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THE KNIGHT OF NAVARRE:

A TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY E. L. C.

CHAPTER I.

Warrior! whose image on thy tomb,
With shield and crested head,
Sleeps proudly in the purple gloom,
By the stained window shed.
The records of thy name and race
Have faded from the stone,
Yet through a cloud of years I trace
What thou hast been and done.

MRS. HEWANS.

THE city and castle of Evreux, in the kingdom of Navarre, had, about the year 1357, been wrested from their sovereign, Charles le Mauvais, as his enemies termed him, by the arms of John, the reigning monarch of France. He had also, contrary to his oath, and after promising him a full pardon for certain offences, seized the person of the King of Navarre, and cast him into the strong fortress of Crevecoeur, in Cambresis, where, secretly suspicious of his designs, he kept him rigidly imprisoned.

This injustice aroused the vengeance of the Navarrais, and though no open war existed between themselves and their powerful neighbours, with whom, unaided, they were too feeble to compete, they entered into an alliance with the English, whose armies were daily extending their conquests in France, and banding together in small parties, under different leaders, overran the country, particularly Normandy, which they kept in a constant state of alarm. Engaged in perpetual skirmishes and assaults, they not unfrequently won back the strong holds which they had lost, and waited only for the liberation of their king, to declare themselves in open revolt against France.

The issue of the battle of Poitiers, in which King John was made a prisoner by the Prince of Wales, renowned in history, as Edward the Black Prince, from the colour of his armour, and who on that important day led in person the forces of England, was hailed by the Navarrais

with triumph. And, in truth, if the misfortunes of their enemy were to be productive of good to them; they had ample cause for rejoicing, for a large proportion of the French chivalry had either shared the fate of their monarch, or were slain on the field of their defeat; and the whole realm, in consequence of this eventful battle, was filled with trouble and disorder.

The regency had devolved upon the Duke of Normandy, the heir to the crown, but as yet a youth in years and experience; in consideration whereof, the three estates, as they were termed, consisting of thirty-six persons, chosen twelve from each of the three bodies of the nobles, the clergy, and the citizens, assumed the direction of all affairs, till such time as the king should be restored to his realm. This body, being friendly to the King of Navarre, and having much confidence in his valour and sound judgment, would willingly have released him from his prison, believing, that if good faith were kept with him, he, as a vassal of France, would cheerfully and valiantly assist in defending it against its enemies.

But the young Duke of Normandy refused to lend his sanction to this purpose. "His royal father," he said, "had cast the King of Navarre into confinement—wherefore he knew not—but doubtless with good and just cause—and he was bound to keep him there, till he, whose prisoner he was, returned to set him at liberty." This decision sadly disappointed the hopes of the Navarrais, and rendered still more inveterate their hatred to the French, whose constant encroachments upon their territory galled them to the very quick; and wherever they abode passively beneath their sway, it was through compulsion, or policy, that they might the better take note of their movements, and improve every opportunity to work them ill and mischief. Thus, in the city of Evreux, the humbler classes were

forced to swear allegiance to their conquerors, though hating them in their hearts, and anxiously hoping for the time, when they might break into open revolt against their oppressors. Many families of wealth and importance likewise remained in seeming quiet beneath the sway of their invaders, yet only that they might guard their ancient homes and household gods from becoming the prey of the spoiler, whom they waited the first favourable moment, to expel with violence from their usurped possessions.

Yet, with such secret bitterness existing between the two parties, it was impossible to expect that the enforced peace would always remain unbroken—on the contrary, frequent insults were exchanged, and rude encounters sometimes took place, which gave ample evidence of the hostile state of feeling that existed. One of these affrays, which led to serious and unforeseen results, is now to be recorded.

It was towards the close of a brief autumn day, a few weeks subsequent to the battle of Poitiers, that Sir Enguerrard de Vaudemont, a brave and noble knight of Navarre, rode forth from the gates of Evreux, with a single follower purposing to gain before night-fall his Castle of Brunigull, distant about two leagues from the city. In common with many others, who seemed of a quiet and peaceable bearing, he was permitted to ride to and fro at his pleasure; but had it been known that he fought under the banners of the English at Poitiers, and that at this very moment he was preparing with his followers to join the Lord Philip of Navarre, in Normandy, an interdiction would have been laid forthwith upon his freedom.

The vesper-bell sounded from the tower of St. Geneviève as the knight passed the last barrier of the city, and he paced leisurely along, now lost in busy musings, and now exchanging a word or two with his follower, Denys, who at the same easy gait rode on behind his master. Thus he proceeded for nearly a quarter of a league, meeting occasionally a laden mule, or a group of peasants wending home from their day's toil, when just as he spurred at a brisker rate along the smooth road that skirts the dense forest of D'Artaç, a knight, well-mounted and accoutred, and followed by two stout men-at-arms, came dashing rapidly towards him. Reining up his steed directly across Sir Enguerrard's path, the stranger laid his hand, with a menacing air, upon his sword-hilt, and shouted:

"Montjoye! St. Denis for France!"

"Our Lady for Navarre!" responded Sir Enguerrard, boldly, and made an effort to pass the other without further parley; but the knight of France halted his purpose, by ordering his

followers to guard the road, and then, evidently heated by wine, he drew out his weapon, crying in a tone of insulting defiance:

"Come on, thou thief of a Navarrois, and let me deal with thee according to thy deserts."

The brave Sir Enguerrard waited for no second challenge, for he had already recognized the emblazoned arms on the surcoat of his assailant, and grasping his trusty sword:

"Thy blood be upon thy own head then, Lord of Valence," he exclaimed; "so haste thee and say thy last prayer, for if this tried blade play me not false in this encounter, thou wilt never breathe another, till thou art writhing in the fires of purgatory."

"Out upon thee, traitor!" shouted the French lord. "I know thee for a false villain, who on the field of Poitiers bore lance and spear against the breasts of my countrymen—and for that thou shalt now reap thy reward."

"And I know thee, Lord of Valence, as the sacrilegious wretch, who, with thy lawless hand, profaned the consecrated church of the Ascension—who —"

"Ay!" fiercely interrupted the other, "I it was who, in my burning thirst, seized the chalice from the hands of the astonished priest, and quaffed the draught which he had just pronounced the blood of God; and when he would have uttered entreaty and remonstrance, I clove his tonsured head with my battle-axe, and spilled his brains upon the altar where he ministered."

"And for this deed thou shalt die! ay, for this blasphemy, even wert thou of my own kin. So now, hold lord, defend thyself; and since thou hast provoked the combat, I give thee fair warning, that we part not till one of us bite the earth in our death-agony."

And, in earnest of his words, the knight aimed a stroke at his opponent, which would have silenced his boasting, had it not been quickly and adroitly parried. And then began the fight in earnest. Blow followed blow in rapid succession, the weapons of the two knights flashing like flames of fire in the rays of the setting sun, and their steeds advancing and retreating, wheeling swiftly round, or uprearing themselves in the air, with distended nostrils, and eye-balls strained and glaring fiercely at each other, as though they too were doing battle each in his master's cause. The slight and youthful figure of Sir Enguerrard seemed ill-matched against the burly and stalwart form of his antagonist, who was besides several years his senior in age; yet did he prove himself the better swordsman of the two, for scarcely a stroke of his weapon was dealt in vain, blood seemed ever to follow its glancing blade, till he gained an evident advantage over his

antagonist, and the scale of victory was rapidly inclining in his favour.

The followers of the two knights had hitherto stood passively by, watching with earnest interest the motions of the combatants; but when those of the Lord de Valence saw their master losing ground, his arm relaxing its vigour, and the blood flowing from his wounds, they shouted his war-cry, and with uplifted weapons rushed forward to his rescue. But instantly turning with the mien of an enraged lion towards them:

"Back, knives, at your peril!" he cried; "this quarrel is my own, and let him meddle with it who dare!" and with these words he returned more fiercely than ever to the combat, but still without gaining any advantage over his adversary. Yet, though wounded and bleeding, the undaunted courage with which he continued the contest, gained him the applause of Sir Enguerrard, who frankly offered him quarter. But he contemptuously spurned it, though shortly after, when he received such a blow upon his right arm that his sword dropped suddenly from his hand, the knight generously refused to press his conquest, and would have returned his weapon to its scabbard, saying, that both had fairly proved their courage, and for himself he was satisfied with the punishment he had inflicted, though it fell short of the death he had threatened.

But, as if infuriated by the prospect of defeat, the Lord de Valence scoffed at the offered mercy, and, throwing himself from his horse, plucked his sword from the ground, and with his left hand made a desperate thrust at Sir Enguerrard, who had dismounted at the same moment, and while he adroitly parried the stroke, pointed his own blade at his adversary's breast with so true an aim that it entered through the joints of his armour, and was buried to the hilt in his heart. He immediately sunk to the earth with a deep groan. His followers rushed towards him, and, on raising his helmet, showed his ghastly features fixed and terrible in their last agony. They gazed a moment in silence, and then speaking in a low tone to each other, one of them mounted his horse, and rode rapidly away. His companion remained kneeling at the side of his fallen lord, striving, with his scarf to staunch the blood that flowed freely from his side, muttering to himself while thus employed:

"And so it hath ended as I ever said it would, for the day came not more surely than some occasion of brawl and raffle to our lord. It was meat and drink to him to bandy sharp words and hard blows, and now, I trow, he hath had his fill of them."

Sir Enguerrard stood for a few moments, look-

ing silently upon his slain antagonist, and then, with feelings less of triumph than of sadness, he turned slowly away, and, remounting his horse, was on the point of once more spurring on towards Bruniguil, when the advance of a party on horseback caused him to rein up beside the road, in order to give them room to pass.

But, instead of so doing, they made a sudden halt, and looked earnestly, yet not with any symptoms of surprise or curiosity, upon his disarray, which, soiled as he was, with the dust and blood of the recent encounter, made him look no soft and carpet knight. The train consisted of a stout and jovial-looking personage, whose years might have numbered well nigh sixty. His countenance, though bright and cheerful, showed that time had brought to him, as to all, his share of suffering and sorrow; yet there was the gaiety of youth in his smile, and its fire still sparkled in the quick glance of his dark and merry eye. He was mounted on a Flanders mare, of great size and beauty, and his whole appearance bespoke him a man of wealth and substance, for a massy chain of gold encircled his neck, and his riding-cap and short horseman's cloak were composed of the richest Genoa velvet. Sir Enguerrard instantly recognized in him, Philip de Rosay, the wealthiest merchant of Evreux, who was renowned for his beneficence and hospitality. On several occasions he had granted immense loans of money to the king of Navarre, to aid him in sore straits, and, in return for his kindness, the monarch honoured him with his friendship, and conferred on him favours that secured his gratitude and attachment; so that in all Navarre there was not a subject more deeply vexed by his sovereign's imprisonment, than the rich merchant of Evreux.

Close beside the bridle-rein of Master Philip, so was he called, rode, on a white Arabian, of most delicate proportions and marvellous beauty, a lady, whom the young knight instantly conceived to be his daughter, for the charms of the fair Gabrielle de Rosay were the theme of song and legend throughout the country; and though the features of the maiden who sat silently upon her snow-white steed, were, as was not unusual in those days, concealed by a velvet mask, yet the exquisite symmetry of her figure, and the light and airy grace of her motions, did not escape the quick glance of Sir Enguerrard. Then, too, he thought, that hair of sunny gold must needs cluster round a face of loveliness; and as for the eyes, that sparkled through that envious mask, already in his heart he felt the power and fervour of their beams.

A damsel, mounted on a low brown jennet, followed her young mistress, and two lusty

“serving-men, armed, as were all who rode abroad in those quarrelsome times, completed the cavalcade of the wealthy burgher. Philip de Rosay halted for a moment when he saw the knight, and then pricking his steed towards him :

“I give thee joy of thy conquest, brave knight,” he said, heartily ; “and as for you false lord,” pointing to the corpse of De Valence, “I would far sooner see him lying stark and stiff where thou hast cast him, than lording it with his fellows over the honest citizens of Evreux. Thou dost God and the king service, every time thou pinnest one of these invaders to the earth. They are the very curse and leprosy of the land, more hateful a hundred times than any, or all, of the seven plagues that afflicted the Egyptians of old.”

“The quarrel was of his own seeking, good sir,” said the knight, “otherwise I would have suffered him to pass on unharmed. Nay, when he challenged me to the encounter, and I found myself, after the first few blows, gaining the advantage, I would even then have spared him, for he had just quitted the wine-cup, and I feared the draught had made him a conquest unworthy of my sword, but he scoffed at my forbearance, and forced me, by his own rashness, to slay him.”

“And in so doing thou didst but what thy knightly vow enjoins upon thee, young sir. He hath lived too long already, for, by the mass !” and the merchant moved a step forward, “I see, now that his squire holds up his bloody surcoat, by the gay arms emblazoned on it, this is no other than the impious De Valence, whom thou hast slain. He who, at the taking of our city, cast contempt upon the veritable blood of his Saviour, and clove to the earth the holy priest, ay, even at the very foot of the altar, where he served !”

“He it is, in truth, sir, and he hath met his punishment ; the good priest, too, is avenged ; and you worthless carcass shall go back to tell the usurpers of Evreux, that Navarre yet holds bold hearts, and strong hands, to defend and purge it from its foes.”

“I would there were a thousand like thee, now marshalled beneath thy banner,” said the merchant, warmly ; “ay, like thee, I say. But now turn about, brave knight, and pace back with me to the city. We are scarce a quarter of a league from its gates, and thou art in ill condition, after thy rough encounter, for a longer ride on this chilly evening.”

“I am beholden to thy courtesy, good sir,” returned Sir Enguerrard, with a graceful obeisance ; “but I must on to the Castle of Bruniquil ere night-fall, else my people will deem some misadventure hath befallen me.”

“And if that be all, the morn will tell them of their mistake, sir knight ; or, if thou carest not to hold them so long in suspense, one of my fellows shall prick on to Bruniquil, and report the cause of thy delay ; so, prithee, pull up thy left bridle rein, and turn back with me to Evreux. I will give thee a right hearty welcome beneath my roof ; and, in the morning, I warrant me, thou wilt be fain to own thou might'st have sought farther and fared worse, than on such cheer as Philip de Rosay offered for thy refreshment.”

“Right gladly would I accept thy hospitality, sir, which has been so lauded abroad, that I do violence to my inclination in refusing it ; but as thou see'st, I am in no plight to sit at thy board, soiled as I am with the dust and blood of the combat,” and as the knight spoke he glanced involuntarily towards the maiden.

Perhaps the merchant noted the glance, and so suspected the cause which made the knight scruple to return with him on account of his disordered person, for he made reply :

“And if there be naught else to hinder thee, why, we have fair water and in plenty, to cleanse thee from every spot, and my wardrobe can furnish thee a change of raiment, which thou wilt not disdain to wear for the nonce, since if it fit not as daintily as thou would'st have it, matters little ; thou wilt meet only plain burghers like myself at my board ; our damsels find their fitting place within their own bowers during these brawling times.”

Sir Enguerrard bit his lip, and again stole a look at the fair Gabrielle, who sat like a queen enthroned on the back of her magnificent courser. His rich housings almost swept the ground, and she bent over his arched neck, smoothing with her small ungloved hand his flowing mane, while with distended nostrils, and one foot pawing the earth, he glanced his fiery eye back at her, with a look which seemed to tell his pride in bearing so lovely a burden.

“Thou art over kind, sir,” said the knight, “and constrainest me by it to accept thy courtesy, trusting, however, thou wilt excuse in me any change of raiment, since I have bound myself, by a vow, not to put off armour till the King of Navarre has regained his liberty.”

“And I give thee heartier welcome for thy vow's sake,” returned the merchant ; “and were all who wear harness to bind themselves by the like, the strong gates of Crevecoeur would soon unfold to give Charles of Navarre his freedom. Comu now, for the twilight deepens, and ere long some score of French knaves, led by the Lord of Beaunejeu, will be pricking hither in search of their slain companion. We passed them half a league

back at the Monastery of St. John, where they were pausing to taste a cup of the abbot's wine, and there we left them. But some few roods from hence, we encountered the follower of yon De Valence, whom thou hast slain, riding at full speed, and compelled him to pause, and deliver up his tidings, if he bore any of consequence. And so we learned from him that his master, being in haste to reach the city, had parted from his company a league back, spurring on to Evreux, when he met a knight of Navarre, whom he challenged, and beneath whose sword he had just fallen, desperately wounded, or slain. The fellow begged us not to detain him, as he was in a strait to bring to the aid of his lord a leech of skill, who rode in the train of the Lord of Beaujeu; and so we did not, even to learn the names of the combatants. We had, therefore, best be gone before they come upon us, for, with all thy valour, and mine to back it, they would be a fearful odds against us, and not spare thee, I'll be bound, if once in their power, till they had their revenge on thee for spilling the heart's blood of yon lawless spoiler."

"Let us on, then," said the knight. "These men of France shall owe me yet deeper despite for the ill I will work them, before, if it be so doomed, I fall beneath their huires."

"Come, then, I see thou art one after my own heart, and I would parley with thee at leisure, touching matters of interest. Daughter mine, ride thou apart with thine attendants; we may speak of things that would jar harshly on thy dainty ears, and thou may'st chatter as thou wilt with thy maid, Bertha; we shall never heed thee. But ere we ride on, sir knight, despatch one of my fellows to thy Castle of Brumignil, with what message pleaseth thee; should thine fall into unfriendly hands, and be recognized, it might fare ill with him."

Sir Enguerrard, accordingly gave a brief message, explaining the cause of his detention, to one of Master Philip's followers, and then, turning his steed towards the city, rode on side by side with the merchant, till they reached the gates of Evreux.

CHAPTER II.

Then listen, listen, noble knight,

For by the rood I swear,
Ask what thou wilt it shall be thine,

If thou this deed wilt dare.

'Twill win thee fame and acres broad,

And gold, an ample store,

And the fairest maiden in the land—

What can'st thou covet more?

The train entered the city without farther adventure, and trotted at a brisk pace through the

narrow streets, and into the spacious courtyard of Master Philip. Sir Enguerrard was the first to spring from his saddle, anxious to assist the fair Gabrielle in dismounting, who, as she gave him her hand, silently and by a graceful inclination of her head, expressed her thanks for his gallantry, and then, with her waiting damsel, hastily passed into the house.

The knight waited only for the merchant to precede him, when he quickly followed, but the maiden had already disappeared; and, great was his disappointment, when, on entering a large old-fashioned hall, to which his host led the way, no trace of her was visible within it. Philip de Rosay did not appear to notice the shade of chagrin which stole over his face, as he cast a look of enquiry round the apartment, but immediately conducted his guest to a comfortable chamber, where he found a refreshing bath awaiting him, and such appliances for his toilet, as even the wants of a more luxurious age need not have despised. Sir Enguerrard wasted not many minutes on the adornment of his person, but, cleansed from the soil of his recent encounter, soon returned to the hall, secretly admitting, that after the plain hint given him by the merchant of his daughter's seclusion in her tower, he had no right to be disappointed at her absence.

It was a cool evening, and the ample fireplace was filled with blazing logs, whose crackling hume roared up the wide chimney with a cheerful sound, and diffused a genial warmth and a ruddy glow throughout the apartment. Nothing within it spoke of luxury, but yet it lacked not an air of home comfort and enjoyment. The walls were low and wainscotted with dark wood, and the furniture was heavy and almost black with age. The board was spread for supper, and the plenty that loaded it, held forth an agreeable promise to Sir Enguerrard, whose appetite, for he had fasted many hours, was somewhat of the keenest, and assured him that he was the guest of no niggard host.

Master Philip had already taken his seat at the head of the table, and opposite to him sat a personage, about his own age, whom he called Simon de Vaux, and whose appearance, bespoke him, also, a reputable and wealthy burgher. The seat at the merchant's right-hand was left vacant for the knight, who, as he entered, caught some words which informed him, that in his absence, he had very naturally been the subject of conversation between the two friends. His appearance, however, interrupted it; but when he had got fairly seated at the table, and each had drained a cup of the host's good wine, Master Philip said:

"I have been recounting to my friend Simon,

sir knight, the history of thy evening's adventure, and he rejoices, as I do, in its happy issue. Yet, though we have no right to question thee, thou must not take offence, if we marvel that thou, who seemest a true-hearted Navarrais, and hast this day borne thyself so valorously, should be dwelling at thine ease in thy fair Castle of Bruniquil, when every hand that can poise a lance is bound to lend its aid to the Lord Philip of Navarre, who, with stout Sir Godfrey de Harcourt, are carrying war and rapine into Normandy, in revenge for the unjust captivity of our gracious king."

"And I should well merit suspicion and rebuke, good Master Philip, were I in truth living like a drone in my castle, when every loyal knight should be abroad, fighting for his king. It is but one week since I quitted the English army, which, after the battle of Poitiers, —"

"Wert thou upon that glorious field, sir knight?" asked Simon de Vaux, eagerly interrupting him.

"Ay, was I, good sir; and though, as a Navarrais, I could not openly display my banner there, I fought under that of Sir Olivier du Guiscard, a brave knight of Gascony, who led five hundred lances to the field. My followers numbered only fifty, but they did the work of a hundred in aiding on the issue of that day—a day of triumph to all who love Charles of Navarre, for it left the realm of his captor without a head, and fattened the soil of Poitiers with the blood of those who had been the strength and sinews of France.

"Now, then, is the time to strike a blow for our king and country," said Philip de Rosay; "to shake off those who oppress us, and break open the bolts and bars which hold our sovereign in captivity."

"And to forward this object, have I now returned to Bruniquil," said the knight; "therefore, I refrained from accompanying the victorious army to Bordeaux, where feasts and tournaments are being held to celebrate its triumph. Those of my followers who were with me at Poitiers have already joined the Lord Philip at Coutantin; and, with great secrecy, which is requisite in the present state of things, I am equipping a larger force, to march thither as soon as the necessary arrangements can be completed. The English Duke of Lancaster, too, is lending his aid to the bold men of Navarre, who have already won some of Normandy's fairest castles; so that I trust, as we gather numbers—and they are fast flocking to our banner—we shall invest the stronghold of Crevecoeur with a force that shall compel it to yield its royal prisoner to our demand."

"God and our Lady for Navarre!" ejaculated the merchant, fervently. "A glad day will it be for our subjugated city, that, which sees our noble king marching once more beneath his royal banner, to deal justice to the wronged, and vengeance on his foes. It is whispered, sir knight, that the Provost of Paris is secretly the friend of Charles of Navarre, and that he hath already held communication with Sir Triston du Bois, the governor of Crevecoeur, touching his freedom."

"So it hath been rumoured," said Sir Enguerrard; "in truth it is further conjectured, that the provost would willingly open the gates of Paris to King Charles and his friends, provided the time was yet ripe for such an act. But without treason we mean, by God's aid, to achieve our liege lord's freedom; and then, if it please him to knock at the gates of Paris with his battle-axe, we will back him with such a host that none shall dare say nay to his summons."

"And if it be, a host of such brave hearts as thine, sir knight," said Master Philip, "there is not a stronghold in all France, but the banner of Navarre may float in triumph from its battlements, and our sovereign claim in his turn the homage he now renders to King John. I should make but a poor warrior," he added; "but I will give of my substance as I have done—and more, even to my last florin, to achieve freedom and glory for Navarre. Nay, even to see our good city and Castle of Evreux once rid of these usurpers, I would almost be tempted to gird on armour myself, though verily I think that even thus bedight, an ell-wand would serve me better than a lance, as being the weapon most familiar to my hand."

The good merchant laughed heartily at his own conceit; but, in an instant added with a graver air:

"We quiet burghers should lead but indifferent lives in these brawling times, sir knight, if we lost all heart for a jest, though, in good truth, our merriment is often a forced matter, as thou may'st well imagine—lying here as we do, prisoners in our own fair city, with the steps of strangers crossing our thresholds as they list, and the eyes of bold knights peering into the faces of our modest maidens, till their cheeks reddened with shame."

"Comfort thee, good Master de Rosay," said Sir Enguerrard; "these evils will ere long be redressed. For I hear these gay soldiers of the King of France are not over vigilant, and rest quite secure in their new possessions; and as I have rode through the streets of Evreux, and noted their heedless disarray, I have often thought it would be no difficult task for a resolute

band, even though a small one, to rob them of their conquest; and were I not soon bound on another enterprise, I would essay, either by stratagem or force, to make them yield up what they have unjustly won."

"Now, by the bones of my father!" cried the merchant, striking the table with his clenched hand, till the drinking cups rung merrily in answer to the blow, "I swear that whoever will achieve this worthy deed, shall be to me as a son, and inherit from me a fortune which a prince might covet; nay, though he crave in guerdon for his prowess, the half of my possessions, I will yield it to his wish. Whatever he shall ask, be it even precious as the apple of my eye, it shall be his."

"Have a care, Master Philip," said Simon de Vaux, with a lurking smile; "thou hast a fair daughter, prithee remember; and young gallants are more prone to covet such toys, than the yellow gold which grey-beards love so well."

"And if such be his aim, why let him tell of it, and none shall gainsay him," said the merchant. "I have a daughter, friend Simon, and I guard her sacredly, that I may be sure to bestow her worthily; and I would ask thee, if one should arise to deliver us from the yoke of our oppressors, dwells there a citizen within the ancient walls of Evreux, who would esteem nought he called his own, even the child of his age and his love, the sole remaining lamb of his flock, a reward too precious for him who has nobly periled life and limb in our defence?"

"We will drink, then, to the health of fair Mistress Gabrielle," said Simon de Vaux, filling his cup; "and may he shortly wed her, to whose valour the strong fortress of Evreux shall yield up its keys."

"So may it be!" exclaimed Master Philip, earnestly, and in pledge of his sincerity he quaffed a huge goblet of Cyprus wine at a single draught.

Sir Enguerrard, with strong emotion, raised the cup to his lips, for at that moment a wild and romantic purpose took root in his heart. It was unformed and vague as yet, but the words of Philip de Rosay had engendered it, and it received strength and vitality from his enthusiastic desire to achieve deeds of glory; and from the remembrances, which now crowded upon him, of all he had heard from time to time, touching the wondrous beauty of the maiden, whom the liberator of Evreux was to win as his reward.

During the minute in which these thoughts were passing through his mind, Master Philip was summoned from the hall—his favourite mare, Brown Griseld, refused her provender, "and was

moaning," so the man said, "like a Christian, though, poor thing, he had rubbed and bathed her till she would bear his touch no longer." The good merchant, who was as pitiful and kind to the brute creation, as he was benevolent and hospitable to his fellows, instantly obeyed the call, and, promising to be speedily back, left the apartment. He had no sooner gone than Simon de Vaux, referring to the recent subject of conversation, said:

"And so, young knight, if thou hast a mind to essay that deed, thou wilt win as fair a bride as ever plighted troth at the altar."

"I might think otherwise, Master de Vaux," said Sir Enguerrard. "I am hard to please in woman's beauty; and, therefore, had I no other motive, should scarce deem it worth my while to peril life for that which I have never seen, and might not desire if I had."

"Thou must, in truth be over nice, if thou couldst covet aught fairer than this pretty maiden," said Master Simon. "Why, let me tell thee, young sir, she is to other women what the rose is to the weeds, that spring up at its root; and will bring, beside, to him who weds her, the dowry of a queen."

"I care not for her gold," said the knight; "but marvel much that a maiden so modest and discreet, as this fair Gabrielle is said to be, is shut from sight, and treated like a child, who lacks wisdom to conduct herself with due discretion. I would not have deemed, from the frank and kindly bearing of our host, that he could be thus niggard of aught that appertained to him."

"We all have our failings, gentle knight, though perhaps my old friend, Philip, has as few as most men," said Master de Vaux; "but one untoward event so deeply wounded him as a father, that perchance he lacks judgment in some matters touching a father's duty. But, to make a long story short, lest he return before we have ended it, I may tell thee, that a child of his, by a first marriage, deceived him—wedded unworthily, and so brought disgrace, and misery, and finally death, upon herself, by her misconduct. The little Gabrielle was then in her cradle—motherless—and all that was left her sorrow-stricken father in this world to love—and so, in her he centered all those fond affections which had been ruthlessly cast back upon his own heart. Yet, since he could not watch over her as he would, he placed her with the abbess of a neighbouring convent, who was her mother's relative; and there, day by day he saw her, and learned ever of her welfare. Within a year the lady abbess died, and then the maiden returned to dwell with her father, but in a seclusion quite as strict as that in which she had been reared.

She is never seen except by a very few of Master Philip's ancient and chosen friends, but they have spread abroad a report of her beauty, and the young gallants are all on fire to behold her. But in vain, for if she rides forth her father is ever by her side, and even there she is so closely masked or veiled, that not a feature can be seen, except indeed her eyes, for they will sparkle through both mask and veil, and they have pierced so many hearts, that the wary merchant hath been sorely pestered with countless suitors for her hand."

"And have none found favour with him?" asked Sir Enguerrard.

"Not one as yet," returned Simon. "In truth, he hath seemed to scorn all who could think of wooing while our king remained in durance, and the keys of our city were in the hands of strangers. A brief time since, an old knight of Flanders, who was with the English at the siege of Calais, chancing to sup with Master Philip, recounted so many cunning stratagems, by which many strongholds about that time were captured, with little loss of life, that my good friend hath since dwelt upon these relations, and seemed to think it an easy matter, for one skilled in war, to contrive some ruse by which yon castle might be recaptured, and the city again restored to us. Nay, so much did he brood upon it at one time that I sometimes thought on this subject his mind was disordered; for, once being in an adjoining room, I heard him dismiss a young gallant, who came to sue for his daughter, with these words: 'Yes, thou shalt have her when thou hast wrested yonder fortress from the knaves who hold it; and not till then. To him who will achieve this deed I will give her—and to him only. Thou hast thy answer, and now go bruit it abroad, that I may be free from further persecution.'"

"There is a touch of insanity upon his brain, surely," said the knight. "But thinkest thou he will hold his fair child in a state of constraint, till one who shall have performed this task appear to claim her?"

"I know not; the idea that for a time so earnestly possessed him, had well nigh faded, as I deemed, from his mind, for till this eve he hath not for many weeks alluded to it, convinced, so I believed, of its impracticability; but thou hast put him upon the scent again, yet how it will end I know not. Of one thing, however, I am certain—pretty Mistress Gabrielle will never wed till her father finds for her a wooer in all points suited to his taste—and then, if she sanction his choice, but not without, these old rafters may stand a chance to ring with the sounds of bridal merriment."

"This is passing strange," said the knight, with a thoughtful smile. "And how, Master de Ynuix, doth the maiden herself affect the life of seclusion she is constrained to lead?"

"How—dost thou ask? why cheerily, forsooth, and blithely, as the caged bird that sings guiltily in the gilded cage where it hath been reared, nor pines for the liberty which it hath never known. The girl is but a child as yet, and takes upon sure trust all her father tells her—thinking it naught strange, that in these unsettled times, he should choose for her a calm and gentle retirement; nay, ignorant of the world, she would herself sink abashed from contact with strangers, and the rude topics that now-a-days form the chief discourse of men."

"And knows she aught of his singular resolve concerning the bestowal of her hand?" asked the knight.

"Naught, either of his plans or purposes, fair sir. She is happy in his affection, confident in his care and goodness, and, with a cheerful temper and an active mind, finds interest and amusement in the many and varied sources of enjoyment with which his love surrounds her; for he seems to live only for her happiness, and the fear of losing her, as he once lost an idol quite as dear, and for whom he still mourns, is his only motive for secluding her from all eyes and all temptation, till he can give his treasure to one well tried and proved, and thus only, worthy of the dear and sacred trust."

Sir Enguerrard's imagination was fired by the lovely picture which Master Simon's careless touches presented to it. The beauty of the young Gabrielle, her innocence, her gaiety, her child-like contentment and submission, filled him with a deep interest in her welfare, and an earnest desire to behold her. The air of mystery and romance that her father undesignedly cast around her, heightened this interest and desire, till, imbued as he was with the chivalry of a most gallant and chivalrous age, a passionate longing possessed him to win the hand, whose value was so greatly enhanced by the dangers and difficulties to be conquered, before he could obtain it.

The return of Master Philip put an end to the conversation. He reported well of Brown Griseld, for her malady, as he found, proceeded from disinclination to make her supper of some musty provender, with which the careless groom had supplied her crib, the pampered brute giving audible testimony, by loud snorting, and other marks of disapprobation, that she thought herself grievously imposed upon.

Simon de Ynuix, shortly after, took his leave; but Sir Enguerrard sat till a late hour, discussing with his host of battles and sieges, and recount-

ing of many valiant acts performed by brave knights, especially those of Edward, the Black Prince, whose great gallantry was filling Europe with his renown.

It will readily be believed, that when at length the young knight retired to rest, his slumbers were broken and disturbed. The events and conversation of the evening had excited his mind to a degree that sleep could not compose; or, if for a few minutes he closed his eyes, it was to start wildly from the dream, in which he fancied himself at the head of a brave band, storming the Castle of Evreux; or sometimes the scene changed, and, clasping the hand of Gabrielle, he roved with her through vales and groves, of such enchanting beauty as only live in the fairy-land of sleep.

CHAPTER III.

Her beauty princes durst not hope to see,
Unless like poets, for their morning theme;
And her mind's beauty they would rather choose,
Which did the light in beauty's lantern seem.

She ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have undone,
With untaught looks, and an unpractised heart;
Her nets, the most prepared could never shun,
For Nature spread them in the scorn of art.

DAVENANT.

The morning found Sir Enguerrard early astir, and after partaking with his kind host the substantial breakfast that awaited him, he mounted his good steed, and, followed by Denys, rode forth into the streets of Evreux—not, however, till he had exchanged a cordial farewell with Master Philip, and promised to be his daily guest so long as he remained in the neighbourhood. In departing from the city, he purposely crossed the spacious square fronting the fortress, his mind filled with one thought, his heart with one hope, which, for the sake of glory, loyalty, and love, he burned to verify.

Slowly he paced over the broad and open space before the castle, the shadow of whose dark and massy walls chilled, for a moment, the ardour of his purpose. The grim battlements and heavy bastions, seemed to defy the assault of thousands—what then would avail the puny force he might succeed in bringing against them? or what possible stratagem could he hope to devise, which would gain him entrance within those ponderous gates? These were questions for deep and long study, and he made them so, for with every discouragement the project was not abandoned.

Yet, for the present, he spoke of it to no one, but he ceased to hasten his preparations for joining the forces in Normandy, and, day by day gathered what information he could respecting

the number and state of those who garrisoned the castle. Nor was his sorrow great, to learn that it was badly manned, and that, secure in their position, its defenders were almost constantly abroad in search of pleasure and adventure. Moreover, he obtained the knowledge, that its governor, Sir Bertrand de Mortemar, was a noted *bon-vivant*, who divided his time between the enjoyments of the table, and the diversion of several favourite games, particularly that of chess, in which he piqued himself on being an overmatch for the most skillful; also, that he maintained a very lax state of discipline, and, in short, if suddenly surprised by a resolute force, would, in all probability, be compelled to surrender. Garnering every trivial detail in his memory, Sir Enguerrard was silently maturing a plan, which, when fully ripe, he trusted would not fail him in the execution. In the meantime circumstances occurred which made him feel that happiness or woe was to be the fruit of its issue.

Willingly complying with the urgent invitation of Philip de Rosay, the knight now became his daily guest—sitting familiarly at his table, sleeping oftentimes beneath his roof, and seeming ever by his society to heighten the enjoyment of his kind friend. Yet, though evidently inclined to love and confide in him, the merchant had never yet presented him to his daughter; he rarely even alluded to her, for as he kept a bountiful table, and extended a cordial welcome to those friends who loved to circle around it, Sir Enguerrard was seldom left to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* with his host.

One day, when the knight had been unexpectedly detained in the city till a late hour, he found, as he prepared to quit it, the evening closing in so tempestuously, that he thought best to seek the hospitable dwelling of Master Philip, and remain with him till morning. Anxious to gain the comfortable dwelling of his friendly roof, the knight rode briskly on, the tempest all the while beating violently in his face, till the pavements of the old courtyard rung beneath his horse's feet, when, leaping from the saddle, he flung his rein to Denys, and turned to enter the house. The darkness had by this time become almost palpable, and the storm raged with increasing fury, driving the blinding sleet like so many needles into Sir Enguerrard's eyes, so that even had there been a ray of light to guide him, he could not have availed himself of its aid. As it was, he became bewildered by the many gables and projections of the irregular old edifice, and in haste to escape the pitiless pelting of the elements, he with some difficulty pushed open a door, which he conceived to be that by which he was accustomed to enter, and was surprised

to find himself still in darkness as profound as that which he had just quitted.

Marvelling why the lamp which usually lighted the vestibule, was on this night extinguished, he groped forward, endeavouring to find his way to the apartment where he was wont to be entertained, doubting not he should pleasantly surprise Master Philip by his appearance, and eager to share with him the comforts of his blazing hearth. So, moving on in the direction in which he thought it lay, his hand fell upon the lock of a door—he opened it—all within was dark and silent, and for the first time a suspicion crossed his mind that he had entered by the wrong door, for, as he now recollected, there were several external ones that issued from the building. Turning, he retraced his steps, but he still wandered about in blank uncertainty, without succeeding in finding any egress from the house, or in reaching that part of it of which he was in search.

Presently a ray of light shot through the gloom—it sunk, and then screamed forth again, and, moving towards it, Sir Enguerrand found himself standing in the centre of a large apartment, rendered dimly visible at intervals by the fitful blaze that flashed from some decaying brands upon the hearth, which, now bursting into sudden brightness, and then as suddenly expiring, made more intense the utter darkness that succeeded. Taking advantage of a brilliant gleam, the knight threw an inquiring glance around, and his heart beat audibly, and his limbs, brave as he was, trembled beneath him, as the light glanced upon objects which assured him he was trespassing upon hallowed precincts—violating by his presence the secret sanctuary of beauty.

The walls of the chamber were hung with arras, and, by the flickering light, he saw that it contained a couch, whose rose-hued draperies, looped with silver cords, fell in rich and graceful folds to the floor—then, the gleam sent back the blaze of a polished mirror, before which appeared the glittering paraphernalia of a female toilet—gems in their open caskets flashed brightly in the quivering rays, and the flowers that filled a costly vase, caught the light upon their rich leaves, and revealed the source of the delicate perfume that floated in the air. These, and other evidences of the use to which the apartment was appropriated, left Sir Enguerrand no room to doubt who nightly consecrated it by her sweet presence, and a strange sort of awe stole over him, mingled with a self-accusing feeling, as though he had voluntarily been guilty of some daring sacrilege.

He feared to remain there longer—yet how should he extricate himself from his present

dilemma? If he advanced, he might trespass still farther upon forbidden ground, since it was plain that by some mistake he had entered the wing of the building, in which were situated the apartments devoted exclusively to the use of Gabrielle de Rosay—and if he attempted to retreat, he should probably bewilder himself still more, so intense and utter was the darkness. He looked around for some extinguished taper or lamp, which he might relight to guide him through the gloom—he could see none—and for the moment, only anxious to escape from the chamber into which he had unwittingly entered, he glided through a half-open door, and found himself in a long and narrow corridor, athwart which streamed a bright light, issuing from an apartment at its extremity. The knight, critical as was his position, could not repress his inclination to advance a step or two, that he might steal a glance into the interior of that mysterious room.

It was a bower worthy of a queen—the pictured arras told the triumphs and adventures of Diana and her nymphs, and the soft light of the lamps fell upon chaste and beautiful objects, upon forms that seemed to breathe upon the canvas, on life-like statues of purity and grace, and on vases of classic form, filled with choice flowers, which made the whole atmosphere fragrant with their breath. As the knight, bound by some strong spell, stood gazing earnestly into that luxurious chamber, low voices from within it, stole softly on his ear. He advanced a step, and, half reclining on a low couch, beheld the being, who haunted his dreams, and dwelt ever in his thoughts—the lovely Gabrielle—more beautiful than dream had ever pictured, or glowing thought imagined.

He could not analyze her face or figure; the impression which they gave was that of purity, of grace, and matchless beauty. But he saw the cloud of golden hair which had won his admiring gaze, when it floated from beneath her riding-hat, now clustering around a face of radiant and almost child-like loveliness; yet deeper lines of thought and tenderness blended the charm of dawning womanhood, with childhood's innocent, seraphic beauty. Those eyes, too, whose power he had felt even through that envious mask—how was it enhanced as he gazed upon them now—so liquid, so lustrous, so large, and of a blue, soft, yet brilliant as the heavens! No marvel, he thought, that Philip de Rosay guards a treasure like this from every eye—no marvel, he demands some mighty guardian for a gem so rare—and, with the prize in view, every obstacle to the fulfilment of the prescribed condition, which was to win it, seemed to melt away, before the sanguine hope and purpose of his heart.

The maiden wore an air somewhat thoughtful.

but ever and anon exchanged low words with the damsel who sat upon a cushion at her feet. The knight scarcely drew his breath, lest the sound should jar upon his ear, as he bent forward to catch those whispered accents.

"Yes, it is a fearful storm," said the maiden. "I shudder at the thought that my dear father is abroad in it."

"He went not willingly, fair mistress," said the girl; "but Master Simon, being ill, sent in haste to crave his presence; though, I will vouch for it, his ailment is naught more than a sudden surfeit, brought on by the haunch of fat venison he discussed with my master yester-noon—the honest burgher loves well a dainty dish."

"May it prove naught worse," said the maiden; "for he hath been a friend of long-standing, and such are sorely missed. Think'st thou my father will be back ere long?"

"I trust so truly—yet he parted in such haste that he could not come to thee; but he bade me say he would strive to return ere bed-time, that he might hear one of thy songs for a lullaby."

"He would sleep ill without it, methinks, and I as ill, too, if I missed his parting kiss. But, Bertha,"—and she made a sudden pause.

"But what, sweet mistress? what is it thou hast upon thy mind—pritheo out with it—for I see something is there, that was not wont to be."

"Thou art prone to spy marvels where there are none, girl; yet if thou had'st not broke in upon my words so pertly, I would have asked thee only, if the young knight, Sir Enguerrand, came not hither this morning?"

"He did, fair mistress, but tarried not long. In truth, I wish my master would keep him here, to amuse thee with stories of the wars, for, by my faith, thou hast never been the same, since the day of thy meeting with him, near the wood of D'Artay."

"Tush, girl! why should that have changed me?" asked the maiden, quickly. "Is it any marvel to meet young knights in these days, that the sight of one should cause change for better or worse to come over me, forsooth?"

"Thou might'st see a thousand, mistress mine, and yet *one* only have power to move thee!"

"And that one—what is there in him, pray, to move me more than I might find in those gay gallants of France, who prance by us in their dazzling armour, and their glittering surcoats, whenever we ride abroad."

"In truth, I wot not—they please my sight well, and might find favour with most fair dames, I trow. Yet this young knight of Navarre,—"

"And what of him, pritheo?" asked the maiden, with a quick blush and a hurried tone.

"Naught, gentle mistress," said the damsel,

with pretended meekness; "only he hath an eye such as women love, and cowards fear. My master, they say, takes mightily to him. But I weary thee with my prattle; shall I fetch thy lute, sweet mistress? or what wilt thou have me do to divert thee?"

"Tell me some of thy wild legends, Bertha; this is just the night to listen to them. Hark! how the storm howls. I wish my father were returned."

"Wilt thou hear the 'Maiden of the Tower,' or the 'Enchanted Sword,' or —?"

"Neither; I have heard them scores of times. Hast thou learned nothing new of late?"

"Thou wert not wont to love new tales like the old, fair lady," said the privileged attendant, with an arch smile; "but if thou dost now affect them, I shall recount one shall please thee well. It is of a young knight—a young knight of our own fair Navarre—who —"

"Who hath taken captive the heart of a silly serving-wench, so that she can speak of naught else," interrupted the maiden, with a sweet laugh, and a glowing blush, that lent new charms to her beauty.

"And wherefore should she? since she is beholden to find pleasure in whatever pleases her mistress; therefore —"

"Nay, girl, spare thy breath; and to put a stop to thy chattering, I will that thou give me a song." So it be not in the same strain, I may chance to endure it."

"Thou shalt have it, mistress sweet—a fine new song, which I heard a fair lady warble as she sat alone in her bower." And, in a clear melodious voice, she carolled forth these words:

Thou bring'st me flowers—I heed thee not—
Why should they claim my care?
With one alone my thoughts find rest—
The knight of gay Navarre!

Around me sparkle jewels rich,
Gathered from lands afar,
Less bright they gleam than thy dark eye,
Young knight of fair Navarre!

And music pours its thrilling strains,
Of love it tells, and war;
But only minds me of thy voice,
Oh, knight of sweet Navarre!

Fair morning fields her fragrant breath,
And ere her glorious star;
But sweeter, brighter, beams thy smile,
Knight of my own Navarre!

"Now, out upon thee, for a malapert minion!" said the fair Gabrielle, in a tone of vexation and laughter, as the last note of the song died away upon her attendant's lip. "Go to, I have had enough of this, and patience passing belief to hear thy folly to an end. Hasten thee,

and learn if my father be yet returned, and say I would speak with him when he can find time to come to me."

Bertha, striving to compose her merry face into becoming gravity, left the apartment in obedience to the command of her young mistress, and, to the alarm of Sir Enguerrard, passed into the corridor,—for, whatever might have been his emotions of pleasure during the scene just described, he wished not to betray that he had overheard it, though circumstances not of his own seeking, but which he could scarcely find it in his heart to deprecate, had placed him in the position of a listener. Yet had any important secret been divulged, any sacred sorrow poured into the ear of sympathy, he would at any risk have endeavoured to make good his retreat. But the playful badinage which alone met his ear was too flattering to his hopes, and told a tale too dear to his heart, for him willingly to turn away from it.

When, therefore, he saw Bertha enter the corridor, he drew up close in the deep shadow of the wall, hoping she might pass without observing him, and was not a little relieved, to see her, after advancing a few steps towards him, open a door on the right, and glide quickly through it, leaving it slightly ajar behind her. Here then was a good opportunity to escape from his present awkward position, and by following at a distance the steps of the damsel, find his way to the part of the dwelling he had been accustomed to frequent. Yet by so doing, what a golden moment for addressing the lovely Gabrielle, he was suffering to escape him, never perhaps to return. Another instant and he might stand in her presence, meet the soft glance of her eye, and hear the tones of her sweet voice in gentle reply to his. But only for one brief moment he listened to the voice of the tempter. Should he thus abuse the friendship and the love of one, who welcomed him with confiding kindness to his house, and manifested towards him the tender regard of a father? and the ready answer of a heart, which never swerved from honour or from duty, uttered, no.

Obedient to its mandate, he stole softly towards the half open door through which the damsel had departed, trusting to escape unseen, and resolving to wrap within his own breast the strange adventure of the night. But it was not so to be, for, unperceived by him, the maiden had arisen from her seat, and approached a vase of flowers that stood upon a pedestal, in view of the door which it was his purpose to gain. By a sudden gesture, she turned around and caught a glimpse of his moving figure. She thought it Bertha, and, advancing, met him face to face—knew him—so the bright blush that mantled on her cheek declared!—and then, without word or shriek, drew

gently back, pale and trembling with deep, yet silent emotion.

It was now too late to retreat without an explanation, and the next moment saw him at her feet. In a few hurried words he told of the mistake which had led him to enter that part of the dwelling, of his groping through dark passages and apartments to find his way from it, till guided by a friendly light he perceived the open door, through which he was in the act of issuing, when arrested by her presence. He left her no grounds to suppose he had overheard aught her maiden delicacy might wish to conceal; but he prayed her to pardon his inadvertence. And then, forcibly repressing the impassioned thoughts that burned within his breast, he told, as calmly as he could, how fervently he had longed to behold her, since the first hour of their meeting, and how earnestly he hoped to win so strong a hold upon her father's friendship, as to gain his sanction, if she forbade it not, to their free and frequent intercourse.

If the knight's words were calm and measured, when he gave expression to those hopes and wishes, there was a somewhat in his tone and manner that kindled burning blushes on the maiden's cheek, and made her bashful eye droop beneath the ardent beams of his. A slight sound in the distance suddenly broke the stillness that reigned around them. She started, and quick as thought snatching up a lamp:

"Go, go," she said, entreatingly; "thou must not be found here—go—but thou knowest not whither—follow me, and I will guide thee to the door by which thou entered."

She glided through the corridor, and, motioning him to follow, sped swiftly on, and in a few moments reached the outer door, by a much shorter and less intricate way, than that which he had threaded in the dark.

"Now thou art safe," she said, as, seeing him lay his hand upon the lock, she turned to retrace her steps; "this door leads thee hence; but as thou valuest my father's love, beware how thou dost again repeat the error which hath brought thee here tonight."

"But if thy father, gentle lady, sanction my return, thou wilt not forbid it? Tell me only this, and I shall bear away with me a dear and precious hope," and his voice, full of entreaty, trembled with tender earnestness as he addressed her.

She raised her lovely eyes, for an instant, to his face, and there was a language in their silent beams that made his heart throb with new-born ecstasy.

"Dress thee!" he said, and with resistless ardour he caught her hand and pressed it to his

lips. A vivid blush suffused her cheek, and she moved from him; then looking back:

"Remember," she said, "we meet no more without my father's sanction," and directly she darted away, and disappeared.

Sir Enguerrand cautiously unclosed the door, and the next moment stood beneath the dark sky, unsheltered from the raging elements, in the open courtyard. He looked around—no one was visible; but as he heard the tones of Master Philip's voice at a distance, who, having just reached home, was alighting at the hall-door, the knight, to avoid suspicion, sought the stables, under the pretence, if questioned, of looking after the welfare of his steed. When he entered the house, he found his kind friend, having exchanged his wet garments, basking in the heat of a blazing fire, and impatiently awaiting his appearance, to sit down at the well-spread board before him. Greeting him with his usual cordiality:

"Thou art heartily welcome, good knight and true," he said, "on this stormy evening, when the voice of a friend, like pleasant music, fills up blithely the pauses of the tempest. My knave told me thou wert in the stables, looking well to thy good beast's wants, and I commend thee for thy humanity. A faithful brute should never lack a kind master's care."

During supper, Master Philip informed the knight of Simon de Vaux's sudden illness, which had called him forth in the storm. Nothing less important would have tempted him to brave its fury; but he left his friend relieved from the fear of death, which was his chief malady, a fit of indigestion having first excited his terrors. Cheerily passed away the hours till midnight—the merchant once, in answer to a gentle tap at the door, withdrew for a brief half-hour, pleading some trifling excuse for his absence, but, as Sir Enguerrand rightly imagined, he had spent the time with his daughter.

When he sat down again at the board his spirits seemed even gay^{er} than before, and consequently inferring that Gabrielle had forborne to mention his evening's adventure, the knight was careful to make no allusion to it—but he could not detach his mind from dwelling much upon it, though more than once rallied by his good friend, upon what he was pleased to term his "dreaming mood." And sweet and blessed dreams did indeed visit him that night—and, strong in faith, and hope, and purpose, he arose and went forth, when a bright and cloudless morning at length dawned upon his waking eyes.

A stately palace garden—
A-taking of the air.

I could not keep my silence,
So through the trees I broke,
And then into my lady fair,
With right good-will I spoke.

MARY HOWITT.

Time passed swiftly on, but not idly did Sir Enguerrand suffer it to wing its flight. He had matured a plan for that adventurous deed, which, if it failed not, was to crown many dear and cherished hopes with joy. As yet he had communicated with no one on the subject; but the time had now arrived when he was prepared to seek the confidence and co-operation of his friend Philip de Rosay. For this purpose he one morning repaired to his dwelling, at an hour unusual for him, but chosen expressly that he might procure an interview, free from the intrusion of visitors. Great, therefore, was his disappointment, when on arriving he found the merchant absent from home. He had gone into the country, and would not return before the middle of the afternoon.

The knight was sorely vexed, for he had ripened his scheme, and every moment of delay now seemed an age, till he should attempt its execution. He walked up and down the apartment with a troubled step, and looked from window to window with restless impatience and anxiety. Suddenly a thought struck him. Should he avail himself of this safe and tempting moment to penetrate to the hallowed sanctuary where dwelt the mistress of his heart? He had not seen her once since that eventful night, and earnestly he longed to behold her again, to ask her approval of his purpose, and to tell her that he essayed it for her love. But no—even now would he hold fast to duty—now, when perhaps he was on the eve of departing from her for ever.

Fevered with the struggle of his mind, he passed into the hall, resolved to mount, and ride away till the hour of Master Philip's return, when, through a door that stood open upon a stone balcony at its extremity, came such a pleasant fragrance from the ripened fruits and fading foliage of the garden, that he was tempted to stroll forth, and, among the quiet walks, pass away some of the weary moments of expectation. It was one of the latest, yet loveliest days of autumn—calm and soft—the sun shining in a heaven of cloudless azure, and his beams, as they shot to earth, turning the whole atmosphere to that golden haze, which deepened while it softened the rich colours of the landscape, and which the exquisite pencil of Claude Lorraine loved so well to cast over his delicious pictures.

CHAPTER IV.

'Twas in a palace garden
I met my lady fair—

The perfume of the ungathered fruits that yet loaded the bough, regaled the sense, and the quiet falling of the bright decaying leaves, whose reign of beauty and life was past, awoke a train of sober yet gentle musing in Sir Enguerrard, which softened, while it chastened the restless spirit of his mind.

Nay, so grateful was the calm and holy influence of nature to a soul steeped in the turmoil and strife of a vindictive age, that the knight almost felt as if by some invisible change he had passed into a purer and more beautiful world than that where he had been wont to dwell; and when from amidst the garden shades a voice of song, sweet as an angel's strain, thrilled on his ear, the illusion was complete—the scene perfect—for the presence of that ministering spirit was alone wanting, to change that old and fading garden to a paradise. And so, before either were conscious of the other's near vicinity, they met.

The knight, obeying the impulse of his secret joy, stepped eagerly forward, a glow of rapture lighting up his fine face, while the transparent complexion of the lovely Gabrielle, showed like a clear mirror, the throng of sweet and strange emotions that crowded suddenly upon her heart.

"The saints smile upon us, fairest lady," he said, "since now a second time, without aid of ours, they bring us thus together. Shall I not esteem it a gracious omen that my ardent wishes meet so happy a fulfilment?"

"I trust, indeed, it bodes thee no ill, sir knight," answered the fair Gabrielle, in an accent sweet, yet tremulous from the unquiet throbbing of her heart. "But I would we had not met again without my father's knowledge."

"And if thou bid me, lady, he shall learn it—in truth he shall, this very eve," exclaimed the knight. "I have not wantonly abused his confidence—no, though my heart urged me by a thousand fond pleas to seek thee once again, I have forborne—but only for his sake."

"Thou hast done right," she said; "for he loves thee well, and I would not that by aught unworthy thou should'st forfeit his friendship."

"Nor will I, gentle lady; yet now that an unseen hand hath guided me to thy presence, I will not depart till I have unfolded to thy gaze the secret pages of my heart; but even now, till thy father's eye had first read them, should they be hidden from thy sight, knew I not, that this may prove our last meeting; and I would not pass away for ever from thy thoughts, without leaving there the record of a fond and cherished hope, which shall constrain thee to embalm with gentle tears my memory."

"What meanest thou?" she tremblingly en-

quired, her cheek losing its lovely flush, as his words summoned thoughts of dread and danger to her mind.

"Shall I tell thee, then, sweet lady, that I love thee—and that if thou forbid me not, I will win thee, though at the peril of my life?"

"And why should that be perilled to obtain a prize so little worth?" she innocently asked.

"My hand shall not be bought at such a price—oh no, oh no!" and she shuddered as she spoke.

"Thy father hath decreed, fair one, that it should be the guerdon of bravery and valour. Did'st thou not know this? Yet how should'st thou, living like a sheltered bird within thy fairy bower, shut out from earth's restless turmoil and ambition. Yet so it is, and I, if thou but smile upon my daring, am ready to essay a deed, which shall prove me to thy father not unworthy to possess his richest treasure."

"He could not mean this," she faltered; "it is not like him; he is kind and merciful to all, and would tempt none to needless danger, least of all one as dear to him as thou art."

"No danger is needless, which we dare for our king and our lady-love, fairest; and surely thy father errs not, in deeming this precious hand worthy the achievement of glorious and noble deeds. I have made a vow that I will so essay to win it—tell me only that I may claim it, when, at thy feet, I return to lay my triumphs and my renown."

"I would sooner give it to thee as thou art," she said; "more proudly, perchance, if crowned with victory. Yet should'st thou fail——" She paused abruptly at this innocent betrayal of her secret heart, that was troubled more for his safety, than it coveted his fame, and a deep and lovely blush kindled cheek and brow into yet brighter beauty.

He caught her small hand with impassioned ardour to his lips. "Seek not to make a coward of me, sweetest. Let me feel that thou carest for my welfare, and that my renown is dear to thee, and my arm will be nerved with a new vigour, and my soul armed with a dauntless courage, that shall be sure to win me conquest. He is a craven knight, sweet lady, who, in times like these, courts not danger and adventure, though in the very hour of happy love they lead him to the open breach which death is sure to enter."

"And my father—will thou tell him all?"

"All, all—this very eve—therefore, this morn, I sought him—but he was absent—and I strayed hither, to wear away the hours till his return—little dreaming of the bliss that was awaiting me amid these shades. Death only, sweetest Gabrielle, can ever cast its shadow over this brief

hour of joy, for, come what will, while life endures, it shall leave its record in lines of queenless light upon my heart."

"And soon dost thou depart?" she asked, with tremulous earnestness."

"Ere many days," he replied, willing to leave her in ignorance concerning his definite purpose and destination. "But I will not ask thy love, or claim thy father's sanction to mine, till I have done his bidding. He shall know all my hopes, and so he forbid them not, it is enough—his kind approval, and thy smile, shall be sweet remembrances when peril is around me, and whisper gentle thoughts, even in the *mêlée* of the fight."

"Go, then, if thou must; I will not urge thee to forswear thy vow; but," and her voice slightly faltered, "remember, if thou hast not now spoken falsely, thou art bound to guard well thy life—lest thou make shipwreck of a heart, whose weakness thou hast forced me to reveal."

"Thou dost urge upon me the dearest of all earthly motives to guard that, which is now only less precious to me than my honour," he said, fervently. "For thee! this shall be the watchword of my heart, sweet Gabrielle. Let me wear this knot of ribbon in my helm—it hath the colour of thine eyes—and while it waves there it shall be to all a sign of victory."

She plucked it from her hair, and, as she gave it to him, said:

"Let it recall to thee this hour; and may it prove a talisman to guard thee from the foeman's spear. Yet, if nought ill befall thee," and her voice trembled, "let them not speak of it to me—bid them only send back this token, and my heart will know the worst."

The tears which she had long struggled to restrain, fell bright and fast as she uttered these words, and when Sir Enguerrard cast his arms soothingly around her, she leaned upon his breast and wept. He kissed away her tears, and strove with fond words to cheer her; but it was her first grief, falling like a blighting mildew upon the sweet and tender buds of hope, which had just put forth their promise to the light, and words of comfort, even from those lips, fell mockingly upon her ear. Suddenly the voice of Bertha was heard carolling a wild strain, as she came down a distant walk of the garden, and the maiden struggled to free herself from her lover's arms. He held her close; how could he part with her so soon? But, with one look of mingled tenderness and entreaty, passionately exclaiming, "God bless and guard thee from all peril!"; she sprang from his fond embrace, and bounded swiftly away.

He stood for a minute motionless where she had left him, loath to awaken from a dream so

sweet. Was it a dream, or indeed a blessed reality, and had he held her living self upon his breast? Ah yes! her bright tears still glittered there, and the fragrance of her basifful kiss yet lingered on his lip. It was no illusion—and his heart filled with the entrancing memories of that hour, he turned and left the garden.

CHAPTER V.

Tomorrow, ere at even,
You star of beauty glows,
This heart in battle riven,
May calm in death repose;
Then fame and glory's call,
And war, farewell!
And, dearer still than all,
Fair Gabrielle!

French Melody.

NIGHT had again closed in, and found Sir Enguerrard seated alone with the good merchant beside his hospitable hearth. They had been discoursing of many indifferent matters during their evening's repast; and now, drawing closer to the fire, and replenishing each his cup, the knight at once broached the subject most interesting to his thoughts.

"I have somewhat to say to thee, my good friend," he began, "and I trust we may speak without the fear of interruption."

"Say on, fair sir; not a cat shall stir here till thou hast made an end of thy story," said his host. "Simon de Vaux, I think, ventures not out, as yet, after nightfall; so thou mayst have small fear of intruders at this hour. I have long seen that thou had some matter of weight upon thy mind, and thou knowest, if I can lend thee aid to lighten it, I have a ready hand and a willing heart at thy command."

"I thank thee truly, my kind friend, but feel bound to warn thee, that I may tax both beyond thy wish; but a faint heart never yet gained the meed of valour or of love, and so, to speak boldly, as thou hast a treasure hid away, that I covet more than all thy coffers of gold, I am resolved to essay the deed, which, if achieved, thou hast said should win it."

"Ha! is that thy purpose?" said Master Philip, a sudden light flashing from his merry eye. "Let me tell thee, then, that he must be a bold knight who attempts what I have named as the price of my pretty Gabrielle."

"And so he should be, I trow, who hopes to bear away a prize so peerless. Valour only in these days, should win the smile of beauty."

"But if I have said, sir knight, that to him who should essay, and conduct this enterprize successfully, I would give my daughter, I said, also, that neither on conqueror nor king would I bestow her, against her own free wish and choice.

When I shall have yielded my consent, she is to see and pass judgment for herself, and it may chauce that the victor of Evreux, will fail to be tho chosen of Gabrielle de Rosay. Art thou ready to peril life and fame on this uncertainty, good knight?"

"I am, sir; and, with God's aid, will not fail to win both lady and castle."

"Thou art over bold, methinks, young sir; but I like thee nought the less for thy stout-heartedness," said master Philip, with a lurking smile.

"And yet, never having set thine eyes upon the maiden, prithee how art thou sure but thou may'st find her hideous as the night-mare, when thou comest to lay thy laurels at her feet?"

"Fame hath surely belied her if I should," said the knight. "Moreover, dost thou not remember that I saw her with thee in our first encounter, on the evening when I slew the Lord de Valence?"

"But wore she not a mask?" asked the merchant, with a mischievous laugh. "There are some women of dainty shape, who are angels to follow, but very devils to face. I prithee, good knight, have a care lest she prove one of these."

"And what if I should tell thee, sir, that I have better knowledge of her face than thou wottest of?"

"Nay, thou dar'st not!" cried the merchant, with a gathering frown.

"That I have stood even in her presence, and heard her voice in low reply to mine," pursued the knight, undauntedly:

"Tell me this at thy peril!" exclaimed Philip de Rosay, his eyes broadening with amazement as the knight spoke, and a red flush deepening the hue of his swarthy cheek. "For, by the mass, if thou hast thus abused my easy confidence, taking advantage of my love for thee, to spy into secrets which thou sawest I would guard from thy knowledge, I henceforth renounce thy friendship, and close my doors for ever——"

"I pray thee, good sir, utter not thy malediction till I have spoken," eagerly interposed the knight. "Let me tell thee all. I sought thee this night to open my whole heart to thee, and to crave thy pardon for an offence which was not voluntary on my part. Accident led me once only to the threshold of thy daughter's apartment; and though, after learning its location, I might again and again have sought her, since thou hast freely admitted me to thy house, yet have I ever held thy confidence in my honour as a sacred trust, and if by the unclosing of a door I could, day by day, have basked in her smiles, I would have dwelt for ever in darkness and solitude, sooner than repay thy generous friendship with deceit so base."

"Thy words have a fair sound, truly, sir knight," said the merchant, in a tone of doubt and vexation. "Yet it must have been a strange chance that led thee to trespass on ground forbidden to the stranger's foot. I understand it not, I faith, and much I doubt, if thy plausible speech can explain it to my satisfaction."

"I shall tell thee but a plain unvarnished tale, sir," said the knight; and, in good truth, I have read thee wrong if after thou hast heard it, thou dost refuse to absolve me from all deliberate purpose to deceive thy trust, and also from a weak desire to amuse a vain and idle curiosity."

And in as few words as he might well use for the purpose, Sir Enguerrard recounted the misadventure, with all its circumstances, which had led him into the presence of the fair Gabrielle. At all events, his recital was so simple, and so natural, that it carried truth upon its front, and Master Philip, who had not a particle of obduracy in his composition, was at once appeased and mollified. Yet still the knight fancied there was a tone of coldness and distrust in his voice as he asked:

"And hast thou never met the maiden since then, sir knight?"

"Never, till this morning, sir," he answered, "when vexed to find thee abroad; and scarce knowing how to pass away the time till thy return, I strolled through a door which I found temptingly open, into the garden, and there——"

"Thou encountered her again?" interrupted the merchant.

"I did, sir."

"I knew it. Well, we cannot baffle fate; and if thou hadst been the veriest renegade that ever drew an arrow to its head, it had been all the same. So what signify bolts, and bars, and secret rooms? When one admits a fiery young gallant to his house, he may send his daughter to a nunnery, if he would keep her safe. But what passed between ye, young sir, on this second encounter?"

"I told her frankly, master Philip, of my love—but I said I would not ask for hers till I had believed what in thy eyes would render me worthy of it."

"And what reply made she to this?"

"She bade me tell thee all that had passed between us,—for without thy sanction we must not meet again, which indeed I had never purposed doing. But she did not forbid the hope I dared cherish, for she permitted me, as her own true knight, to wear her colours, and so go forth to win castles for my king, and for myself, glory and her love."

"Then, in God's name, go!" said the merchant, in a voice of emotion. "Go! and may

victory crown thy valour! Yet, even if defeat await thee, and thou escape with life, for this thy noble daring thou shalt win her."

"Thou dost make life too dear by this sweet promise," said the knight; "Yet be it spared, and thou shalt see how I will fill it up with deeds, that shall constrain thee to esteem me worthy of thy peerless child."

"I doubt it not; and if for a few brief minutes I distrusted thee, thou hast my confidence again. I would have chosen thee from among many. I had done so already in my heart, and though thou hast somewhat hastened on the issue of my romance, I forgive thee heartily, as thou may'st believe, by the priceless gift which I have pledged myself to bestow on thee. And now, I will take thy gratitude as a thing expressed—for I read it in thy face, and see thou canst not find words in which to speak it. Let it pass then this topic—and tell me what plan thou hast matured for that enterprise which I know thou hast so long contemplated."

"One, sir, which in two days hence I propose to carry into operation; and, if it fail not, it will speedily and, as I trust, with little loss of life, make us masters of the fortress."

"And art thou well prepared for this assault?"

"I hope to be, if thou wilt lend thy co-operation to back my efforts. The castle once in our possession, the submission of the city must follow of course. Our enemies will then be expelled, and we have but to summon the Lord Philip from Normandy, to garrison the fortress with his strong force, till King Charles shall be set free, and resume again the reins of sovereignty."

"All this sounds very fine," said Master Philip; "but how is it to be done, and what dost thou require of me, to aid and advance an issue so desirable?"

"I cannot yet explain to thee the course I purpose to pursue," said the knight; "but if thou wilt engage some dozen of thy loyal friends to fill their houses with armed men, and there are enough eager in the city to join our cause, I will occupy thine, with a body of my followers, who shall secretly, and in detached numbers, find their way hither before the time appointed for our attempt. Let them rest patiently till they hear the blast of a horn ringing far and wide—and, if I speed well, they shall not wait long—and then rush forth, all of ye towards the castle, I shall have prepared the way for your entrance, and so ye shall not in the onset, the banner of Navarre shall wave before nightfall from its walls."

"God send thy words prove not false," said the merchant. "Thou shalt have all the aid, sir knight, thou dost demand, for there are hundreds within the city longing to rise in their strength,

and strike a blow for their king. Yet had I not an over-weening faith in thy skill and prowess, I would scarcely submit thus blindly to thy will. It shall be as thou sayest, however; I shall learn all in time. But for thy signal: dost thou not know that it is forbidden, under penalty of losing one's right hand, to sound a horn in the streets of Evreux?"

"Therefore, I dare order it done as the signal of revolt, against treachery and oppression, Master Philip," said the knight. "We will wind a shrill blast, I tell thee, and when it pierces thy ears, let all follow thee with sword and spear, lance and battle-axe, and shouting the war-cry of Navarre, strike down all who oppose ye, till ye reach the castle. As for the penalty, the French knaves may inflict it when they find leisure to do so: but let them look to it that their heads roll not on the pavement faster than they can lop off the limbs of the gallant Navarrais."

"Well, sir knight, I see thou art well read in thy lesson, and so I fear not to confide in thy discretion. I will send my daughter to her convent in the morn, where she may rest in safety till the affray be ended,—and so, I be left in freedom to rouse up, as I will, every true man in Evreux to second thy bold purpose."

"And if thou dost this, we can have no fear of failure. They deem us cowed down beneath their rule; but we will show them that the spirit of our race still lives within our breasts, and rises up to assert our freedom and our rights. Tomorrow, my friend, we must spend in active, yet secret preparation, and on the following eve, by God's grace, we will banquet right merrily in our own castle of Evreux."

"Ay, and beacons shall blaze on every hill to tell of our conquest! Let us drink a bumper to the success of this enterprise, sir knight. By the mass! the very thought of it, restores the heat of youth to my old blood; and, though I never yet buckled on armour, I verily believe, when it comes to the encounter, I shall show these knaves that I can wield a lance, or handle a cross-bow, with the best of them."

A loud knocking at the gate was at this moment heard, and directly Simon de Vaux, with two other citizens of Evreux, entered the hall. When they were seated, and had each filled his cup from the huge flagon of solid silver, that flanked the board, the project just discussed between the knight and his host, was communicated to them, and the eagerness with which they listened, and then swore to bind themselves, and all under their control, to its aid, evinced the spirit which lived in the breast of every Navarrais, and strengthened the confidence of Sir Enguerrand as to its ultimate success.

The day appointed for its execution speedily arrived, and so enthusiastically had all hailed the contemplated enterprise, and so diligently prepared for it, that all was ready long before the hour of expected action. Sir Enguerrard had gone himself to each dwelling where armed bands were concealed, encouraging and directing those who were to second his efforts,—and last of all, giving more especial counsel to his own band of followers, who filled the house of Master Philip. This done, towards the close of the afternoon he sallied forth, and followed only by Denys, walked slowly through the streets, and to the square before the castle of Evreux.

He was fully accoutred in mail, but wore above it a plain surcoat, and, over all, a cloak wrapped closely around him, beneath which, beside his other arms, he concealed a small battle-axe. Thus equipped, he walked leisurely about the square, casting, ever and anon, an anxious eye towards the postern gate, aware that Sir Bertrand de Mortemar, the governor of the fortress, frequently, about this hour, unclosed it, and looked forth, weary, doubtless, of the monotony within the garrison,—for he often hailed those who might be passing, or lingering about the walls at the time, to parley with them of whatever matters were stirring abroad. About a week previous, the knight had himself been challenged by Sir Bertrand, and willingly entered into conversation with him, and since then, had more than one chat with him at the gate.

Resolving to make this intercourse turn to some advantage for his long contemplated purpose, Sir Enguerrard invented a marvellous tale, mixed, however, with truth, of the danger which threatened King John at Bordeaux—the Gascons claiming him as their prisoner, and the English as stoutly maintaining that he was theirs—so that, between the two, it was feared the poor king might meet with unfair play, as neither would yield their right, and each was resolved the other should not possess him alive. The governor, who, in his idle position, enjoyed any thing exciting, was, of course, vastly interested in all this, and expressed a strong desire to learn the issue of the matter, which Sir Enguerrard assured him would come to his knowledge on the following day, and that on such a one, naming the present, he would be upon the square at half-past four in the afternoon, when, if he would come to the gate, he would tell him all he had heard concerning it.

The knight felt almost certain, from the governor's love of gossip, that he would not fail him; and, relying upon this, formed his plan, and fixed the time for its execution accordingly. Still, lest his ruse should not succeed he kept

it a secret, preparing all things to aid him, in case it served him as he hoped. So, repairing to the square at the time named, he loitered around it, till he heard the postern open, and then, pretending not to notice Sir Bertrand, assumed an abstracted air, and walked slowly past him, with his eyes fixed upon the ground. When within hearing, however, the governor hailed him, impatient to question him further.

"Ho, there!" he said, "what tidings of our worthy king hast thou to tell, young sir, or hast thou not yet heard an end of the matter, touching this quarrel between the English and the Gascons?"

"Ay, sir, it hath ended as it should," said the knight, affecting to start at this sudden salutation, as though forgetful of his appointment, and of course indifferent to it. "The English have him, as they ought, for they won him, and with little of those vain Gascons' help, I trow."

"Ay, they will take their own, every inch of it be it where it will," said Sir Bertrand, sneeringly.

"Well, sir, the Gascons have sworn revenge for it, and sought the aid of the King of Spain, who hath sent out a mighty armament, with which he is harassing the coasts of England, resolved to destroy the whole island, unless the King of France be yielded forthwith to those who claim him."

"Let them sink it if they will; France will not weep its fate," muttered the governor. "Hast thou heard aught else marvellous, fair sir? Not a breath of news ever finds its way within the four walls of this stupid fortress, and the few knights I have with me care less how the world within wags abroad, than for their own drunken revels. I would to God, the cowardly Navarrais would make a sally against us, if it were only to give a spice of variety to our dull lives."

"Thou hast ever one thing, at least, to help time onward, sir, since thou hast told me those who knew not how it passed, when thy chess-board was spread out before thee," said the knight calmly, though he felt his cheek burn at the taunt flung at the Navarrais. But their hour of vengeance was approaching, and so he quelled his anger.

"True; it is a right royal game, and will take away many a weary hour," said Sir Bertrand. "But I have lacked this divertisement for two days," he added, "since by some chance, three of my pieces were missing, and I have not yet replaced them."

"I have a marvellous set of chess-men, of great beauty and size, and most curious workmanship, I sent me by a knight of Normandy," said Sir Enguerrard, "and I should like well to show them to thee."

"And I should be much beholden to thee for a sight of them," returned the governor. "A game so wonderful, deserves to be played with rare and curious pieces."

"Well, sir," said the knight, "I will send my servant for them on one condition, which is, that thou wilt let me play a game with thee—for I hear thou dost pique thyself on beating all who oppose thee; but I challenge thee to vanquish me if thou canst, and I pledge myself to grant thee the men, if I fail to check-mate thee, before thou hast had time to castle thyself safe."

The knight hid a deep meaning under these words; but Sir Bertrand understood them not, and replied:

"I accept thy challenge, bold sir; so send without delay for thy wonderful men; but, prithee, make up thy mind to lose them, for, unless the devil sit at thy elbow to prompt thee, thou wilt never carry them hence again."

"We will soon know whose they are to be, sir," said the knight, smiling; "then, turning to his servant, who had been well instructed by his master:

"Get thee hence, sirrah, with all speed," he said, "and bring me the ivory box that stands upon the table in my chamber. Delay not, for our game may be a long one, and the day wanes apace."

Denys departed, and Sir Bertrand, who, during this colloquy, had issued from the postern, turned to re-enter it, bidding the knight follow him; but as the governor stooped, in passing through the low gate, Sir Enguerrard, quick as thought, drew forth his battle-axe, and, with one fierce blow, struck him to the earth.* He never breathed again; and when, a few minutes after, the shrill blast of a horn rung wildly through the air, some of the garrison, amazed by the forbidden sound, rushed hastily to the inner gate and flung it open, but started back with momentary fear and horror, for the lifeless body of their governor lay before the postern, and over it stood an armed knight, guarding the narrow passage with his bloody battle-axe.

Directly, one rushed forward with uplifted weapon, but was as quickly felled. Another, and another ventured; but the dauntless knight, with his single arm, kept them all at bay. How long he might have done so, remains unknown, for during those few but dreadful minutes, neither

strength nor courage failed him, when suddenly the cry of "Our Lady for Navarre!" came cheerfully upon his ear. Loudly he echoed it, and in another moment Philip de Rosay, at the head of the armed citizens, rushed on, over the prostrate body of Sir Bertrand. The knight led them forward, and they soon entered the castle in triumph—for the garrison, appalled by the suddenness and violence of the assault, offered but a feeble resistance, and then surrendering at discretion, left the stout burghers of Evreux masters of their ancient town and fortress.

That night there was feasting and merriment within its walls, and for several days there were rejoicings far and near, for its deliverance from the arms of France. But Sir Enguerrard de Vandemont mingled not with the revellers, for he had won the boon he coveted, and he sat with the lovely Gabrielle in the blissful quiet of his own happy home, tasting a joy far dearer and more pure, than that yielded by the plaudits of grateful thousands, who shouted forth his name as Evreux's champion and deliverer.

THE SKY-LARK.

BY E. J. D.

SWEET bird! had I thy wings to rise,
I'd take one glorious flight;
Nor stop till past these misty skies,
I reached Heaven's golden light.

There, far from storms and every care,
Soaring in strange delight;
Not balmy breath of earthly air,
Could lure me from that height.

No thought of morning's fragrant hour,
Of leaves with dew-drops wet,
Of the sweet breath of opening flower,
Could wake one fond regret.

The sunshine on the glittering lake,
The murmur of the trees,
The thousand melodies, that wake
To summer's whispering breeze—

Ah! vain were they: in Heaven's sweet calm
I should forget to sigh;
There, every breath's ambrosial balm:
Here, every breath's a sigh.

And is this all? has earth no claim,
No stronger chords than these:
No deeper, clearer, tenderer charm,
Than sunshine, dower, or breeze?

Yes; there's a charm that well may vie
With heavenly joys above:
Earth has one holier, happier tie
To bliss—'t is human love.

Oh! warmer than the soft south wind,
Is sweet affection's sigh;
And brighter sunshine o'er the mind,
Beams from a love-lit eye.

If to our heart free wings were given,
For home we still should yearn;
And e'en when reached the gate of Heaven,
Like thee, fond bird, return.

* A record of history—which, however repugnant to the feelings of the present age, and to the modes and practices of modern warfare, is in perfect keeping with the habits and opinions of a period, when successful stratagem was esteemed an act of valour, and not less honourable, under certain circumstances, than a more direct and open mode of attack.

MARCO VISCONTI:*

A STORY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, TAKEN FROM THE CHRONICLES OF THE AGE,

AND RELATED BY TOMMASO GROSSI.

CHAPTER V.

AMONG the many barks that started on their homeward route on the afternoon that followed the combat at Bellano, was that of the Count of Balzo, which left somewhat later than the rest, on account of the detention of Lupo, to go through some judicial forms necessary to ensure the success of his cause. The small, but tastefully fitted-up cabin was occupied by the count and his daughter, by Ottorino Visconti, who had accepted a pressing invitation to accompany them to Limonta, and by the worthy parroco, who had made his appearance again on the conclusion of the combat. The bark was urged along by four oars, two at the prow and two at the stern, the raised cabin occupying the centre of the vessel. The old boatman, Michael, stood at the helm, while his son, Arrigozzo, was stationed at the bow-oar. Lupo, after receiving, with a modest demeanour, the congratulations he was called into the cabin to receive, issued to the prow, and there stood, with folded arms, gazing at the well-remembered and familiar scenes, from which he had now been so long absent, heedless of the spray dashed over him by a rising *tramontane*, at each plunge of the vessel. Behind him was seated his father, Ambrose, who gazed on his son with looks of admiration and gratified pride, occasionally addressing to him a few endearing epithets, to which Lupo replied with an affectionate glance or smile.

By the time they reached the point of Moreate, the wind had considerably increased, and a dark cloud hung over the Valley of Menagio, from which gleamed occasional flashes of lightning.

"It threatens a storm," cried Arrigozzo; "pull with a will, my men! Eight strong arms should bring us to Varenna, ere yonder cloud breaks o'er us."

Those within the cabin continued to converse, totally unconscious of the threatened storm without; the count engaging Ottorino with his usual subject of discourse to strangers—his early intimacy with the famous Marco Visconti.

"Aye, and many a merry day we had of it. Not a cleverer lad than thy cousin Marco was in our company—saving one," added the count, with an emphatic air of modest consciousness. "We

were often opposed to each other, and Marco would have maintained his Ghibelline opinions at the point of the sword. But, for all that, we were good friends."

"Indeed, he hath often spoken to me of you," replied Ottorino.

"He still holds me in remembrance, then? And what said he?"

"Knowing my intimacy with your poor Lionetto, and the time I had passed with him in Limonta, he asked me every thing regarding yourself and the countess, of whom his praises seemed warm and heartfelt."

Count Oltrado bent his head towards the young cavalier, and said in a tone intended for him alone, but sufficiently distinct to be heard throughout the whole cabin: "You must know that Ermelinda was to have been the wife of Marco, but circumstances occurred—it is too long a story, and I will tell it you at our leisure. Suffice it now to say that heart-burnings, disputes, and bloodshed arose. The father of my wife lost his life at the passage of the Adda by the sword of Marco, and from that time —"

His discourse was here interrupted by a loud and startling peal of thunder, and a few minutes after an exclamation was heard from the helmsman: "The storm is upon us; out with all oars!"

Lupo and Ambrose listened to obey, and a short space of silence succeeded, only broken by the creaking of the oars, and the gradually approaching roar of the tempest. The curate opened a small window, and a heavy lowering cloud was seen advancing from the direction of Menagio, and now almost overhanging the spot where they were; but he quickly shut it, as the first wave of the tempest rushed on with white and curling crest, and dashed over the stern of the little vessel.

"Here is one wet jerkin, at any rate!" exclaimed Michael, as he shook off the drops; "and I fear we shall have more of them ere long. Pull, my men! give way with a will! all together now!"

The sturdy rowers strained every nerve, till the stout oars cracked again; but the tempest was quickly rising, and a sudden gust of wind, or the stroke of some heavy wave would in an

instant lose them the labour of ten minutes. Still they were gradually approaching the point of Varenna, and a few minutes more would have placed them within its shelter, when a furious blast caught the vessel's prow, and, wheeling her round, exposed her to the full rage of the tempest. At the same instant the voice of Michael was heard exclaiming: "We are lost—the rudder is gone!" while the crash of parting timber showed that his words were but too true.

All was now confusion amongst the crew of the devoted bark. The curate pronounced, with trembling lips, the absolution in *articulo mortis*, then, with his head buried in the folds of his gown, sank on his knees in a corner of the cabin. Beatrice threw herself on the bosom of her father, who kept his eyes fixed on her with a stupefied air, while he muttered: "Lord save us! Lord save us!" Ottorino, on the cry of Michael, sprang out of the cabin to render what assistance he could, and found the vessel totally at the mercy of the winds and waves, and rapidly nearing the shore, where the breakers were dashing over the dangerous rocks of Morate.

"One other effort!" cried the helmsman. "All hands to the side next the shore, and pull for your lives!"

There was a hurried movement among the crew, and mingled exclamations of prayers and curses, which were all lost in one general cry, when the vessel, as a large wave sunk from beneath it, struck heavily on an enormous rock, with a shock which threatened to tear the planks asunder. Arrigozzo, who was standing on the rower's bench to give greater effect to his strokes, was thrown overboard by the concussion, and whirled off by the receding wave; and his head striking against the vessel's side, he sunk without a cry.

The young cavalier had seized the end of the mooring-rope, and, as the vessel struck, leaped actively on the rock, followed by Lupo and one of the boatmen, and as another wave drove the bark higher on the rocks, they succeeded in drawing the rope tight, and fastening it round a projecting angle. Those still on board were soon landed, while the bark, straining against the rope, like a wild bull caught with the *lasso*, soon dashed the stern to pieces. The crew, immediately on landing, scattered around the rough edges of the island rock in search of poor Arrigozzo; his father alone, who had been prevented by the intervening cabin from witnessing the fate of his son, sat down with the remnant of an oar across his knees, gazing on the gradual destruction of the vessel which had carried him through so many storms. He was roused from his reverie by the voice of the count, enquiring

where Arrigozzo was; for he, too, was ignorant of the fate of his follower. No answer was given, and Michael, starting to his feet, cast a hurried look around. No Arrigozzo was there; but he found the eyes of all bent on him in commiseration, and as his glance fell on the troubled waters of the lake, it rested on a floating object, which he recognized as his son's bonnet; while, beyond that, a dark mass was entangled with some pieces of wreck, and almost wholly submerged. The old man again turned anxiously towards his companions, and in an agitated voice called out, "Arrigozzo!" No answer was returned, save a wondering exclamation from the count. The dreadful truth fell upon him like a thunderbolt, and, with a wild cry of anguish, he plunged into the waves.

In a few minutes he regained, with the assistance of his comrades, his place on the rock, bruised and bleeding, and with the body of his son clasped tenderly to his bosom. Laying it gently on the ground, and kneeling beside it, he strove to discern some signs of life, in his breath, or pulse, or heart. His search was vain, but a gust of wind, rustling the garments and even stirring the arm of the dead man, reanimated for an instant his fading hopes; his eyes, sparkling with new brilliancy, were intently fixed on that beloved countenance, while he breathlessly awaited some farther movement. But when none followed, when even his fond accents failed to send a single throb through those veins so lately coursing with animation, when, in short, the conviction was irresistibly forced upon him that his dear son was now lost to him for ever, he started to his feet, and with clenched fists, and a voice hoarse with passion, uttered imprecations on the treacherous waves that had robbed him of the joy of his life.

The curate, who, like the others, had stood aloof during this mournful scene, now advanced to the bereaved father, and, with delicate tact, instead of commencing by commonplace consolation, which would only have excited him still more, he raised the head of the dead man from the ground, and placing it on his knee, exclaimed, in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"My poor Arrigozzo! thou wert ever a good lad, fearing God and honouring thy parents."

"'Tis true! 'tis true!" rejoined Michael, his heart melted, and his transport of passion calmed by these words of tenderness; "so good a son was above my deserts. Often hath his mother said, and that with truth, that I, old as I am, might take example by him."

"In these sinful times of interdict," resumed the curate, "canst thou say, my poor Michael—can any one say—that the Lord hath not taken him to himself in mercy, whilst he was his! Come,

present him as an offering to Him who gave him, and who now taketh him away, for purposes which we cannot search out, but which we know must be just and merciful towards His children."

"But what can I do in this world without him?" exclaimed the boatman. "Oh! what can I say to my poor Martha, when she asks—'Michael! where is our child?'"

"The Lord will not abandon thee," urged the good priest. He who hath given thee affliction will also give thee strength to support it."

Michael raised his eyes, and after a moment, resumed:

"Oh! why did I not too perish? why leave me—me, old and worn-out—and take, in the flower of his youth, our only earthly hope—the consolation—the support—?"

A flood of tears checked his words, while it gave relief to his feelings, and the curate, withdrawing silently, left him to the indulgence of his sorrow.

The mass of rock on which the vessel had been shipwrecked, was but a short distance from the mainland, which here, however, rose in a bold cliff, several hundred feet high, and seemed to cut off all intercourse with the shore. But Lupo, seeing that under the lee of the rock the water was comparatively tranquil, determined to swim to the foot of the cliff and attempt its ascent, as the only means of saving his companions from their situation of peril. Vain were all the discussions, even of Ottorino and the fideeler.

"I have often played the chamois-hunter when a youth," returned he, "and there is not a precipice or cliff from Legnone to Codano with which I am not acquainted. Let me go, then, master mine, and thou, my dear father; and, God to aid, I fear not of success."

Throwing off his upper garments, he appeared in the close-fitting dress he had worn at the combat, and, after a kindly farewell from his companions, dashed into the water, and was soon seen in safety at the foot of the cliff. He had directed his course a little towards the right, where the rock, falling back somewhat, promised an easier ascent; and, after a few minutes rest, making the sign of the cross, he commenced his perilous task. Slowly and gradually he mounted, clambering from rock to rock, from ledge to ledge; grappling by every briar or sapling or lithe limb of wild fig-tree; taking advantage of every cleft or projecting point; sometimes crawling on his knees, sometimes dragging himself along, breast to rock; on, still on, he ascended.

The shipwrecked voyagers followed his every movement with anxious eyes, till he paused in a small recess to take breath. For a moment he cast his eyes downwards, but as suddenly with-

drew them, as he felt his brain swimming giddily; then, again crossing himself, he was seen to resume the ascent. His figure became more indistinct as the shades of evening thickened around, now seeming like a wind-shaken bush, now like a falcon in search of his prey amid the rocks, and now lost altogether among the inequalities of the cliff. As they had thus for a moment lost sight of the adventurer, a heavy mass of rock was seen to fall from the height, and, striking a projecting point, was dashed into the lake in a thousand fragments—but a flash of lightning displayed the intrepid youth moving up the cliff, safe and unhurried, and he was cheered with a shout that made even Michael raise his head for a moment. At each succeeding gleam their eyes were again turned anxiously in the same direction, but without success; no further trace of Lupo was to be seen.

The sun had now for some time been hid behind the mountains of Tremozzo, around the summits of which immense masses of cloud, of a deep fiery red, were furiously whirled and driven about. Even the faint glow thus cast on surrounding objects gradually faded away, the short twilight of an Italian sky disappeared, a thick gloom settled around, and soon nothing was to be seen but the white crests of the waves as they rushed eagerly on, and dashed in spray over the solitary rock, as with a vain endeavour to seize the prey that had been snatched from their jaws. Ottorino had taken in his own the hand of Beatrice, which she frankly allowed him to retain, glad to have some one near, to whom she might look for protection; for the count, on whose bosom she leant, seemed quite unconscious of her presence, and, trembling with fear and cold, kept his eyes fixed in the direction of Varenna, from which alone succour was to be expected. And thus passed two weary hours of anxious suspense, which seemed an eternity to all of the small band, save to Ottorino and Michael, who had both, though from causes the most opposite, lost all reckoning of time.

At length a twinkling light rounded the point of Varenna, and was hailed with a joyful shout by the boatmen on the rock, towards which its course was now evidently directed. The measured sound of oars was heard amid the abating tempest, and a well-manned bark emerged from the surrounding curtain of darkness, and bringing cautiously to by the side of the rock, Lupo sprang ashore, with a cry of joy, and threw his arms around his father's neck. A plank was set out from the vessel to the rock, and the first to save himself was the count, who, as soon as he saw it well secured, hurried on board, and then turned to call on his daughter, whom he soon

found at his side, conducted by *Ottorino*. The rest followed—Michael last of all, with *Arrigozzo* firmly clasped to his bosom. As the bark moved off towards *Varenna* with her rescued freight, he laid the body on the bottom at the prow, and extended himself by its side. A short time after, *Lupo*, who had thrown his mantle over his damp and stiffening doublet, took it off and covered the recumbent figure of the boatman. Michael seemed at first unconscious of the act, but when, by a casual movement of his arm, he became aware of the covering, he raised himself on his knees, and laid the mantle over the body of his son, spreading and smoothing it with as much care as if the object of his attention could appreciate his affectionate tenderness.

Half-an-hour brought them to the mole of *Varenna*, where they were kindly and warmly welcomed by the inhabitants; although, a slight jealousy existing between the *Limontines* and the *Varenneses*, they bantered and jeered the boatmen for their awkwardness in losing their vessel. But this was all silenced when it was ascertained that the helmsman of the count was on board, with the dead body of his son. As he stepped slowly on shore with his mournful burden, he was received with a murmur of compassion, and with many offers of assistance and shelter for the night. One of these kind strangers he silently followed, and spent the night in solitary vigil by his beloved *Arrigozzo*. At dawn he sought out a carpenter, and engaged him to erect a wooden cross on the rock where they had been shipwrecked.*

"These," he said, as he counted out the money into the horny hand of the workman; "these were his own earnings; he gave me them the other day, as we returned from *Lecco*. Who then would have said, that they would serve to pay for his cross?"

Several *Limontine* vessels had sought shelter at *Varenna*, and amongst these a two-oared boat belonging to one of Michael's neighbours. In this the body of the drowned man was placed in the morning, and the father, taking his place beside it, started on his lonely voyage. All traces of the last night's storm were gone, or were only to be found in the fresher green that clothed the banks. The surface of the lake was calm and tranquil, only broken here and there by some fish, shining for an instant in the air with silver sheen, and then in its fall sending the spreading circles over the mirror-like smoothness of the water. The sky was blue and cloudless; the air clear and serene. On either shore,

cottage, and rock, and tree, and shrub, were picturesquely lighted up by the rays of the new-risen sun; and all around was cheerfulness, and joy, and peace. What a contrast to the anguish and despair that rent the soul of the unhappy Michael. As he mechanically pursued his labours at the oar, his memory recalled the various incidents of the life of him, whom life had now left for ever; the fatherly joy with which he first held his babe in his arms; the first words which those young lips had murmured; his treasured hopes, as his son grew from childhood to youth—from youth to vigorous manhood; the joyous pride of *Martha*, as her child returned from his first voyage; their mutual alarm, when night surprised him on the lake, when the sun set red and lowering, and the wind moaned through the leaves of the chestnuts; and their joy, as his well-known halloo came upon their ears. He recalled the triumphs of *Arrigozzo*, in the friendly contest, with oar or sail; still he seemed to hear the measured sound of his oar, and still the echo of his song rang in his ear. When the bark drew near to *Limonta* a heavier gloom fell on the mind of the bereaved father, as he passed each well-known spot—all affording some reminiscence of his lost treasure. But how much keener and sharper was the pang that entered his soul, when he descried the crowd of sympathising friends collected on the beach—for a vessel which had started earlier had brought the melancholy tidings—when he saw in the midst of these an aged female, with her time-silvered locks streaming down her wan cheeks, beating her breast and tearing her hair; and heard the air resound with her heart-breaking cries and shrieks of despair?

We will not attempt to describe the agony of their meeting, but, leaving these scenes of sorrow, will return to our party at *Varenna*.

CHAPTER VI.

THE count and his family were hospitably received and lodged by the parroco of *Varenna*, who was quite overjoyed at the honour of entertaining personages of such high rank under his humble roof.

In the morning, *Pelagrua*, the late procurator, came to the curate of *Limonta*, entreating him, for mercy's sake, to forgive him the evil he had wrought him in time past, and the worse evil he had intended him, and to find him some means of preserving himself and his family from starvation. Unexpectedly dismissed as he had been by the abbot of *St. Ambrose*, he was now without money, or food, or clothes, or any means of obtaining either, saving by the charity of these

*The custom of erecting a cross on the spot where any one has met a violent death is still maintained throughout Italy.—T.

he had so persecuted during his brief authority. The good priest had compassion, not so much upon Pelagrus; for whom he thought a little penance might not be amiss, as on his wife and innocent child, and promised to lay his case before the Count del Balzo, although, in truth, he did not look for much success in that quarter. But, fortunately for the rascalion, when the paroco entered the apartment of the count, he found Béatrice and Ottorino in company with him. The representations of the priest, together with the recollection of the unfortunate plight of Dame Margarita, when she sought refuge in the castle, touched the kind and gentle heart of the maiden, and she added her entreaties that her father would find some shelter for the fallen procurator and his family. The count listened very unasily to these importunities, a compliancy with which would have tended to displeas at once both the contending parties in his neighbourhood; but, unwilling openly to avow his fears to his daughter, he stammered out every protest or excuse he could think of, except the real one. Ottorino, however, happy to have it in his power, at once to gratify Beatrice and to relieve her farther from his evident embarrassment, voluntarily offered to provide for Pelagrus, and felt himself fully repaid by the damsel's glance of grateful thanks, which seemed to send new life through his every vein.

The count took care to warn the young cavalier of the character of the man for whom he had thus pledged himself; but he met with little attention, principally, it must be avowed, from the impression, that he, in whom Beatrice displayed such interest, could not possibly deserve such hard sayings; and Ottorino determined, as the best mode of providing for him, to send him to his cousin Marco, who, with such a recommendation, would place him in some one of his many castles. Pen and ink and parchment were with some difficulty procural, and the young knight proceeded to exercise an acquirement, in the possession of which he excelled most of his compeers. He narrated all that had taken place from the combat of his squire to the time of writing; spoke of the Count del Balzo, at whose castle he was about to sojourn for a few days; and of his fellow-traveller, Beatrice, of whose person, mind, and manners—he said—he could give his kinsman no more distinct idea, than by informing him that she was universally esteemed in every thing the very image of her mother. Thus flitting into a fresh flame the almost extinct embers.—But we must not thus anticipate events.

Our party, embarking in a hired gondola, reached Limontu towards evening. A report had spread among the Limontines that the abbot

of St. Ambrose had determined to take ample revenge for their outbreak, whatsoever might be the issue of the judgment; and this, together with the arrival in the morning of their drowned comrade, the sight of the desolate misery of the unhappy parents, and their deferred expectations of the count's arrival, which was delayed much longer than they had anticipated, had all cast a damp over the first warmth of their gratitude to the young victor. Thus, when Lupo sprang ashore, it was somewhat mortifying to him, but still more so to his father, Ambrose, to find so few people assembled to receive him, and to meet with so little applause and triumph, compared with what they had looked for.

The paroco remaining at the village, the rest mounted the horses that were in waiting for them, and were soon welcomed at the castle.

Ermelinda received the young guest with her natural affability, heightened by the memory of his intimate friendship with her lost son in by-gone days; but she had soon to experience much anxiety from the marked and earnest attentions she saw paid by him to Beatrice, and still more from the air of modest pleasure with which the maiden seemed to receive them. She grieved to mark the timid and restrained joy that had succeeded to her former gleesome merriment—the blush that mantled her cheek at the mention of Ottorino, and the hasty lowering of her eyes, as unable to sustain her mother's gaze. It was not that such an alliance would have displeasd her—gladly would she have seen it take place; but she had heard it stated that a matrimonial engagement had been formed for him by Marco Visconti, with the daughter of Franchino Rusconi, Lord of Como, and she feared that her daughter's affections, if set upon Ottorino, might be fatally disappointed.

As for the count, happy to have under his roof a noble of so high a name, and so near of kin to the Viceroy Azo, and the great Marco, he spared no pains to render agreeable his sojourn at Limontu; sometimes entertaining him with a banquet, sometimes with the chase, sometimes with an excursion into the neighbouring country. In these last, Beatrice was the constant companion of her father; and whenever any thing took Ottorino unwillingly from their side, the count was sure to occupy the time of his absence in reciting the praises of his young guest, recalling his active exertions for their safety at the time of the shipwreck, and the weary hours they had spent together on the rock—reminiscences which sent a thrill, certainly not of terror, through the maiden's heart. One virtue the count had discovered in the cavalier, which lent, in his opinion, an added lustre to all his other good qualities;

namely, a ready submission in every thing to his advice, and a patient perseverance in listening to his prosing narrations.

"Ottorino Visconti," he would say, "is a young man of modesty and discretion, very different from these beardless youths of the present day, who have scarce left the cradle when they would undertake to teach a professor of Padua himself. Didst thou not notice," he once asked of Beatrice, "didst thou not notice yesterday evening, when I was explaining to him the reasons that rendered the combat between Lupo and Ramengo null and void, how attentively he listened for nearly a couple of hours, nor interrupted me with a single syllable?"

And this was true enough; for during all this time the youth, who was seated by the side of Beatrice, was, so to speak, in ecstatic rapture, and heard not a single word of her father's oration. When *Ermelinda* sometimes ventured, by a gentle hint, to put her husband on his guard, her suspicions were called dreams and follies; and as he strictly forbade her mentioning it candidly to Ottorino, as she would have wished, she had to content herself with the only expedient that remained—that, namely, of sending to Como, for more certain information on the subject.

The maiden had ever loved her mother, even with her occasional severity, with greater tenderness than the count, with all his indulgence; a smile or affectionate caress from the countess was worth more to her than all the ostentatious fondness of her father. But a great change took place in this respect after the arrival of Ottorino at the castle. The cold and restrained air of *Ermelinda*, and her words, now of admonition, now of reproof, weighed heavily upon the mind of her daughter, filled as it was with a new life, with a delicate sense formerly unknown. The name of the young cavalier, which she heard with joy from the lips of the count, filled her with alarm when repeated by her mother, and she avoided as much as possible every chance of being alone with her. As day after day thus passed, she was shocked to find how much her filial affection was diminishing, and formed a thousand good resolutions, which, however, she had not the strength of mind to put in practice.

Thus did their mutual estrangement continue to increase, till one day a messenger arrived from Marco Visconti, and Ottorino immediately announced his intention of departing in two days for Milan. This was as a thunderbolt to poor Beatrice. Since first he had excited an interest in her heart, whenever he left her, she had always looked forward to seeing him again in a few hours; but now he was to depart many a league

away, and their parting would be long, mayhap for ever! And how was she to pass in his absence these long days, these dreary evenings? Her mind reverted to the joyous days that she had passed there before his arrival—to the countess, Lauretta, her books, her lute, her birds; but these had no longer any charm for her. It was like touching the keys of a harpsichord, whose every string is broken; no sympathetic chord was touched.

The following day, the last of Ottorino's stay, was destined by the count for a hawk party.

"You must see my birds," he said to his guest, and tell me if Marco Visconti has any thing to equal them. I can show you peregrine falcons, sparrow-hawks, and gerfalcons, from Ireland, Denmark, and Norway, and the most splendid retrievers in the Milanese. And, besides, there is my favourite falcon, reared by myself and by a method of my own, which far surpasses—; but enough; you shall judge for yourself."

That same day a letter arrived from Como, on receiving which, the countess had a long interview with her husband. From her chamber, Beatrice could hear the voice of the latter loud in dispute, and guessed too well that she was herself the subject of it. Immediately after supper, therefore, she again retired to her own chamber, under the excuse that she would have to rise early for the hawking, but in reality from a vague fear of being left alone with her mother. But scarcely had Lauretta arranged her flowing locks for the night, when a light tapping was heard at the door, and *Ermelinda* entered, desiring the hand-maid to leave them together. Firmly though with tender delicacy, she questioned her daughter as to the state of her affections, but found her enquiries evaded with a peevish petulance which she had never before received from her.

"I do not mean to reprimand thee, my poor girl!" she said at length. "The fault is partly mine, in not having spoken to thee before with greater decision. I had still hoped that it might be false; but now that I know positively—"

"And what dost thou know?" asked the maiden, fixing her eyes on those of her mother, as if to gather there the meaning of what she seemed so unwilling to utter.

"I know that Ottorino—. In short, thou must think no more of him, for his troth is pledged—he is shortly to espouse *Francesca Rusconi*, the daughter of the Lord of Como."

Beatrice essayed still to retain the mastery of herself, in spite of her moving colour; but the conflict was too great, and she sunk senseless on her couch. When revived by *Ermelinda's* tender

care, she saw that all further disguise was in vain, and, throwing herself into her mother's arms, buried her head in her bosom, and abandoned herself to a passion of tears.

"Yes, weep, dearest child! mingle thy tears with thy mother's! Could'st thou doubt my affectionate compassion, my ardent zeal for thy happiness?"

Gently she soothed the weeping girl, and when she had calmed sufficiently to listen with attention to her words, reminded her that the less she now saw Ottorino the better.

"Tomorrow he will be without all day, and thou wilt remain with me; the day after he leaves us for Milan. Thou wilt endeavour to forget him, and all this shall rest secret between ourselves. But I hear thy father's footstep on the stair, and must leave thee. Good night, my beloved!" she added, with an affectionate embrace. "Heaven help thee!"

When Lanretta had returned, and assisted her mistress to her couch, she asked her, as usual, what book she wished read to her that evening.

"I have here that one about the demons and condemned spirits, that you were so much pleased with."

"No! Draw the curtains—extinguish the light—and leave me."

"Shall I call you then at day-break tomorrow, to have you ready for the hawking?"

"No! come not till I call thee."

"And what dress——?"

"I have already told thee to depart and leave me."

When the wondering damsel had accordingly withdrawn, Beatrice, burying her head in the pillows, to stifle the sound of her weeping, gave free course to the sorrow that seemed almost to have crushed her heart. And thus in grief and anguish she passed the night; for when she fell asleep for a few minutes, it was only to dream of Francesca Ruseoni, radiant in beauty, and winning in carriage, while by her side walked Ottorino—her Ottorino—exchanging fond glances and affectionate words; and then, with a passionate burst of weeping, she would awake. Towards morning, a ray of hope entered her mind, from the idea that her mother might have been falsely informed, and she determined to make enquiry of her father, before he set out in the morning, knowing well that she could easily get him to say all he knew on the subject, without herself seeming much interested in it. With the first grey of the morning, then, she called Lanretta, who proceeded to dress her mistress in the hawking habit she had laid aside the night before. Beatrice, sunk in anxious thought, was not aware of this, for she had firmly resolved to stay at

home, in obedience to her mother's request. She waited in her chamber till she heard the count's voice below, then, hurrying down, she found him alone in the hall.

"Come," he said, after the morning salutations had been interchanged, "every thing is now ready. Mount and let us be off!"

"I have only come down to bid you good morning," replied Beatrice, with embarrassment.

"What meanest thou, foolish girl?" enquired the count, in a tone of surprise, at the same time taking her hand to lead her to the door.

"No, my dear father! Sit down here for a moment; I wish to say a few words to you."

"A few words! Thou wilt have time to say a thousand. Shall we not be together all day? Now that thou hast thyself ready attired in such good time, let us not keep the falconer longer in waiting."

"But I have said that I do not go to the hawking today; that I intend to remain in the castle."

"And I tell thee to have done with thy childishness and to play me the baby no longer. Come, Beatrice!"

At this moment Ottorino entered the hall, and after the customary salutations, asking leave of the count, he took the maiden by the hand, and led her to the courtyard, where her palfrey stood in readiness. Beatrice, as if fascinated, made no resistance; the thought of her mother's displeasure flashed on her mind—but then how was she to explain her presence there at such a time and in such a dress? And while she was still in this state of vacillation and uncertainty, she found herself riding along, with Ottorino at her stirrup, and her father leaning on his arm, while behind them followed the falconer and his four attendants, with hawk on hand and dog in leash.

The youth made several vain efforts to engage Beatrice in conversation; her answers were given with restraint, and her eyes remained bent on the ground. It may be guessed with what attention he listened to the discourse of the count on his setters and falcons; for the latter, finding the field left to himself, took care to occupy it fully. In about a couple of hours they reached a large chesnut wood, where the attendants unloosed the hounds, and they were soon scattered here and there, scenting along with their muzzles to the ground, while the party, accompanied by Ambrose, ascended to the summit of a small eminence, which commanded a view around. Scarcely had they reached this, when the count turned to his daughter, and pointing to a setter that came towards them, with its head to the earth, and its tail wagging from side to side:

"Look at Diana," he said; "she has caught

scent of something. Now she stops—ah! there rises a woodcock! Quick, Ambrosè! unhood Garbino! Come, make haste! how long thou art about it! Ayo! he has seen it now, let him go! Soha! soha! Well flown, Garbino! No chance of escape now for the quarry. See how Garbino towers above him, and now down like a piece of lead. There! there! he has him fast in his talons. Bravo, Garbino! bravo!

Down fell the falcon, with the woodcock in his claws, at the foot of the hill where the hawkers were posted. The count ran to extricate the quarry; and Ottorino, seizing the opportunity, drew closer to Beatrice, and said, in an agitated voice:

"Have pity on me, and tell me what thus affects thee; tell me, I beseech thee, if I have in aught offended thee? Thou knowest, Beatrice, that I depart tomorrow for Milan."

"I know it," interrupted the maiden, with a smile that could ill conceal her internal anguish; "and I know, too, that thou wilt take Como on thy way. My mother has told me of the tie that draws thee there."

She spoke with trembling lips, though endeavouring to assume a light and indifferent air; while the youth replied with embarrassment:

"Hear me, Beatrice! I deny not that Marco—; but then I had not seen thee; and I swear—by my honour, Beatrice, I swear—that for thee alone —"

But his words were cut short by the arrival of the count, who called to his falconer as he came:

"Hood Garbino, Ambrosè! but give him first his morsel."

The maiden was assured by the words of the young cavalier, but still more by his agitation, of the truth of what she had been told by her mother. For a moment this confirmation of her worst fears almost overcame her, but quickly rallying all her native pride, she seemed during the rest of the day to take a deeper interest in all the chances of the chase, than even the count himself, by whose side she kept close till their return to the castle. Not a word did she utter to Ottorino, not a look did she turn towards him, and the day which both, the day before, had anticipated with pleasure, left both, at the close of it, gloomy and dejected.

The next morning early the young cavalier, accompanied by Lupo, departed for Milan. The day passed heavily on; for Ermelinda was still indignant at the disobedience of her daughter; Beatrice, sunk in melancholy, made no effort to explain the circumstance of her joining the hawking party; and even Count Oltrado had lost his usual vivacity, in parting from his young guest.

When Beatrice had retired to her couch, she

bade Lauretta leave the lamp burning on a small table by her side, and to place beside it a volume of parchment, bound in leather, which she pointed out to her. This was the book to which Lauretta had alluded to, a night or two before, as treating of "demons and condemned spirits," and was no other than an illuminated copy of the "Inferno" of Dante, ornamented at the commencement of each Canto, with portraits of those therein described. What a treasure would this be to the bibliomaniaes of the present day!

She had obtained the volume with much difficulty from her father; not because any doubts entered his mind as to whether the "Divina Commedia," was exactly an improving study for a young maiden, but only for the ill-will which he bore the author for his Latin work "De Monarchia," and his other fierce Ghibelline productions. This, as already mentioned, was only the first part—the "Inferno;" for although the illustrious poet had died four years before, and although his "Purgatorio," and "Paradiso," were current in Tuscany, yet throughout Lombardy, this part alone was to be met with.

After a few minutes of pensive thought, Beatrice, with a deep sigh, shook off her reverie, and taking up the volume, opened it. As she did so, something fell rustling from the leaves;—it was a letter addressed to herself—need it be said from whom?

CHAPTER VII.

THE reader may remember certain broken sentences, mysteriously delivered by the Count to Ottorino, on their voyage from Bellano, with regard to Marco and Ermelinda: intimating that they had once been betrothed to each other, and that certain circumstances having hindered their espousals, scenes of bloody revenge had ensued. Now Beatrice, whose ear, as we have there mentioned, these sentences had reached, felt a natural desire to know more of these events, and had therefore desired her hand-maid to request a relation of them from her mother, the wife of the falconer, who had been from her childhood in the service of Ermelinda, and should, therefore, be fully informed of them. With many an entreaty and caress, Lauretta at length succeeded, and one evening, when the mother and daughter were alone together, the wife of the falconer discoursed to the following effect:

"Simone Crivello, the father of Ermelinda, was an intimate friend of Marco's father, Matteo Visconti, and there being thus a constant intercourse between the families, it so fell out that Marco and my mistress fell in love and plighted their troth to each other. Now young people are

ready enough to do so without looking beyond themselves, but when they come to consult their parents they sometimes find it a very different matter. As for Crivello, it was too good a match for him to object to it, but all the trouble came from the Visconte, who was one of the first Lords of Lombardy, and wished to marry his sons to none less than great princesses and daughters of crowned kings. Now, thou seest, Lauretta, that if Ermelinda had only taken her mother's counsel at first——."

"Well, and what happened next?" interrupted the daughter, impatient of this digression.

"A year passed with the matter thus unsettled, and then came a sudden change; the Visconti were chased from Milan, and the Torriani succeeded them as rulers; and it was soon very evident that the father of my mistress, who had been so great a friend of Matteo Visconti, was one of the chief conspirators for his exile."

"Out of revenge for the rejected alliance, was it not?" asked Lauretta.

"People thought so," replied the mother. "Then Crivello, anxious to assure his new allies, that he had broken off for ever with the Visconti, ordered his daughter to lay aside all thoughts of Marco, and prepare to receive as her husband the Count del Balzo, who had asked her hand some time before. She, poor thing! obstinately refused, and the house was consequently filled with tumult and confusion.

Perhaps twenty days had thus passed, when one night I was roused from my slumbers by a loud knocking at my door, and to my question of 'who was there?' a groom of Crivello's replied: 'thy father is returned from the Holy Land, and would see thee immediately.' As I really expected my father back in Milan, from a pilgrimage to Palestine, I hurriedly dressed myself, and opening the door, a pilgrim entered with his hood drawn over his eyes and a lantern in his hand. I threw my arms around his neck, but he, disengaging himself, laid down his lantern and threw back his cowl. Oh, my daughter! I thought I would have died with affright? Guess who it was."

"Marco?"

"It was he himself. With eyes of fire that seemed as if they would start from his head, he asked me 'where is Ermelinda?' 'Marco Visconti!' I repeated trembling, 'what dost thou here?' But he, seizing me by the arm with a grasp which left its mark for many a day, only repeated, 'where is Ermelinda?'

"For the love of the Holy Virgin! I insisted, have compassion on that afflicted soul; at this moment she is scarce half in life."

"Is she there?" said he, regardless of my en-

treating, pointing towards the chamber which in reality was hers. Scarce conscious of what I did, I answered yes! and he made two or three steps towards the door, then suddenly stopping, he said to me. 'Go thou within, and tell her as gently as thou can'st that I am here and must speak with her.'

"What was I to do? Escape? There was no outlet: Cry out? he would have strangled me. So entering in as he told me, I found my mistress awake, all pale and trembling.

"What means that light?" she asked, 'who is without?' I was unable to reply, but a subdued voice was heard; 'Ermelinda, be not afraid, 'tis I, 'tis thy Marco.' These words nearly struck Ermelinda senseless, but recovering somewhat, she allowed me to put on some of her attire. But, when, leaning on my arm, she drew near the door, beyond which Marco was awaiting her, her strength and courage failed, and she fell into so deep a swoon, that for some moments I thought her fairly gone. Ah! Lauretta! what changes are wrought by time! Who that had seen Marco bending over my mistress with such tender solicitude—with as great respect and devotion as if, I might say, she were the Madonna herself! who would have said that in after years he would prove such a troubled and evil spirit?

"I am here," he said, as soon as Ermelinda was sufficiently recovered to listen to him; 'I am here to keep my promise; to take thee with me and espouse thee.' 'Oh! holy Virgin!' was all that the poor creature could mutter. With a melancholy smile he added, (I remember all his words as it had been yesterday, the scene made such an impression on me.) 'There may seem little kindness in thus inviting thee to leave thy home, to share the fortunes of one who hath scarce a roof to cover his head.' 'Say not so,' replied my mistress, 'say not so, if thou would'st not break my heart. But fly, Marco, I beseech thee! Should any one come hither——!' —'Fly!' repeated he, 'and shall I have made so long a journey, encountered so many perils, and trusted myself amongst those who would willingly give its weight in gold for my head, only to retrace my steps like a boy baulked of his errand? No, Ermelinda! Thou wilt go with me, dearest? My friends are waiting without the walls to escort us; horses are in readiness for thee and Marianna, and a few hours will bring us to Bergamo, where the priest shall make thee mine for ever.' 'Ah, Marco!' said Ermelinda, after a short pause, 'would'st thou have me thus flee from my father's house by night, like one of no reputation? Would'st thou have me kill my poor mother with grief? Rather slay me, Marco! death from thy hand would have no pain.'

"Marco muttered some broken sentences to the effect that he was determined his voyage should not be for nothing, and that if she remained obstinate he would go in search of her father. Perhaps he only said this, that fear for her father's safety might mould her the sooner to his will; but she, taking it in earnest, seized him by the arm and entreated him, in moving terms, to forego his purpose. He answered not a word, but disengaging himself from her grasp, made a few steps towards the entrance, to which Ermelinda immediately ran, and placing her back against the door, cried out! 'No! thou can'st only enter over my dead body. Thou shalt not slay him Marco! I will defend him.' It was like throwing a bucket of water on a blazing fire. The Visconte stood motionless, and said with a freezing smile; 'do not think that I will fly, Ermelinda. Cry out! alarm the house! call for assistance! Fear not that I will move from this spot.' My mistress listened for a minute at the door with keen alarm, but finding that all remained quiet, she advanced to Marco, and with clasped hands thus addressed him: 'Ah! pardon me, Marco! he is my father;—yet I did not mean to speak so loud. But why use such words to me? if thou knewest how they pierce my soul! Heaven is my witness, how willingly I would give my life to save thine. Fly then, I beseech thee! if thou hast ever loved me, fly!' 'Wilt thou accompany me then? No?' he added coldly, seating himself at the same time on a couch. 'Then here I remain—should it be till tomorrow—unless thou goest with me. Go to the chamber—call out that Marco Visconti is in thy chamber—let the whole household enter, thy father at the head;—out of this I do not stir. Take thou the risk of any bloodshed!

"Vain were all the passionate prayers, the bitter tears of Ermelinda. You might as soon think of moving Mount Cenis from its base. 'And is there no remedy?' at last she said, 'be it so, then; I will go with thee.' She knelt silently for a few minutes before her crucifix; then, turning to me, she said, 'bring my mantle, Marianna! and do thou come along with me.—Or no! do thou stay behind, and tell my mother—' but tears choked her utterance, and she was silent. Half stupefied with grief and terror, I obeyed her commands? Nor was she herself much better, for when the young lord took her hand to lead her out, she followed passively and mechanically, as if walking in her sleep. But scarce had they reached the threshold of the chamber, when footsteps were heard rushing up the stairs beneath. Marco started, and striking his forehead with his hand, exclaimed? 'Too late! too late!' Hurriedly shutting the door, and drawing the heavy bolt

within, with one hand he tore open his doublet and drew a short dagger, and with the other taking from his neck a small chain of gold, with a strong twist, he broke it in two; one half he placed in his bosom, the other he gave to Ermelinda, saying? 'Let this be the pledge of our mutual faith. Keep to thy promise, Ermelinda! ere long I trust to claim its fulfilment in another mode than this. Until the other half of this chain is brought to thee, be assured that I live, and that I think of nothing but of making thee my wife.' More he would have added, but a loud knocking was heard at the entrance, and Marco, rushing to the window, opened it and leaped into the garden.

"I delayed opening the door as long as I could, but when I did so, seven or eight armed men thronged in and commenced a strict search through the apartment, till the sound of a scuffle in the garden below, drew them all thither. For some hours there was a running to and fro, with shouts and confused cries, of which we, poor trembling wretches, could not guess the meaning. But next day all Milan rung with the daring exploit; two of Crivello's followers had been found dead in the garden, but of Marco, himself, no further trace was to be seen."

Here Marianna would have ended her narrative for the time, but her daughter entreated her to satisfy her anxiety, by letting her know the result.

"Well then, see that thou takest good instruction from it. Learn that children ought always—"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Lauretta, "I know all that. Proceed, my dear mother!"

"A furious man, you may be sure, was Simone Crivello at this bold attempt, and nothing would persuade him but that my mistress must have known of it before-hand. So after a fierce torrent of invective and accusation, he gave her the choice, either to espouse at once the Count del Balzo, or to be shut up in the centre of a tower, where the light of the sun should never reach her. Ermelinda would not break faith with Marco, and the father kept his word, shutting her up, and me along with her. But mark, my child! how dangerous it is to be in the secrets of others, particularly of great folks! One day they seized me and took me to a small chamber like a dungeon, and there with promises and threats—aye, and tortures—they endeavoured to get from me the secrets of my mistress. I resisted while I could, but had at last to relate all that passed at her last interview with Marco, including the plighting of their troth, and the token of his faith which he had given her. From that time I was separated from Ermelinda, and though treated

kindly enough, was still kept in prison for six months longer. At the end of that time, I was told that my mistress had married the count, our present master; that she had been searching for me, and that I might return to her service, if I chose.

"I was taken to Limonta, and found Ermelinda more like a corpse in appearance than a newly-espoused bride. She told me that while shut up in the tower, she was allowed to spend half an hour each day in a balcony that looked into the court yard. None but the family of the castellan ever entered there, except one day that a juggler was allowed to enter and amuse her with his tricks. Amongst other feats, was the wonderful one of keeping five oranges running in a circle in the air at once; whilst she sat looking at this, one of the oranges was thrown into her lap, and on looking at it closely, she saw written on it—'Marco to Ermelinda.' She opened it and found within a piece of parchment and the half of the chain of which I have already told thee."

"The deceiver!" exclaimed Lauretta; "after so many binding promises and extravagant actions!"

"Stay, my child! be not in such a fury; thou wilt hear the whole presently. My mistress showed me the chain, which agreed exactly with the piece he had himself given her, and read me the writing on the parchment; for, young as she was, she could read like any priest. In it, Marco said that he had understood how harshly her father had treated her for his sake, and that he did not wish to be the cause of her death; that he also was much urged by his relatives to marry the daughter of the Lord of Verona, who had promised to assist him in the recovery of his inheritance; that he freed Ermelinda from her promise, sending her the token agreed upon; and concluded by himself recommending her to espouse the Count del Balzo, who was, if not a friend, at least no enemy to the Visconti."

"Well! was I not right?" insisted Lauretta,

"If you will not allow me to finish—"

"Yes, yes! go on! I am silent."

"Now listen! About a year after, Ermelinda was one day at the chase in the plain of Coleino, and being separated from the rest of the hunting-party, she saw spurring towards her a knight with closed visor, who, when he approached her checked his steed, and said, in a hollow tone: 'I come to demand from the Countess del Balzo, the token left by Marco with Ermelinda.' Recognising the voice, she almost fell from her palfrey, but she had strength sufficient to take from her bosom, the chain and the letter, and to present them to the cavalier."

"Marco Visconti—was it not?"

"The same. He read the writing; then, grinding his teeth like a wild beast, he cried out: 'The letter is forged! the chain was stolen from me!' After a few moments he added, in a softened voice: 'We have both been betrayed! Fare thee well, Ermelinda! Mayhap we may never meet again! but if the madness now raging in my soul leave me in life, thou wilt hear of me by the voice of Fame.' He wheeled his steed, buried his spurs in his flanks, and disappeared behind a neighbouring thicket."

"Poor youth!" exclaimed Lauretta; "poor youth! how I had wronged him!"

"Through time it became known that the chain had been taken from his neck while he lay sick of a fever, and sent to Crivello, by the same groom who had knocked at my door on that terrible night, and who, escaping with Marco, had been taken into his service. Bribed by Crivello with a large sum of money, he had again turned traitor; but it cost him dear in the end, for Marco followed him to France, where he had sought refuge, and slew him with his own hand."

"He deserved it!" interrupted Lauretta; "he deserved it—the traitor!"

"And Simone Crivello, too," continued Marianna, "he paid dearly for his share in the matter. Many years after, during a skirmish at Trezzo, in passing the Adda, he was transfixed by the lance of Marco Visconti."

"Many thanks for thy narrative, my dear mother! I understand now why Ermelinda grows pale and trembles at the very name of Marco Visconti. But tell me one thing: what was the meaning of that trick with the oranges?"

"Hast thou not guessed it? 'Twas a plan of Crivello's, to give the greater colour to his fraud, and cause his daughter to fall the more readily into the snare."

Renewing her thanks for her mother's indulgence, Lauretta departed, to repeat the narration to her mistress.

As we are about to introduce Marco Visconti, of whom we have already made mention so often, upon the scene of our story, it will be requisite to add some further particulars of his life to those thus related by Marianna.

Marco, the second son of the great Matteo Visconti, had followed his father faithfully in prosperity and adversity, and had always been his favourite son. Of generous disposition, ready wit, active and well-knit frame, he was ever the first in all knightly exercises; whilst his unassuming modesty disarmed the jealousy of those who were envious of his indisputable superiority. But still, wo to him that should dare wantonly to cross his path! His nature, when roused, was hasty, passionate and fierce; his father alone—

and scarce even he sometimes—was then able to restrain him.

Entrusted by his father with some difficult enterprises, he acquired ere long a glorious name among the first captains of the age, much to the discontent of his elder brother, Galeazzo, who grudged the favour shown him by his father. But on the death of Matteo, leaving his territory surrounded by enemies, his successor, Galeazzo, politically reconciled himself with his brother Marco, by whose aid, principally, he succeeded in his contests with the church and the Milanese exiles. As soon, however, as he found himself firmly established in his paternal inheritance, he gave loose to the natural tyranny of his disposition; thus incensing both the Milanese, who looked back with regret to the times of his father, and his brother Marco, who brooked ill that Galeazzo should spurn his advice in the government of the dominions, preserved for him by his sword.

So far—say some chroniclers—did he carry his discontent, as to accuse his brother, before Louis the Bavarian, emperor elect, of holding secret communication with the pope, for the purpose of reconciling himself to the church, and betraying the cause of the Ghibellines and of the emperor. And they add that it was in consequence of this accusation, that Louis, on his arrival at Milan, seized Galeazzo, his son Azo, and his brothers, Luchino and Giovanni; and shutting them up in the prison of Monza, placed his territories under the rule of Guglielmo, Baron of Monteforte, as imperial vicar. Other contemporaneous writers, however, assert that Marco himself was shut up with the rest in the Rock of Monza; although after some time he obtained his liberty, either by flight or being released by Louis himself. This much is certain, that shortly after, when the emperor passed from Lombardy to Tuscany, and thence to Rome, where he deposed Pope John XXII., to name an adherent of his own in his room, Marco Visconti was in his suite, and in great favour with the monarch; and that he made many solicitations for the release of his relations, both directly and by means of other friends, of whom Castruccio Castracani, Lord of Lucca, was the principal.

His prayer was at last granted, and, after eight months of confinement, the Visconti issued from these celebrated dungeons, known as the "ovens of Monza," which were chambers cut out in the rock, one above the other, with rough and uneven floors, and so low and narrow, that a prisoner could neither stand upright nor lie at full length. Galeazzo himself had caused these horrible places of punishment to be constructed for political offenders, and was, it is said, one of the first to experience their tortures. So much was his con-

dition broken by his sufferings there, that a few months after his liberation he died at Pistoja; and a large party at Milan, where the Baron of Monteforte had become odious from his oppression, were in favour of Marco as his successor. But, whether that the name of this formidable captain, his intractable humour, and the very prepossession of the Milanese in his favour, gave umbrage to the emperor; or that he was unwilling to alter the established order of succession; or that, as many writers say, he was promised large sums of money by Luchino and Giovanni Visconti, if he would invest their nephew Azo with the lordship of Milan; from one or all of these reasons, he named Azo his vicar over the city and district of Milan.

The Milanese were much displeas'd at this, and Marco, indignant against the emperor, his brothers, his nephew, and the Ghibelline party in general, opened a secret correspondence with the Guelph city of Florence and the Cardinal Bertrando del Poggetto, legate of the pope in Lombardy; and appears to have received from them a promise of men and money, to assist him in obtaining possession of his father's dominions.

It is at this point of time that we shall resume the main thread of our narrative.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HINDOO CRUELTY.

BY CAPTAIN WALLACE.

LINGEE DORAIWEE, a respectable trader in jewels, had a daughter called Yamna, whose beauty equalled the lustre of the finest diamond.

This charming young Parsee, or Peri, was about fourteen years old, an age at which the female figure attains perfection in India.

"She was a form of life and light,
That seen, became a part of sight."

Yamna's prospects were bright in the star of Venus. In her tribe, women are treated with the greatest consideration: they act an important part in the public and private concerns of their husbands, go unveiled, and, in point of personal freedom, they are under no restraint beyond that which delicacy and the customs of their mothers impose.

Such was the lovely Yamna, and such were the promises of hope, when it was her fate to be rescued from imminent peril by the intrepidity of Captain S——. She had accompanied her mother, in a covered and gorgeously decorated hackery, to a garden-house which belonged to her father on Colabah. They staid in the garden rather later than their attendants wished; pleased with cooling fruits, neat walks, silver streams, and shady trees. The golden banana, glittering

mangoe, and imperial jack, attracted their gaze and touch. At length their bullocks, in splendid housings, proud of the music of their silver bells, which played in suspension from their necks, approached the bed of the tide. The raft was beginning to ply in the lower part of the channel, but the carriage-road, along the crest of the high rock, was practicable, though the rising tide might be seen glittering in streams along its black ravines. The drivers and runners calculated that the bullocks would cross before the tide covered the rocks, and they urged them at full speed. A strong breeze, however, came into Bombay harbour, with the flow from the ocean; and before the hackery reached the shore, the ladies saw, with terror, that the devouring element was slanting them, that their footmen were swimming, and in great agitation, striving to keep the bullocks' heads towards the land. Alarm soon finds utterance. The mother and daughter mingled their cries and wept, in pity, more for each other than for themselves; but their agony was drowned by the roar of the flood, and the crowd at the ferry were too much absorbed in their own views, and too distant, had it been otherwise, to afford them aid.

At this dreadful, awful moment, Captain S—— was galloping from the fort; and, hoping that he should be in time to cross the rocks, he made directly for the course of the hackery, saw the life-struggle of the men, heard the piercing cry for help by the women, and plunged in to their assistance. His horse was a strong docile Arab, and Captain S—— being exceedingly fond of field-sports, had accustomed him to swim rivers, and even the lower part of this ferry, though a quarter of a mile wide. The horse, therefore, swam as directed to the hackery, and Captain S——, having perfect confidence in his strength and steadiness, placed the daughter, who was as light as a fairy, before him; and, with the mother clinging behind, gained the shore in safety, while the hackery and bullocks were swept away by the force of the tide.

Many of the Parsees have fair complexions, and Yamina's was transparently so. Indeed she looked, though pale with fright, and dripping with brine, so much like Venus rising from Ocean's bed, that S—— pronounced her, in his own mind, the loveliest of the creation. He galloped to the fort, procured palankeens, and saw the fair Parsees conveyed home in safety.

I wish, for Captain S——'s sake—I wish, for the sake of a happy termination to my story—that his acquaintance with Yamina had here terminated. Captain S—— used every means in his power to win the love of Yamina. He corresponded with her through the medium of fakiers,

or religious mendicants, and fortune-tellers. He loved her to distraction; he offered to marry her; for S—— had a soul too noble to ruin the object of his adoration. She listened to the magic of his address; she forgot all the customs of her tribe; she afforded her lover opportunities of seeing her; he visited her in the character of a Hindoo astrologer, and she agreed to leave father and mother and follow him for life. Unfortunately they were discovered, and so promptly followed by three stout and well-armed Parsees, that S—— was nearly killed in an unequal contest to preserve his prize; and poor Yamina was returned to her enraged and disgraced family.

The heads of the tribe were assembled, and an oath of secrecy having been taken, the fair Yamina was introduced, arrayed as a bride, and decorated as the daughter of the rich jeweller, Limjee Dorabjee. After certain ceremonies, her mother and grandmother approached her, where she sat like a beautiful statue; and presenting a poisoned bowl and a dagger, said, in a firm tone:—"Take your choice."—"Farewell, mother! farewell, father! farewell, world!" replied the heroic Parsee daughter, taking the deadly cup;—"Fate ordained that this should be Yamina's marriage"—and she drained its contents! Her lustrous eyes were watched till they closed in death: she was then stripped, arrayed as a corpse, and conveyed to the receptacle of the dead.

"When S—— heard that Yamina was gone, and suspected that she had been murdered, according to the customs of the Parsees, the noble fabric of his brain gave way, and reason fell from her throne. "My horse! my horse!" cried he; and as he patted his war-neck, the sciss saw the fire of his tear-starred eye, and trembled. Away went horse and rider—far behind ran the groom. He heard the hoof thunder on the ground, and his master's voice urging his spirited steed towards the foaming surf—then a loud explosion, as of breaking billows; and, on gaining the sea-shore, he saw a black point on the stormy surface of the ocean, but he never saw the brave S—— and his Arab courser more.

FLOWERS AND WOMEN.

"Women love flowers,
Because they bear such close similitude to their own
history,
Breathing fragrance when cherished, but
Dying beneath coldness and neglect."

NOT to shew our sense of what is wrong is robbing right of what is its due.

PRIDE is the weakness of the great—vanity is the greatness of littleness.

FLORAL SKETCHES.

No. II.

THE ROSE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF THE "BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

LINNÆUS and some other celebrated botanists are of opinion that, however diversified in appearance, there is but one original species of rose: this is the dog-rose, (in Latin, *rosa canina*), though florists reckon above a thousand varieties.

DISSERTOS.—If we examine the blossoms of the *rosa canina*, we find it composed of five heart-shaped petals, placed in a circular form, inserted into a calyx of very beautiful shape, divided into five segments, which are again subdivided into many graceful leaflets and indentations.

NATURAL ORDER.—The calyx folded round the rose-bud gives it that elegant shape so much admired. The petals are placed over the germen, or seed receptacle, which is globular. This, in the rose, the apple, pear, and hawthorn, afterwards swells into fruit. The germen of the other rosaceous fruits, as the peach, plum, almond, cherry, raspberry, strawberry, and bramble, are subjected to different laws. When the flower is mature, the petals, which are but slightly inserted within the calyx, fall off one by one. To see the interior in perfection, it is best to gather a flower newly opened.

LINNEAN CONSTRUCTION.—Inserted in the calyx we find many anthers mounted on unequal filaments: as they amount to more than twenty, we know the class to be *Jossandria*. In the centre of the calyx are many low summits, by which we know it to be of the order *Polygynia*. The anthers fall off, but the calyx remains, and may be partly recognized on the top of the ripe rose hip, and on the eye of the apple and pear.

FRUIT.—The rose hip contains several seeds, embedded in short hairs, and surrounded by a red rind of acidulous taste, from which the conserve sold in druggists shops is made. The fruit of the apple-bearing rose is very large, and highly medicinal.

EGLANTEMA.—The wild roses most deserving notice are the fragrant sweet-briar, or eglantine, though our great poet, Milton, bestows that name on the more graceful, but less lovely denizen of the woods, the dog-rose, when he says:

Through the sweet-briar and the vine,
And the twisted eglantine.

SCOTCH BRIARS, SPINOSISSIMA.—The Scotch briar rose, the peculiar features of which are low stature, minute leaves, and stalks thickly set with hairs and thorns. The flowers of these roses are white and pink, and pink striped with white; their fragrance is not diffused over the leaves and stalks as in the sweet-briar and moss-rose, but confined to the flower solely. Several beautiful varieties of this species adorn the Highlands, near Inverness.

PURPURELLIFOLIA.—Another beautiful wild-rose is the large burnet-leaved rose. Its shining leaves unfold early in the spring, but it seldom blows before August; it continues in flower till late in the autumn, and leaves many bright red hips to ornament the winter. The petals of this rose are of a brilliant carmine, the latest blossoms being the brightest. Cultivation obtains from this species a very lovely and distinguished double rose, known by the name of the rose of Sharon. The burnet-leaved rose is sometimes seen of a pure white.

YELLOW BRIAR.—The yellow rose is also a briar remarkable for the evanescence of its blossoms. The yellow rose is most elegant when it can be prevailed on to blow; but this plant is liable to blight and canker in almost every soil and situation. No sooner do the buds begin to open than a worm pierces them to the heart, and not one blossom out of many comes to maturity.

AUSTRIAN BRIAR ROSE.—The Austrian rose, (one of the briars), is an extraordinary flower, in growth and appearance. The outsides of the petals are of a bright yellow—the inside of an orange scarlet, of the richest and most velvety texture. The germen varies from that of all other roses in form and colour; the latter is of a reddish purple, and the anthers larger, flatter, and more regularly placed, approach the hue of pale buff. The bud is singular in its construction. When ready to expand, the calyx turns back, and leaves the half-unfolded flower in the form of a voluted shell. The double Austrian rose is a superb flower.

CINNAMON.—The cinnamon rose is the earliest blowing of all the deciduous and fragrant

roses : it puts forth its odoriferous blossoms early in May. In the calyx of this flower we behold an instance of the beneficial providence of the Creator, in fencing this fair blossom against the sharp winds of a capricious spring : the whole of the buds and largest part of the blossom are enveloped in fold over fold of a leafy calyx, or flower cup, to shield from cold the earliest rose. The foot-stalk of the flower is short, and the buds, till the red of the petals appear, are completely nestled under these leafy screens. The cinnamon rose is sometimes called the musk rose.

MOSS ROSE.—Among its lovely competitors of the rosary, the eye seeks with delight, and scarcely ever wanders from the peerless moss-rose, to which the floral sceptre assuredly pertains. It has often been styled the queen of roses. The white moss-rose is very rare, but scarcely less beautiful than the red. Botanists tell us that the elegant moss encircling these Provence roses, is merely the effect of disease in the plant ; but on this point naturalists differ. Be the cause what it may the effect is most lovely.

BLACK ROSE.—A rose almost black has been produced by grafting or budding the velvet damask on a black currant stock.

MULTIFLORA.—The smallest roses, but not least worthy of notice, are the small red *Burgundy* and dwarf rose de Mieux. The blossoms of the climbing rose are not larger than a shilling or half-crown piece ; the flowers grow on short foot stalks, in clusters from four to eight or ten. The branches will run to the length of seventy or a hundred feet. It grows freely from cuttings ; and, though usually sheltered in green houses, will endure the cold of a moderate winter in England : in the open air it ought to be matted.

SINGLE DAMASK.—The old English damask, or *rosa officinalis*, is a lovely velvet rose, of a deep crimson, freckled with purple. It is not very common, except in old gardens, where it was formerly cultivated freely, on account of its virtues for distillation, and other medicinal uses.

YELLOW MONTHLY.—Though this paper has been mostly confined to the most remarkable among the deciduous roses, it must not omit mentioning the new rose of the monthly or ever-green species, that has been raised in France since 1829. The blossoms are white, delicately tinted with yellow in the full-blown flowers, and with pale pink in the buds. It is double, and most elegantly folded. The leaves are dark shining green. Unlike the other monthly roses, its fragrance is very fine, something like the aromatic odour of the finest green tea. It is readily propagated by cuttings. A slip, if put into a pot, sheltered by a common hand-glass, or placed in a window, will readily take root ; but

we recommend our young readers to take cuttings from all evergreen roses in June, July, and August : a small portion of the old or last year's wood should be cut with the slip. If a flower-stick cut from a monthly rose be placed in moist ground, in any of these months, it will grow, and make a nice plant if left undisturbed ; but the young plants require much care and watering when transplanted.

YORK AND LANCASTER ROSES.—The red and white roses were chosen, as is well known, as badges in the quarrel in the Houses of York and Lancaster ; from which circumstance it was called the war of the red and white roses. The variegated or striped rose still bears the united name of the rival houses. Shakespeare, in the celebrated scene in the temple garden,* distinctly hints to this party-coloured blossom, where he makes Somerset scoldingly reply to Vernon, who has just plucked the white rose :

Prick not thy finger as thou pluck it off,
Lest bleeding thou do paint the white rose red.

This rose is sometimes called the historic rose.

The most delicate and superb roses that adorn our gardens are of Eastern origin ; importations from the East, from the South of France, and from Italy.

THE ROSES OF PERSIA.—In the memoirs of a recent traveller in Persia we find the rose-tree thus described : "I was struck with the extraordinary height and beauty of the rose-trees, which open on each side of the avenue, full fifteen feet high, covered with the richest bloom, and exhaling a delicious perfume. They seemed the sovereigns of the floral glory of Persia ; but to form an idea of the transcendent excellence of the Persian roses above the roses of our climate, we must behold them in their native beauty. The gardens of the princes and people are universally planted with them, and every path strewn with their delicious flowers."

The rose-trees in the horticultural gardens seem intended by Professor Lindley to rival the above description. There are now one thousand four hundred and fifty varieties, and every year seems to increase the number.

MEDICINAL USES.—The flowers of the red-rose, more particularly the single and double damask, hold a distinguished place in the pharmacopœia of this and other countries for their astringent qualities. An infusion of the petals of the red damask rose, coloured with a few drops of vitrollic acid, is used as a detergent gargle in sore throats, and as a tonic strengthening medicine. The uses of rose-water are numerous and too well

* Henry VI.—Part 1st, Act 2d, Scene 4th.

known to require being noticed. The celebrated perfume, attar gul, or attar rose, is extracted from the roses of the East, and is held in high estimation in all countries for its rich and almost overpowering odour.

CULTURE.—Nothing can be easier to the young florist than the cultivation of the deciduous roses: they throw up many suckers from the root, which may be parted in October and planted out in the borders or shrubbery early in spring. Those which are trained as standards are generally budded—the Persian or Provence rose, or the Frankfort—or any other large and high growing rose possessing little native fragrance or beauty.

The Eastern poets abound with beautiful allusions to the rose, and Byron has with singular beauty described it in the concluding stanzas of the *Bride of Abydos*, as marking the grave of Zuleika:

A single rose is shedding there
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale:
It looks as planted by despair—
So white—so fat—the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high;
And yet though storms a blight assail,
And hands more rude than wintry sky
May wring it from the stem—in vain—
Tomorrow sees it bloom again!

The whole passage is replete with beauty; but for brevity's sake we must refer to the poem itself.

Moore has a thousand lovely descriptions of the rose in his *Lalla Rookh*, nor will his "*Last Rose of Summer*" be forgotten by those who love sweet flowers and sweeter poetry; nor Campbell's

Rose of the wilderness left on the stalk,
To mark where the garden has been.

One of the most poetical and beautiful allusions to the rose, is to be found in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*; but as many of our readers may not be Italian scholars, and those who are, will be already intimately acquainted with this celebrated passage, we forbear to insert it. Herrick has clothed the first few words in a light garb of his own, and given us that pretty quaint song, beginning:

Gather your roses while you may,
For time is still a-flyng;
And that same flower that blooms today,
Tomorrow will be dying.

Milton, describing the beauties of Eden before the fall, says:

Flowers of all hues, and, without thorn, the rose,
as if he would imply that the curse had fallen on the vegetable world for man's punishment. When Satan describes Eve alone, the poet thus describes her:

Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood
Half-spy'd, so thick the roses blushing round
About her glowed.

THE SEA-NYMPH'S SONG.

BY H. J. K.

Tuneful music and dance in the prince's hall,
And mortals have pleasure and song at their call,
And festal enjoyment, and laughter and mirth,
And beautiful scenes on the flowery earth;
While Pageantry reigns in the court and the tower,
There's beauty and love in the fair summer bower;
But, dearer our revels, so wild and so free,
In the banquetting halls of our own pathless sea.

There's falsehood and hate in the palace of kings,
There's a venom that smiles, while in secret it stings—
A thorn lurks concealed in the roses bright fold,
And the children of earth bend in worship to gold;
Ambition and pride are unchecked in their sway,
And honour for lucre is bartered away;
But our hearts and our souls are as pure and as free
As the wandering waves of the glittering sea.

But, ah! there is one of the children of men,
A vision of glory to dream of again;
I saw and I loved him, one eye on the strand,
Like a seraph whose wing had been hured by the hand.
I thought him of Heaven, that nothing on earth
Was so pure and so fair, and of mortal birth;
I told him my love, and I said I would be
His bride in the halls of the silent deep sea.

I told him my love by the lonely seaside,
And asked him to take me for ever his bride;
To lie where the sea-nymph in loneliness dwells,
Mid isles of delight, and in porphyry cells.
He paused in his grief, and his aspect was wild,
As he kissed my pale cheek, and languidly smiled:
"Fair lady," he said, "I can ne'er come to thee—
Or lie thine in the bright azure halls of the sea."

Round my heart's wild affections the magic that hung
In each soft word he uttered its influence hung:
He loved a fair world of humanity's mould—
But the daughters of Eve are repulsive and cold,
Less sweet was the first dewy light of the morn,
The pale vesper star, yet she received him in scorn:
But I will careen him: beloved, come to me,
Where unseen hands wake the wild notes of the sea.

Wine, melody, gladness, still changing and new,
And love, like the angels', undying and true;
Where the amaranth blooms starry pearl and bright
shell,

Which spirits of ocean caucel with a spell.
The spoils of the wave and our treasures we keep
In the diamond lit halls and the domes of the deep—
Then come, child of earth, and the sea-nymph shall be
Thy love in the homes of the slumbering sea.

A MAN that should call every thing by its right name, would hardly pass through the streets without being knocked down as a common enemy.—*Holifux.*

LYING is only another term for stealing behind our back.

VIRTUE.

To outstrip virtue is impossible—the most we can do is to travel by her side.

EARLY LAYS.

BY C. F. H.

[Some of these lays have been already published; but as they have recently undergone a thorough revision by the author, they are now presented in a more complete form than when originally offered to the public].

THE THAW-KING'S VISIT TO NEW YORK.

He comes on the wings of the warm south-west
In the saffron hues of the embeamed drest,
And lingers awhile on the placid bay,
As the ice-cakes languidly steal away,
To drink these gems which the wave turns up,
Like Egyptian pearls in the Roman's cup.
Then hies to the wharves, where the hawser binds
The impatient ship from the wistful winds,
And slackens each rope till it hangs from on high,
Less brinly pennell'd against the sky;
And sports in the stiffened canvas thro'
Till its folds float out in the wooing air;
Then leaves these quellers of ocean's pride
To swing from the pier on the lazy tide.

He reaches the Battery's grassy bed,
And the earth smokes out from beneath his tread;
And he turns him about to look wistfully back:
On each charm that he leaves on his beautiful track;
Each islet of green which the bright waters fold,
Like emerald gems from their bosom rolled,
The sea just peering the headlands though,
Where the sky is lost in its deeper blue,
And the thousand barks which securely sweep
With silvery wings round the land-locked deep.

He lingers awhile on the springy ground,
To watch the children gambol around,
And thinks it hard that a touch from him
Cannot make the aged as lithe of limb;
That he has no power to melt the rime,
The stubborn frost that is made by time;
And sighing, he leaves the urchins to play,
And launches at last on the world of Broadway.

There were faces and figures of heavenly mould,
Of charms not yet by the poet told;
There were dancing plumes, there were mantles gay,
Flowers and ribbons flaunting there,
Such as of old on a festival day
Th' Italian nymphs were wont to wear.
And the Thaw-king felt his cheek flush high,
And his pulses flutter in every limb,
As he gazed on many a beaming eye,
And many a form that flitted by,
With twinkling foot and ankle trim.

And he practised many an idle freak,
As he lounged the morning through;
He sprang the frozen gutters aleak,
For want of ought else to do;
And left them black as a billetter's ink,
To gurgle away to the sewer's sink.
He sees a beggar gaunt and grim
Arise a miser's cholera,
And he laughs while he melts the soul of him
To fling the wretch a dollar;

And he thinks how small a heaven 'twould take,
For a world of souls like his to make.

And now as the night falls chill and gray,
Like a drizzling rain on a new-made tomb,
And his father the Sun has slunk away,
And left him alone to gas and gloom,
The Thaw-king steals in a vapour thin,
Through the lighted porch of a house, wherein
Music and mirth were gayly mingled;
And groups like hues in one bright flower,
Dazzled the Thaw-king while he singled
Some one on whom to try his power.

He enters first in a lady's eyes,
And thrusts at a dandy's heart;
But the vest that is made by Frost, Jofies
The point of the Thaw-king's dart;
And the huffed spirit pottishly flies
On a pedant, to try his art;
But his aim is foiled by the dust-
y lore that envelops the man of must.

And next he tries with a lover's sighs
To melt the heart of a belle;
But around her waist there's a stout arm placed,
Which shields that lady well.
And that waist! oh! that waist—it is one that you would
Like to clasp in a waltz, or—wherever you could.

Her figure was fashioned tall and slim,
But with rounded bust and shapely limb;
And her queen-like step as she trod the floor,
And her look as she bridled in beauty's pride,
Was such as the Tyrian heroine wore
When she blushed alone on the consoling shore,
The wandering Dardan's unwended bride.

And the Thaw-king gazed on that lady bright,
With her form of love, and her looks of light,
Till his spirits began to wane;
And his wits were put to rout,
And entering into a poet's brain,
He thawed this dirty out:

"They are mockery all—these skies, these skies
Their untroubled depths of blue—
They are mockery all—those eyes, those eyes,
Which seem so warm and true,
Each tranquil star in the one that lies,
Each meteor gleam that at random flies
The other's lashes through;
They are mockery all, these flowers of spring,
Which her airs so softly woo—
And the love to which we would madly cling,
Ay! it is mockery too;
The winds are false which the perfume stir,
And the looks deceive to which we sue,
And love but leads to the sepulchre,
Which flowers spring to strew."

BIRTH-DAY THOUGHTS.

"I feel quite an old sort of feel."
Byron's Letters.

At twenty-five—at twenty-five,
The heart should not be cold;
It still is young in deeds to strive,
Though half life's tale is told:
And Fame should keep its youth alive,
If Love would make it old.

But mine is like that fruit which grew,
And withered in a night,
Which from the skies of midnight drew
Its ripening and its blight—
Matured in heaven's tears of dew,
And faded ere her light.

Its hues in sorrow's darkness burn.
In tears were fostered first;
Its powers from passion's frenzy drawn,
In passion's gloom were nurs'd—
And perishing ere manhood's dawn,
Did prematurely burst.

Yet all I've learnt from hours rife
With painful brooding here,
Is, that amid this mortal strife,
The lapse of every year
But takes away a hope from life,
And adds to death a fear.

CLOSING ACCOUNTS.

TO MY COUSIN.

I PLACED—it was not ten years since—
Sweet coz, a heart within thy keeping,
In which there was no pulse of pride,
Of post, or of hero, leaping,
But it was generous, warm, and true,
True to itself, and true to thee;
And toward thine own it fondly drew—
Drew almost in idolatry.

I came to thee when years were flown,
To learn how well the charge was kept,
That heart—it was so altered grown,
Upon the change I could have wept:
The buoyant hope, the darling aim,
The independence, stern and high;
Spirit, misfortune could not tame,
And pride that did the worst defy.

All, all were gone—and in their stead,
Were bitter, and were blunted feelings:
And thoughts Despair so far had led
They shudder at their own revealings.
Yet I—although Distrust did prey
Within that heart so wildly then—
It ate the bitter half away,
I left the rest with thee again.

Perhaps that heart in worthier case,
I thought thou would'st at last restore;
Perhaps I hoped thou might'st replace
With thine, the one abused before:
Perhaps there was—the truth as well
May out at once—perhaps there was in
Those matchless eyes so strong a spell
I could not help it, gentle cousin.

Well, it was thine—thine only still,
A little worse, perhaps, for wear;
But firm, despite of every ill
Which Fate and thou had gathered there:
'Twere bootless to remind thee here
How long it has continued such,
Or how its truth, through doubt and fear,
Inconstancy could never touch.

But, cousin, though thy noontide blaze
Of beauty, is as deeply felt
By me, as when unto its rays
In dawning womanhood I met.
Yet, now my youth is long since past,
And growing cares make manhood grey;
I think—I think from thee at last,
That I must take that heart away.

Still, if it grieve thee to restore
A trust that's held so carelessly,
Or if, while asking back once more,
The heart I left in pledge with thee;
It may, in spite of all I've said,
By some odd chance with thine be blended;
Why, cousin, give me that instead,
And all our business here is ended.

HOLDING A ROPE FOR A LADY TO JUMP.

'Tis true thou art no silken hand
That knits my own with Zoe's hand,
No fairy chosen fetter;
Yet Love himself, if strength alone
Were in his bonds but to be shown,
Could hardly find a better.

Thy stoutly-twisted hempen strand
Would hang each felon in the hand,
As high as e'er was Haman:
And—unless heavier than his head,
Are hearts by love inhibited,
Would hold the wildest Damon.

But thou—like rods magicians wear,
Know'st not the secret power you bear,
Nor yet to trace art able,
The story of one coil that lingers
So lovingly on Zoe's fingers—
Thou highly favoured cable.

Since first in June, when hemp is green,
And bees and butterflies are seen
Along its blossoms sailing,
Through mellow Autumn's jocund hours,
When warblers from the brown wood's bowers
Are on its seeds regaling—

Till standing on some top-most spar,
The footsteps of the gallant tar,
Upon the wave careering,
Or pendent from the stately mast,
Though glowing palms thy cordage pass'd,
Some banner bold appearing—

'Tis strange that night so void of life
Should have, as if with feeling rife,
The electric power to mingle
The pulses that, upon my word,
I felt just now, together stirred,
Through all thy twistings tingle.

"INDIAN SUMMER."

"Tour as Love's smiles, the silvery mist at morn
 Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river,
 The blue-bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,
 As high in air he carols, faintly quiver,
 The weeping birch, like banners idly waving,
 Bends to the stream, its graceful foliageaving,
 Beaded with dew, the witch-elm's branches shiver,
 The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,
 And from the springy spray the squirrel's gaily leaping.

"I love thee, autumn, for thy scenery, ere
 The blasts of winter chase the varied dyes
 That richly deck the slow-declining year.
 I love the splendor of thy sunset skies,
 The gorgeous hues that tinge each falling leaf,
 Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love too, brief—
 I love the note of each wild bird that flies,
 As on the wind he pours his parting lay,
 And wings his eager flight to summer climes away.

"Oh, nature! still I fondly turn to thee,
 With feelings fresh as e'er my boyhood's were,
 Though wild and passion-toss'd my youth may be,
 To thee I still the same devotion bear.
 In all life's changes yet my feelings will
 To thee be true, as to his office still
 Is He who fixed by right prescriptive there—
 (Though even thou should'st break thy wonted order)—
 In every party change yet finds himself 'recorder.'"

LOVE OF FAME.

THE love of praise, how'er concealed by art,
 Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart:
 The proud to gain it toils on toils endure,
 The modest shun it, but to make it sure;
 O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells,
 Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells.
 'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
 Harangues in senates, speaks in masquerades.
 It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
 And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead.
 Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes,
 Adorns our hearse, and flutters on our tombs.

YOUNG.

THE POOR.

HONOUR be to all honest conditions of human life, and to that of honest poverty among the rest. Let the poor only turn their misfortunes to the improvement of themselves; let them presume not to think that suffering authorises them to commit crimes, or to foster hatred; and they cannot be wholly unhappy. Never, however, under any circumstances, ought we to be severe in our judgment of them. Have deep compassion upon the really poor, although they are often goaded by impatience even to rage. Consider how hard a thing it is to suffer extreme want on the highway or in the hovel, while within a few steps the wretched man beholds his fellow-creatures, splendidly arrayed and daintily fed, pass by him. Forgive him if he have the weakness to regard you with malice, and relieve his wants because he is a man.—Coleridge.

A FISHING ADVENTURE.

AN EXTRACT.

We present below an extract from the new novel called "College Life," or the Proctor's Note Book, by J. Hewett, a gentleman who has yielded considerable amusement during the last year to the reading public. The story is that of a resolute and courageous Oxonian, who succeeds in saving the life of a Quaker woman who, with her family, had previously much abused him:—

"After an early dinner at the friendly farmer's house, Aqueous went down to the river. The fish rose well at first, and he soon very nearly filled his creel. As the evening drew in, the fish ceased to rise. The black and red hackles were exchanged for other flies, and as it grew darker, for the killing—the never failing white moth. Though 'never failing' is a correct epithet in general for this little insect of a night, it did not deserve it on this occasion—it did fail to raise a single fish. After whipping some time in vain, Aqueous fixed his rod in the ground, and looked up at the sky to see what influences could be at work to cause such an extraordinary phenomenon as the failure of a white moth. He was surprised to find it much darker than he had thought it was while his eyes were cast upon the water. The face of the heavens, which an hour or two before had been clear and bright, was overcast with black solid clouds, rendered still blacker by the red gleams thrown on their edges by the sun, which had sunk some way below the horizon. Not a breath of air was stirring; the atmosphere was hot and oppressive to the breathing; the cows and horses stood perfectly still, with their heads in one direction, sullenly lashing their flanks and neglecting their pasture. The failure of the white moth was accounted for. A thunder-storm was at hand, and the fish had instinctively retired to their haunts. Why it is so I cannot tell; but that it is so invariably at the approach of thunder, I can positively assert. Aqueous put up his tackle." He had scarcely wound the foot-line round his hat, and strapped his creel to his shoulders, when a few large drops warned him to hasten to the farm-house for shelter. Ere he reached it the rain came down in torrents, flash succeeded flash, and the distant roar of thunder was heard. It approached nearer and nearer, and at last burst overhead in appalling peals. To allow his guest to leave him in such weather was a proposal that the farmer would not listen to. The remains of the dinner were placed on the table, but every one excepting Aqueous, who had a seven mile journey before him, and the farmer, who dreaded not the war of the elements, was too much alarmed to partake of it. Aqueous sat patiently sipping a little

spirits and water, and listening to the thunder and the dashing of the rain against the windows until the clock struck ten. He had a long and a weary walk before him, and he must be in college before twelve o'clock. However, he thought that such a storm as the present would prove a sufficient excuse for having once in his college career 'knocked in after twelve.' He sat half an hour longer, and as the storm had abated somewhat of its violence, he accepted the loan of the farmer's great-coat, and set out.

"The night was intensely dark, and it was only by the aid of the frequent flashes of lightning that Aqueous was enabled to gain the road which led to the mill. All was dark and silent as he passed the plank. He found the boat, and crossed the river in safety. He waded through two feet of water which now covered the adjoining meadow, and reached a stile, which gave him access to some higher ground. He crossed this next meadow, and came to another stile, on either side of which was a copse, the trees of which rendered the path so dark that Aqueous missed it and slipped into one of the deep ditches which were dug on each side it. Encumbered with a heavy great-coat, rendered heavier by the wet, he extricated himself with great difficulty, and by crawling on his knees at last reached the stile and clambered over it.

"Here again, as there were no trees to obscure the light, he could trace the path across the grass when the lightning gleamed. He hastened on more quickly, for he was chilled by his wet clothes, and was anxious to get into the hard road before the storm returned, of which there was every appearance, from the lightning being more vivid and the thunder pealing louder and louder. He ran as fast as he could, and about the middle of a very long meadow he fell heavily on his face, over something that lay across the pathway. As soon as he recovered from the stunning sensation caused more by the suddenness than the severity of the blow, he rose and examined the object which had caused his fall. To his surprise and horror he found that it was a woman, and, as well as he could discern by the lightning, an aged decently dressed person. The rain, however, had soaked her bonnet and her clothes so thoroughly that he could not discern their make or colour. He felt her hands and face, they were icy cold. He laid his hand on her side, no pulsation could be felt. He held his face close to her mouth, but not a breath seemed to pass her lips. Aqueous felt certain she was dead. His was no pleasant situation. The storm was again raging as violently as ever, the rain came down in torrents, the lightning flashed, the thunder burst forth in loud and reiterated

roars, and he was a mile at least from any habitation, (and that the mill, where it was probable, if he could reach it, he should meet with an unfriendly reception), in company with a stranger, a fellow-creature—a female, either dead or dying. Aqueous hesitated awhile, but his kindly feeling conquered. He resolved, at all risks, to convey the wretched object to the mill. He raised her with difficulty, and placed her over his shoulder. He was already weary and worn out by his tedious journey. When he had reached the stile where he had missed his way, his heart almost failed him: he would perhaps have left his burden there, and hastened by himself to the mill for aid, but as he laid it across the stile while he clambered over, he heard a feeble moaning, and then a succession of weak groans. Convinced the woman was still alive, and might be saved, he stripped off his upper coat and threw it into the copse. He waited for a friendly flash, and, with his burden in his arms, rushed along the narrow path, and reached the meadow in safety. Relieved of the weight of the great-coat, and guided by the roar of the water to the mill, he soon reached the last stile. Here, a new difficulty presented itself. The water had risen so much during the hours that had elapsed since he crossed in safety, that he doubted whether it would be possible to reach the boat. A few groans from the female made him resolve to hazard it. After slipping several times and with great difficulty preventing his heavy burden from falling from his arms into the flood, he gained the tree to which the boat had been fastened. He felt for the chain, but it was gone; a flash of lightning showed to him the punt, turned bottom upwards, on the opposite bank. His heart failed him, and he shed bitter tears of disappointment, as he held to the willow for support with one hand, and clasped the poor old creature to his breast with the other. The warmth of his body seemed to have given life to the frame he held. The limbs moved convulsively, and the moans were intermingled with deep sighs. He felt the heart beat feebly against his side.

"This roused him to further exertion. He knew it was useless to think of wading the ford; and to swim with such a burden as he held in his arms through such a stream as now rushed along would be certain death to both. He therefore shouted as loudly as he could, in hopes the miller or his men might hear him. For half an hour his efforts were vain. The thunder and the noise of the rain, and the rushing of the swollen waters, drowned his voice, which was growing feebler. Just as he had given up all hopes of succour, a light appeared in the mill. The door was opened, and he could see two

figures about to pull up the large sluice to let the water escape. Before they could effect their purpose he exerted all his remaining strength to utter a shrill cry in a high key, and held it as long as he could. The men started as the cry reached them, and, after hesitating a few minutes and apparently arguing the possibility of its being the cry of a human being that they had heard, they approached as near as the water would allow them to the spot where Aqueous stood nearly exhausted, and evidently saw the dangerous position in which he was placed. The miller's man fetched his punt, and, placing the lantern on the well, with one resolute and well-directed thrust pushed it past the overturned ferry-boat, and to the exact spot where Aqueous stood. The miller's man threw the chain round the willow tree, and held on while he questioned Aqueous as to who he was, and how he came there. He could only say, 'A woman, a poor creature dying or dead,' as the miller's man, seizing them in his powerful grasp, deposited them in the bottom of his boat.

"He took the lantern and turned the light upon the wretched objects before him, and exclaimed: 'My poor old mistress, and the young man who killed Towzer.'

"To release the boat and urge it across was the work of an instant. The bodies of Aqueous and the old Quakeress were carried in-doors. A few drops of spirits soon restored the youth to his senses; and while the miller was carrying his mother up stairs, and placing her in the warm bed which he himself had just left, being alarmed by the height of the rapidly increasing water, Aqueous told him as briefly as possible all that occurred.

"'Dang it, arter all, thee bee'st a noble chap! And to think I should go to injure such a one for the sake of a few fishes! But forgive me, pray forgive me, and shalt have all thy tackle again,' said the miller's man, rubbing the back of his horny hands as vigorously as possible against his eyes, to remove the tears that ran from them.

"Aqueous learnt that the old lady had set out in the afternoon to visit a neighbour about two miles off; but as the evening was stormy, her son felt no alarm at her not returning, as he had no doubt but that she had resolved to remain with her friends all night, as she had frequently done before. It afterwards proved that her friends were from home when she arrived, and that she sat an hour or so to rest herself, and, without saying a word to the girl of the house, started off home.

"The old lady gradually recovered, and Friend Prior did all he could to show his gratitude to

her preserver. Above all things, he gave him the free and uncontrolled right of fishing in his waters with his own tackle, which the man had duly restored. His house and his table were open to him at all hours and at all seasons. He took care to represent the case to the authorities of St. Peter's, and it is needless to say, that Mr. Aqueous Wagtail was praised instead of blamed, for 'knocking in after twelve.'"

THE WOOD LANE.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

I know a lane thick set with golden broom,
Where the pale primrose and tall orchis bloom;
And azure violets, lowly drooping, shed
Delicious perfume o'er their mossy bed;
And all the first-born blossoms of the year,
That spring uncultured, bud and flourish here.

Ah! 'tis a lovely spot. High over-head,
Gigantic oaks their massy branches spread;
The glossy ivy and the eglantine,
The rambling briar and the sweet woodbine
Fling their fantastic wreaths from spray to spray,
And shower their treasures in the lap of May.

Here the blithe blackbird pours his matin song,
Till woodland dells his bugle notes prolong;
And the gay linnet and the airy thrush,
Responsive whistle from the hawthorn-bush;
Near, though unseen, the lovely cuckoo floats,
And wakes the morning with his mournful notes.

'Tis passing sweet to rove those woodland bowers,
When the young sun has shed on leaves and flowers
A tender glory—and the balmy thorn
Spreads a white banner to the rosy morn;
And sports a coronal of living light,
Strung from the tear-drops of the weeping night.

'Tis sweet to trace the footsteps of the spring
O'er the green earth—to see her lightly fling
Her fragrant wreaths o'er Nature's breathing shrine
And round the lofty woods her garland twine;
To hear her voice in ev'ry passing breeze,
That stirs the new-born foliage on the trees.

If the rich could change places with the poor
and the poor with the rich but for a single day;
the one, seeing that no station in life is exempt
from its share of troubles, would learn not to
envy, and the other would learn by experience to
sympathize with those who are less favoured by
fortune than themselves.

PRIDE may persuade you never to solicit a favour,
but good sense will recommend you never to
refuse one which has been unsolicited.

HE is a rich man who lives within his income, be
it ever so small: he is a poor man who exceeds
it, be it ever so large.

SCENES ABROAD.

BY ONE OF US.

No. III.

Who that has read, in Spanish novel or romance, of love-sick youthful maidens under the Argus eyes of wrinkled Duennas,—of sighing lover in slashed doublet, and plume-ornamented hat, biding of a moon-lit night beneath the lattice of his ladye-fair, and there touching the soft guitar to strains of troubadour fidelity and true-love,—but, when viewing an Andalusian mansion for the first time, casts a longing, lingering look at the envious balconies which, almost invariably, disfigure, or adorn them. I call them envious,—for they are iron-barred; yet, as the iron is beautiful with paint and flowers, and geraniums fill up the interstices, they are rather ornamental than otherwise. One day, I stood contemplating one of these reminiscences of youthful Hidalgo's summer night adventures, so long and so earnestly, that by some mesmeric process, I suppose, I caused the appearance at the window of the very sight I was busy conjuring up—namely, a withered, ancient lady, and the heads of two most charming girls. The ancient, shot angry and enquiring glances at me, but not so the Hebes. They displayed their pearls in coral setting, and their Hourii eyes glistened like diamonds on jet. I began to think things had gone quite far enough, and feeling that my lingering gaze had been *tant soit peu*, contra bonos mores,—I bowed as gracefully as an Englishman knows how, and—turned the corner; smiling as I turned. So much, methought, for reminiscences of Juliet and her Romeo,—of Inez de Castro, and of other Inezes; not forgetting the celebrated She of Don Juan.

The construction of the houses is admirable for so hot a country. The Patio, or interior square, causes a free ventilation through the house: the floors are usually of brick, and besprinkled frequently with water. Carpets are not seen, and but little furniture; a few tables and chairs, for example, constitute the whole, in half the houses, one enters. A Spanish mansion is quadrangular. The hollow-square, to use a military phrase, is reached by an arched gateway from the street; sometimes these hollow-squares are common yards, roughly paved; sometimes, the pavement is of various coloured slabs of marble, and a fountain gushes in the centre, and flowers adorn them;—sometimes, the lower story is used as stables or servants' rooms; sometimes, (during

the hot months) it is the sojourn of the family. Stair-ways, and galleries, resting on arches, lead to the different stories, and to the different apartments in each. A rich family occupies the whole of such a place; the poorer congregate therein.

What a place that Cadiz is for priests and friars, to be sure! I never put my head out of the window of my hotel, and that was often, that I did not see a dozen of them; conspicuous from their immense hats. I verily believe a dozen of their hats would cover an acre of ground, more or less, as they say in doeds of wild aeres. Hardly a step could I take, that I did not meet one of the clerical tribes. The colours of their robes are various. The white-clad monks are, I think, Dominicans. If a priest be a blessing to a country, a most particularly blessed country is Spain. She never can want a standing army, so long as friars and monks are so numerous. How much more usefully employed would they be, shouldering the firelock, or tilling the ground! They are literally drones in the hive; or rather, they were, when I was in Spain. Latterly, *ils ont changé tout cela*. One day, I observed, two lads wearing the garb of Saint Francis. Their appearance was comical in the extreme; quite as much so as it would be to see a child of ten years in a grenadier's dress; wings, bear-skin cap, corked moustache, and all. Their boyish faces, and slender, pigmy forms, contrasted very drolly with the huge white hat, and the long gown and hempen cord. They were not fathers, though they wore the Padre dress. The rims of the hats are fastened to the crown with whip-cord; else they would hang as low as a jackass's ears. The mendicant orders are a curse to a country. A well-organized and highly-educated priesthood, a blessing. The Spaniards of the superior classes never speak of the former but with disgust, or sneeringly. The latter command their respect. Even the peasantry hold cheaply the mendicant fraternities. Many is the good story I have heard them tell of the lax morality of the monasteries. Spain has, however, been relieved of the useless tribes, under the new régime. La Constitución has proved a real *fièvre jaune* to the friars. Their immense estates have become portion of the National Domain, and will help to pay the nation's debts. The king himself was

not better lodged than the reverend fathers. In a former number I described the monastery of St. Francis and its church, and that description will answer for the monasteries and churches of the other orders. It is usual in the corridors or cloisters, to hang up paintings of the patron saint, in the most trying positions of his career, or under his greatest temptations. But one of Saint Anthony was so outrageously comical, I must notice it. San Antonio has had, evidently, a good deal to do with marine matters; not being well acquainted with his history. I cannot particularize; but such *must be* the fact, or else sailors would not invoke him in a calm. They whistle for a wind, and entreat him to "blow and carry away the cook;" and secondly, I should not have seen the picture I am about to describe. St. Anthony is seen, as large as life, on the sea-shore, with arms extended, sermonizing. Before him is the vast ocean, bounded by the horizon; and his congregation, the fishes of the sea! Afar out, the leviathan and the grampus *listened*, but I doubt whether they heard the father's voice,—they were so very far from shore; between them and the sandy beach, the piscatory tribes in countless shoals, were as thick as herrings were ever packed by Dutchman, or Scotch fisher of Loch Fine. As the water *shoaled*, the size of the fish diminished, until those nearest the pulpit were no longer than one's finger. It was really too much of a trial for my risible nerves to look at the innumerable of herring-heads above water, thicker by far than ever blackberries were, listening with all their gills, and staring with all their eyes, at the preacher. The whole thing appeared to me so supremely ridiculous, I was forced to turn quickly away to conceal my derision. The picture has often *appeared* to me, since, in my reveries of the past, and never has it done so without driving away the "Blue Devils." I owe much laughter to that picture, and venture to say, my description will cause many a fair reader of the *Garland* to smile likewise.

The church of San Augustinho is, I think, the most superb of those churches where gold-leaf most predominates; but a very different structure is the "Catedrale Nueva"—what there is of it. The walls are up, with elevated arches resting on beautifully chiselled fluted and clustered columns; but that is all. It was commenced in the seventeenth century, and, I fancy, will never be completed. What a contrast between its magnificent chasteness, and the gilded and gaudy roofs of San Francisco and San Augustinho! This superb edifice was covered in, when I saw it, by a wretched board roof, through which, and the unglazed windows, the rain forced its way, discolouring the beautiful marble, and defacing the

carving, frightfully. The bare earth is the floor, and tag-rag and bobtail boys, were playing at tag, shinny, and ball, within its magnificence.

Spain, at the time I write about, was occupied by the French armies. They were formed beyond the Pyrenees, under the pretext of keeping the yellow-fever, then raging in one or two localities of Southern Spain, from invading *la belle France*: the real object being, to prevent the contagion of constitutional government from spreading; but, when the *absolute* Bourbons had matured their plans, the Pyrenees were crossed, and Spain overrun, to restore a despicable despot to dominion over a splendid country. The grossly mis-named Holy Alliance held in bitterest hate every symptom, thing, and person constitutional. They gloated over the throes of liberty, and foolishly fancied they were its death-spasms. Vain fancies! Well may experience be styled a light shining from the cabin-windows of a ship, seen by few, and by none but close-observers,—since, in the nineteenth century, monarchs and statesmen so contemptibly weak have been found, (and yet rule,) as to suppose they can manacle the soul, the mind, of man! When we see a whirlwind in fetters, then shall the Ferdinands and Bourbons and Austrian and Russian Autocrats, succeed in shackling the free-spirit; not before! So there is "Balm in Gilead" yet, for the fire-worshippers. Cadiz, at the time I write about, was garrisoned by some five thousand French soldiers;—and in a place of no greater dimensions than Cadiz, such a number showed *mirage-like*. What with them and the Clericos, there was indeed an army of occupation. Schakos, military and clerical, seemed to outnumber citizens' humbler and unassuming Castors.

They are fine, gay fellows, those *braves soldats de France!* Always laughing or singing; never crying by any chance; unless it be the Vive L'Empereur, of yore, or the ever-enduring "*la gloire et la patrie*." The French soldiers are seldom cast down. If thrashed on Monday, they are chock-full of fight again on Tuesday; and, if beaten again, Wednesday hears the drum sounding the *pas de charge*, as loudly and bravely as ever. It is only a Moscow retreat that can freeze a Frenchman's valour, and it is not safe to venture too near him, even then, for the slightest exercise causes a *thaw*, and out his native valour gushes like a waterspout. In those days, every militaire, however high his rank, had to enter the ranks and pass through every grade to the elevation he might occupy. A son of Marshal Oudinot was then a lancer, in a regiment stationed near Cadiz. I do most devoutly wish a similar system prevailed in our service; but, however, let that pass. We, British, are

closely wed to our "customs," but though many of them be; and one of these is, that of allowing money to command rank in the army. *The prejudice* is in favour of the custom, and a cunning writer will steer clear of *prejudices* always. We have St. Paul's authority for the folly of "kicking against the pricks," and Terence has said something similar, namely, *contra stimulum calcas*; so, their advice I follow, and say no more about that odious custom. But the French soldier, whether officer or private, always maintains *contre fortune bon cœur*. I saw a good deal of them at Cadiz. Highly as I thought of them, I thought more highly of the garrison of Gibraltar, which a few days before I had seen in full array. Two of the regiments then composing the garrison of the Rock, are now in Canada; one, now in Montreal, the 43d. The other, the Fusiliers, now at Kingston. Fine regiments as they are, this day; finer were they in 1825, to my eye. Both wore the *moustache* then, and the *oustache* greatly improves the soldier, whatever John Bull's taste against foreign practices may say to the contrary. They looked the soldier, then, more than they do, today; but doubtless, in action, today, they would show they were the same heroic corps as astonished Soult at Albuera, and increased his astonishment, if that were possible, in the defiles, and on the heights, of the snow-clad Pyrenees. Yes,—fine as was the French garrison of Cadiz, in 1825, finer still was the British garrison of Gibraltar. The grenadiers of the 23d were before me as I stood surveying a line of French infantry, and fancying I heard their *charging* cheer, I involuntarily ejaculated, "God help the little Gauls!" However, they are fine soldiers, those French. They have been so from the days of Clovis, and will be so ever, to the end of time. It is only *long wars* that make *good soldiers*. That was the observation of that modern Mars, Napoleon, when some English gentleman, with more national feeling than good manners, pressed the Lion, (then captive aboard the Bellerophon,) to give his opinion of Wellington and the men of Waterloo. *Long wars alone can make good soldiers*. One must serve an apprenticeship to war, as to every other trade or art. No man ever became master thereof at the outset. The 43d, now among us, have fully as much of the soldier-stuff among them today, as when nothing human could stand against the Light Division of the Peninsular Army; and of that division, the 43d was part and parcel. But, for want of practice, the gallant fellows now in garrison here, are not equal to those who wore their button, when they and the 52d, followed Colborne to victory. There are many among the civilians

of Montreal, who remember the Peninsular soldiers when the fortune of war brought them from the Garonne to the St. Lawrence. Those who saw them, must acknowledge the truth of Napoleon's observation. They had seen so much of death, that the grim monarch had no terrors for them. They knew what they had to do, every man of them, just as well as their Colonel did; and whatever work they did, displayed the hand of the perfect soldier. The drill-serjeant and the adjutant had sinecures with such men. Those were not the days of pipe-clay colonels and generals. I have before me, as I write these lines, the old Ninth, as they marched from the Quebec barracks, through Notre Dame street, on their way to the upper country. The year before, they had assisted at the storming of St. Sebastian, and their bearing, as they marched to the sound of their music, was so markedly different from that of men who "have never smelt powder," that I feel, as I think of them, all the truth of the observation,—"*long wars make good soldiers.*" The United States General, Macomb, in one of his despatches to his government, speaking of the Peninsular soldiers, who had made a movement into the State of New York, said,—"*the militia of the country endeavoured to arrest their march, by annoying them from the woods, but the columns pressed on, never deigning to deploy.*" What mattered the scattering fire of raw militiamen to those who had combated at the Nive, at Orthes and Toulouse?

But I have run terribly out of my way. I must return to Cadiz as quickly as possible.

One day, whilst perambulating the city, I came upon a small body of infantry under the drill-serjeant, overlooked by an officer. They were young soldiers; what the French would call, *conscrips*. A trifling circumstance diverted me greatly, and as it formed a striking example of the vast, almost immeasurable, distance between the habits of the French and British soldiery, and the respective systems of the two armies, I shall notice it. The men were ordered to *kneel*, preparatory to delivering a *lire*. The serjeant cast his eye along the kneeling ranks, and called out to one of the men, his knee was out of proper position. The conscript argued from the ranks: "*quand on a une pierre sous le genou, on se tient pas à son aise.*" The serjeant called out, "*Silence; on je vous mettrai à la Police.*" "*J'y ai été déjà,*" was the reply of the youth, with an air of devil-may-care-ism. Now, a British soldier would scarcely think, even in his dreams, of replying to his officer from the ranks; and punishment of some sort or other, he would inevitably have suffered; but, in the case I mention, the only notice taken of it was, to march

the company from the shady place they were being drilled in, to an open spot where the sun was burning fiercely.

Being near *la puerta de la mar*, one day, I thought: I would run over to Port St. Mary's, or as the Spaniard has it, *La Puerta de San Maria*, a populous place across the bay. I jumped on board a felucca ferry-boat, accordingly. Among the passengers was a young French Chasseur, who had been over to Cadiz. I fell into conversation with him, according to a fashion much travelling has given me, of gauging the minds of fellow-travellers of all classes, but particularly the humbler classes. There is the attraction of novelty in it, if there be none other. My chasseur was not less loquacious than his countrymen usually are, and I encouraged him to the top of his bent. His descriptions of several historical incidents and events were not very accurate, but their inaccuracy it was, which made the description the more amusing. He told me, for example, that Moreau and Napoleon had been great friends, but that they had a dispute, and in consequence thereof, Moreau went over to the enemy: that, shortly after, a cannonier caught a sight of Moreau among the enemy, and sent a ball from his cannon with so true an aim that it killed him. "Aussitôt que Napoleon sut cela," said my chasseur, "il fit fusiller le canonier! Il l'aimoit beaucoup donc," said I,—"S'il l'aimoit? "Oh, qu'oui! was the reply. Thus do strange and ridiculous stories circulate. Again, my loquacious amigo assured me that Murat was shot in France. "N'était-ce pas en Calabrie où à Naples?" said I. "Oh! non, monsieur, c'était tout près—tiens, j'ai oublié le nom de la place,—mais c'était toujours dans le sud de la France." Murat was an object of his worship, for Murat was "*le brave des braves*," and *le beau sabreur de la grande armée*; my friend being a sabreur likewise, of course loved Murat the more. The dislike of the French soldiers to the Bourbons peeped out during our brief acquaintanceship. He could see no fault in Napoleon or his marshals, but he could see no good in the Bourbons. Telling me of the assault on the Trocadero, he said: "A select body of the 34th regiment swam to it, holding their arms above water; and carried it; but the Duc d'Angoulême, (who had advanced a little way into the water,) made such a precipitate retreat to dry land, as soon as the Spanish fire opened, that he left his boots behind him in the mud." I won't answer for the truth of the story, but it came from the lips of a French chasseur. No—no—the Bourbons never have had the hearts of the French soldiers. Enough of my chasseur.

There is a splendid opera-house at Cadiz. I

visited it often. The pit is very large, and there are four tiers of boxes. The display of fine women was always very great. The costume of Spanish ladies in the street, or on the Alameda, is almost invariably black, with mantilla and veil; but Parisian fashions were exhibited in full force at the opera. The French military attended numerously, and were seemingly great favourites with *Donnas* and *Signorittas*. When was it else with soldiers? There was also a detachment of naval officers from the French squadron present every night, as any one with a nose could perceive, from the smell of tar, wherever they went. The young aspirants, as the French call midshipmen, were great rovers over the house. The front of the upper tier of boxes, answering to the gallery in a British theatre, was reserved for the sex exclusively; that portion which could not afford to visit the lower tiers, and no females appeared in the pit. In wandering about the house, I was ascending the staircase leading to the *locale* of the women, when a young French soldier, placed as sentry, informed me men were not permitted to ascend. "Pourquoi?" said I. "Parceque c'est contre les règles du théâtre, en Espagne," he replied. I remarked smilingly—it was a cruel rule to exclude gentlemen from ladies' society, and that the ladies would doubtless be of the same opinion. "Je n'en doute pas," said he; "pour moi, je n'aimerois rien mieux que d'y aller, mais que voulez vous. Ce sont les ordres,—il faut obéir." Under the liberal constitution, the police were told to admit females to the pit, but custom was too strong for novelty. Few of the fair availed themselves of the privilege. Absolute rule being re-established in Spain, the exclusion was made absolute again. Those visits to the opera were particularly pleasant, not only on account of the magnificence of sounds, vocal and instrumental, but of the galaxy of female beauty in the boxes. Spanish women, just out of their teens, are exquisite creatures, certainly.

I must, however, defer saying any thing more about the ladies, or Spain, till another number.

A WOMAN is not to be condemned for adorning her person. If the journeyman have completed the task of his employer, who will begrudge him a few hours to work on his own account, and increase the scanty income he may possess? But let her not forget that the other sex seldom allows their imagination to be beguiled by outward show; they know, on reflection at least, that their *lôme* is concealed in the recesses of the heart; and one ray that falls from the eye of artless innocence is of more value than the horses of Phidias, for which the world went to war.

TO AN EOLIAN HARP.

BY A DREAMER.

Ye spirits of the wind! if such ye be,
That with your fingers touch my harp unseen,
And thus your holiest, heavenliest harmony
Pour through the stillness of the night serene;
Oh, how you soothe this heart, which long hath been
To pangs that must be hid a helpless prey—
Which for its bliss doth on another lean,
Yet sees, and scorns to speak, that prop, that stay,
Light as the rainbow's arch, for ever passed away!

I say for ever;—for what once was mine
Shall never to my love again return
If faith has varied but a single line,
And caused one spark of jealousy to burn.
My swelling pride would with indignance spurn
The smile that shed its light on more than me;
And though in secret thus my soul might mourn
The death of joys I once had hoped to see,
Soon would its nobler powers awake and set me free.

But, ah! there's too much dross in human kind
To realize the sketch my fancy drew
Of high-toned nobleness of heart and mind,
And tenderness as pure as morning's dew!
Ye spirits of the wind! I turn to you,
And bathe my soul amid the bliss you bring.—
Oh, let me, while at times you thus renew
The plaintive trill of each responsive string,
In rapture lie dissolved, that yields no after sting!

How wild your strains! as if for heaven alone
You thus performed, and not for mortal ear.
Now sinking to a sigh, the voice is gone,
And now it rises, audible and clear,
And swells till almost too sublime to hear!
Again it sinks, and trembles as it flies,
And wails so movingly, that the full tear
Bedews the cheeks, and want of words supplies,
While bright before the mind seraphic visions rise.

Not Ossian's Harp, nor that by Babel hung
Where Jacob's children oft retired to weep,
Nor that of Memnon, by Apollo strung,
E'er matched these tones so solemn and so deep!
More soft, more soothing far than balmy sleep
They o'er my harassed soul restless steal,
And all its woes in sweet oblivion steep!—
And now what mild tranquillity I feel,
While brightening hopes new scenes of future bliss
reveal!

Enough, kind spirit! now your task is done,
And heaven demands your presence:—here I'll lay
Myself to sleep; and while, beyond the sun,
Afar through other worlds you stretch away,
Of your bright home I'll dream, till infant day
Smiles through my casement, and the charm dispels:
Then shall I start on life's eventful way
With fortitude restored, that sorrow quells,
And virtuous Peace of mind, that with Contentment
dwells.

IDLENESS.

THE worst vices springing from the worst principles, the excesses of the libertine, and the outrages of the plunderer, usually take their rise from early and unsubdued idleness.—Parr.

STANZAS TO SPRING.

I.

A THOUSAND years have rolled their dread array,
And helpless crowds have felt the fatal dart;
A thousand more as vain shall pass away,
And leave thee lovely as thou wert and art!

II.

The widowed earth, by thee each season blest,
Away in haste her leafless mourning flings;
And sighs the heart, by age or grief oppress'd,
A gentler sigh whence'er thy beauty springs.

III.

The fountain leaps to life with joyful tears,
The bee, awakening, rous'd o'er bud and bloom;
And yet how vain thy magic smile appears!
It decks the grave, but cannot pierce its gloom.

IV.

Ah! happy they who there unconscious sleep,
Unmoved by nature's soft returning gleam;
No living sound can break their silence deep,
Or dissipate their cold and tranquil dream.

V.

But they who live—surviving all that's dear—
Each spring renews the tears they vainly shed;
Each sound recalls to memory's aching ear
The faintly echoed voices of the dead.

VI.

Thou Spring, will never die! In winter's howler
Thy weary youth but slinks to transient rest;
And rousing, soon awakes each herb and flower,
To scent the dell, and clothe the mountain's breast.

VII.

The violet knows no death, though dead she seems;
The rose but sleeps to warm her faded cheeks;
And e'en the pallid snow-drop only dreams,
Till bursts thy warm o'er winter's cloudy peak.

VIII.

Who sees thee weep? or hears thee mourning sigh,
(Like hopeless nun), to mark thy coming doom?
Or smils thee bathe at eve with tearful eye,
A lover's grave—a friend's—or parent's tomb?

IX.

No hungry worm, in vault or coffin'd cell,
Exults to mark thy beauty's swift decline;
No orphan weeps to hear thy passing bell,
The worm—the sepulchre—are none of thine.

A GENTLEMAN once having expressed his surprise to a lady that more harmony did not exist between herself and her husband, with both of whom he was on the best of terms, pointing to her shoe, she asked him what he thought of it. "It fits admirably," was the reply;—"nothing can sit better to the foot; one would suppose that the shoe and the foot were made one for the other—it was neither too small nor too large." "Others," replied she, "have thought the same; and will scarcely believe that it occasions me much pain, but I have never yet met with any one except the wearer who is able to point out where the shoe pinches."

GALLOP ALLEMAND.

BY A. ADAM.

ARRANGED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND BY MR. W. M. WARREN, OF MONTREAL.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, with a brace on the left. The music is in 4/4 time and features a lively, rhythmic melody with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment.

The second system continues the piece with similar rhythmic patterns. It includes some slurs and dynamic markings, maintaining the energetic feel of the original.

The third system includes a 'Cra.' (Crescendo) marking above the treble staff. The music continues with intricate rhythmic figures and some slurs.

The fourth system features a 'ff' (fortissimo) marking and 'no' (ritardando) marking. It includes several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of notes) and various slurs.

The fifth system concludes the piece with more triplet markings and slurs. The notation is dense and rhythmic, typical of a gallop.

Svn

LOCO

First system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The upper staff features a complex melodic line with many slurs and ties. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with various articulations. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *ff* is present.

Third system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The upper staff shows a melodic line with some slurs. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. A bracket above the upper staff spans the first three measures, with the word "Svn" written above it. The upper staff contains triplets in the first three measures. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with a "LOCO" marking above it. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

Sixth system of musical notation, consisting of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

b. b.

OUR TABLE.

RAMBLES IN YUCATAN—BY H. W. NORMAN.

ANOTHER rambler to this unknown land, following in the steps of Mr. Stephens, has given to the world a sketch of his travels in Yucatan. It treats of an interesting subject; but no one who has perused the book published by Stephens, will be apt to admire this, notwithstanding that the style is of a rapid and pleasing character, as the journey appears to have been to the author. The various ancient ruins which have formed the principal attractions to former tourists, were visited by Mr. Norman in about as much time as might have sufficed any of his predecessors to examine one of them; but this has formed no bar to the enterprising author, who has confined himself, in describing them, to their outward appearance only, and to their position as regards the several points of the compass, "the only instrument he carried with him." Mr. Norman's book, though it may secure for him a temporary celebrity, will scarcely be a very enduring monument to his memory.

BIANCA CAPELLO—BY LADY BULWER.

THE former work by this gifted lady was not of a character to impress the world favourably towards her. The very fact of its having been intended as a satire upon her husband, produced an impression which its literary merits could not efface, and while many were entertained by its perusal, few could be found to admire it. Not so will it be with "Bianca." It will have many admirers, as much for the entertainment it affords as for the evidences it bears of a keen insight into the springs of humanity, and into the impulses by which men are governed. It contains many fine reflections, mixed up with occasional outbursts of human nature, which show that she has not schooled herself to utter forgetfulness of the past. Lady Bulwer is a woman of splendid intellect; being, in mind at least, a fitting mate for her discarded but illustrious lord. We have pleasure in recommending her "Bianca" to the perusal of all who delight in excellent works of fiction.

MEMOIRS OF THE QUEENS OF FRANCE.

THIS is a subject fertile in romance, for the Queens of the ancient empire of France have not for many centuries passed their lives among beds of roses. Indeed, the homes of kings and princes are not those where Peace and Happiness most generally hold their courts. Amid much that is brilliant, the canker is seldom absent, gnawing its painful way into the heart and mind. There is instruction in the lives of kings—lessons to the discontented and repining, which, if applied, might teach us to bear the ills with

which humanity is afflicted. The Memoirs of the Queens of France have their share of instruction, and are in themselves of a deeply interesting character. We commend them to the readers of our magazine, as well worthy of their perusal.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FACTORY LIFE—BY A FACTORY GIRL.

WE have derived much pleasure from the rapid glance we have been able to bestow upon this unpretending work. It shows that the treasures of intellect have been showered on rich and poor alike, for its author owes even the education she has obtained to the labour of her hands. Were the book critically examined, it would shew an occasional straining at effect, detracting somewhat from its merits; but it nevertheless will bear comparison with the productions of some of the most celebrated of the countrymen of the authoress. We would recommend the readers of the *Garland* to peruse it, satisfied that they will join with us in saying it is a work of very considerable merit, and such as to reflect much credit upon the author, whatever the sphere in which she might happen to move.

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN—BY MR. BORROW.

THE author of this work seems destined to play no unimportant part among the writers of the age. Some two or three years since he published a book under the title of the "Zincali, or the Gypsies of Spain," which gave him a firm foothold in the Temple of Fame. This new work will give him a title to a yet higher place, for it is such a one as is now-a-days somewhat rare. Mr. Borrow is an enthusiastic lover of the country which formed the theatre of his adventures, and the pictures of it which he presents are strikingly vivid, and life-like. Persons who desire to read a really interesting and a most instructive book, will not fail to possess themselves at the earliest opportunity, of Mr. Borrow's "Bible in Spain."

THE length to which two of the tales in this number of the *Garland* have extended, has forced us to postpone the publication of several valuable tales and articles which we should have had much pleasure in publishing, and which would doubtless have been received with equal pleasure by our readers. Among these we may be excused for noticing an excellent tale by Mrs. Moodie, entitled the "Broken Mirror"—a story called "Sarah Herbert," and an article, the first of a series of "Glances at History"—by new contributors; as well as a sketch of the Life of Madame de Maintenon, by Mrs. Spooner, and an extract from the "Exile's Portfolio"—all of which we hope to find room for in the April number.