everything. At times he was nearly in despair, and, indeed, left France for a while, by the advice of his friends; his fortune being lost in the general confusion, and he having young children to provide for.

Better days returned, however, and he came back to his native city to pursue his labours in the quiet and solitude which were necessary to him.

But strictly as he secluded himself during the hours of labour, he did not refuse advice, or even more substantial assistance, to artists who had recourse to him, nor did he decline receiving the numerous visitors who were attracted by his reputation and high character. His manner seemed to strangers grave and somewhat cold, but those who knew him well cherish pleasant remembrances of their intercourse with him, and can testify to the real amiability and kindly humour which were hidden under his outward reserve.

In closing this short sketch, brief reference must be made to a class of works not hitherto mentioned. The same qualities of truthfulness and refinement which distinguished Delaroche as an historical painter give value also to his numerous portraits. They are marked, too, by the same evidence of steady progress. There is a wide difference between the portrait of M. Pastoret, painted in 1829, and that of M. Guizot, painted ten years later; but the advance is still more noticeable in the portraits of M. de Rémusat, the Duc de Noailles, Prince Adam Czartoryski, M. de Salvandy, and M. Thiers, which followed. In fact, it may be said that as the *Girondins*, finished the year before his death, is the greatest of his historical paintings, and the four pictures of the Passion, of a still later date, are far in advance of all his other religious works, so his portrait of M. Emile Péreire, one of the very last he ever signed, best expresses his ability in this branch of art.

At the exhibition of the works of Delaroche which was held in 1857, nothing excited more surprise and admiration than the fine quality of the portraits. During his lifetime only two works of this class had been publicly exhibited—the portrait of the Duc d'Angoulême in 1827, and Madame Sontag in 1831. For some ten years afterwards a few sketches in pencil or chalks, were all that he produced in portraiture; but in his later years the honour of being painted by him was sought by a large number of distinguished persons, and Delaroche, who took an interest in leaving

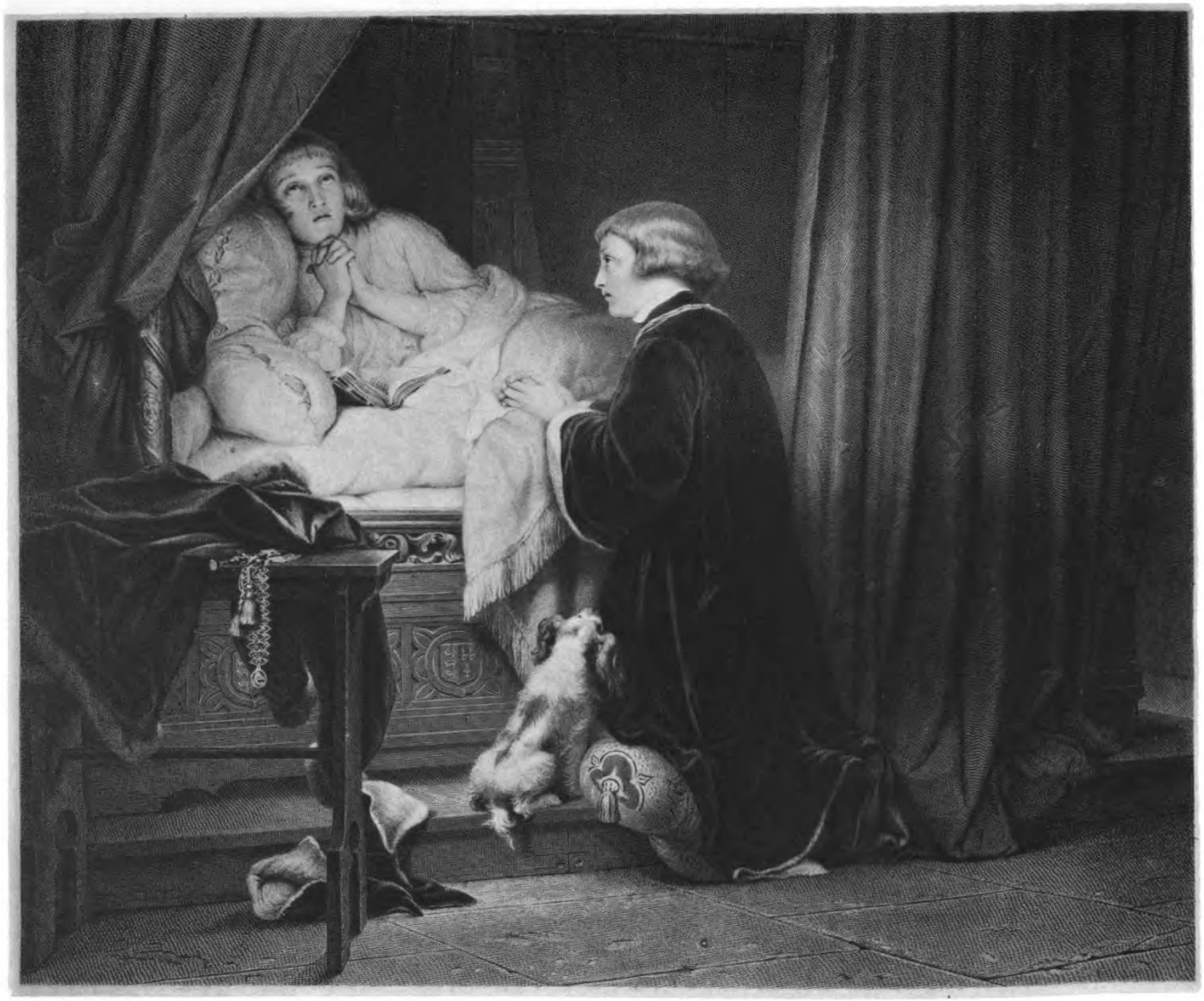
behind him a complete gallery of eminent men of his time, not unfrequently himself asked permission to add the portrait of some celebrated person to his collection.

Delaroche can scarcely be called the founder of a school. Among his pupils were Hebert, Gendron, the sculptor Cavelier, Gerôme, Yvon, Roux, Jalabert, Dubufe, Hamon, Antigna, Landelle, and Armitage. These are distinguished names, but if it be inquired what traits of style they possess in common which they can be said to have derived from their master, it would be hard to specify any beyond an air of tasteful ingenuity and a certain literary tendency in their work. His peculiar manner he did not seek to communicate; nor was it likely that one whose whole life was given to persevering study and strenuous effort, who never rested content with any achievement, but was ever reaching forward to something higher, should lay down fixed principles of style, or desire to impose his own upon others.

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

KING RICHARD, after his coronation, taking his way to Gloucester to visit (in his new honour) the town of which he bare the name of his old, devised, as he rode, to fulfil the thing which he before had intended. And, forasmuch as his mind gave him that his nephews living, men would not reckon that he could have right to the realm, he thought, therefore, without delay to rid them, as though the killing of his kinsmen could amend his cause, and make him a kindly king. Whereupon he sent one John Greene (whom he especially trusted), unto Sir Robert Brakenbury, Constable of the Tower, with a letter and credence also, that the same Sir Robert should, in any wise, put the two children to death.

This John Greene did his errand unto Brakenbury, kneeling before our lady in the Tower, who plainly answered that he would never put them to death to die therefor. With which answer, John Greene returning, recounted the same to King Richard at Warwick, yet in his way. Wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said unto a secret page of his, "Ah! whom shall a man trust? those that I have brought up myself, those that I had weened would most surely serve me, even those fail me, and, at my commandment will do nothing for me." "Sir," quoth his page, "there lieth one on your pallet without, that I dare well say, to do your grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse." Meaning this of Sir James Tirrell, which was a man of right goodly personage, and for nature's gifts worthy to have served a much better prince; if he had well served God, and by grace attained as much truth and good will as he had strength and wit.



The man had an high heart and sore longed upward, not rising yet so fast as he had hoped, being hindered and kept under by means of Sir Richard Ratcliffe and Sir William Catesby, which longing for no more partners of the prince's favour, and, therefore, not for him whose pride they wist would bear no peer, kept him by secret drifts out of all secret trusts, which thing this page well had marked and known. Wherefore this occasion offered of very special friendship, he took his time to put him forward, and by such wise do him good, that all the enemies he had (except the devil) could never have done him so much hurt. For upon this page's words King Richard arose and came out into the pallet chamber, on which he found in bed Sir James and Sir Thomas Tirrell, of person like and brethren in blood, but nothing of kin in condition.

Then said the king merrily to them, "What, sirs, be ye in bed so soon?" and, calling up Sir James, brake to him secretly his mind in this mischievous matter, in which he found him nothing strange. Wherefore, on the morrow he sent him to Brakenbury with a letter, by which he was commanded to deliver Sir James all the keys of the Tower for one night, to the end he might there accomplish the king's pleasure in such things as he had given him commandment. After which letter delivered, and the keys received, Sir James appointed the night next ensuing to destroy them, devising before and preparing the means. The prince (as soon as the protector left that name and took himself as king) had it showed unto him that he should not reign, but his uncle should have the crown; at which word the prince, sore abashed, began to sigh, and said, "Alas, I would my uncle would let me have my life yet, though I lose my kingdom." Then he that told him the tale used him with good words, and put him in the best comfort he could; but, forthwith was the prince and his brother shut up, and all other removed from them, only one (called Black Will or

William Slaughter) excepted, set to serve them and see them sure. After which time the prince never tied his points nor ought rought of himself, but, with that young babe his brother, lingered with thought and heaviness until this traitorous death delivered them of that wretchedness. For Sir James Tirrell devised that they should be murdered in their beds. To the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forrest, one of the four that kept them—a fellow fleshed in murder beforetime. To him he joined one John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave. Then all other being removed from them, this Miles Forrest and John Dighton, about midnight (the seely children lying in their beds) came into the chamber, and suddenly lapping them up among the clothes, so bewrapped them and entangled them, keeping down by force the feather bed and pillows hard into their mouths, that within a while, smothered and stifled, their breath failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of heaven, leaving to their tormentors their bodies dead in the bed, which, after that the wretches perceived, first by the struggling with the pains of death, and after long lying still, to be thoroughly dead, they laid their bodies naked out upon the bed, and fetched Sir James to see them; which, upon the sight of them caused those murderers to bury them at the stair foot, meetly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones.

Then rode Sir James in great haste to King Richard, and showed him all the manner of the murder, who gave him great thanks, and (as some say) there made him knight. But he allowed not (as I have heard) the burying in so vile a corner, saying that he would have them buried in a better place, because they were a king's sons and the honourable concourage of a king. Whereupon they say that a priest of Sir Robert Brakenbury's took up the bodies again, and secretly interred them in such place as, by the occasion of his death, which only knew it, could never since

come to light. Very truth is it, and well known, that at such time as Sir James Tirrell was in the Tower for treason committed against the most famous prince, King Henry the Seventh, both Dighton and he were examined, and confessed the murder in manner above written; but, whither the bodies were removed, they could nothing tell.

And thus (as I have learned of them that much knew, and little cause had to lie) were these two noble princes—these innocent tender children, born of most royal blood, brought up in great wealth, likely long to live, reign, and rule in the realm, by traitorous tyranny taken, deprived of their estate, shortly shut up in prison and privily slain and murdered, their bodies cast, God wot where, by the cruel ambition of their unnatural uncle and his despiteous tormentors. Which things on every part well pondered, God never gave this world a more notable example, neither in what unsurety standeth this worldly weal, or what mischief worketh the proud enterprise of an high heart, or, finally, what wretched end ensueth such despiteous cruelty.

For first, to begin with the ministers, Miles Forrest at S. Martin's piecemeal rotted away. Dighton, indeed, yet walketh on alive, in good possibility to be hanged ere he die. But Sir James Tirrell died at the Tower Hill, beheaded for treason. King Richard himself, slain in the field, hacked and hewed of his enemies' hands, harried on horse-back dead, his hair in despite torn and tugged like a cur-dog; and the mischief that he took, within less than three years of the mischief that he did, and yet all (in the meantime) spent in much pain and trouble outward, much fear, anguish, and sorrow within. For I have heard by credible report of such as were secret with his chamberlain, that after this abominable deed done, he never had a quiet mind.

HOLINSHED.

RICHELIEU AND CINQ-MARS.

LEFT alone Louis XIII. began to feel and tremble at his weakness. He cast his eyes over the mass of papers which surrounded him, passing from one to another, and finding nothing but danger everywhere, and still greater danger in every remedy which occurred to him. He rose at last and leant over a map of Europe, only to find all that caused his terror spread out before him—on the north, on the south, in the centre of his kingdom—revolutions encompassed him on every side like furies. He saw a volcano smouldering beneath every country; he heard the cries of kings in their distress appealing to him for help, and their people's shouts of fury; he felt the very land of France crumbling and melting away under his feet; his feeble sight grew dim, and his weary head giddy, and the blood rushed back to his heart.

"Richelieu!" he cried, in a stifled voice, and ringing a hand-bell, "send for the Cardinal."

And he fell back, swooning in his chair. At last, revived by perfumes and strong salts applied to his lips and temples, he opened his eyes. The pages retired when they saw him begin to recover, and he found himself again alone with the Cardinal. The impassible minister had had his couch placed close to the king's chair, like a physician sitting by the bedside of his patient, and now he fixed his gleaming eyes upon the king's pallid countenance. As soon as he saw Louis was able to listen, he continued the terrible conversation in the same gloomy tone.

"You have called me back," he said; "what do you want with me?"

Louis, lying back on his pillow, half-opened his eyes, and looked at him, then hastily closed them again. That haggard face, those flaming eyes and pointed white beard—the hat and garments of the colour of blood and flames—he seemed nothing less than an infernal spirit.

"Do your will," said the king, feebly.

"But will you give up Cinq-Mars and De Thou?" pursued the implacable minister, drawing closer to him, as if to read his will in his sunken eyes, as a rapacious heir follows a dying man to the tomb, in the hope of catching the last tokens of his will.

"Do your will," repeated Louis, turning away his head.

"Sign this, then," replied Richelieu; "this paper bears—This is my will, that they be taken dead or alive."

Louis, still lying back on his cushions, let his hand fall on the fatal paper, and signed. "Leave me, for pity's sake! I am dying," he said.

"This is not all," continued the great politician; "I am not sure of you. I must first have guarantees. Sign this, and I will leave you."

"'When the King shall visit the Cardinal, the guards of the latter shall not quit their arms; and when the Cardinal shall visit the King, his guards shall share the post with those of his Majesty. And further—his Majesty engages to place his two sons as hostages in the hands of the Cardinal, as a guarantee of the good faith of his attachment.'"

"My children!" cried Louis; "dare you——"

"Would you prefer that I should retire?" said Richelieu.

The king signed. "Is it over, now?" he asked, with a groan.

It was not over; another grief awaited him.

The door was hastily opened, and Cinq-Mars entered. This time it was the Cardinal's turn to tremble.

"What do you want, Monsieur?" he said, seizing the bell.

The *Grand Ecuyer* was as pale as the king. Without deigning to reply to Richelieu, he advanced calmly towards Louis XIII. The king gazed at him like a man who has just received sentence of death.

"You would have found some difficulty, Sire, in arresting me, for I have twenty thousand men at my command," said Henry D'Effiat, gently.

"Alas! Cinq-Mars," said Louis, sorrowfully; "is it really you who have done all these things?"

"Yes, Sire; and I have now come to bring you my sword, as you doubtless have given me up," he said, unfastening it, and placing it at the feet of the king, who cast down his eyes, and did not reply.

Cinq-Mars smiled sadly, and without bitterness, for he no longer belonged to this world. Then, looking scornfully at Richelieu, he said: "I surrender myself because I wish to die—not because I am conquered."

The Cardinal clenched his fist fiercely, but restraining himself, he said, "And who are your accomplices?"

Cinq-Mars gazed fixedly at Louis, and half opened his lips to speak. The king sat with bowed head, suffering untold tortures at that moment.

"I have none," said Cinq-Mars, at last, in pity to the king; and then he left the room. He stopped in the first gallery, where Fabert and all the attendants rose on his appearance. He went straight up to Fabert, and said, "Monsieur, give these gentlemen the word to arrest me."

They all looked at one another, and did not venture to approach him. "Yes, Monsieur, I am your prisoner. You see, gentlemen, I have no sword. I repeat, I am the king's prisoner."

"I cannot believe what I see," said the general; "here are two

of you come to give yourselves up, and I have received no orders to arrest any one."

"Two?" said Cinq-Mars; "that can be no other than M. de Thou. Alas! I can guess it, from his devotion."

"Well, and have I not also guessed your intention aright?" cried De Thou, coming forward, and throwing himself into his friend's arms.

Amongst the old chateaux which are year by year vanishing from off the face of France, like gems dropping from her crown, there was one of a wild and gloomy aspect on the left bank of the Saône. It had the appearance of a formidable sentinel posted at one of the gates of the city of Lyons, and it took its name from the enormous rock of Pierre-en-Cize, which rises in a peak like a natural pyramid, and the summit of which, curved above the road, and leaning over towards the river, was once, it is said, united to other rocks on the opposite side of the stream, thus forming a sort of natural bridge. But time, the stream, and the hand of man, have left nothing standing but the mass of old granite which formed the foundation of the now ruined fortress. It was built by the archbishops of Lyons, then the temporal lords of the city, who fixed their residence there; later it became a military station, and under Louis XIII., a state prison. A single colossal tower, lighted only by three long, narrow loop-holes, crowned the edifice, and was surrounded by some irregular buildings, whose massive walls followed the lines of the immense, precipitous rocks.

It was to this place that Cardinal Richelieu, greedy of his prey, intended to lead his young enemies. Leaving Louis to precede him to Paris, he removed them from Narbonne, carrying them with him to adorn his last triumph. He followed the course of the Rhone from Tarascon, almost to its mouth, as if to prolong the enjoyment of revenge which men have ventured to call "a pleasure

for the gods," exhibiting to the beholders on either banks the luxury of his hatred; he slowly pursued his way up the river, in a barge with gilded oars, and ornamented with his arms and colours, himself reclining in the first, and towing his two victims after him at the end of a long chain. Often in the evenings, after the heat of the day, the awnings were removed from the two boats, giving to view, in the one Richelieu, pale and haggard, sitting on the poop of his barge; and in the other the two young prisoners, standing side by side, quietly watching the rapid waves of the stream. In ancient times Cæsar's soldiers, encamped on these banks, would have believed it was the inflexible ferryman of Hades they were watching, leading away the shades of Castor and Pollux. These were called Christian times, but no one was bold enough to reflect on the strange sight—that of a priest leading his enemies to the scaffold; it was only the prime minister. He went on his way, leaving his prisoners under guard at the very town which the conspirators had fixed upon for the scene of his death. He enjoyed this sporting with Fortune, in thus planting a trophy on the spot which she had destined for his tomb.

"He caused himself," says a manuscript journal of that year, "to be drawn up the Rhone in a boat in which he had had built a chamber of wood, adorned with hangings of crimson velvet flowers on a ground of gold. In the same boat there was an ante-chamber of the same kind; at the poop and prow there were a number of the soldiers of his guard, wearing the scarlet cassock, embroidered with gold, silver, and silk, besides many gentlemen of mark. His Eminence was in a bed hung with purple taffeta. Monseigneur the Cardinal Bigny, and Messeigneurs the Bishops of Nantes and Chartres were there, and a number of abbés and gentlemen in other barges. A boat preceded him as a pilot, and another followed, filled with arquebusiers and their officers. When they approached any island, soldiers were landed to discover if there were

any suspicious persons lurking on it, and not meeting with any they kept guard on the banks till the two next boats had passed; these were filled with noblemen and fully armed soldiers. Then came his Eminence's barge, at the stern of which was fastened a small boat, containing MM. de Thou and Cinq-Mars, guarded by some of the royal guard, and twelve men belonging to his Eminence's. After these came three others, full of the Cardinal's furniture and plate, with many more gentlemen and soldiers. On the Dauphiné banks of the river marched two companies of light horse, and the same on the Languedoc and Vivarais side. There was a very fine regiment of foot which preceded his Eminence into all the towns into which he went, or intended to sleep. It was a pleasure to hear the trumpets sounding on the Dauphiné bank answered by those on the Vivarais, and echoed back from the rocks. They seemed to vie with each other which could do the best."

ALFRED DE VIGNY.

NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

THE Emperor, on entering his apartments, with a determined voice ordered the head-quarters to be advanced to Ponthierry, on the road to Essonne. This he thought would be a tacit order to his marshals also to follow him with their main divisions. He did not expect that his companions-in-arms would abandon him in the last struggle, for though he had no longer any confidence in their devotion he still believed in their honour. The marshals, however, who had followed him to the very last position to which he appeared desirous of retreating, now presented to his view only faces full of doubt and questioning. Hesitating between their habitual respect and the audacity of a new and hitherto unknown resolve, their features revealed their sense of the difficulties of their position. Ready to bow respectfully if the Emperor would comprehend their significant gestures and silent importunity, but ready to maintain their purpose, if he persisted in misunderstanding them. The long silence which thus ensued between the Emperor and the marshals was in fact the most solemn dialogue of the scene. Napoleon consulted by his looks the eyes of his officers, who also consulted his in like manner, each appearing to wait for the other to develope their intentions. This, however, Napoleon did not yet dream of doing, while his lieutenants trembled at the prospect of being forced to open the conference. The mortification of waiting in vain, increased by their settled resolve to attain their object, excited the anger and impatience of the military chiefs, till at length, despairing to convince, but determined to achieve, they were about to declare themselves, when suddenly the Emperor broke silence.

"I rely upon you, gentlemen," said Napoleon, hastening to

anticipate them by a word to which they had so often responded, and which now called for some sign of acquiescence. The marshals, however, instead of retiring respectfully, as usual on such occasions, to execute the orders they had received, drew closer together, and showed by the firmness of their attitude their resolution to remain. Napoleon was agitated, but restrained his feelings, till Marshal Ney, whose numerous exploits had given him the right of expressing himself with more freedom than the others, exclaimed, "That not a single sword should leave the scabbard to further the useless and insane purposes of a desperate ambition against the interests of the nation." Napoleon regarded him with reproachful astonishment. This was the first expression of the truth he had heard during ten years of service, and coming from one of his most heroic companions it had the accent of a revolt, and the bitterness of an abandonment. He was thunderstruck and disconcerted, as he had been on the 18th Brumaire, by the voices and gestures of the representatives at St. Cloud. Napoleon, in fact, always required to have an army between himself and the truth. He could not combat audacity hand to hand. His lieutenants, Oudinot, Lefebvre, and the rest, supported, with all the energy of abrupt speech and indomitable will, the declaration of the marshal. The faces, the tones, the imperative gesticulations, the low murmurs, the threatening looks, the broken words, scarcely checked on the lips, the stamping of feet, and the clatter of sabres on the floor, showed Napoleon that matters were coming to an extremity, and that the terror he had so long inspired was at length recoiling upon himself. He, however, once more appealed to his moral power; he raised his head, which had bent beneath the unlooked-for reproaches, and again waving from him his lieutenants by a gesture—

"The army, at least, will follow me?" he suggested with a bitter smile.

"The army," replied the marshals, in a more vehement tone, "will obey its generals."

This was turning against his own heart the sword he had placed in their hands. Napoleon felt himself disarmed. Should he set at defiance his companions-in-arms, force a passage through the group, rush out on the terrace, and call on his grenadiers to defend their Emperor? No, he could not do this; as at St. Cloud, his heart, his voice, failed him. He crossed his arms on his breast, bent down his head, appeared to reflect a long time in silence, then composed his features to hide his mortification, and in the tone of a man who voluntarily seeks counsel of his friends, instead of submitting himself to their will through force—

"Well," said he, "what ought I to do, in your opinion?"

"Abdicate!" exclaimed, in a strong and unanimous voice, the marshals nearest to him.

"Yes; there remains for you, for us, for our country, no other course—no other means of safety than your abdication," exclaimed the others.

"See what you have gained by not following the advice of your friends, when they wished you to make peace," added Marshal Lefebvre.

A general murmur of approbation revealed to Napoleon that he had no further hope, or even sympathy, to expect. He heard, though he feigned not to hear, words which penetrated the long hidden depths of his soul. He saw that the resentment of the nation burst forth, even from the lips of its last preservers. No feigned professions concealed from him their ingratitude. Defection assumed the accent of patriotism. Vulgar minds, which have bent the lowest before prosperity, often conduct themselves with the utmost insolence in the presence of misfortune. Military rudeness is then dignified by the name of frankness; yet this new sort of frankness is often but the revenge of long servility. It was

not spared to Napoleon. In a few moments he was overwhelmed with those voices which had so long uttered nothing but deceitful adulation. He merited this punishment from that public opinion which he himself had so much abused. But was it from the recipients of his past favours that he should have encountered it?

Napoleon submitted himself, not so much to their counsels as to destiny, which had disarmed him. "I will present to you my abdication," he said; "leave me for a moment to write it." The marshals withdrew towards the door of the narrow closet, without losing sight of the Emperor. He sat down before a small table, covered with a green cloth. He took a pen, reflected a few moments, and then weighing the words in his mind, he wrote deliberately, and with a hesitating hand, his abdication, in the following words:—

"The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to quit France, and even life itself, for the good of the country; without prejudice, however, to the rights of his son, to those of the regency of the Empress, and to the maintenance of the laws of the Empire.

"Given at our palace of Fontainebleau, the 4th of April, 1814.

"NAPOLEON."

"There, gentlemen," said he, addressing the marshals, who advanced towards him; "are you satisfied?"

The marshals received the abdication from his hands, read it, and bowed in satisfaction. The abdication was their ransom for their country, and their personal treaty with Europe. They troubled themselves little about the conditions that the Emperor dseired to attach to it. Without a sword or a crown negociation is [at an end. They held their oaths and their liberty in their

hands, and they were fully determined never again to confide them to him.

As to Napoleon, although the scene which had just passed left him no further illusion on the attachment of ambition to power, he feigned still to entertain it, either to flatter himself or his marshals; or rather, perhaps, to cover with an appearance of dignity and independence the violence he had suffered; and which he would not confess even to himself. "Gentlemen," said he, in a voice which he strove to render confident and martial, "you must now go to Paris to defend the interests of my son, the interests of the army, and those of France. I name as my commissioners the Duke of Vicenza, the Prince of Moskowa, and the Duke of Ragusa. Are you satisfied with those names? do these interests appear to you in good hands?" The Generals signified their assent.

Napoleon, who had remained standing in a state of nervous agitation from the moment he had tendered the act of abdication to his companions-in-arms, could no longer resist the exhaustion which often follows a violent shock to the mind. He sank on a sofa, and waited a moment to recover his breath. Then, putting his hand to his forehead, he seemed to be absorbed in the deepest anxiety. Nothing was heard through the silent room but the sound of his difficult breathing. The marshals felt pained by this agony of an expiring ambition; but they believed him at length conquered. They were mistaken. In a few moments he started up, as if seized with a sudden repentance, and darting forwards, as if to seize and tear up the document—

"No, no!" he cried; "there shall be no regency. With my guard, and the army of Marmont, I shall be in Paris to-morrow!"

The generals protested with one unanimous exclamation against this rebellion of the will they thought they had conquered. Marshal Ney spoke with the roughness of a soldier who no longer hesitates to oppose rudeness to insanity. Napoleon's blood flew to his

temples, and his gestures were those of suppressed despair. He could no longer brook the presence of the men who had torn from him even his self-respect.

"Retire," he said to them in a voice of command. They went out with downcast looks, recommending to each other silence as to the violence employed to effect their object. They carried with them the Empire; for the Emperor they cared now very little.

Left alone, his heart, long restrained by the presence of his lieutenants, at last broke forth. "The ingrates! the ingrates!" he repeated several times, "they owe me everything; and they have not even waited for the hour when they might abandon me with decency!"

LAMARTINE.

THE TRIAL OF MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

On Monday, the fourteenth of October, 1793, a cause is pending in the Palais de Justice, in the new Revolutionary Court, such as those old stone walls never witnessed—the trial of Marie-Antoinette. The once brightest of Queens, now tarnished, defaced, forsaken, stands here at Fouquier-Tinville's judgment-bar, answering for her life. The indictment was delivered her last night. To such changes of human fortune what words are adequate? Silence alone is adequate!

There are few Printed things one meets with of such tragic, almost ghastly, significance as those bald Pages of the *Bulletin du Tribunal Révolutionnaire,* which bear title, *Trial of the Widow Capet.* Dim, dim, as if in disastrous eclipse; like the pale kingdoms of Dis! Plutonic judges, Plutonic Tinville; encircled, nine times, with Styx and Lethe, with Fire-Phlegethon and Cocytus named of Lamentation! The very witnesses summoned are like Ghosts; exculpatory, inculpatory, they themselves are all hovering over death and doom; they are known, in our imagination, as the prey of the Guillotine. Tall ci-devant Count d'Estaing, anxious to show himself Patriot, cannot escape; nor Bailly, who, when asked if he knows the Accused, answers with a reverent inclination towards her, "Ah yes, I know Madame." Ex-Patriots are here, sharply dealt with, as Procureur Manuel; Ex-Ministers, shorn of their splendour. We have cold, Aristocratic impassivity, faithful to itself even in Tartarus; rabid stupidity, of Patriot Corporals, Patriot Washerwomen, who have much to say of Plots, Treasons, August tenth, old Insurrection of Women. For all now has become a crime in her who has *lost.*

Marie-Antoinette, in this her utter abandonment and hour of extreme need, is not wanting to herself, the imperial woman. Her look, they say, as that hideous Indictment was reading, continued calm; "she was sometimes observed moving her fingers, as when one plays on the piano." You discern, not without interest, across that dim Revolutionary Bulletin itself, how she bears herself queen-like. Her answers are prompt, clear, often of Laconic brevity; resolution, which has grown contemptuous without ceasing to be dignified, veils itself in calm words. "You persist then in denial?"—"My plan is not denial; it is the truth I have said, and I persist in that." Scandalous Hébert has borne his testimony as to many things; as to one thing, concerning Marie-Antoinette and her little Son, wherewith Human Speech had better not farther be soiled. She has answered Hébert; a juryman begs to observe that she has not answered as to *this*. "I have not answered," she exclaims with noble emotion, "because Nature refuses to answer such a charge brought against a Mother. I appeal to all the Mothers that are here."

Robespierre, when he heard of it, broke out into something like swearing at the brutish blockheadism of this Hébert; on whose foul head his foul lie has recoiled. At four o'clock on Wednesday morning, after two days and two nights of interrogating, jury-charging, and other darkening of counsel, the result comes out; sentence of Death.

"Have you anything to say?"

The Accused shook her head, without speech. Night's candles are burning out, and with her too Time is finishing, and it will be Eternity and Day. This Hall of Tinville's is dark, ill-lighted except where she stands. Silently she withdraws from it, to die.

Two Processions, or Royal Progresses, three-and-twenty years apart, have often struck us with a strange feeling of contrast. The first is of a beautiful Archduchess and Dauphiness, quitting her

mother's city, at the age of fifteen; towards hopes such as no other Daughter of Eve then had. "On the morrow," says Weber, an eye witness, "the Dauphiness left Vienna. The whole city crowded out, at first with a sorrow which was silent. She appeared: you saw her sunk back into her carriage; her face bathed in tears; hiding her eyes now with her handkerchief, now with her hands; several times putting out her head to see yet again this Palace of her Fathers whither she was to return no more. She motioned her regret, her gratitude to the good Nation, which was crowding here to bid her farewell. Then arose not only tears, but piercing cries on all sides. Men and women alike abandoned themselves to such expression of their sorrow. It was an audible sound of wail, in the streets and avenues of Vienna. The last Courier that followed her disappeared, and the crowd melted away."

The young imperial Maiden of Fifteen, has now become a worn discrowned Widow of Thirty-eight, grey before her time: this is the last Procession.

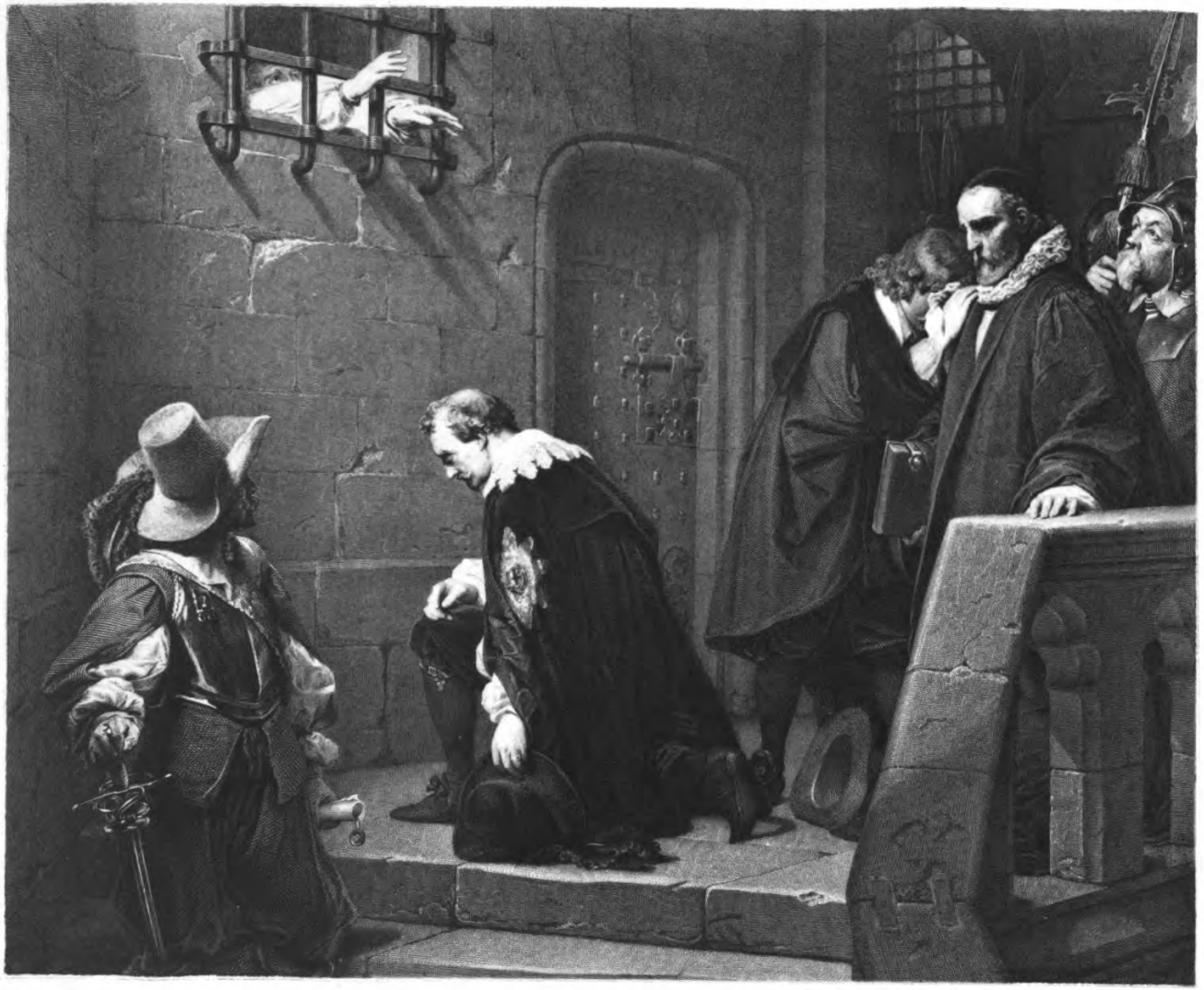
"Few minutes after the Trial ended, the drums were beating to arms in all Sections; at sunrise the armed force was on foot, cannons getting placed at the extremities of the Bridges, in the Squares, Crossways, all along from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Revolution. By ten o'clock numerous patrols were circulating in the Streets; thirty thousand foot and horse drawn up under arms. At eleven Marie-Antoinette was brought out. She had on an undress of *piqué blanc;* she was led to the place of execution, in the same manner as an ordinary criminal—bound, on a cart, accompanied by a Constitutional Priest in Lay dress, escorted by numerous detachments of infantry and cavalry. These and the double row of troops all along her road, she appeared to regard with indifference. On her countenance there was visible neither abashment nor pride. To the cries of *Vive la Républlique,* and *Down with Tyranny,* which attended her all the way, she

seemed to pay no heed. She spoke little to her Confessor. The tricolor Streamers on the house-tops occupied her attention in the Streets du Roule and Saint Honoré; she also noticed the Inscriptions on the house-fronts. On reaching the Place de la Révolution, her looks turned towards the *Jardin National,* whilom Tuileries; her face at that moment gave signs of lively emotion. She mounted the scaffold with courage enough; at a quarter past Twelve her head fell; the Executioner showed it to the people, amid universal long-continued cries of *Vive la République.*"

CARLYLE.

THE DEATH OF STRAFFORD.

AMONG the King's advisers there was no man more feared for his abilities, more hated for his advocacy of despotism, than the Earl of Strafford, "the great apostate," as he was termed, "from the cause of the people." His friends wished him to decline the approaching storm, either by remaining in Yorkshire, at the head of the army, or by repairing to his government of Ireland. But, to a man of his stern and fearless mind, such council savoured of cowardice, and when the King, assuring him of protection, requested his presence, he lost not a moment in repairing to the metropolis. His unexpected arrival surprised and disconcerted his enemies, who knew his influence over the judgment of their sovereign, and who feared that he might anticipate the charge against himself, by accusing them of a treasonable correspondence with the Scots. A day was spent in arranging their plan; the next morning the Commons debated with closed doors, and when these were opened, the majority of the members proceeded to the bar of the Lords, where Pym, in their name, impeached the Earl of Strafford of high treason. That nobleman was, at the moment, in close consultation with the King; he hastened to the House, and was proceeding to his place, when a number of voices called on him to withdraw. On his re-admission he was ordered to kneel at the bar, and was informed by the Lord Keeper that, in consequence of the impeachment by the Commons, the House had ordered him into the custody of the Black Rod till he should clear himself from the charge. He began to speak, but was immediately silenced, and departed in the charge of Maxwell the usher.



Strafford had to contend singly against a multitude of foes. The population of the three kingdoms was arraigned against him. The Scottish commissioners pronounced him an incendiary, and loudly called for the blood of the man who had urged their King to make war on his faithful subjects. The Irish parliament had proved its dissatisfaction from the moment he ceased to awe it by his presence. Last year the Commons had torn from their journals the eulogiums which they had formerly voted on his administration, and, by cutting down the subsidies to their original amount, had prevented the Irish expedition from sailing in aid of the English army. Now they sent deputies to present to the King a remonstrance, detailing, under sixteen heads, the grievances which they suffered from the despotism of the Lord-Lieutenant, and, at the same time, solicited the English House of Commons to join with theirs in procuring justice for an oppressed and impoverished people. But the severest blow which he received was an order made by the Lords, and admitted by the King, that the privy councillors should be examined upon oath respecting the advice given by Strafford at the board; a precedent of lasting prejudice to the royal interest, for who, after this, would give his opinion freely, when he knew that such opinion might be made the matter of impeachment against him at the pleasure of his enemies.

Westminster Hall had been fitted up for the trial. On each side of the Lords sat the Commons, on elevated benches, as a committee of their House, and near them the Scottish commissioners with the Irish deputies, the bearers of the remonstrance. Two private boxes were prepared for the accommodation of the King and Queen, whose presence, it was hoped, would act as a check on the forwardness of the witnesses, and the violence of the managers. Near them a gallery had been erected, which was daily crowded with ladies of the highest rank. They paid high prices for admission; many took notes, and all appeared to watch the proceedings with

the most intense interest. A bar, stretching across the hall, left one third for the use of the public.

Each morning at nine the prisoner was introduced. He made three obeisances to the Earl of Arundel, the High Steward, knelt at the bar, then rose and bowed to the Lords on his right and left, of whom only a part returned the compliment. The managers, thirteen in number, opened the proceedings with a speech relative to some particular charge; their witnesses were examined and cross-examined upon oath, and the court adjourned for thirty minutes, that Strafford might have time to advise with his counsel, who sat behind him. When the court resumed, Strafford spoke in his own defence, and produced his witnesses, who, however, according to the practice of the age, were not examined upon oath. The managers then spoke to evidence, and the prisoner was remanded to the Tower.

Thus the proceedings were conducted during thirteen days. The articles against him amounted to eight-and-twenty, three of which charged him with treason, the others with acts and words, which, though perhaps not treasonable separately, might, in the aggregate, be called accumulative treason, because they proved in him a fixed endeavour to subvert the liberties of the country.

As the trial proceeded, whether it were owing to his eloquence, to the violence of his prosecutors, or his frequent appeals to the pity of his audience, it was plain that the number of his friends daily increased. The ladies in the galleries had long ago proclaimed themselves his advocates; on the thirteenth day it appeared that the Lords, who had formerly treated him so harshly, were won over to his cause.

In the mean time the Lords had proceeded as if they were ignorant of the bill pending in the Lower House. Strafford made his defence before them. In conclusion, he appealed to his peers in these words:—

"My Lords, it is my present misfortune, it may, hereafter, be yours. Except your Lordships provide for it, the shedding of my blood will make way for the shedding of yours; you, your estates, your posterities be at stake. If such learned gentlemen as these, whose tongues are well acquainted with such proceedings, shall be started out against you; if your friends, your counsel, shall be denied access to you; if your professed enemies shall be admitted witnesses against you; if every word, intention, or circumstance be sifted and alleged as treasonable, not because of any statute, but because of a consequence or construction pieced up in a high rhetorical strain, I leave it to your Lordships' consideration to foresee what may be the issue of such a dangerous and recent precedent. These gentlemen tell me they speak in defence of the Commonwealth, against my arbitrary laws; give me leave to say it, I speak in defence of the Commonwealth, against their arbitrary treason. This, my Lords, regards you and your posterity. For myself, were it not for your interest, and for the interest of a saint in heaven, who hath left me here two pledges upon earth," (at these words his breath appeared to stop, and tears ran down his cheeks, but after a pause he resumed,) "were it not for this, I should never take the pains to keep up this ruinous cottage of mine. I could never leave the world at a fitter time, when, I hope, the better part of the world thinks that by this my misfortune, I have given testimony of my integrity to my God, my king, and my country. My Lords! something more I had to say; but my voice and my spirits fail me. Only in all submission, I crave that I may be a Pharos to keep you from shipwreck. Do not put rocks in your way, which no prudence, no circumspection can eschew. Whatever your judgment may be, it shall be righteous in my eyes. In te Domine," (looking towards heaven) "confido; non confundar in aeternum."

The next morning the bill of attainder was read a fourth time

and passed without amendment, and a deputation was appointed to solicit, in the name of both Houses, the royal assent, and the speedy execution of the delinquent.

Strafford had already written to Charles a most eloquent and affecting letter. He again asserted his innocence of the capital charge, and appealed to the knowledge of the King for the proof of his assertion; still, he was ready, he was anxious, to sacrifice his life as the price of reconciliation between the sovereign and his people. He would, therefore, set the royal conscience at liberty, by soliciting him to give his assent to the bill of attainder.

It may, however, be questioned, whether he really felt the magnanimous sentiments he so forcibly expressed. He knew that, within three months a similar offer had saved the life of Goodman, and afterwards, when he heard that the King had complied, he is said to have started with surprise from his chair, exclaiming, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation."

The King passed the Sunday in a state of the most poignant distress. Which was he to do? to break his word to the two houses, or to make himself accessary to the death of a faithful servant? In this dilemma he sent for the judges, and inquired the grounds of the answer given by them to the Lords. He sent for the bishops, and exposed to them the misgivings of his own conscience. One, Juxon of London, honestly advised him not to shed the blood of a man whom he believed to be innocent. Williams, and with him were three others, replied that whatever might be his individual opinion as Charles Stuart, he was bound, in his political capacity as King, to concur with the two Houses of Parliament.

Late in the evening he yielded, and subscribed with tears a commission to give his assent to the bill.

As a last effort to save the life of a servant whom he so highly prized, Charles descended from his throne, and appeared before his

subjects in the guise of a suppliant. By the hands of the young Prince of Wales he sent a letter to the Lords, requesting that, for his sake the two Houses would be willing that he should commute the punishment of death into that of perpetual imprisonment. But the vultures that thirsted for the blood of Strafford were inexorable, they even refused the King's request for a reprieve till Saturday, that the Earl might have time to settle his temporal affairs. The next day the unfortunate nobleman was led to execution. He had requested Archbishop Laud, also a prisoner in the Tower, to impart to him his blessing from the window of his cell. The prelate appeared; he raised his hand, but grief prevented his utterance, and he fell senseless on the floor. On the scaffold the Earl behaved with composure and dignity. He expressed his satisfaction that the King did not think him deserving so severe a punishment; protested, before God, that he was not guilty, as far as he could understand, of the great crime laid to his charge; and declared that he forgave all his enemies, not merely in words, but from his heart. At the first stroke his head was severed from the body. The spectators, said to have amounted to one hundred thousand persons, behaved with decency; but, in the evening, the people displayed their joy by bonfires, and demolished the windows of those who refused to illuminate.

LINGARD.

CROMWELL.

"CROMWELL," says Lord Clarendon, "was not so far a man of blood as to follow Machiavel's method, which prescribes, upon a total alteration of government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government, but that Cromwell would never consent to it." Thus, according to the testimony of his great political adversary, the general had no appetite of blood. The manner in which he was at length led to sign Charles's death-warrant has not perhaps been sufficiently appreciated. We have already remarked that his great religious error was his assuming for the mainspring of his actions those inward impulses which he ascribed to God, in preference to the explicit commands of Holy Scripture. He believed in what has been denominated "a particular faith." If, while engaged in prayer, or shortly after, he felt a lively conviction in his mind, he thought that this impression proceeded immediately from heaven, and that he ought to follow it as the very voice of God. If, on the contrary, his devotions remained languid, he concluded that he ought to abstain from the meditated act. This is a common error in pious minds, and we might point to one denomination of Christians, celebrated for their spirit of meekness and peace, who to some extent participate in such sentiments. Mr. Howe, one of Cromwell's chaplains, knowing the prevalence of this notion, and having once heard a sermon at Whitehall, the avowed design of which was to maintain it, thought himself bound


CAROLVS
REX

in conscience, when it next came to his turn to preach before Cromwell, to oppose that sentiment. While he was in the pulpit Oliver listened to him with great attention, but would sometimes knit his brows, and betray great uneasiness. When the sermon was ended, a person of distinction came to Mr. Howe, and asked him if he knew what he had done, and signified his apprehension that he would find it very difficult ever to make his peace with Cromwell. Mr. Howe replied that he would leave the event with God. He afterwards observed that Cromwell was cooler in his manner to him than before; but the continuance of Mr. Howe in his office as chaplain, was one among many other instances of the kindness and forbearance of Cromwell's temper.

It was this error which guided him in the sentence passed on Charles, and freed him from all his doubts and scruples. John Cromwell, at that time in the Dutch service, had come to England with a message from the Princes of Wales and Orange to endeavour to save the King's life.

When introduced to his cousin Oliver, he reminded him of the royalist opinions he had formerly entertained at Hampton Court. The latter, still uncertain as to the line of conduct which he ought to pursue, replied that he had often fasted and prayed to know the will of God with respect to the king, but that God had not yet pointed out the way. When John had withdrawn, Cromwell and his friends again sought by prayer the path they ought to follow. Oliver, on a solemn occasion, 22nd January, 1655 (speech to the first parliament), has informed us of the rule of his conduct in such circumstances. "Men who are without God in the world," says he, "and walk not with Him, know not what it is to pray or believe, and to receive returns from God, and to be spoken unto by the Spirit of God, who speaks without a written word sometimes, yet according to it! God hath spoken heretofore in divers manners. Let Him speak as He pleaseth."

It was in that nocturnal prayer that the parliamentary hero first felt the conviction that Charles's death alone could save England. From that moment all was fixed; God had spoken; Oliver's indecision was at an end. It remained now merely to accomplish that will, however appalling it might be. At one o'clock in the morning a messenger from the general knocked at the door of the tavern where John Cromwell lodged, and informed him that his cousin had at length dismissed his doubts, and that all the arguments so long put forward by the most decided republicans were now confirmed by the will of the Lord.

Enthusiasm, then, was the cause of Cromwell's error. This is a serious fault in religion; but may it not extenuate the fault in morals? Is the man who desires to obey God equally guilty with him who is determined to listen to his passions only? Is not God's will the sovereign rule of good and evil?

Yet if this error be a great extenuation of the Protector's fault, the crime to which it led him must ever remain in history as a warning to terrify those who may base their conduct on their inward impressions, rather than on the sure, positive, and ever-accessible inspirations of that Word of God which never deceives.

After the king's death a circumstance occurred which we cannot pass by unnoticed. "It was one of those acts which," says a recent writer most hostile to Cromwell, "were committed by him against a good nature, not in the indulgence of a depraved one." We may, however, question if it was "against his good nature." Charles was dead. In Oliver's opinion the life of the Prince had been justly cut short; but we have seen how long the future Protector shrunk from this terrible extremity, and how he wept when the royal father embraced his children. Cromwell desired to view the monarch's body. His greatest adversaries testify that he was not cruel, and if he had really committed a crime, would he have sought so mournful a spectacle? But there was a solemn lesson

in his sovereign's lifeless corpse. He opened the coffin himself, and sadly gazed upon the cold inanimate body, without cruelty, or anger, or exultation, but with reverential fear, as he thought of the judgment of God. To Cromwell death was nothing strange; he had often met it face to face, and often braved it on the battle-field; it had long been familiar to him. The only feeling to which he gave utterance was the thought that death had surprised Charles in full health, and that his body, alas! had been made for length of life. We cannot doubt that Oliver's soul was filled with that solemn feeling which is usually experienced in the presence of a dead body. And who was it that lay before him? A descendant of kings—a mighty prince—a ruler of three kingdoms—who had presumed to check the new impulses that were urging his people onwards to liberty and truth, and who with one hand had torn the time-honoured charters of the nation, while he stretched the other towards the despotic Pope of Rome. As he looked at this king, now dead, what sensations must have crowded into his saddened heart! "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave; the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven; I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms?" Cromwell, before the body of Charles I., is a scene worthy to be described by a Milton, or a Shakespeare, or by some genius still more sublime than even they.

MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

PICO DI MIRANDOLA.

THIS nobleman, termed the Phœnix of his age, youngest son of Joannes Franciscus Picus, Prince of Mirandola and Concordia, was born Feb. 24, 1463. Even in his childhood he is said to have evinced an astonishing quickness of apprehension and retentiveness of memory. At the age of fourteen, by desire of his mother Julia, who wished him to embrace an ecclesiastical life, he was sent to Bologna, to study the Canon Law. After he had continued here two years, during which time he drew up a complete epitome of the Decretals, disgusted with so jejune a study, and anxious to gratify his ardent thirst for knowledge, he employed seven years in travelling through the Universities of France and Italy, and in hearing and conversing with the most celebrated professors in every branch of science. An impulse of youthful vanity prompted him afterwards to visit Rome, where he proposed nine hundred questions, which had respect, not only to theology, philosophy, humanity, and every other branch of the more general learning of the times, but also to the abstruse systems of the earliest Grecian and Oriental philosophers,—the mysteries of the Cabala—magic, the absurdity and impiety of which he asserted,—judicial astrology, and the rest of the occult sciences, causing them to be published through the different universities of Europe, with offers to defray the expense of the journeys of such as chose to repair to Rome to dispute publicly with him on these subjects. Such an astonishing display of youthful erudition did not fail to excite the envy of many, who first attempted to wound the reputation of Picus by the shafts of ridicule, but finding these ineffectual, selected

thirteen of his theses, which they declared to be of an heretical tendency. This charge gave a new occasion to the display of the prodigious intellectual powers of the accused, who completed, in twenty days, an elaborate apology, abounding with multifarious and profound erudition, in which he completely refuted the accusations of his adversaries. But though Picus remained at Rome a whole year, the proposed disputations never took place. Innocent VIII., persuaded that the agitation of such questions might be attended with danger, interdicted the discussions, and ordered them to be suppressed. Picus himself, we are assured, on mature reflection, concurred in this opinion, and afterwards condemned the vanity which had prompted him to such unprofitable speculations.

To an accurate knowledge of the Greek and Latin, Picus added a critical acquaintance with several of the oriental tongues, but that he understood twenty-two languages before his twenty-first year, as some assert, is not corroborated by the testimony of his nephew and biographer. Such was his general acquaintance with the sciences that those who heard him converse on any one in particular, would suppose that to have been the special object of his study. As a poet he distinguished himself by his productions, both in the Latin and Italian languages. He was skilled in music, and was himself an admired composer in that art. But in the latter part of his life his attention was almost wholly absorbed in theological inquiries, and he was wont to extol the eloquence of St. Paul above that of the most admired writers of antiquity.

He died of a contagious distemper, at Florence, Nov. 17, 1494, at the early age of thirty-one years.

W. Parr Greswell.

THE DEATH OF LADY JANE GREY.

THE house of Suffolk would be extinct; that too, or almost that, had been decided on. Jane Grey was guiltless of this last commotion; her name had not been so much as mentioned among the insurgents; but she was guilty of having been once called Queen, and Mary, who before had been generously deaf to the Emperor's advice, and to Renard's arguments, yielded in her present humour. Philip was beckoning in the distance; and while Jane Grey lived, Philip, she was again and again assured, must remain for ever separated from her arms.

Jane Grey, therefore, was to die—her execution was resolved upon the day after the victory; and the first intention was to put her to death on the Friday immediately approaching. In killing her body, however, Mary desired to have mercy on her soul; and she sent the message of death by the excellent Feckenham, afterwards Abbot of Westminster, who was to bring her, if possible, to obedience to the Catholic faith.

Feckenham, a man full of gentle and tender humanity, felt to the bottom of his soul the errand on which he was despatched. He felt as a Catholic priest—but he felt also as a man.

On admission to Lady Jane's room he told her that she was to die the next morning, and he told her, also, for what reason the Queen had selected him to communicate the sentence.

She listened calmly. The time was short, she said; too short to be spent in theological discussions; which, if Feckenham would permit, she would decline.

Believing, or imagining that he ought to believe, that, if she

died unreconciled, she was lost, Feckenham hurried back to the Queen to beg for delay; and the Queen, moved with his entreaties, respited the execution till Monday, giving him three more days to pursue his labour. But Lady Jane, when he returned to her, scarcely appreciated the favour; she had not expected her words to be repeated, she said; she had given up all thoughts of the world, and she would take her death patiently whenever her Majesty desired.

Feckenham, however, still pressed his services, and courtesy to a kind and anxious and old man, forbade her to refuse them. He remained with her to the end; and certain arguments followed on faith and justification, and the nature of sacraments; a record of which may be read by the curious in Foxe. Lady Jane was wearied without being convinced. The tedium of the discussion was relieved, perhaps, by the now more interesting account which she gave to her unsuccessful confessor of the misfortune which was bringing her to her death. The night before she suffered she wrote a few sentences of advice to her sister on the blank leaf of a New Testament. To her father, knowing his weakness, and knowing, too, how he would be worked upon to imitate the recantation of Northumberland, she sent a letter of exquisite beauty, in which the exhortations of a dying saint are tempered with the reverence of a daughter for her father.

The iron-hearted Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir John Brydges, had been softened by the charms of his prisoner, and begged for some memorial of her in writing. She wrote in a manual of English prayers the following words:—"Forasmuch as you have desired so simple a woman to write in so worthy a book, good Master Lieutenant, therefore I shall, as a friend, desire you, and as a Christian, require you to call upon God to incline your heart to his laws, to quicken you in his way, and not to take the word of truth utterly out of your mouth. Live still to die, that by death

you may purchase eternal life, and remember how Methuselah, who, as we read in the Scriptures, was the longest liver that was of a man, died at the last; for, as the Preacher saith, there is a time to be born and a time to die; and the day of death is better than the day of our birth. Yours, as the Lord knoweth, as a friend, Jane Dudley." Her husband was also to die, and to die before her. The morning on which they were to suffer he begged for a last interview and a last embrace. It was left to herself to consent or refuse. "If," she replied, "the meeting would benefit either of their souls, she would see him with pleasure; but, in her own opinion, it would only increase their trial. They would meet soon enough in the other world."

He died, therefore, without seeing her again. She saw him once alive as he was led to the scaffold, and again as he returned a mutilated corpse in the death-cart. It was not wilful cruelty. The officer in command had forgotten that the ordinary road led past her window. But the delicate girl of seventeen was as masculine in her heart as in her intellect. When her own turn arrived, Sir John Brydges led her down to the green; her attendants were in an agony of tears, but her own eyes were dry. She prayed quietly till she reached the foot of the scaffold, when she turned to Feckenham, who still clung to her side. "Go now," she said, "God grant you all your desires, and accept my own warm thanks for your attentions to me; although, indeed, those attentions have tried me more than death can now terrify me." She sprung up the steps, and said briefly that she had broken the law in accepting the crown; but as to any guilt of intention, she wrung her hands, and said she washed them clean of it in innocency before God and man. She entreated her hearers to bear her witness that she died a true Christian woman; that she looked to be saved only by the mercy of God and the merits of his Son; and she begged for their prayers as long as she was

alive. Feckenham had still followed her, notwithstanding his dismissal. "Shall I say the *Miserere* Psalm?" she said to him.

When it was done, she let down her hair with her attendants' help and uncovered her neck. The rest may be told in the words of the chronicler:—

"The hangman kneeled down and asked her forgiveness, whom she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the straw, which doing she saw the block. Then she said, 'I pray you despatch me quickly.' Then she kneeled down, saying, 'Will you take it off before I lay me down;' and the hangman answered, 'No, Madam.' She tied a kercher about her eyes, then feeling for the block, she said, 'What shall I do; where is it?' One of the bystanders guiding her thereunto, she laid her head down upon the block, and stretched forth her body, and said, 'Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!' And so ended."

FROUDE.

ITALIAN PILGRIMS AT ROME.

THIS was the holy year. I was curious to see the inhabitants of different districts, who all throng to Rome on the occasion of the religious ceremonies that take place on the renewal of the Jubilee. Accordingly, Fernando and I repaired to the Piazza of S. Giovanni Laterano, which is a sort of general rendezvous. "This church," said Fernando, "is the Cathedral of Rome. The neighbourhood of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, of the Holy Staircase, and of Constantine's Baptistry, brings crowds of people to this place; and I can confidently promise you that you can nowhere behold a more agreeable and fantastic sight than the variety presented by the costumes and physiognomies of the pilgrims. I do not think we shall see many Romans, properly speaking, but these you have had ample leisure to examine in your walks through the city. You already know that both the higher and the middle classes are dressed exactly as they are in France; this is not the case with the lower orders, those of the latter who are in easy circumstances, and are called *eminenti* (from living on an eminence), or mountaineers, wear short velvet breeches, a waistcoat, and round jacket of the same materials, ornamented with silver bell buttons, a silk sash of several colours, and enormous silver buckles both at the knees and on their shoes; their hat, which is either very wide and of long napped beaver, or else in the form of a sugar-loaf and short napped, is generally ornamented with medals and peacocks' feathers; some are so coquettish as to put a little nosegay between the ear and the edge of the hat; white stockings are a *sine quâ non* with them; and in the very teeth of the police regulations, they conceal in their breeches pocket an

enormous cutlass, that serves to defend or revenge them, as the case may be. The dress of the women is yet more remarkable. They wear their hair with no other ornament than a silver comb, or an enormous diadem-shaped comb, likewise of silver; add to this a sort of jacket ornamented with silk frogs, and a skirt of some vivid colour, elegantly scalloped with velvet or lace; a muslin apron, embroidered in open work, and finish the picture with a pair of very wide shoes of blue or red velvet, loaded with silver buckles seven inches in diameter, and you will have a complete idea of their holiday dress. On certain occasions they wear a man's hat ornamented with flowers, feathers, or ribbons, but oftener still a green silk net, that hangs behind like a purse. The cowherds are recognizable by a sort of lamb-skin gown, in which they enwrap themselves. On their feet they wear a kind of buskin, like those seen in the bas-reliefs of the lower empire, with soles more than an inch thick. When I see one of them with his sickle in his belt, his naked legs, and large straw hat, and carrying a kid under his arm, I am involuntarily reminded of the faithful Eumæus, and I am almost about to look for Ulysses' dog.

"But here we are," continued he, "on the piazza of the Lateran Palace. Opposite is the Holy Staircase that Jesus ascended to reach Pilate's hall of judgment. These steps are only to be ascended on one's knees. I see that we cannot penetrate into the chapel it leads to, as the crowd is thronging every avenue; moreover these pretty Albanese, who are standing in the shade of the palace deserve especial attention. They are distinguished from other tribes by the freshness of their complexions, and the cleanliness of their dress. They bind their heads with wide ribbons, the ends of which being brought forward, look like a huge violet butterfly alighted on their foreheads. Raphael's beautiful creations seem not imaginary when one has seen these beautiful girls, whose favourite colour is white. These

others whose bodices are curved forward, and who wear a long white worked veil, with a muslin apron of flowered work, and adorn their tresses with golden fillets clasped by a silver dagger with a coral handle, are from Velletri, a place renowned for its wines. One would think, seeing them grouped in a corner by themselves, that they were anxious to avoid the contact of the pilgrims; the fact is, not being accustomed to find themselves the objects of admiration to all foreigners, they are desirous of enjoying the full extent of their advantages, by keeping aloof from the crowd."

A procession of holy brothers passed by at this moment, when all the different tribes knelt down before the crucifix that headed the procession; but the Albanese and the *Velletriane* only inclined their heads. Some women, hitherto concealed in the crowd, remained bolt upright; and this singular demeanour, no less than the richness of their costume, attracted my curiosity. "Who are these women," said I to Fernando, "who do not even condescend to bow their heads?"

"They are from Neptuno," replied he; "their costume is beyond a doubt the most becoming and the most coquettish in the Roman States. Look how tastefully they have entwined those ribbons with their hair, which they tie in a knot over their foreheads, which are shaded by a square piece of silk interwoven with gold, forming a kind of roof both at the back and front of their heads. Their busts are covered with a sort of bib made of blue silk, embroidered with silver. A scarlet jacket sits closely upon their shoulders and arms, and a skirt, likewise scarlet, edged with a broad band of gold lace, completes their toilet. It is the fear of soiling their dress that prevents them kneeling."

I then remarked that the women of the more civilized tribes liked very well to be gazed at, while those that come from the mountains either frowned at, or made game of us. A sort of amazon, who

was walking before us, turned round ever and anon to scrutinize us from head to foot. Her gait was abrupt, and her countenance exceedingly bold. Her costume differed from all the others, for she wore a veil of grey cloth, fixed by a dagger; a yellow vest, ornamented with gold lace; a grey skirt, trimmed with red; a piece of blue cloth, the lower corners of which were tucked up in front and fastened under her bosom, covered both her back and hips; a little narrow apron of green cloth, crossed by transverse stripes, completed her dress; her hands, her throat, and her ears were loaded rather than adorned with a quantity of jewellery of rich materials, but of clumsy workmanship. This strange woman was accompanied by a man wearing a gold-laced jacket, and a velvet waistcoat with hanging buttons; a conical hat, adorned with parti-coloured ribbons; long tresses of hair; a cravat, fastened to his neck by a multitude of gold rings, a leathern belt, besides a gay-coloured silk sash, silver buckles and ribbons at the knee, while his legs were swathed in linen, secured by cord, and his shoes were made of goat-skin. Even had this individual worn a less remarkable dress, his pale complexion, savage air, long thick beard, and brutal kind of demeanour, would have attracted my attention. Fernando, who generally forestalled my questions, said to me, "That is the brigand of Sonino and his wife; they look at you because you are well dressed, and they think you would be a catch if you were ever to fall into their hands. The coarse luxury they display is the fruit of their plunder. If you wonder how they dare to appear in Rome, without the fear of justice before their eyes, I must inform you that an amnesty has perhaps been granted them, or they may even be pensioned; or again, they may not be designated by name as guilty of murder, for such is the connivance of their neighbours, that it is impossible to produce witnesses against them."

DE CHATELAINE.

THE GIRONDINS.

WHOM next, O Tinville! The next are of a different colour; our poor arrested Girondin Deputies. What of them could still be laid hold of; our Vergniaud, Brissot, Fauchet, Valazé, Gensonné; the once flower of French Patriotism, Twenty-two by the tale: *hither,* at Tinville's bar, onward from "safeguard of the French people," from confinement in the Luxembourg, imprisonment in the Conciergerie, have they now, by the course of things, arrived. Fouquier-Tinville must give what account of them he can.

Undoubtedly this Trial of the Girondins is the greatest that Fouquier has yet had to do. Twenty-two, all chief Republicans, ranged in a line there: the most eloquent in France; Lawyers too; not without friends in the auditory. How will Tinville prove these men guilty of Royalism, Federalism, Conspiracy against the Republic? Vergniaud's eloquence awakes once more; "draws tears," they say. And Journalists report, and the Trial lengthens itself out day after day; "threatens to become eternal," murmur many. Jacobinism and Municipality rise to the aid of Fouquier. On the 28th of the month, Hébert and others come in deputation to inform a Patriot Convention that the Revolutionary Tribunal is quite "shackled by Forms of Law;" that a Patriot Jury ought to have "the power of cutting short, of *terminer les débats,* when they feel themselves convinced." Which pregnant suggestion, of cutting short, passes itself, with all despatch, into a Decree. Accordingly, at ten o'clock on the night of the 30th of October, the Twenty-two, summoned back once more, receive this informa-

tion—That the Jury feeling themselves convinced have cut short, have brought in their verdict; that the Accused are found guilty, and the Sentence on one and all of them is, Death with confiscation of goods.

Loud natural clamour rises among the poor Girondins; tumult; which can only be suppressed by the gendarmes. Valazé stabs himself; falls down dead on the spot. The rest, amid loud clamour and confusion, are driven back to their Conciergerie; Lasource exclaiming: "I die on the day when the People have lost their reason; ye will die when they recover it." No help! Yielding to violence, the Doomed uplift the Hymn of the Marseillese; return singing to their dungeon.

Riouffe, who was their Prison-mate in these last days, has lovingly recorded what death they made. To our notions, it is not an edifying death. Gay satirical *Pot-pourri* by Ducos; rhymed Scenes of Tragedy, wherein Barrère and Robespierre discourse with Satan; death's eve spent in "singing" and "sallies of gaiety;" with "discourses on the happiness of peoples;" these things, and the like of these, we have to accept for what they are worth. It is the manner in which the Girondins make *their* Last Supper. Valazé, with bloody breast, sleeps cold in death; hears not the singing. Vergniaud has his dose of poison; but it is not enough for his friends, it is enough only for himself; wherefore he flings it from him; presides at this Last Supper of the Girondins, with wild coruscations of eloquence, with song and mirth. Poor human Will struggles to assert itself; if not in this way, then in that.

But on the morrow morning, all Paris is out; such a crowd as no man had seen. The Death-carts, Valazé's cold corpse stretched among the yet living Twenty-one, roll along. Bareheaded, hands bound, in their shirt-sleeves, coat flung loosely round the neck: so fare the eloquent of France; bemurmured, beshouted.

To the shouts of *Vive la République,* some of them keep

answering with counter-shouts of *Vive la République.* Others, as Brissot, sit sunk in silence. At the foot of the scaffold they again strike up, with appropriate variations, the Hymn of the Marseillese. Such an act of music; conceive it well! The yet living chant there; the chorus so rapidly wearing weak! Samson's axe is rapid; one head per minute or little less. The chorus is wearing weak, the chorus is worn *out;* farewell for evermore, ye Girondins. Te-Deum Fauchet has become silent; Valazé's dead head is lopped; the sickle of the Guillotine has reaped the Girondins all away. "The eloquent, the young, the beautiful and brave!" exclaims Riouffe. O Death, what feast is toward in thy ghastly Halls?

Nor, alas, in the far Bourdeaux region will Girondism fare better. In cave of Saint-Emilion, in loft and cellar, the weariest months roll on; apparel worn, purse empty; wintry November come; under Tallien and his Guillotine, all hope now gone. Danger drawing ever nigher, difficulty pressing ever straiter, they determine to separate.

Not unpathetic the farewell; tall Barbaroux, cheeriest of brave men, stoops to clasp his Louvet; "In what place soever thou findest my Mother," cries he, "try to be instead of a son to her; no resource of mine but I will share with thy Wife, should chance ever lead me where she is."

Louvet went with Guadet, with Salles and Valadi; Barbaroux with Buzart and Pétion. Valadi soon went southward, on a way of his own. The two friends and Louvet had a miserable day and night; the 14th of the November month, 1793. Sunk in wet, weariness and hunger, they knock on the morrow, for help, at a friend's country-house; the faint-hearted friend refuses to admit them. They stood therefore under trees, in the pouring rain. Flying desperate, Louvet thereupon will to Paris. He sets forth, there and then, splashing the mud on each side of him, with a fresh strength gathered from fury or frenzy. He passes

villages, "finding the sentry asleep in the box in the thick rain;" he is gone before the man can call after him. He bilks Revolutionary Committees; rides in carriers' carts, covered carts and open; lies hidden in one, under knapsacks and cloaks of soldiers' wives on the Street of Orleans, while men search for him; has hairbreadth escapes that would fill three romances; finally he gets to Paris to his fair Help-mate; gets to Switzerland, and waits better days.

Poor Guadet and Salles were both taken, ere long; they died by the Guillotine in Bourdeaux; drums beating to drown their voice. Valadi also is caught and guillotined. Barbaroux and his two comrades weathered it longer, into the summer of 1794; but not long enough. One July morning, changing their hiding place, as they have often to do, "about a league from Saint-Emilion, they observe a great crowd of country people," doubtless Jacobins come to take them? Barbaroux draws a pistol, shoots himself dead. Alas, and it was not Jacobins; it was harmless villagers going to a village wake. Two days afterwards, Berzot and Pétion were found in a Corn-field, their bodies half eaten by dogs.

Such was the end of Girondism. They arose to regenerate France, these men; and have accomplished *this*. Alas, whatever quarrel we had with them, has not their cruel fate abolished it?

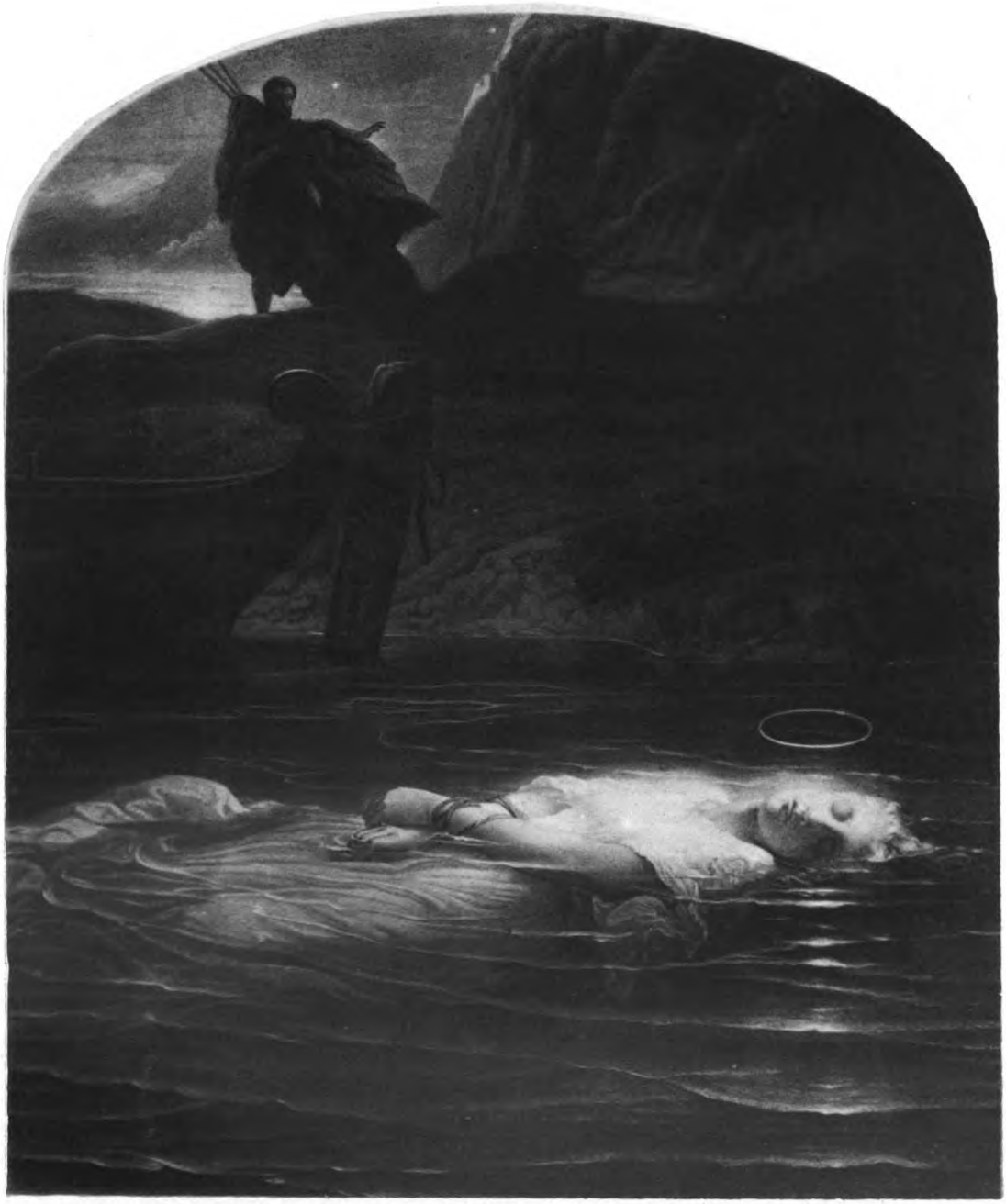
Pity only survives. So many excellent souls of heroes sent down to Hades; they themselves given as a prey of dogs and all manner of birds! But, here too, the will of the Supreme Power was accomplished. As Vergniaud said: "the Revolution, like Saturn, is devouring its own children."

CARLYLE.

CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

Not long after, by the judgment of God for certain enormities used in the Church, began the great and grievous persecution of the Christians, moved by the outrageous cruelty of Diocletian, which was about the nineteenth year of his reign, who, in the month of March, when the feast of Easter was nigh at hand, commanded all the churches of the Christians to be spoiled and cast to the earth, and the books of Holy Scripture to be burnt. The most violent edicts and proclamations, as is said, were set forth throughout all the Roman empire for the overthrowing of the Christian temples. Neither did there want in the officers any cruel execution of the same proclamations; for their temples were already defaced when they celebrated the feast of Easter. The same proclamations contained orders for the burning of the books of the Holy Scripture; which thing was done in the open market-place, as before stated: Item, for the displacing of such as were magistrates, and all others whosoever bare any office, and that with great ignominy; item, for imprisoning such as were of the common sort, if they would not abjure Christianity, and subscribe to the heathen religion. And this was the first edict given out by Diocletian. And these were the beginnings of the Christians' evils.

It was not long after, but that new edicts were sent forth (nothing for their cruelty inferior to the first) for the casting of the elders and bishops into prison, and then constraining them with sundry kinds of punishments to offer unto their idols. By reason whereof ensued a great persecution against the governors of the Church; amongst whom many stood manfully, passing through



many exceeding bitter torments, neither were overcome therewith, being tormented and examined divers of them diversely; some were scourged all their bodies over with whips and scourges; some were cruciated with racks and razings of their flesh that were intolerable; some one way, some another way put to death. Some again violently were drawn to the impure sacrifice, and, as though they had sacrificed, when indeed they did not, were let go; others, neither coming at all to their altars, nor touching any piece of their sacrifices, yet were borne in hand of them that stood by, that they had sacrificed, and so suffering that false infamation of their enemies quietly went away; others, as dead men, were carried and cast away, being but half dead; some they cast down upon the pavement, and trailing them a great space by the legs, made the people believe that they had sacrificed. Furthermore, others there were who stoutly withstood them, affirming with a loud voice that they had done no such sacrifice, of whom some said they were Christians, and gloried in the profession of that name; some cried, saying, that neither they had nor ever would be partakers of that idolatry. And these, being buffeted on the face and mouth with the hands of the soldiers, were made to hold their peace, and so thrust out with violence. And if the saints did seem never so little to do what the enemies would have them, they were made much of: albeit, all this purpose of the adversary did nothing prevail against the holy and constant servants of Christ.

Notwithstanding, of the weak sort innumerable there were, who for fear and infirmity fell and gave over, even at the first brunt.

On the first publishing of the edict against the churches at Nicomedia, there chanced a deed to be done much worthy of memory, of a Christian, who was no obscure person, but eminently illustrious for secular honour and esteem; who, moved by a zeal for God, after the proclamation was set up, by and by ran and took down the same, and openly tare and rent it in pieces, not fearing

the presence of the two emperors, then in the city. For which act he was put to a most bitter death, which death he with great faith and constancy endured, even to the last gasp.

After this, the furious rage of the malignant emperors, being let loose against the saints of Christ, proceeded more and more, making havoc of God's people throughout all quarters of the world. Diocletian (who had purposed with himself to subvert the whole Christian religion) executed his tyranny in the East, and Maximian in the West. But wily Diocletian began very subtilely; for he put the matter first in practice in the camp, where his lieutenant (as Eusebius affirmeth) put the Christian soldiers to this choice; whether they would obey the Emperor's commandment in that manner of sacrifice he commanded, and so both to keep their offices, and lead their bands, or else to lay away from them their armour and weapons. Whereunto the Christian men, courageously answered that they were not only ready to lay away their armour and weapons, but also to suffer death, if it should with tyranny be enforced upon them, rather than they would obey the wicked decrees and commandments of the Emperor. There might a man have seen very many who were desirous to use a simple and poor life, and who regarded no estimation and honour in comparison of true piety and godliness. And this was no more but a subtle and wily flattery in the beginning, to offer them to be at their own liberty whether they would willingly abjure their profession or not; as also this was another, that in the beginning of the persecution there were but a few tormented with punishment, but afterwards, by little and little, the enemy began more manifestly to burst out into persecution. After the second edict, commanding that all the governors of churches should be committed to prison, the sight of what was then done, no expressions are sufficient to describe; when infinite multitudes were everywhere committed to custody, and the prisons, which had formerly been provided for murderers and robbers

of the dead, were then filled with bishops, priests, and deacons, readers and exorcists; insomuch that there was now no place left therein for those who had been condemned for their crimes. Again, when another edict offered the choice to the imprisoned, of liberty on sacrificing, or a thousand tortures on refusal, it can hardly be expressed with words what number of martyrs and what blood was shed throughout all cities and regions for the name of Christ.

Eusebius saith that he himself knew some worthy martyrs that suffered in Palestine; and others in Tyre of Phenicia. He declareth in the same place of a marvellous martyrdom made at Tyre, where certain Christians, being given to most cruel wild beasts, were preserved without hurt of them to the great admiration of the beholders; and those bears, boars, leopards and bulls (kept hungry for that purpose and stimulated with hot irons) had no desire to devour them; which, notwithstanding, most vehemently raged against those by whom they were brought into the stage, who standing (as they thought) out of danger of them, were first devoured; but the Christian martyrs; because they could not be hurt with beasts, being slain with the sword, were afterward thrown into the sea.

At that time was martyred the Bishop of Tyre, whose name was Tyrannio, who was made meat for the fishes at Antioch, and Zenobius, a presbyter at Sidon, and a skilful physician, who died under torments at the same place. Sylvanus, bishop of Emisa, a notable martyr, together with certain others, was thrown to the wild beasts at Emisa. But Sylvanus, bishop of Gaza, was slain with nine-and-thirty others at the copper-mines of Phæno. At Cæsarea, Pamphilus, a presbyter, who was the glory of that church, died a most worthy martyr; whose life Eusebius hath written in a book by itself.

Furthermore, he maketh mention in the same book of others at Antioch who were broiled on gridirons set over the fire—yet not to

death, but so as to protract their punishment; of some others that were brought to the sacrifices, and commanded to do sacrifice, who would rather thrust their right hand into the fire, than touch the profane or wicked sacrifice; also of some others that, before they were apprehended, would cast themselves down from steep places, lest that, being taken, they should commit anything against their profession. Also of two virgins, very fair and proper, with their mother also, who had studiously brought them up, even from their infancy, in all godliness, being long sought for, and at the last found, and strictly kept by their keepers, notwithstanding, threw themselves down headlong into a river. Also of two other young maidens, being sisters, and of a worshipful stock, endued with many goodly virtues, who were cast of persecutors into the sea.

Other martyrs doth Nicephorus recite, as Eulampius and Eulampia, at Nicomedia; Agape, Irene, Chionia at Thessalonica; and Anastasia, a Roman lady, who, under the prefect of Illyricum was bound hand and foot to a post and burnt. He mentions, also, a matter full of horror and grief. There assembled together in their temple many Christian men to celebrate the nativity of Christ; of every age and sort. Maximian, thinking to have a very fit occasion given him to execute his tyranny upon the poor Christians, sent thither such as should burn the temple. The doors being shut and closed round about, thither came they with fire: but first they commanded the crier with a loud voice to cry, that whosoever would have life, should come out of the temple, and to sacrifice upon the next altar of Jupiter they came to, and unless they would do this, they should all be burnt with the temple. Then one stepping up in the temple, answered in the name of all the rest with great courage and boldness of mind, that they were all Christians, and believed that Christ was their only God and King, and that they would do sacrifice to Him, with his Father and the Holy Ghost; and that they were now all ready

to offer unto Him. With these words the fire was kindled, and compassed about the temple, and there were burnt of men, women and children, certain thousands.

Bede also saith, that this persecution reached even unto the Britons, and the *Chronicles of Martinus,* and the *Nosegay of Time,* do declare, that all the Christians in Britain were utterly destroyed; furthermore, that the kinds of death and punishment were so great and horrible, as no man's tongue is able to express. In the beginning, when the Emperor by his subtlety and wiliness rather dallied than showed his rigour, he threatened them with bands and imprisonment; but within a while when he began to work the matter in good earnest, he devised innumerable sorts of torments and punishments, as whippings, and scourgings, rackings, horrible scrapings, sword, fire, and ship-boats, wherein a great number being put, were sunk and drowned in the depths of the sea.

FOXE.

ST. CECILIA.

THIS favourite subject of painters in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is said to have lived in the reign of the Emperor Alexander Severus. Her parents are represented in some of the old legends, as secret adherents of Christianity; yet the same accounts describe them as having espoused her to a young Roman, who was still a heathen. Cecilia, however, is always praised for her zeal and devotion, in having brought to the Christian faith, both her husband and his brother Tiburtius. The legends go on to narrate how both Valerian, the husband, his wife, Cecilia, and the brother, Tiburtius, were brought before the Prefect of Rome, Almachius. Being put to the test of sacrificing to Jupiter, and refusing, both of the young men were sent to execution. Cecilia, receiving their lifeless corpses, buried them together in the cemetery of Calixtus. Before long, the Prefect, hearing of her open profession of the proscribed faith, sent for her also, and applied the same test of sacrifice to the gods. On her refusal, he ordered his officers to convey her to her own house, and to fill her bath with boiling water, and then to immerse her in it. By some means, this punishment failed to destroy her life; whereupon he sent an executioner, who gave her three wounds, but still left her only half dead. She survived for three days, during which time she gave to the poor whatever property she possessed, desiring her house to be converted into a Christian place of worship. Finally, dying, she was buried in the cemetery in which her husband had been laid.

This desire, that her house should be converted into a Christian church, seems to have perpetuated the martyr's memory. At least,

we find a mention of a council held in the fifth century, "in the church of Saint Cecilia." Three centuries after, Pope Paschal I., resolved to rebuild this church, which, during the sieges and ravages of the barbarian invaders, had fallen into decay. In the course of this work, according to the fashion of those times, Paschal had a dream. The Saint herself appeared to him, and revealed the spot in which her remains were interred. This same sort of "revelation" is recorded in scores of other cases, from Ambrose downwards. Of course, an instant search was made, and a body was found, "wrapped in a shroud of gold tissue, and round her feet a linen cloth stained with her blood."

Seven hundred years later another restoration took place. The church had again become ruinous, and Cardinal Sfondrati resolved to revive its beauty and its fame. The sarcophagus containing the body was opened with great solemnity in the presence of several cardinals, Baronius himself being one of them. He describes what was then found to be the condition of the saint. He says, "She was lying within a coffin of cypress wood, enclosed in a marble sarcophagus; not in the usual manner, on her back, but on her right side, as one asleep; covered with a simple stuff of taffety, her head bound with cloth, and at her feet the remains of the cloth of gold and silk, which Pope Paschal had found in her tomb." It must be remembered, that her first interment had taken place *more than twelve hundred years before.*

The Pope of that time, A.D. 1599, Clement VIII., ordered that the relics should remain untouched, and the coffin was enclosed in a silver shrine, and replaced in the vault. The re-interment was attended by the Pope himself, and was performed with great pomp and reverence, in the presence of vast multitudes of people, who crowded into Rome to witness the ceremony. A recumbent statue of the martyr was executed by Stefano Maderno, and still marks the place of her grave.

The early legends lay little stress on the musical talents of St. Cecilia, and never describe her as the patron-saint of music. Mrs. Jameson says, "At what period St. Cecilia came to be regarded as the patron-saint of music, and accompanied by the musical attributes, I cannot decide. It is certain that in the ancient devotional representations she is not so distinguished."

The truth seems to be, that in the course of the revival of the Fine Arts, together with Literature, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, many old legends, Christian and heathenish, were disinterred, furbished up, and often considerably altered. In this way, finding among the old descriptions of St. Cecilia, a few words depicting her as "singing praises," or as composing hymns—an enthusiast of the Revival immediately clothed her in imagination with "ravishing sweetness" of song; with the invention of musical instruments, and with all the attributes of an accomplished, or rather, of an inspired musician. And forthwith the painters eagerly grasped and appropriated the new idea, of a "patron-saint of Christian song." Many pictures began to show themselves in the art-circles of Europe, of St. Cecilia the songstress, the inventor of the organ, the cultivator of Christian harmony. But, in this case, as in many others, the modern representation, if it could have been foreseen by an early Christian martyrologist, would have excited in his mind, nothing but astonishment mingled with a very natural displeasure.