

effects, among which there was found a sealed casket, with a label to the following effect :—“I hereby entreat that those into whose hands this box may fall, will have the kindness to deliver it into the hands of the Marchioness de Brancilliers, who resides in the *Rue neuve St. Paul*, as its contents concern her alone, are her sole property, and can be of no use to any other person; and in case that she should die before me, I beg that it may be burned, with all that it contains, without opening it. That no one may plead ignorance, I swear by that God whom I adore, and by all that is sacred, that I advance nothing but the truth; and if these, my just and reasonable wishes, be not complied with, I charge the conscience of those who infringe them with the consequences, both in this world and the next, in order that I may relieve my own; protesting, at the same time, that this is my last will. Done at Paris, this 25th of May, in the afternoon, 1672.—DE SAINTE CROIX.” The singularity of this request formed the strongest inducement not to comply with it: accordingly, the casket was opened, and in it were found various packets, with inscriptions signifying that they contained poisons, the effects of which had been proved by experiments on animals.

The Marchioness, having failed in an attempt to obtain possession of the casket, fled to England, and thence to Liège, where she took sanctuary in a convent. In order to entice her from this privileged abode, a police-officer, in the disguise of an Abbe, obtained an introduction to her, and, assuming the character of a lover, persuaded her to leave the convent on a party of pleasure, and then arrested her. At first she denied all that was laid to her charge; and while in prison she behaved with levity, passing the greater part of her time in playing at piquet. But she had been guilty of the extraordinary imprudence of making out a catalogue of her crimes, which, in her own hand-writing, was found among her effects in the convent. Upon this she was convicted; and having afterwards acknowledged the horrid detail, which contained a series of the most shocking atrocities, she was publicly beheaded, and afterwards burned at Paris, on the 16 of July 1676, and met her fate with a degree of resolution amounting almost to unconcern. It may afford matter for curious speculation to the disciples of Lavater to learn, that nature had not been sparing to the Marchioness of the beauties of her sex: her features were regular, the contour of her face extremely graceful, and her whole air wore that appearance of serenity, which is considered as an indication of virtue.

### THE DEMON LADY.

MANIFOLD and strange are the devices which, time out of mind, the arch-enemy of Adam's race hath resorted to for the purpose of entrapping our poor sinful souls. None, according to the most voracious narratives, have been more successful than that of arraying some subordinate fiend in woman's apparel, and bestowing upon the wicked decoy every attribute of feminine loveliness. We could instance many

examples wherein he has triumphed over human frailty by this callant invention; but pretermitt them for the present, lest we should be deemed tedious, contenting ourselves by throwing into something like poetical harmony one of the many stories of a like sort which now crowd upon our memory.

According to the slight adumbration of a narrative traced in the following lines, it will be perceived that the unfortunate sinner who had precipitated himself head and heels into the embraces of a fiend, awoke, ere he died, to a bitter sense of his awful and fallen estate. While *in articulo mortis* he spurns the loathsome caresses of the witch-woman for a time; but her endearments at length overcome the counsels of the good angel within him, and he relapses once more into the most sinful abandonment, and dies a ripened spirit for eternal torment. No question the devil would chuckle heartily when he gained this other recruit to his already crowded spirit land. The metre-monger forbears to mention how the demon lady eloped with her earthly paramour; but we believe she would vanish in a flash of fire, according to established usage in similar occurrences. And we much fear that the sounds of her departure would have little resemblance to the «melodious twang» which Aubrey assures us followed the disappearance of a spirit with whom he seems to have been upon a most harmonious understanding. Sailors are the most susceptible of amphibious creatures; and hence the devil peoples every creek, bay, and river with mermaids or water-nymphs in marvellous abundance, and the poor fellows are caught in the meshes of their sunny locks by dozens. The hero of this piece appears to have been the master of some rich argosy at the time he freighted his soul with so much sin as to sink it into fathomless perdition. Deeply it is to be deplored that he did not insure his soul at the same time that he effected an insurance on his ship and cargo. These idle prolixities however, are keeping us from the mournful metres which describe his latter moments. They are as follows:

#### THE DEMON LADY.

AGAIN in my chamber!  
Again at my bed!  
With thy smile sweet as sunshine,  
And hand cold as lead!  
I know thee, I know thee!  
Nay, start not, my sweet,  
These golden robes shrunk up,  
And show'd me thy feet.  
These golden robes shrunk up,  
And taffety thin,  
While out crept the symbols  
Of Death and of sin!

Bright, beautiful devil,  
Pass, pass from me now;  
For the damp dew of death  
Gathers thick on my brow:  
And bind up thy girdle,  
Nor beauties disclose  
More dazzlingly white  
Than the wreath-drifted snows:  
And away with thy kisses;  
My heart waxes sick,  
As thy red lips, like worms,  
Travel over my cheek!