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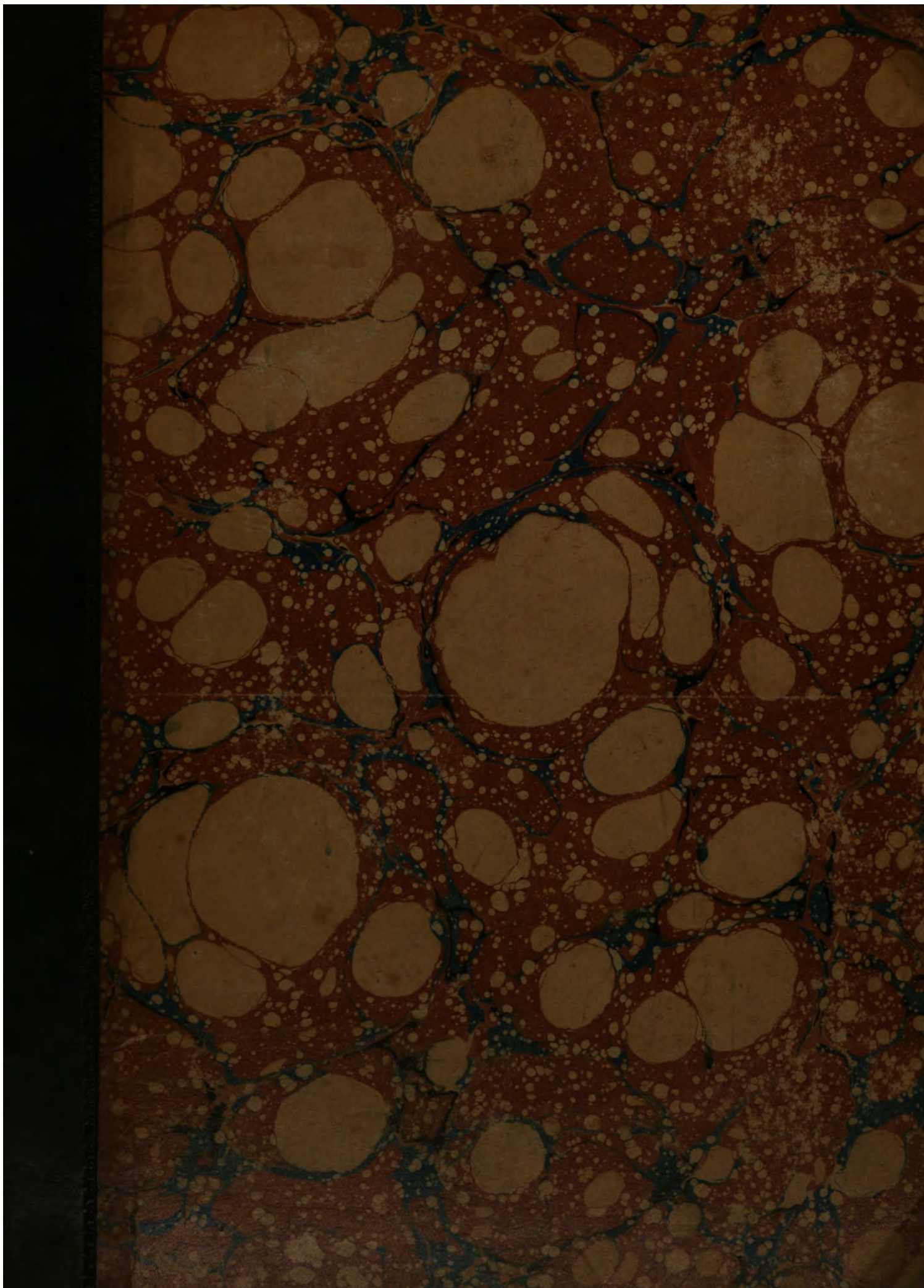
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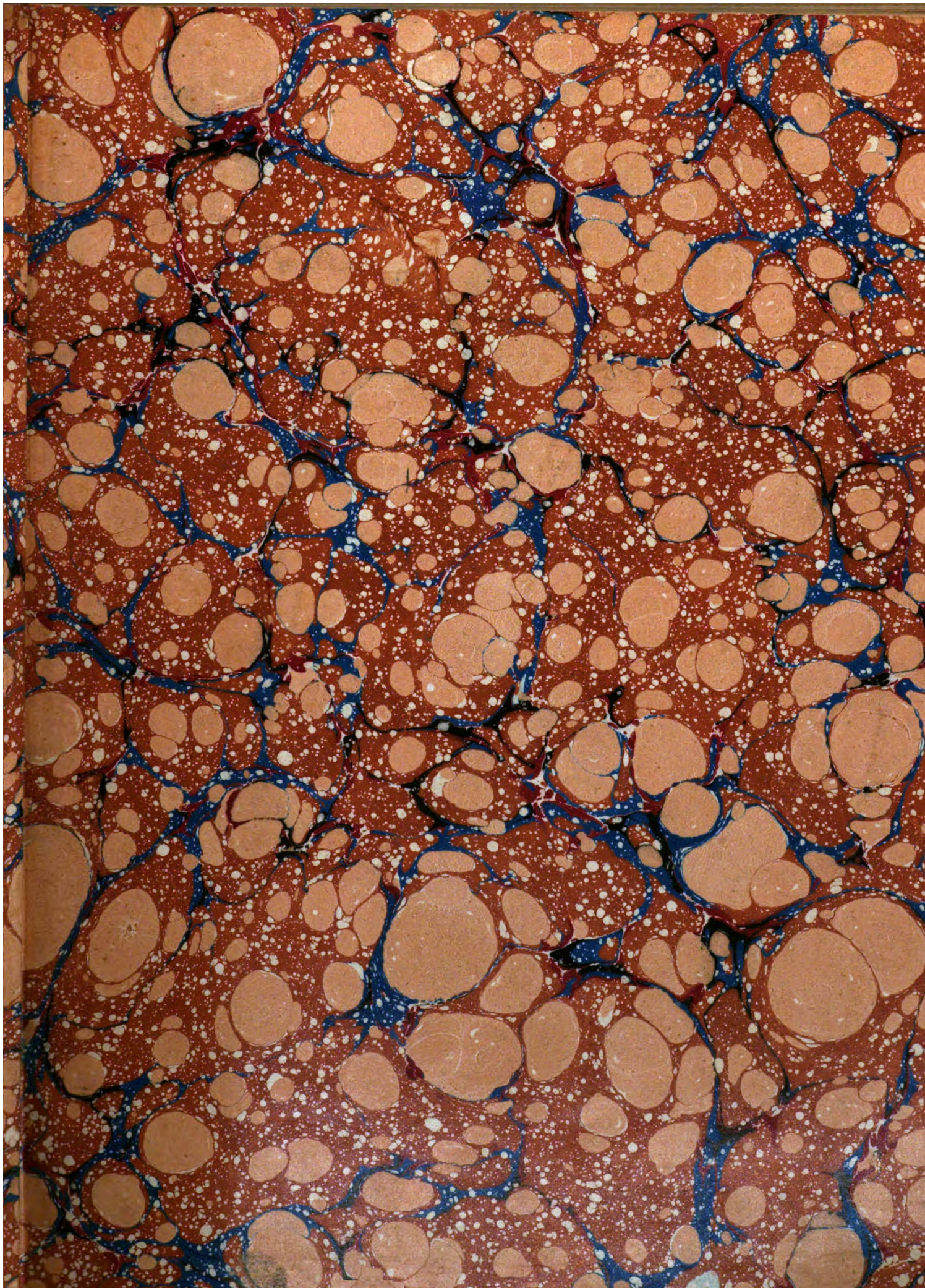


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LANDSCAPE - HISTORICAL
ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
SCOTLAND,
AND
THE WAVERLEY NOVELS:

FROM DRAWINGS BY
J. M. W. TURNER, PROFESSOR, R. A.
BALMER, BENTLEY, CHISHOLM, HART, A.R.A., HARDING, McCLISE, A.R.A., MELVILLE, &c. &c.

Comic Illustrations by G. Cruikshank.

DESCRIPTIONS BY THE REV. G. N. WRIGHT, M.A., &c.

" O CALEDONIA! STERN AND WILD!
" MEET NURSE FOR A POETIC CHILD,
" LAND OF BROWN HEATH AND SHAGGY WOOD,
" LAND OF THE MOUNTAIN AND THE FLOOD."

VOL. II.

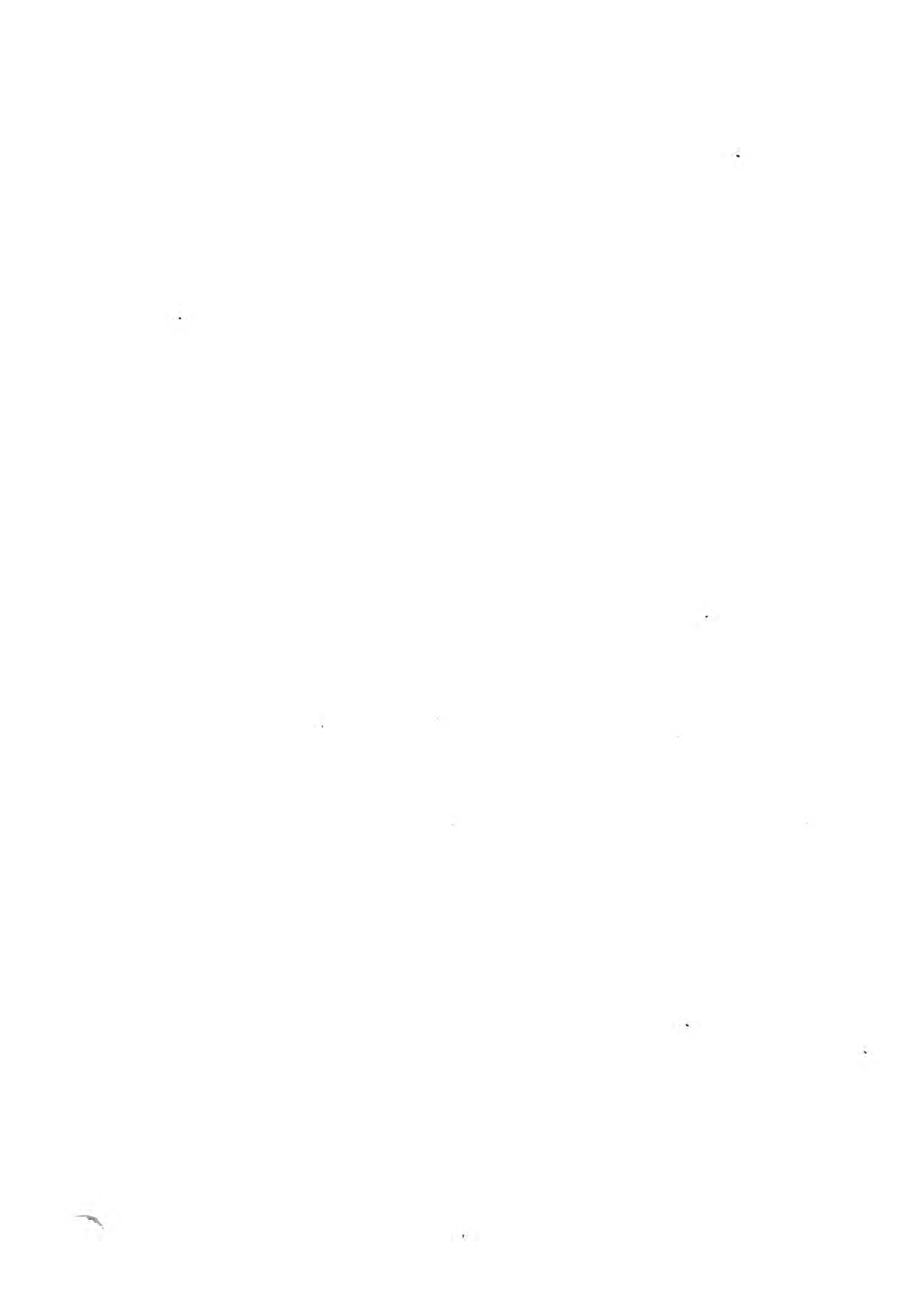
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SCOTLAND,
AND
THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

PRINCE JOHN AND REBECCA AT THE PASSAGE OF
ARMS AT ASHBY.

“Gay was his mien, his humour light
As ever wore the spurs of knight :
And, though by courtesy controll'd,
Forward his speech, his bearing bold ;
The modest maiden ill could brook
The scanning of his curious look
And dauntless eye, ‘ Welcome, fair maid,
Come ye to seek a champion’s aid ?
Does the high quest a knight require,
Or may the venture suit a squire.’ ”

SCOTT.

[Ivanhoe, Vol. I. p. 110—11.]

“THE quick eye of Prince John instantly recognized the Jew, but was much more agreeably attracted by the beautiful daughter of Zion, who, terrified by the tumult, clung close to the arm of her aged father.

“The figure of Rebecca might indeed have been compared with the proudest beauties of England, even though it had been judged by as shrewd a connoisseur as Prince John. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shewn to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom, as a simarre of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colours embossed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible,—all these constituted a combination of loveliness, which yielded not to the most beautiful of the maidens that surrounded her. It is true, that of the golden and pearl-studded clasps, which closed her vest from the throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on

account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect to which we allude. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, were by those means also made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich, fastened in her turban by an agraffe set with brilliants, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who affected to deride them."

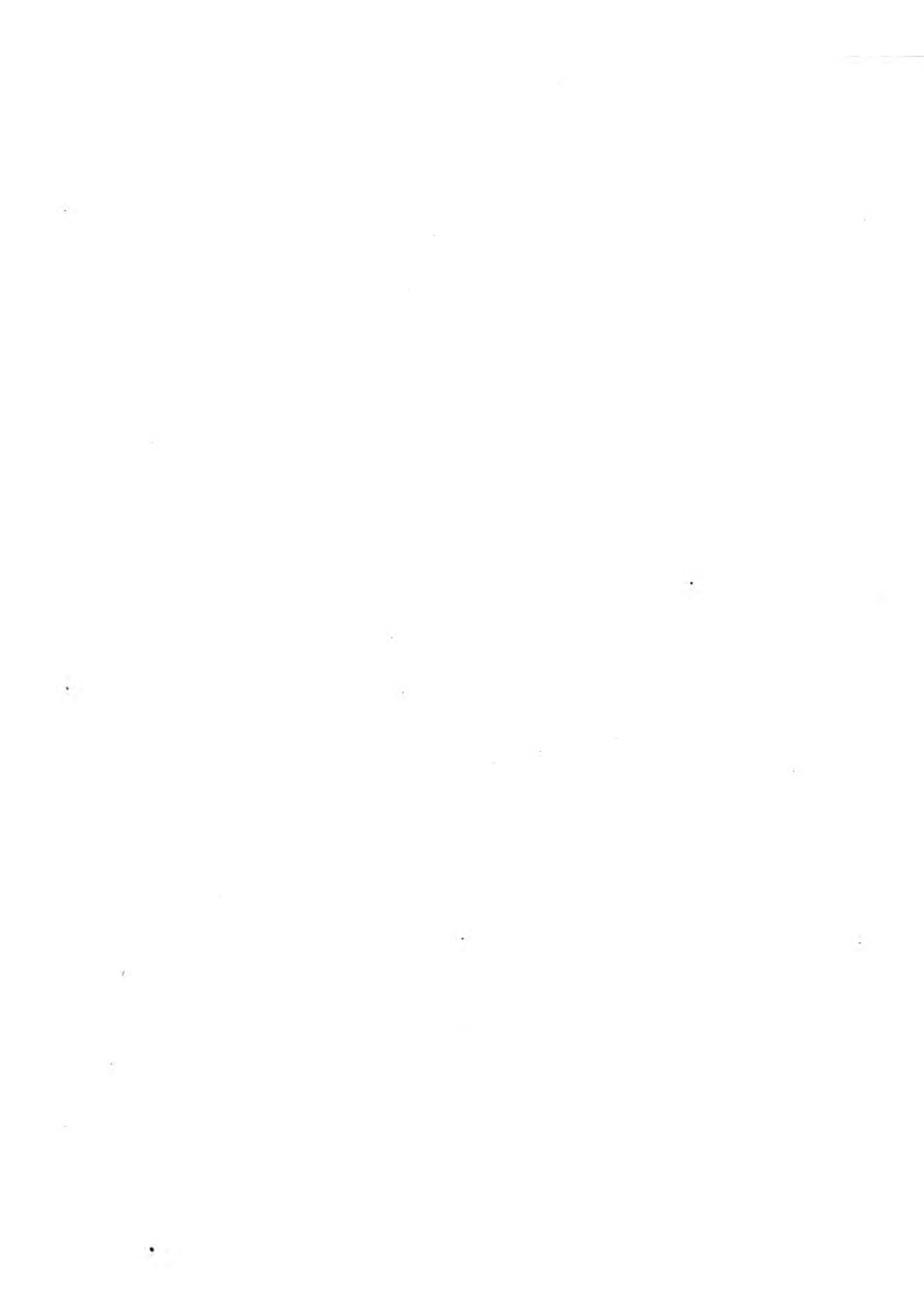
The occasion itself was not wanting to invite the notice of a prince like John to an object so fair and interesting as the beautiful Rebecca. Contemporary historians, while they represent this prince's physiognomy as displaying traits of dissolute audacity, mingled with extreme haughtiness, and indifference to the feelings of others, do not deny that it also exhibited that comeliness that accompanies an open set of features, well formed by nature, accurately moulded by art to the rules of courtesy, yet so frank and honest, that they seemed as if they disclaimed to conceal the natural workings of the soul. This simulation of manly frankness in him arose from the reckless indifference of a libertine disposition, conscious of superiority of birth, of wealth, or of some adventitious advantage totally unconnected with personal merit. His dress, well suited to the joyous opportunity, was one of the richest splendour: a costly mantle lined with the finest sables, fell down from his shoulder, or floated on the breeze; maroquin boots, with golden spurs, decorated his well-turned legs and feet; and the grace and celerity with which he managed his palfrey, an essential part of the education of a nobleman in those days, obtained for him the most unlimited applause of the gay and glittering assemblage.

" To him each lady's look was lent :
On him each courtier's eye was bent :
Midst furs and silks, and jewels sheen."

So young, so comely, haughty, and high born, the sovereign of the lists, he rightly deemed a failure in gallantry deeply culpable in a faithful knight, and turning with quickened fear towards the gallery to which the aged Jew and his lovely charge in vain attempted to obtain admission, exclaimed, "By the body of St. Mark, my prince of supplies, with his lovely Jewess, shall have a place in the gallery! What is she, Isaac? thy wife or thy daughter, that Eastern houri, that thou lokest under thy arm as thou wouldst thy treasure casket?" "My daughter Rebecca, so please your grace, answered Isaac," with a low congee, in which there was as much mockery as courtesy. The wiser man thou, "said the prince; but, daughter or wife, she shall be preferred according to her beauty and thy merits."

[Ashby, or Ashby de la Zouch, the scene of the tournament here illustrated, is situated in the hundred of West Goscote, and county of Leicester. The castle, of which extensive ruins still survive, once received the unfortunate Mary Stuart as a prisoner, and subsequently her royal son and his queen were entertained in its halls by the Earl of Huntingdon. It was erected by Lord Hastings, whom Richard the Third so hastily executed, and was dismantled during the civil war that closed with the decapitation of the unfortunate Charles I.]





THE RESCUE OF IVANHOE.

————— Solemnly he swore
 That by the faith which knights to knighthood bore,
 And whate'er else to chivalry belongs,
 He would not cease till he revenged their wrongs.

DRYDEN.

[Ivanhoe, Vol. I. p. 192.]

“There was amongst the ranks of the Disinherited Knight a champion in black armour, mounted on a black horse, large of size, tall, and to all appearance powerful and strong, like the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no device of any kind, had hitherto evinced very little interest in the event of the fight, beating off with seeming ease those combatants who attacked him, but neither pursuing his advantages, nor himself assisting any one. In short, he had hitherto acted rather the part of a spectator than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him, among the spectators, the name of *Le Noir Faineant*, or the Black Sluggard.

“At once this knight seemed to throw aside his apathy, when he discovered the leader of his party so hard bested, for, setting spurs to his horse, which was quite fresh, he came to his assistance like a thunder-bolt, exclaiming in a voice like a trumpet-call, ‘Desdichado, to the rescue!’ It was high time: for, while the Disinherited Knight was pressing upon the Templar, Front-de-Bœuf had got nigh to him with his uplifted sword: but ere the blow could descend, the sable knight dealt a stroke on his head, which, glancing from the polished helmet, lighted with violence scarcely abated on the *chamfron* of the steed, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow. *Le Noir Faineant* then turned his horse upon Athelstane, of Coningsburgh; and wrenching from the hand of the bulky Saxon the battle-axe which he wielded, bestowed him such a blow upon the crest, that Athelstane also lay senseless on the field. Having achieved this double feat, the knight, amidst the most deafening applauses, seemed alone unaffected, and, resuming his former sluggishness, returned calmly to the northern extremity of the lists.”

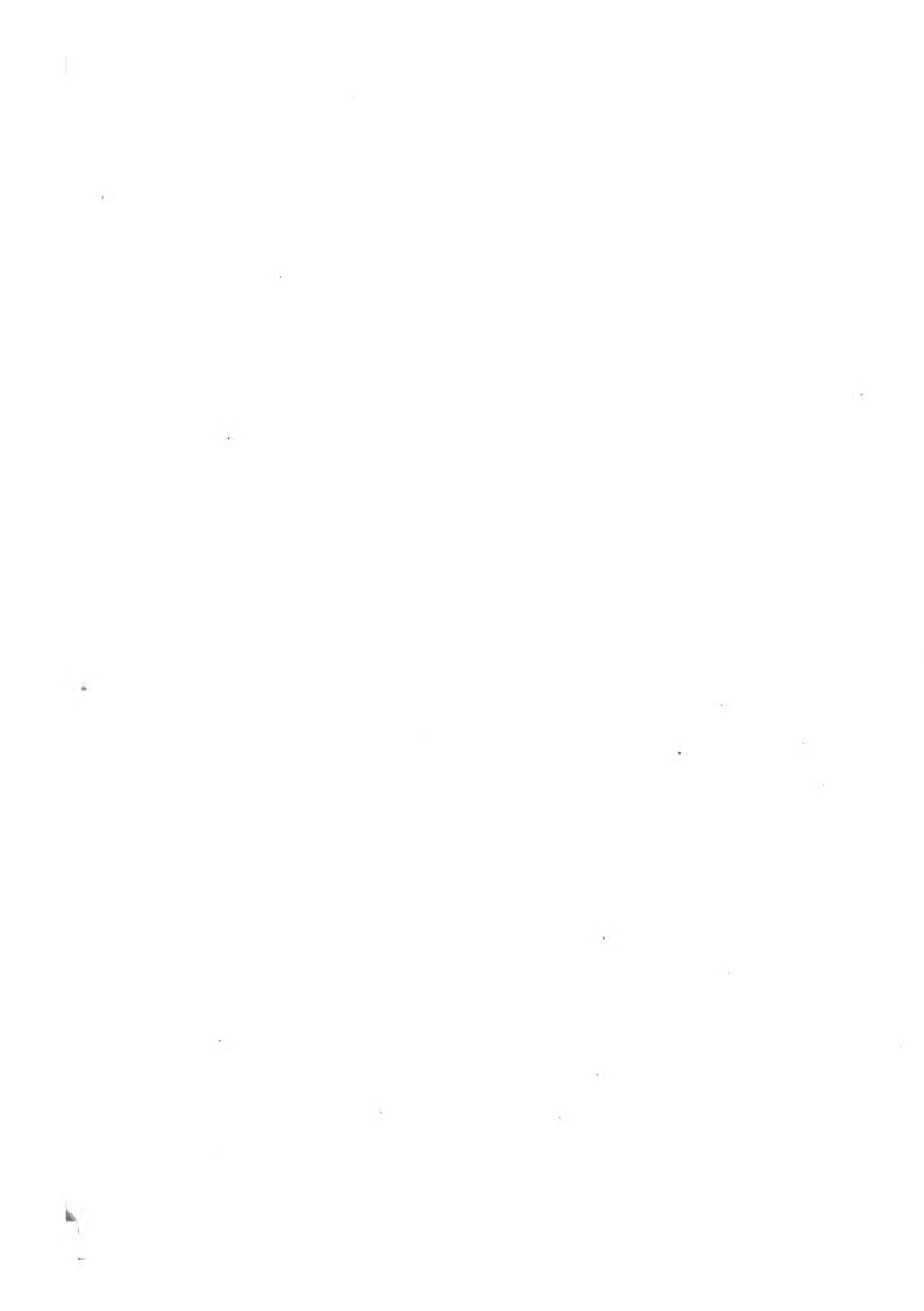
The theatre of this grand scene, in which Cœur de Lion and Ivanhoe enacted such conspicuous parts, was singularly romantic, “on the range of a wood, which approached to within a mile of Ashby, was an extensive meadow, of the finest and most beautiful green turf, enclosed on one side by the forest, and fringed on the other by straggling oak-trees, some of which had grown to an immense size. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was enclosed for the lists by strong palisades, embracing an area of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad. The form of the enclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were rounded off, in order

to afford more convenience for the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists, accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two horsemen abreast. At each of these portals were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, as many pursuivants, and a strong body of men-at-arms for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who professed to engage in this martial sport."

On a platform, beyond the southern entrance, occupying the summit of a natural eminence, were five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the adopted colours of the five knights challengers, and in front of each pavilion the shield of the occupying challenger was suspended, beside which stood his squire disguised in some fantastic dress. In the centre of the eastern lists, precisely opposite to the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was a gallery raised above the others, and graced by a canopy on which the royal arms were emblazoned: this was designed for Prince John and his attendants.

In feats of chivalry or knighthood, the victory was not always to the strong,—experience, skill, and education, in this romantic and perilous profession, were attended with their just compensation.

The youth destined for the honour of knighthood commenced his devotion to gallantry and arms at the early age of twelve years. His first years were passed as page at the court of some powerful baron, occupied in attendance on the ladies, and in exercises of horsemanship and arms. When judgment ripened by maturer years, the page was transformed into a squire, whose chief duty it was to carry the shield of the knight in whose service he had engaged. These two probationary periods, resembling the martial tutelage of the ancient Persians, were preparatory to that which consummated the object of his ambition, knighthood, and which was not attainable before the age of twenty-one years, except in cases of high birth or distinguished achievements. The candidate for admission into the high and honourable order of knighthood, prepared himself by fasting, confession, and prayer; religious ceremonies followed, accompanied with solemn promises to be faithful, to protect ladies and orphans, never to lie or slander, and to live in harmony with his peers. The number of vows by which a knight was bound, in some kingdoms, amounted to twenty. All these being duly paid, he received the *accolade*, a slight blow on the back of the neck with the flat of the sword, from the potentate who dubbed him knight, who pronounced at the same time words to this effect, and nearly in this form, "I dub thee Knight, in the name of God and St. Michael. Be faithful, bold, and fortunate." Such were the origin and institution of an order that influenced the civilized portion of our globe for some centuries; and, although the revival of chivalry would be justly deprecated at the present period, it cannot be denied that it was the source of our wisest and most valuable laws,—that it engendered feelings of the most refined character, and passions, however romantic, of the most honourable tendency; it is to chivalry alone we are indebted for the birth and encouragement of the most agreeable, if not the noblest description of poetry produced in any age.



THE BLACK KNIGHT AND THE FRIAR OF COPMANHURST.

“This is no Father Dominic—no huge overgrown Abbey lubber.”

SPANISH FRIAR.

[Ivanhoe, Vol. I. p. 257.]

King Richard, *alias* the Black Sluggard, having extorted the confidence of the jolly hermit, obeyed his word of command as master of the feast, “Sit down, fill thy cup: let us drink, sing, and be merry; fill a flagon, nought pitches the voice and sharpens the ear like a cup of wine; and I love to feel the grape at my finger’s-ends before they make the harp-strings tickle.” The knight then courteously essayed a ballad, composed by a Saxon glee-man whom he knew in the Holy Land, and proved that his taste had been cultivated by the best instructors; throwing occasionally into the notes a degree of spirit, and of plaintive enthusiasm, which gave peculiar force and energy to every verse.

“During this performance the hermit demeaned himself like a first-rate critic of the present day at a new opera. He reclined back upon his seat, with his eyes half shut: now, folding his hands, and twisting his thumbs, he seemed absorbed in attention, and anon, balancing his expanded palms, he gently flourished them in time to the music. At one or two favourite cadences, he threw in a little assistance of his own, where the knight’s voice seemed unable to carry the air so high as his worshipful taste approved. When the song was ended, the anchorite emphatically declared it a good one, and well sung!—The friar did not coincide in the moral of the ballad, but could not deny the merit of the singer, nor his claim to a requital in kind, and, taking up his harp entertained the knight with a characteristic song, the concluding stanza of which deserves to be held in remembrance by brothers of the trade:—

“Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,
The dread of the devil and trust of the Pope;
For to gather life’s roses, unscathed by the briar,
Is granted alone to the Bare-footed Friar.”

ATHELSTANE’S ESCAPE FROM THE DUNGEON.

“Horrible sight! Ay, now, I see, ’tis true.”

SHAKSPEARE.

[Ivanhoe, Vol. II. p. 355.]

“Finding myself freed from the staple, I dragged myself up stairs, as well as a man loaded with shackles, and emaciated with fasting, might; and after much groping about, I was at length directed, by the sound of a jolly roundelay, to the apartment where the worthy Sacristan, an it so please ye, was holding a devil’s mass with a huge beetle-browed, broad-shouldered brother of the grey frock and cowl, who looked much more like a thief than a clergyman; I burst in upon them, and the fashion of my grave-clothes,

††

c

as well as the clanking of my chains, made me more resemble an inhabitant of the other world than of this. Both stood aghast: but when I knocked down the Sacristan with my fist, the other fellow, his pot-companion, fetched a blow at me with a huge quarter-staff."

"The friar missed his aim, and, on Athelstane's continuing to approach, took to his heels. The captive disengaged his feet from the shackles by the fetter-key which hung at the sexton's belt, and had serious thoughts of beating out his brains with the bunch of keys, but that gratitude for the pasty and flask of wine which he had supplied him in his captivity, came over his heart: so, bestowing on him a brace of hearty kicks, he pouched some baked meat, and a leathern bottle of wine, with which the venerable brethren had been regaling, and, proceeding to the stable, there recovered his best palfrey, which the Father Abbot had set apart for his own particular use."

REBECCA AND THE TEMPLAR.

"She who could prefer death to dishonour, must have a proud and a powerful soul."

SCOTT.

[Ivanhoe, Vol. II. p. 14.

"As Rebecca spoke, she threw open the latticed window which led to the bartizan, and, in an instant after, stood on the very verge of the parapet, with not the slightest screen between her and the tremendous depth below. Unprepared for such a desperate effort, for she had hitherto stood perfectly motionless, Bois Gilbert had neither time to intercept nor to stop her. As he offered to advance, she exclaimed, "Remain where thou art, proud Templar, or at thy choice advance! one foot nearer, and I plunge myself from the precipice: my body shall be crushed out of the very form of humanity upon the stones of that court-yard, ere it become the victim of thy brutality!"

"As she spoke, she clasped her hands, and extended them towards heaven, as if imploring mercy on her soul before the final plunge. The Templar hesitated, and a resolution which had never yielded to pity or distress, gave way to his admiration of her fortitude. 'Come down,' he said, 'rash girl! I swear by earth, and sea, and sky, I will offer thee no offence. I swear by the name which I bear—by the cross on my bosom—by the sword on my side—by the ancient crest of my fathers do I swear, I will do thee no injury whatever!'"

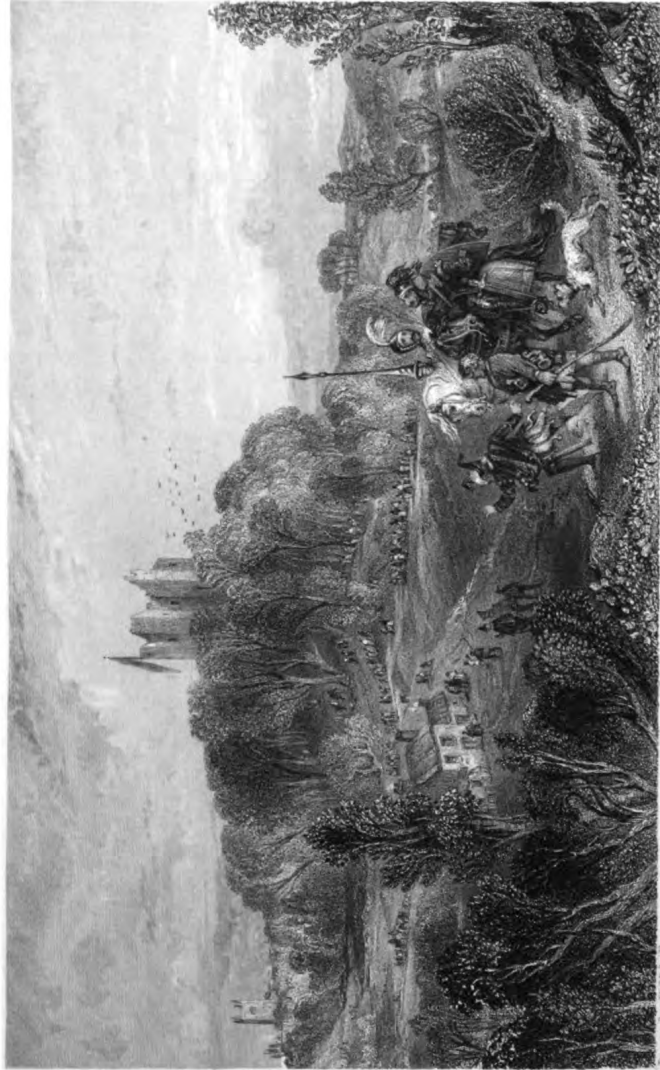
Rebecca relying upon this succession of assurances, at length descended from the edge of the battlement, but still remaining close to the machicolles, exclaimed, "Here I take my stand. Remain where thou art; and if thou shalt attempt to diminish, by one step, the distance now between us, thou shalt see that the Jewish maiden will rather trust her soul with God, than her honour to the Templar."



From "The Castle of the Wolf" by G. C. ... 1842 ... Engraved by J. ...

one to the other ... falling ...

PRINTED BY ...



Engraved by J. C. Beckett

The Path of Providence

W. H. B. & C. N. 1857

The high resolve of the fair Jewess, so boldly formed, so nobly executed, produced an effect opposite to its intent: Rebecca purposed returning insult for injury, but her looks and manner imparted to her countenance a more than mental dignity, and Bois Gilbert, proud himself, and high spirited, felt that he had never beheld beauty so animated. Virtue triumphed over the hypocrisy and profligate disposition of the Templar, who became, from that moment, the captive of his prisoner.

THE CASTLE OF CONINGSBURGH.

[Ivanhoe, Vol. II. p. 330.]

“The king, attended by Ivanhoe, Gurth, and Wamba, arrived within view of the castle of Coningsburgh while the sun was yet in the horizon. A huge black banner, floating from the top of the tower, announced that the obsequies of the late owner (Athelstane) were still in the act of being solemnized. It bore no emblem of the deceased’s birth or quality, for armorial bearings were then a novelty among the Norman chivalry themselves, and were totally unknown to the Saxons. But above the gate was another banner, on which the figure of a white horse, rudely painted, indicated the nation and rank of the deceased by the well-known symbol of Hengist and his Saxon warriors.

“All around the castle was a scene of busy commotion: for such funeral banquets were times of general and profuse hospitality, which not only every one who could claim the most distant connexion with the deceased, but all passengers whatsoever, were invited to partake. Numerous parties were seen ascending and descending the hill on which the castle was situated; and when the king and his attendants entered the open and unguarded gates of the external barrier, the space within presented a scene not easily reconciled with the cause of the assemblage.

“There are few more beautiful or striking scenes in England than are presented by the vicinity of this ancient Saxon fortress. The soft and gentle Don sweeps through an amphitheatre in which cultivation is richly blended with woodland; and, on a mount ascending from the river, rises this ancient edifice, which, as its Saxon name implies, was, previous to the Conquest, a royal residence of the kings of England. The outer walls were added by the Normans, but the inner keep bears token of great antiquity. It is situated on a mount, at one angle of the inner court, and forms a complete circle of twenty-five feet in diameter. The wall is of immense thickness, and is propped by six external buttresses, which project from the circle, and rise up against the sides of the tower as if to strengthen or support it. These massive buttresses are solid when they arise from the foundation, and a good way higher up, but are hollowed out towards the top, and terminate in turrets communicating with the interior of the keep itself. The distant appearance of this huge building is as interesting to the lover of the picturesque as the interior of the castle is to the eager antiquary, whose imagination it carries back to the days of the Heptarchy. A barrow, in the vicinity of the castle, is pointed out as the tomb of Hengist; and various monuments, of great antiquity and variety, are shewn in the neighbouring churchyard.”

Coningsburgh, a parish town, situated on the banks of the river Don, five miles from Doncaster and seven from Rotherham, possesses traditionary claims to a very high antiquity. Our agreeable, but not equally veracious chroniclers, accurately record the battle in which Hengist was made prisoner, the scene of which is laid at Coningsburgh. When the Britons were bowed beneath the Saxon yoke, they chose Ambrosius for their king, as possessing abilities and courage to strike off their fetters. Hengist, at the head of a numerous army, took the field against him, and determined upon offering battle on the plain of Maesbeli, that stretched along the banks of the Don. In the sanguinary conflict that ensued, Eldol, duke of Claudicester, was distinguished, on the side of Ambrosius, for his valour and military skill; while Hengist, with his defeated Saxons, was compelled to escape to Coningsburgh. Hither they were pursued by the conquering Britons, who slew many, and made prisoners of a still greater number. Hengist, with that heroism which should characterize a brave soldier in the hour of peril, disdaining the shelter of his castle while his followers remained exposed to their merciless opponents, drew up the remnant of his host, and, demanding a parley, challenged Eldol to single combat. The challenge being accepted, the fortune of the fight was Eldol's, who, seizing his adversary by the *nasale* of his helmet, dragged him from amongst his people, and consigned him to an ignominious death. Orta, the son of Hengist, fled to York; Eosa, his kinsman, to Alud; and the Saxons flew from the field in all directions. Hengist, now a captive in his own castle of Coningsburgh,* was brought before the new king, Ambrosius, when Eldad, bishop of Clandicester, desiring all others to remain silent, spoke as follows: "Though all should vote for the liberation of this man, yet would I cut him in pieces;" comparing himself to Samuel, and Hengist to Agag. Upon this merciless advice, Eldol took a sword, led Hengist forth from the citadel, and cut off his head. Ambrosius, touched with remorse at the fate of so noble a person, caused his body to be buried with becoming respect, and a mound of earth to be raised over it, according to the custom of the pagans.

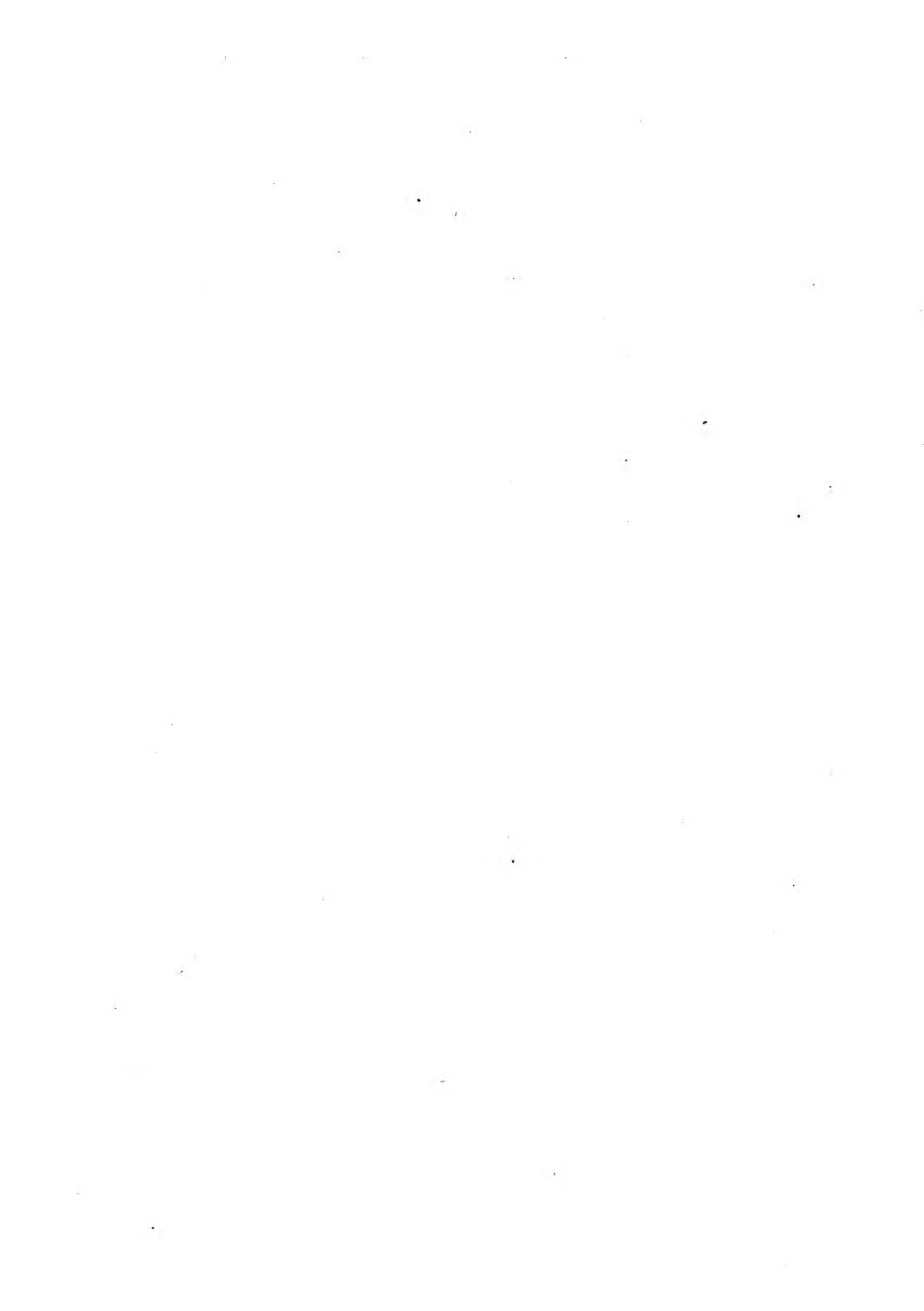
* This ancient fortress was called *Caer Conan* by the Britons; *Conanburgh* by the Saxons; and Robert of Gloucester calls it *Borough-Conan*: Conan probably signifying, royal or chief.

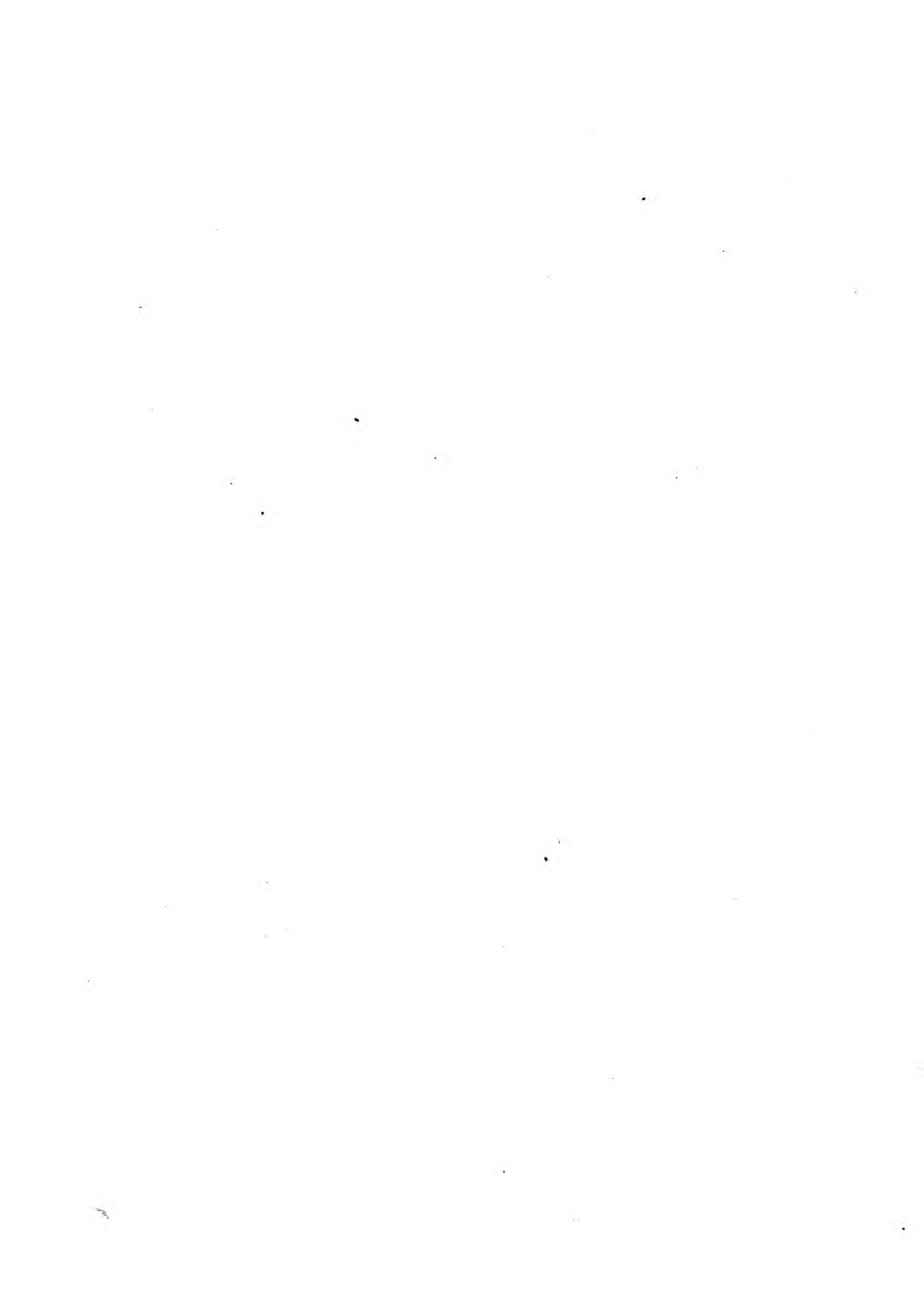
M E L R O S E A B B E Y.

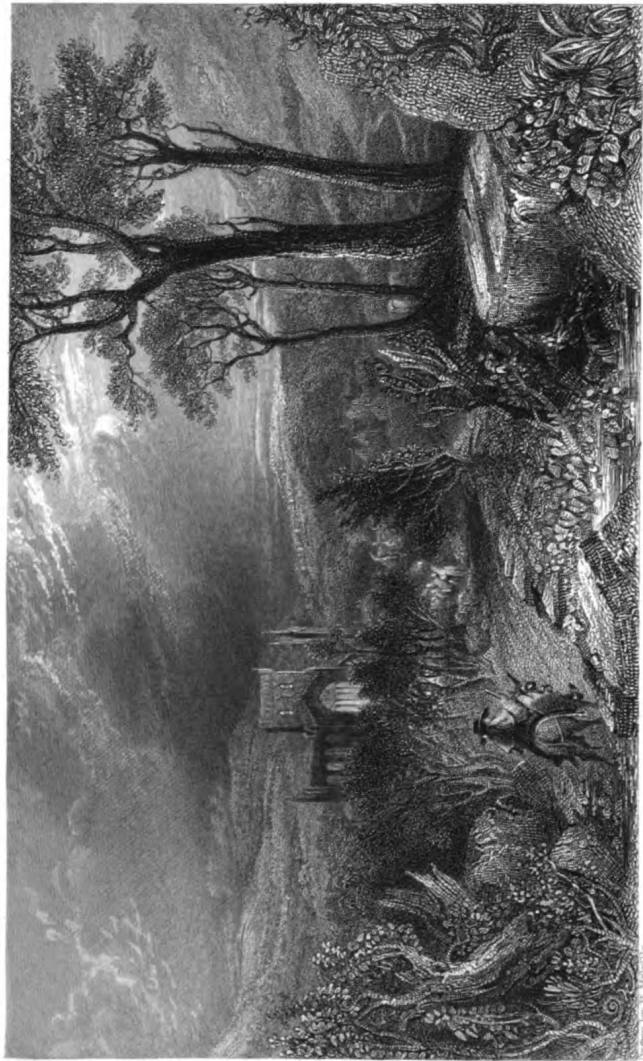
"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight:
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray." SCOTT.

[Monastery, Vol. I. p. 128.]

"As, strong in his feelings of duty, Father Eustace approached the exterior gate of the Monastery, he was surprised to see torches gleaming, and men assembled around it, some on horseback, some on foot, while several of the monks, distinguished through the night by their white scapularies, were making themselves busy among the crowd. The Sub-Prior was received with a unanimous shout of joy, which at once made him sensible that he had himself been the object of their anxiety.







Engraved by R. S. S. S.

1846.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN 1845.

From the original.

“ ‘There he is! there he is! God be thanked—there he is, hale and fear!’ exclaimed the vassals; while the monks exclaimed, ‘*Te Deum laudamus*—the blood of thy servants is precious in thy sight!’

“ ‘What is the matter, children? what is the matter, my brethren?’ said Father Eustace, dismounting at the gate.

“ ‘Nay, brother, if thou knowest not, we will not tell thee till thou art in the refectory,’ answered the monks: ‘suffice it, that the Lord Abbot had ordered these, our zealous and faithful vassals, instantly to set forth, to guard thee from imminent peril.’

“ ‘Ye may ungirth your horses, children, and dismiss: and to-morrow, each who was at this rendezvous may send to the convent kitchen for a quarter of a yard of roast-beef, and a black-jack full of double ale.’

“The vassals dispersed with joyful acclamation, and the monks, with equal jubilee, conducted the sub-prior into the refectory.”

A modern topographer, in the enthusiasm which uniformly attaches to antiquarian taste, says:—“The ruins of this ancient monastery, or rather of the church connected with it, (for the domestic buildings are totally decayed,) afford the noblest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture of which Scotland can boast. By singular good fortune, Melrose is also one of the most entire, as it is the most beautiful, of all the ecclesiastical remains scattered throughout this reformed land. To say that it is beautiful, is to say nothing: it is exquisitely, splendidly lovely. It is an object possessed of infinite grace and immeasurable charms: it is fine in its general aspect, and in its minutest details: it is a study—a glory. The beauty of Melrose, however, is not an healthful, ordinary beauty:

‘So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
It’s is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb.’

It’s is not the beauty of summer, but the sweet melancholy grace of autumn; not the beauty of a blooming bride, but that of a pining and death-stricken maiden. It is not that this is a thing of perfect splendour that we admire it, but because it is a fragment which only represents or shadows forth a matchless whole which *has been*, the merits of which we are, from these shattered fragments, completely disposed to allow.”

The interesting and celebrated Abbey of Melrose is situated about seven miles from the town of Selkirk, at the base of the Eildon hills, and on the south bank of the river Tweed. It owes its foundation to David I. in the year 1136, by whom it was munificently endowed, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and conferred upon monks of the Cistercian order. The church, which alone remains, extends 287 feet in length, by 157 at its greatest breadth. It is built in the most gorgeous style of florid Gothic architecture, and decorated with an endless variety of rich sculptures. The eastern portions of the building are still tolerably perfect, and the magnificent oriel window, the admiration of every accomplished visiter, is in admirable preservation.

THE TOWER OF GLENDEARG.

“ Then rise those crags, that mountain-tower,
Which charmed my fancy’s waking hour.
It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled.”

SCOTT.

[Monastery, Vol. I. p. 225.]

“ Edward witnessed with wonder and awe the approach of some half score of riders, sober men upon sober palfreys, muffled in their long black garments, and only relieved by their white scapularies, showing more like a funeral procession than aught else, and not quickening their pace beyond that which permitted easy conversation and easy digestion. The sobriety of the scene was, indeed, somewhat enlivened by the presence of Sir Piercie Shafton, who, to show that his skill in the manege was not inferior to his other accomplishments, kept alternately pressing and checking his gay courser, forcing him to piaffe, to caracole, to passage, and to do all the other feats of the school, to the great annoyance of the Lord Abbot, the wonted sobriety of whose palfrey became at length discomposed by the vivacity of its companion, while the dignitary kept crying out in bodily alarm, ‘ I do pray you, sir,—Sir Knight,—Good now, Sir Piercie,—Be quiet, Benedict, there is a good steed,—soh, poor fellow!’ and uttering all the other precatory and soothing exclamations by which a timid horseman usually bespeaks the favour of a frisky companion, or of his own unquiet nag, and concluding the bead-roll with a sincere *Deo gratias*, so soon as he alighted in the court-yard of the Tower of Glendearg.”

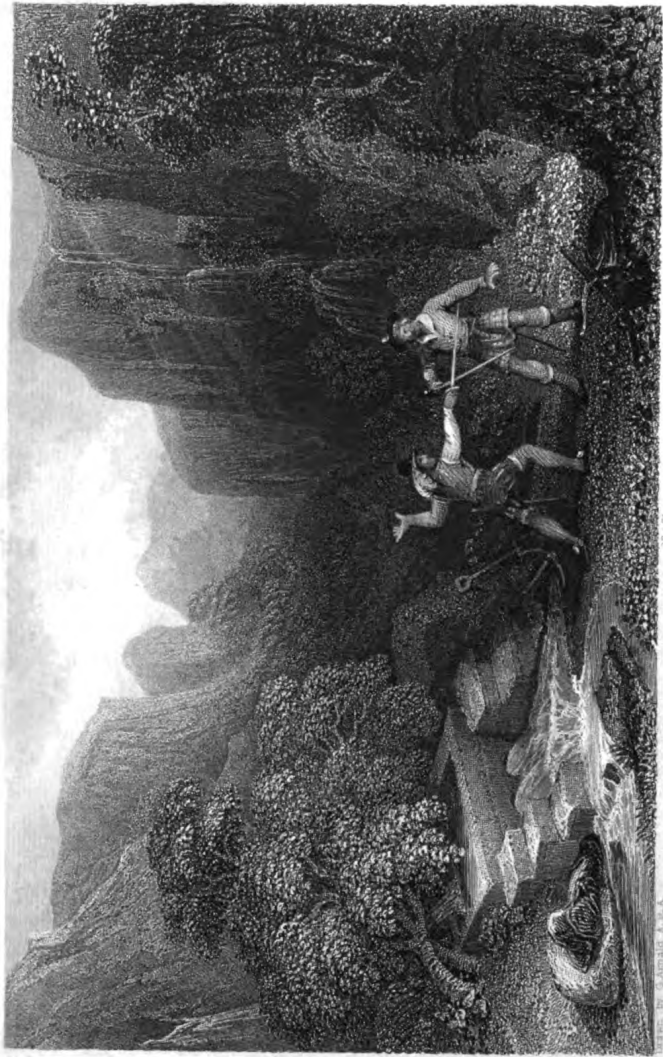
Smailholm Tower, the original of Glendearg, is situated near a village of the same name, in the northern part of Roxburghshire, near the road from Polingburgh to Kelso, about four miles from the latter. It occupies the summit of a conspicuous eminence, visible from a distance of many miles. Its pedestal consists of rude, broken masses of rock, precipitous on all sides, very difficult of access, and so disposed and grouped by nature, as to have rendered this fortalice, in ancient times, wholly impregnable.

Within a quarter of a mile of Glendearg, or rather Smailholm, is Sandyknowe, where Sir Walter Scott passed part of that poetic childhood, recorded memorably in the poem of “The Eve of St. John.” This place was also the object of his interest at a late period of his life, and but two weeks previous to his departure from Caledonia for the restoration of that robustness and vigour that was irrecoverably destroyed, he paid the scene of his boyhood a farewell visit. After walking round the rocky hill, supported by his friends, Mr. Cadell and Mr. Turner, and having pointed out to them any thing that was remarkable in the old building and its vicinity, he entered the hospitable dwelling of Mrs. Stewart. This lady had known Sir Walter in his halcyon days, and was much affected at observing the incipient decay under which his frame had then begun to sink; the messenger of death had bent him down towards that earth with which his attenuated form was soon to be lastingly united. On entering Mrs. Stewart’s parlour, he observed, with characteristic *naïveté*, that she was then receiving beneath her roof three very different characters—an artist, a bookseller, and a bookmaker. In speaking of the



Designed by A. McCall. Engraved by G. Wallcut.

View of Sandhurst. Fort Sandhurst.



Engraving by G. S. ...
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... ..

scene they had come to visit, he said, "I love Sandyknowe well: every gray rock, and every green knowe, is familiar to me: I have known them from a boy. I was sent out here to die, but Providence has had more for me to do."

After an hour's continuance in the house of Mrs. Stewart, and sauntering amongst the crags of Smailholm, Sir Walter quitted the scene in visible emotion: in the fulness of his heart, tears stood in his eyes; and he was borne from Sandyknowe, of which he then took a farewell for ever.

SIR PIERCIE SHAFTON AND HALBERT GLENDINNING.

"He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard,
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war."

SCOTT.

[Monastery, Vol. II p. 60—61.]

"'I become oblivious of every thing beside,' observed Sir Piercie Shafton, 'when the recollection of the divine court of Felicia press upon my weakened memory; even a saint is dazzled when he bethinks him of the beatific vision. Ah, felicitous Felician! delicate nurse of the fair, chosen abode of the wise, the birth-place and cradle of nobility, the temple of courtesy, the fane of sprightly chivalry. Ah, heavenly court, or rather court of heaven! cheered with dames, lulled asleep with harmony, wakened with sprightly sports and tourneys, decored with silks and tissues, glittering with diamonds and jewels, standing on end with double-piled velvets, satins, and satinettas!'

"'The token, Sir Knight, the token!' exclaimed Halbert Glendinning, who, impatient of Sir Piercie's interminable oratory, reminded him of the ground of their quarrel, as the best way to compel him to the purpose of their meeting.

"And he judged right; for Sir Piercie Shafton no sooner heard him speak, than he exclaimed, 'Thy death-hour has struck—betake thee to thy sword—Via!'

"Both swords were unsheathed, and the combatants commenced their engagement. Halbert became immediately aware, that, as he had expected, he was far inferior to his adversary in the use of his weapon. Sir Piercie had taken no more than his own share of real merit, when he termed himself an absolutely good fencer; and Glendinning soon found that he should have great difficulty in escaping with life and honour from such a master of the sword. The English knight was master of the *stoccata*, *imbrocata*, *punto-reverso*, and *incartata*, which the Italian masters of defence had lately introduced into general practice. Glendinning was no novice in the principles of the art, according to the old Scottish fashion, and possessed the first of all qualities, a steady and collected mind.

"The Gael, desirous to become acquainted with the play of his enemy, kept his foot, hand, eye, and body in perfect unison, and was prompt to parry the attacks of his adversary, either by shifting his ground, or with the sword; but he was too cautious to press on a swordsman whose dexterity had already more than once placed him within a hair's breadth of death.

“At length there was a pause in the conflict, both, as if by one assent, dropping their swords’ points, and looking at each other for one moment without speaking; when Glendinning, who began to feel a little more uneasy about his family than he had done before he had proved the strength of his antagonist, could not help exclaiming, ‘Is the subject of our quarrel, Sir Knight, so mortal, that one of our bodies must needs fill up that grave?’ This truly Homeric interruption suspended for a moment the deadly strife, which was renewed to the disadvantage of the knight.

“The spot selected for the encounter between Sir Piercie and the young Gael was at the entrance of the Corri-nan-shian, a spot little frequented, and labouring under the reputation of being haunted. By the margin of the fountain, and in front of a huge rock from which it sprung, was an amphitheatre of level turf, of small space, compared with the great height of the cliffs with which it was surrounded, on every point save that from which the rivulet issued forth, yet large enough for the theatre of mortal strife. A grave appeared dug close by the foot of the rock, the green turf being laid down with regularity on one side, and the earth thrown up in a heap on the other. A mattock and shovel lay by the side of the grave.”

This beautifully picturesque glen is not far from the ruined bridge that once formed the approach to the monastery, and near to this also the Allan-water discharges itself into the Tweed.

MELROSE CROSS.

“Force never yet a generous heart did gain;
We yield on *parley*, but are stormed in vain.”

DRYDEN.

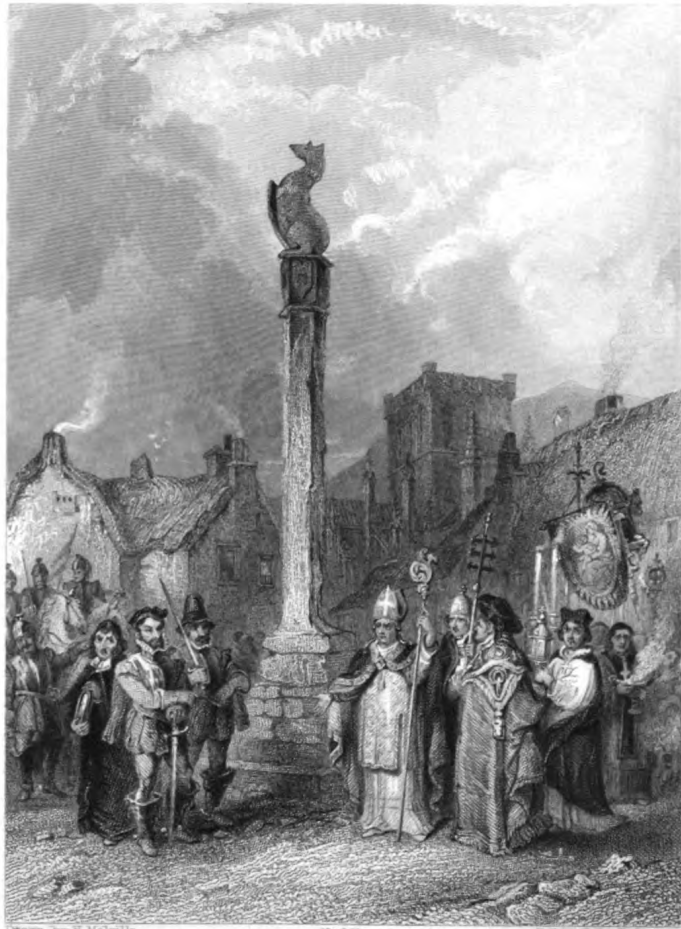
[Monastery, Vol. II. p. 341.]

“Murray smiled scornfully, and, dismounting from his lofty saddle, advanced, accompanied by Morton, and followed by others, to the body of the monks assembled around the Cross. There was an appearance of shrinking among them at the approach of the heretic lord, so dreaded and so powerful. But the Abbot, casting on them a glance of rebuke and encouragement, stepped forth from their ranks, like a courageous leader, when he sees that his personal valour must be displayed to revive the drooping courage of his followers.

“‘Lord James Stewart,’ he said, ‘or Earl of Murray, if that be thy title, I, Eustatius, abbot of St. Mary’s, demand by what right you have filled our peaceful village, and surrounded our brethren, with these bands of armed men? If hospitality is sought, we have never refused it to courteous asking; if violence be meant against peaceful churchmen, let us know at once the pretext and the object?’

“‘Sir Abbot,’ replied Murray, ‘your language would better have become another age, and a presence inferior to ours. We come not here to reply to your interrogations, but to demand why you have broken the peace, collecting your vassals in arms, and





Drawn by H. Melville.

25-291

Engraved by J. Dalrymple.

convocating the queen's lieges, whereby many men have been slain, and much trouble, perhaps breach of amity with England, is likely to arise?"

"'Convocate the queen's lieges? I did so to defend the queen's land against foreigners; and I regret I had not the means to do it more effectually. In my younger days, a war with England was no such dreaded matter; and not merely a mitred abbot, bound to show hospitality and afford sanctuary to all, but the poorest Scottish peasant, would have been ashamed to have pleaded fear of England as the reason for shutting his door against a persecuted exile.'

"'Monk?' said the Earl of Morton, sternly, 'the days are gone by when Rome's priests were permitted to brave noblemen with impunity. Give us up this Piercie Shafton, or by my father's crest I will set thy abbey in a bright flame.'

The village of Melrose, where the parley was held between Murray and the mitred Abbot, is situated in a beautiful and fertile tract of country, watered by the classic Tweed, which is crossed at the village by a modern wire bridge, which connects the ancient village of Guttonside with the subject of the illustration. Recent innovation has been simultaneous with recent improvement; and although antiquity is outraged, comfort, civilization, and other modern requisites to civil improvement, have been promoted. The lately erected houses are built from the spoils of the ancient abbey, a practice adopted also at Coldingham; and the houses of the humble villagers will be found constructed of stones carved and traced in the most exquisite and costly fashion. The ground-plan of the town is considered singular, the walls forming a regular triangle, with streets opening at the angles. The fortified towns in North Wales uniformly enclose a space resembling the Cambrian harp, which is also triangular, having the chief building at the harp's head. The jail and parish church, being both of modern construction, suit not the gloomy habit of the place; but the antique Cross, standing upright in the centre of the triangle that encloses the village, attracts the attention of the modern pilgrim, as it did the devotion of those that have gone before. This venerable remnant of the superstition of the good Melrosians has been so completely personified, as to have been made the heir of some pious mortal in former days. A small estate in the vicinity, called, from its peculiar testamentary destination, the *Corse-rig*, is held on condition that the occupant shall preserve, repair, maintain, and *keep up the Cross*. Some few years since, the tenant of the *Corse-rig* was obliged to expend upwards of twenty pounds in fulfilment of this portion of the conditional tenure; and the Cross, at present, displays the most gratifying evidence of the benevolence of its deceased benefactor.

There is a large stone, that was formerly built into the jail wall, preserved here with some degree of care or caution, sculptured with "the arms of Melrose." These purport to be a *mall*, or mallet, surmounted by a *rose*, a sort of play or pun upon the name of this abbatial village, and is referable to the same school as those grotesque devices, which, for reasons or tastes, not clearly explicable, or much to be admired, are found in very many of our ecclesiastical edifices.

' ABBOT BONIFACE AND FATHER PHILIP.

"Too much of water hast thou."—SHAKSPEARE.

[Monastery, Vol. I. p. 84.

What betwixt cold and fright, the afflicted Sacristan stood before his superior, propped on the friendly arm of the convent miller, drenched with water, and scarce able to utter a syllable.

After various attempts to speak, the first words he uttered were,

"Swim we merrily—the moon shines bright."

"Swim we merrily!" retorted the Abbot, indignantly: "a merry night have ye chosen for swimming, and a becoming salutation to your superior!"

"Our brother is bewildered," said Eustace: "speak, father Philip, how is it with you?"

"Good luck to your fishing,"

continued the Sacristan, making a most dolorous attempt at the tune of his strange companion.

"Good luck to your fishing!" repeated the Abbot, still more surprised and displeased: "by my halidome he is drunken with wine, and comes to our presence with his jolly catches in his throat! If bread and water"—

This aposiopesis was followed by Hob Miller's explanation of the circumstances under which he had found the Sacristan.

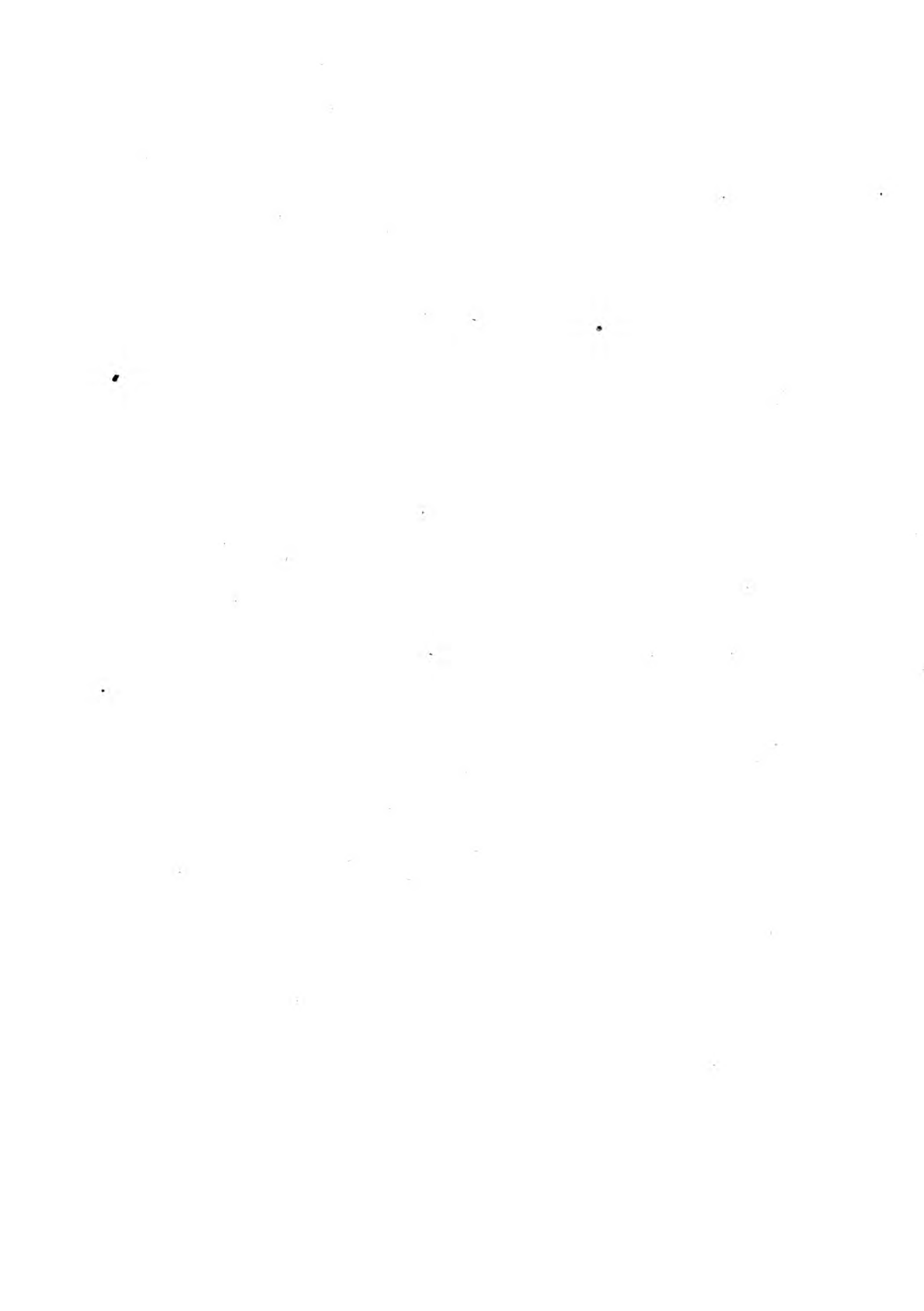
KNOWEST THOU THIS TOKEN?

"When Piercie Shafton boasteth high,
Let this token meet his eye."

SCOTT.

[Monastery, Vol. II. p. 24.

"Knowest thou then this token?" said young Glendinning, offering to him the silver bodkin which he had received from the White Lady. Never was such an instant change from the most contemptuous serenity to the most furious state of passion, as that which Sir Piercie Shafton exhibited. It was the difference between a cannon lying quiet in its embrasure, and the same gun when touched by the linstock. He started up, every limb quivering with rage, and his features so inflamed and agitated by passion, that he more resembled a demoniac than a man under the regulation of reason. He clenched both his fists, and, thrusting them forward, offered them furiously at the face of Glendinning, who was even himself startled at the frantic state of excitation which his action had occasioned. The next moment he withdrew them, struck his open palm against his own forehead, and rushed out of the room in a state of indescribable agitation. The whole matter was so sudden, that no person had time to interfere."





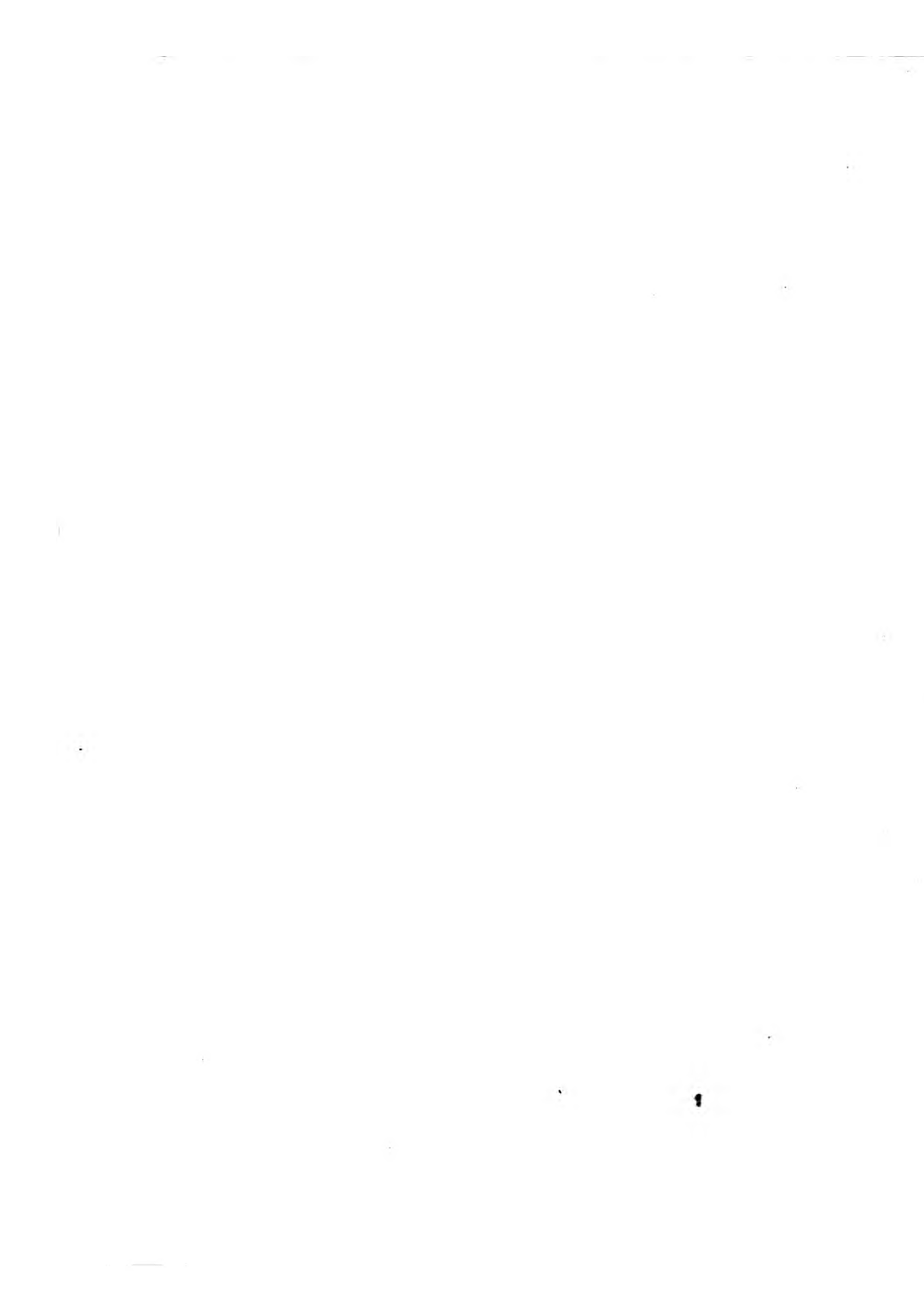
Die beiden ersten Acten des Stückes

1791



Die beiden letzten Acten des Stückes

1791



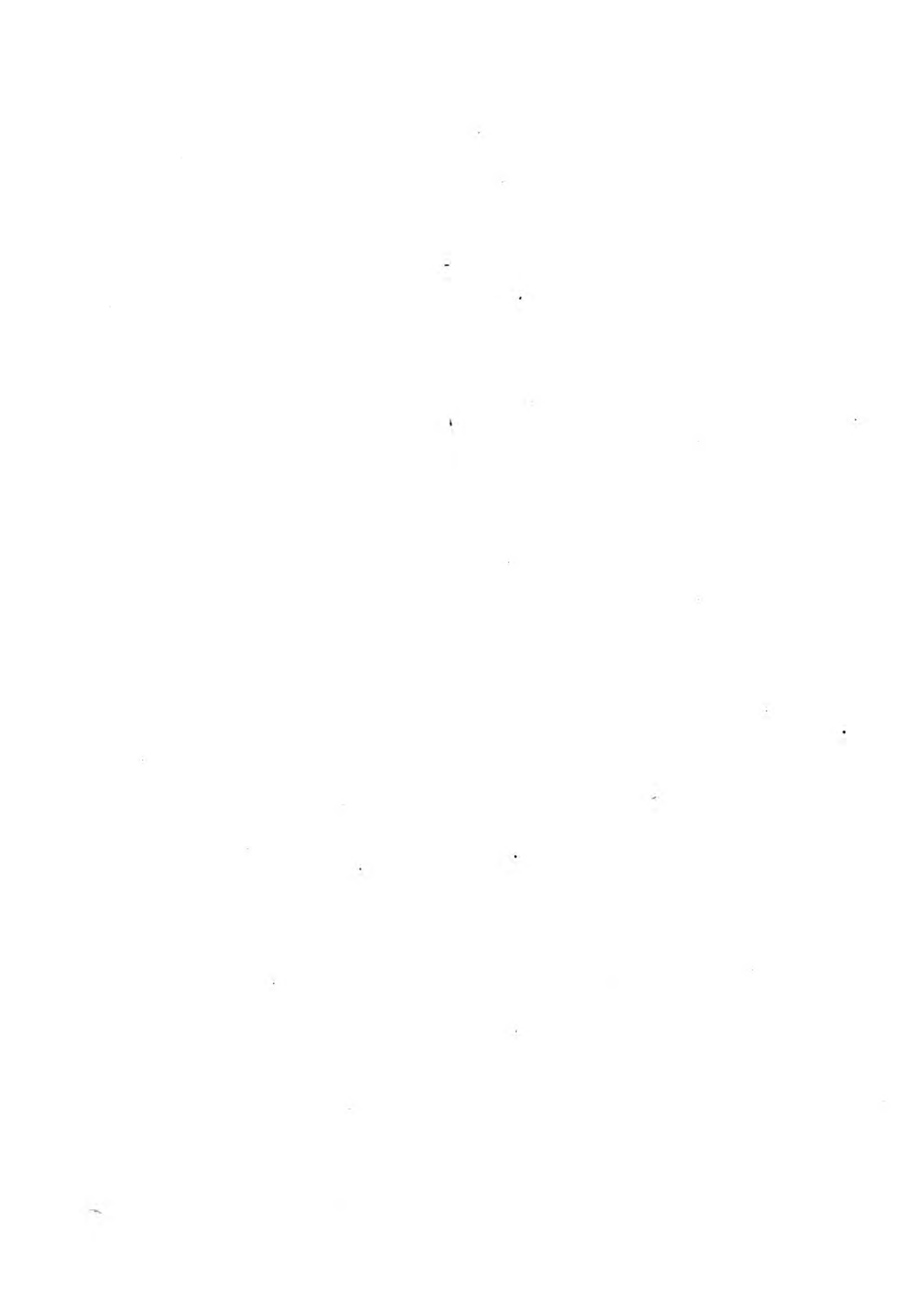


Painted by A. Chisholm.

26-1881

Engraved by J. Lightfoot.

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HOLYROOD PALACE.
THE REGENT MURRAY, AND ROLAND GRÆME.

“ Is thy news good or bad ? answer to that ;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance ;
Let me be satisfied.”

SHAKSPEARE.

[Abbot, Vol. I. p. 293.]

“ Murray, with much courtesy, took the letter from the hands of the abashed and blushing page, and answered with complaisance to the imperfect and half-muttered greeting which he endeavoured to deliver to him on the part of Sir Halbert of Avenel. He even paused a moment ere he broke the seal with which the letter was secured, to ask the page his name, so much he was struck with his very handsome features and form.

“ ‘ Roland Graham,’ he said, repeating the words after the hesitating page. ‘ What ! of the Grahams of the Lennox ?’

“ ‘ No, my lord,’ replied Roland, ‘ my parents dwelt in the Debateable land.’

“ Murray made no further inquiry, but proceeded to read his despatches, during the perusal of which his brow began to assume a stern expression of displeasure, as that of one who found something which at once surprised and disturbed him. He sate down on the nearest seat, frowned till his eyebrows almost met together, read the letter twice over, and was then silent for several minutes. At length, raising his head, his eye encountered that of the usher, who in vain endeavoured to exchange the look of eager and curious observation with which he had been perusing the Regent's features, for that open and unnoticing expression of countenance, which, in looking at all, seems as if it saw and marked nothing ; a cast of look which may be practised with advantage by all those who are admitted to witness the familiar and unguarded hours of their superiors. Great men are as jealous of their thoughts as the wife of king Candaules was of her charms, and will as readily punish those who have, however involuntarily, beheld them in mental déshabillé and exposure.

“ ‘ Leave the apartment, Hyndman,’ said the Regent, sternly, ‘ and carry your observation elsewhere. You are too knowing, sir, for your post, which, by special order, is destined for men of blunter capacity. Go ! now you look more like a fool than you did : keep that confused stare, and you may keep your office.’ ”

The apartment in which this interview is supposed to have taken place is within the ancient palace of Holyrood House, at Edinburgh; that palace where the unfortunate Mary Stuart passed the worst-spent moments of her life—that palace which her pedantic son abandoned—that palace which received the peaceful visit of George the Fourth of England; and where, even more recently, exiled royalty found an asylum.

“The council chamber, into which the page was admitted, was a spacious wainscotted apartment, furnished with a long oaken table, and stools of the same wood, besides a large elbow-chair, covered with crimson velvet. When the page entered, writing materials lay scattered in apparent disorder, and one or two privy councillors were assuming their cloaks, bonnets, and swords, and bidding farewell to the Regent.

“When Murray turned round towards Roland Græme, all traces of gaiety, real or assumed, had disappeared from his countenance, as bubbles leave the dark mirror of a still profound lake, into which a traveller has cast a stone: in a moment his noble features assumed their natural expression of deep and even melancholy gravity. He was dressed plainly, in black velvet, after the Flemish fashion, and wore in his high-crowned hat a jewelled clasp, which looped it up on one side, and formed the only ornament of his apparel. He had his poniard by his side, and his sword lay on the council table.”

The following character of this bold and able soldier and statesman is thus drawn by the eloquent historian of his own country:—“There is no person in that age about whom historians have been more divided, or whose character has been drawn in such opposite colours. Personal intrepidity, military skill, sagacity, and vigour in the administration of civil affairs, are virtues which even his enemies allow him to have possessed in an eminent degree. His moral qualities are more dubious, and ought neither to be praised nor censured without great reserve, and many distinctions. In a fierce age, he was capable of using victory with humanity, and of treating the vanquished with moderation. A patron of learning, which, among martial nobles, was either unknown or despised. Zealous for religion, to a degree which distinguished him, even at a time when professions of that kind were not uncommon. His confidence in his friends was extreme, and inferior only to his liberality towards them, which knew no bounds;—a disinterested passion. On Mary’s return into Scotland, he served her with a zeal and affection, to which he sacrificed the friendship of those who were most attached to his person: but opening events allured his enterprising genius, and led him to the commission of unbrotherly and ungrateful conduct to his queen. He brought Scotland under a disgraceful dependence on the British crown,—he deceived and betrayed Norfolk. His elevation to such unexpected dignity inspired him with new passions, with haughtiness and reserve. His blunt and open manner was exchanged for arts of dissimulation and refinement: he became fond of flattery, impatient of advice, estranged, by new creatures, from his ancient friends. But, amidst the turbulence and confusion of that factious period, he dispensed justice with so much impartiality, he repressed the licentious

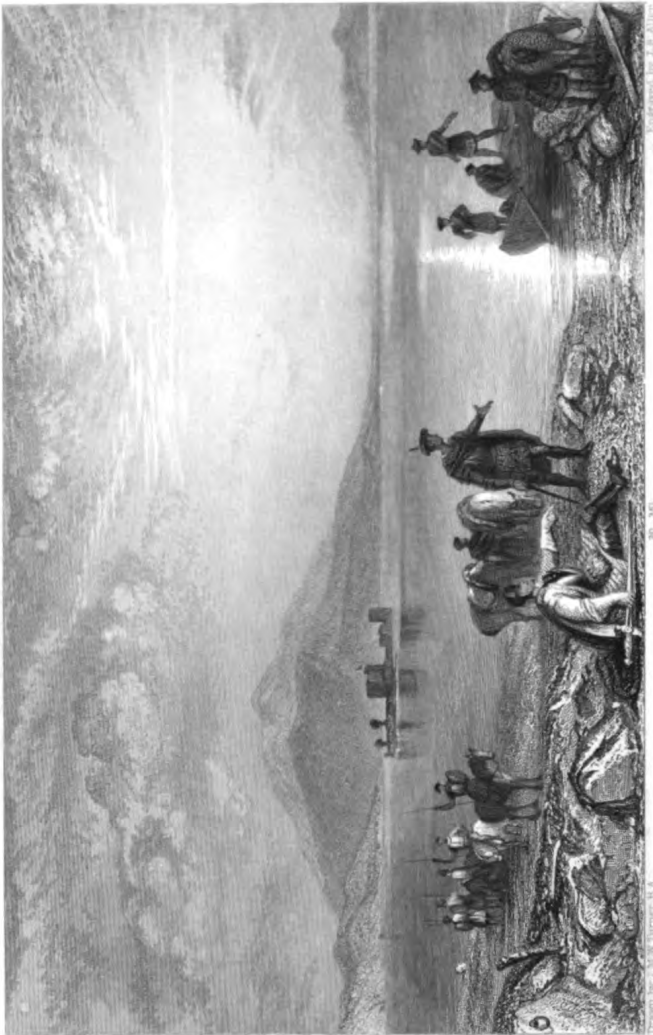


Fig. 1. The River of the Mountains. (See page 100.)





borderers with so much courage, and established such uncommon order and tranquillity in the country, that his administration was extremely popular, and he was long and affectionately remembered among the Commons by the name of the Good Regent."

Murray, natural son of James V. of Scotland, by a daughter of the Earl of Mar, was created Earl by Queen Mary, appointed Regent during the minority of James VI., and assassinated by one Hamilton, at Linlithgow, in 1571.

LOCH-LEVEN CASTLE.

"The dubious cold reflection lay
On the wet sands and quiet bay.
Beneath the rocks Lord Lindsay drew
His scattered files to order due,
Till shield compact and serried spear
In the cool light shone blue and clear.
Then down a path that sought the tide
That speechless page was seen to glide."

SCOTT.

[Abbot, Vol. I. p. 349—50.]

"Lord Lindsay threw himself from horseback, and, wrapping his riding cloak around him, lay down at lazy length upon the green sward, to await the arrival of the boat, which was now seen rowing from the castle towards the shore. Sir Robert Melville, who had also dismounted, walked at short turns to and fro upon the bank, his arms crossed on his breast, often looking towards the castle, and displaying in his countenance a mixture of sorrow and anxiety. The rest of the party sat like statues on horseback, without moving so much as the points of their lances, which they held upright in the air.

"As soon as the boat approached a rude quay or landing-place, near to which they had stationed themselves, Lord Lindsay started up from his recumbent posture, and asked the person who steered, why he had not brought a larger boat with him to transport his retinue?"

"So please you," replied the boatman, "because it is the order of our lady, that we bring not to the castle more than four persons."

"Thy lady is a wise woman," said Lindsay, "to suspect me of treachery—or, had I intended it, what is to hinder us from throwing you and your comrades into the lake, and filling the boat with my own fellows?"

"The steersman made a hasty signal to his men to back their oars and hold off from the shore. 'Why thou ass,' said Lindsay, 'thou didst not think that I meant thy fool's head serious harm? Hark thee, friend,—with fewer than three servants I will go no

whither. Sir Robert Melville will require at least the attendance of one domestic: and it will be at your peril and your lady's to refuse us admission: come hither, as we are on matters of great national concern.'

"The steersman answered with firmness but civility, that his orders were positive, to bring no more than four into the island, but offered to row back again, to obtain a revisal of his orders.

"'Do so,' said Sir Robert Melville, 'row back to the castle, sith it will be no better, and obtain thy lady's order to transport the Lord Lindesay, myself, and our retinue thither.'

"'And hearken, said Lord Lindesay, 'take with you this page, who comes as an attendant on your lady's guest.—Dismount, sirrah,' said he, addressing Roland, 'and embark with them in that boat.'

"Roland Græme felt the inutility of resistance under the circumstances, and, though neither delighted with the matter or manner of Lindesay's address, deemed it best to submit to necessity, and to embark without further remonstrance. The men plied their oars,—the quay, with the party of horse stationed near it, receded from the page's eyes,—the castle and the islet seemed to draw near in the same proportion, and in a brief space he landed under the shadow of a huge old tree that overhung the landing-place. The steersman and Græme leaped ashore: the boatmen remained lying on their oars, ready for further service."

The beautiful and interesting object, Loch-Leven, is situated in the shire of Kinross, and may be conveniently visited by tourists on their way to Perth. This expanse of water is about eleven miles in circumference, covers a superficies of 5000 Scotch acres, and is adorned with several small islands, upon the most spacious of which, St. Serf's, stand the ruined walls of a Culdee monastery, dedicated by Brudo, or Bondeus, the penultimate British monarch, to St. Servanus, or Serf.

Amongst the legends and anecdotes detailed, by the inhabitants of the shores, to the inquisitive tourist, those relating to the peculiarities of the lake are the most remarkable. Its circumference, they say, is precisely eleven miles, it is overhung by eleven mountains, is fed by eleven streams, contains eleven different varieties of fish, and its surface is broken by eleven islands! The trout of Loch Leven are celebrated for their delicious flavour, and no lake in Scotland affords better sport to the inexperienced angler. The colour of one species is of a delicate pink, derived, it is supposed, from a small red shell-fish that abounds at the bottom of the waters, upon which they feed: a second species, and equally delicate in flavour, presents a silver grey colour, with a few red spots on the sides. Wild fowl also frequent the islands, waters, and encircling shores, in vast numbers. From the lake issues the river Leven, not only an object of picturesque beauty and poetic interest, but the most considerable stream in Fifeshire. It falls into the Firth of Forth at the village of Leven.

The Castle of Loch-Leven stands upon an island, in the lake, that occupies an area of about two acres, directly opposite to the promontory on which Kinross House, the beautiful seat of Sir W. Bruce, has been erected, at the north-western extremity of the

Loch. The castle (anciently, a fortress) was founded by Congal, son of Dongart, king of the Picts, occupied subsequently by Alexander III., besieged by Edward I., of England, and granted by Robert III. to that branch of the Douglasses which is now represented by the Earls of Morton.

An anecdote in its military history appears worth recording. In the wars which harassed Scotland, during the minority of David II., Loch-Leven Castle was held, in the patriotic interest, by Allan de Vypont, or Vipont, against the forces of Edward III., who espoused the cause of Edward Baliol. John de Strivilin, who had the conduct of the blockade, erected a fort in Kinross church-yard, a neighbouring promontory, and, at the lower end of the lake, where the efflux of its water commences, raised a strong embankment, in the expectation of laying the castle under water, and thereby compelling Vipont to surrender. The water continued to rise daily, and the besieged begun to be apprehensive for the result, when the English commander and a number of his troops, having gone to celebrate the festival of St. Margaret (19th of June, 1335) at Dumfermline, the Scotch seized the favourable moment, and, after incredible labour and perseverance, made a breach in the embankment, through which the water rushed with such impetuosity, as to overwhelm the English that lay encamped on that side of the lake.

The remains of the Castle consist of one square massive tower, five stories in height, a square barbican, and a smaller tower at the south angle of the court-yard. This latter enclosure is 590 feet in circumference, and originally included several offices. A garden, most probably, adorned the grounds without the walled enclosure, and a few trees and irregular mounds, still visible, appear to confirm such a conjecture. No inscriptions, armorial bearings, or other memorabilia of its celebrated occupants, survive the decay of years, with the exception of the letters R. D. and M. E., that were found engraven on the extremity of a stone projecting from the wall, and supposed to be the initials of Robert Douglas and Margaret Erskine, the jailors of Queen Mary. Sir William Bruce, of Kinross, repaired the shattered walls, and covered in the Glassin tower; but, soon after his decease the great tower was unroofed, and the fortress was totally dismantled towards the close of the seventeenth century. The narrow apartment occupied by the captive queen is still entire, being formed in the wall, and is placed in the fourth story. A drawbridge, by which access was obtained to the third story, being long since removed, all approach to the queen's apartments is cut off. Expertness and activity may obtain, as their reward, admission to the roofless chambers of the second story.

The confederated lords having seized Mary, Queen of Scots, at Carberry, placed her in captivity, in the Tower of Loch-Leven, on the 16th of June, 1567, under the watchful care of Sir Robert Douglas and his lady. In this romantic prison she was visited by a deputation from her enemies, and compelled to sign an abdication of her throne in favour of her infant child, who was, accordingly, inaugurated, a few days afterwards, at Stirling, under the title of James VI. Queen Mary appears to have borne the privations of liberty with the most feverish impatience,—every avenue of escape was examined, every probable assistant supplicated, and every hope of release eagerly clung to.

Amongst the different efforts which the agonized monarch is represented as having made to regain her freedom, the following, related by Bishop Keith, includes, perhaps, the most romantic particulars:—"On the 25th of April, she enterprised an escape, and was the rather near effect, through her accustomed long lying in bed all the morning. Then cometh into her the laundress, early as at other times, before she was wanted, and the Queen, according to such a secret practice, putteth on her the hood of the laundress, and so with the fardel of clothes, and the muffler upon her face, passeth out, and entereth the boat to pass the Loch: which, after some space, one of them that rowed said merrily, 'let us see what manner of dame this is,' and therewith offered to pull down her muffler, which to defend she put up her hands, which they spied to be very fair and white: wherewith they entered into suspicion who she was, beginning to wonder at her enterprise: wherewith she was little dismayed, but charged them, upon danger of their lives, to row her over to the shore; which they nothing regarded, but afterwards rowed her back again, promising her it should be secreted, and especially from the lord of the house, under whose guard she lyeth."

This disappointment did not in the least influence her determination, or cause her to abate her efforts. At last, having employed all her arts to gain over George Douglas, her keeper's brother, by her affable and insinuating manner, she continued to treat him with the most flattering distinction, and is supposed to have let fall some expressions, as if she thought hereafter of choosing him for a husband. The purpose of George Douglas being discovered, his brother immediately banished him from the island, but he continued to hover in the neighbourhood, and managed to maintain a communication with the queen, until he succeeded in releasing her from her insupportable confinement, on the 2d of May, 1568.

Confusion and mistake have crept into most narratives of Mary's escape from Loch-Leven Castle, owing to similarity of names. *George Douglas* was the individual who is supposed to have aspired to the hand of the royal prisoner, but *William Douglas*, (the Roland Græme of Sir Walter Scott's romance,) a youth just eighteen years of age, and who resided in the castle, was the individual who contrived to steal the keys of the tower, while the keeper sat at supper, and his family were engaged in devotion. The youth unlocked the prison doors, and, conducting Mary and a female attendant to a boat, himself rowed them to Balbinny, on the opposite shore, where *George Douglas*, Sir James Hamilton, Lord Seyton, and Betun, a servant of the queen's, were waiting to receive her. To retard or prevent pursuit, Douglas locked the castle gates, and took away the keys, which, on his passage, he threw into the depths of the lake, whence they were dragged in the year 1605, and are now preserved in Kinross House.



Geo. Cruikshank.

23-187.



Geo. Cruikshank.

24-187.

THE ABBOT OF UNREASON.

— — — — — “ nought
 Can match the wild freaks of this mirthful meeting—
 Comic, yet fearful,—droll, and yet destructive.”

[The Abbot. Vol. I. p. 196.]

“The monks withdrew themselves behind the Abbot, who alone betrayed no sign of fear, or perturbation. His brothers, partly encouraged by his devotion, partly ashamed to desert him, and partly animated by a sense of duty, remained huddled close together, at the back of their superior. There was a loud laugh, and huzza, when the doors opened; after which, however, followed a cry of halt! halt! let the *two* reverend fathers greet each other, as beseems them.” The grotesque crowd, thus called to order, was composed of all ages, ludicrously disguised in various habits—one fellow with a horse’s head painted before him, and a tail behind, and the whole covered with a foot cloth, ambled, caracoled, pranced and plunged, performing the part of the celebrated *Hobby Horse*. Another advanced in the more formidable character of a huge dragon, with gilded wings, open jaws, and a scarlet tongue, cloven at the end, making efforts to devour a lovely Sabea, who fled before him. While a martial St. George, with a goblet for a helmet, and a spit for a lance, compelled the monster to abandon his prey. A bear, a wolf, and one or two more wild animals, played their parts with discretion. There was, also, a group of outlaws, with Robin Hood and little John at their head. The Abbot of Unreason was a stout-made, undersized fellow, whose thick squab form had been rendered grotesque by a supplemental paunch, well stuffed. He wore a mitre of leather, with the front like a grenadier’s cap, adorned with much embroidery, and trinkets of tin. This surmounted a visage, the nose of which was the most prominent feature, being of unusual size, and as richly gemmed as his head-gear. On one shoulder was the painted figure of an owl; and in his right hand he bore a pastoral staff, and in the left a mirror with a handle to it. The mock dignitary, who thus, in the Saturnalia which burlesqued the officers, and their sacred duties of the convent, was followed by a crowded procession, shouting as they came, A hall! a hall! for the venerable Father Howleglas, the learned Monk of Misrule, and the Right Reverend Abbot of Unreason.”

THE PARDONER’S LEGEND.

“ See on yon verdant lawn, the gathering crowd
 Thickens amain: the buxom nymphs advance,
 Usher’d by jolly clowns.”

[The Abbot, Vol. II. p. 121.]

“One of the principal personages in the comic part of the drama, was a questionary or pardoner, one of those itinerants who hawked about from place to place, relics real or pretended, with which he excited the devotion and charity of the populace, and generally

deceived both. The hypocrisy, impudence, and profligacy of these clerical wanderers, made them the subject of satire from the time of Chaucer, down to that of Heywood. The present representative exhibited also pig's bones for relics, and boasted the virtues of small tin crosses, which had been shaken in the holy porringer at Loretto, and of cockleshells that had been brought from the shrine of St. James of Compostella. At length the pardoner pulled from his scrip a phial of clear water, which he celebrated, in poetic strain, as possessing a quality similar to the drinking-horn of King Arthur, and the Mantle-made-amiss. The relic was presented to many female personages, not one of whom sustained the implied test of discretion, and was about to be laid aside, when the jester of the play, possessing himself of the charmed phial, applied it suddenly to the nose of a young woman, who, with her black muffle over her face, was sitting in the foremost rank of the spectators, intent only on the business of the stage. The damsel sneezed violently, an admission of frailty which was received with shouts by the audience. The plaudits were soon renewed at the expense of the jester, for as soon as the insulted maiden, (Catherine Seyton) extricated one hand from the folds of her mantle, she bestowed on the wag a buffet, which caused him to reel his whole length from the pardoner, and then acknowledge the favour by instant prostration. No one pities a jester overcome in his vocation; and his appeal to the chamberlain, Dr. Lundie, who presided *ex officio* at the rustic fête, was not attended with a judgment that satisfied his injured professional reputation."

N I D D R I E C A S T L E .

"They marshall'd her to the castle hall
Where the guests stood all aside,
And loudly flourish'd the trumpet call,
And the heralds loudly cried."

SCOTT.

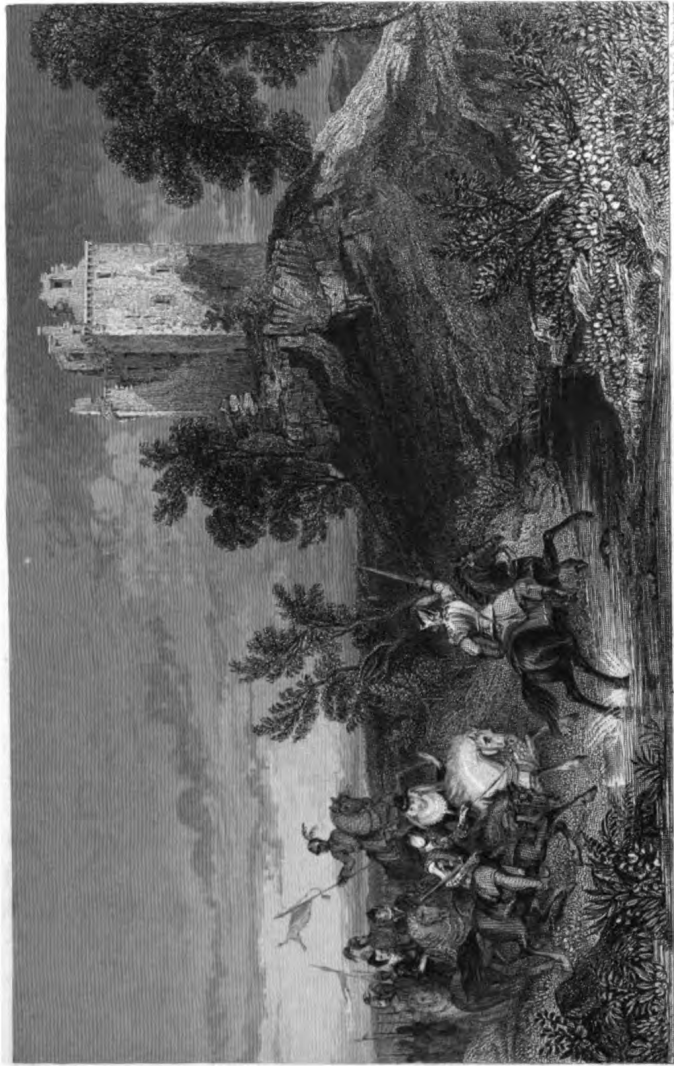
[The Abbot, Vol. II. p. 299.]

"Oh, peace, Douglas, peace," said the Queen, "this is unfitting language; and, besides, I would speak," said she, recollecting herself, "with the Abbot of Saint Mary's. Nay, Douglas, I will not let you quit my rein in displeasure."

"Displeasure, lady!" answered Douglas; "alas! sorrow is all that I can feel for your well-warranted contempt. I should be as soon displeased with heaven for refusing the wildest wish which mortal can form."

"Abide by my rein, however," said Mary, "there is room for my Lord abbot on the other side; and, besides, I doubt if his assistance would be so useful to Rosabelle and me as yours has been, should the road again require it."

The Abbot came up on the other side, and she immediately opened a conversation with him on the topic of the state of parties, and the plan fittest for her to pursue in

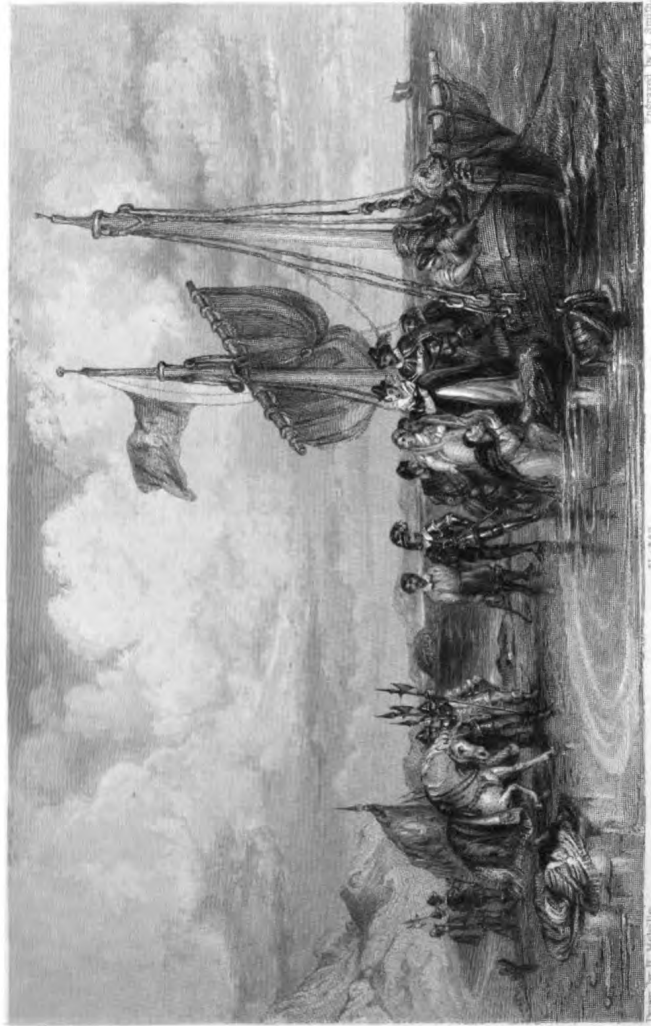


From the Illustration of the *Journal de la Guerre*, 1837.

Combat à cheval.

Victoire de Courtenay.

PIRELLA, ROG & C^o LONDON & PARIS. 1837.



Engraved by J. Smith

PL. 211

Dessiné par H. Meunier

PL. 211



consequence of her deliverance. In this conversation Douglas took little share, and never but when directly applied to by the Queen, while, as before, his attention seemed entirely engrossed by the care of Mary's personal safety. She learned, however, she had a new obligation to him, since, by his contrivance, the Abbot, whom he had furnished with the family pass-word, was introduced into the castle as one of the garrison.

"Long before daybreak they ended their hasty and perilous journey before the gates of Niddrie, a castle in West Lothian, belonging to Lord Seyton.

"When the Queen was about to alight, Henry Seyton, preventing Douglas, received her in his arms, and, kneeling down, prayed her Majesty to enter the house of his father, her faithful servant."

Upon Queen Mary's escape from confinement in Loch-Leven Castle, she was conducted by her abettors to Niddrie Castle, the seat of Lord Seaton, or Seyton, where she rested for the space of three hours, and arrived next morning at Hamilton Palace, a distance of forty miles from the place of her imprisonment.

The ruins of Niddrie Castle are of limited circuit, but most agreeably situated on the summit of a rocky eminence, the base of which is sheltered by aged forest trees, and washed by a clear cold rivulet. The possession of this interesting remain has passed from the family of Seyton to that of the Earls of Hopetoun. It is distant just ten miles from Edinburgh, in the West Lothian district, on the left-hand side of the road to Linlithgow, through Kirkliston. The ruins of the ancient castle of Duntawrie, stand on the opposite side of the road; (see the description of Loch-Leven Castle. p. 21. Vol. II. of the Illustrations of Scotland, &c.)

EMBARKATION OF MARY ON SOLWAY FIRTH.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
 Athwart the foaming brine;
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
 So not again to mine."

BYRON.

[The Abbot, Vol. II. p. 349.]

"The sheriff took the Queen's hand, and she had already placed her foot on the gangway, by which she was to enter the skiff, when the Abbot, starting from a trance of grief and astonishment at the words of the sheriff, rushed into the water, and seized upon her mantle.

"She foresaw it!—she foresaw it!"—he exclaimed—"she foresaw your flight into her realm; and, foreseeing it, gave orders you should be thus received. Blinded, deceived, doomed Princess, your fate is sealed when you quit this strand. Queen of Scotland, thou shalt not leave thine heritage!" he continued, holding a still firmer grasp upon her mantle: "true men shall turn rebels to thy will, that they may save thee from captivity or death. Fear not the bills and bows whom that gay man has at his beck—we will withstand him by force. Oh, for the arm of my warlike brother!—Roland Avenel, draw thy sword."

The Queen stood irresolute and frightened; one foot upon the plank, the other on the sand of her native shore, which she was quitting for ever.

"What needs this violence, Sir Priest?" said the sheriff of Cumberland; "I came hither at your Queen's command, to do her service; and I will depart at her least order, if she rejects such aid as I can offer. No marvel is it if our Queen's wisdom foresaw that such chance as this might happen amidst the turmoils of your unsettled state; and, while willing to afford fair hospitality to her royal sister, deemed it wise to prohibit the entrance of a broken army of her followers into the English frontier."

"You hear," said Queen Mary, gently unloosing her robe from the Abbot's grasp, "that we exercise full liberty of choice in leaving this shore; and, questionless, the choice will remain free to us in going to France, or returning to our own dominions, as we shall determine. Besides, it is too late—your blessing, father, and God speed thee!"

"May he have mercy on thee, Princess, and speed thee also!" said the Abbot, retreating.

"But my soul tells me, I look on thee for the last time!"

The sails were hoisted, the oars were plied, the vessel went freshly on her way through the Firth, which divides the shores of Cumberland from those of Galloway, but not till the vessel diminished to the size of a child's frigate, did the doubtful, and dejected, and dismissed followers of the Queen cease to linger on the sands; and, long, long could they discern the kerchief of Mary, as she waved the oft-repeated signal of adieu to her faithful adherents, and to the shores of Scotland.

The imprudence of Queen Mary in resolving to fly into England, and claim the protection of her royal sister, was as great as her temerity in hazarding a battle with the regent and the well-prepared body of his adherents. Before her arrival in Scotland, much distrust and jealousy had arisen between the Queens, and subsequent transactions had contributed to exasperate and inflame those passions. Mary endeavoured, by secret intrigues and negociations, to disturb the tranquillity of Elizabeth's government, and advance her own pretensions to the English crown. Elizabeth, who possessed great power, and acted with less reserve, had openly encouraged Mary's rebellious subjects, and fomented all the troubles and dissensions in which her reign had been involved. Maxims of policy still authorized that Queen to pursue the same course: as, by keeping Scotland in confusion, she effectually secured the peace of her own kingdom. As the regent had marched to Edinburgh after his victory at Langside, the Queen might have concealed herself easily amongst those of her subjects devoted to her cause, until her party, which had only been dispersed, not broken, could gather strength sufficient to take the field again. There was not any danger which she ought not to have encountered, rather than throw herself into the hands of an enemy, from whom she had already suffered so many injuries, and who was prompted by inclination and interest to renew them.

The speech, which the great historic novelist has caused the sheriff to address to the Queen of Scotland, is the result of that accurate knowledge of the records of his country, which distinguishes the works of that master spirit, and briefly and playfully develops the wily policy of the British Queen. Had the unfortunate Mary been able to unravel its



W. H. Robinson del.

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true meaning, the page that records the memorable things of Elizabeth, would have been stained with the blood of one victim less. "I would it were in my power," said the sheriff, "to bid these *attendants* upon her who is herself the mistress of Scottish beauty, as welcome to England as my poor cares would make them. But, our Queen's orders are positive in case of such an emergence, and they must not be disputed."

The horrors of a prison were fresh in Mary's mind—and she felt herself rather an object of pity than of fear to Elizabeth. Escape into France was dangerous, and, if accomplished, she would then have to endure the chagrin of appearing as a fugitive and exile, where she had once enjoyed the splendour of a queen. This mode of reasoning conducted to the ever-to-be-regretted conclusion—a conclusion over which history mourns—that England was the only asylum that remained to her.

In spite of the entreaties of Lord Herries, the supplication of Fleming, and the tears of her most devoted attendants and followers, who conjured her, on their bended knees, not to confide in the promises of generosity made by Elizabeth, her infatuation was invincible, and she resolved on flying to the court of one of the most politic and powerful, but not the most merciful, of queens. Lord Herries wrote to the deputy-governor of Carlisle, to inquire what reception his Queen was to expect from him; but before his answer reached, her fear and impatience were so great, that she embarked in a fishing-boat, and, crossing the Firth, landed at Workington in Cumberland.

WAYLAND SMITH'S CAVE.

"The hissing steel is in the smithy drowned;
The grot with beaten anvils groans around;
He turns the glowing mass with crooked tongs,
The fiery work proceeds with rustic songs."

DRYDEN.

[Kenilworth, Vol. I. p. 187.]

"The instant the sound ceased, Tressilian, instead of interposing the space of time which his guide had requested, started up, with his sword in his hand, ran round the thicket, and confronted a man in a farrier's leathern apron, but otherwise fancifully attired in a bear-skin dressed with the fur on, and a cap of the same, which almost hid the sooty and begrimed features of the wearer. 'Come back, come back!' said the boy to Tressilian, 'or you will be torn to pieces,—no man lives that looks on him.' In fact, the invisible smith (now fully visible) heaved up his hammer, and showed symptoms of doing battle. But when the boy observed that neither his own entreaties, nor the menaces of the farrier, appeared to change Tressilian's purpose, but that, on the contrary, he confronted the hammer with his drawn sword, he exclaimed to the smith, in turn, 'Wayland, touch him not, or you will come by the worse! the gentleman is a true gentleman, and a bold.'

"'So thou hast betrayed me, Flibbertigibbet?' said the smith; 'it shall be the worse for thee!'

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“ ‘Be who thou wilt,’ said Tressilian, ‘thou art in no danger from me, so thou tell me the meaning of this practice, and why thou drivest thy trade in this mysterious fashion.’ ”

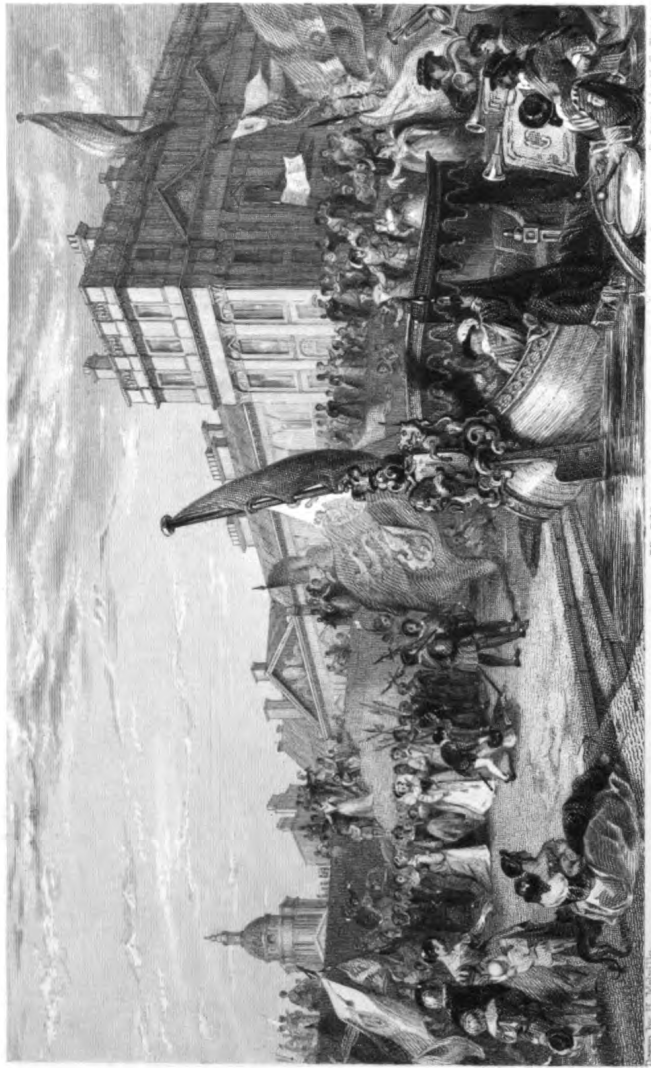
This altercation led to threats on the part of Master Tressilian, and exculpation on that of Wayland, but ultimately to a truce of the most hospitable kind. The smith, in pleading his cause before his newly-acquired enemy, introduced the actual name of the young gentleman, which so startled him, that he demanded an explanation, and learned that this was not the first occasion on which he and Wayland had been confronted.

Having accepted the smith's invitation to rest and hear the mysterious history of his life, Tressilian, Wayland, and Dickie Sludge descended into the cave, by a narrow staircase of a few steps, where was a small square vault, containing a smith's forge, glowing with charcoal. Light afforded by the red fuel, and by a lamp suspended from an iron chain, served to show that, besides an anvil, bellows, tongs, hammers, a quantity of ready-made horse-shoes, and other articles proper to the profession of a farrier, there were also stoves, alembics, crucibles, retorts, and other instruments of alchemy. The grotesque figure of the smith, the ugly but whimsical features of Dickie, seen by the gloomy light of the charcoal fire and expiring lamp, harmonized well with the mystic apparatus, and in such an age of superstition would have tried the courage of the stoutest man. Tressilian, however, lacked not that valuable commodity, and becoming reconciled also to his companions, he sat down in this gloomy cavern, and listened to the history of Wayland's life.

The meeting in front of Wayland's cave arose from the circumstance of Flibbertigibbet having undertaken to act as guide to Tressilian, and assistant in obtaining a shoe for his horse; and, being desirous of serving his friend Wayland, he conducted the gentleman to his retired smithy. Here he directed Tressilian to tie his horse to an upright stone, in which a ring was inserted, then to whistle three times, lay down a silver groat upon the flat stone adjacent to the other, walk outside the circle of stones, sit down on the west side of a thicket of bushes near to them, look neither right nor left so long as he heard the hammer clink, and whenever it ceased, to say his prayers for the space he could tell a hundred, then return into the circle, when he would find his money gone, but his horse shod.

After much distrust, expressed by threats against the personal safety of Dickie Sludge, Tressilian suffered himself to be placed in the position required by the little urchin's specification, but not being able to control himself longer than the last clink of the hammer, he started up from the thicket, sword in hand, and, running round, encountered Wayland in his whimsical dress.

The scene around was one to which those of Tressilian's name and country were much accustomed—a bare and extended moor, in a conspicuous part of which a circle, marked out by large grey stones, like the enclosure of some ancient barrow, and near them three or more upright stones, sustaining an inclined one, which in this particular instance served as Wayland's counter.



Engraved by H. C. Sherrin.

25. 246.

View by H. Sherrin.





EMBARKATION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AT GREENWICH.

“The barge she sat in, like a burnish’d throne,
Burnt on the water.”

SHAKSPEARE.

[Kenilworth. Vol. I. p. 267.]

“The gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy, she leant on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by the mother’s side, often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth’s intimacy.

Young Walter Raleigh had never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign; and now pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. Blount, on the contrary, kept him backward, till Walter shook him off impatiently, letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder; a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze upon the Queen’s approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity, and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the Queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. “Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth’s eye, an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited amongst her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her own glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look, in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened, which attracted her attention towards him still more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where young Raleigh stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the Queen’s passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to ensure her stepping over it dryshod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The Queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.”

At the period here spoken of, Greenwich was a royal palace, and a favourite residence of Queen Elizabeth, who, as well as Queen Mary, had been born there. It is probable there was a royal mansion of some sort there as early as Edward the First’s time, and in 1433 the manor of Greenwich was granted by Henry VI. to his uncle

Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, with license to fortify the manor house, and enclose a park of two hundred acres. The Duke, in consequence of this grant, built himself a palace, called Placentia, and commenced the erection of a tower on Greenwich hill, which was completed by Henry VII. and occupied the site of the present Royal observatory. On the attainder of the Duke of Gloucester, the manor reverted to the crown, and the palace became the frequent residence of the royal family. Here Henry VIII. was born, and Edward the VI. expired in the same palace. It was a constant practice of Elizabeth to hold her courts here, and James I. and Charles I. were frequent visitors to Greenwich. During the commonwealth, Greenwich was much neglected, but soon after the restoration, Charles II. enlarged and planted the park, and gave directions for building a new palace, on a scale of great magnificence, from the designs of Inigo Jones. Charles lived only to see the first wing completed, nor was the grand design perfected until the reign of Queen Anne. William III. granted the whole of the palace, with estates for its maintenance, for the use of disabled seamen, for the widows and orphans of those who fell in the service of their country, and for the general encouragement of navigation. The buildings which, correctly speaking, constitute the Royal naval hospital, stand on an elevated terrace behind the palace, were completed by Sir Christopher Wren, and consist of four distinct and independent piles, respectively designated, from their dates, as King Charles's, Queen Anne's, King William's, and Queen Mary's.

The park, which is well stocked with deer, affords as much variety in proportion to its extent, as any in the kingdom: the views from the Observatory, and from One-tree Hill, are inconceivably rich and beautiful. In the foreground are seen luxuriant forest trees, gracefully clumped, with cattle and deer browsing in the intervening lawns: a little farther in the view, the great mass, the Hospital itself, arrests the eye, embraced by an amphitheatre of wood, with the silver Thames winding nearly around the whole. The landscape, on the left, is finished by the spires and domes of the capital of this great empire, rising above the murky atmosphere that hovers eternally over the busy city.

Duke Humphrey's tower was taken down by order of Charles II. to make room for a Royal astronomical observatory: this valuable scientific foundation was then, and has ever since been furnished with the most exact and costly mathematical instruments. Since the year 1767, the observations have been published by the Royal Society; previously to that date they appeared in a separate publication. The first Astronomer Royal was Flamsteed.

The story here related of Sir Walter Raleigh is taken, by our author, from Naunton's "Fragmenta Regalia," and is believed to have given the first occasion of introducing Raleigh to the court of Elizabeth. As the talents, knowledge, undaunted resolution, and strict honour of that great man, shed a lustre on his wise patron's reign, so the dastardly manner of his destruction will remain a lasting disgrace to that in which he was so wantonly cut off.



160. Crankbank

32 - 111.

Fühberdijghet, Trevelian & Weyland Smith. Fühberdijghet, Trevelian & Weyland Smith.



160. Crankbank

32 - 112.

Fühberdijghet, Trevelian & Weyland Smith. Fühberdijghet, Trevelian & Weyland Smith.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET TAKING LEAVE OF TRESSILIAN AND
WAYLAND SMITH.

“ Like him the sprite,
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that’s haunted.”

MOORE.

[Kenilworth, Vol. I. p. 201.]

“ ‘ Before you are a mile from these stones, you shall know, by a sure token, that I have more of the hobgoblin about me than you credit, and, if you take advantage, you may profit by my prank.’ ‘ What dost thou mean, boy?’ said Tressilian; but Flibbertigibbet only answered with a grin and a caper, and, bidding both of them farewell, with an exhortation to make the best of their way from the place, he set them the example, by running homeward with a velocity similar to that which enabled him to baffle all Tressilian’s former attempts to get hold of him. ‘ It is in vain to chase him,’ said Wayland Smith, ‘ unless you are expert in lark-hunting; better make the best of our way, as he advises.’ They proceeded about a mile from the place, when they were interrupted by an explosion, as loud and tremendous as the mine which blows up the rampart of a beleaguered city. They turned to gaze in the direction of the thunder-clap, and beheld a huge pillar of dark smoke rising high into the clear blue atmosphere, just over the spot they had so recently left. Wayland immediately imagining the cause, exclaimed, ‘ Oh that limb of mischief! my habitation is gone to wreck!’ ”

FLIBBERTIGIBBET’S INTRODUCTION TO THE PORTER
OF KENILWORTH.

“ You dwarf!

You *minimus*, of hind’ring knot-grass made.”

SHAKSPEARE.

[Kenilworth, Vol. II. p. 147.]

“ Dickie dropped down from the horse, and, skipping up to the porter, plucked him by the tail of the bearskin, so as to induce him to decline his huge head, and whispered something into his ear. Not at the command of the lord of some Eastern talisman did ever a frigate change his horrid form into a look of smooth submission, more suddenly than the gigantic porter of Kenilworth relaxed the terrors of his look, at the instant Flibbertigibbet’s whisper reached his ear. He flung his club upon the ground, and caught up Dickie Sludge, raising him to such a distance from the earth, as might have proved perilous had he chanced to slip. ‘ It is even so,’ said he, with a thundering exultation, ‘ my little dandieprat. But who could teach it thee?’ ‘ Do not thou care about that,’ said Dickie, ‘ but,’—he looked at Wayland and the lady, and then sunk what he had to say in a whisper, which needed not to be a loud one, as the giant held him for his convenience close to his ear. The porter then gave Dickie a warm caress, and set him on the ground, with the same care which a good housewife uses in placing a cracked China cup upon her mantel-piece, calling out at the same time to Wayland and the lady, ‘ In with you—in with you, and take heed how you come too late another day when I chance to be porter.’ ”

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I

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ENTREE INTO KENILWORTH CASTLE.

“ A hundred torches flashing bright,
 Dispell'd at once the gloomy night
 That lower'd along the walls,
 And shew'd the Queen's astonished sight
 The inmates of the halls.”

SCOTT.

[Kenilworth, Vol. II. p. 199.]

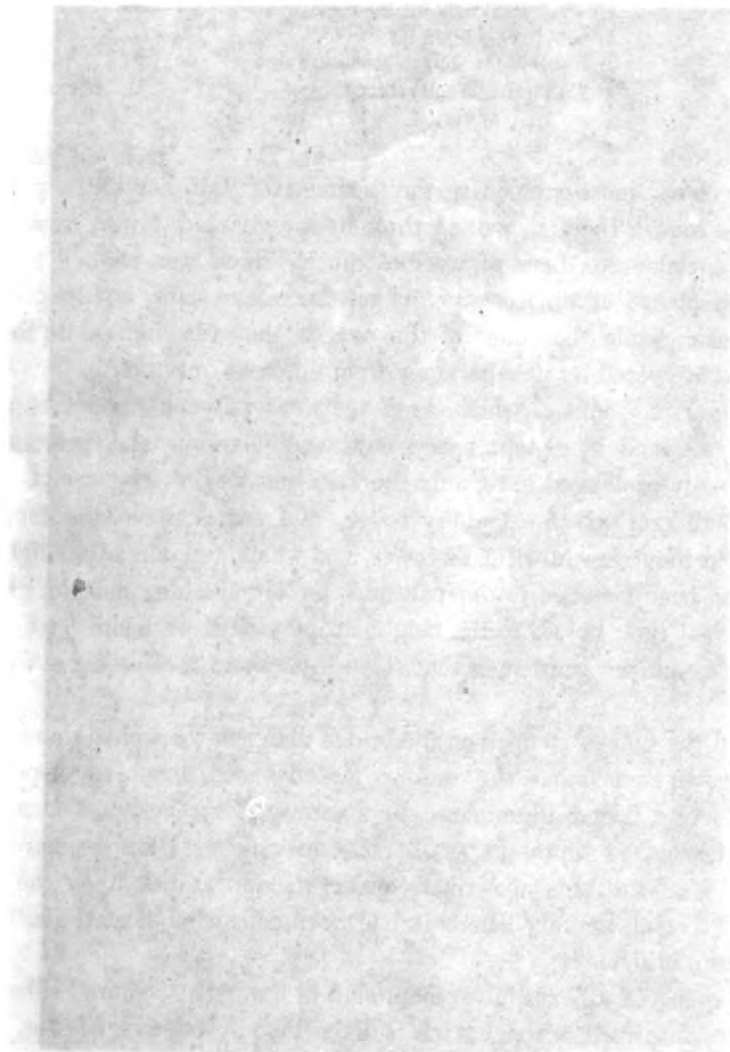
“ Elizabeth received most graciously the homage of the herculean porter, and, bending her head to him in requital, passed through his guarded tower, from the top of which was poured a clamorous blast of warlike music, which was replied to by other bands of minstrelsy placed at different points on the castle walls, and by others again stationed in the chase: while the tones of the one, as they yet vibrated on the echoes, were caught up and answered by new harmony from different quarters.”

“ Amidst these bursts of music, which, as if the work of enchantment seemed now close at hand, now softened by distant space, now wailing so low and sweet as if that distance were gradually prolonged until only the last lingering strains could reach the ear, Queen Elizabeth crossed the Gallery tower, and came upon the long bridge, which extended from thence to Mortimer's tower, and which was already as light as day, so many torches had been fastened to the palisades on either side; most of the nobles here alighted, and sent their horses to the neighbouring village of Kenilworth, following the Queen on foot, as did the gentlemen that stood in array to receive her at the Gallery tower.

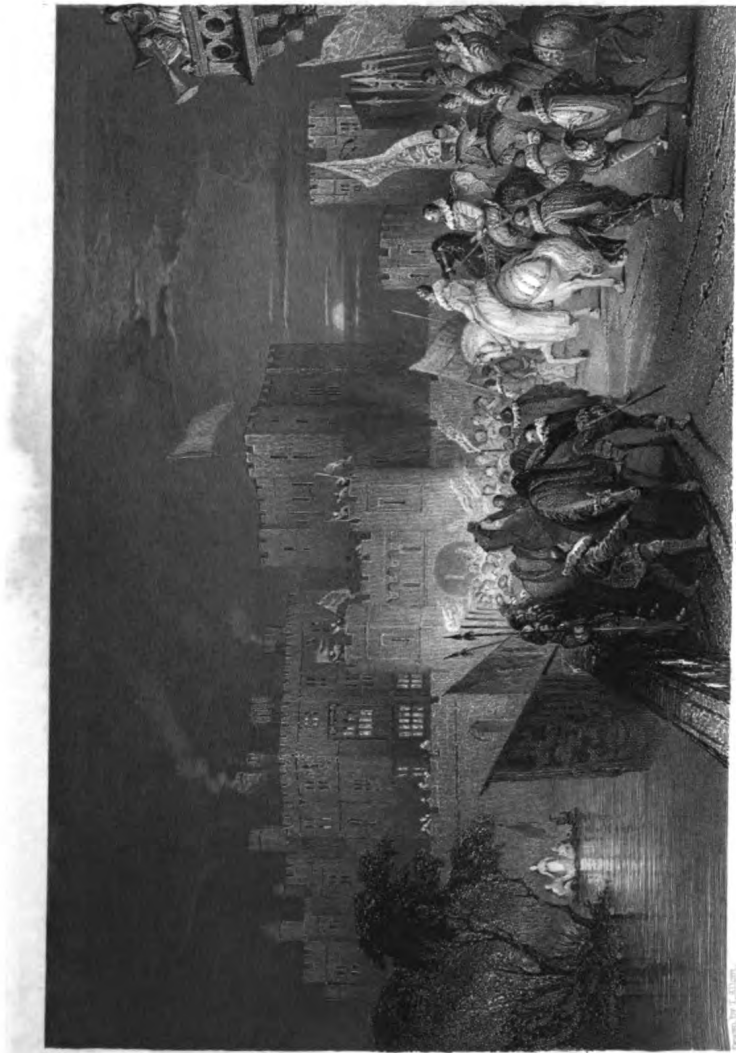
“ No sooner had the Queen stepped on the bridge than a new spectacle was provided: when the music gave signal that she was so far advanced, a raft, so disposed as to resemble a small floating island, illuminated by a variety of torches, and surrounded by floating pageants formed to represent sea-horses, on which sat tritons, nereides, and, other fabulous deities of the seas and rivers, made its appearance upon the lake, and issuing from behind a small heronry where it had been concealed, floated gently towards the further end of the bridge.

“ On the islet appeared a beautiful woman, clad in a watchet-coloured silken mantle, bound with a girdle, inscribed with characters like the phylacteries of the Hebrews. Her feet and arms were bare, but her wrists and ankles adorned with large gold bracelets. Amidst her long silky black hair, she wore a crown or chaplet of artificial misletoe, and bore in her hand a rod of ebony tipped with silver. Two nymphs attended on her, dressed in the same antique and mystical guise.

“ The lady of the floating island, having performed her destined voyage, landed at Mortimer's tower just as the Queen presented herself before that noble outwork, and, in strains most flattering, welcomed the peerless Elizabeth to all sport which castle or lake, or land environing, could possibly afford.”







The ruins of the *castle of Kenilworth*, the scene of "The Princely Pleasures," &c. so quaintly described by Laneham, and so agreeably enlarged upon by Sir Walter Scott, are situated in a parish of the same name, and in the county of Warwick, at the distance of 95 miles north from the metropolis. It is quite dilapidated, and fragments of its high towers and thick walls lie scattered around.

The broken walls, that still survive the transit of some centuries, are clothed with foliage, which gives to this aged military edifice the more soft and gentle character of some peaceful dwelling.

Geoffry de Clinton, treasurer to King Henry I. was the original founder of this vast military structure, but his family do not appear to have retained possession, or property in it, for any considerable length of years. In the third Henry's reign, the sheriff of Warwick accounted to the crown for the profits of Kenilworth park, and the castle was garrisoned by the king, in consequence of the rebellion of his eldest son. At that period the following stores were laid in:—one hundred quarters of bread corn, charged £2 8 2; twenty quarters of barley, £1 13 4; one hundred hogs, £7 10 0; forty cows salted, £4; one hundred cheeses, £40; and twenty-five quarters of salt, £1 10 0. The sheriff, Bertram de Vardon, acted as commissary, and paid the garrison, which consisted of both horse and foot, in that and the following years. After the withdrawal of the garrison, Geoffry de Clinton, son of the founder, obtained possession of the castle, and retained it for seven years; but it again reverted to the crown, and so continued until granted to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, by King Henry III. Henry de Clinton, grandson of the founder, released all his rights in the castle to King John, who caused it to be strongly garrisoned, and placed the prince, his son, within it for safety; William de Cantelupe was steward and governor, but the command of the garrison was committed to Ralph de Normanville, an officer of courage and experience.

The narrow towers of Kenilworth immured the culprit, and in its noble halls stern justice took her seat, in the reign of our third Henry. This monarch made considerable additions to the building: in the twenty-sixth year of his reign the chapel was ceiled, wainscotted, and adorned with painting: handsome seats were provided for the king and queen; the hall-tower re-edified; the queen's chamber enlarged and painted; and the walls on the side next the pool (the south) entirely rebuilt.

The castle and chase were soon after granted to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and Eleanor, his wife, during their lives, but this earl, along with his eldest son, was slain at the battle of Evesham. Kenilworth was held against the king, for six months after the earl's death, by Henry de Hastings, in the absence of Simon, a son of the deceased lord, who had passed into France in quest of assistance to raise the siege. The resistance of the garrison was so obstinate, that Henry (the siege being converted into a blockade) had time sufficient for calling together a parliament, in the town of Kenilworth, at which was passed the decree styled *Dictum de Kenilworth*; by this it was enacted, "that every person, whose estate had been thus forfeited, (Henry de Hastings and certain others excepted,) might redeem their lands, on payment of a pecuniary fine, not under two, nor exceeding the amount of five years' rent."

The king frequently and mercifully entreated the garrison to surrender; and his solicitations were backed by the menaces of Ottobon, the pope's legate; but De Hastings not only rejected all offers of negotiation, but had the barbarity to maim the messenger of the king. Henry now resolved to storm the place, and directed the sheriff to assemble for the purpose, at Northampton, on the 11th of December, 1266, all the masons and labourers within his district, with their hatchets and pickaxes, and divers tools: but a pestilence breaking out amongst the garrison, they agreed to surrender on a certain day. De Hastings and his brave band were permitted to pass out freely, and had four days allowed them for the removal of their goods. The king bestowed the castle upon his son Edmund and his heirs, granting free-chase and free-warren in all his lands and woods belonging thereto, with a weekly market and annual fair.

It was in Kenilworth castle that Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, held the grand tournament called "The Society of the Round Table," at which one hundred knights with as many ladies "clad in silken mantle," were present. The diversions of tilting, dancing, &c. commenced on the eve of St. Matthew, and continued till the morrow after St. Michaelmas-day: to avoid contention for precedence, at banquet times, they were all seated at a round table.

By the attainder of Thomas, Earl of Leicester, who was beheaded at Pontefract in the 15th of Edward II., the castle escheated to the crown, and was placed, successively, under the governorship of Ranulf Charun, Robert de Stoke, John de Hastings, and Odo de Stoke. Upon the deposition of the wretched Edward by his queen, he was at first committed a close prisoner to Kenilworth castle, whence he was removed, at night-time, to Berkley castle, and there cruelly and unjustly put to death.

Henry, brother of the attainted Earl of Leicester, obtained a re-grant of the castle and lands; and his grand-daughter, Blanche, conveyed the property to her husband, John of Gaunt, by whom that part of the castle was erected which is still denominated "Lancaster Buildings."

In July 1575, the fête-champetre, which was honoured by the presence of Queen Elizabeth, was celebrated in this splendid baronial residence, by the munificence of her favourite the Earl of Leicester. The entertainments were continued through ten successive days, and the tradition of their magnificence still lives in the surrounding country.

The ruin-making Cromwell converted the military palace of Kenilworth into the picturesque subject it now forms, and, after the restoration, it was neglected, as being no longer necessary to the preservation of tranquillity. The site, and the interesting fragments of this warrior pile that still survive, are the property of the Earl of Clarendon. The grand gate of entrance, with its flanking towers, has been converted into the peaceful home of an unaspiring peasant, while many a grey tower mouldering to decay sufficiently indicate the wide interval between the quality of the former and of the present occupants.



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THE MOCK BATTLE.

“ Again they close, and once again disjoin :
 In troops to troops opposed, and line to line,
 They meet—they wheel—they throw their darts afar,
 With harmless rage, and well-dissembled war.”

DRYDEN.

[Kenilworth, Vol. II. p. 343.

“ After an ambrosial breakfast, the principal persons of the court, in attendance upon her majesty, pressed to the Gallery-tower, to witness the approach of the two contending parties of English and Danes: and, after a signal had been given, the gate which opened in the circuit of the chase was thrown wide to admit them. On they came, foot and horse: for some time, more ambitious burghers and yeomen had put themselves into fantastic dresses, imitating knights, in order to resemble the chivalry of the two different nations. However, to prevent fatal accidents, they were not permitted to appear on real horses, but had only license to accoutre themselves with those hobby-horses which anciently formed the chief delight of a morrice-dance. The infantry followed in similar disguises. The whole exhibition was to be considered as a sort of anti-masque, a burlesque of the more stately pageants, in which the nobility and gentry bore part in the show, and, to the best of their knowledge, imitated with accuracy the personages whom they represented. The Hocktide play was of a different character, the actors being persons of inferior degree, and their habits the better fitted for the occasion, the more incongruous and ridiculous that they were in themselves. Accordingly, their array was ludicrous enough, and their weapons, though sufficiently formidable to deal sound blows, were long alder-poles instead of lances, and sound cudgels for swords; and for fence, both cavalry and infantry were well equipped with stout head-pieces and targets, both made of thick leather.

“ Captain Coxe, the celebrated humorist of Coventry, rode valiantly on his hobby-horse before the high-trussed English; and the Danes were headed by a cunning master of defence, only inferior to the renowned captain in the discipline of war. A signal being given for the encounter, the first charge upon each other was less violent than might have been expected from such redoubted leaders, but the fear of being forced into the lake repressed, in some measure, the ardour of the combatants. But, as reinforcements arrived, the encounter increased gradually from a skirmish into a blazing battle. They rushed upon one another with such furious encounter, that both parties were often overthrown, and the clubs and targets made a most horrible clatter. In many instances, that happened which had been dreaded by the more experienced warriors who began the day of strife. The rails which defended the ledges of the bridge had been, perhaps on purpose, left but slightly fastened, and gave way under the pressure of those who thronged to the combat, so that the hot courage of many of the combatants received a sufficient cooling. These incidents might have occasioned more serious damage than became such an affray, for many of the champions who met with this mischance could not swim, and those who could were encumbered with their suits of leather and of paper

armour: but the case had been provided for, and boats were in readiness to pick up the unfortunate warriors, and convey them to the dry land, where, dripping and dejected, they comforted themselves with the hot ale and strong waters, which were liberally allowed to them, without shewing any desire to re-enter so desperate a conflict."

It was proper, fit, and classical to permit the English to come off victorious on the occasion, more particularly as their captain had twice, accoutred as he was, plunged into the stream, and twice returned, with unabated heroism, to lead his followers to glory. This ancient sport, or play, called Hock's Tuesday, was enacted periodically by the men of Coventry, and set forth the destruction of the Danes in the reign of Ethelred. Queen Elizabeth was so much gratified by this part of the entertainments at Kenilworth, that she ordered a brace of bucks and five marks in money to be given, to supply the combatants with a hearty feast. Some account of Kenilworth Castle, its origin and extent, will be found in page 35.

THE PIRATE WRECKED OFF SUMBURGH HEAD.

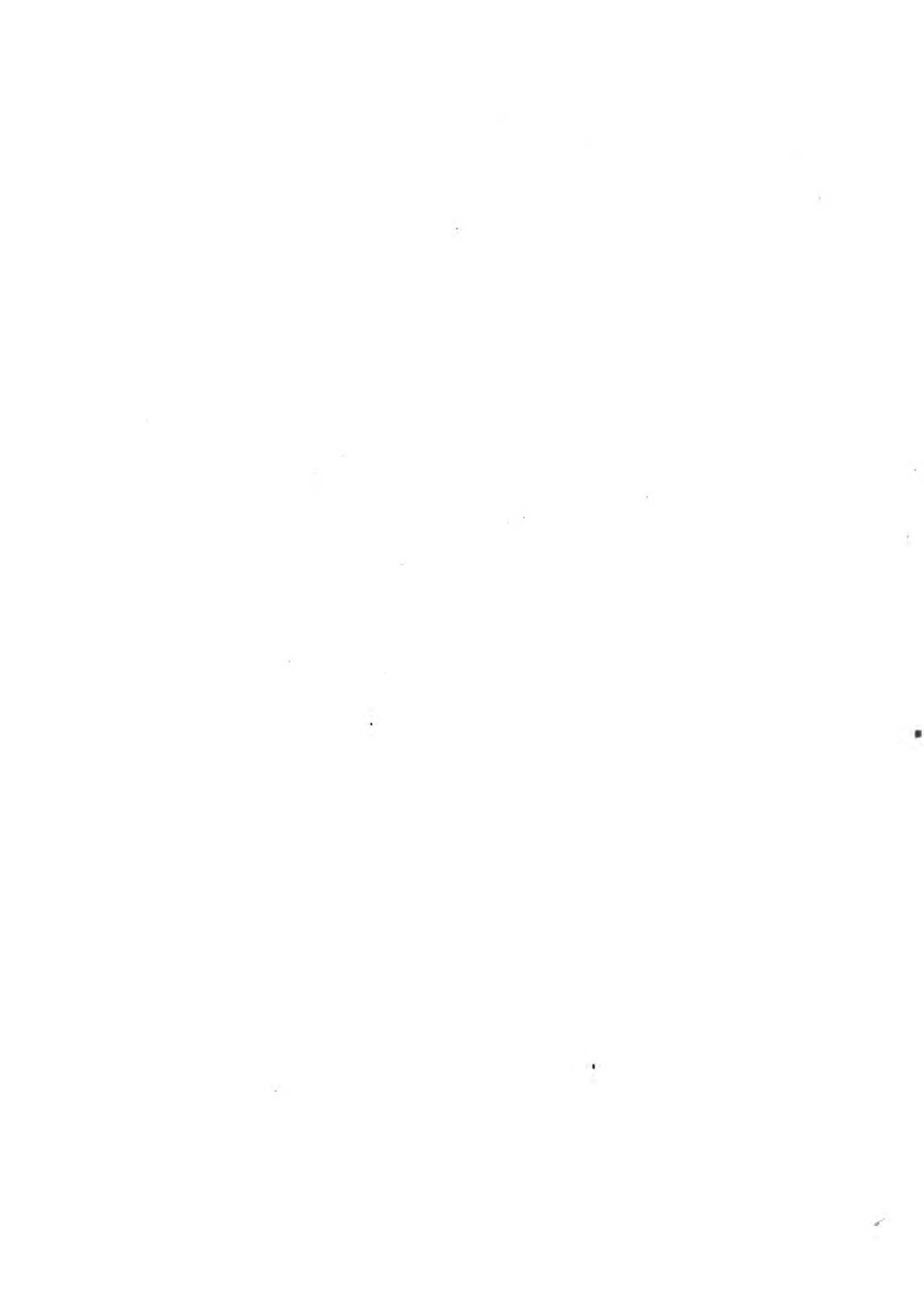
"For equal right in equal things doth stand,
And what the mighty sea hath once possess'd,
And plucked quite from all possessors' hands,
Or else by wrecks that wretches have distress'd,
He may dispose, by his resistless might,
As things at random left, to whom he list."

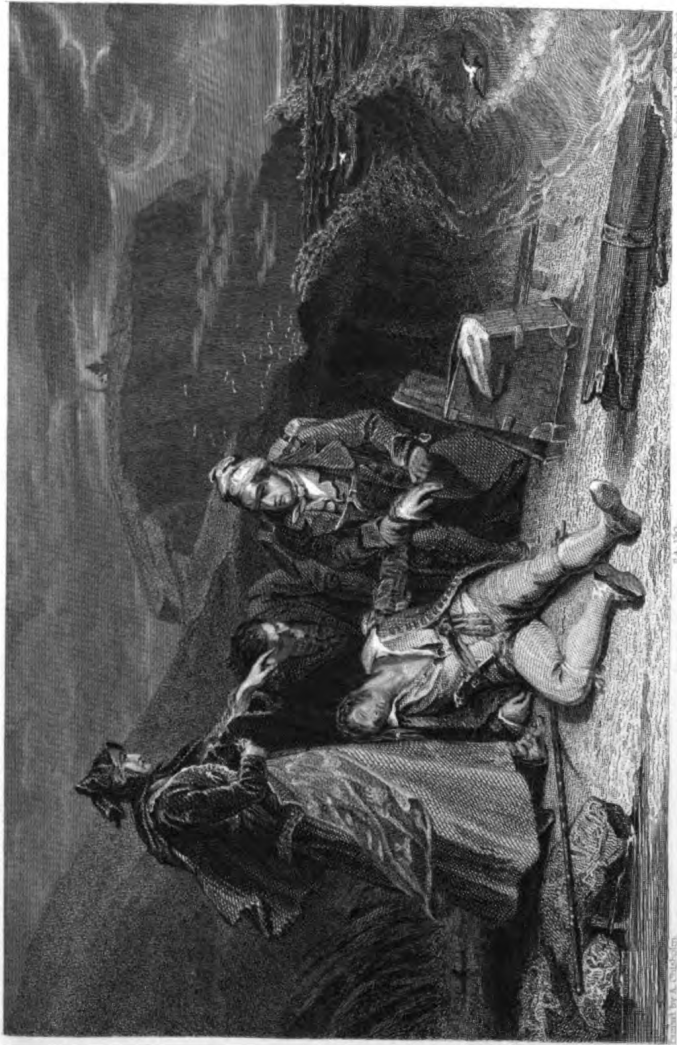
[The Pirate, Vol. I. p. 130.]

"Norna took the bottle from the pedlar's hand, and began to chafe the temples and throat of the shipwrecked man, directing Mordaunt how to hold his head, so as to afford him the means to disgorge the sea-water which he had swallowed during the immersion. The pedlar (Bryce Snailsfoot) looked on inactive for a moment, and then said, "To be sure, there is not the same risk in helping him, now he is out of the water, and lying high and dry on the beach; and to be sure, the principal danger is to those that first touch him; and to be sure, it's a world's pity to see how those rings are pinching the puir creature's swelled fingers—they make his hands as blue as a pantan's back before boiling.' So saying he seized one of the man's cold hands, which had just, by a tremulous motion, indicated the return of life, and began his charitable work of removing the rings, which seemed to be of some value.

"'As you love your life, forbear,' said Norna sternly, 'or I will lay that on you which shall spoil your travels through the isles.'

"Now, for mercy's sake, mother, say nae mair about it,' said the pedlar, 'and I'll e'en do your pleasure in your ain way. I *did* feel a rheumatize in my back-spauld yestreen; and it wad be a sair thing for the like of me to be debarred my quiet walk round the country, in the way of trade—making the honest penny, and helping myself with what Providence sends on our coast."





THE MOUNTAIN MEN OF THE WEST
BY J. W. WOODS



Engraved by J. C. Burnley

318-321

From the "Illustration"

The ship, hatched in the deep, and now, as the waves mount, and it is borne

BY G. S. & CO. 15, N. 10th St. 1857

The pedlar was reconciled, against his will, to permit the lidless chest, that gaped before his longing sight, and disclosed the most tempting objects of plunder, to become the spoil of some brother in the cruel trade, or perchance be once more committed to the absorbing ocean. But, while these thoughts were rapidly passing in his mind, the villagers, who possessed an almost canine scent on those occasions, were heard advancing along the beach, bent on plunder. The character of *wreckers* belonged, with too much truth, to the few impoverished inhabitants of the Zetland islands, and at one period constituted their chief mode of existence. The sea was the Zetlanders' source of provision, either by affording him a supply of fish, or the spoils of vessels wrecked upon his coast. Happily, the improved state of navigation, and more vigorous administration of our laws, have left the character of wreckers an existence only in the romantic volume of the novelist, or thrilling theme of the dramatic poet.

Sumburgh Head, the southern promontory of the mainland of Shetland, was the scene of the pirate's miraculous escape from the perils of shipwreck. It is a vast wild mountain, the huge precipice in front of which sinks abruptly down in the wide and tempestuous ocean. The face of the lofty cape is composed of a soft crumbling flagstone, which, from the action of the atmosphere, becomes gradually decomposed and split into large masses that hang loose on the verge of the cliff, and, detached from it by the fury of the tempests, often plunge into the vexed abyss which lashes the foot of the rock. Numbers of these huge fragments lie strewed beneath the rocks from which they have fallen, an damongst the *debris* the tide foams and rages with a violence peculiar to those latitudes.

A WHALE ON SHORE.

“ They man their boats, and all the young men arm,
With whatsoever might the monster harm ;
Pikes, halberts, spits, and darts that wound afar,
The tools of peace, and implements of war.”

[The Pirate, Vol. I. p. 292.]

“ The guests at Burgh Westra were beginning to talk of what was to be done next, when, with haste in his step, fire in his eye, and a harpoon in his hand, Eric Scambester came to announce to the company that there was a whale on shore, or nearly so, at the throat of the voe. Then might be seen such a joyous bustle, as only the love of sport, so deeply implanted in our nature, can possibly inspire. A set of country squires, about to beat for the first woodcocks of the season, were a comparison as petty in respect to the glee, as in regard to the importance of the object: the *battue* upon a strong cover in Ettrick forest, for the destruction of the foxes; the insurrection of the sportsmen of the Lennox, when one of the duke's deer gets out from Inch-Mirran; nay, the joyous rally of the fox-chase itself, with all its blithe accompaniments of hound and horn, fall infinitely short of the animation with which the gallant sons of Thule set off to encounter the monster whom the sea had sent for their amusement at so opportune a conjuncture.

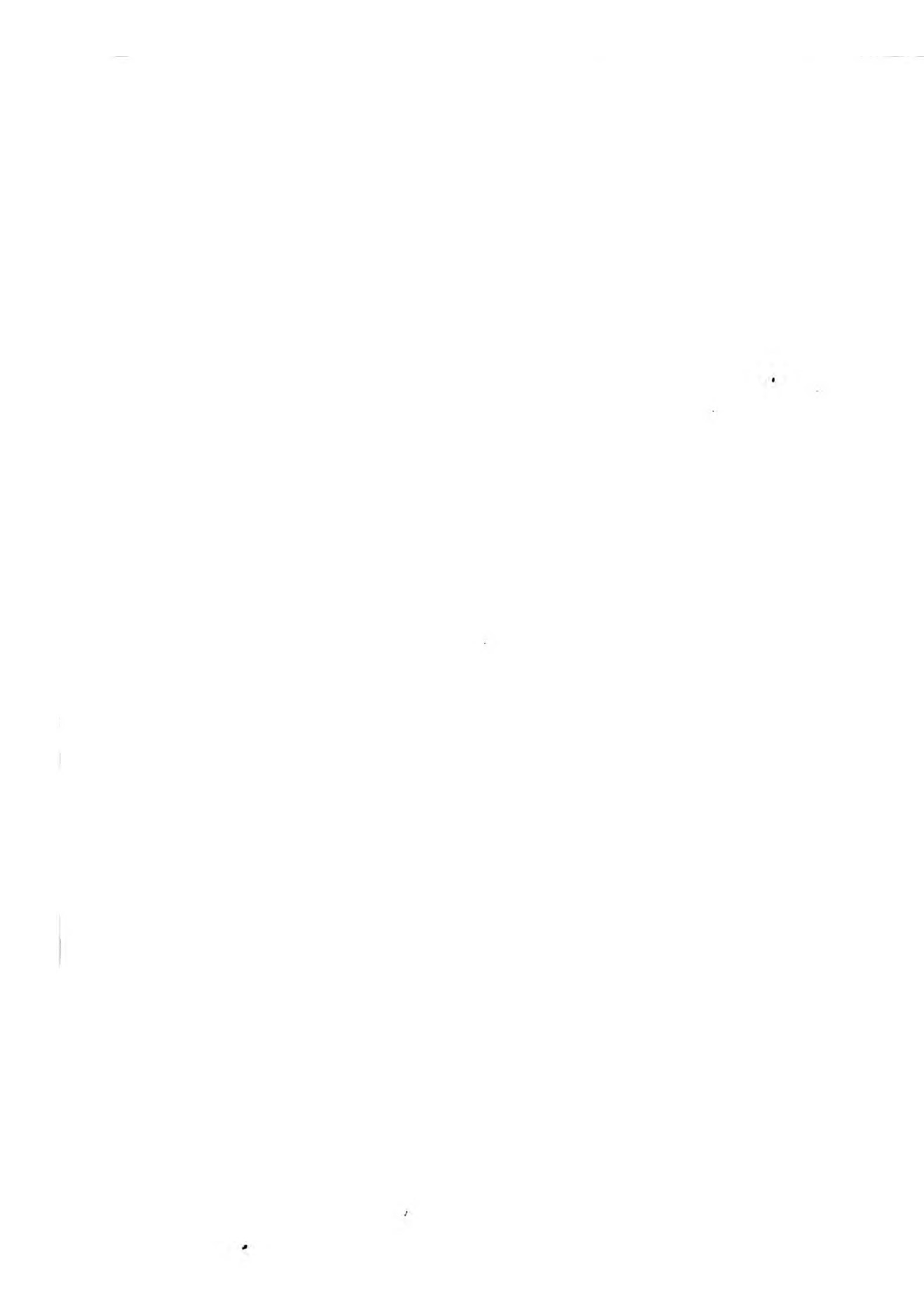
“The multifarious stores of Burgh-Westra were rummaged hastily for all sorts of arms which could be used on such an occasion. Harpoons, swords, pikes, and halberds fell to the lot of some; others contented themselves with hay-forks, spits, and whatever else could be found, that was at once long and sharp. Thus hastily equipped, one party hastened to man the boats which lay in the little haven, while the rest of the party hurried by land to the scene of action.

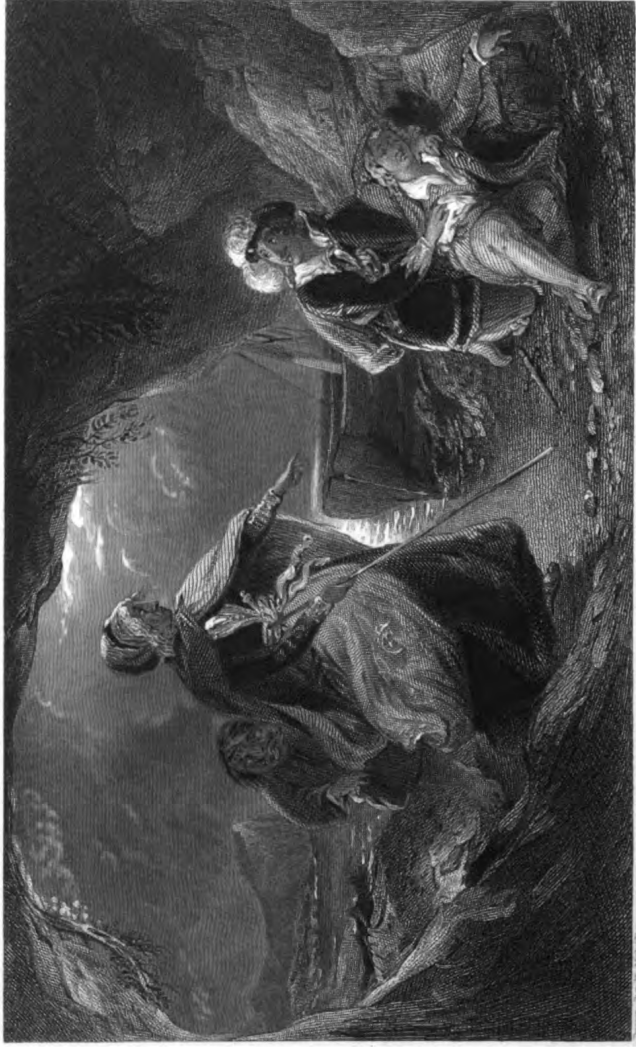
“The situation in which the enemy’s ill fate had placed him, was particularly favourable to the enterprise of the islanders. A tide of unusual height had carried the animal over a bar of sand into the creek in which he was now lying. So soon as he found the water ebbing, he became sensible of his danger, and had made desperate efforts to get over the shallow water, where the waves broke on the bar; but hitherto he had rather injured than mended his condition, having got himself partly aground, and lying, therefore, particularly exposed to the meditated attack.

“At this moment, all parties, sexes, and ages united against the common and noble enemy, resolving to make a simultaneous attack, under the direction of the stout-hearted and experienced Udaller. This sage commander had exchanged his gold-laced hat for a bear-skin cap; his suit of blue broad-cloth, with its scarlet lining, and loops, and frogs of bullion, gave place to a red flannel jacket, with buttons of black horn, over which he wore a seal-skin shirt, curiously seamed and plaited on the bosom, such as the Esquimaux use; sea-boots, of a formidable size, completed his dress; and in his hand he held a large whaling-knife, which he brandished as if impatient to employ it in the operation of *finching* the huge animal that lay before them—that is, the act of separating the flesh from the bones.

“The animal, upwards of sixty feet in length, was lying perfectly still in a deep part of the voe, into which it had weltered, and where it seemed to await the return of tide, of which it was probably assured by instinct. A council of experienced harpooners agreed that an effort should be made to noose the tail of the torpid leviathan, by casting a cable round it, to be made fast by anchors to the shore, and thus guard against his escape, in case the tide should make before they were able to despatch him. Three boats destined for this perilous service, approached the dark mass, which lay like an islet in the deepest part of the voe, and suffered them to approach without shewing any sign of animation. The intrepid adventurers succeeded in their design, and, having encircled the body with a cable, carried the end of it ashore, where a hundred hands were instantly employed in securing it. But, as the tide was gaining fast, the Udaller informed his assistants that the fish must be killed, or greatly wounded, ere the depth of water on the bar was sufficient to float him; or that he was not unlikely to escape from their joint prowess.

“The boats had not retreated from the whale to the distance necessary to ensure safety, when the commencement of war took place. Harpoons and spears flew against him on all sides; guns were fired, and each various means of annoyance plied which could excite him to exhaust his strength in useless rage. The contest seemed at last pretty well over: for, although the animal continued, from time to time, to make frantic exertions for liberty, yet its strength appeared so much exhausted, that, even with the assistance





THE WIFE OF AN ARABIAN SHEIKH.

THE WIFE OF AN ARABIAN SHEIKH.





of the tide, which had now risen considerably, it was thought it could scarcely extricate itself. But the leviathan, like a nation whose resources appear totally exhausted by previous losses and calamities, collected his whole remaining force for an effort, which proved at once desperate and successful. He roared aloud as he sent to the sky a mingled sheet of brine and blood, and snapping the strong cable like a twig, overset Mertoun's boat with a blow of his tail, and shot himself, by a mighty effort, over the bar, carrying with him, out to sea, a whole grove of the implements that had been planted in his body, and leaving behind him in the water a dark-red trace of his course."

"SHE DEMANDED THE WOUNDED MAN OF ME."

—— "Alas! I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself—
I am a villain."

SHAKSPEARE.

[The Pirate, Vol. II. p. 194.]

"I hurt a young fellow," said Cleveland, "who was my plague for some time, in an unhappy brawl that chanced the morning I left Zetland: I hope he is not dead, though my anger has proved fatal to many who have given me less provocation. He came suddenly upon me while I was trying to gain Minna's ear for a private interview, before I set sail, that I might explain my purpose to her. The youth (Mertoun) thought proper to retort, when I commanded him to begone; and I enforced my commands with a blow, which he returned as soundly. We struggled till I became desirous that we should part at any rate, which I could only effect by a stroke of my poniard, which, according to old use, I have always about me. I had scarce done this, when I repented; but there was no time to think of anything save escape and concealment, for, if the house rose on me, I was lost; as the fiery old man, who is head of the family, would have done justice on me, had I been his brother. I took the body hastily on my shoulders, to carry it down to the sea-shore, with the purpose of throwing it into a *riva*, or deep chasm, where it would have been long enough in being discovered. This done, I intended to have jumped into the boat which I had lying ready, and set sail for Kirkwall. But as I was walking hastily towards the beach with my burden, the poor young fellow groaned, and so apprised me that the wound had not been instantly fatal. I was by this time well concealed among the rocks; and far from desiring to complete my crime, I laid the young man on the ground, and was doing what I could to staunch the blood, when suddenly an old woman stood before me. She was a person whom I had frequently seen while in Zetland, and to whom they ascribe the character of a sorceress, or, as the negroes say, an *Obi* woman. She demanded the wounded man of me, and I was too much pressed for time to hesitate in complying with her request. More she was about to say, when we heard the voice of a silly old man, belonging to the family, singing at a distance. She then pressed her finger on her lips as a sign of secrecy, whistled very low, and a shapeless, deformed brute of a dwarf coming to her assistance, they carried the wounded man into one of those caverns with which the place abounds, and I got into my boat and to sea with all expedition."

NORNA DISPOSING OF THE UDALLER'S COLLATION.

" You shall not have the cheer,
To feed mere best at home."

SHAKESPEARE.

[The Pirate, Vol. II. p. 145.]

"The attendants of Magnus Troil had been previously employed in arranging the provisions which they had brought along with them, so as to present a comfortable cold meal, as soon as the appetite of the Udaller, which was as regular as the return of the tide, should induce him to desire some refreshment: and now they stood staring in fear and surprise, while Norna of the Fitful-Head seizing on one article after another, and well supported by the zealous activity of Pacelot, (Nicholas Strumpfer,) flung the whole preparations out of the window, and over the cliff, from which the ancient burgh arose, into the ocean which raged and foamed beneath. *Vifda* (dried beef,) hams, and pickled pork, flew after each other into empty space, smoked geese were returned to the air, and cured fish to the sea, their native elements, indeed, but which they were no longer capable of traversing; and the devastation proceeded so rapidly, that the Udaller could scarcely reserve from the wreck his silver drinking-cup, while the large leathern flask of brandy, which was destined to supply his favourite beverage, was sent to follow the rest of the supper by the hands of Pacelot, who regarded the disappointed Udaller with a malicious grin, as if, notwithstanding his own natural taste for the liquor, he enjoyed the disappointment of Magnus Troil still more than he would have relished sharing his enjoyment."

"The destruction of the brandy-bottle totally exhausted the patience of Magnus, who from that moment abandoned himself to despair: it was as if the hag had said, with Caliban—

" Take his bottle from him ; when that 's gone,
He shall have nought but brine."

TILT BETWEEN THE CITIZEN AND THE SOLDIER.

" And he that calls it cuckoo's nest,
Except he say he speaks in jest,
He is a villain and a beast,—

I'll prove it."

The Counter-Scuffle.

[Fortunes of Nigel, Vol. I p. 251.]

"The reluctant soldado being placed opposite to his fiery antagonist, the citizen, with only twelve paces dividing them, the latter seemed quite serious in his zeal for combat, and, perceiving that the man of war did not advance towards him, rushed onwards with as much good fortune as courage, beat down the captain's guard, and, pressing on, thrust, as it seemed, his sword clear through the body of his antagonist, who, with a deep groan, measured his length on the ground.

"A score of voices cried to the conqueror, as he stood in astonishment at his own feat, 'Away! away with you! fly, fly—fly by the back-door! get into the Whitefriars, or cross the water to the Bankside, while we keep off the mob and the constables.'





Norma dispatching the provisions

Norma envoyant les provisions

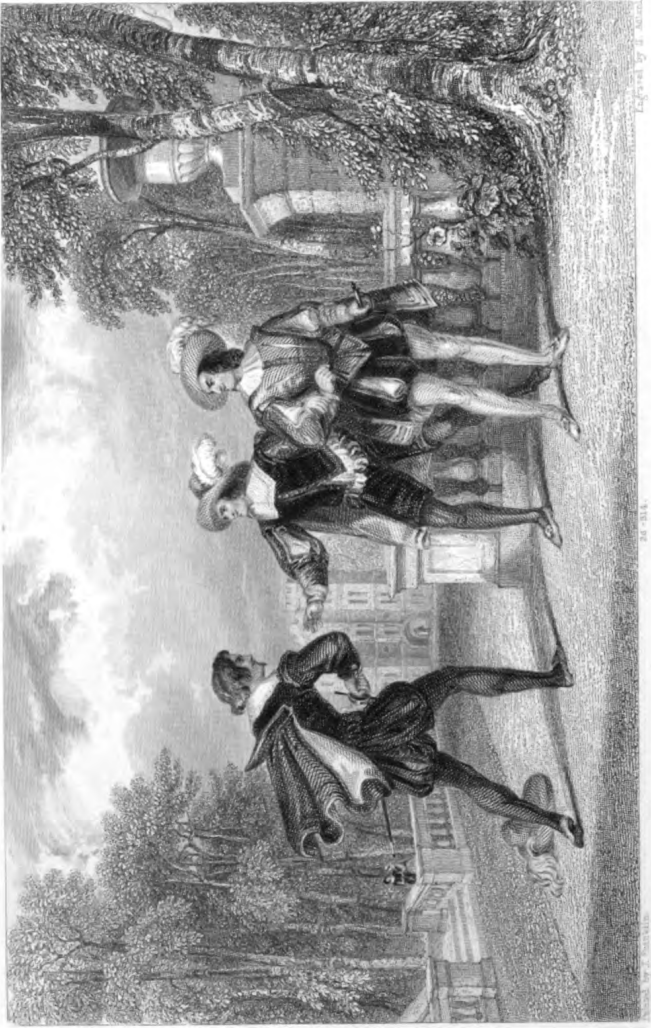
PIERRE, BOY & CO. LONDON & PARIS, 1826

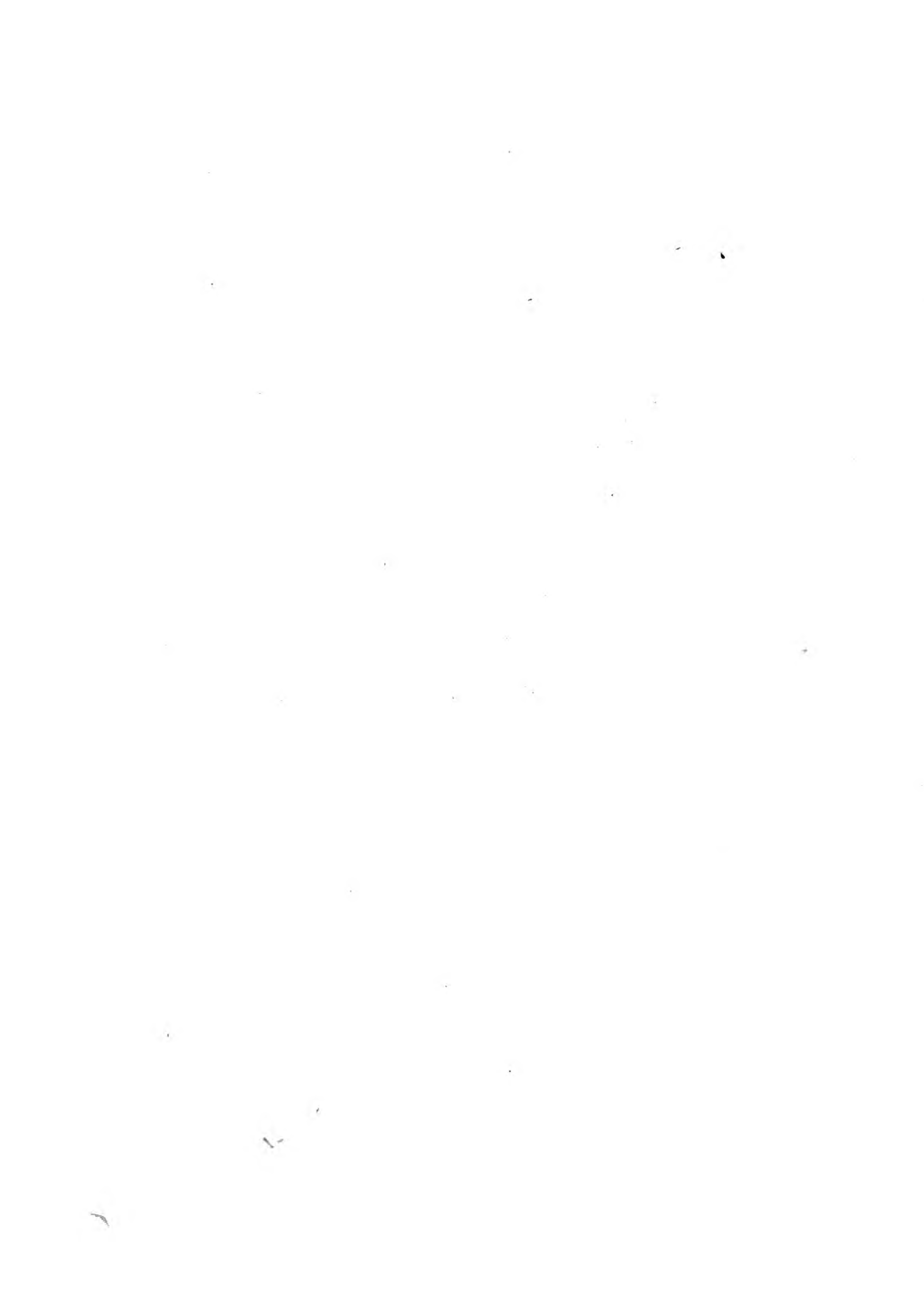


The Citizen and the Soldier

Le Bourgeois et le Soldat

PIERRE, BOY & CO. LONDON & PARIS, 1826





“Stiff and stark seemed the corpse of the swordsman, as one or two of the guests raised him from the ground; but when they began to open his waistcoat to search for the wound, which nowhere existed, the man of war collected his scattered spirits, and took to his heels as fast as he could run, pursued by the laughter and shouts of the company.”

DALGARNO CHALLENGED BY GLENVARLOCH.

“Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.”

SHAKSPEARE.

[The Fortunes of Nigel, Vol. I. p. 314.]

“‘No time can be better than the present,’ said Lord Glenvarloch, whose resentment was now excited to the uttermost by the cold-blooded and insulting manner in which Dalgarno vindicated himself. ‘No place fitter than the place where we now stand. Those of my house have ever avenged insult at the moment and on the spot where it was offered, were it at the foot of the throne. Lord Dalgarno, you are a villain! draw, and defend yourself.’ At the same time he unsheathed his rapier.

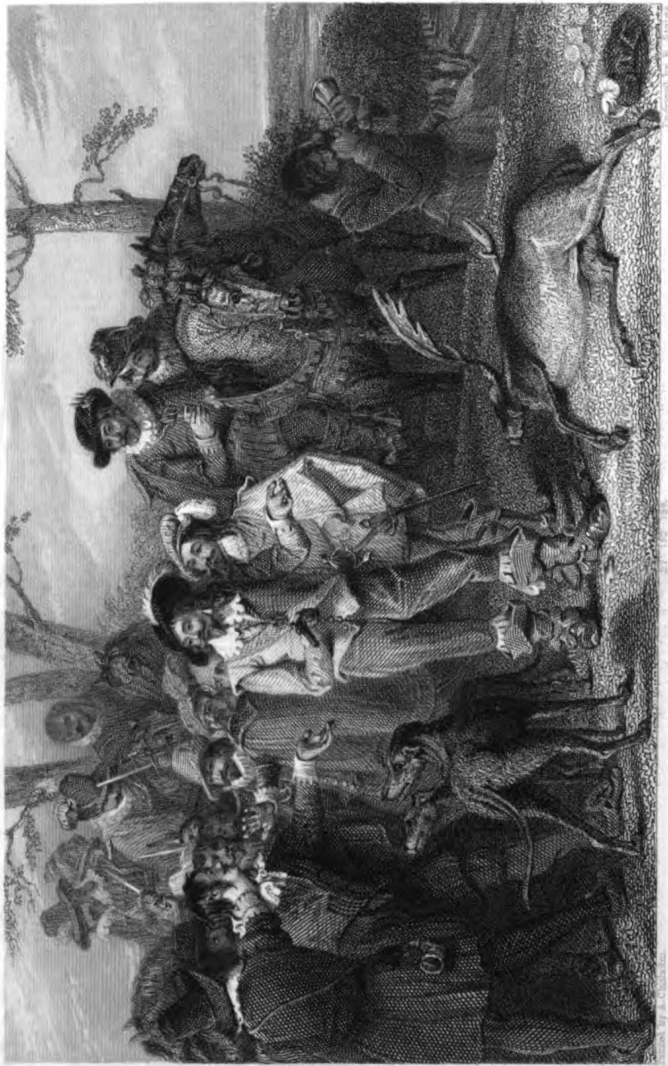
“‘Are you mad?’ said Dalgarno, stepping back; ‘we are in the precincts of the court!’ ‘The better,’ answered Glenvarloch; ‘I will cleanse them from a calumniator and a coward.’ He then pressed on Lord Dalgarno, and struck him with the flat of the sword.

“The fray had now attracted attention, and the cry went round, ‘Keep the peace—keep the peace; swords drawn in the park! what, ho!—guards! keepers! yeomen rangers!’ and a number of people came rushing to the spot from all sides.

“Dalgarno, who had half drawn his sword on receiving the blow, returned it to the scabbard when he observed the crowd thicken, and, taking Sir Ewes Haldimund by the arm, walked hastily away, only saying to Glenvarloch, as they left him, ‘You shall dearly abye this insult—we will meet again.’

“Glenvarloch remained motionless awhile, and enveloped in a sort of reverie, when a decent-looking elderly man, taking compassion on his youthful appearance, said, ‘Sir, are you aware that this is a star-chamber business, and that it may cost you your right hand? Get into Whitefriars, or somewhere, for sanctuary and concealment, till you can make friends or quit the city.’ Glenvarloch moved hastily towards the issue from the park by St. James’s palace, then St. James’s hospital; but feared to increase his pace to the quickest, lest he might thereby attract suspicion; and more than once the ranger’s officers passed so near him, that his wrist tingled, as if already under the blade of the dismembering knife.

“Having escaped the rangers’ jurisdiction, he bent his steps towards Whitefriars, adjacent to the Temple. This district, then known by the cant name of Alsatia, possessed for upwards of a century after the period here alluded to, the privileges of a sanctuary, unless against the writ of the lord chief justice, or of the lords of the privy council.



It was occupied by desperadoes of every description—bankrupt citizens, ruined gamesters, irreclaimable prodigals, desperate duellists, bravoos, homicides; all leagued together to maintain the immunities of the asylum. It was an experiment both difficult and unsafe for the officers of the law to attempt here the execution of a writ, no matter how high the authority from which it emanated. Odious, disreputable, nay, disgusting, as such a place must have been to the mind of Glenvarloch, it seemed the only spot where he could find a present refuge, where he might lie concealed from the immediate grasp of authority, until he could find leisure to provide for his better safety, or get the unpleasant matter accommodated.”

MEETING OF KING JAMES AND NIGEL IN GREENWICH PARK.

“ To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish.”

SHAKSPEARE.

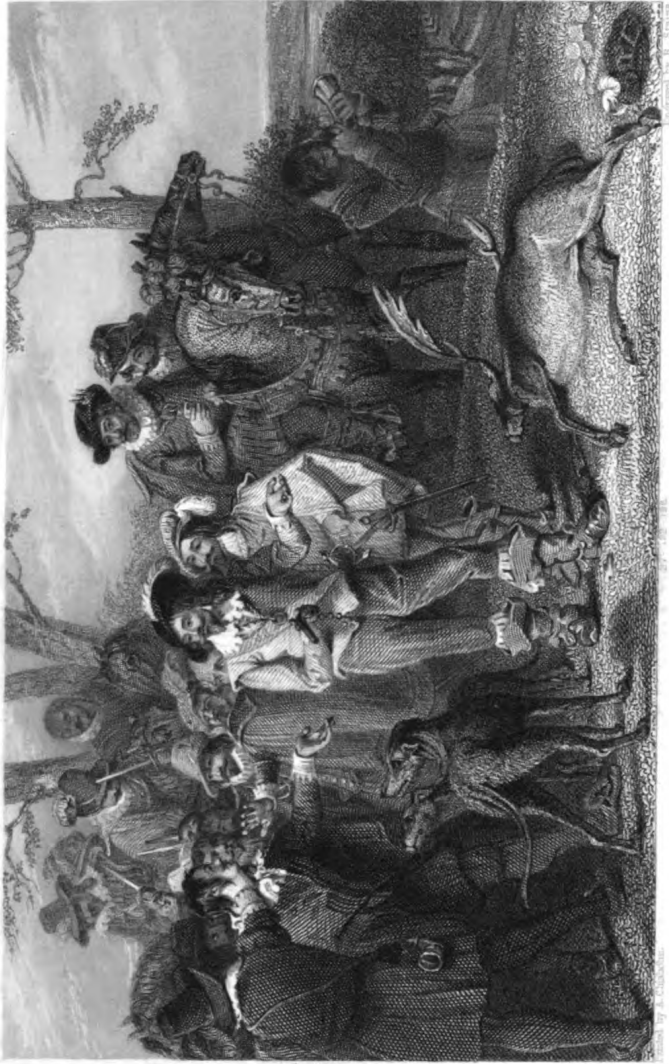
[Fortunes of Nigel, Vol. II. p. 187.]

“Nigel was in one of those long walks by which Greenwich Park was traversed, when he heard, first a distant rustling, then the rapid approach of hoofs, shaking the firm earth on which he stood: then a distant halloo, warned by which he stood up by the side of the avenue, leaving free room for the passage of the chase. The stag, reeling, covered with foam, and blackened with sweat, his nostrils expanded as he gasped for breath, made a shift to come up as far as where Nigel stood, and, without turning to bay, was there pulled down by two tall greyhounds. One dog struck at the buck's throat, another dashed his sharp nose and fangs almost into the animal's bowels. Lord Glenvarloch, himself persecuted as if by hunters, might have thought on the occasion like the melancholy Jacques; but his feelings, from habit, were rather those of the huntsman than of the moralist.

“No opportunity, however, was allowed for moralizing, the chase being followed by a huntsman, on a steed so thoroughly subjected to the rein, that it obeyed the touch of the bridle as if it had been a mechanical impulse operating on the most exact piece of machinery; so that, deep-seated in his demi-pique saddle, and so trussed up as to make falling impossible, the rider, without fear or hesitation, might increase or diminish the speed at which he rode. The security with which he chose to prosecute even this favourite amusement, as well as the rest of his equipage, marked King James. No attendant was within sight: indeed it was often a nice strain of flattery to permit the sovereign to suppose he had outridden and distanced all the rest.

“The king, without casting a glance at Nigel, called him to ‘haud his naig, and help him doun out o'the saddle,’ and forthwith unsheathing his *couteau de chasse*, performed the last duties of the chase, by drawing his knife down the breast of *quarrée*, and then making a cross-cut to ascertain the depth of the fat. As soon as the king found leisure to take a view of his assistant in the sylvan ceremony, he observed, ‘Ye are nane of





our train, man; in the name of God, what the devil are ye?" "If your majesty will look on me," answered Nigel, "you will see one whom necessity makes bold to avail himself of an opportunity which may never again occur." King James looked—his blood forsook his cheek—he dropped the knife from his hand, cast behind him a faltering eye, as if he meditated flight, or sought assistance, and exclaimed, "Glenvarlochides, as sure as I am christened James Stuart; this is a bonnie spot of work, and me alone and 'on foot too."

While the king was occupied in escaping from the importunities of Nigel, and reaching his horse, the duke of Buckingham and attendants of the royal chase came up to the spot. The timidity of James soon converted the accidental meeting of Glenvarloch into a plot little less than treason; a conclusion that found a species of confirmation from the pistols which were discovered on Glenvarloch's person. This discovery was followed by "Away with the wretch! the parricide! the bloody-minded villain!" echoed from every side. The prince, who had been hunting in a distant part of the then extensive park, arrived at this precise moment, accompanied by Dalgarno, and, dismounting from his horse, asked eagerly if his father were wounded. Having ascertained that the king was uninjured, his next objects of inquiry were, the name and character of the would-be assassin. On learning that Nigel Olifaunt was the man, the prince addressed him calmly, thus: "Sir, you knew yourself accused of a heavy offence, and, instead of rendering yourself up to justice, you are found intruding yourself on his majesty's presence, and armed with unlawful weapons." "May it please you, Sir," answered Nigel, "I wore these unhappy weapons for my own defence; and not many hours since, they were necessary to protect the lives of others." "Doubtless," replied the prince, "your late mode of life, and the associates with whom you have lived, have made you familiar with scenes and weapons of violence."

"Hear me, hear me, noble prince!" said Nigel, eagerly, "hear me; you—even you, yourself—may one day ask to be heard, and in vain." "How am I to construe that, my lord?" said the prince haughtily. "If not on earth, Sir," replied the prisoner, "yet to heaven we must all pray for patient and favourable audience."

The prince was not inexorable; and bowing gracefully to Nigel, said, "Sir, we will ourselves look into your case."

THE PEAK CASTLE, DERBYSHIRE.

“ No pennon beats the air in scutcheon'd state,
 No gorgeous pageant crowds the massy gate :
 The rampant nettle now o'erspreads the halls ;
 The mournful ivy mantles on the walls :
 The portal now admits the straggling sheep,
 The long grass waves above the ruin'd keep ;
 The playful breezes whistle thro' each cell,
 Where bats and moping owls sole tenants dwell.”

Wanderings of Memory.

[*Peveril of the Peak*, Vol. I. p. 117.]

“ The followers of Peveril were so well accustomed to the sound of ‘ boot and saddle,’ that they were soon mounted and in order ; and in all the form, and with some of the dignity of danger, proceeded to escort the Countess of Derby through the hilly and desert tract of country which connects the frontier of the shire with the neighbouring county of Cheshire. The cavalcade moved with considerable precaution, which they had been taught by the discipline of the civil wars. One wary and well-mounted trooper rode about two hundred yards in advance, followed, at about half that distance, by two men, with their carbines advanced, as if ready for action. About one hundred yards behind the advance, came the main body, where the Countess of Derby, mounted on Lady Peveril’s ambling palfrey, accompanied by one groom of approved fidelity, and one waiting-maid, was attended and guarded by the knight of the Peak, and three files of good and practised horsemen. In the rear came Whitaker, with Lance Outram, as men of especial trust, to whom the covering the retreat was confided. They rode, as the Spanish proverb expresses it, ‘ with the beard on the shoulder ;’ looking round, that is, from time to time, and using every precaution to have the speediest knowledge of any pursuit which might take place.”

The ancient erection, called “Peveril’s Castle of the Peak,” presents sufficient indications of former strength, and more than ample picturesqueness of character, to render it the scene of a romantic expedition, and the object of modern inquiry. It occupies the summit of a rocky eminence, at the base of which the vast cavern of the Peak opens its wide-yawning entrance, and from which the neighbouring village derives its name of Castleton. The elevated position of the castle, and the deep, precipitous ravines, that partly insulate the castle-rock, must, in the early mode of warfare, have rendered Peveril’s fortress almost impregnable. The Cave, a deep and craggy defile, constitutes the boundary of the rock on the south and east, while the cliffs that beetle over the dark abyss called the Cavern, enclose and protect the west. A zig-zag roadway, on the north side of the eminence, affords an access, by no means easy, to the castle-yard, which is limited in extent by the area of the rock itself. The ruins of the curtain-wall which still survive, establish the original height to have been about twenty feet ; the foundation and ground-plan of two watch-towers may be traced on the northern side, and some portion of an arched gate of entrance is still standing. The keep, or donjon, is still









entire, and the square towers that rise from its north-west angle, are carried to a height of fifty feet from the surface of the court-yard. The masonry is as durable as the rock it rests on: a mode of grouting appears to have been adopted by the builders, who worked their walls in courses, and introduced in the interior the herring-bone ornament. Within were originally two principal floors, or stories, the lower apartment being entered by a door from the upper only; the staircase still remains, and was also an approach to the roof of the keep. The durability and solidity of the masonry in our ancient castles, has always excited the admiration of the inquisitive. In the early structures, the outer and inner walls appear to have been built at some measured distance from each other, and the space between them filled up with small stones and hot mortar, which, on cooling, became a species of conglomerate of enduring tenacity.

The foundation of the first castle in this sublime position, and in this exceedingly romantic country, is uncertain. In the time of Edward the Confessor, the manor appears to have been held by Gundelhome and Hundine, and it has been conjectured that a strong fortress stood here during the Saxon heptarchy. To come to more assured history: the Peak Castle was built, most probably, by William Peverell, natural son of William the Conqueror; and in the Domesday Book he is represented as seized of the honour, forest, castle of the Peak, and thirteen other lordships in the county.

Pilkington, in his View of Derbyshire, gives the following account of a tournament held at "Peverell's Place of the Peke," in the time of the second lord of the name, and which was continued during four entire days. "William, a right valiant knight, and sister's son to Pain Peverel, lord of Whittington in the county of Salop, had two daughters, the eldest of whom, Mellet, inherited the martial spirit of her race, and, although her hand was sought by many of the young nobility of the land, declared that she would bestow it upon him, and him only, who had been most distinguished for prowess in the field. Her father, admiring her determination, resolved on affording her a favourable opportunity of making a selection, and accordingly proclaimed that a tournament was to be held at 'Peverell's Place of the Peak,' at a certain time, where all of noble birth, and military skill, were invited to enter the lists of honour. To him who should come off the vanquisher, he promised his fair daughter, Mellet, for a wife, and his castle of Whittington as her dower. Many a knight of well-earned fame, of noble birth and bearing, and from distant homes, enrolled their names amongst the competitors for so much wealth and beauty; amongst them, a knight of Lorraine, with a maiden shield of silver, and a peacock for his crest. This puissant knight encountered, and overcame, all who had the courage to engage him; at length having vanquished a famous baron of Burgundy, and a son of the king of Scotland, he was adjudged the hand of Mellet, and the rich lordship of Whittington. The fortunate victor, whose name was Guarine de Meez, by his prowess in the tournament of the Peke, laid the foundation of the noble house of Fitzwarren.

HOLM-PEEL IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

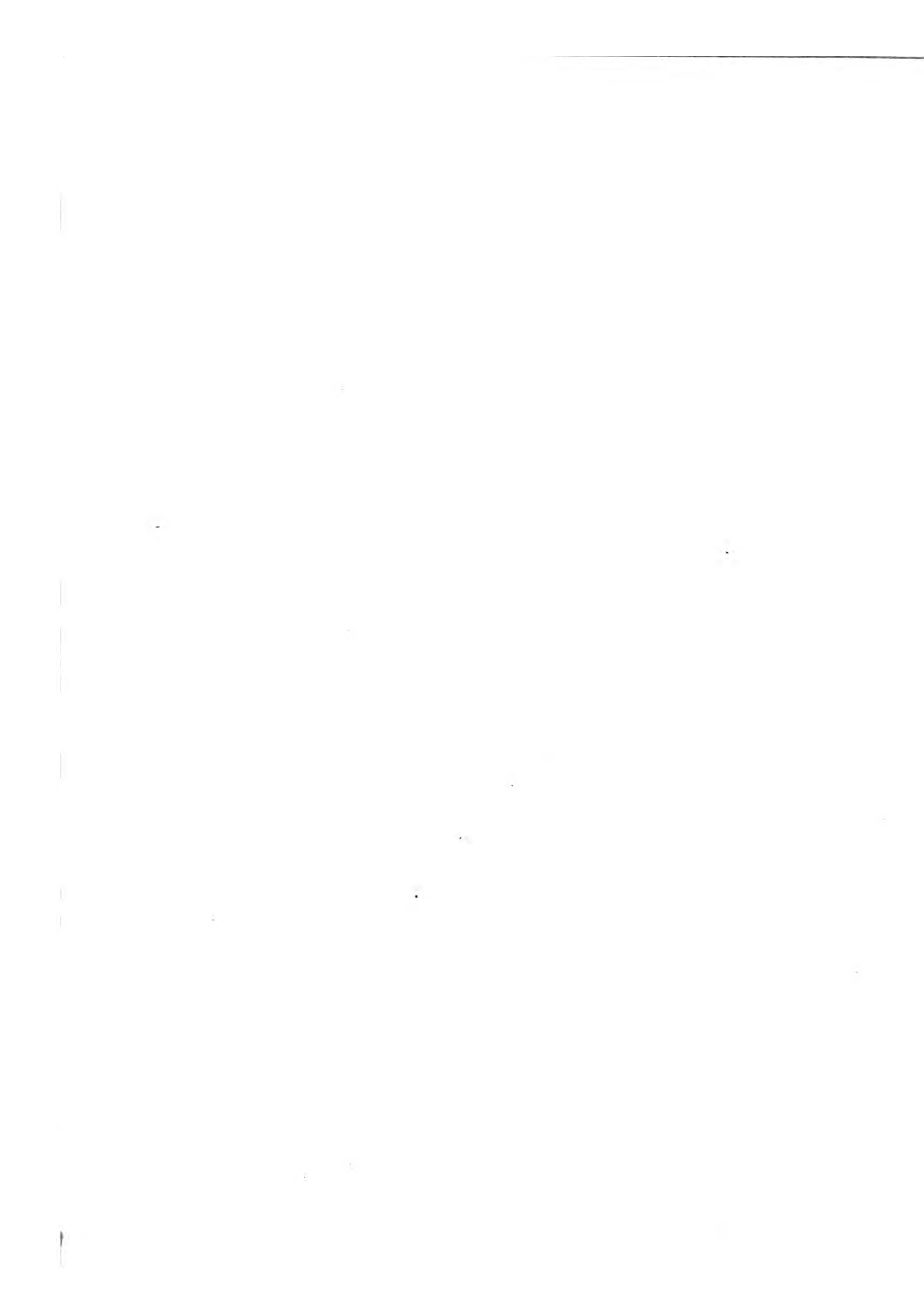
——— “on her frowning steep,
 'Twixt cloud and ocean hung,—
 Hewn in the rock a passage there,
 Sought the dark fortress by a stair,
 So strait, so high, so steep,
 With peasant's staff, one valiant hand
 Might well the dizzy path have mann'd
 'Gainst hundreds armed with spear and brand,
 And plunged them in the deep.”

[Peveril of the Peak, Vol. II. p. 106.]

“Fenella made a sign to Peveril to move with silence and caution, and then shewed him a boat, for it was now high-water, with four rowers, lurking under the cliff on which the castle was built: and made him farther sensible, that he was to have access to it by a ladder of considerable height, placed at the window of the ruin. Julia descended with caution, for the steps were unequal, broken, wet, and slippery: and, having placed himself on the stem of the boat, made a signal to the men to push off, and turned to take farewell of his guide. To his utter astonishment, Fenella rather slid down, than descended regularly the perilous ladder; and the boat being already pushed off, made a spring from the last step of it with incredible agility, and seated herself beside Peveril, ere he could express either remonstrance or surprise.”

Sodor, or Holm-Peel Castle, is one of the most extraordinary monuments of antiquity with which the little sea-girt Isle of Man abounds. It comprises the whole of a lofty rocky eminence, insulated at high water, and scarcely accessible when the tide is out, although connected to the main island by a stone causeway of great solidity. The whole upper surface of the rock is encompassed by double walls of considerable strength and thickness, and access to the interior was by means of two flights of steep and narrow steps, separated from each other by a strong tower and guard-room; under the former of which is an arch of entrance. The enclosed open space occupies an area of two acres, and includes several objects deserving of antiquarian notice. Besides the castle and donjon, here are the ruins of two spacious cathedral churches, the older dedicated to St. Patrick, the other to St. Germain: and near to these are seen two smaller churches, of solid masonry and fair proportions. The mouldering walls of these venerable structures, the architecture of a very remote period, are composed of a ragged grey stone, which forms a singular contrast to the bright red sandstone of which the architraves, mouldings, corner-stones, arches, and decorative parts of the building, are composed.

Within the spacious area of Holm-Peel, several other relics of customs, laws, and ceremonies of other times, are still preserved. Amongst them is a squared mound of earth, the angles of which correspond to the four cardinal points, on which the northern tribes are believed to have elected or recognized their chiefs, and where their solemn





Engraved by J. V. Thompson.



Engraved by G. Freburg

John Brown's trial, at the Court House, New York, 1859.

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legislative assemblies were held. There is here also one of those ancient Pillar towers, so frequent in Ireland, the origin and uses of which are still concealed from the historian. Various Runic monuments lie scattered all around, but the legends graven on them have not been deciphered; and later inscriptions to the memory of champions, of whom the names alone are preserved from oblivion. But the long blank of historic detail is amply filled up by numerous traditions and superstitious creations, with legends of Sea Kings, Hebridean Chiefs, and Norwegian Resolutes, who had formerly warred against, and in defence of, Holm-Peel.

Above and amidst these reminiscences of olden times, arose the noble castle itself,—now grey with antiquity, and sinking to decay; but so late even as the second Charles's reign, it was in tolerable repair, and strongly garrisoned. On the surrender of the island, the castle was plundered by the republican soldiers, who made off with furniture of little actual, but great historic and antiquarian worth.

The occupiers of the Castle of Holm-Peel were happy, or unfortunate, as the times they lived in. The lords of Man made this their principal abode, and the kings of Britain their occasional palace. The famous king-maker, Richard, Earl of Warwick, was confined here for a short period of his eventful life: and here, too, Eleanor, the haughty consort of the good Duke of Gloucester, pined away, in seclusion, during the last days of her banishment.

TRIAL OF THE PEVERILS.

————— “thou art come to answer

A stormy adversary, an inhuman wretch

Uncapable of pity, void and empty

From any dram of mercy.”

Merchant of Venice.

[Peveril of the Peak, Vol. III. p. 186.]

“The English nation differ from all others, in being very easily sated with punishment, even when they suppose it most merited. Other nations are like the tamed tiger, which, when its native appetite for slaughter is indulged in one instance, rushes on in promiscuous ravages. The English resemble the sleuth-dog, eager, firm, and clamorous in pursuit of prey, but desisting so soon as blood is sprinkled upon its path.

“Their minds were now beginning to cool—the character of the witnesses was more closely sifted—their testimonies in some cases did not tally—and a wholesome suspicion began to be entertained of men, who would never say they had made a full discovery of all they knew, but avowedly reserved some point of evidence to bear on future trials. Sir George Wakeman had been acquitted, and public attention was strongly excited concerning the event of the next trial, which chanced to be that of the Peverils, father and son, with whom little Hudson, the dwarf, was placed at the bar of the court of King's Bench, at Westminster, before the notorious Lord Chief Justice Scroggs.

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“It was a piteous sight to behold a father and son, who had been so long separated, meet under circumstances so melancholy; and many tears were shed, when the majestic old man—for such he was, though now broken with years—folded his son to his bosom, with a mixture of joy, affection, and a bitter anticipation of the event of the impending trial. There was a feeling in the court, that for a moment overcame every prejudice and party feeling. Many spectators shed tears, and there was even a low moaning, as of those who weep alone.”

On this trial, Scroggs was at a loss how to proceed: he was uncertain, from the daily change in public opinion, which side it was his interest to favour, and was, by these means, brought nearer to a state of impartiality than he had ever been on any previous occasion. This was shewn by his bullying now the accused, and now the witnesses, like a mastiff too much irritated to lie still without baying, but uncertain whom he shall first bite.

When the charge was stated by the counsel for the Crown, the notorious Titus Oates, rustling in the full canonicles of priesthood, appeared against the prisoner; a man possessed of no other talent for imposture, than an impudence which set conviction and shame alike at defiance. This audacious monster swore to an interview, at St. Omer, with the Countess of Derby; on which occasion, he said, she drew from her bosom a broad sharp-pointed knife, with which, she declared, it was her design to kill the king. Sir Geoffrey Peveril, unable to endure the extravagant perjury of the wretch, exclaimed, “Gentlemen of the jury, do but think if this is reasonable—though, if the villain could prove, by any honest evidence, that my Lady of Derby ever let such a scum as himself come to speak with her, I would believe all he can say.”

“Sir Geoffrey,” said Scroggs, sticking his thumbs into his girdle, a favourite attitude of his: “rest you quiet,—passion helps you not here.—The Doctor must be suffered to proceed.”

The introduction, however, of the Countess of Derby’s name, as an accomplice, now for the first time, was fatal to Oates’s testimony in this and prospective trials. The judge could not think the omission of so material a circumstance on former occasions explicable by any ingenuity. The Attorney-General, flinging down his brief in a huff, left the court; and in the gaze of many eyes, in which the tear of gladness glistened, the prisoners, being declared *not guilty*, were dismissed from the bar.

The father and son threw themselves into each other’s arms, and, after a manly and affectionate embrace, extended their hands to poor little Geoffrey Hudson, who had at length succeeded in securing some portion of their sympathy and gratulation.

King Charles arrogated to himself, with the Duke of Ormond, the merit of permitting an evasion of the law, whereby the Peverils were acquitted: but his Grace observed, that “he would rather have had the king redeem them, like a prince, by his royal prerogative of mercy, than that his judge should convey them out of the power of the law, like a juggler with his cups and balls.”



Geo. Cruikshank.

28-184.



Geo. Cruikshank.

28-184.



PEVERIL AND CHIFFINCH.

“ The courtier he was well prepared,
 And stoutly stood upon his guard ;
 But Lance put by the Frenchman’s thrust,
 And in right manfully he rusht ;
 The weapon from his grasp he wrung,
 And laid him on the earth along.”

[Peveril of the Peak, Vol. II. p. 284—5.

“When Peveril and Lance reached a tract of road, unvaried by the appearance of man, beast, or human habitation, they began to mend their pace, and lessen the distance which separated them, till they were within about twenty yards. Then Lance pricked his pony into full gallop, and pushing betwixt the courtier and his attendant, ere Chaubert had time for more than one exclamation, he upset both horse and Frenchman; *morbleu!* thrilling from his tongue as he rolled on the ground, amongst various spices and his magazine of sauces, which, escaping from the budget, lay tumbled on the highway in strange disorder: while Lance, springing from his palfrey, commanded his foeman to be still, under no less a penalty than that of death if he attempted to rise. Before Chiffinch could revenge his follower’s downfall, Julian seized his bridle with one hand, presented a pistol with the other, and commanded him to stand or die.—“Rogue,” said Chiffinch, “you have taken me by surprise,—if you are a highwayman, there is my purse,—do me no bodily harm, and spare the budget of spices and sauces.” “Master Chiffinch,” said Peveril, “I am a man of honour, give me back that packet which you stole from me the other night, or I will send a brace of balls through you, and search for it at leisure.” Chiffinch, willing to protract the time for the chance of assistance, pretended ignorance and innocence, and demanded the privileges of the code of honour. “Dishonourable rascal!” said Peveril, “yield up the packet first, and then, if you will, I will fight you on equal terms,—yield, or I will send you where the term of your life will be hard to answer for.”

“The tone of Peveril’s voice, the fierceness of his eye, and the manner in which he held the loaded weapon within a hand’s-breadth of Chiffinch’s head, convinced the latter that there was no time for trifling. He accordingly thrust his hand into a side-pocket, and disburdened it of Peveril’s packet. Lance had, after the first shock, sustained a very easy part of the rencontre: for, all he had to do was to point the butt of his whip, in the manner of a gun, at the intimidated Frenchman, who, lying on his back, and gazing at random on the skies, had as little the power or purpose of resistance, as any pig which had ever come under his own slaughter-knife.”

CARDINAL BALUE AT THE BOAR HUNT.

“ The beast was startled, and begun
 To kick and fling like mad, and run,
 Bearing the tough Priest like a sack,
 Or stout King Richard, on his back,
 Till stumbling, he threw him down,
 Sore bruised, and cast into a swoon.” BUTLER.

[Quentin Durward, Vol. I. p. 176.]

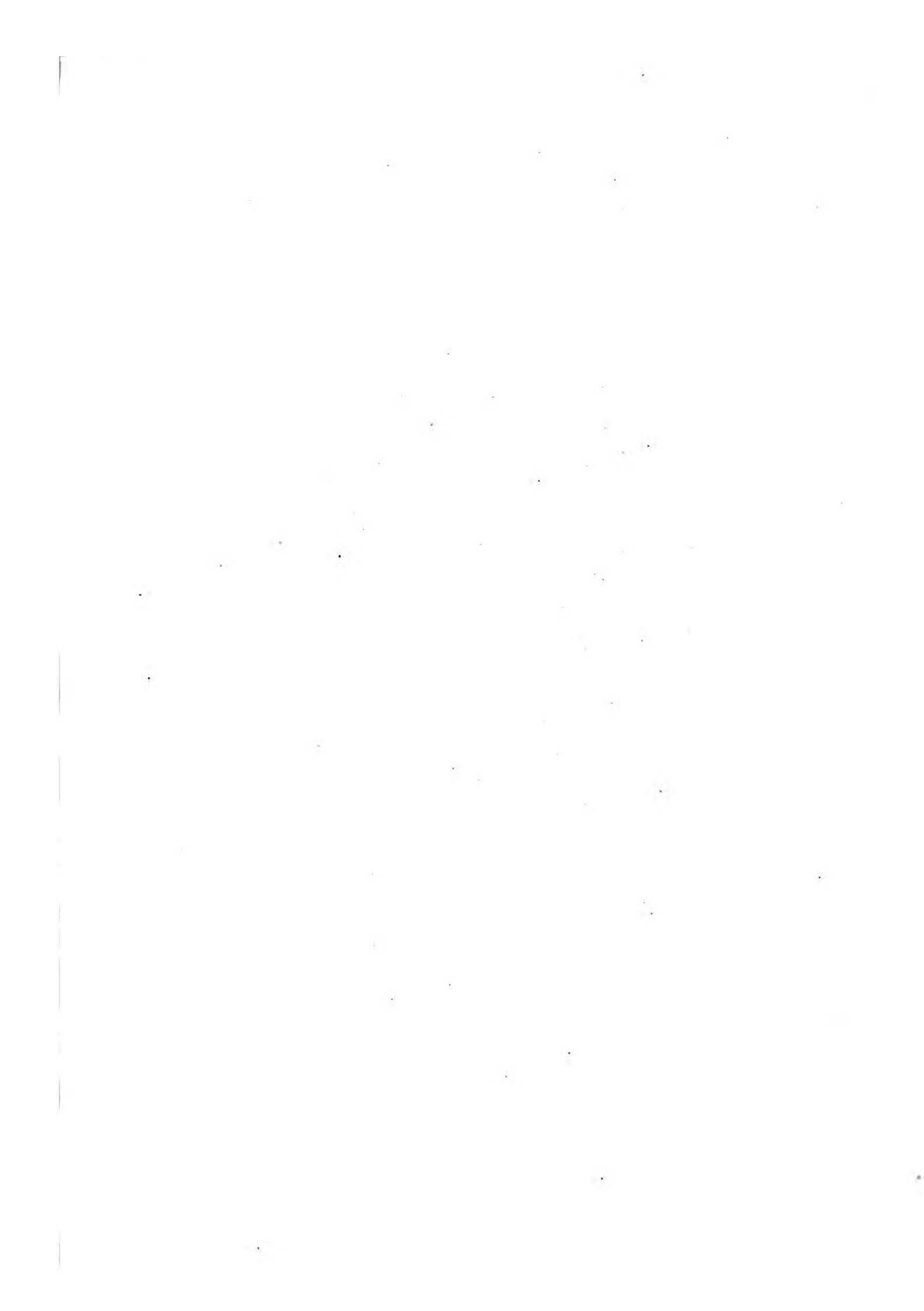
“ Before Balue could utter a word of apology, his horse, seizing the bit with his teeth, went forth at an uncontrollable gallop, leaving the king and Dunois behind.—He who has ever been run away with will have a full sense of the pain, peril, and absurdity of the situation. The four limbs of the quadruped fly at such a rate, as if the hindermost meant to overtake the foremost—the clinging legs of the biped, which we so often wish safely planted on the greensward, now only augment our distress by pressing the animal’s sides—the hands forsake the bridle for the mane—the body, instead of sitting upright on the centre of gravity, or stooping forward like a Newmarket jockey’s, lies crouched on the back of the animal, with no better chance of saving itself than a sack of corn. To this let there be added some peculiarity of costume—the scene of action a place of public display—and, if the poor wight would escape being the object of inextinguishable laughter, he must contrive to break a limb or two, or, which will be more effectual, to be killed on the spot: for, on no slighter condition will his fall excite any thing like serious sympathy. The Cardinal was dressed in a short violet-coloured gown, with scarlet stockings and hat, a uniform which, in conjunction with his utter helplessness, gave infinite zest to his exhibition of horsemanship. The Cardinal’s horse having taken matters into his own hand, flew up a long green avenue, overtook the pack in hard pursuit of the boar, overturned one or two yeomen prickers, trod down several dogs, and, animated by the clamours of the sylvan sport, carried the terrified Cardinal past the formidable animal itself, which was rushing on at a speedy trot, furious, and embossed with the foam which he churned around his tusks!”

LOUIS OF FRANCE, AND THE COUNT DE CREVECŒUR.

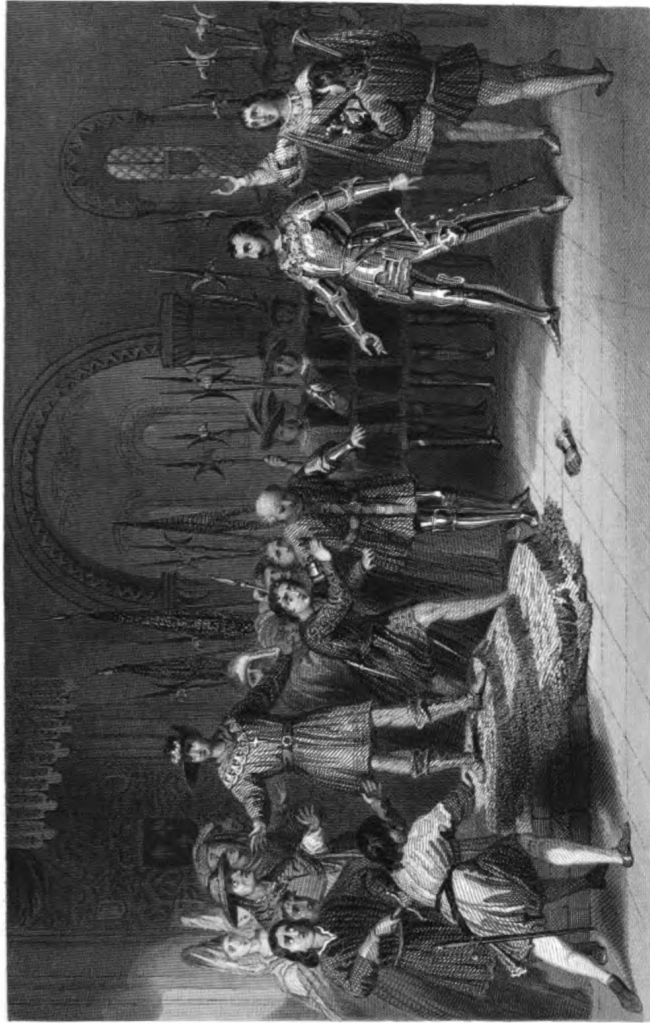
“ The sum of all our answer is but this:
 We would not seek a battle, as we are;
 Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
 Go tell your Master.” *King Henry V.*

[Quentin Durward, Vol. I. p. 169.]

“ Harken Louis of Valois, King of France,—harken nobles and gentlemen, who may be present,—harken all good and true men.—And thou, Toison d’Or,” addressing the herald, “ make proclamation after me,—I Philip Crevecœur of Cordes, Count of the Empire, and Knight of the honourable and princely order of the Golden Fleece, in the



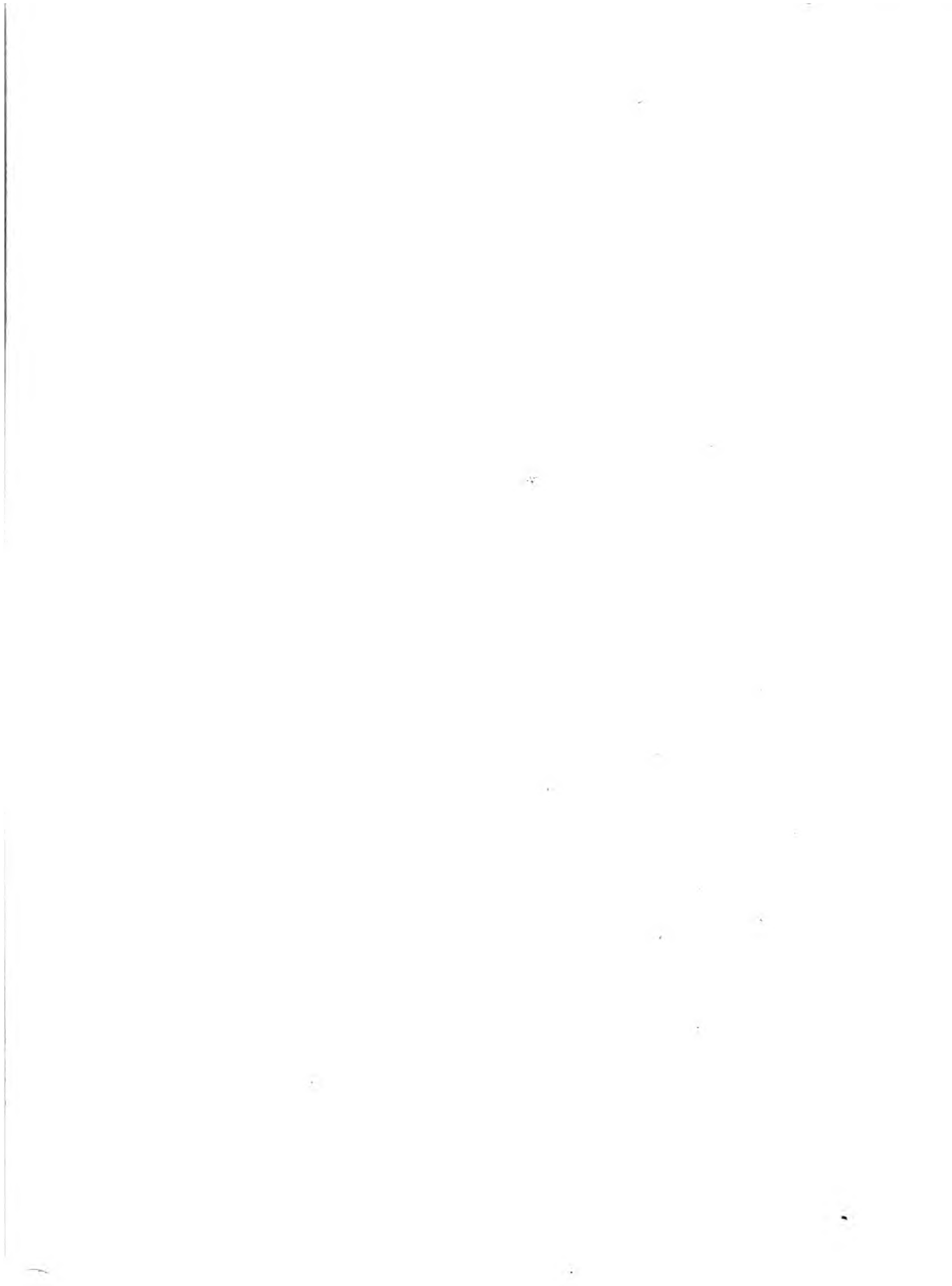




Engraved by G. P. [unreadable]

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name of the most puissant Lord and Prince, Charles, by the grace of God, Duke of Burgundy, &c., do give you, Louis, King of France, openly to know, that you having refused to remedy the various griefs, wrongs, and offences, done and wrought by you, or by and through your aid, suggestion, and instigation, against the said Duke and his loving subjects, he, by my mouth, renounces all allegiance and fealty towards your crown and dignity—pronounces you false and faithless; and defies you, as a prince, and as a man. There lies my gage, in evidence of what I have said.”

So saying, he plucked the gauntlet off his right hand, and flung it down on the floor of the hall.

Louis and his daughters, surrounded by the courtiers arranged in their proper places of precedence, received the Burgundian Envoy in the presence-chamber. Contrary to the usage amongst the representatives of friendly powers, the Count appeared all armed, excepting his head, in a gorgeous suit of the most superb Milan armour, made of steel, inlaid and embossed with gold, which was wrought into the fantastic taste called the arabesque; around his neck, and over his polished cuirass, hung his master's Order of the Golden Fleece, one of the most honoured associations then known in Christendom. A handsome page bore his helmet behind him, a herald preceded him, bearing his letters of credence, which he offered on his knee to the king, while the rest of his attendants waited in the ante-chamber or court-yard.

“Approach, Count,” said Louis, after a slight glance at his commission; “had you brought your fair partner, who shares our ancestral blood, in your hand, we might have thought you wore your armour, on this unwonted occasion, to maintain the superiority of her charms against the amorous chivalry of France.”

The Envoy lamented that he could not, on that occasion, reply with all that humble deference due to the royal courtesy of the king, and proceeded in the most formal manner to lay before his sovereign's sovereign, a statement of the wrongs and oppressions committed on the Burgundian frontier, by the garrison and officers of the king. He next demanded a categorical answer to his master's proposition, “that the king should discontinue his underhand dealings with the towns of Ghent, Liege, and Malines, and recall his secret agents employed in inflaming the citizens of Flanders. The Duke of Burgundy further required that his Majesty should send back, or deliver up, Isabella, Countess of Croye, and her relative the Countess Hameline, who had withdrawn from the Duke's dominions, and sought an asylum in those of the French monarch. To all which demands Louis having returned evasive answers, the Envoy acquitted himself of his last act of duty by throwing down the gauntlet, in his master's name. No sooner had the clash of the gauntlet, when cast down, been echoed by the deep voice of Toisson d'Or, the Burgundian herald, with the ejaculation “Vive Bourgogne!” than there was a general tumult. While Dunois, Orleans, Lord Crawford, and others, whose rank authorized their interference, contended which should lift up the gauntlet, the others in the hall exclaimed, “Strike him down! cut him to pieces! Comes he here to insult the king of France in his own palace!!”

The king prohibited the offering of violence to the Envoy, and strictly commanded that the gage should still remain untouched by any of his champions, while he made yet further experiment of his sophistry. But Crevecœur upraided him with ingratitude to his master, in whose palace he had once found a safe asylum, and, in the same bold manner that he entered, withdrew from the presence-chamber, saying, "Farewell, Sire, my mission is discharged."

"After him, after him,—take up the gauntlet, and after him!" said the king: "not you, Dunois, nor you, Lord Crawford,—you are, perhaps, too old for such hot frays,—nor you, Cousin of Orleans, who are too young. My Lord Cardinal, my Lord Bishop of Auxerre,—it is your holy office to make peace amongst princes; do you lift the gauntlet, and remonstrate with Count Crevecœur on the sin he has committed, in thus bearding a monarch in his own court, and forcing us to bring the miseries of war upon his kingdom and his neighbours."

MURDER OF THE BISHOP OF LIEGE.

"How actual through the lapse of years,
That scene of death and dread appears.
The maiden shrouded in her veil,
The burghers half resolved, half pale;
And the young archer leant prepared,
With dagger hidden, but still bared.—
Are real—as if that stormy scene
In our own troubled life had been.
Such is the magic of the page
That brings again another age.
Such, Scott, the charms thy pages cast,
O mighty master of the past!"

L. E. L.

[Quentin Durward, Vol. II. p. 88.]

"William de la Marck," said the Bishop, "thou hast stirred up to sedition an imperial city—hast assaulted and taken the palace of the prince of the holy German empire—slain his people—plundered his goods—maltreated his person,—for this thou art liable to the ban of the empire—hast deserved to be declared outlawed and fugitive, landless and rightless. More than mere human laws hast thou broken—more than mere human vengeance hast thou deserved. Thou hast broken into the sanctuary of the Lord—laid violent hands upon a father of the church—defiled the house of God with blood and rapine, like a sacrilegious robber." "Hast thou yet done?" said De la Marck. "No!" answered the Prelate, "I have not yet told thee the terms which you demanded to hear from me." "Go on, then, and let the terms please better than the preface, or woe to thy grey head? And flinging himself back in his seat, he grinded his teeth, till the foam flew from his lips as from the tusks of the savage animal whose name and spoils he wore."







Engraved by J. Knapton

1713

Printed by J. Knapton

Murder of the Bishops of Liège. An engraving to the Bishopric de Liège.

PHILIP, SON OF LOUIS, & PARIS 1713.

“Such are thy crimes,—now hear the terms which I condescend to offer. Fling down thy leading staff—renounce thy command—unbind thy prisoners—restore thy spoil—distribute what else thou hast of goods, to relieve those whom thou hast made widows and orphans,—array thyself in sackcloth and ashes,—take a palmer’s staff in thy hand, and go on a pilgrimage to Rome, and we will ourselves be intercessors for thee, with the Imperial chamber, for thy life,—with the holy father the Pope, for thy soul.”

“While Louis of Bourbon proposed these terms, in a tone as decided as if he still occupied the episcopal throne, the tyrant slowly raised himself in his chair: amazement gradually passing into rage, until, as Louis ceased, he looked to Nihkel Blok, and raised his finger without speaking a word. The ruffian struck, as if he had been doing his office in the common shambles, and the murdered bishop sank, without a groan, at the foot of his own episcopal throne.”

The Liegers, not prepared for so horrible a catastrophe, started up unanimously with an air of execration, mingled with shouts of vengeance; but De la Marck, raising his tremendous voice above the tumult, and shaking his clenched hand and extended arm, shouted aloud, “How now, ye porkers of Liege,—ye wallowers in the mire of Maese! do ye dare to mate yourselves with the Wild Boar of Ardennes? Up, ye Boar’s brood! let these Flemish hogs see your tusks!” Each had, in an instant, his next neighbour by the collar, while his right hand brandished a broad dagger, that glimmered against lamplight and moonshine. Every arm was uplifted, but no one struck; for the victims were too much surprised for resistance, and it was probably the object of De la Marck only to impose terror on his civic confederates.

The ancient city of Liege, formerly the capital of the bishopric of the same name, is seated on the river Maese, in a valley overhung by hills and forests. At this place the river is separated into three branches, which are crossed, in their passage through the city, by seventeen handsome stone bridges. The city, which has a circumference of four miles, and contains 50,000 inhabitants, is divided into upper and lower, the former consisting of houses gloomy and lofty, and of streets encumbered with filth: the *lower* is subdivided into the Isle and the Quarter beyond the Maese. The public buildings are not without interest: the cathedral, erected in the eighth century, is a large but inelegant gothic edifice. Churches, convents, and other religious foundations, occupied formerly so much of this city, that it was called “the paradise of priests, the purgatory of men, and the hell of women.” The tomb of Sir John Mandeville, the celebrated English traveller, is shown in St. William’s convent; and the saddle, spurs, and knife, that belonged to him, were long preserved beside it. The magnificent palace of the bishops of Liege, where the murder of the bishop took place, was totally destroyed by fire in the year 1734.

MEG DODS AND CAPTAIN MAC TURK.

“ 'Tis he, 'tis he ! I know him now,
I know him by his jet-black brow.”

[St. Ronan's Well, Vol. I. p. 205.

“ Meg, without deigning farther reply, flourished around her head the hearth-broom, which she had been employing to its more legitimate purpose, when disturbed in her housewifery by Captain Mac Turk. “I ken your errand weel eneugh, Captain ; and I ken yoursell. Ye are ane of the folk that gang about yonder, setting folk by the lugs, as callants set their collies to fight. But ye sall come to nae lodger o'mine, let a-be Maister Tirl, wi' ony sic ungodly errand : for I am ane that will keep God's peace and the king's within my dwelling.’ Another flourish of the broom. The veteran instinctively threw himself under St. George's guard, drew two paces back, and exclaimed, ‘The woman is either mad, or as drunk as whiskey can make her ; an alternative which afforded Meg so little satisfaction, that she rushed on her retiring adversary, and began to use her weapon to fell purpose.’”

“ ‘Me drunk, ye scandalous blackguard !’ (a blow with the broom interposed as parenthesis)—‘me that am fasting from all but sin and bohea !’ (another whack). The captain, swearing, exclaiming, and parrying, caught the blows as they fell, and maintained a self-defence until the return of Tyrrel, from a short walk, put a period to the contest.”

“ Meg, who had a great respect for her guest, slunk into the house, which gave Tyrrel an opportunity to ask the captain the meaning of this singular affray ; to which the veteran replied ‘that he should have known that long ago, if he had decent people to open the door, instead of that flyting mad woman, who was worse than an eagle, or a she-bear, or any other female beast.’”

DOUGAL MAC CALLUM AND HUTCHEON.

“ Courage uncertain dangers may abate,
But who can bear th' approach of certain *Fate* !” DRYDEN.

[Redgauntlet, Vol. I. p. 176.

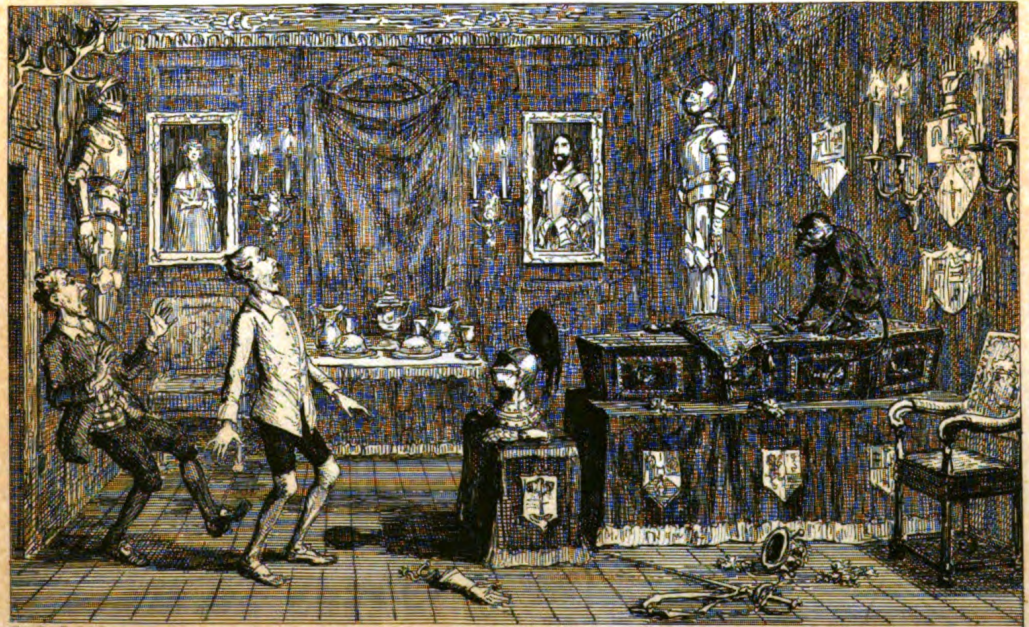
“ When midnight came, and the house was quiet as the grave, sure aneugh the silver whistle sounded as sharp and shrill as if Sir Robert was blowing it, and up gat the twa old serving men, and tottered into the room where the dead man lay. Hutcheon saw enough at the first glance : for there were torches in the room, which showed him the foul fiend in his ain shape, sitting on the laird's coffin ! Over he cowped, as if he had been dead. He could not tell how long he lay in a trance at the door ; but when he gathered himself, he cried on his neighbour, and, getting no answer, raised the house, when Dougal was found lying within twa steps of the bed where his master's coffin was placed. As for the whistle, it was gaen anes and aye : but mony a time was





May Day in London, 1850. May Day in London, 1850.

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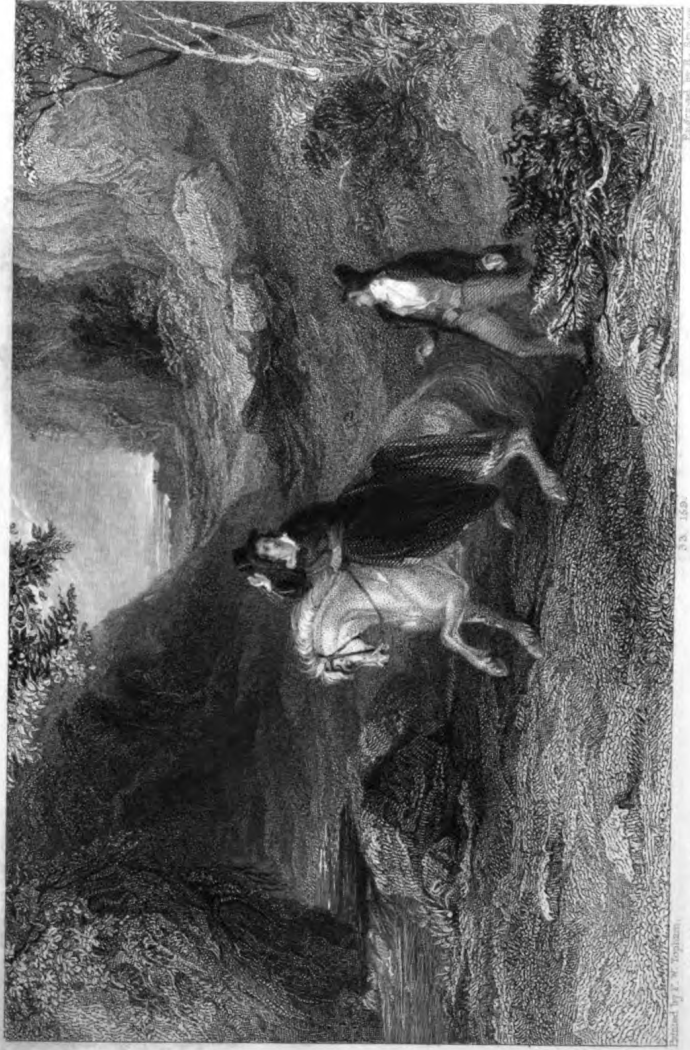
Geo. Cruikshank.

57. 378.

Young Mrs. Cullum and Hatching.

Young Mrs. Cullum & Hatching.

FRANKLIN & CO. LONDON & PARIS, 1850.





it heard on the top of the house, on the bartizan, and among the auld chimneys and turrets, where the howlets have their nests. Sir John Redgauntlet hushed the matter up, and his father's funeral passed over without mair bogle-work."

Every night after Sir Robert's death, his silver call had sounded from the state chamber, just as it used to do at nights in his lifetime, to call Dougal to help to turn him in his bed. Dougal being alone on the same floor with the corpse, (for nobody cared to wake Sir Robert Redgauntlet like another corpse,) had never dared to answer the call; but at last his conscience accused him, and persuading Hutcheon, who had stood by him in battle and broil, to accompany him, he entered the chamber where he encountered and was subdued by Death.

CLARA MOWBRAY AND TYRREL.

"Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again—
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life." SHAKESPEARE.

[St. Ronan's Well, Vol. I. p. 159.]

"Look at me—you remember what I was—see what grief and solitude have made me.' Clara flung back the veil which surrounded her riding-hat, and which had hitherto concealed her face. It was the same countenance which he had formerly known in all the bloom of early beauty; but though the beauty remained, the bloom was fled for ever. Not the agitation of exercise—not that which arose from the pain and confusion of this unexpected interview, had called to poor Clara's cheek even the momentary semblance of colour. Her complexion was marble-white like that of the finest piece of statuary.' 'Is it possible?' said Tyrrel, 'can grief have made such ravages?' 'Grief,' replied Clara, is the sickness of the mind, and its sister is the sickness of the body—they are twin-sisters, and are seldom long separate. Sometimes the body's disease comes first, and dims our eyes, and palsies our hands, before the fire of our mind and of our intellect is quenched. But mark me—soon after comes her cruel sister, with her urn, and sprinkles cold dew on our hopes, and on our loves, our memories, our recollections, and our feelings; and shows us that they cannot survive the decay of our bodily powers."

Before Clara had withdrawn her veil, Tyrrel indulged the fond hope that grief had not laid so heavy a hand upon the object of his youthful affections; and he yet fancied that all those charms, and all that loveliness, which arose from the combination of beauty, youth, and a cultivated mind, could not have yielded so rapidly to the attacks of sorrow. But his hopes, his expectations, like the once bright mind of the unhappy Clara, were soon overthrown. Care and anguish had blighted a countenance that formerly beamed with joy; and her unconnected, rapid manner, but too truly indicated her mental aberration. Tyrrel in vain endeavoured to recall those moments of happiness he had passed in the society of his Clara: in vain he pointed to the possibility of their yet obtaining the consummation of that object, for which alone he seemed to think his existence worth enjoying; but Clara only moralized in a wild, incoherent strain. At length, permitting the sad victim of a

cruel stratagem to pursue her destination towards Shaw's Castle, her palfrey, released from the restraint of Tyrrel's hand, soon bore her beyond the ken of his anxious eyes. This meeting of Tyrrel and Miss Mowbray is supposed to have occurred in one of the numerous little wooded glens, that intersect the vale of the Tweed in the vicinity of Innerleithen, the prototype of St. Ronan's Well.

DEATH OF CLARA MOWBRAY.

————— "O give me thy hand—
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave."

SHAKSPEARE.

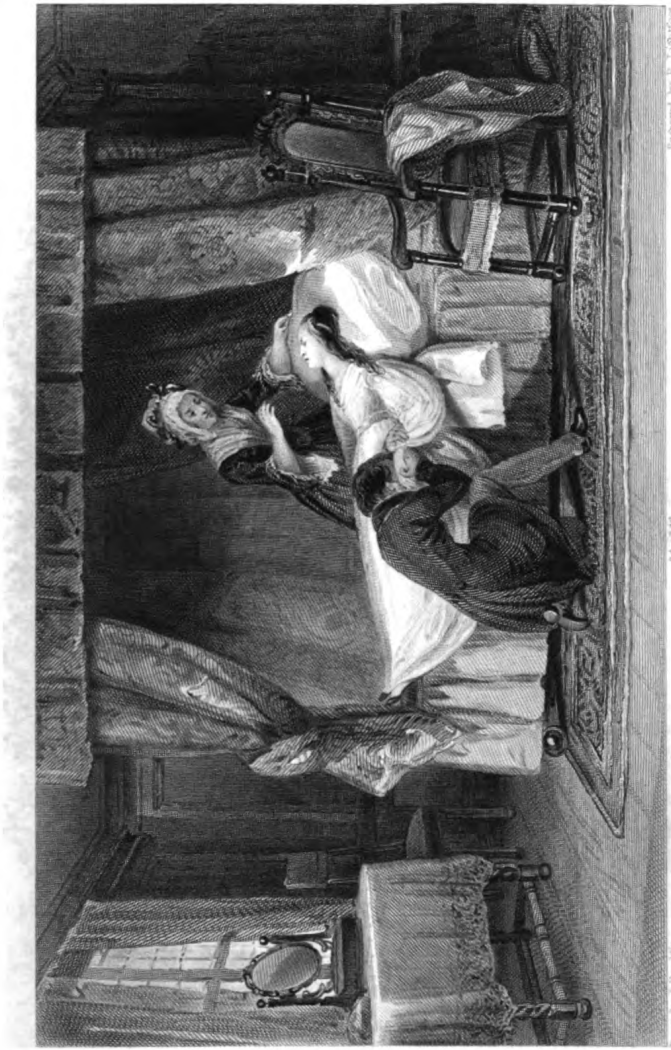
[St. Ronan's Well, Vol II. p. 347.]

"'Is life gone? Is every spark extinct?' Tyrrel exclaimed eagerly to a country surgeon, a sensible man, who had been summoned from Marchthorn in the course of the night. The medical man shook his head. Tyrrel rushed to the bedside, and was convinced by his own eyes that the being whose sorrows he had both caused and shared, was now insensible to all earthly calamity. He raised almost a shriek of despair, as he threw himself on the pale hand of the corpse, wet it with tears, devoured it with kisses, and acted, for a short time, the part of a distracted person. At length, at the repeated expostulations of all present, he suffered himself to be again conducted to another apartment, the surgeon following, anxious to give such sad consolation as the case admitted of. 'As you are so deeply concerned for the untimely fate of this young lady,' he said, 'it may be some satisfaction to you, though a melancholy one, to know, that it has been occasioned by a pressure on the brain, probably accompanied by a suffusion; and if life had been spared, reason, in all probability, would never have returned. In such case, sir, the most affectionate relation must own, that death, in comparison to life, is a mercy.'"

To a man in Tyrrel's state of mind, all reasoning was useless, all explanation vain: he rushed from the house, exclaiming, "Revenge! revenge! give way, I charge you." Mr. Touchwood endeavoured to interrupt his rapid progress, and inform him of the circumstances of Bulmer's death; but Tyrrel, now eternally inconsolable, only answered, "You bring tidings of death to the house of death: there is nothing in this world left, that I should live for."

The village of Innerleithen, the original of St. Ronan's Well, is situated about thirty miles to the southward of Edinburgh, and six from the town of Peebles. It stands on a little plain on the left bank of the Tweed, a short distance above the afflux of the Leithen water with that river. The description of the valley of St. Ronan's Well, given in the first chapter of the novel, corresponds, in every minute particular, with the character of Innerleithen. "A river of considerable magnitude pours its stream through a narrow vale, varying in breadth from two miles to a fourth of that distance, and which, being composed of rich alluvial soil, is, and has been long enclosed, tolerably well inhabited, and cultivated with all the skill of Scottish agriculture. Either side of the valley is





Engraved by R. Griffiths.

34-346

Drawn by J. Embleton.

bounded by a chain of hills, which, on the right, in particular, may be almost termed mountains. Little brooks, arising in these ridges, and finding their way to the river, offer each its own little vale to the industry of the cultivator. Some of them bear fine large trees, which have as yet escaped the axe, and upon the sides of most of them are scattered patches and fringes of natural copsewood, above and around which the banks of the stream arise, somewhat desolate in the colder months, but in summer glowing with dark purple heath, or with the golden lustre of the broom and gorse. This is a sort of scenery peculiar to those countries which abound, like Scotland, in hills and in streams, and where the traveller is ever and anon discovering, in some intricate and unexpected recess, a simple and sylvan beauty, which pleases him the more, that it seems to be peculiarly his own property, as the first discoverer."

"In one of these recesses, and so near its opening as to command the prospect of the river Tweed, the broader valley, and the opposite chain of hills, stands the village of St. Ronan's."—(Innerleithen.)

This romantic glen and its picturesque village, have long continued to provoke the pencil of the tourist; the ambition of commercial speculation also marked it for its purposes; and lastly the votary of pleasure, and the valetudinarian, found here an agreeable and salubrious retreat from the gaieties and cares of active life. In the year 1790, Alexander Brodie, a native of Peebles, who had acquired considerable wealth by his industry and perseverance in the capital of Great Britain, expended a large sum in the establishment of a woollen factory at this secluded village. The introduction of manufactures caused a rapid accession to the number of villagers, and conferred a much greater publicity on the name and character of the place; but its reputation was raised still higher by the discovery of a mineral spring possessing considerable value in scorbutic cases. About the year 1822, the Spa of Innerleithen suddenly acquired a reputation that attracted numerous visitors from Edinburgh and more distant places. Previous to that date, a primitive pump poured out the remedial waters, but this simple piece of mechanism was then obliged to make way for a handsome architectural structure, which was raised over the spring by the Earl of Traquair. The growing celebrity of the favoured spot was still farther augmented by the publication of the novel called "St. Ronan's Well," with the scenery of which, Innerleithen was readily and with certainty identified. The transient residents of the vale are now accommodated in substantial dwellings, replete with all the usual convenience of more important places. Two public inns have been added, a circulating library established, and the enjoyments of the season promoted by concerts, balls, and various public amusements; amongst the latter may be mentioned "The St. Ronan's Border Club," under whose auspices an annual festival is held, for the exhibition of gymnastic exercises, and competition in fishing, shooting, and other manly sports. The visitors are rewarded with medals, appropriately inscribed, and the sports are concluded by a convivial assembly held at one of the principal inns.

SALMON-HUNTING ON SOLWAY-FIRTH.

“ The hunt is up, the ev'n is bright and warm.”

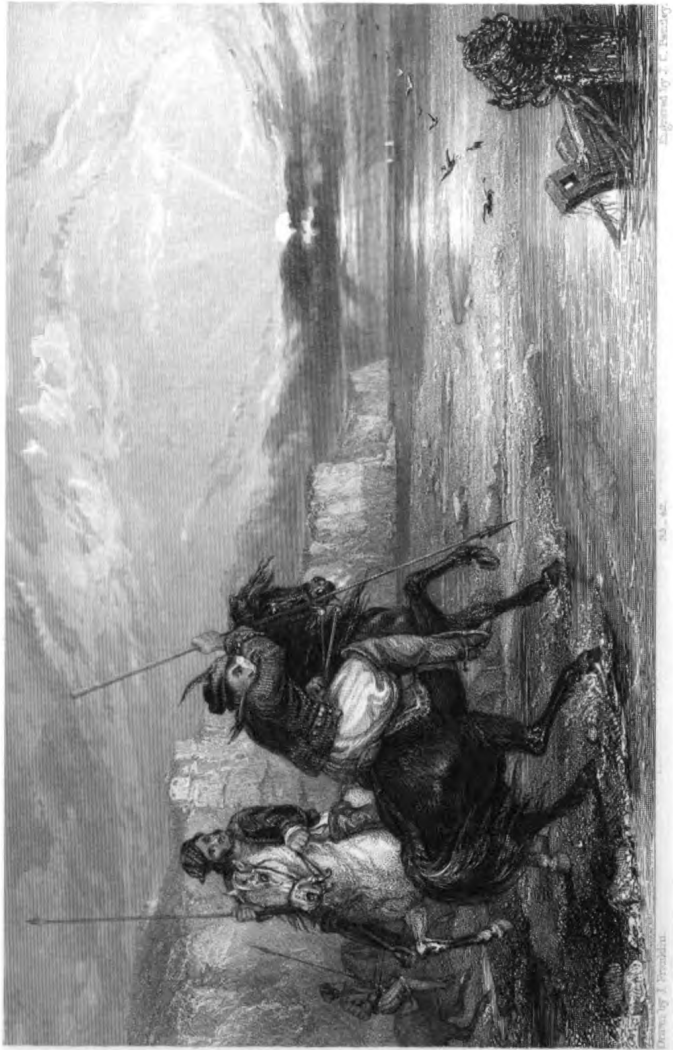
[Redgauntlet, Vol. I. p. 41-2.

“The waters had receded from the large and level space of sand, through which a stream, now feeble and fordable, found its way to the ocean, and the banks of the great estuary were at this time very bare and exposed. The whole was illuminated by the beams of the low and setting sun, who showed his ruddy front like a warrior prepared for defence, over a huge battlemented and turreted wall of crimson and black clouds, which appeared like an immense gothic fortress, into which the lord of day was descending. His setting rays glimmered bright upon the wet surface of the sands, and the numberless pools of water by which it was covered, where the inequality of the ground had occasioned their being left by the tide.”

“The scene was animated by the exertions of a number of horsemen, who were actually employed in hunting salmon: they chased the fish at full gallop, and struck them with their barbed spears, as you see hunters spearing boars in the old tapestry. The salmon, to be sure, take the thing more quietly than the boars; but they are so swift in their own element, that to pursue and strike them is the task of a good horseman, with a quick eye, a determined hand, and full command both of his horse and weapon. The shouts of the fellows, as they galloped up and down in the animating exercise—their loud bursts of laughter when any of their number caught a fall—and still louder acclamations when any of the party made a capital stroke with his lance—gave so much life to the whole scene, that Darsie Latimer caught the enthusiasm of the sport, and ventured forward a considerable space on the sands of the Solway. The feats of one horseman, in particular, called forth so repeatedly the clamorous applause of his companions, that the very banks rang again with their shouts. He was a tall man, well mounted on a strong black horse, which he caused to turn and wind like a bird in the air, carried a longer spear than the others, and wore a sort of fur cap, or bonnet, with a short feather in it, which gave him on the whole rather a superior appearance to the other fishermen. He seemed to hold some sort of authority among them, and occasionally directed their motions both by voice and hand; at which times his gestures were striking; and his voice sounded uncommonly sonorous and commanding.”

The sport of salmon-hunting is no fiction of the novelist, but an amusement long practised on the shores of the Solway Firth, particularly at that part where the embouchure of the Esk forms numerous shallow channels in the sands. The mode is here accurately described, but the sport is now no longer pursued.





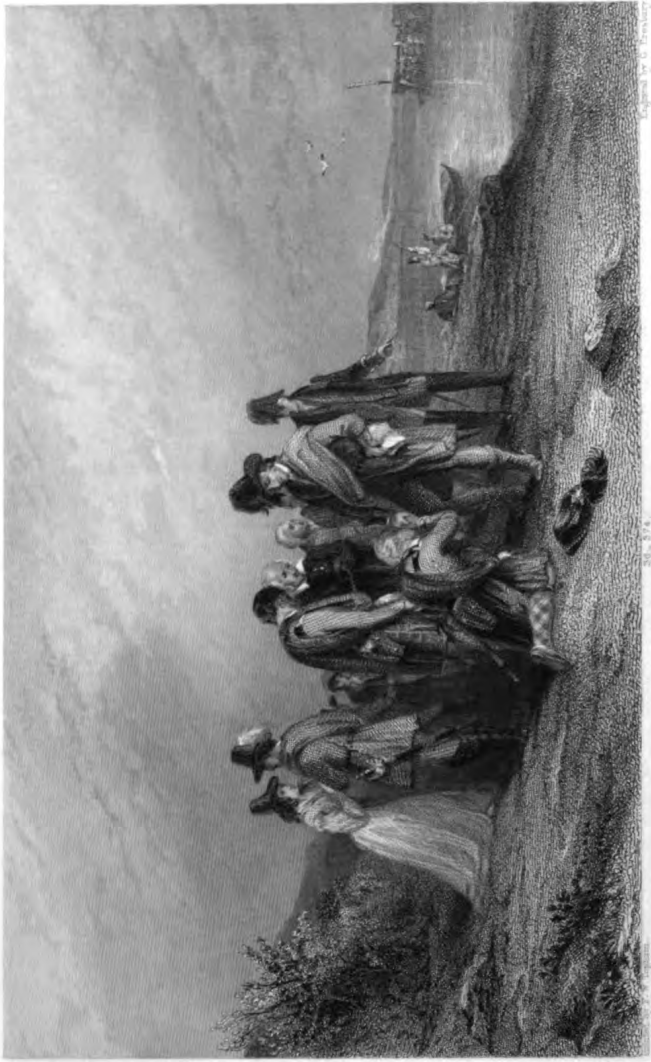


Fig. 1. A group of people on a beach, with a ship in the background.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD TAKING LEAVE OF HIS FOLLOWERS.

———"No, 'tis no land of thine ;
 Thy place is filled, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
 Thy balm washed off, wherewith thou wast anointed ;
 No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now."

SHAKSPEARE.

[Redgauntlet, vol II. p. 372-3.]

"Arrived at the place of embarkation, the prince stood a moment with folded arms, and looked around him in deep silence. A paper was put into his hand, apprizing him that two of his most faithful adherents proposed to embark from Bowness. 'Then,' said he, 'I wish only another companion: Redgauntlet, the air of this country is as hostile to you as it is to me. These gentlemen have made their peace, or rather they have done nothing to break it. But you—come you, and share my home, where chance shall cast it. We shall never see these shores again.' 'I follow you, sire, through life,' said Redgauntlet, 'as I would have followed you to death.'

"The Prince then looked round, and seeing the abashed countenances of his other adherents bent upon the ground, he hastened to say, 'Do not think that you, gentlemen, have obliged me less, because your zeal was mingled with prudence, entertained, I am sure, more on my own account, and on that of your country, than from selfish apprehensions.'

"He stepped from one to another, and, amid sobs and bursting tears, received the adieus of the last remnant which hitherto had supported his lofty pretensions, and addressed them individually with accents of tenderness and affection."

Redgauntlet, meanwhile, was occupied in consoling his Nephew for the loss which was inevitable, and, turning to Liliastoun, he said, "Niece, farewell, and may God bless you also." "No, sir," she replied, seizing his hand eagerly, "you have been hitherto my protector—you are now in sorrow, let me be your attendant and comforter in exile." "I thank you, my girl, for your unmerited affection, but it cannot and must not be. The curtain here falls between us. I go to the house of another.—If I leave it before I quit the earth, it shall be only for the house of God. Once more, farewell both!—The fatal doom," he said, with a melancholy smile, "will, I trust, now depart from the house of Redgauntlet, since its present representative has adhered to the winning side. I am convinced he will not change it, should it in time become the losing one."

"Charles Edward had now given his last adieus to his downcast adherents; he made a sign with his hand to Redgauntlet, who came to assist him into the skiff. General Campbell also offered his assistance; the rest appearing too much affected by the scene that had taken place, to prevent him." They were seated in the boat, which presently pulled off from the land, and, it is said, that the general, Whig and Campbell as he was, could not help joining in the universal Amen which resounded from the shore at the close of the chaplain's benediction."

Charles Edward Stuart, called the *Pretender*, grandson of king James II. king of England, was the son of James Edward, and Clementine, daughter of Prince Sobiesky. He was born at Rome, in 1720, and from his cradle seemed inspired with an impulse that induced him, at the early age of twenty-two, to attempt the recovering of the throne of his ancestors. Encouraged by the court of Rome, he visited Paris in the disguise of a Spanish courier, and succeeded in gaining over Louis XV., who consented to place 15,000 men at his disposal: but the fleet that was to convey them to the British shores was dispersed, before it had gained the open sea, by the English Admiral Norris. The Pretender, not deterred by this disappointment, with borrowed money, seven trusty followers, and 1,500 stand of arms, landed on the north-west coast of Scotland, on the 27th of June, 1745. He was joined, almost immediately, by many of the Scotch nobles, and collected an army sufficient to enable him to take Perth, where he was proclaimed Regent of England, Ireland, and Scotland. He next occupied Edinburgh, defeated the English at Preston Pans, successfully besieged Carlisle, removed his headquarters to Manchester, and advanced within 100 miles of London. But, want of support, disunion, and jealousy, amongst the adherents of the Stuarts, rendered their opposition to a very superior force abortive, and compelled the Prince to retire in the beginning of the year 1746.—The last victorious day of the Stuarts was that of Falkirk, (21st of January, 1746.) The fate, the fortune, the hopes of the Pretender were brought to a memorable termination on the field of Culloden, where the Duke of Cumberland totally overthrew his army, on the 26th of April, 1746.—From this period the Prince, deserted by most of his partisans, wandered amid the highlands of Scotland, sometimes without food, and while a price of £30,000 was set upon his head. At length he was discovered by his faithful friend O'Neil, and with him was taken on board a French frigate, which had been despatched to relieve him, in Lochnanach.

Five months after the battle of Culloden he reached France, destitute of everything, but, by the influence of Madame Pompadour, he obtained from the French court an annual pension of 200,000 livres for life. He persisted to his latest moments in requiring all that respect and ceremony which pertain to royalty, to be shown him; and, in order to perpetuate the name and race of Stuart, in the 52d year of his age he espoused a princess of Stollberg-Gedern; but the violence of his manners led to a speedy separation. He died at Rome on the 21st of January 1788, in the 68th year of his age, and was entombed at Frescati, in a manner suitable to that dignity to which he aspired in his lifetime. A sceptre, crown, sword, and the escutcheon of England and Scotland, adorned his coffin; and his only surviving brother, Cardinal of York, performed the funeral service for "dead King Charles."



Painted by E. W. Verelstam.

NO. 116.

Engraved by G. Peckham.

The Ruins of the City of Babylon

1850

EVELINE BERENGER AND ROSE.

“’Twas when ye raised, ’mid sap and siege,
 The banner of your rightful liege
 At your she-captain’s call,
 Who, miracle of womankind,
 Lent mettle to the meanest hind,
 That mann’d her castle wall.

W. S. ROSE.

[Tales of the Crusaders.—The Betrothed, vol. I. p. 113,-14.

“The calmness of all around seemed to press like a weight on the bosom of the unhappy Eveline, and brought to mind a deeper sense of present grief, and keener forebodings of future horrors, than had reigned there during the bustle, blood, and confusion of the preceding day. She rose up—she sat down—she moved to and fro on the platform—she remained fixed like a statue to a single spot, as if she were trying by variety of posture to divert her internal sense of fear and sorrow. At length, looking at Father Aldrovand and the Fleming, as they slept soundly under the shade of the battlement, she could no longer forbear breaking silence: ‘Men are happy,’ she said; ‘their anxious thoughts are either diverted by toilsome exertion, or drowned in the insensibility which follows it. They may encounter wounds or death; but it is we who feel in the spirit a more keen anguish than the body knows, and in the gnawing sense of present ill, and fear of future misery, suffer a living death, more cruel than that which ends our woes at once.’ ‘Do not be downcast, noble lady,’ said Rose, ‘be rather the heroine you were but yesterday.’ Alas, Rose,’ answered her mistress, ‘you have a father to fight and watch for you; mine, my kind, noble, and honoured parent, lies dead on yonder field, and all which remains for me is, to act as may best become his memory.’”

“So saying, and overpowered by the long repressed burst of filial sorrow, she sank down on the banquette which ran along the inside of the embattled parapet of the platform, and murmuring to herself, “He is gone for ever!” abandoned herself to the extremity of grief. One hand grasped unconsciously the weapon which she held, and seemed, at the same time, to press her forehead; while the tears, by which she was now for the first time relieved, flowed in torrents from her eyes, and her sobs seemed so convulsive, that Rose almost feared her heart was bursting. Affection and sympathy dictated the kindest course which Eveline’s condition permitted. Without attempting to control the torrent of grief in its full current, she gently sat down beside the mourner, and possessing herself of the hand which had sunk motionless by her side, she alternately pressed it to her lips, her bosom, and her brow—now covered it with kisses, now bedewed it with tears, awaiting a more composed moment to offer her little stock of consolation in such deep silence and stillness, that, as the pale light fell upon the two beautiful young women, it seemed rather to shew a group of statuary, the work of some eminent sculptor, than beings whose eyes still wept, and whose hearts still throbbed. The glimmering corslet of the Fleming, and the dark garments of Father Aldrovand, as they lay prostrated on the stone-steps, might represent the bodies of those for whom the principal figures were mourning.”

The original of the "Garde Doloureuse" is supposed, by antiquaries, to be the castle of Clun, in Shropshire, near the Welsh border. Of its monuments of fallen grandeur, few now remain to repay the tourist, yet we have ample historic assurances of its having been a fortress of power, pre-eminent in its time; and that the haughty owner was oftentimes engaged in strife, "bitter and bloody," with the hardy Welshmen who dwelt near to the marches.

Fitz-Alan, a noble Norman, a member of the ancient Arundel family, is supposed to have founded and fortified the castle of Clun; from this impregnable fortress the Lords Marchers occasionally rushed into the adjoining territories of the Welsh princes, called the Powys-land, pillaging, plundering, and persecuting the unresisting Britons. To this place of refuge they betook themselves, and escaped the otherwise great and unerring vengeance of the injured Welshman. Many years since, this unholy pile paid the penalty of its lawless appropriation, being, even in Leland's time, an overmantled ruin that once had been "bothe strong and well builded."

The castle of Clun is situated about five miles south-west from Bishop's-Castle, on the high road that leads from Wigmore to Montgomery: it continued for many years to be the property of the Howards, and the Duke of Norfolk still retains amongst his titles that of "Baron of Clun."

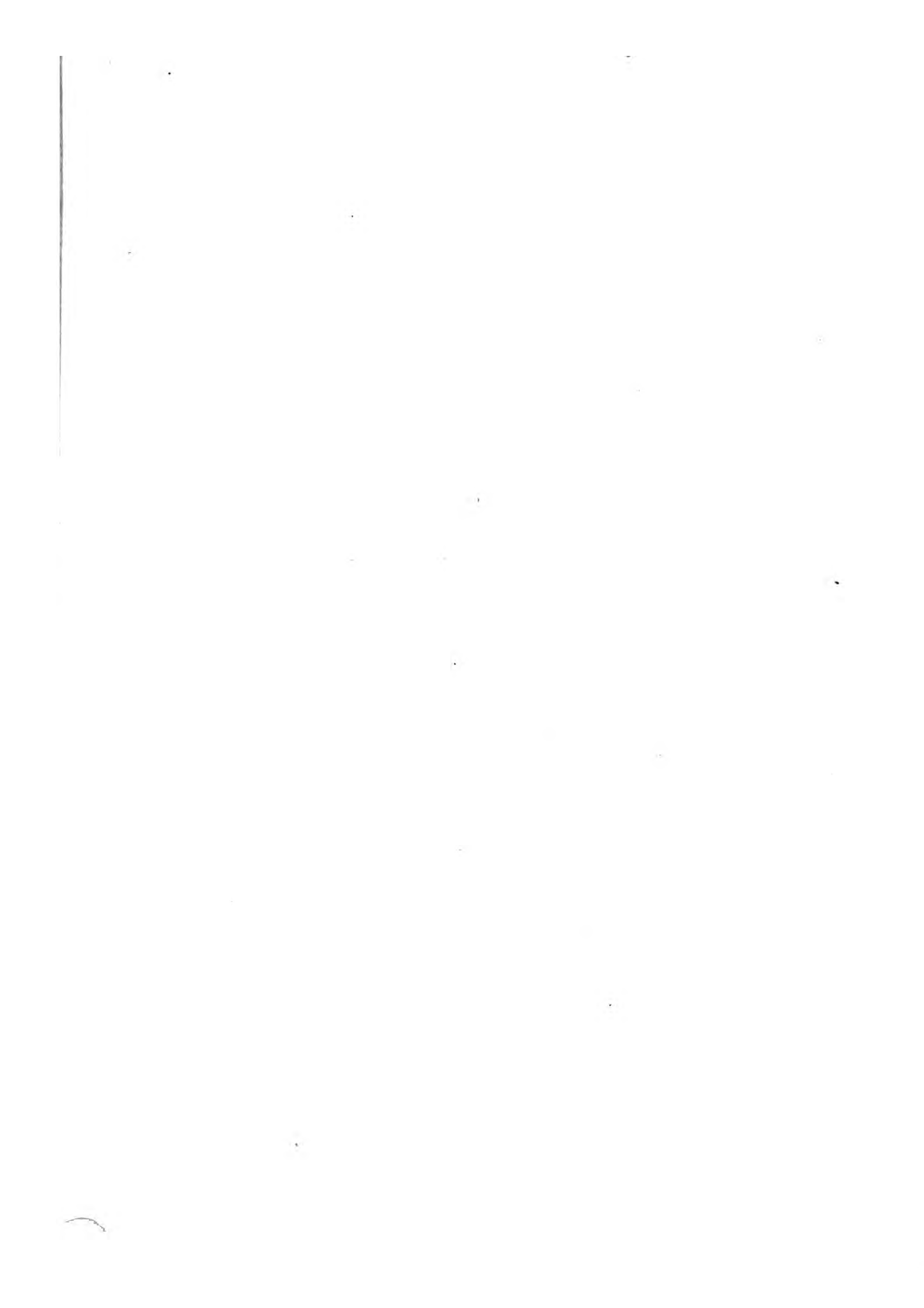
SIR KENNETH AND THE BARON OF GILSLAND.

"—————The malady convinces
The great assay of art: but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend."

SHAKSPEARE.

[Tales of the Crusaders,—The Talisman, Vol. II. p. 124.]

"Sir Kenneth cast a melancholy look around him, but, suppressing his feelings, entered the hut, making a sign to the Baron of Gilsland to follow. He also cast around a glance of examination, which implied pity not altogether unmingled with contempt, to which, perhaps, it is as nearly akin, as it is said to be to love. He then stooped his lofty crest, and entered a lowly hut, which his bulky form seemed almost entirely to fill. The interior was chiefly occupied by two beds: one was empty, but composed of collected leaves, and spread with an antelope's hide. It seemed, from the articles of armour laid beside it, and from a crucifix of silver carefully and reverentially disposed at the head, to be the couch of the knight himself. The other contained the invalid (his squire) of whom Sir Kenneth had spoken, a strong-built and harsh-featured man, past, as his looks betokened, the middle age of life. His couch was trimmed more softly than his master's, and it was plain that the more courtly garments of the latter, the loose robe, in which the knights showed themselves on pacific occasions, and the other little articles of dress and adornment, had been applied by Sir Kenneth to the accommodation of his sick domestic. In an outward part of the hut, yet within the range of the English Baron's eye, a boy, rudely attired with buskins of deer's hide, a blue bonnet, and a doublet, whose original finery was much tarnished, sat on his haunches by a chafing-dish filled with





THE DEPARTURE OF THE SOLDIERS FROM THE TENT. BY G. H. PHIPPS. 1854.

charcoal, cooking upon a plate of iron the cakes of barley bread, which were then, and still are, a favourite food with Scottish people. Part of an antelope was suspended against one of the main props of the hut, procured by a noble stag-greyhound that lay eyeing the process of baking the cake.

“Beside the couch sat, on a cushion, also composed of skin, the Moorish physician, (El-Hakim) of whom Sir Kenneth had spoken, cross-legged after the Eastern fashion. The imperfect light shewed little of him, save that the lower part of his face was covered with a long black beard that descended to his breast, that he wore a *tolpach*, Tartar cap, and was clothed in an ample *caftan*, or Turkish robe; and two piercing eyes which gleamed with unusual lustre, were the only lineaments of his visage that could be discerned amid the darkness in which he was enveloped.”

El-Hakim, the Moorish doctor, had, with that magnanimity that marked the character of Saladin, been sent, under the protection of a flag of truce, to minister to the malady of King Richard. Although the truly brave are generally truly generous, yet the Moorish leech was naturally received, by the English nobility, with feelings of distrust: and some little suspicion haunted their minds as to the sincerity of his mission, as well as to the degree of confidence that should be reposed in his skill and ability. Sir Kenneth, the Scottish baron, put the skill of the physician to the test, by entrusting to his care a squire of his service, then sinking rapidly under an Asiatic fever. Just as Sir Kenneth and the Baron entered, the patient had fallen into a profound and refreshing sleep, from which, as the learned leech assured them, he would awake invigorated and restored.

The individuals who set up the Cross for their standard, and professed to follow Him who suffered on it as their true master, carried with them a feeling that did not belong to the character of their divine Lord—this was pride, and of the most inordinate description. When the Baron of Gilsland* sought, and naturally, some proof of the leech's medical skill, independent of the question of sincerity, the Scottish knight hesitated to afford that demonstration; as, in so doing, he feared that the poverty of his hut, and the frugality practised throughout the Scottish quarters, might excite the contempt of the haughty, wealthy, English baron.—Sir Kenneth pleaded his countrymen's cause with warmth, if not with eloquence. ‘My Lord of Gilsland,’ said he, ‘when viewing our poor quarters, you should remember that the nobles and the knights of Scotland feed not so high, sleep not so soft, and care not for that magnificence of lodgment which is proper to their southern neighbours: I am poorly lodged, my lord,’ he added with a haughty emphasis, and then, rather reluctantly, led the way to his temporary abode. De Vaux waved his prejudices for that time, in obedience to those ancient laws, so much revered from the very earliest period, and amongst people the most rude as well as most refined; and assured the knight, “that worldly splendour or luxurious commodities accorded ill with the soldier of the Cross, pressing forward to relieve and liberate the Holy City,—and concluded his cautious remarks, by reminding him of the saints and martyrs who once trod that very ground, and without any thought for their food or raiment.

* Vide Vol. I. pp. 17 and 18, for an account of the ancient district of Gilsland.

SIR KENNETH AND THE DWARFS OF THE CHAPEL.

—————" Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villagery ?"

[Tales of the Crusaders. Vol. II. p. 90. The Talisman.

"A creaking sound succeeded, and a light streamed upwards; in less than a minute a being presented himself with a huge head, a cap fantastically adorned with peacocks' feathers, a dress of red samite, the richness of which rendered his ugliness more conspicuous, gold bracelets and armlets; a white silk sash, in which was a gold-hilted dagger, completed his costume; in his left hand he held a kind of broom, and in his right a lamp, which, when he reached the chapel floor, he passed slowly over his face and person, illuminating his wild fantastic features, and his misshapen but nervous limbs. While Sir Kenneth gazed on this disagreeable object, with that sort of awe which the person of a supernatural creature may be supposed to excite in the most steady bosom, a female form, resembling the former in shape and proportions, emerged slowly from the floor. Sir Kenneth remained as if spell-bound, while the unlovely pair appeared to perform the duty of sweeping the chapel round, like menials; but as they used but one hand, the floor was not much benefited by the performance. As they approached the knight, they turned the gleam of both lights full on him, and, surveying him accurately, set up a loud yelling laugh. Sir Kenneth started at the sound, and demanded who they were that profaned that holy place. "I am the dwarf Nectabanus," said the abortive seeming male, in a tone resembling the voice of the night-owl more than any sound that is heard by day-light. "And I am Gueneva, his lady and his love," replied the female dwarf, in tones still shriller, and more wild than those of her companion."

"A voice from the side cried, 'Hush, fools, and begone! your ministry is ended:' upon which the misshapen beings fled, as ghosts are said to do before the breath of morn."

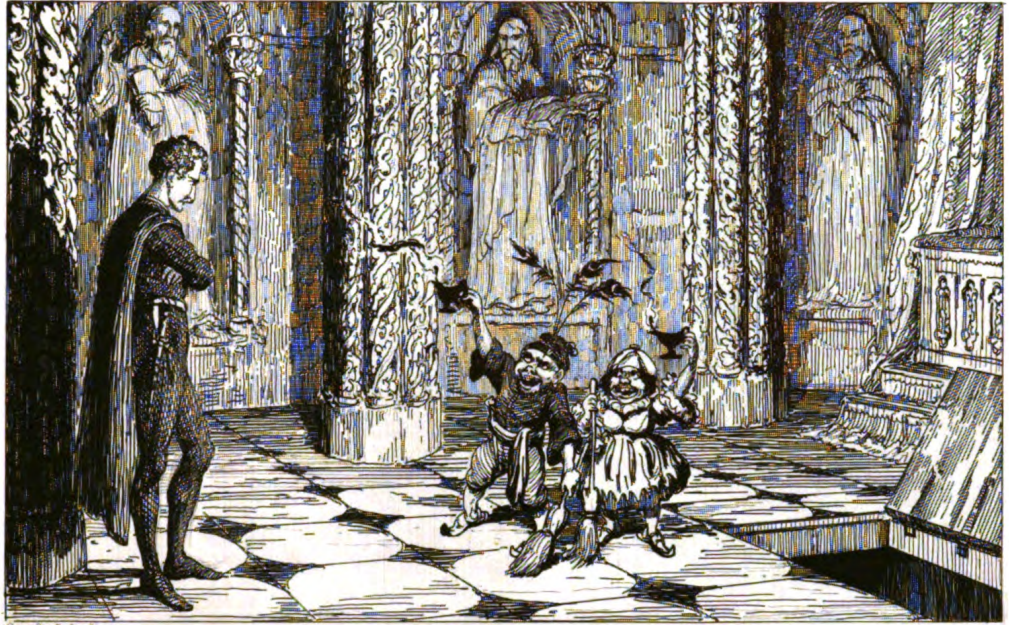
MASTER HOLDENOUGH INTERRUPTED IN HIS VOCATION.

"For his religion it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian true blue,
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of Errant Saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church *Militant*."

BUTLER.

[Woodstock, Vol. I. p. 7.

"When Holdenough arrived at the steps of the pulpit, he paused to take breath, and then begun to ascend, but his course was arrested by a strong hand that seized hold of his cloak. 'Friend,' quoth the military intruder, 'is it your purpose to hold forth to these good people?'—Ay, marry, such is my bounden duty; let me not in my labour.—'Nay,' said the man of warlike mien, 'I am myself minded to hold forth.'—Give place, thou man



Geo. Cruikshank.

28-20.

Mr. G. Cruikshank's "The Devil's Own Work" - The Devil's Own Work, or the Devil's Own Work.

PRINTED BY W. C. LONDON & PARIS, 1840.



Geo. Cruikshank.

29-21.

Master G. Cruikshank's "The Devil's Own Work" - The Devil's Own Work, or the Devil's Own Work.

PRINTED BY W. C. LONDON & PARIS, 1840.



Designed by A. G. G. G.

30-162

Engraved by P. Lightfoot

of Satan, said the priest, 'respect mine order, my cloth.'—'I see no more respect in the cut of thy cloak,' said the other, 'than thou didst in the bishop's crochets,—they were black and white, thou art blue and brown.' Holdenough now clamoured for assistance. 'Master Mayor of Woodstock,' he exclaimed, 'wilt thou be among those wicked magistrates who bear the sword in vain? Citizens, will you not help your pastor? Worthy aldermen, will you see me strangled on the pulpit stairs, by this man of buff and Belial?—But, lo, I will overcome him, and cast his cords from me.' As Holdenough spoke, he struggled to ascend the stairs, holding hard on the balusters; his tormentor held fast by the skirts of his cloak, which went nigh to the choaking of the man, until, as he spoke the words last mentioned, in a half strangled voice, Mr. Holdenough dexterously slipped the string which tied it round his neck, so that his garment suddenly gave way: the soldier fell backward down the steps, and the liberated divine skipped into the pulpit, and began to give forth a psalm of triumph over his prostrate adversary. But a great hubbub in the church marred his exultation; and although he and his faithful clerk continued to sing the hymn of victory, their notes were only heard by fits, like the whistle of a curlew during a gale of wind."

CROMWELL AND LADY FAUCONBERG.

"——— who murdered thee ?

Tell thy sad tale, and thou shalt be revenged.

I cannot bear the sight—what sight ? Where am I ?

There's nothing here—If this be fancy's work,

She draws a picture strongly."

YOUNG.

[Woodstock, Vol. I. p. 162.]

"Here is his picture," said Cromwell, "by a good hand, some time since." He turned round one of the portraits which stood with its face against the wall: but it proved not to be that of Charles the Second, but of his unhappy father.—The first motion of Cromwell indicated a purpose of hastily replacing the picture, and it seemed as if an effort was necessary to repress his disinclination to look upon it. But he did repress it, and, placing the picture against the wall, withdrew slowly and sternly, as if, in defiance of his own feelings, he was determined to gain a place from which to see it to advantage. Wildrake's blood also kindled when he saw the portrait of his master in the hands of the chief author of his death: and being a fine and desperate fellow, it is possible, had he been provided with a suitable weapon, that Cromwell would never have mounted higher in his bold ascent towards supreme power. But the flush of indignation which rushed through the veins of an ordinary man, like Wildrake, was presently subdued when confronted with the strong yet stifled emotion displayed by so powerful a character as that of Cromwell. So true it is, that as great lights swallow and extinguish the radiance of those which are less, so men of great, capacious, and overruling minds, bear aside and subdue, in their climax of passion, the more feeble wills and passions of others: so when a river joins a brook, the fiercer torrent shoulders aside the smaller stream."

Wildrake remained a silent, almost a terrified spectator, while Cromwell continued spontaneously to unburden his bosom, swelling with recollections of the past and anticipations of the future. 'That Vandyke,' said he, 'what a power he has! steel may mutilate, warriors waste and destroy, still the king stands uninjured by time; and posterity, while they read his history, may look on his image, and compare the melancholy features with the woful tale.—It was a stern necessity—it was an awful deed!—The calm pride of that eye might have ruled worlds of crouching French, or supple Italians, or formal Spaniards; but its glances only roused the native courage of the stern Englishman.—But what is that piece of painted canvass to me more than others?—No, let him shew to others the reproaches of that cold, calm face, that proud yet complaining eye: those who have acted on higher respects have no cause to start at painted shadows.'

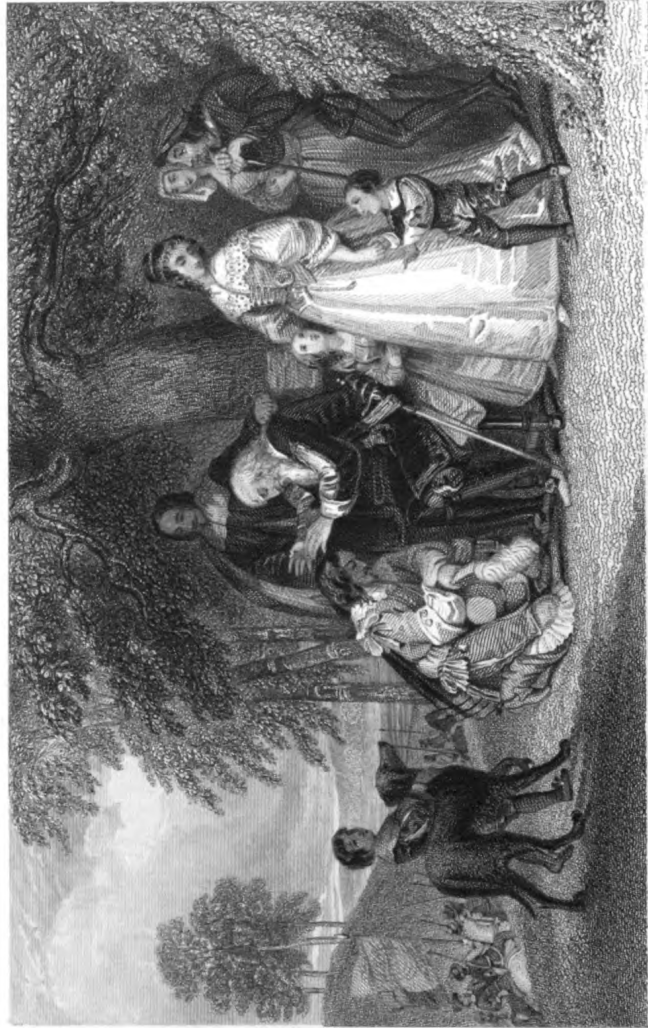
He raised his voice so high, as if pleading in his own defence before some tribunal, that Pearson, the officer in attendance, looked into the apartment, and observing his master with his eyes kindling, his arms extended, his foot advanced, and his voice raised like a general in the act of commanding the advances of his army, he instantly withdrew.

"I dare the world," continued Cromwell,—ay, living or dead I challenge,—to assert that I armed for a private cause, or as a means of enlarging my fortunes. Neither was there a trooper in the regiment who came there with less of personal evil-will towards that unhappy—

"At this moment the door of the apartment opened, and a gentlewoman entered, who, from her resemblance to the general, although her features were soft and feminine, might be immediately recognised as his daughter; she walked up to Cromwell; gently but firmly passed her arm through his, and said to him in a persuasive tone, 'Father, this is not well—you have promised me this should not happen.'

"The general hung down his head like one ashamed of the passion to which he had given way, or the influence which was exercised over him. He yielded, however, to the affectionate impulse, and left the apartment without again turning his head towards the portrait, or looking towards Wildrake, who remained fixed with astonishment."

The scene here painted is in the highest degree interesting and characteristic; it wants but the recommendation of history to establish it in the mind, as an event from which a serious lesson may be drawn. It is, however, merely one of those touching fictions with which the Waverley Novels abound, and of such a character as is likely to render the study of history popular, if it were only for the purpose of separating truth from fiction, and ascertaining how far so great a master of his art was enabled to render the history of our country pleasing, without any injurious departure from her records.—It has been remarked of the picture-scene in Woodstock, that possibly it had its foundation in the ghost-scene of Macbeth, and certainly it is drawn with somewhat of the spirit of the bard of Avon.



Designed by G. H. P. H. H.

1850 - 1851.

Engraved by J. H. H. H.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WAS BORN IN THE WOODS

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WAS BORN IN THE WOODS



SIR HENRY LEE BLESSING KING CHARLES II.

“ —————My life was of a piece
Spent in your service—dying at your feet.”

[Woodstock, Vol. II. p. 391-2.

“The distant clarions announced the royal presence. Onward came pursuivant and trumpet—onward came plumes and cloth of gold, and waving standards displayed, and swords gleaming in the sun : and, at length, leading a group of the nobles of England, and supported by his royal brothers on either side, onward came King Charles. He had already halted more than once, in kindness perhaps as well as policy, to exchange a word with persons whom he recognized among the spectators, and the shouts of the bystanders applauded a courtesy which seemed so well timed. But when he had gazed an instant upon the group attending on Sir Henry Lee, even if Alice had been too much changed to be recognized, it was impossible not instantly to know Bevis and his amiable master. The monarch sprang from his horse, and walked instantly up to the old knight, amid thundering acclamations that arose from the multitudes around, when they saw Charles with his own hand oppose the feeble attempts of the old man to rise to do him homage. Gently replacing him on his seat, “Bless,” he said, “father—bless your son, who has returned in safety, as you blessed him when he departed in danger.”

“May God bless and preserve,” muttered the old man, overcome by his feelings ; and the king, to give him a few moments’ repose, turned to Alice.—“And you,” he said, “my fair guide, how have you been employed since our perilous night-walk ? But I need not ask, glancing round ; in the service of king and kingdom, bringing up subjects as loyal as their ancestors.—A fair lineage, by my faith, and a beautiful sight to the eye of an English king !—Col. Everard, we shall see you, I trust, at Whitehall ?” Here he nodded to Wildrake, “and thou, Joceline, thou canst hold thy quaterstaff with one hand, sure ? Thrust forward the other palm. Looking down in sheer bashfulness, Joceline, like a bull about to push, extended to the King, over his lady’s shoulder, a hand as broad and as hard as a wooden trencher, which the King filled with golden coins. The King then turned once more to the Knight, who seemed making an effort to speak. He took his aged hand in both his own, and, stooping his head towards him to catch his accents, while the old man, detaining him with the other hand, said something faltering, of which Charles could only catch the quotation—

“ Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.”

The scene was becoming too much for the excited feelings of the young monarch, who began to disengage himself, with all imaginable gentleness, from the hands of the old Knight, and with the most tender delicacy, from too protracted a conversation. He expressed his wish to see Sir Henry at his palace, and made an affectionate obeisance to

all around. Returning to his cavalcade, the King excused himself to the nobles and followers for the interruption to their progress, and ordered a renewal of their cheerful onward movement.

The gorgeous array was once more in motion: the sounds of clarion and of drums again rose above the acclamations of the people, which had been suppressed during the interview between Sir Henry and the King. The effect of the procession, when put again in motion, was so dazzling and splendid, that Alice, for a moment forgetting her father's infirmity, followed with an anxious eye the long train of varied brilliancy that moved across the heath.

"When she returned to Sir Henry, she was startled to see that his cheek, which had gained some colour during his conversation with the King, had relapsed into an earthly paleness; that his eyes were closed, and opened not again; and that his features expressed, amid their quietude, a rigidity which is not that of sleep. They ran to his assistance, but it was too late. The light that burnt so low in the socket had leaped up, and expired in one exhilarating flash.

The character of the King and the faithful Knight are drawn from history; that of the gallant Bevis had for its original a noble deer-hound, called Maida, that belonged to the Author of the Waverley Novels. He had been presented with this active and faithful companion by the chief of Glengarry. Edwin Landseer made a sketch of Maida, which was subsequently engraved, and the original picture became the property of Lord Chief Commissioner Adam.

HAMISH BEAN SURPRISED BY A PARTY OF SOLDIERS.

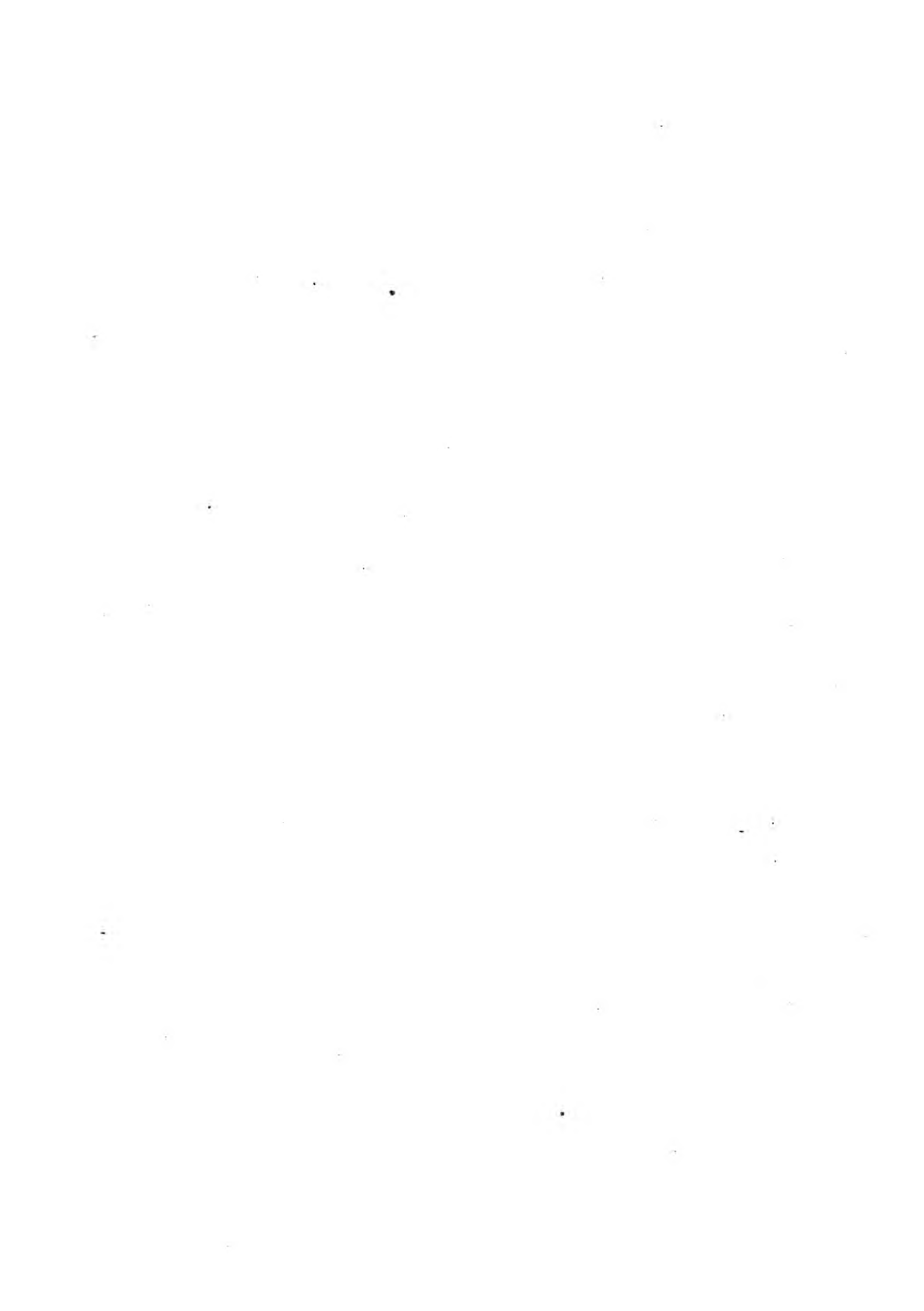
"——— Believe it, oh! believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him."

SHAKSPEARE.

[Highland Widow. p. 209.

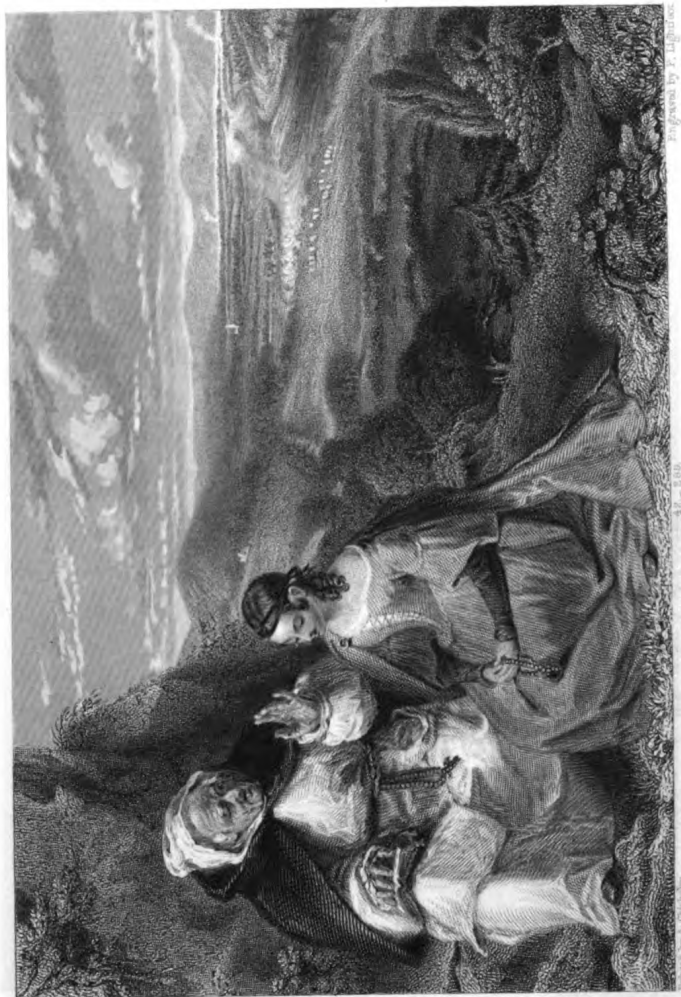
"Hamish Bean took the gun which his mother offered, but did not stir from the door of the hut. He was soon visible to the party on the high road, as was evident from their increasing their pace to a run; the files, however, still keeping together like coupled greyhounds, and advancing with great rapidity. In far less time than would have been accomplished by men less accustomed to the mountains, they had left the high-road, traversed the narrow path, and approached within pistol-shot of the bothy, at the door of which stood Hamish, fixed like a statue of stone, with his firelock in his hand; while his mother, placed behind him, and almost driven to frenzy by the violence of her passions, reproached him in the strongest terms which despair could invent, for his want of resolution, and for his faintness of heart. Her words increased the bitter gall which was rising in the young man's own spirit, as he observed the unfriendly speed with which his late comrades were eagerly making towards him, like hounds towards the stag when he is







Engraved by J. C. Beardsley
Painted by J. M. W. Turner
The Old Woman and the Child



Handwritten text, likely a title or description of the scene, written vertically along the right edge of the engraving.



at bay. The untoward and angry passions which he inherited from his father and mother were awakened by the supposed hostility of those who pursued him ; and the restraint under which these passions had been hitherto held by his sober judgment, began gradually to give way. The sergeant now called to him, ‘ Hamish Bean Mac Tavish, lay down your arms, and surrender !’ ‘ Do *you* stand, Allan Breack Cameron, and command your men to stand, or it will be the worse for us all.’

“ Halt, men,” said the sergeant, but continuing himself to advance ; “ Hamish, think what you do, and give up your gun ; you may spill blood, but you cannot escape punishment.” “ The scourge ! the scourge ! my son, my son, beware the scourge !” whispered his mother. “ Take heed, Allan Breack,” said Hamish, “ I would not hurt you willingly, but I will not be taken, unless you can assure me against the Saxon lash.”

“ Fool !” answered Cameron, “ you know I cannot ; yet I will do all I can : I will say I met you on your return, and the punishment will be light ; but give up your musket—come on, men.” Instantly the sergeant rushed forward, extending his arm as if to push aside the young man’s levelled firelock. Elspat exclaimed, “ Now spare not your father’s blood, to defend your father’s hearth !” Hamish fired his piece, and Cameron dropped dead.

But a few brief days passed over, after the enactment of this tragedy, when the unhappy victim of his mother’s ungovernable passion paid the forfeit of his crime in the manner appointed for military executions, being shot to death by his own comrades. The same comrades laid, with all becoming respect, the body of their former companion in its last earthly resting-place, the church-yard of Dunbarton. Elspat was seen hurrying with breathless haste to the scene of death ; but as soon as she heard the words, “ It is all over,” muttered by some feeling passenger, she turned from the pathway into the recesses of the mountains, nor was ever afterwards seen of mortal.

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH, AND THE CARTHUSIAN MONK.

“ Great Tay, through Perth, through town, through country flies,
Perth the whole kingdom with her wealth supplies.”

NECKHAM.

[The Fair Maid of Perth, Vol. I. p. 289.]

“ At the foot of the rock of Kinnoul, which commanded an extensive view of the windings of the Tay through the rich Vale of Perth, sat the Fair Maid of Perth, listening in an attitude of devout attention to the instructions of a Carthusian monk, in his white gown and scapulary, who concluded his discourse with prayers, in which his proselyte devoutly joined. When they had finished their devotions, the priest sat for some time with his eyes fixed on the glorious prospect, of which even the early and chilly season could not conceal the beauties, and it was some time ere he addressed his attentive companion.

“When I behold,” he said, “this rich and varied land, with its castles, churches, convents, stately palaces, and fertile fields, these extensive woods, and that noble river, I know not, my daughter, whether to admire the bounty of God or the ingratitude of man. He has given us the beauty and fertility of the earth, and we have made the scene of his bounty a charnel-house and a battlefield. He hath given us power over the elements, and skill to erect houses for comfort and defence, and we have converted them into dens for robbers and ruffians.

“Yet, surely, my father, there is room for comfort,” replied Catherine, “even in the prospect we look upon. Yonder four goodly convents, with their churches, and their towers, which tell the citizens, with brazen voice, that they should think on their religious duties,—their inhabitants, who have separated themselves from the world, its pursuits, and its pleasures, to dedicate themselves to the service of Heaven,—all bear witness, that if Scotland be a bloody and sinful land, she is yet alive and sensible to the claims which religion demands of the human race.”

The conversation between the monk and his fair proselyte involved subjects not wholly separated from the earth they dwelt on; and with a mind looking upwards, the maiden still found it difficult to forget all the flattering attentions paid to her, by those whose approbation was most highly valued by her contemporaries, nor was the admiration of the monk in favour of such oblivion at all strengthened by the magnificent panorama which the Vale of Perth presents to a spectator seated at the rock of Kinnoul.—This pleasing eminence, rising from the banks of the Tay, and within view of the town of Perth, is one of the noblest positions and objects in North Britain. It is surrounded and adorned with wood, and enlivened by a variety of villas embosomed in shrubberies and gardens of the most exuberant description, and presenting, altogether, a prospect remarkably analogous to that from Richmond Hill.—At the eastern end of the bridge, that spans the Tay at Perth, a suburban village has arisen, called Kinnoul, or Bridge-end. The houses are substantially and regularly built, and the chief street coincides with the high post-road for a considerable distance.—A modern church, erected on a bank overhanging the Tay, is an object of interest and beauty, but the ruins of the ancient castle are too contemptible to detain or gratify curiosity. Kinnoul gives title of Earl to a branch of the family of Hay of Errol.



Le roi se lève
LE ROI SE LÈVE



Le roi se lève
LE ROI SE LÈVE



THE REVELLERS.

“ Unwelcome revellers, whose lawless joy,
Pains the sage ear, and hurts the sober eye.” POPE.

[The Fair Maid of Perth, Vol. I. p. 347.

“ Art thou in case to bear thyself like a galliard? Now, cut me a caper—ha! one, two, three—admirable! again—give him the spur—(here a satellite of the Indian gave Oliver a slight touch with the sword)—nay, that is best of all—he sprang like a cat in a gutter; tender him the nut once more; nay, no compulsion, he has paid forfeit, and deserves not only free dismissal, but reward. Kneel down, kneel down, and arise Sir Knight of the Calabash. What is thy name?—and one of you lend me a rapier. So saying, the Prince of Revels bestowed a smart blow on the bonnet-maker’s shoulders, dubbing him Sir Oliver Thatchpate, knight of the honourable order of the pumpkin.”

PHILIPSON AND THE GERMAN INNKEEPER.

“ How all this is but a fair Inn,
Of fairer guests which dwell within.” SIDNEY.

[Anne of Geierstein, Vol. II. p. 9.

“ He inquired for the private retreat of the landlord himself, trusting that, by some of the arguments powerful amongst his tribe, he might obtain separate quarters from the crowd, and a morsel of food to be eaten in private. A grey-haired Ganymede, to whom he put the question, where the landlord was, indicated a recess behind the huge stove, where, veiling his glory in a very dark and extremely hot corner, it pleased the great man to obscure himself from vulgar gaze. There was something remarkable about this person: short, stout, bandy-legged, and consequential, he was in these respects like many of the brethren in the profession in all countries. But the countenance of the man, and, still more, his manner, differed more from the merry host of France or England, than even the experienced Philipson was prepared to expect. He knew German customs too well to expect the suppliant qualities of the master of a French inn, or even the more blunt and frank manners of an English landlord. But this man’s brow was a tragic volume, wherein jest found as little room as in a hermit’s breviary. His answers were short, sudden, and repulsive; and the tone as surly as their tenor.”

††

T

ORDEAL BY TOUCH, IN THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, PERTH.

“ Wo to the hand that shed this costly blood,
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy ;
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue.”

[The Fair Maid of Perth, Vol. II. p. 99.]

“ After high mass had been performed with the greatest solemnity of which circumstances rendered the ceremony capable, and after the most repeated and fervent prayers had been offered to Heaven by the crowded assembly, preparations were made for appealing to the direct judgment of Heaven on the mysterious murder of the unfortunate bonnet-maker. The scene presented that effect of imposing solemnity which the rites of the Catholic church are so well calculated to produce. The eastern window, richly and variously painted, streamed down a torrent of chequered light upon the high altar. On the bier placed before it were extended the mortal remains of the murdered man, his arms folded on his breast, and his palms joined together, with the fingers pointed upwards, as if the senseless clay were itself appealing to Heaven for vengeance against those who had violently divorced the immortal spirit from its mangled tenement.

“ Close to the bier was placed the throne, which supported Robert of Scotland and his brother Albany. The prince sat upon a lower stool, beside his father ; an arrangement which occasioned some observation, as Albany’s seat, being little distinguished from that of the king, the heir-apparent, though of full age, seemed to be degraded beneath his uncle in the sight of the people of Perth. The bier was so placed as to leave the view of the body it sustained open to the greater part of the spectators in the church.

“ At the head of the bier stood the Knight of Kinfauns, the challenger, and at the foot the young Earl of Crawford, representing the defendant. The evidence of the Duke of Rothsay, in expurgation of Sir John Ramony, exempted him from attendance as a party subjected to the ordeal : his household, however, were accounted the prince’s domestics, and, being men of profligate habits, were deemed capable, in the riot of a festival evening, of committing the slaughter of the bonnet-maker. These were drawn up in a row on the left side of the church, and wore a species of white cassock, resembling the dress of a penitent. All eyes being bent on them, several of the band seemed so much disconcerted, as to excite amongst the spectators strong prepossessions of their guilt. The real murderer had a countenance incapable of betraying him—a sullen dark look, which neither the feast nor wine-cup could enliven, and which the peril of discovery or death could not render dejected.”

On occasion of these superstitious tests, these impious practices upon the credulity of the ignorant, the face of the corpse was bared, as well as the breast and arms ; the body was wrapped in a winding-sheet of the whitest linen, so that if blood should flow, it would be instantly observed. A mass, peculiarly adapted to the ordeal, was next celebrated ; after which, the most suspected, calling down, in language strong and measured, the signal vengeance of Heaven if they spake falsely, successively approached



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Printed by J. P. Smith.

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Engraved by J. Smith.

*With light and
darkness of the
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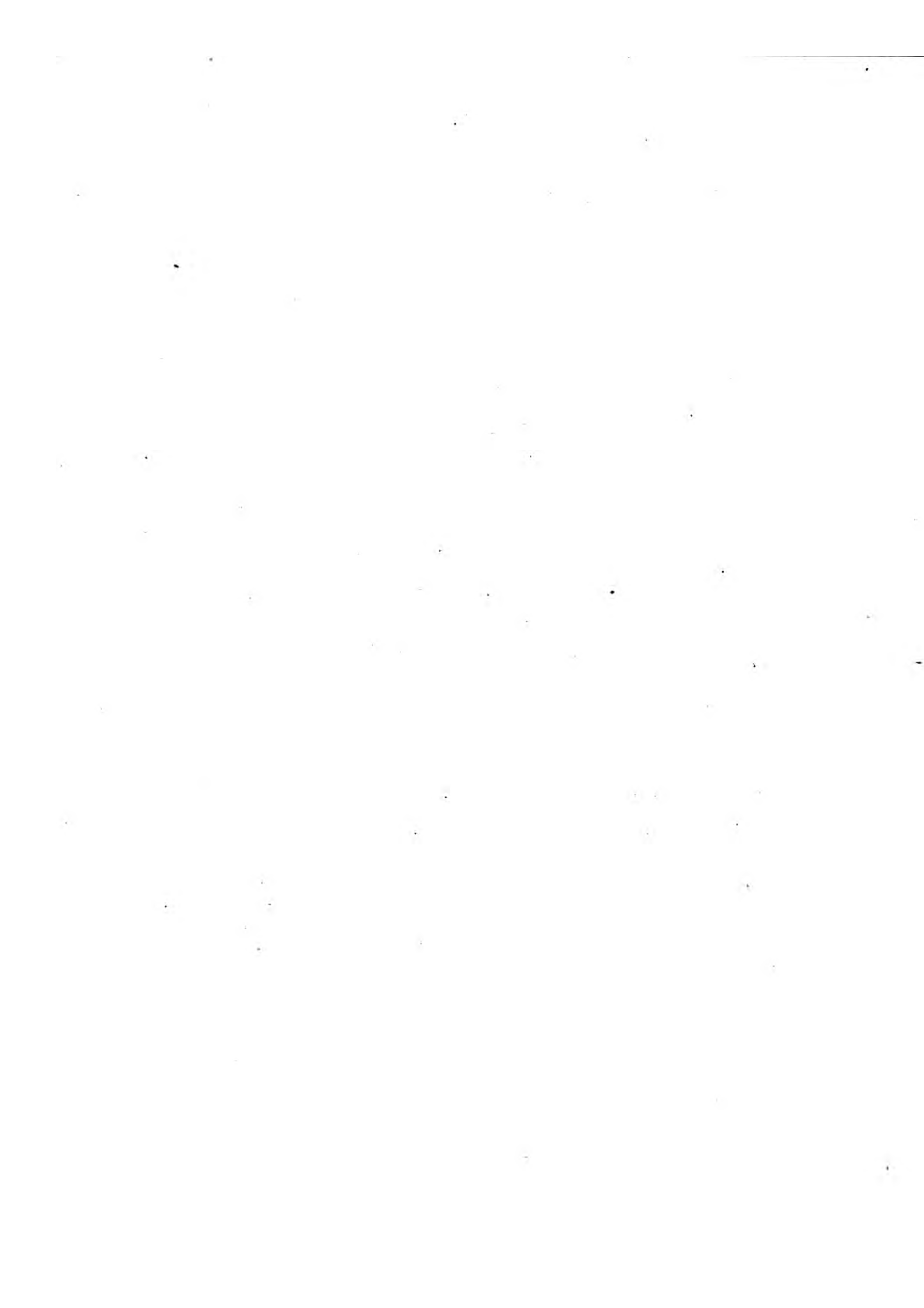


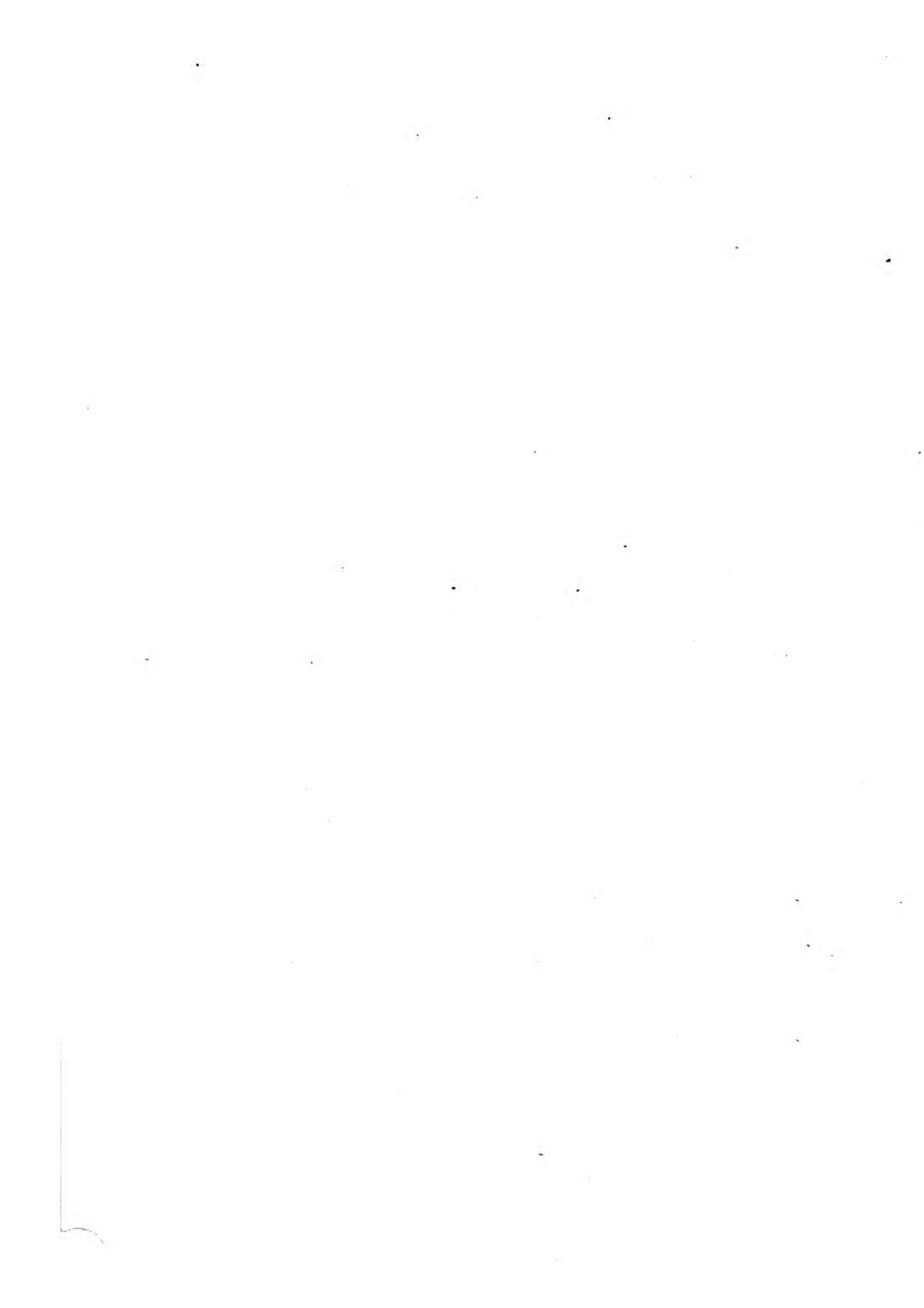
Printed by F. W. Topham.

Engraved by W. H. Carpenter.

The figure on the ledge is a woman, and the figure on the peak is a man.

THE END OF THE WORLD.





the bier, and made the sign of the cross upon the dead man's breast. From all this no consequence ensued; the curdled wounds gave forth no blood; the body maintained the rigidity of death.

Bonthron, the true murderer, declined undergoing the ordeal of touching the body of the murdered man, but demanded to be tried by another, and offered combat, instead, to him who had the courage to take up his glove.

Besides "wager of battle," and "touching of the dead body," there was a third ordeal, which, for many years, enjoyed the sanction of the Church, namely, ordeal by fire. When this impious solemnity was appointed to be held, a fire was kindled within the church, not far from the great altar. The person about to undergo the ordeal was placed in front of the fire, surrounded by his friends, by all who were in any degree interested in the result of the trial, and by the whole of the clergy of the district. Upon a table near the fire, the coulter over which he was to walk, the bar he was to carry, or, if he was a knight, the steel gloves which, after they had been made red-hot, he was to draw on his hands, were placed in view of all.—The priests were then associated in the barbarous ceremony; one reading a service prepared by the Church for such trials, a second placing the irons in the fire, while others were engaged in performing different parts of the mummerly. After numerous prayers, hymns, confessions, &c., the accused approached the fire, raised the hot iron, and carried it nine yards from the flame. The moment he laid it down, he was surrounded by the priests, and borne into the vestry: there his hands were wrapped in linen cloths, and sealed with the signet of the Church; on the third day these were removed, and he was declared innocent or guilty, according to the condition in which his hands were found.

ARTHUR PHILIPSON AND ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.

"———Away with me,
The clouds grow thicker;—there—now lean on me.
Place your foot here,—here, take this staff, and cling
A moment to that shrub,—now give me your hand."

[Anne of Geierstein, Vol. I. p. 40.]

"Having devoutly recommended himself to that protectress, of whom the legends of the Catholic church form a picture so amiable, Arthur Philipson, though every nerve still shook with his late agitation, and his heart throbbled with a violence that threatened to suffocate him, directed his thoughts to the means of effecting his escape. But, as he looked around him, he became more and more sensible how much he was enervated by the bodily injuries and the mental agony which he had sustained during his late peril. He could not fix his giddy and bewildered eyes on the scene around him; they seemed to reel till the landscape danced along with them, and a motley chaos of thickets and tall cliffs, which intervened between him and the ruinous castle of Geierstein, whirled round in such confusion, that nothing, save the consciousness that such an idea was the suggestion of partial insanity, prevented him from throwing himself from the tree, as if to join the wild dance to which his distracted brain had given motion.

“Heaven be my protector,” said he, closing his eyes, in hopes, by abstracting himself from the terrors of his situation, to compose his too active imagination, “my senses are abandoning me.” He became still more convinced that this was the case, when a female voice, in a high-pitched but eminently musical accent, was heard at no great distance, as if calling to him. He opened his eyes once more, raised his head, and looked towards the place whence the sounds seemed to proceed. The vision that appeared almost confirmed him in the opinion that his mind was unsettled, and his senses in no state to serve him accurately.

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

While Arthur Philipson doubted whether the object of his admiration were immortal or really of the habitable earth, a beautiful young woman stood on the rock that hung over his head, of whose identity with that of the maiden of the mist he entertained no uncertainty. The fair protectress questioned him of his name, his kindred, country, and fortunes; not that any reply would have diminished the feelings of humanity, or the active exertion which prompted her to aid a fellow-creature in such extremity of distress; and having heard from him the forsaken situation of his father and Antonio, relieved him by assurances that her countrymen seemed rather to seek for objects requiring help and succour, than either to fear or avoid the duties of humanity; and that his apprehensions, therefore, for the safety of his father and the guide, might be laid at rest. Kind words were not the only aids which the lovely mountain-nymph afforded the wandering youth, for by her example and assistance he was encouraged in leaping across a ravine of frightful depth; an effort which was rewarded by placing him on a small rocky platform in perfect security beside his fair deliverer, Anne of Geierstein.

ST. GEORGE’S CHAPEL IN THE CATHEDRAL OF STRASBURG.

MEETING OF MARGARET OF ANJOU WITH LORD OXFORD AND HIS SON.

“——— I was, I must confess,
Fair Albion’s queen in former golden days:
But now misshame hath trode my title down,
And with dishonour laid me in the dust.

SHAKSPEARE.

[Anne of Geierstein, Vol. II. p. 122.]

“Arthur Philipson sunk on his knees before the dauntless widow of Henry VI. who so long, and in such desperate circumstances, upheld, by unyielding courage and deep policy, the sinking cause of her feeble husband; and who, if she occasionally abused victory by cruelty and revenge, had made some atonement by the indomitable resolution with which





Designed by J. E. B. Smith

45 - 120.

Engraved by R. Smith

It is my duty to do this, and I will do it.

THE END OF THE WORLD

she supported the fiercest storms of adversity. Arthur had been bred in devoted adherence to the dethroned line of Lancaster, of which his father was one of the most distinguished supporters; and his earliest deeds of arms, which, though unfortunate, were neither obscure nor ignoble, had been done in their cause. With an enthusiasm belonging to his age and education, he in the same instant flung his bonnet on the pavement, and knelt at the feet of his ill-fated sovereign." "Margaret threw back the veil which concealed those noble and majestic features, which even yet—though rivers of tears had furrowed her cheek—though care, disappointment, domestic grief, and humbled pride, had quenched the fire of her eye, and wasted the smooth dignity of her forehead—even yet showed the remains of that beauty which was once unequalled in Europe. The apathy with which disappointment and blighted hopes had chilled the feelings of the unfortunate princess, was for a moment melted by the sight of the fair youth's enthusiasm. She abandoned one hand to him, which he covered with tears and kisses, and with the other stroked, with maternal tenderness, his curled locks, as she endeavoured to raise him from the posture he had assumed. His father, meanwhile, closed the door of the chapel, and placed his back against it, to prevent any stranger from witnessing a scene so extraordinary.

"And thou, thou faire youth," said Margaret, "art the last scion of the noble stem, so many fair boughs of which have fallen in our hapless cause. Alas! alas! what can I do for thee? Margaret has not even a blessing to bestow; so wayward is her fate, that her benedictions are curses; and she has but to look on you and wish you well, to ensure your speedy and utter ruin.—I have here the fatal poison-tree, whose influence has blighted and destroyed all the fair plants that arose beside and around me, and brought death upon every one, yet am myself unable to find it!"

In the chief towns on the continent, the space before the principal entrance of their churches is generally crowded with mendicants, dealers, and even mummers, desecrating the sacred precincts of the temple, and obstructing free access to the interior. As the Earl of Oxford and his son pushed through the throng, a tall female figure, conspicuous above the rest by the stateliness of her deportment, approached, and begged alms of the strangers. Her object was to ascertain, if possible, the quality and party of those whom she perceived evidently to be Englishmen of rank. Succeeding in her enterprise, she followed into the Cathedral, and in the chapel dedicated to England's tutelar saint, this interview (so feelingly portrayed by the novelist, and so characteristic of the fortunes of Margaret) took place between the exiled Queen and the banished Lord.

The chapel of St. George, at the moment of the meeting, presented a solemn and imposing appearance." Four lamps, lighted before the shrine of the saint, cast a dim radiance on his armour and steed, represented as he was in the act of transfixing with his lance the prostrate dragon, whose outstretched wings and writhing neck were in part touched by their beams. The rest of the chapel was dimly illuminated by the rays of an autumnal sun, which could scarce find their way through the stained panes of the lancet-formed windows. The light fell doubtful and gloomy, tinged with the various hues through which it passed, upon the stately, yet broken and dejected form of the Queen, and

on those of the melancholy and anxious father and his son, who, with eager interest, awaited the consequences of such an interview.

St. George's Chapel is one of the numerous dedicatory sacella which are inclosed in the walls of the cathedral of Strasburg. This minster, founded in the year 1015, and not completely finished till 1365, is perhaps, the most distinguished specimen of Gothic architecture now existing. Its tower, 474 feet high, is ascended by a stairway of 725 steps, and is a masterpiece of architecture, being built of hewn stone, cut with such nicety as to give it, at a distance, some resemblance to lacework. The tower was designed and begun by Erwin of Steinbach, after whose death, in 1312, the work was continued by his brother John. The clock is also celebrated as a most accomplished effort of mechanism. Besides marking the progress of time, it describes the motions of the planets in the heavens.

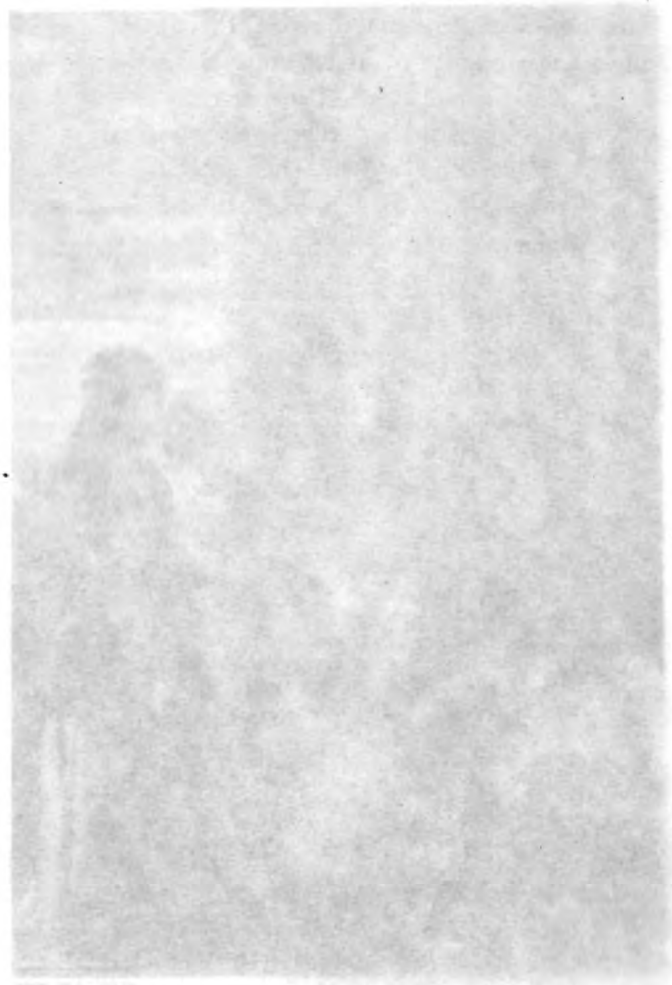
The choir, nave, and chapel correspond, in grandeur of design, with the rich exterior of this sumptuous temple; and the pillar, which is represented in the illustration, is an exact copy of the sculptured columns, as the accompanying arches and windows are of the portion of the chapel itself included in the view.

THE VARANGIAN ASLEEP AT THE GOLDEN GATE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

"Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close." BROWN.

[Count Robert of Paris, Vol. I. p. 25.]

"Sunset was nigh over; and the long shadows of the walls, bulwarks, and arches, (of Constantinople,) were projecting from the westward in deeper and blacker shade. The Varangian seemed tired of the short and lingering circle in which he had now trodden for more than an hour, and in which he still loitered, like an unliberated spirit which cannot leave the haunted spot till licensed by the spell which has brought it hither. Even so the barbarian, casting an impatient glance to the sun, which was setting in a blaze of light behind a rich grove of cypress trees, looked for some accommodation on the benches of stone, which were placed under shadow of the triumphal arch of Theodosius, drew the axe, which was his principal weapon, close to his side, wrapped his cloak about him; and, though his dress was not, in other respects, a fit attire for slumber, any more than the place well selected for repose, yet in less than three minutes he was fast asleep. The irresistible impulse which impelled him to repose in a place very indifferently fitted for the purpose, might be weariness consequent upon





Painted by A. Chialab.

Engraved by E. Ligabue.

Il bambino di Chialab, dipinto da A. Chialab, è un'opera di grande valore artistico e storico. Rappresenta una scena di vita quotidiana in un ambiente classico, con una donna e un bambino che si occupano di un fardo di beni. L'opera è caratterizzata da una forte espressività e da un'attenzione particolare ai dettagli dell'architettura e dell'abbigliamento.

1870

the military vigils which had proved a part of his duty on the preceding evening. At the same time, his spirit was so alive within him, even while he gave way to the transient fit of oblivion, that he remained almost awake, even with shut eyes; and no hound ever seemed to sleep more lightly than our Anglo-Saxon at the Golden Gate of Constantinople."

"Two females of the lower class cast their eyes on the sleeper. 'Holy Maria!' said one, 'if he does not put me in mind of the Eastern tale, how a genie brought a gallant young prince from his nuptial chamber in Egypt, and left him sleeping at the gate of Damascus. I will awake the poor lamb, lest he catch harm from the night-dew.' 'Harm?' answered the older and crosser-looking woman; 'ay, such harm as the cold water of the Cydnus does to the wild swan. A lamb! ay, forsooth! why he's a wolf, or a bear, at least a Varangian, and no modest matron would exchange a word with such an unmannered barbarian. I'll tell you what one of these English Danes did to me.' So saying, she drew on her companion, who followed with some reluctance, seeming to listen to her gabble, whilst she looked back upon the sleeper."

The Varangian, that is, the *Exile*, guard, at Constantinople, consisted of the English, who could not endure the loss of liberty occasioned by the succession of a Norman prince. They tried every means, and had recourse to every art, to disengage themselves from the foreign and galling yoke. Some fled to Sueno, king of Denmark, and urged him to assert his claim to the throne of his illustrious grandfather, Canute the Great. Many went into voluntary exile in various countries, with a determination to accumulate wealth in silence and in secret, the better to sustain the efforts of their countrymen in recovering their liberty at some future period. While others, in the bloom of youth and vigour of manhood, with a chivalrous spirit visited far distant lands, and entered into the military service of the Emperor of Constantinople, who was opposed and harassed by Robert Guiscard, duke of Apulia.

The English *exiles* were received with the highest favour, and, in the battle-field, were opposed to their natural foes the Normans, to whose impetus the Greeks found themselves unequal. Alexius laid the foundations of a town for the emigrant English at *Chevelot*, a short distance from Constantinople; but the unceasing intrusion of the Normans from Sicily, obliged him to recall the Varangians to his capital, and entrust to their protection his palace and his treasury. It was in this way that the Saxon-English found their way into Ionia, where they long continued; and they were always held in the highest esteem by the emperor and his people.—(See the works of Ordericus Vitalis, and of Villehardouin.)

BERTHA'S MISSION TO THE CAMP OF THE FRANKS AT SCUTARI.

“ There lies my halbert on the floor,
 And he that steps my halbert o'er,
 To do the maid injurious part,
 My shaft shall quiver in his heart.” SCOTT.

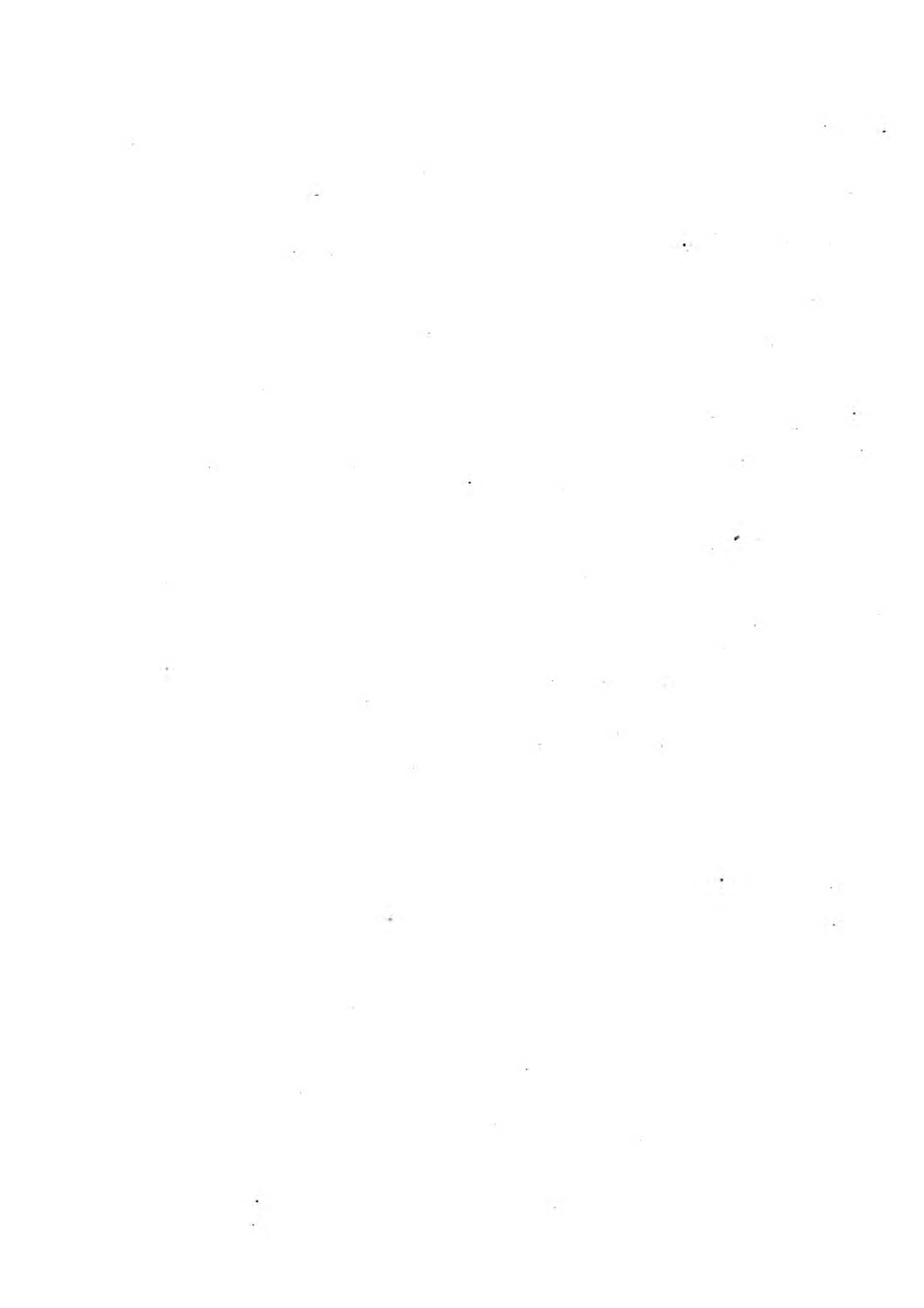
[Count Robert of Paris, Vol. II. p. 60.]

“The Franks gathered round the Anglo-Saxon maiden and her Varangian escort, demanding what was her business in the camp? and repeating, in a tone that made Bertha tremble, ‘Take heed! take heed! there is booty, comrades!’ ‘I have,’ said the faithful bower-maiden, a secret message for the ear of your general-in-chief, Godfrey of Bouillon: I have an assured token; and he will little thank any one who obstructs my free passage to him;” and therewithal shewing a little case, in which the signet of the Count of Paris was enclosed (*semee, with lances splintered*, and bearing the proud motto, ‘Mine, yet unscathed.’) ‘I will trust it in your hands,’ she said to the page who had spoken first, ‘if you promise not to open it, but to give me free access to the noble leader of the crusades.’

“‘I will,’ said the youth; ‘and if such be the duke’s pleasure, thou shalt be admitted to him.’ ‘Ernest, the Apulian, the dainty Italian wit, is caught in a trap,’ said one of his companions.’ ‘Thou art an Ultramontane fool, Polydore,’ returned Ernest; ‘there may be more in this than either thy wit or mine is able to fathom. This maiden, and one of her attendants, wear a dress belonging to the Varangian imperial guard. They have, perhaps, been entrusted with a message from the emperor; and it is not irreconcilable with Alexis’s policy to send it through such messengers as these. Let us therefore convey them in all honour to the general’s tent.’

“Bertha advanced, and whispered in the ear of Ernest. Meantime joke followed joke, in riotous and ribald succession, so that the Saxon maiden with difficulty mustered courage to address them: ‘As you have mothers, she said, ‘as you have sisters, whom you would protect from dishonour with your best blood—as you love and honour those holy places which you are sworn to free from the infidel enemy—have compassion on me, that you may merit success in the undertaking!’

“‘Fear nothing, maiden,’ said Ernest, ‘I will be your protector. I have, though somewhat against my promise, taken a view of the pledge which you bear; and if she who presents it be affronted or maltreated, Godfrey of Bouillon will sorely avenge the wrong done her.’ Ernest next provided her with a palfrey; and Bertha, wrapping herself in her cassock, sprang from the ground, and alighted on its back, as a linnet stoops upon a rose-bush. The little embassy now pushed forward at a rapid pace, nor pulled in the rein until within view of the commander’s tent, a costly piece of work,





which, in one of Alexis's fits of generosity and munificence, had been presented by the Greek emperor to the chief of the Franks. It was raised upon tall spear-shaped poles, which had the semblance of gold; its curtains were of a thick stuff, manufactured of silk, cotton, and gold thread. The appearance of the warders, who stood around, was serious and considerate, like men who had taken up the Cross, not as an idle adventure of arms, but as a purpose of the most solemn nature. Ernest of Otranto, page of prince Tancred, announced the arrival of Bertha with a message and a token for the duke of Bouillon; and, after due examination of the signet, by the council of the Crusaders, then assembled in the chief's pavilion, the fair and faithful ambassadress was admitted.

The Crusaders were encamped on the heights of Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, and Bertha and her Varangian protector are supposed to have crossed over the blue waters in a ferry-boat, from the imperial city. Scutari is a populous lively town, overhung by hills, that for some height are clothed with cypresses. These mournful trees indicate the position of the great Turkish cemetery—a place of recreation for some, of sorrow and meditation for others. This is the last home of the rich, who in life derive comfort from a conviction that their remains, interred under the sombre shade of the cypresses of Scutari, will not, like Constantinople, be consigned to infidel hands. The vicinity of Scutari abounds with beautiful scenery, as well as objects of antiquity, interest, and curiosity. The hill of Bourgalou, one mile distant, is celebrated for its commanding view of the Bosphorus, with all its windings, and also of the grand capital of the Osmanlies. Near its summit is a fountain of clear water, which is particularly esteemed by the Turks, and sold in Constantinople at five *paras* the half-gallon. The sides of the hill are covered with gardens, vineyards, and melon-grounds, and varied with picturesque clumps of trees, and numerous intervening avenues. Here are the ruins of a Christian church, used at one time also as a Turkish mosque, and the remains of an ancient bath, constructed from the buildings raised at this place by Justinian. Scutari itself, which has succeeded the ancient Chrysopolis, or city of gold, is a principal rendezvous of merchants and caravans from Persia and Armenia. It formerly served as a retreat to the galleys of Chalcedon; and the Persians, when they aimed at the conquest of Greece, chose this as a place of arms, and also as a treasury for the gold and silver tribute exacted from the Asiatic towns. Here also the Athenians, the first of any nation, erected a custom-house, for the collection of imposts levied on those who navigated the Euxine sea.

DEATH OF AGELASTES.

“What 's the matter? Have we devils here?”

[Count Robert of Paris, Vol. II. p. 98.]

“Agelastes, after looking with surprise and horror at the figure as reflected in the glass, turned back his head to examine the substance of which the reflection was so strange. The object, however, had disappeared behind the curtain, under which it probably lay hid; and it was after a minute or two that the half-gibing, half-scowling countenance showed itself again in the same position in the mirror. ‘By the gods,’ exclaimed Agelastes, ‘it is Sylvan! that singular mockery of humanity, who was said to have been brought from Taprobana. I warrant he also believes in his jolly god, Pan, or the veteran Sylvanus. He is to the uninitiated a creature whose appearance is full of terrors; but he shrinks before the philosopher, like ignorance before knowledge.’ So saying, he with one hand pulled down the curtain, under which the animal had nestled itself when it entered from the garden-window of the pavilion, and with a staff, which he held in the other, struck the animal a heavy blow. The wild temper of the creature returned unsubdued for the moment by any awe of man: uttering a fierce and stifled cry, it flew on the philosopher, and clasped its sinewy arms about his throat with the utmost fury. The old man twisted and struggled to deliver himself from the creature’s grasp, but in vain. Sylvan kept hold of his prize, compressed his powerful arms, and abode by his purpose of not quitting his hold of the philosopher’s throat until he breathed his last. Two bitter yells, accompanied each with a desperate contortion of the countenance and clenching of the hands, concluded, in a few minutes, the dreadful strife. Agelastes lay dead upon the ground, while his assassin, springing from the body, as if alarmed at what he had done, made his escape by the window.”

THE MIDDLEMAS WIVES ANNOUNCING A NEW PATIENT TO
GIDEON GREY.

“Whom I—but first 'tis fit the billows to restrain,
And then you shall be taught obedience to my reign.” DRYDEN.

[The Surgeon's Daughter, p. 188.]

“The doctor had just reached the door as Luckie Simson, one of the racers, arrived in the little area before it. She had got the start, and kept it, but at the expense, for the time, of her power of utterance; for when she came into the doctor’s presence, she stood blowing like a grampus, her loose toy flung back from her face, making the most



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The doctor had just
in the little area before
time, of her power
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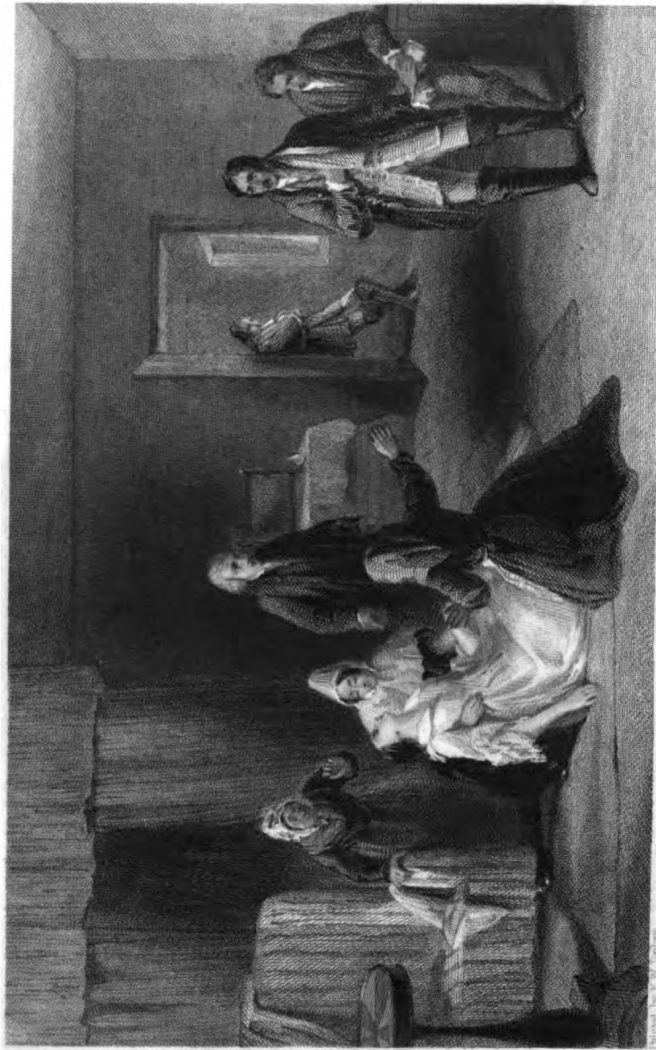
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Portrait of a man and a woman
No. 1000

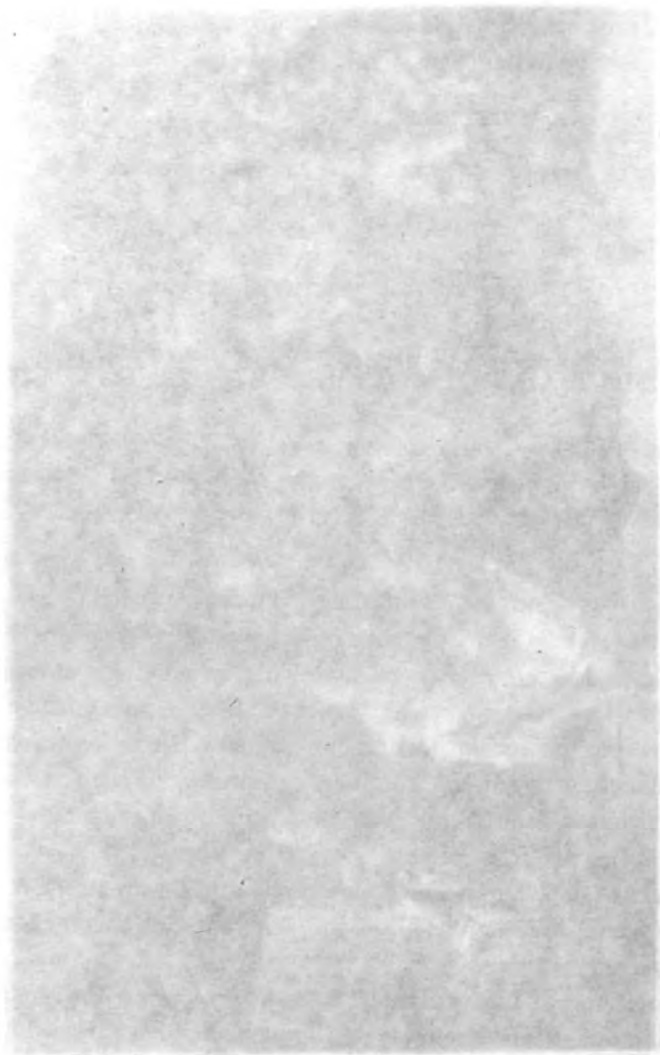


A man in a dark coat standing on a porch
No. 1001



Engraved by G. Peckham

From the "Illustrations of the Bible" by G. Peckham



violent efforts to speak, but without the power of uttering a single intelligible word. Peg Thomson whipped in before her: "The leddy, Sir, the leddy!" "Instant help! instant help!" screeched, rather than uttered, Alison Jaup; while Luckie Simson, who had certainly won the race, found words to claim the prize which had set them all in motion: "And I hope, Sir, you will recommend me to be the sick-nurse; I was here to bring you the tidings long before any o' the lazy queans."

"Loud were the counter protestations of the two competitors, and loud the laugh of the idle loons who listened at a little distance.

"Hold your tongue, ye flyting fools," said the doctor; "and you, ye idle rascals, if I come out among you'—so saying, he smacked his long-lashed whip with great emphasis, producing much the effect of the celebrated *Quos ego?* of Neptune in the first *Æneid*. 'And now,' said the doctor, 'where or who is this lady?'"

ZILIA MONCADA DISCOVERED BY HER FATHER.

"But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter:

O look upon me, Sir,

And hold your hands in benediction o'er me." SHAKESPEARE.

[Surgeon's Daughter, p. 208.]

"You, alcalde, and you, surgeon,' said Monçada to Lawford and Grey, with a foreign action and accent, 'this woman is my daughter, the same Zilia Monçada signal'd in that protocol. Make way, and let me carry her where her crimes may be atoned for.'

'Are you that person's daughter?' said Lawford. 'She understands no English,' said Grey; and addressing his patient in French, conjured her to let him know whether she was that man's daughter or not, assuring her of protection if the fact were otherwise. The answer was murmured faintly, but was too distinctly intelligible—'He was her father.'

'All farther title to interfere seemed now ended. The messenger arrested his prisoner, and, with some delicacy, required the assistance of the females to get her conveyed to the carriage in waiting.

'Grey again interfered: 'You will not,' he said, 'separate the mother from the infant.' Zilia de Monçada heard the question, (which, being addressed to the father, Grey had inconsiderately uttered in French,) and it seemed as if it recalled to her recollection the existence of the helpless creature to which she had given birth, forgotten for a moment amongst the accumulated horrors of her father's presence. She uttered a shriek expressing poignant grief, and turned her eyes on her father with the most intense supplication. 'To the parish with the child!' said Monçada, while the hapless mother sank lifeless into the arms of the females, who had now gathered around her.

“‘That will not pass, Sir,’ said Gideon Grey; ‘if you are father to that lady, you must be grandfather to the helpless baby; and you must settle in some manner for its future provision, or refer us to some responsible person.

“‘I object not,’ said Monçada, ‘to pay for whatever the wretched child may require; and if you, Sir,’ addressing Gideon Grey, ‘choose to take charge of him, and bring him up, you shall have what will better your living.’ ‘I think,’ answered the doctor, ‘so indifferently of the proceedings I have witnessed, and of those connected with them, that if the mother desires I should retain the charge of this child, I will not refuse to do so.’”

The proposition seemed highly acceptable to the distracted mother, who started from the arms of her female attendants, and, seizing Grey’s hand, kissed it, bathed it in her tears, and seemed reconciled to parting with her child, from the consideration that it was to remain under his guardianship.

“Good, kind man,” she said, in her indifferent French, “you have saved both child and mother.”

F I N I S.

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